

Superman *What?*

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Rating: G

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Summary: What kids mean and what adults hear are often two different things. Set Summer 2001 — four years after the end of S4.

Set: Three and a half years after the end of *Missing Lois*. Canon dimension. Summer 2001.

A/N: You do not have to have read the above-referenced Epic to understand this story. Peter is the adopted son of Clark's childhood friend Pete Ross.

Lois and Clark walked to his folks' farmhouse with dreamy expressions on their faces that could only have come from taking the day off from the kids to remember why they had fallen in love in the first place. "Date night" at the Kent household usually meant spending the day on the other side of the world — where it was night — and getting back to Kansas before suppertime.

This time it had been Bangkok for dinner and show — and a slow night relaxing in a hotel room for two instead of four. Nice, very nice. They had landed on the other side of the barn, practically scaring Jack out of the hayloft.

'But, hey, that was a bonus,' Lois thought with a grin.

They walked in through the kitchen door to find Jonathan pouring himself a cup of hot tea.

"Morning," Lois said, kissing the man's cheek.

"Evening," Jonathan replied with the twinkle in his eye.

"Hi, Dad. How's Jonathan?" Clark asked, his arm reluctantly letting go of Lois's waist.

"I'm fine, thanks. How are you?" he answered, bringing his tea to his lips. Then he smiled wickedly. "Oh, you mean Jon-Jon. He's taking a nap."

Lois groaned, looking at the clock on the wall. "Ah, Dad. He's going to be up all night now." She turned to Clark. "We really should go wake him up."

He'd turned to go through the swinging kitchen door into the living room when his mom pushed through the door, tears running down her face as she gasped for air.

"Mom?" he asked. Lois could hear the panic in his voice.

The roar of laughter that escaped from Martha was so strong she bent over, unable to keep upright.

"What?" Lois and Clark asked at the same time.

Martha still couldn't answer verbally and pointed towards the other room.

Perplexed, Lois followed her husband into the living room, where a blonde cherub launched herself into Clark's arms.

"Hi, sweetie," Clark said, brushing back a lock of golden curls and kissing his four-year-old daughter's cheek.

"Hi, Daddy. I tried to explain to Peter that I'm not Superwoman, because there is no Superwoman — only Ultra Woman. But my outfit is red, blue, and gold like Uncle Super's — not purple and green like Auntie Ultra's."

"Teal," Clark automatically corrected.

Lara wanted to be Superman for Halloween this year. They had decided they hadn't wanted the outfit to be too accurate by having Clark's mother make it — nor did they want Martha's heart broken if the day before the holiday their daughter changed her mind and decided to be a princess. So last week they had purchased a mass-produced Supergirl outfit. They figured buying it early would give

Lara all summer to play in it.

"I still think the skirt should be gold," Lois murmured her oft-repeated complaint about the outfit.

Clark shot his wife another one of his scolding looks.

Obviously this wasn't the time for such commentary. "Sooor-ry," Lois said.

"That's right, honey. You're Supergirl," Clark said with love.

Lois gazed at her husband and sighed, once again thinking how lucky they were that at least one of them had innate parenting skills.

A blond tank of a little boy — the aforementioned Peter — rushed into the room with a yelp. "I'm going to get you!" he snarled, his arms outstretched.

Lara squealed in delighted terror and jumped down from Clark's arms, running away and screaming at a level that made even her daddy wince.

"How exactly has Jon-Jon slept through this?" Lois asked her husband in amazed disbelief at their son's ability to sleep through anything. They watched their daughter and her best friend tear through the house, knocking into walls and climbing over furniture.

Peter leapt off the sofa and dived towards Lara. Having three months on the boy and being longer and leaner, Lara was quicker and easily dodged the attack.

"Get back here, Superman Lady!" the little boy hollered, chasing after her.

Lois's jaw dropped as her eyes caught the stunned expression on her husband's face. She pressed her lips together, but could not keep the titters of laughter from escaping.

On the other hand, Clark looked as if the little boy had strangled him.

"Superman *Lady*?" Lois repeated, before the laughter exploded out from her. She turned and ran into the other room.

Clark joined her and his folks in the kitchen. "I don't see what's so funny." He had his arms crossed, his face intense.

Lois wrapped her arms around his mother as they both tried to keep themselves from falling over from laughter. "Martha, I know what Clark should be for Halloween this year."

"What?" Clark said tersely.

"Exactly!" Martha roared. "Lara can be Supergirl and, Clark, you can be Superman Lady!" She winked at her son. "Shall I make you a gold skirt?"

THE END

Disclaimer: These characters do not belong to me; they belong to themselves (although Warner Bros, DC Comics, and the heirs to Siegel and Shuster might disagree). They were created by Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster as they were portrayed on the *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* television series, developed by Deborah Joy LeVine. This catch-phrase from this story was inspired by my four-year-old son. ("Superman Lady" was his older sister). I would like to thank my wonderful GE Teresa for all her hard work.