

# Anniversary Surprise

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Rated PG-13

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Summary: Lois has bought Clark a gift to celebrate one month of marriage. But when Superman is called to an emergency, things get heated, and the Man of Steel makes a rather personal public announcement.

Disclaimer — The characters aren't mine. The opening line isn't mine. It was stolen from Virginia's 'Nightfall Honeymoon', via Iolanthe who challenged authors to write a fic using it as the opening line.

Thanks also to Iolanthe for the quick beta. Thanks to Amber for being the GE.

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"But I'm never wearing your panties again," he informed her with a very serious expression. "Never."

Lois stifled her amusement. Tied it up. Smacked it down. Attempted to smother it to death under a thick blanket of solemnity.

"Never," she echoed, managing to push out the first syllable with the mandatory level of propriety, but fearing that, by the second, it had disintegrated rather badly.

"It's not funny," Clark said.

No. It wasn't. It wasn't. It really wasn't.

"I was trying to be helpful," Lois said meekly. It had been an emergency. Someone had needed Superman. And mysteriously — although possibly related to last night's post-rescue investigation when Lois had proved beyond doubt that the Suit definitely did come off — the red briefs had been temporarily mislaid.

It had been an emergency.

She had rifled through all the possibilities — and dismissed them one by one.

The other Suits were at the cleaners. Clark Kent owned no plain red briefs. There was no time for either Clark or Lois to run to the store or to fly to Kansas and wait for Martha's magic with the sewing machine to solve their dilemma. Superman — sans the red briefs — could *not* be seen in public hastily purchasing underwear on his way to a rescue.

It had been an emergency.

Desperate measures had been required.

Lois had seized the Victoria's Secret bag she'd hidden in the closet, extracted the red panties, and shoved them at Clark. "Wear these."

He'd checked them for lace, frills, or any other explicitly feminine frippery, and finding none, had stepped into them and flown out the window.

It should have been OK.

Sure, she'd known the panties' distinctive feature was heat-activated. That had been a major selling point. After all, her husband had a few tricks when it came to thermal energy.

But she hadn't known the emergency was a fire.

"It was meant to be a surprise for you to celebrate our one-month anniversary," Lois offered by way of explanation.

"It was certainly a surprise," Clark said dryly.

"I didn't anticipate you'd put them on backwards."

"I figured the cape would provide some coverage."

"It was meant to refer to our job." Lois strangled the budding upsurge of giggles. "I mean ... it *is* true. Of both of us."

Clark didn't comment. Clearly, he still had a long way to go before he could see the funny side of this.

But Lois was already there.

If she allowed even the tiniest image to take root in her mind ...

... Her demure façade would be shattered.

She could feel it slipping.

The expression on the faces of the fireman ...

Clark's lingering consternation ...

Lois picked up the offending article from the floor where Clark had discarded it in abject disgust.

Her laughter erupted.

She held up the panties — facing the front towards a determinedly pokerfaced Clark.

Her stomach muscles crunched.

Tears flooded uncontrollably down her cheeks.

Because there it was.

In just-beginning-to-fade-but-still-amply-resplendent bright yellow letters.

The message — proclaimed by Superman himself and currently being beamed around the news services of the world. The Man of Steel was a:

HEADLINE LOVER!

THE END