

# Rules Are Rules

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Summary: Clark has a new pet. Unfortunately, his apartment has a strict no-pets policy. This ficlet is part of the Walk the Dog Challenge on the Lois & Clark Message boards.

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Part 1 of Good Boy, Krypto

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“Sorry, Mr. Kent, but rules are rules.”

“You won’t even know he’s here. He’s house-trained and super quiet and well-mannered and—”

“Ooof!” Mrs. Cutler, his landlord, almost fell backwards as Krypto launched himself at her, excitedly pawing at her midsection, tail flapping madly and tongue licking at her hands.

“Down, Krypto!” Clark commanded the dog, pulling him away. “Bed!” He pointed to the dog’s bed.

Krypto whined and lowered his head, seemingly ashamed of himself. He strutted away to sit on his bed, puppy-dog eyes looking up at Clark.

“Good dog,” Clark praised him, and Krypto whined and offered him a gentle tail wag. Clark turned back to his landlord. “See? Friendly?” He smiled brightly, hoping his farm-boy charm might work its magic on the woman.

“No dogs, Mr. Kent!” she gruffed. “If I break the rules for you, I have to break them for everyone, and the next thing you know, we’ll have roosters and ferrets running around the courtyard.”

Clark sighed. “What am I going to do with him?”

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“He can’t stay here.” Lois folded her arms across her chest as Krypto bounded into her apartment, running straight to her sofa and standing up on it, tail wagging madly. “My apartment’s not pet friendly either.”

“You used to have a cat,” Clark argued, closing her apartment door behind him.

Lois frowned. “That was... years ago. They’ve changed the policy since then. I’m sure of it.”

“Mrs. Newton down the hall has that parakeet. And your upstairs neighbor has that yappy dog. And you have fish,” he reminded her.

“Fish? Fish aren’t pets. They’re purely... decorative.”

Krypto began digging at her sofa.

“Hey! Cut that out!” Lois yelled.

Krypto barked loudly in response, leaping to the other sofa.

“Off the sofa, Krypto,” Clark commanded him, and Krypto immediately jumped off and ran to Lois, rolling onto the floor in front of her and baring his belly.

“See? He likes you.”

Lois groaned, kneeling to pat the dog. “What am I supposed to do with him while we’re at work?”

Clark shrugged. “We’ll get a dog sitter. Or put him in doggy daycare.”

“Doggy daycare!” Lois scoffed.

“Please, Lois... it’s just until we get our own place. Once we’re married and have a house, he’ll have a big yard to run around in, and we can play fetch and—”

Her eyes grew big. “We’re getting a house and a yard?”

Clark gulped. Not this again, he thought. “Uh, well... maybe? I mean... if you want a house and a yard?”

Lois sighed. “I guess it’s better than a yurt.” She rubbed Krypto’s belly. “Is he house-trained?”

“Uh, yeah. Sure.”

“Clark...”

“Uh, you know what, I think I hear sirens... Uh, gotta go. Good night Lois! Be good, Krypto! Bye!”

The End