

SOLD! To the Highest Bidder

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Rated PG-13

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Summary: Superman gets an unexpected surprise when he doesn't read the small print.

Author's Note: Just a bit of fluff that I have had rattling in my head for ages. None of the characters are mine as it is a crossover with another show, but I don't want to say which one here as it will kinda give the story away.

Lois came down the stairs and into the kitchen where Clark sat at the table, reading the *Planet* and drinking coffee. She gave him a quick kiss.

"Morning," she said with a contented smile.

"Mmm morning." He smiled back. "Who was on the phone?"

"My mother. She says we haven't been to see them, and expects us for dinner."

"Okay. When?"

"Tonight."

"Honey, I can't go tonight."

"What do you have, a ribbon-cutting ceremony in Timbuktu?"

"No, I've cut down on my Superman appearances. This is a bachelor auction for the Metropolis Children's Home."

"You're *not* a bachelor," Lois reminded him, putting her hands on her hips.

"It's not me, it's Superman, and I had this booked before we were married."

"We were engaged for a year. How long have you had this booked?"

"Lois, it's just a dinner."

"Is this the confirmation letter?" Lois picked up a letter from the table and looked at it. "Err... honey, have you read this?"

"I glanced at it. I've done this every year since I came to Metropolis."

"You know you're right. It's for the kids, and I trust you. Actually, I might attend myself. I have a friend on the Board."

"Lois, you can't bid on me after the Goode scandal. We don't want to fan the flames."

"I can't afford you," she said with a wink. "I'll call Mother to postpone and make dinner for the two of us another night. Mother also asked when we're going to make her a grandmother."

Clark stood up and kissed her neck, causing shivers to run down her spine. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back, giving him better access to her neck.

"Tell her... we're... working... on it... that... I am... putting... all my... effort... into... knocking... up... her... daughter."

"Clark!" Lois gasped at his crude statement, but grinned. "We'll be late for work," she said in a halfhearted protest to get him to stop, but her hands were already undoing his pants.

"I think we should give it another bash."

Before Lois knew it, Clark had spun them and she was naked underneath her husband who was just as naked.

"Oh, Clark!" Lois moaned. They had been married nearly eight months, but their passion for each other still hadn't cooled.

Later that evening, Lois stood in the ballroom of the Metropolis Regent Hotel. Other than the odd server, she was the only female in the room. There were about ten men with numbers pinned to their tuxedo jackets. Clark entered wearing his Superman uniform. He had a '1' pinned to his 'S'. Lois smiled at him as he approached her. There was something about her smile that unnerved him. It was as if she knew something that he didn't and was enjoying it.

"Hello, Lois," he said in his usual formal voice that he used when they were in public under the Superman guise.

"Hello, Superman," she said just as formal, but still with that all-knowing grin.

Why is she so calm about this? Clark thought.

"You nervous?" she asked.

"No. But I'm a little confused."

"What about?"

"Well, there aren't any women here other than you."

Lois looked around and pretended to look surprised. "Huh, you're right."

A tall dark-haired man approached them. "Lois Lane," he said and hugged Lois.

Superman folded his arms across his chest, and Lois could practically feel the jealousy radiating from him.

"Or is it Kent now?" the man continued.

"No, it's still Lane, professionally anyway." Lois smiled at this handsome stranger. "Superman, Will Truman. Will, Superman. Will's family and mine go way back. He's responsible for tonight's auction," she explained.

"Thank you for agreeing to do this, Superman."

"Will, Will, Will!" An energetic brunette man came running over to them. He appeared to be of the same age as Lois and Clark, but he had the energy of a three-year-old on a sugar rush and the attention span of a puppy.

"What, Jack?!" Will snapped.

"I'm not so sure this is such a good idea. I mean, what if a riot breaks out because everyone is bidding on me? Whoa, Superman! Hel—*lo*," The last word was drawn out and Jack offered his hand in the same way a woman would hold out her hand when being helped out of a car.

Superman shook it.

Lois had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from laughing, seeing the confused look on Superman's face.

"Jack, why don't you show Superman through to the waiting area?" Will suggested.

"My pleasure." Jack gave Superman a flirty smile and hooked his arm through Superman. "Ooh! Someone has been working out."

Superman looked back at Lois as Jack whisked him away.

"I was surprised that Superman agreed to do this. I just assumed he was straight, but then the outfit should've been a clue," Will said.

"Well, if there is one thing I know definitely about Superman is that he's full of surprises." She smiled.

"So, your hunky husband isn't with you?"

"No, he had a prior engagement."

"Would you like a flirtini?" He grabbed two pink drinks in martini glasses off a tray from a passing waiter and handed one to Lois.

"Oh, no. I'm not drinking at the moment."

"Are you pregnant?" Will asked, taking a sip of his drink.

"Not yet, but we've only been trying two months. Omph!"

A tall woman with a mass of dark red hair bumped into Lois. "Oh, sorry," the woman apologised.

"Grace!? What are you doing here?" Will asked in an annoyed tone. "Lois Lane, Grace Adler. Grace is my roommate."

"Hi. Ooh, flirtini." She took the drink that Will had offered to Lois.

“Grace, what are you doing here?” Will repeated in the same annoyed tone.

“I’ve come to show support for the kids. I heard Superman was up first.”

“It’s a gay auction.”

Just then, a small dark-haired woman, who radiated power, came up to the auctioneer lectern. Will and Grace were still arguing in loud whispers, oblivious to Lois standing by them and uncomfortable at the situation.

“HEY! WILMA! GRACELESS WANNA KEEP IT DOWN! Thank you. First up, it’s Metropolis’s very own superhero: SUPERMAN. Yay!” The woman at the lectern clapped her hands, bouncing up and down like an overexcited child as Superman walked onto the stage. “Oooh, that suit doesn’t leave much to the imagination now, does it fellas?” She laughed and smacked him on the bottom. “Okay, let’s get this ball rolling. I bid \$500,000. Going once! Going twice! Sold! Happy birthday, Jackie. Smitty, scotch and make it a triple.” She walked off the stage to the bar, and a gleeful Jack jumped on stage to take Superman’s arm.

Lois was ready for bed when Clark landed on their balcony. He looked a bit dishevelled and capeless. Lois fought the urge to laugh, but failed miserably.

“I’m glad you find it funny,” Clark said, looking at his giggling wife. “Did you know that it was a gay auction?”

“I read the letter Clark,” she said, getting her laughter under control. “Where’s your cape?”

“Jack asked if he could try it on.”

“He wouldn’t give it back?”

“I didn’t want it back. He wasn’t wearing anything else.”

This renewed Lois’s giggles and she collapsed on the bed, imagining Clark having to fight off Jack. She had met Jack a couple of times when she had gone to functions with Will and thought he could have given Cat a run for her money in the man-eating race.

“LOIS! It isn’t funny,” Clark scolded, crossing his arms and giving her an intense Superman glare.

“You... can’t... see... it... from... my... side,” she said, trying once again to get her giggles under control.

“You know you could have told me.”

“And miss the look on your face? Well, when this gets out it’ll squash any rumours about me and Superman.”

“What?”

“Well, people will think you’re gay.”

“I’m not gay.”

“I’m not convinced. You are going to have to reassure me.”

She kissed him and pulled on the front of the suit to bring him down on top of her. “I will need you to show me, over and over.”

Finally, a grin spread across Clark’s face. “I can show you as often as it takes.”

Fade out...

THE END

Author’s Note: The other show is *Will & Grace* for those who didn’t guess, and the dark-haired woman on the podium is Grace’s assistant Karen Walker.