

# And Baby Makes Three

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Rated G

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Summary: Even though Dr. Klein said there was no possibility for a pregnancy, Lois is pregnant. Then the fun begins.

This is a fan-fic story based loosely on the Lois and Clark series of Warner Brothers Studios. I am taking what they gave me and making it into my story that is based on cotton candy and pipe dreams. I'll hammer it back into shape before I return it to the owners.

The asterisks between paragraphs notes a jump in the story. All will be explained as soon as possible in the story line.

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Lois Lane was sitting at her desk, drawing lazily on a notepad. She was trying to get her courage together to call her doctor and make an appointment. That last trip she and her husband, Clark, had made to an abandoned island had left her with some kind of exotic illness. How in the world was she going to explain having malaria or something similar to the Doctor who knew she was just a simple Metropolis girl who never had really been anywhere recently? It had been years since she had done her college exchange with an Irish student, or had gone on a fact-finding mission to Africa.

Clark had suggested that she call Dr. Klein at S.T.A.R. Labs and make an appointment with him for a test. He told her that if anyone had to be told the truth about her travels, he would prefer that it was Dr. Klein. Clark was a wonderful guy, and sweet as the day was long, but he would never in a million years understand why she did not want to be poked or prodded by Dr. Klein. She had a perfectly wonderful doctor, Dr. Lisa Miller, who Lois trusted with her life. She had told Dr. Miller a lot about herself, and felt so comfortable with her. She did not feel nearly as comfortable with Dr. Klein.

Lois reached over and picked up the phone and dialed the number from her Rolodex. She was relieved that they had an opening for that very afternoon, because, if truth be told, Lois was very near chickening out going to see a doctor. If she could get any relief at all from the rolling stomach and body aches, she would gladly forget all about seeing a doctor. But each day was worse than the last, and she had not been able to keep a meal down for over three weeks now. She was living on diet coke and cheese crackers, the only things that stayed down. Her breasts were so tender that she hated to get dressed. That was another reason she did not want to have to go to see Dr. Klein, because she really did not want to have to make a statement like that to him.

Clark arrived back at the Daily Planet around noon, after he finished a rescue. He gently asked if she wanted to go to lunch, and from the look on her face he knew that Lois didn't feel any better. She told him that she had a doctor's appointment in a few hours and maybe she could go out to eat by the weekend if they managed to find out what was wrong and were able to treat it. That got a grin out of him, and his grins could light up her world even when she felt as bad as she did right now. He gently kissed her on the forehead and sat down at his desk to write up an interview he handled for the two of them. Until Lois felt better, she was letting Clark handle all the legwork. That was so unlike her, that he knew she really was not feeling well, or she would be

right in the middle of everything going on at the time.

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The doctor's visit didn't go at all like Lois had envisioned it. She was sure that she would have to make some wild claims about exotic plants with bugs or something, but Dr. Miller had examined her, taken some blood samples and had her pee in a cup. She then told Lois to have a seat in the waiting room, because if she had what was suspected, Lois would need to pick up some prescriptions. She said that sentence with a grin on her face. If Lois had felt better, she would have argued the smile right off her doctor's face, but she felt so bad she only thought briefly of making a fuss.

Twenty minutes later, Dr. Miller called Lois into her office. She still had the big grin on her face as she asked Lois to have a seat. She announced that the tests they had run confirmed that Lois was about two months pregnant. That shocked Lois more than any exotic illness could have ever done. She and her husband had been told by Dr. Klein that they would never be able to conceive a child. They had quit using birth control over a year before, and just tried to not think anything about babies. Why now, after all this time had she suddenly been able to conceive a baby? Lois mentally slapped herself back to reality and tried to listen to Dr. Miller. She was explaining that the prescription was for prenatal vitamins, heavy on the iron as she seemed to be anemic. She told Lois to make an appointment at the front desk and bring her husband next time and they would go over any questions that the two of them had. Meanwhile, Lois was to try to eat as much good food as she could keep down, and watch her intake of coffee and wine (both of them had made her very sick the last few weeks) and get plenty of rest.

Lois walked back to the Planet in a fog. She was not sure what had happened, but she knew that Clark was going to be one very happy fellow. She stopped at the ladies room on the edge of the newsroom, where she combed her hair and reapplied her lipstick. She felt vaguely like she was sick to her stomach. Amazing what the news that the doctor had given her had done to chase the stomach problems away, for a little while anyway.

Clark was not in the newsroom when she returned to her desk. That was all right with her, because she did not really want to tell him in front of everyone else. This was her secret that she knew would thrill her wonderful husband. She left a note on his desk that everything was good and that she would see him back at the house that evening.

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Out of habit more than anything else, Lois grabbed a bowl full of cheese crackers and a can of diet coke and headed toward the living room. She wanted to go over all the information that Dr. Miller had given her while she was waiting for Clark to return home. She knew he had been very worried about her and had tried hard not to baby her too much while she was being sick. She loved how much Clark took her personality into consideration before he reacted to her. If she was a clingy wife, if she whined a lot, or if she had just been a complainer he would have never been the same way with her. As it was he tried to keep from asking her how she felt, but he watched her and tenderly reacted to her when she was sick. He was such a sweetheart, and he would make such a wonderful Daddy.

The sheets of paper that Dr. Miller had given Lois consisted of rules for having a healthy baby. They also had a few blanks filled in about her and the child. The first thing she saw was that the baby's due date was April 8. The first sonogram of the baby would be taken on her third prenatal visit, approximately two months in the future. If needed, another sonogram would be taken on her eight month visit, just before she went to weekly visits. She was given hints to alleviate the morning sickness, and told in the paperwork that she probably would find that it went away in another two months. That was good news, but if this baby was

anything like its Mom, stubbornness would make the morning sickness last for the whole pregnancy.

The phone rang, and Lois went to answer it. She saw on the caller ID that it was Clark's cell phone calling, and she hoped that meant he wouldn't be delayed too much longer. She was bursting at the seams to tell him the good news. She answered the phone and Clark told her to turn on LNN because he was going to have to do something and would be back as soon as he possibly could return. She did not have time to say anything before the phone went dead. That meant that Clark was in a hurry to do a rescue, so Lois put the phone back on the charger and went to the television to find out what was the problem Clark was handling. The picture of fires eating up the sides of the mountains greeted her as she watched her husband dumping truckloads of water on the raging inferno. It would be a while before he returned, if Lois was any judge, because at the present time the fires had the upper hand. That meant that Lois was on her own for a while, and it also meant unless she wanted Clark to find out about the baby before she had a chance to tell him, she needed to make sure that the paperwork was well hidden. She took it into her closet and put it in the lead-lined box they kept in the closet for storage of stray Kryptonite that they might encounter. Hopefully, he would never think to open that box.

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It was three days before an extremely exhausted Clark returned to his home in Metropolis. He had missed one day of work and his two days off, and now needed to go to work again in the state of exhaustion. It was going to be an effort to make it through the day, but he was anxious to try to pull it off. He showered twice to remove the stench of the smoke, and dressed in a loose fitting sport coat and slacks. Comfort was on his mind, and seeing his wife was in that category also. He missed her and wondered how she had done while he was gone. He knew she would be able to cope, but it still worried him that he was not able to help her while she had been so very sick.

Shortly after nine a.m, Clark arrived at the Daily Planet. He stopped and picked up a cup of coffee at the news-stand downstairs and took the elevator to the fifth floor. As he disembarked, his senses became aware that Lois was nearby. He was able to feel her presence as well as hear her heartbeat. He looked around and spotted her in a conversation with Jimmy Olsen.

Clark headed over to them, and as soon as Lois saw him she launched herself into his arms, prompting Jimmy to say, "Don't you guys get enough of that at home?"

They both grinned at him, and Lois took hold of Clark's sleeve and dragged him into the conference room. She kissed him like it had been a month since she had last seen him, and he just kissed her right back. Lois told him that the cover story was that Superman had come over two days prior and taken him back to Oregon with him to cover the rescue workers who needed to have more help and equipment, and Clark needed to write their story. He was so glad that his partner/wife/lover/soulmate was looking out for him.

Clark asked Lois how her visit had gone with Dr. Miller. Lois assured him that it was not some exotic illness but told him that she would like to tell him all about it when they got home, not at the Daily Planet. She explained to him that she was not as sick as they had thought, and that she had been given a prescription to correct any problems and that it would soon be better. Clark took her in his arms, and told her he was so glad. He made it clear to her that he would never be the same if she had caught some rare, untreatable disease which made Lois reassure him that was not the case.

When Lois got home that evening, the house was quiet and dark. Clark had left the Planet around three o'clock and said he would be going home as soon as he checked on the fires one

more time. He admitted that he needed to sleep because everything was blurring into nothingness. She quietly went upstairs to their bedroom and found her husband asleep on the bed still in his Superman suit. She knew he must be unusually tired to fall asleep in that condition, so she quietly went back downstairs to await his awaking. She ate a dinner of chicken noodle soup and ginger ale, and found that it didn't make her sick. This poor baby needed to eat better than Lois had been, but she was so sick most of the time that just keeping something solid down was so much effort that it was hardly worth the trouble to try new foods.

When Lois got so tired that she could not stay awake any longer, she went back upstairs and climbed into bed next to her sleeping husband. He moaned as she kissed his cheek, but never quite woke up. Sleep overtook her and she gave into the warm feeling that enveloped her. She wanted to tell Clark the news, but she was just as sleepy as he was, so it would have to wait.

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Morning found that the two had gravitated towards each other sometime in the middle of the night, and Lois awoke to find her head on Clark's chest and his arm firmly around her. Both were in a state of half-asleep, half-awake, but neither one wanted to make the effort to go the distance to complete the circle. Aware of the other one, they both drifted back into the sleep world one more time, knowing that soon they needed to get the day started.

Lois awoke first, as the need to use the restroom hit her. She found that there were so many things different with this child inside of her. She did not like chocolate, the smell of coffee, or the perfume that she had used for three years. All of them made her sick, so they were avoided if at all possible. She learned to drink ginger ale in the early morning to help with the rolling stomach. And, she also learned that the urge to use the bathroom could not be ignored. So, she climbed out of bed and made her way to the adjoining bathroom. As she climbed back into bed, her husband rolled over and kissed her. His first question was how she felt, and when she said she felt better, he resumed the kissing. Lois realized that she needed to talk to Clark so that they could clear the air before going to work. If she did not start talking soon, there would be no talking at all. Clark was headed toward the place on her throat that melted her will.

"Clark, please honey, can we quit for a few minutes so that I can talk to you about my doctor's visit?" Lois asked with a slight tremor in her voice. "It isn't that I don't want to love you and be loved by you this morning, but I think you will agree after we have our talk that this was more important. We'll take a rain check until this evening, when we can celebrate properly."

"Celebrate? That's a strange word for a talk about illness." Clark still had her firmly in his grasp, but he had pulled his face away from her neck.

"Can we get ready for work and have this discussion downstairs? I want to tell you everything Dr. Miller said about my condition, and then we have some decisions to make." Lois was sounding cryptic, she knew, but she could hardly wait to tell Clark about the news. She knew if she told him up in their bedroom that they would never make it to work that day.

Lois dressed as quickly as she could and walked into the kitchen to find Clark eating a plate of laser-fried eggs. He had thoughtfully sprayed the air with an odor neutralizer so that she did not get even a whiff of the scent. She made herself some dry toast and a glass of ginger ale, and went over to the table to talk to Clark.

"Lois, please tell me what Dr. Miller said. I want to know all the details, also. Don't try to skip the stuff you don't think I will want to know, because I want to know everything." Clark sat back down next to Lois after cleaning up his plate and waited for Lois to start to tell him what was the matter.

Lois took a bite out of her toast and took off running toward

the downstairs bathroom. She barely made it before she started the dry heaves. Clark was right behind her, with such a look of concern on his face. He swooped Lois up into his arms and carried her back into the living room. He went back into the kitchen and picked up her glass of ginger ale and brought it to her. She sipped it, but put it down without drinking much.

"Clark, I am not really sick. I am having morning sickness. As in pregnant-type morning sickness. I wanted to build this whole thing up and try to tell you slowly, but this darn heaving won't let me be mysterious."

"Preg-nant?" Clark had a dazed look on his face. "Lois, we're having a baby? How did this happen?"

"The same way it usually happens, I guess. I don't think we do anything differently from other couples, unless it has something to do with ceilings." Lois was feeling better in spite her stomach rolling. She knew that what she was saying was making Clark happier than he had been in quite a while.

"Is there any way that this is a mistake? You know what Dr. Klein told me about the incompatibility of Earth and Krypton when it came to making babies. Even your Dad said he couldn't see how we would be able to make a baby." Clark had a grin on his face, but he was trying very hard to not be overwhelmed by her announcement.

"Dr. Miller has positive test results that say that they were wrong. We probably need to see what happened two months ago that made a difference. I really do want Dr. Klein to examine the facts and see if this is the only time I could do this, or if you and I could have a houseful of Kents." Lois reached over to the coffee table and picked up her glass of ginger ale. She then told Clark to go upstairs to the closet and open the lead-lined box and bring all the paperwork back down with him. She told him it would explain most of what Dr. Miller had told her.

With a whoosh, Clark left and returned before Lois finished her sip of the drink. He had read all the paperwork in that brief instant, and was standing in the middle of the living room with the most glorious smile on his face. "We're having a baby in April!"

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Clark had a really rough time wiping the smile off his face. As Superman he usually was very stern and did not smile. But he had recently been told some news that just made it impossible to be stern.

Superman stood in his characteristic A-stance. (Lois had named it that because she said that he stood with his feet slightly apart and his arms across his middle in a mock-A-frame.) He had wanted to talk to Dr. Klein about the newest development, but he just could not get serious enough to broach the subject in the manner that Superman would have done it. Instead, he was positively giddy. Dr. Klein sensed that there was something different, but could not put his finger on what had made the difference. He listened as Superman asked him again if he was sure that a human and a Kryptonian could not reproduce. Dr. Klein told him he was sure that there was a few compatibility factors missing in the sample that prohibited him from breeding with a Earth woman. Superman then announced that his woman was pregnant, and that he was sure that it was his. He wondered if it would be possible for the tests to be redone a different way so that Dr. Klein could find out why it happened and if it would be possible for another child to be conceived in the future. Dr. Klein told Superman to bring his woman in to be checked, and that stopped Clark cold. He would have to rethink the whole thing before they went any further.

Superman flew back to the Daily Planet and Clark walked down the stairs from the roof to the newsroom. He found his wife coming back from the restroom, and asked her if she was okay. She assured him that it was just a bladder problem, and then she asked him what Dr. Klein had told him. Clark relayed the

conversation, which made Lois break into a fit of giggles. Clark asked her what was wrong, and he also thought it was funny that he had referred to her as "his woman." It never occurred to him to refer to her as his wife, as he never thought of Superman as married. Both of them agreed that they needed to work on the problem of how to talk to Dr. Klein before they proceeded.

Because Lois was feeling a little better, she went with Clark to the news conference of the City Council about the zoning changes of the Hobbs Bay area. This was a semi-annual change, and it was impossible to guess what the latest plan was without attending the press conference. As they settled in to the folding chairs of the council chamber, Lois gasped and made a mad dash for the restroom. Clark hesitated for a second before following her out into the hallway. He was not sure what was wrong, but he was sure that he needed to support her.

A few minutes later she appeared again, and announced that the reporter next to her was wearing a perfume that caused her to gag. She said she was going to be all right, but she would stay on the edge of the press and take notes. Clark walked back with her into the conference room, and stood with his back against the wall right next to Lois. She primed her tape recorder, while Clark speed-read the press release so that they would have something to give Perry when they got back to the Daily Planet.

On the way back to the paper, Clark suggested that they stop and have lunch before returning to work. Lois was sure that she would not be able to stand the greasy smell of a fast food place, and they did not have time for a sit-down lunch. When Clark suggested that they get lunch and sit in an outdoor porch area to eat, Lois agreed. Clark got himself a large sub with assorted meats, fries, and a chocolate shake. Lois chose a grilled cheese sandwich and a sprite. She attempted to eat, but only managed to take one bite before she had to quit. The sprite went down and did not disagree with her. Lois giggled at the thought that the little one inside her would one day be able to eat like its daddy and not put on any weight. Meanwhile, it was inside a mother who was having trouble keeping anything down.

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Perry White was watching the young couple that had just come back into the newsroom. They were in a good mood, and holding hands. As they got to their individual desks, the husband leaned over and kissed his wife gently and put his large hand possessively over her belly. "Well, that explains a lot!" Perry said out loud to no-one in particular. All of a sudden, the husband looked in his direction and then back at his wife. He whispered something in her ear, and she looked in Perry's direction. This all had to be his imagination, because it was impossible that they had overheard his comment from inside his office with the doors closed.

Lois and Clark sat down at their own desks and started to work on their article about the news conference. Every once in a while, Clark looked over in Lois' direction and just stared into space. He'd mentally shake his head and then get back to work only to begin to stare at her again. It reminded the rest of the newsroom how it used to be when Clark was so besotted with Lois and she was so busy with her career. Jimmy had started to say something to Clark, but checked himself in mid-word. He really did not want to get Lois upset with him. She seemed to be very easily set off recently, even though the little PDA that happened when they came back into the newsroom belied the fact that there was trouble in the marriage. No one could quite place the difference, but something had changed in the last week. Clark was doting on Lois' every move, and he just did not seem to concentrate on important details.

LNN came on line with a breaking story about an airplane that had crashed into the arch in St. Louis. Lois looked over in Clark's direction, with a puzzled expression on her face. He had not heard the call. Clark kissed her, and excused himself to go to

the stairwell. A few seconds later LNN announced that Superman had arrived and was carrying tourists from the arch back down to the base of the monument. They next showed the action of the small single engine plane being lowered from its hanging position at the two o'clock position on the arch. In no time at all, the Missouri rescue units took over the medical care of the survivors, and Superman left. When Clark did not arrive back at the paper quickly, Lois started to get agitated. She thought that Clark would be right back after the rescue.

As it was, it took him an additional hour to arrive at the Planet after Superman had officially left the arch. Lois grabbed him and dragged him into the conference room to ask him why he had not heard the call for him in Missouri before LNN told the rest of the world. She also wanted to know why it had taken him so long to get back. Clark explained he was listening to the heartbeat of the baby and had tuned everything else out, and that he had stopped in Kansas after the rescue. He told Lois that he had not told his mother the news, but that she had guessed when he was in such a good mood. He told Lois that they needed to go to Kansas very soon and confirm what his mother had guessed. They kissed to seal the deal, and Lois asked what their baby's heartbeat sounded like, only to be told that right now it was a whisper of sound, like butterfly wings. He was sure in the future that he would be able to hear more, but right now he was concentrating on what he was able to hear.

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On their third prenatal visit to Dr. Miller, Lois and Clark were both very excited to have the prospect of seeing the first images of their baby on the sonogram. They had agreed that they wanted to know the sex of the child, if it was possible to tell it at this early date, so that they could work on choosing a name for the baby.

As the gel was spread across Lois' growing stomach, Dr. Miller put the stylus on Lois and the sounds of a faint, but steady heartbeat filled the room. Clark looked at Lois and grinned. He had heard the same heartbeat for a little over two weeks now, and he was so glad that Lois could now hear it also. It was steady and strong and a dream come true. There was a very healthy baby inside Lois where she never thought she would be able to carry one. Dr. Miller asked if they wanted to know the sex of the child, and both said they did. She worked around with the wand, and told them to look at the screen. They watched the baby's beating heart, and saw its tiny hands moving in front of its body. They were both so enthralled with the view of the baby that they did not seem to realize that Dr. Miller had stopped the verbal inventory, and was concentrated on one spot. She put the stylus down and asked them to wait for a second, as she needed for Dr. Sylvester to see something and give her a second opinion. She assured them that there was a healthy baby there, but she needed to ask a senior doctor to look at something. Moments later, Dr. Sylvester came into the room, read over Lois' chart, and then he too started to look at the baby. He listened to the heartbeat and told them that the baby had a very strong life force. He looked again at the chart, asked how the due date was determined, and when he was satisfied with the answers, he wiped off Lois' stomach and asked Lois and Clark to meet him and Dr. Miller in the office. Scared out of their wits, Lois redressed and went to Dr. Sylvester's office.

"We have a slight problem," began Dr. Sylvester. "Your baby seems to be developing strangely. Are you satisfied that you had missed two periods before you came into the office for your first visit?"

"I assume I missed two periods. What I do not know is what you really want to know. Clark and I want this baby very, very much and we want to do whatever we have to do to ensure that it has a healthy beginning. I have had so much morning sickness that I guess I haven't fed it properly, but it is easing off now and I

will try to feed the baby better starting right now. Please, just tell me what I need to do to help our baby."

Clark was gripping Lois' hand tightly in his hand. He heard the healthy heartbeat, and he saw the same things that the sonogram showed. He could not see what the problem was, and he did not know how to ask without giving away his secret that he was a portable x-ray machine.

"Please," began Clark, "just tell us what is making you so concerned."

Dr. Miller looked over at Dr. Sylvester, and gestured to him to explain the problem to the young couple. "The problem is that the child's brain is developing much faster than the rest of the body. You are going to have a little girl, and we will need to take some tests to determine if she is in distress. All the vital signs are strong, but her skeletal system is way behind where it should be for a child that is almost five months along."

Lois looked over at Clark with a look of absolute horror. He did not seem to be as concerned as the Doctors, but he was not a happy person either. "Clark, what is going on?" Lois was close to tears.

"Honey, you and I will discuss this at home after you have taken all the tests they want to take." Clark was gripping Lois' hand in a death-grip, but he was gentle in manner with her and she knew that they would manage to make this right, just like they had managed so many times before.

Measurements were made, blood work was done, and Lois was allowed to redress for the trip home. As soon as they got back to the car, Clark stopped Lois. "Honey, we are going to stop at S.T.A.R. Labs and see Dr. Klein on our way home. And we are going to be 100% honest with him about this pregnancy. We need his help very much to keep our little girl healthy."

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The sunset was brilliant and the world looked as if no one should have any problems. That belied the true facts that brought Lois and Clark to S.T.A.R. Labs. They had received news that they needed to be explained without telling the whole world that this was the first half-breed Kryptonian birth on the planet.

Dr. Klein in his usual mad-scientist mode was working away in his lab, with all his assistants gone for the day. He was checking and re-checking figures as he poured small beakers of liquid into other beakers. He barely looked up as Clark called out his name. All he said was, "no, no, no... that cannot be right."

Clark called out to him again, and he acknowledged Lois and Clark's existence, but he did not hesitate or stop pouring liquids and erasing figures on his paper.

Lois put her fingers in her mouth and let go with a whistle that she had learned to stop taxi cabs. After the shattering whistle, Dr. Klein looked at them as if he was seeing them for the first time.

"Good," said Lois. "I got your attention now, right? We need to talk to you and it is very, very important that you listen to us. How much more of this do you need to do to be able to stop and give us your undivided attention?"

"Uh, give me a minute longer, and I'll be right with you." Dr. Klein went back to his beakers and a few moments later just threw the pencil and papers on the table. "I need to start this whole experiment over again and control the variables better next time."

He turned around in his chair, and pointed toward the glassed office in the back of the room. "Let's go in there and get comfortable. Maybe you will have something I can do without much trouble, but I'm not betting on it. You two manage to give me some really big puzzles, sometimes." Dr. Klein chuckled to himself as he followed the couple into his office. They sat down on the brown leather sofa, and he took his chair behind the cluttered desk.

"Clark, I'll let you do this one, if you don't mind," whispered

Lois in a stage whisper. Clark reached over and grabbed her hand before he started to talk.

"Dr. Klein, Lois is pregnant. We are thrilled about it, but today when we went into her O.B. doctor's office, they found a problem. This problem cannot be handled by just anyone, because of the circumstances behind the pregnancy. You see, Dr. Klein, a little over a year ago I was told that I would never be able to have children. This baby was a total surprise, and such a welcome one."

"I'm a scientist, not a medical doctor, even though I do have my M.D. as well as three PHDs. How do you think I can help you when your medical doctor found the problem?" Dr. Klein put his hands under his chin and watched the interaction between the young couple.

Clark released Lois' hand, stood to his feet, looked over his shoulder to make sure that they were still alone in the lab, and then he went into spin-mode. Lois watched Dr. Klein's face as it dawned on him what was happening.

"Oh my god!" Dr. Klein looked from one to the other. "You can't get an Earth woman pregnant. I ran all kinds of tests, and there is just too many compatibility factors missing. How did this happen?"

Clark spun quickly back into the clothes he had worn that day, sat down taking Lois' hand back, and awaited an answer from a still blubbing Dr. Klein.

"The baby is not developing the same way a human baby develops," started Lois. "She has a very strong heartbeat, unusual brain activity and growth, and a smaller than normal skeletal system for my being five months pregnant. Since no one knows the growth cycle or pregnancy chart of Kryptonians, we don't know if this is considered normal or if something is going wrong. You need to help us, please."

"I don't know the pregnancy variables of a Kryptonian birth either, Lois. Wonder what we will do to find out what is normal, and what is abnormal," babbled Dr. Klein. "Give me a few days, and then we will begin to chart this pregnancy."

The young couple got up, Clark stretched his hand across the desk to grab Dr. Klein's hand and firmly shook it. "Thank you so much, Dr. Klein," he said. "We want our little girl to have every advantage possible while she is growing up to be the first half-human/half-Kryptonian person."

As they reached the parking lot, Clark took his cell phone out of his pocket and speed-dialed his parents' house. "Mom, can Lois and I come out to supper this evening? We have a problem so We need to talk to you two and want some advice."

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Work was on the back-burner as far as Lois was concerned. She loved the Daily Planet; she was a great reporter with wonderful instincts, but right now she was a mother working on a baby-making project. Clark tried to make up for the lack of good stories from the two of them by covering Superman's activities even more, but it was obvious that they were not giving 100% to their job.

"Lois, Clark, my office NOW!" The two reversed their path toward their desks and headed instead toward Perry's office. Lois dropped her briefcase just inside Perry's office and slumped in the high backed chair across from his desk. Clark stood behind her chair.

"What is going on with you two?" Perry asked. They did not need to be told that their work was sub-standard, but then again Lois always gave as good as she got.

"What in the world do you mean?" asked Lois.

"You know what I mean. You missed three scoops in a row. When the Star can beat the two of you three times in a row, I know for sure there is something bad going on in your lives. You two healthy?" asked Perry knowing at gut level that Lois was pregnant. She had begun to wear looser clothes, but still had said

nothing to him.

Lois looked over her shoulder and nodded affirmatively to Clark. "We are having a baby and are having a little trouble with complications. Lois spent so much time sick and now the baby seems to be having growth problems," said Clark. "I know we should have shared this with you, but we have had so much on our minds recently that we are not thinking correctly."

"Do you need some time off, Lois?" asked Perry.

"No, not right now, but we will attempt to remember that we also have jobs that need our attention. I'm so sorry, Perry, that we are preoccupied right now. We want our little girl to be healthy, and even though she seems to be hearty, she has growth problems." Lois was on a roll. She was gaining speed with the conversation until Clark squeezed her shoulder.

"I'll keep this in mind, and for now I'll assign some of the media events to other reporters," said Perry. He had a huge grin on his face, so they knew that he was not mad.

As they left the office, both overheard an overwhelmed Perry exclaim, "I'm going to have a granddaughter!"

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Lois was beginning to feel like she had been poked, prodded, examined, and measured for the past full month. Both Dr. Miller and Dr. Klein were making the same tests, and both seemed to be coming up with the same conclusions. Both agreed that the Kent baby girl was healthy, that she did not seem to have abnormal growth hormones so she would be a little person, but that she was just much smaller than she should be. They also agreed that she had really developed brain waves. Dr. Klein requested a blood sample from Clark, and was able to accomplish it thanks to the use of a small amount of Kryptonite applied to the needle. It pierced his skin without any of the side effects usually associated with Kryptonite. Lois wondered if the baby was as tired of all the tests as her mother.

Christmas came during this hectic time and both Lois and Clark were very enthusiastic to buy soft toys and clothes for the baby's presents. It was almost an afterthought to remember that they needed to buy presents for the rest of the family and each other. Both of them were enjoying the thought that next year this time they would have a baby girl who could enjoy what they had chosen.

As the ball dropped in Times Square, Lois and Clark were cuddled in their bed enjoying the fact that this was the year that their lives would change. Being a couple was wonderful, but the thought of a new baby was almost unbelievable.

Dr. Klein called them into his office on the 4th of January. He explained that all the tests had come back normal, except for the baby's size. Instead of being around a ten inch long torso, she had only a seven inch long body. She used her hands to put her fingers in her mouth, much ahead of the projected of when she should be doing that. The baby had responded to the outside stimulus of music being played right next to Lois' stomach, ahead of the projected chart for hearing. She also had responded to Lois singing to her when she was moving around a lot. It seemed to calm her down. And when she heard her Daddy's voice, she moved toward the side where he was standing.

All together, Dr. Klein was concerned that the child seemed to be small, but he had to say that she was a remarkable baby. The tests of her lung function seemed to support that she could be born at that small size, and still be able to breathe on her own. All the antibodies that her mother possessed seemed to be in her blood, along with all the extra healing properties that her father had in his blood.

Dr. Miller had drawn the same conclusions, except that she thought that the baby must have some rare type of dwarfism that was unknown to the medical community.

Lois and Clark talked to their little one and explained that if she was able to understand their speech, to ignore Dr. Miller

because she did not understand what a rare and wonderful little girl they were having. It made them feel better. But the question remained whether they would continue to use Dr. Miller without telling her their secret. It seemed unfair to keep her in the dark, but then again this child did not need for the world to know her origins.

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As Lois entered her ninth month of pregnancy, she was having so much fun furnishing the nursery. It was a great time in their lives. Dr. Miller was still concerned that the child was so small, and that she did not seem to gain weight, so she ordered Lois to go on a diet to gain weight. The Fudge Castle was a regular institution and was visited two or three times a day for shakes and sundaes. Lois seemed to gain weight, but the baby only gained ounces for each pound that Lois put on. Spring was in the air, and the Kents were having a baby. The baby may be born addicted to chocolate because of her last month of gestation, but it was a wonderful time of the year.

The second week of April, Lois went to Dr. Miller's office, and was told that even though her due date was a week before, she had not dilated at all. Lois was concerned that it might be something wrong with her, but Dr. Miller said that she would not get alarmed unless they made the end of the month in the same state. She told Lois to continue the fattening foods, as the baby had put on a little weight.

Lois was also seeing Dr. Klein on a regular basis, and he proposed that maybe the gestation period of a Kryptonian child was longer than that of a earth child. Since there was no way to check out that fact, Lois tucked it in the back of her head for future reference.

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May dawned without the birth of a Kent baby. She seemed to be gaining both stature and weight so her doctors decided that it had to be a clerical error and they had not figured the due date correctly. Lois was very tired of being pregnant, but wanted her daughter to have the advantage of being bigger before she was born. Every time one of the Doctors suggested that maybe they should induce labor, Lois resisted. When the last week in May arrived and there still was no baby, Dr. Miller was taken into the small club that knew the origins of the child. Dr. Miller and Dr. Klein both agreed that the child was growing each day, and that her vital signs were strong, so they did not want to rush delivery.

May passed and Clark had a talk with Perry White about the baby. Perry admitted that he had suspected that Clark was also Superman, and that he was so glad that he had married Lois. Perry declared that it would take a Superman to keep Lois in line, and he was so glad that his girl was so happy.

In the middle of June, everyone was asking about the baby. Lois was forced to stay home from work and Clark refused to talk to people about the baby's timing. July arrived and the baby was estimated to be about six pounds and almost 18 inches. It had been determined long ago that she was extremely healthy, and that her size would not be a factor in her ability to survive. Lois went to S.T.A.R. Labs only for visits, and Dr. Miller joined Dr. Klein to examine Lois. It was determined that she was finally beginning to have Braxton Hicks contractions, and there was a slight change in Lois signaling that they were finally ready to have her.

On August second, Lois went into labor. She delivered her baby girl very easily, and Kayelle Lane Kent was born and weighed in at six pounds four ounces. She was twenty inches long, and in perfect health. She was a very alert baby, who loved the sound of her parent's voices. Whenever they talked to her she cooed. Dr. Miller had to admit that she had never seen a more alert newborn than Kayelle.

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The small Kent family thrived, with both Mother and Father

as proud as they could be of their little girl. She had beautiful soft brown curls that matched her brown eyes. Lois amazed everyone by being such a doting parent that Kayelle never seemed to be in clothes that were dirty or had been thrown up on.

Whenever Clark mentioned that Kayelle needed a brother or sister, Lois reminded him that it was a little over a year's process, and promised she would get pregnant the same night she won her Pulitzer. Clark declared he would hold her to it.

THE END

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Many thanks to the Beta, VirginiaR, who corrected my spelling, suggested much better words than some of the ones I wanted to put down, and laughed at the same places I thought were funny. She did all that while she was also writing her own story. Your multi-tasking was appreciated. Also thank you to the G.E. who took a fine toothed comb to this and made the rough ends smooth out. Many thanks to angelfinally.