

# Soul Mates (A Lois & Clark/Desperate Housewives crossover)

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Susan is confused when a man dressed as Superman for her son's birthday party seems oddly familiar.

A/N: It would be wonderful to see Dean Cain and Teri Hatcher together again as Lois & Clark or on Desperate Housewives. I started thinking about how Dean might guest star on "Desperate Housewives". Two slightly different versions of this story came to me. The beginning, which is the same for both stories, is labeled as Chapter 1. Chapter 2 continues with the first version. Chapter 3 is the alternative version which picks up after the beginning (Chapter 1).

Don't worry if you're not a Desperate Housewives fan. All you need to know is that Susan is the character played by Teri Hatcher.

Timeline: Current season Desperate Housewives (Season 8)/post series Lois & Clark

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## Chapter 1 The Beginning

Susan Delfino inadvertently wiped frosting across her forehead as MJ and some of his friends dashed past her, screaming at the top of their lungs. Seconds later they returned, armed with cap guns, chasing after several kids. Bang! Bang! This was all she needed.

She could shoot Mike for buying those for him. That was a toy that needed to get lost.

"Bree!" she called.

Her red haired friend appeared, immaculately dressed as usual. Who but Bree would consider wearing pearls to a kid's birthday party? Then again, Gabby, appearing by Bree's side, was wearing three inch high heeled sandals with dangling earrings and flashy designer clothes.

It was good to be back on Wisteria Lane.

Bree tactfully stepped towards the kitchen. The countertops and island were covered with sugar, flour, and mixing bowls. "Are you sure you don't want some help?"

It was sorely tempting. Cooking had never been one of Susan's strong suits. And Bree was a gourmet chef. Her friend could whip up amazing cupcakes in minutes flat. But... Susan was trying to stay on a budget. And she wanted to do this, for her son.

Children screaming jarred her train of thought.

"Could you direct the mob outside? Spider Man should be coming soon," Susan pleaded.

Mike had frowned at this extravagance, thinking it unnecessary, but she'd found the cheapest entertainer in Fairview. And MJ was gonna love it. Of course, Mike was supposed to be here, directing the crowd of hyperactive children while she orchestrated refreshments and games. But he'd gotten an emergency work call, and they couldn't afford to turn down money like that especially with overtime involved.

Then, upon their arrival, Gabby's girls had used all the

birthday cupcakes Susan had painstakingly baked and decorated the night before as ammunition in a battle between the sexes. So much for planning ahead. Thankfully, Bree and Gabby offered to help with the kids while she made more cupcakes.

"People? People," Bree politely announced to the throng of children running about the house.

Gabby showed her how it was done. Putting two fingers in her mouth, she whistled loudly, getting everyone's attention. "Outside! Now!"

The crowd scampered out the door.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Susan asked, "Can you just keep an eye on them while I finish up? Like I said, Spider Man ought to be here any minute."

"No problem," Bree replied, following Gabby and the kids outside.

It was wonderful to be among friends again.

Once again, Susan brought her hand to her face to push back a stray hair, adding more frosting to the batter on her cheek. She'd recently changed her hair style. Rather than her usual long locks, she'd had it cut radically shorter into a stylish bob. Mike claimed he liked it, though she wasn't sure if he was being entirely honest with her. She was still getting used to it. The new haircut was symbolic of their return to their home. A fresh start on life after a trying year.

She added a drop or two of food coloring to the frosting and stirred, producing an unappealing yellow color. Not the effect she'd been going for, but it would have to do. Now, she only had to wait for the cupcakes to finish baking.

Excited cries outside caught her attention. The entertainment must've arrived. She glanced out the kitchen window to discover it wasn't Spider Man. The superhero they'd sent instead took her breath away. It was Superman. Yet it was a much higher quality actor than the photos she'd been shown in the studio. Those muscles bulging in his arms were no Styrofoam padding. There wasn't an ounce of fat on him or it would've been readily apparent, given the tightness of his outfit. Rather than looking silly, like a grown man in his underwear, this Superman was an impressive specimen of manhood.

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## Chapter 2 Version 1 (Once upon a Dream)

*I know you*

*I walked with you once upon a dream.*

*I know you*

*The gleam in your eyes is so familiar a gleam*

*Yes, I know it's true*

*that visions are seldom all they seem*

*But if I know you, I know what you'll do*

*You'll love me at once*

*the way you did once upon a dream*

She'd been expecting a lanky teenager working for money towards college. This man was considerably older, more mature. There were gentle lines about his eyes and slight touches of grey at his temples. Yet those didn't detract from his appeal in the least. When she realized she'd been staring, she shifted her gaze to the children who were gathered about him.

She wasn't sure how much time had passed by when a voice caught her attention.

"Mrs. Delfino?"

It was Superman. He'd come into the house. Flustered, she dropped the bowl of sickly yellow colored frosting that she'd been holding. Somehow he managed to quickly reach over to retrieve the bowl before the contents dumped all over the floor.

"Thank you," she said, a slight flush on her cheeks. "I don't know what I'd done if I didn't have frosting for the cupcakes."

"Disaster averted," he smiled.

He was even more handsome up close. Then she realized she'd been staring once again. Her cheeks grew warmer.

“Please, call me Susan.”

Why was her heart beating so quickly? She hadn't felt this way since she was a teenager. She hoped she sounded more normal than she felt as she tried to make small talk.

“You're good with them — the kids.”

“They're a lot of fun. Can I bother you for a glass of cold water?”

Of course, that's why he'd come in. He must be thirsty — she'd been watching him lugging those kids all around the yard.

“Why do you do this?” she asked as she turned on the faucet.

“This isn't my regular job. I'm just helping out a friend today. But the kids are great. And it's so much fun to be Superman. He's one of the good guys. He represents truth, justice—”

“—And the American way.” Susan completed his sentence.

Both laughed.

“Corny but true.” He agreed.

Both started when their fingers brushed against each other's as she handed him the glass of water.

Smoke started pouring out of her oven.

“Oh no!” Susan cried.

She ran toward it and flung open the door. Flames shot out and she ducked. Susan screamed again. Any minute the house would catch on fire!

Then the fire vanished just as quickly as it had appeared.

Superman had grabbed a nearby fire extinguisher to put it out.

“My hero.”

He stepped closer to her. A little too close, but Susan wasn't complaining. At least her kitchen wasn't on fire.

“Um, could you do me a favor?” he asked.

Those eyes. So warm. So understanding. She could drown in them. How long had she been staring into them?

Gathering her wits about her, she replied, “Sure”

“Could you be my Lois Lane?”

She hated that her heart practically skipped a beat. Then she reminded herself. He's a birthday entertainer. He's not asking you to run off with him.

“It's part of the act. The kids will love it when I rescue you. Well, the girls love it.”

“Sure.” She could be a good sport. Especially since MJ no longer had any birthday cupcakes. “What do I do?”

He reached toward her cheek to wipe off traces of frosting and flour.

“Thanks.”

Why did his touch seem so familiar? It almost seemed as if her body was already programmed to respond to him.

Feeling uneasy, she said, “Maybe this?” Hamming it up, she melodramatically shouted, “Help! Help!”

Superman laughed. “Not quite. In every comic I've read, Lois Lane isn't frail. She's an independent woman. She doesn't put up with much.”

“Then why do you have to save her so much?” she teased.

“Good question. Sometimes she doesn't think things through very well. She tends to look before she leaps. But Lois is tough.”

“I'm not,” Susan mumbled.

“I'll bet you're tougher than you look.”

Considering she'd survived a kidney transplant and the absence of her husband, who had been working afar, along with being out of her home for a year, maybe he was onto something there.

“Superman, help!” Susan replied, more confidently.

“There you go! Then I'll rush over and pick you up.” He did so as he spoke, swooping her into his arms.

There, securely in his arms, both grew silent. Somehow, being held by him felt so familiar, so right. They fit together like a glove. She'd instinctively known where to rest her cheek against his shoulder. Why should she feel so comfortable with a complete stranger?

“Does this seem... familiar?” he asked.

“Yeah.”

He felt it too.

She'd never given much credence to reincarnation mumbo jumbo but this... this was so real. Her attraction to him was far more than physical yet she barely knew him. Had the two of them been lovers in former lives?

She fought the urge to kiss him, though it seemed it would be natural to do so. What was she thinking? As she closed her eyes and leaned against him, she felt as if they were flying off the ground. In fact, she could envision it. She and Superman dancing, yet several feet above the floor. He in his Superman costume while she was wearing a formal evening gown.

Where did that come from?

She'd never been a fan of Superman or any superhero, for that matter. Why was she having such outrageous fantasies?

“Have we meet somewhere before?” Susan asked, eyes open.

“No. I'd definitely remember that,” he replied.

“Maybe in another lifetime?” She hoped she wasn't sounding foolish. She loved Mike, and this man's wedding ring indicated that he too had a significant other. It was just uncanny — this sensation they were both experiencing.

“Must be.”

Had she imagined the note of disappointment in his voice?

“MOM! We want cupcakes!”

Susan abruptly withdrew from his embrace and stepped back to deal with reality. “Oh no.” How could she let her son down?

“Stall them. I know a place nearby where the owner owes me a favor.”

“You're kidding? That would be... super.”

He rushed towards the door, practically running into Gabby who was entering the house.

“Can I have your number?” Gabby asked.

Susan strongly suspected that she didn't have a child's birthday party in mind.

Superman replied, “Sorry. This isn't my regular job. I'm just helping out a friend. Be right back.”

The End

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### Chapter 3 Alternative Version (Desperate Husbands)

Rather than looking silly, like a grown man in his underwear, Superman was an impressive specimen of manhood... .

She'd been expecting an acne-faced teenager working for money towards college. This man was older, most likely in his early thirties. Yet that didn't detract from his appeal in the least. When she realized she'd been staring, she shifted her gaze to the children who were gathered about him.

She watched him play with the children, lifting them up in the air for ‘flying’ lessons, pretending to rescue them. It touched her that this man had such a heart for children. Even though MJ had repeatedly told Susan that Superman was lame, the most boring superhero ever, her child's face was beaming with joy.

As much as Superman loved being with the kids, Susan also caught a hint of melancholy about him. She chided herself. How on Earth would she know that? She'd never met the man, and at that moment he was laughing loudly. Yet Susan had always been very perceptive when it came to people and their feelings.

She wasn't sure how much time had elapsed by when a voice caught her attention.

“Ma'am?”

It was Superman. He'd come into the house. Flustered, she dropped the bowl of sickly yellow frosting she'd been holding. Somehow, even though he'd been on the opposite side of the room, he'd managed to dash over to retrieve the bowl before the contents dumped all over the floor.

How had he been able to move that fast? It didn't seem humanly possible. Had it merely been an illusion? Things had

been pretty hectic today.

“Thank you,” she said, a slight flush on her cheeks. “I don’t know what I’d done if I didn’t have frosting for the cupcakes.”

“Glad I could help,” he answered.

He was even more handsome up close. That sense of sadness still loomed, yet his broad grin indicated he was thrilled to see her. Then she realized she’d been staring once again. Her cheeks grew warmer.

“Please, call me Susan.”

What was it about this man? Why did she feel so drawn to him? Why did she believe she had such insight into his emotional psyche? She fought the urge to wrap her arms about him and hold him tightly. A complete stranger! Where was this coming from?

Trying to sound normal she said, “You’re good with them — the kids.”

“Thanks. Can I bother you for a glass of cold water?”

Of course, that’s why he’d come in. He must be thirsty — she’d been watching him lugging those kids all around the yard.

“Why do you do this?” she asked as she turned on the faucet.

“I’ve been given these powers for a reason. To help others.”

Hmmm... seemed like this guy took his part a little too seriously. Maybe he was one of those method actors destined for greater roles.

Should she be concerned that he was studying her so intently? As if he couldn’t take his eyes off her? Then again, he could probably say the same about her.

Both started when their fingers brushed against each other’s as she handed him the glass of water.

Smoke started pouring out of her oven.

“Oh no!” Susan cried.

She ran toward it. Flames shot out when she flung open the door. Susan ducked, screaming. Any minute the house would catch on fire!

Then the fire vanished as quickly as it had appeared. A strong gust of wind had extinguished it. Where had that come from? It almost appeared as if Superman had blown on the fire to put it out. But that couldn’t be true.

“My hero.”

He stepped closer to her. A little too close, but Susan wasn’t complaining. At least her kitchen wasn’t on fire.

“Could you do me a favor?” he asked.

Those eyes. So warm. So understanding. She could drown in them. Yet there was also that hint of sadness in them that she felt compelled to erase. How long had she been staring at him?

Gathering her wits about her, she replied, “Sure”

“Could you be my Lois Lane?”

How silly that her heart practically skipped a beat.

“Sure.” Obviously he wanted her to assist with the act for the kids. She could be a good sport. Especially since MJ no longer had any birthday cupcakes. “What do I do?”

He reached toward her cheek to wipe off traces of frosting and flour.

“Thanks.”

Why did his touch seem so eerily familiar? Especially that particular gesture. Warning bells clanged in her mind, yet she had no idea why. It almost seemed as if her body was already programmed to respond to him.

Feeling uneasy, she said, “Maybe this?” Hamming it up, she melodramatically shouted, “Help! Help!”

His smile faded. “Don’t you know what Lois is like?”

“Sorry. I was never into super heroes or comic books. Not my thing.”

His expression brightened as he spoke about her. “Lois Lane is one of a kind. She’s amazing. She’s smart. She’s tough. She doesn’t put up with much.”

This guy was definitely a method actor. He’d more than sold the idea that he was head over heels in love with Lois Lane.

She’d give him high marks if she was asked to evaluate his performance which had been above and beyond the call of duty

“If she’s so smart, why do you have to save her so much?” she teased.

“Sometimes she’s a bit impetuous and doesn’t think things through. She tends not to look before she leaps.”

“Doesn’t that get old - rescuing her? Seems like it would be a pain in the neck.”

“No. Not at all.” He assured her.

“Seems like it would to me.”

“I love her. I wouldn’t change her for the world.” There was that flash of pain in his eyes again.

Did this guy once have his own ‘Lois’? Had he delved into this superhero stuff to cope when the relationship had fallen apart? Yet, when he said he loved Lois, something deep within her had responded.

She tried her distress cry again. “Superman, help!”

“That’s better.” He rushed over to sweep her into his arms.

Both were silent. Somehow, nestled against him with his strong arms about her, this felt right. They fit together like a glove. She’d instinctively known where to rest her cheek against his shoulder. Why should she feel so comfortable with a man that she barely knew?

“Lois.”

That caught her attention. Though she wasn’t sure if it was the name or the odd intensity in his voice that had engaged her.

“That’s not my name.”

In some respects, Susan worried about his sanity. Yet with all these odd emotions bubbling up within her, she was a little concerned about herself as well.

More intently, he said, “Please, we need to talk.”

Still in his arms, she replied, “I don’t understand. I... don’t know you.”

“Humor me a minute.” He drew her closer. “Just close your eyes.”

She complied. It certainly felt right. The magnetism they shared was far deeper than sexual attraction. But she was a married woman. “I... I...”

“Sh...” Once again, he ran his hand along her face, tracing her cheek.

A tremor ran through her.

“Who are you? Really?”

“I’m Superman.”

“C’mon” she laughed.

“Open your eyes, Lois.”

Why did he insist on calling her that?

“Oh my God!” They were suspended several feet above the floor. Starting to panic, Susan asked, “What’s going on?”

“Lois.”

“That’s not my name. It’s Susan.”

“Susan... you are Lois. Try to think. Try to remember.”

“What?”

“You’re Lois Lane. You have to be the best at everything. Sometimes you even cheat at board games ‘cause you have to win. You’re the best reporter I’ve ever met.”

“That doesn’t sound like me.”

“Yeah? This isn’t the first time I’ve put out an oven fire.”

A strange twinge hit her, almost as if she was remembering a similar incident, in a different kitchen, with him.

“This is crazy.”

He didn’t relinquish his hold on her, and she didn’t try to run away, given their current location near the ceiling.

“I... I... I’m sorry. There’s nothing. I don’t remember any of this.”

She felt badly for him. His grief was so sincere she honestly didn’t think he was trying to deceive her. And she couldn’t imagine how he could fake this flying stunt without advance

preparations.

Softly, painfully, he said, “You’re Lois Lane. You’re my wife. We have a child. Please... this is going to sound nuts but let me finish.”

“Okay.”

“We’ve been cursed. Whenever we get together in any way, in any lifetime, fate rips us apart. We thought we’d beaten it. This is going to sound insane, but a lunatic called Tempus stole you, knocked out your memory, and brought you to an alternative dimension.”

Susan was stunned. It didn’t make sense. But neither did these intense emotions or people flying.

“I’m sorry. That’s just not true.” Despite her unexplained affection towards this man she barely knew, she had history here. “I’m married to Mike. I have a daughter, Julie, and a son, MJ. We just returned to Wisteria Lane. I’ve lived here for years.”

“You sure about that? How far back does your memory go?”

“Don’t be ridiculous.”

“Try me. Is there a point where you have blanks or things get foggy?” he asked.

“Of course not!” But... even though she’d raised Julie years ago, she felt as if she were learning anew with MJ. As she thought more critically, she realized some of her memories, especially the older ones, lacked emotional associations, such as being married to Carl. It was almost as if they were implanted tapes rather than authentic memories. But this was absurd, it just couldn’t be true!

Then again, she shouldn’t be floating around her house either.

She was so confused. She loved Mike and MJ and all her friends here. Yet her feelings were strongly pulling her towards this stranger.

“I... don’t know what to do.”

“Come with me,” he urged.

“I can’t do that. I have a life here. People I love.”

“Lois, it’s taken me five years to locate you here. And the window to access this dimension is closing quickly. It’s been hell without you. I love you. Christopher wants to know his mother. Please, please come home.”

“If only I could remember something. Anything.”

“Close your eyes.” He shifted her so that they were standing face to face. They began to dance. “Do you remember doing this together in your apartment after the Kerth awards? Don’t answer, just listen to your heart.”

Strangely enough, an image popped into her head. She’d been wearing a black formal gown.

“I have an idea,” Superman said.

Suddenly Susan felt the two of them moving, very quickly, though she felt safe because Superman held her securely. She still clung tightly to him.

“Open your eyes. Slowly.”

“Oh my God!”

They were flying! Over Fairview. There was the coffee shop, the hospital, the mall... Susan Delfino who got sick on airplanes was flying. And loving it.

“Do you remember?” he anxiously asked.

She tried. Although there was a strong sense of *deja vu*, it wasn’t concrete.

The two landed in a park near Susan’s neighborhood.

“That was... something,” Susan said.

“Please, come home with me.”

She longed to be with him and take away his suffering. Yet she couldn’t unless she fully believed his story. She needed some spark, some personal revelation to make it real to her. She also couldn’t bear to hurt MJ and Mike. What would happen to them?

“I... can’t.”

His shoulders slumped. “I understand. I would never force you to do anything against your will.”

“Can you... can you come visit again?” Susan asked.

“I don’t think so. It was hard enough to get here now.”

“Oh”

Emotional turmoil was building up within her. Mike was her husband. She loved him. Then why did she feel like her world would be over if she never saw Superman again? Why did it seem like a horrible mistake to let him go?

“Can I kiss you goodbye?” he asked.

“Yes.”

He drew her close to kiss her.

As with his touch, his kiss felt like home, igniting sparks within her. She knew this man — the taste of his kisses, the feel of his arms about her.

A vivid memory came flooding back.

But it wasn’t about Superman.

It was about a handsome man with dark hair, wearing glasses with a brilliant smile. A man who was gentle and kind and would do anything for her.

Her heart leapt with joy.

“Clark?”

THE END