

Ex-Girlfriends

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Rated G

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Summary: Lana Lang is anxious to attend Lois and Clark's wedding, but Lois isn't so anxious for Clark's ex-girlfriend to do that.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of these characters. Clark Kent, Lois Lane, Superman, and all related characters are the property of DC Comics and Warner Brothers.

Note: This story assumes that Lois and Clark got married in season three instead of season four and that they weren't interrupted by frog-eating clones or anything else.

"That was wonderful," said Clark.

"I agree," Lois replied, a dreamy expression on her face. "It was a wonderful wedding. I can't think of a single time I've ever been happier."

Clark leaned in and kissed her, and then he said, "Neither can I."

"I'm so glad that everyone managed to make it," said Lois. "I was afraid that my sister Lucy was going to have to cancel."

"It was great having all of our loved ones there to celebrate in our happiness," Clark replied. Then his satisfied expression changed to confusion as he remembered one invited guest who hadn't made it. "I can't believe Lana didn't show up. She seemed so excited when I talked to her on the phone."

Lois simply giggled mischievously in response.

Clark raised his eyebrows suspiciously. "Lois, what was that about? You didn't do anything to Lana, did you?"

Lois giggled again. "Nothing," she replied, and then she giggled some more. "I didn't do a thing."

"Lois, you did send an invitation to Lana, didn't you?"

Lois continued to giggle. "Of course I did. It's just that Lana got a special invitation."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Clark asked.

"Well, let's just say that when men invite their ex-girlfriends to their weddings, sometimes future wives have to get creative."

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Lana Lang was wearing a beautiful blue dress as she screeched at a security guard. The man was quite flustered, for he had never had to deal with a problem quite like the one he was dealing with now.

"I've explained it to you a thousand times," he said, trying to sound as calm as possible, but still sounding a bit annoyed. "There is no wedding going on here today."

Lana tapped her foot impatiently and swatted at a mosquito that had landed on her shoulder. "Then why does the address on this fence match the address on this wedding invitation?" She shoved the wedding invitation she was holding in her hand directly into the man's face.

"I don't know," the man said as he shook his head. "There must be some sort of mistake. A misprint on the wedding invitation perhaps."

"Why do you keep saying that?" Lana asked.

"Lady, I keep trying to tell you," the security guard replied. "This is the Metropolis Sewage Reclamation Facility. We don't hold weddings here. Nobody in their right mind would even want to have their wedding here."

Lana rolled her eyes in disbelief. "Do I have to speak to your manager?"

THE END