

Pizza Run

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Let's say early season 2. The silliest of revelations. Just for fun.

Story Size: 1,560 words (9 kB as text)

Author's Note: This is part 1 of the Pizza Run Series. Thanks to Bek for her thorough GE work!

It was nearing midnight, and the Planet offices were deserted.

Well, nearly deserted.

Lois and Clark were pulling what was surely shaping up to be an all-nighter as they reviewed every financial document they could get their hands on related to the mayor's reelection campaign. Jimmy, yawning, had taken up residence at one of the desks nearby, trolling the internet for a backdoor into the Bank of Metropolis and the mayor's business accounts. A police scanner that always seemed to be on near the research desks crackled quietly in the background.

Several hours in and they'd barely started, as far as Lois was concerned, an opinion which she'd enforced upon the other occupants of the newsroom as if it were a tangible thing. She flipped to the next page in her tall stack, highlighter hovering over it just in case anything actually relevant to their investigation chose to reveal itself and set up her next Kerth win.

"Anybody else hungry?"

One desk over from her, Clark's chair pushed back, and she looked over to see him standing.

"Now?" she asked, surprised.

"I think I'll just, um, go and grab a pizza," Clark said, abruptly heading toward the elevator.

"Clark! We've barely started on this," Lois complained. "If we take a break now, we'll never get through it all!"

"We'll, uh, be able to think better if we're well fed," he said in a rush. "I think there's a place a few blocks down that's open all night." He punched the elevator call button.

"Clark, we haven't even gotten through July, yet!"

She looked over to Jimmy for backup, but the gopher didn't protest, merely watched Clark effect his escape from the bullpen with equanimity.

Meanwhile, Clark had backtracked from the elevator and was headed toward the stairwell as if in a hurry, one hand

nervously fumbling with his tie. "I know. I'll head right there and be right back. I promise."

"Clark!" she protested again, annoyance rising as she sensed the futility of her complaints.

He waved apologetically to her as he swung open the door to the stairwell.

"Right back!" he assured, hand fidgeting with his tie again.

And then he was gone.

She huffed in frustration, dropping her eyes back down to the stack of paperwork in front of her.

"You know, you don't have to do that for my benefit," Jimmy said.

"Do what?" she asked crossly.

"You know, the whole song and dance about you being mad about him leaving. I'm the only other person here, and you guys know *I* won't say anything. Or at least I hope you do by now. Anyway, it's okay to just let him go save the day."

"By getting a pizza?" Lois snorted.

"Okay, okay, you don't have to tell me," Jimmy said in a voice like he was playing along. "I just thought it would make it easier when it's just the three of us."

"Make what easier?" Lois asked, perplexed.

Jimmy rolled his eyes. "Okaaaaay, never mind."

"Jimmy, what are you talking about?"

"Look, forget I said anything." He threw his hands up and then swiveled his chair back to his computer screen.

Lois stood and stomped over to him, arms crossed. "Jimmy!"

He shrunk back, not immune to Mad Dog Lane's bark. "Am I in trouble because I said something?"

"You're in trouble because you aren't saying *anything*!"

His brows scrunched. “What?”

“Exactly!”

“Huh?”

“Jimmy!”

He held up both hands in surrender. “I don’t know what’s happening right now, but I take it all back. I *don’t* have to know what you’re talking about.”

She took a breath and said at a lower decibel, “I’m talking about the fact that I have no idea what *you’re* talking about! What don’t Clark and I have to do for your benefit?”

“You know... pretend you’re annoyed that he’s going out”—Jimmy shifted his raised hands into air quotes—“for a pizza.”

“I *am* annoyed,” she said. “I don’t have to pretend that, not when we’ve got hours of work left.”

Jimmy stared at her for a moment.

“Do you really not know?” he asked uncertainly, his head tilting as if he were examining her.

“Know what?”

“I figured you and the Chief both knew, for sure,” he said, his tone laced with disbelief.

“Knew *what*?” Lois asked, voice raising again.

“Well, and his parents. Of course, they would know, you know?”

“This is the worst version of *Who’s on First* I’ve ever heard,” she said, almost to herself.

But Jimmy didn’t even hear her.

“I guess I thought you’d just tell me if I needed to know,” he said, thinking out loud.

Lois bent over his desk, putting herself at eye level.

“Jimmy!” Her aggravation had peaked, and she knew that even Jimmy could identify the danger of that.

He stopped babbling and looked at her, startled at her sudden proximity.

“KNEW WHAT?”

“Oh, that CK is”—he gestured vaguely upward—“you know?”

Lois slapped the desk, clearly seconds from vaulting over it.

“I *don’t* know,” she growled. “That’s what I’m asking *you*.”

“Third base?” he offered weakly.

“Jimmy,” she said menacingly.

He sputtered nervously, holding tight to the arms of his chair. “Right. Well, gosh, Lois, I really thought you knew or else I wouldn’t have said anything. I probably shouldn’t—I mean, I’m sure CK would want to tell you himself that he’s you know—that he’s, well, what he is,” he finished lamely.

“Jimmy,” Lois said slowly, leaning forward, threat implied in her posture and voice. “What is he?”

Jimmy swallowed.

“Um, Superman?”

Lois froze, except for her eyebrows, which flew up to her hairline.

Jimmy froze too, the way you would if you were trapped in a small space with a wild animal that you didn’t want to provoke into attack.

“Superman,” she finally repeated.

He nodded once, still trying to stay unassuming and small.

Then, unexpectedly, Lois threw her head back and laughed.

She laughed long enough that it made Jimmy nervous.

“Uh, Lois?” he asked tentatively.

She kept laughing.

“Lois?”

She wiped tears from her eyes.

“Lois?”

“Jimmy, what in the world ever made you think that Clark is Superman?” she asked, still gasping for air.

“The scanner,” Jimmy said, gesturing behind him.

“No, Jimmy,” Lois refused the idea flatly.

The scanner crackled, the low hum of voices in the background coming into focus. “Superman on the scene of the 10-82 on Center and 14th.”

“See?!” Jimmy pointed to the scanner as if it were proof.

“Jimmy, that’s just a coincidence,” she fobbed off.

“But it happens *every time* CK goes out suddenly. Sometimes he even looks at the scanner before he leaves. You can set your watch by it.”

“How can you set your watch by it?” Lois asked, brows drawing together. “It doesn’t happen at any specific time.”

Jimmy looked at her like she was slow. “No; it’s when-ever someone needs him.”

“Then how can you set a watch by it?” she asked, agitated. “You know what, Jimmy—”

“Lois, listen—you don’t have to believe me, but I’m right,” he said with more confidence than he usually showed.

She looked at him skeptically.

“Just think about it,” he implored. “How many dentist appointments can one guy have?”

Her brow furrowed at that.

She was quiet for a moment.

The clock ticked loudly until the scanner behind them came to life again, “10-82 under control. Superman leaving the scene.”

Jimmy practically saw the moment that she decided he was right.

“I don’t believe it,” Lois said, clearly stunned.

“But... but you *do* believe it?” Jimmy asked. “Right?”

She looked at him as if remembering that he was in the room.

“How long have you known?” she asked, still sounding dazed.

“I dunno. A few months.”

Lois’ jaw dropped.

He shrugged.

“Months!” she finally got out. “How did you figure it out?”

“Well, I just—” He gestured to the scanner again.

“No. I mean... He works in a newsroom full of reporters. Perry didn’t figure it out. Eduardo didn’t figure it out. Cat’s life is *gossip* and watching people when they think she isn’t looking, and she didn’t figure it out. How did *you* figure it out?!”

Jimmy had known Lois too long to be offended by that. Because he knew what she was really asking.

“Don’t you mean, ‘how did you *not* figure it out?’”

“Oh my god,” she said, horrified, sitting down hard in the nearest chair.

“Lois?”

“I’m going to kill him,” she swore, putting her head in her hands as if to hide from the truth she was facing.

“How?” Jimmy asked without thinking, a chuckle escaping. “I don’t think you can even *hurt* him, let alone—”

The stairwell door opened at just that moment, and Clark jogged back into the room.

“Hi! I’m back!” he said, with a winning smile. “Told you it would be quick!”

Lois and Jimmy stared at him, both silent.

“What?” he asked, smile askew, hands immediately tightening the knot of his tie.

Jimmy shook his head forcefully, motioning obliquely with both hands toward Lois.

Lois stood purposefully and sauntered a few steps toward him, eyes glittering.

“Clark...?” she drawled, her voice deadly neutral.

Clark stopped in his tracks and tipped his head, clearly hearing something in her tone besides a mere greeting.

“Where’s the pizza?” she asked dangerously.

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This story continues in *The Long Run*