

Conned

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Summary: Clark can't ever refuse Lois, even if it means...

Story Size: 480 words (3Kb as text)

Author's note: I started with a very short prompt I wrote, and then, my daughter came up with the idea on how the story should finish. Thanks to KSaraSara for her help and with finding the right title! This is officially my first under-500-word fic. Enjoy!

"Absolutely not. No way, Lois. Not a chance. We're not going to — "

"Oh come on, Clark, you promised. You said — "

"What I said is that I'd think about it. I never promised!"

Lois turned toward him, scowling, and settled her hands on her hips. She had that look about her — that look that said she wasn't going to give in.

Clark hung his head in defeat and held out his hand.

"Okay, well, give it to me then, and let's get this over with."

"That's what I thought," she gloated.

She handed him the pen, and he sighed with resignation as he signed his name next to hers and then slid the list back across the table. The woman manning the booth handed them their contestant cards.

"You two are numbers 24 and 25. The line starts through that door there," she explained, pointing down a hallway to their right.

Clark thanked her and trailed behind Lois as they made their way down the hall. He wondered again how he'd gotten roped into this; he'd agreed to attend... *like this*... not to participate in the competition! But he'd never really been able to refuse Lois anything, even if that meant...

"I don't know why you're so opposed to this, Clark. Your costume is... well, honestly it looks like the real thing. Where did you say you got it?" Lois glanced back at him as she pushed through the door at the end of the hallway.

"Uh, well, a friend let me borrow it," Clark said evasively. "Yours is pretty good too."

"Thanks! It's actually Lucy's. She's a huge fan."

They found the end of the line just as the announcer started the competition. The line moved too quickly for Clark's taste, and much too soon, they were next.

"Lois, I'm really not sure about this, can I just — "

Lois cut him off with a glare, and she turned back to the volunteer standing in front of them at the edge of the stage.

"Numbers 24 and 25? You're a team, right? You're up. Good luck!"

The man motioned them up the steps.

Lois lowered her eye mask, pulled the hood over her

head, and winked at Clark as they paraded together under a large banner proclaiming "Metropolis Comic-Con Cosplay Competition!"

"Come on, Batman. The Dynamic Duo is gonna win this thing!"

Clark sighed under his cowl and jogged across the stage with Lois.

Bruce will never let me live this one down.

THE END