

That's New

By [90stfangirl](#) <90stfangirl@gmail.com>

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Summary: Clark tries to relax after the exposure to red kryptonite in "Lethal Weapon." Lois helps.

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Notes: Another prompt taken from this list on tumblr <https://hellsdemonictrinity.tumblr.com/post/162834261565/angstfluff-prompt-list-part-2>

"Clark, I'm home," Lois called to her husband as she entered their brownstone, closing and locking the door behind her.

"In the bathroom." She heard his response from upstairs.

Lois removed her coat, hung it up, and made her way upstairs. The couple had been apart most of the day. Clark had taken the day off work to ensure every ounce of red kryptonite was out of his system.

Lois stepped into the bathroom, an expression of curiosity and amusement crossing her features as she spotted her husband. "What are you doing?" She laughed softly.

Clark was in the tub, surrounded by an obscene amount of bubbles. The room was mostly dark, with half a dozen candles lit and relaxing rainforest sounds playing from the CD player sitting on the vanity.

A faint, embarrassed blush crept over his face. "Uh, meditating?"

"Meditating?" Lois raised her eyebrows, still smiling. "That's new."

Clark ran a hand through his damp hair. "I know, it's a little out there, but Dr. Klein suggested it for Superman? I don't know. I thought it couldn't hurt to try."

"So... is it working?" Lois sat on the edge of the tub beside him. "Do you feel... relaxed?"

Clark shrugged, his hands playing with the bubbles around him. "I don't know. That red kryptonite really did a number on me. Not just physically but mentally. I still feel kind of tense."

"Well, that's understandable." Lois reached for a soapy hand of his, squeezing it sympathetically. "Not to mention you got hit with a little green kryptonite."

"I guess I feel a little guilty, too. I did a fair amount of destruction to the city." He winced. "Not to mention..."

"What?"

"Well, your arm." He looked down into the bubbles, ashamed.

Lois shook her head. "Oh, don't!"

"I hurt you."

"It wasn't your fault! I know how obsessive you get about things like this, but you have to let this go." She leaned down and kissed his warm temple. "I'm fine."

"I'm obsessive?" Clark raised his eyebrows at her.

"When it comes to me, yes, you are." Lois grinned.

"Okay, so it was an accident," Clark conceded. "But I'm not going to stop being obsessed with you." He pulled her hand to his lips, kissing it gently.

"Well, I hope not." She stroked his hair, leaning down to kiss his lips. They kissed sweetly for a moment before Lois pulled away and stood up slowly.

"Where are you going?" Clark clutched her hand to keep her from leaving.

"I thought I would start dinner while you finish your meditation?"

"Uh, uh." Clark shook his head, a playful smile on his face.

Lois looked at him, confused. "What?"

"I just realized I can think of another way for Superman to relieve tension..." he said coyly.

"Another way?" Lois narrowed her eyes.

"Like..." He grinned wickedly, and then both of his soapy, bubble-covered arms reached for her, picking her up by the waist and pulling her into the tub to sit on his lap so they were face to face.

Lois squealed and squirmed as the warm water and bubbles surrounded her.

“Clark, I’m all wet!” She laughed, her wet clothes sticking to her like a second skin. She clung to his shoulders, shaking her head, bubbles flying everywhere.

“That’s the idea.” Clark plucked some bubbles from her hair.

“I mean my clothes!” she clarified.

“I can help you with those.” He began unbuttoning her blouse.

“I don’t think this is what Dr. Klein had in mind.” She kissed him as he helpfully peeled her blouse away, tossing it to the bathroom floor to land with a wet plop.

“Well, I won’t be telling him about this,” Clark promised her with a chuckle.

“Definitely not.”

Their chuckles turned to moans, echoing off the bathroom walls, accompanied by the exotic rainforest sounds playing in the background.

The End