

Teacher's Pet

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Summary: Lois seems to be failing class. Clark is the teacher's pet. But don't worry, it's all worth it in the end. Another in the series of Sweet Kid Stories (including "Playing Pretend" and "Family Road Trip").

Story Size: 555 words (3Kb as text)

Author's Note: It's only 423 words. I promise I've not been kidnapped! Thanks to a fun chat on the #loisclark Discord server in which lovetvfan and I both shared stories of being "forced" to be in school, taught by our young children...well, this little bunny popped out just in time for Ficlet Friday! Thanks to SuperBek and lovetvfan for looking it over real quick! And thank you to SuperBek for a quick and thorough GE job!

"That's another frowny face for Mommy!" Hannah announced, marking a sad face underneath the word 'Mommy' on the white board in front of them.

"What did I do?" Lois whined, glaring at the frowny faces off to the side, large but not bigger than the carefully scrawled dinosaur names sorted by time period.

"Honey, it's fine," Clark assured her. "Just raise your hand next time."

"So sue me, I got excited to know an answer for once," she muttered quietly, crossing her arms over her chest and slumping back into the couch. "It's not fair you're going to win."

"It's pretend school, not a game, honey."

"Stop talking, Mommy! You're distracting the class! Another frowny face for you."

"Just me? Your daddy was talking too!"

"Daddy pays attention better," she stated, her little hands on her hips, as if it were the most obvious fact in the world. "Now, quiet please. You *don't* want to get to five frowny faces!"

"What happens at five?"

Hannah shook her head at Lois with a solemn disappointment she shouldn't rightly possess at only 6 years old, and she drew *another* frowny face under 'Mommy'.

Lois was about to protest when she felt Clark's hand on her knee, reminding her to breathe. She bit her lip and settled back into the couch even though she still very much wanted to take that magic wand Hannah was using as a pointer right out of her sassy little hands.

"I hate dinosaur class," she whined quietly under her breath so that only Clark could hear. "How on Earth does she know this much about dinosaurs at her age anyway?"

"Because she's our little genius. She's going to do big things, just like her mom."

Lois' heart fluttered, surging with love for her little family. "And her dad," she whispered back.

He was already leaning in for a kiss, sweet and brief, but so full of emotion.

"Eww! Daddy, no kissing! Frowny face for you!"

Lois broke from the kiss, laughing, and she took Clark's hand in hers, so thankful that the warmth and tingling was still there after all these years.

"Sorry, sweetie," Clark said to Hannah. "We're paying attention now." Then he turned to catch Lois' gaze, his eyes twinkling as he squeezed her hand and whispered, "Worth it."

Lois hid a smile and tried her best to tune into the rest of dinosaur class. Definitely worth it. Maybe even worth it enough to risk finding out what might happen were she to get to five frowny faces.

THE END