

Had It

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Rated: G

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Summary: What if, when the assassin, Tez, tried to get away by disguising himself as a beautiful blonde and making a scene, Clark wasn't having it? Somewhat crackfic.

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A/N: Just a little one-shot that came to mind recently. Hope you all enjoy.

Clark was having an extremely stressful week. After going through a bizarre batch of super tests and learning his people had not all died on Krypton (and wanted him to prevent a civil war on a far off, barren planet!), a disgusting assassin broke into his apartment (in the guise of his mom!) and just tried to kill him!

Couldn't he catch a break?

Holding the creature at arm's length, Clark yanked him forward, mindful of the acid spit the being had just spewed.

"You'd better find yourself another job. This assassin thing isn't working out for you," Clark advised.

"I am ready to die," the thing hissed.

"Well, I'm not ready to kill," Clark stated, though at the current moment, he was sorely tempted to become ready.

"What? What has become of you here?" it asked, baffled as much as disgusted.

Clark grabbed his throat, fed up with the whole situation. "We're going to go see some people and figure out what to do with you," Clark told the alien, dragging him to the door.

Unfortunately, the universe clearly wasn't done making his life stressful, as he opened the door to discover his landlord, Mrs. Cutler, on the verge of slipping a paper into his apartment.

Even with superspeed, Clark barely managed to get the hideous alien out of Mrs. Cutler's sight.

His landlord was a no-nonsense Black woman who had enough attitude in her pinky to flatten a cheerleading squad. She was a good woman, but no one messed with her because that would only lead to bad things.

"Oh, Mr. Kent, I was just about to slip this under your door. There's going to be a minor—" She paused when she noticed that Clark wasn't alone.

A blond, sultry woman timidly peeked out from behind the door, her wrist gripped by Clark.

"—rent adjustment," she finished.

"Mrs. Cutler—" Clark attempted.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I seem to be interrupting something," she said pointedly. "And I thought you were engaged to Miss Lane."

Nope, he could not catch a break. Not only did he have to deal with this monster, but now he would have to deal with rumors about him cheating! That actually made him angrier than being bothered by a gross extraterrestrial assassin.

The blonde interrupted his thoughts, "Clarkie, I should be going."

"Clarkie"? That's the best you can come up with?"

Clark retorted furiously, hoisting 'her' up off 'her' feet and giving a quick shake before plopping 'her' back down, not caring how strong and dangerous that made him appear.

"And while doing this, I'll admit, is pretty resourceful," he continued, gesturing to 'her' form, "If you think I'm going to let you escape to try to kill me or someone else later, you are about to be very disappointed." Clark turned back to the stunned landlord.

"I just don't know what to do with him," the disguised monster simpered.

Clark ignored the disguised assassin and stepped back while opening the door fully.

"Could you come in, Mrs. Cutler? I know this looks extremely bad, but let me assure you it's actually much worse, and letting this 'woman' go would be even dumber than me telling you the truth, so, you know what, I'm going to tell you the truth. I've reached my limit, and I'm tired of dealing with blow after blow. I've had it! Even while being who I am, I have my limit, and my limit is here," he said as Mrs. Cutler just stared at him, aghast. He sighed. "You've known me for two years," he said earnestly. "You've read many of my articles as well as my fiancée's. Please, at least hear me out. Then after, if you want to call the police, fine."

She frowned, but something apparently urged her to listen and she entered.

Clark moved down into the living room with the now struggling blond.

Mrs. Cutler closed the door and crossed her arms. "Talk."

"You might want to be ready to sit down," Clark warned. "The truth will be a bit"

Mrs. Cutler raised an eyebrow, clearly growing impatient as she leaned up against the wall.

"Okay," Clark surrendered. "This woman here isn't a woman but a shapeshifting alien assassin who has been hired to kill me."

The blond chuckled helplessly and looked at Mrs. Cutler pleadingly. “Clarkie—”

“Shut up. Just, shut up,” Clark said, exasperated.

“Mr. Kent, it’s okay. It’s going to be okay. We’ll get you some help,” Mrs. Cutler said gently, her voice remarkably steady as she quickly jumped to the sensible but completely incorrect conclusion.

Clark straightened, latching onto her words. “Some help. You’re right! I should have thought of that sooner!” He quickly closed his eyes, concentrating hard. “Zara, Ching, I need you right now. Zara, Ching!” he said urgently under his breath.

He knew he was appearing quite crazy, but really, a large part of him was beyond caring.

/Clark?!/ he heard in his mind. It was Zara, and she sounded stunned.

“Yes! Please come to my apartment!” he said, relieved he was sending his thoughts out well enough to be heard.

/Okay, but please turn down the intensity of your thoughts./

“Oh, sorry,” he whispered.

He heard Zara sigh. /We’ll work on it./

Two sonic booms were heard a moment later, followed by two thumps on his balcony.

“Kal-El, what’s going on?” Zara asked, walking in behind Ching.

Ching’s eyes immediately settled on the blond. “You captured the assassin. Impressive,” he said, ignoring Mrs. Cutler.

“Most impressive,” Zara agreed, though she glanced uncertainly at the now baffled human among them.

“What should we do with him?” Clark asked.

“Tez has failed. Among his kind, that’s unacceptable,” Ching stated bluntly.

“He will bring his life forces to an end,” Zara explained as the blond’s form suddenly shuddered and reverted back to the hideous humanoid form reminiscent of a severely disturbed drug addict. Clark let go.

Mrs. Cutler screamed, horrified as the creature then somehow committed suicide, its eyes turning into black empty voids as it collapsed and flopped to the floor like a dead fish.

Clark looked at his landlady in concern as she stumbled backward against his front door.

“W-what is that?!” Mrs. Cutler cried, appalled.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Cutler, I know you weren’t expecting anything like this when you woke up this morning,” Clark said apologetically. “I guess there’s only one way to explain all of this. I only hope you can keep a secret.”

Her eyes widened in fright, bouncing between the three of them and the alarming form on the floor.

“Ching, could you—?” Clark asked, motioning to the shriveled shell.

“Of course,” he said, scooping up the corpse and then disappearing in a blur.

Mrs. Cutler gasped and held her chest in further shock and Clark groaned.

“I think I need to sit down,” she said, growing unsteady.

Clark quickly went to her side, and she hesitantly accepted his help to the nearby chair at the bottom of the entry stairs.

“Do you want the truth, or would you rather we just agree to forget all of this ever happened?” Clark asked after she was seated and breathing more evenly.

“I don’t know. Are you guys related to Superman or something?” she asked uneasily.

Clark and Zara looked at each other, and Clark made a choice. The jig was up anyway.

“Actually ... *I’m* Superman,” he said with a sheepish smile.

Mrs. Cutler blinked and stared at him for a long moment.

“That ... makes a lot of sense,” she said finally.

Clark straightened, not sure what to do, but he was spared from having to respond when Ching returned.

“So are you two relatives of his?” Mrs. Cutler asked, looking at Zara and Ching.

“Something like that. We’re all from Krypton,” Ching answered.

“And that ... creature wanted to kill him ... why?” she asked.

Ching looked at Clark for permission to answer. He nodded his consent. There was no point in holding back now.

“Lord Kal-El is the next in line to rule over New Krypton. Lord Nor wishes to prevent that so that he can take the position instead.”

Mrs. Cutler’s eyes widened, looking back at Clark.

“So you’re going to leave?” she asked, clearly sad.

“I—I might.”

“If he doesn’t, New Krypton will fall into civil war,” Ching stated.

Clark looked down, defeated.

“Why?” Mrs. Cutler asked, unconvinced.

“He is heir to the House of El. If he doesn’t return and rule with Lady Zara, there will be a dispute on who should rule,” Ching explained.

“Couldn’t he just designate who to rule? If he really has the authority to rule, couldn’t he have the authority to select his replacement if he doesn’t wish to take the position?” she asked.

Ching and Zara both froze before slowly turning toward Clark.

“You know, that might work,” Zara slowly admitted.

“Mrs. Cutler, I could kiss you!” Clark declared.

“I’m not opposed,” she replied with a happy smile. “As long as Ms. Lane will be okay with it.”

“I’m sure she will want to hug you after I tell her why I kissed you,” Clark said with a laugh.

Two days later, Zara and the New Kryptonians left, with Earth never learning how close they had come to losing their hero.

THE END