

# Twenty Minutes in Time

By [90stvfangirl](#) <[90stvfangirl@gmail.com](mailto:90stvfangirl@gmail.com)>

Rated: PG-13

Submitted: January 2025

Summary: Finally on their honeymoon, Lois and Clark are paid a visit by HG Wells. A rewrite of the beginning of "Soulmates."

Story Size: 1,303 words (7 kB as text)

---

The couple sat side by side on the sofa, dressed in matching charcoal-colored bathrobes. They both appeared slightly disheveled and looked equally frustrated by their visitor's interruption.

HG Wells, the writer and sometimes time traveler, had knocked at the front door moments ago, demanding to be let in. He'd said he had news about their future. He knew Clark was Superman and argued that their future was in danger if he didn't speak to them immediately.

"Yes, well, I'm so sorry to intrude," Wells said, clearly agitated. He took a seat across from the couple and tapped his fingers to his knees nervously.

Clark cleared his throat. His glasses were slightly askew, and he had a somewhat stunned look about him. He glanced at his wife, Lois Lane, who sat beside him and was trying to flatten her mussed hair. "Yes, you mentioned that. We're kind of busy. It's our honeymoon, so if you could..."

"Get straight to the point? Yes, yes, of course." The tiny man began to blush. "That's exactly why I'm here. Putting it simply then, you two haven't already... consummated your marriage, have you?"

The couple glanced at each other, twin blushes creeping onto their faces.

"Well, yeah," Clark answered quietly after a moment's hesitation, his eyes still on his wife, exchanging a shy smile with her.

"We consummated it real nice." Lois giggled. She reached over and adjusted her husband's glasses. He repaid her kindness with a quick kiss on the hand. "Oof, I think that champagne went to my head." She looked like she was swooning and giggled again.

"Oh, dear." HG Wells held his top hat against his chest as if he was in mourning. "I was afraid of this."

"Why? What's the issue? We waited forever for this day," Clark told him.

Wells took a deep breath. "I'm afraid a terrible curse has been placed on your love."

"A curse?" Lois looked slightly amused now, raising an eyebrow skeptically.

"Yes, by a fellow named Tempus. Lois, you'll remember him from the other world?"

"Tempus! I remember him! Why would he put a curse on us?"

"What kind of curse?" Clark asked, also skeptical.

"Well, you see, the curse affects your intimate relations. Any time any of your past selves have, uh, gotten together, so to speak, Lois has sadly..." Wells paused. "Passed away soon after."

"As *in died*?" Clark was alarmed now. He pulled Lois closer to him.

"Twenty-four hours after the... lovemaking." Wells cleared his throat, turned red, and broke into an embarrassed coughing fit.

"Wait, are we talking about past lives here? Other... *mes* and other *Clarks*?" Lois looked toward her husband, her eyes wide.

"Yes, precisely, Miss Lane."

Lois and Clark exchanged glances, pausing momentarily to take in this news.

"What if we don't believe in curses?" Lois said finally. "Or past lives, for that matter."

"I'm sure you thought the same of alternate worlds before your visit to the alternate Metropolis." Wells pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and held it up. "Tomorrow evening's headline, I'm afraid."

Lois snatched it from Wells. "Mystery illness claims Lois Lane," she read. "*Clark*?"

"Are you sure about this?" Clark was starting to panic. "What can we do?" He scanned the article for clues.

"But... what if it's not true," Lois said calmly. She turned to Wells. "What if Clark and I just go back to what we were doing—"

“Lois...” Clark protested.

Lois placed a hand on her husband’s knee to calm him, turned back to Wells, and continued. “—before you got here, and if I perish throughout the night, Clark can give you a ring tomorrow, and you boys can go back and fix this whole mess.”

“Unfortunately, I can’t raise the dead, Miss Lane.”

“And I do not want to wake up with your dead body beside me!” Clark added, looking horrified.

“Clark, do you really believe in curses? Really?”

“Lois, after everything that has happened to us, can we afford *not* to believe in curses?” he shot back.

“Oy.” Lois groaned. “So, what do we need to do?” She turned back to the time traveler. “And how fast can we do it? Clark and I have... further pressing business to attend to.”

“Ah geez...” Clark blushed again.

Wells cleared his throat. “Well, we simply need to use my soul tracker here”—he held up a small remote control-type object—“and go back to a time when you two haven’t...”

“Jumped each other’s bones,” Lois finished for him with a smirk.

“Aha, aha. Yes, that’s... I haven’t heard that one before. Jump each other’s bones. Heh.” Wells cackled. “Oh, right then.” The couple gave him a look, he continued. “Anywho, as I was saying, we will go back to a time when you two haven’t done the... bone jumping and break the curse.”

“Okay, well, let’s just do this quickly.” Clark stood, pulling Lois up with him.

“Wait, I know we’re on a time crunch here, but I have twenty-four hours before I bite it, right?” Lois asked.

“Well, um, putting it delicately, how long ago did you two...”

“So, we’re down to about twenty-three hours, then.” Lois rolled her eyes. “You just missed the big show,” she said to Wells.

Clark cringed, and Wells cleared his throat again, looking away from the couple.

“Lois, what are you thinking?” Clark asked curiously.

“Hey, he asked!”

“No, about the ‘time crunch’?”

“Well...” Lois took her husband’s hands in hers and looked up at him shyly. “Just... if this soul travel thing doesn’t work out, I’ll probably be dead in less than twenty-four hours anyway...”

“Yeah.” Clark looked somber at the thought. “And?”

“Well, can’t we just...” She glanced over at HG Wells, who suddenly made himself very busy twiddling with his soul tracker, then turned back to Clark. She lowered her voice. “Take an hour for ourselves... and just, *you know*, one more time for the road, just in case?”

Clark looked appalled. “Lois! Every minute counts, and you want to risk your life for...”

“Okay, okay, what about half an hour?” Lois interrupted him with a flirty smile. She tugged at his robe, pulling him closer to her.

Clark paused. He turned back to Wells. “If we wait half an hour before we do this, would that put Lois in any more danger?”

“Well, uh, since you’ve already consummated, I would think not. The deed is done, so to speak.”

Clark thought for a minute, then turned back to the time traveler. “Okay, listen, Lois and I have some loose ends to tie up. We’ll need you to leave and come back in twenty minutes.”

“What? We’re down to twenty minutes now?” Lois pouted.

“I’m not doing that thing with the heat vision again,” he whispered to her. “We just don’t have the time.”

Lois threw her arms up in frustration and disappointment.

“Twenty minutes, you say. Okay, then, jolly good. I’ll get the tracker ready for us.” Wells made his way to the front door. “I’ll be back shortly then.”

“Great,” Clark said. He practically shoved Wells out the front door.

“Yeah, great. I might be dying and only get twenty more minutes of good lovin’,” Lois muttered.

“Lois!” Clark admonished. He shut the door behind Wells and made his way back down the small staircase to stand in front of his wife. “So...”

“So...”

“I guess we should...” Clark stepped closer to her. He reached for her robe and began undoing the knot around her middle.

Lois returned the favor, undid Clark’s robe quickly, and shoved it from his shoulders. “Twenty minutes, Clark,” she reminded him.

Clark scooped her up, and with a whoosh and a giggle, they were in his bed.

\* \* \*

Wells checked his watch as he sat on the stoop outside Clark Kent's apartment. "Jumping each other's bones." He chuckled.

The End