

The Kryptonian's Wife

By Shayne Terry <byron212@yahoo.com>

Rated: G

Submitted: May 2011

Summary: Lois and Clark have a quiet conversation about the future.

DISCLAIMER: I don't own Lois and Clark or any other recognizable characters.

He was unusually quiet after the movie ended, almost pensive. Usually Clark was as predictable as clockwork; after a movie he liked to talk, especially if the movie was about something as complicated as time travel. Tonight he simply stood, staring into the sky for a moment before turning to her and offering his arm.

After they'd walked a block, Lois said, "What's wrong?"

"Is that what it's like for you? Never knowing when I'll have to leave, spending your whole life waiting?" He didn't look at her, simply staring straight ahead.

The man in the movie had been an involuntary time traveler, unable to control when he leapt back and forth, leaving his wife home and alone. It had been a tragic story that had left Lois with a feeling of melancholy.

"I don't mind," Lois said, hoping he hadn't noticed the slight hesitation in her voice.

"The thing is, when I was watching the movie, I couldn't help but think...this guy didn't have much of a choice. I do."

"No you don't," Lois said. She squeezed his arm through his jacket. "You couldn't make any other choice and still be who you are."

"And the rest of it?" Clark asked. "You wanted children."

"One is fine," Lois said. "More would have been nice, but..."

Clark sighed. "You almost died..."

"There's no telling how many times I almost died before Emmy came."

"Forty-seven," Clark said.

Lois opened her mouth to reply, then stared at him for a moment. "The thing is, before our daughter was born, I took a lot of chances. My odds are a little better now."

It was harder to take chances when it wasn't only your life on the line.

"I hardly ever almost die now," she said, smiling up at him.

"Seven times," he said.

"What?"

"Seven times in fourteen years."

"And forty-seven in the five years before that," Lois said.

"Like I said...better odds."

She smiled up at her husband, and after a moment his lips twitched into a reluctant smile.

"It just reminds me how fleeting it all is," Clark said. "It could all come crashing down."

"Every time you leave there's a chance that you might not come back," Lois said. "But it's true of me, too. Someday our luck will run out...even if it's just old age that finally gets us."

She tightened her grip on his arm. "But if we let it rule our lives, then we'll have stopped living. If we spent too much time worrying about the future, we'd miss out on what we've got today."

"We have to make the best use of the time we have," Clark said.

Lois nodded.

She gasped as he suddenly grabbed her and pulled her into his arms. A moment later they were in the air, beyond the view of any prying eyes.

Even after all this time, it still thrilled her.

Life was good.

THE END