

Driving Lessons

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Rated PG

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A/N: When Lois' and Clark's oldest daughter reaches a certain age, they find themselves in a dilemma. (Dedicated to my brother, just learning to drive...)

Clark could hear the shouting long before they brought the argument inside the house. He cringed. This could only get worse if it continued to rage on. His wife and his daughter had very similar temperaments, and though he loved them both dearly, he valued his own life too much to allow their arguments to get too out of control, lest he be dragged into the middle of another World War.

“CLARK!”
“DAD!!”

He jumped in surprise and spilt some of his coffee on his tie. Mildly irked, he turned to clean off the accessory and called out, “In here!”

Two sets of angry heels tapped their way towards the kitchen — and towards Clark. He ignored their obvious signs of displeasure and tried to drone on nonchalantly. “I spilled some coffee. Oh, and by the way honey, Perry called while you were out. Said they’ve got a source in who will only talk to us and she’s waiting. We’ve gotta head out.”

Lois steam rolled on, ignoring his comments. “You would not *believe* your daughter!”

Clark sighed as the bickering picked up again.

“Maybe I wouldn’t have been so bad if you would’ve stopped yelling at me!” Ella shot right back at her mother, still just as adamant.

“Oh, okay. I get it. So if I hadn’t yelled at you to brake, you would have? Is that what you’re saying? Some convoluted reverse psychology you got there, missy.”

“Ugh! You don’t get it! You’re putting too much pressure on me!”

“Yeah? Well, you don’t listen. When you are driving, especially just learning how to drive, I am the expert, okay?! If I tell you to slow down, that doesn’t mean take your own sweet time deciding whether or not you should take my advice. It’s *not* the time for your own best judgment!”

Ella groaned loudly and mumbled some coarse words under her breath.

That got Clark’s attention. “Excuse me?? I know you did not just say what I think you said.” The fifteen year old shrunk under her father’s firm gaze and harsh tone. “You’d better apologize to your mother this instant and then go up to your room, young lady.”

Ella flushed, gave her mom a hasty apology and ran up the stairs to her room. She would go drown her sorrows in her Justin Bieber CDs.

Clark finally returned his gaze to his wife and sighed heavily. Lois waited a whole three seconds before impatiently asking, “Well? What did she say?”

Clark just shook his head. “Nothing.” Off her arched eyebrow, he conceded, “She called you a name.”

Lois bristled before taking a deep breath and letting it go.

“Could it really have been that bad? I mean, sure, she’s just learning—”

“Ha! Clark, I’d bet you a million dollars that not even *you* could teach her how to drive.”

“I’d take that bet,” Clark spoke defensively, “and be a million dollars richer for it. And anyway, I’m fairly sure that you don’t have a million bucks lying around somewhere.”

“You serious about that?” Lois’ tone was scheming. “Cause if so, I’d bet you fifty bucks, then. I’m serious, Clark. She’s really bad. So bad that she’s going to be stuck taking busses and taxis everywhere her whole life.”

“Or she could— gee, I don’t know—” he did the familiar swooping motion with his hand and smirked at his wife. Lois was clearly not as amused. Clark huffed. “Fine. I’ll take her out later and see, but meanwhile, I was serious about Perry needing us in the office. We got to go.”

Clark called up the stairs and told Ella to keep an eye on her younger brother, Jack, before leaving for the Planet.

Lois didn’t look up from the paper she was reading when the front door slammed open and shut. She simply held out her hand for her husband, waiting as patiently and neutrally as possible. Clark pressed a fifty dollar bill into it as he walked past. Lois grinned. “So, how’d it go, honey?”

Clark grunted and turned back briefly. “Maybe Perry could teach her.”

THE END