

# Mxyunderstanding

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Rated G

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Summary: When your life is like Lois and Clark's, even something as innocuous as late night TV may bode ill! Then again, maybe not ...

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“Dog food.”

Lois heard the mumbled words of her husband from the other end of the couch, but they did not make an impression on her. She sat in one corner of the couch, curled up with a book, dressed in comfy pajama pants and a tank top. Clark, similarly attired, sprawled out on the other half of the couch, watching television at the lowest volume possible. He did not want to disturb Lois as she read, and he could hear it without any trouble.

“Dish soap.”

This time, Lois briefly raised her eyes from the page to the screen. Commercials, she idly noted. She returned to her book.

“Vapid new teen angst movie.”

Book still in place, Lois's full attention was now on the television. The dish soap commercial was ending as Clark spoke, and was followed sure enough by an advertisement for the newest movie targeted at overly hormonal teenagers. She tensed a little as it ended, waiting for another pronouncement by her husband.

“Newest wonder drug.”

As promised, the commercial popped up on the screen.

“Clark!” Jumping up from the couch, Lois's book fell unheeded to the floor. She commenced pacing in the space between the couch and the coffee table. Startled, Clark snatched his outstretched legs from the coffee table just before Lois would have plowed through them.

“Is this your oh-so-subtle way of telling me we're stuck in another time loop?! Ugh,” she grumbled loudly, “I'm going to get that Mxy guy! Who does he think he is, barging into our dimension and messing up our lives? And you! When did you figure it out? How long have you known, and why didn't you tell me before now?” Still pacing, she stopped speaking, ostensibly to give Clark a chance to answer.

“Lois,” he began.

It became clear she had only paused to breathe. Thrusting her hands on her hips and her face to the ceiling, she yelled, “Mxyzptlk! Where are you?”

“Lois!” Clark leaped from the couch, took his wife by the arms, and led her back to the couch. “Honey, calm down. We're not in a time loop.”

Fired up, Lois was not easily mollified. “What do you mean we're not in a time loop? How did you know which commercials were going to be next?”

“I didn't even know you were listening to me. Really, it's not a time loop. I've just noticed over the last couple nights that this channel shows the same commercials in the same order at this time of night.”

“Oh.” Lois was suddenly subdued as she processed the new information.

Clark chuckled. Lois looked at him sharply.

“I think we better find you a new story. Some major corruption or something. It's been too quiet around here for too long.” Clark pulled Lois onto his lap as he spoke, encircling her waist with his arms.

Lois rested her head on Clark's shoulder. “It has been quiet,”

she agreed. “When was the last time we spent several consecutive nights at home, just being an old married couple?”

Clark pretended to consider the question as his attention wandered to other things, namely lightly tracing the contours of his wife's face with his finger. “I can think of other things this old married couple could be doing,” he murmured.

Lois lifted her head. “Really?” she feigned innocence. “I thought you were watching this show.”

Her movement exposed her neck, which did not go unnoticed by her husband. “Hmm,” his lips brushed her skin as he spoke. “I've seen it before.”

Lois giggled as she felt them floating off the couch. “Well, we might not be in a time loop, but I'm pretty sure I know where this is going.”

An answering laugh and subsequent whoosh confirmed her suspicions.

THE END