

What the...?

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Rated: G

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Summary: Sometimes, having a birthday means you get what you wish for...

I've written this little piece of fluff for the denizens of the message boards, in honor of the birthday of a certain FoLC. So gentle readers this is for you.

Lois Lane stood in front of the mirror in the master bathroom, brushing out her silky, long, dark hair. It hung to the middle of her back and in order to keep it shiny and smooth she gave it a hundred brush strokes every day. It still amazed her that she wore her hair this long. She hadn't done so since high school, and she had thought she didn't care for it this long, but things change. She knew Clark liked it long. It was just something else for him to play with. So, she felt it wasn't that great a sacrifice to indulge him. After all, when it came to play, those washboard abs were all hers.

"Mommy, mommy."

Lois' attention was drawn to the small, curly-haired moppet who rushed into the bathroom. "What is it, sweetie?" she asked.

The little dark-haired three-year-old's lower lip was thrust out in a pronounced pout. "Philly is being mean to me again."

Lois sighed and put down the brush. Rising, she picked up her daughter and moved out of the bathroom. "Come on, baby, let's go see what's going on."

The mother and daughter made their way down the stairs and into the living room. She spied her son playing with some large plastic blocks in the middle of the floor.

"Okay, Phillip, what's going on? Wendy says you were mean to her."

The little boy glanced up at his mother, a look of guileless innocence on his face. "Was not."

"Was too!" The little girl piped up from behind her mother's robe. "He wouldn't let me play with any of the blocks."

Phillip's face screwed up into a serious frown. "She always wrecks stuff. Anything I build, she just knocks it over."

"Do not!"

"Do too!"

Lois rolled her eyes. The twins were always fighting with each other. Lois supposed it had something to do with how alike they were. The poor dears were probably cursed with Lois' competitive gene. Before she could even try to mediate this latest crisis she was saved by the door bell.

Lois patted her daughter on the back. "Sweetie, could you go and see who that is?"

The little girl, her fight with her brother completely forgotten, rushed over to the front door in excited anticipation. She pulled the door open and once she saw who was standing there, a squeal of delight burst forth from her smiling lips.

"It's Unca Jimmy!" She literally threw herself at the grinning redhead.

Catching the little girl in his arms, he swung her around as he moved further into the room. Philip, setting aside his blocks, quickly jumped up and ran over to the young man.

"Unca Jimmy, Unca Jimmy." He jumped up and down, his arms extended.

Jimmy set Wendy on the floor and bent over to pick up the

little boy. He swung the young lad around, like he had his sister, then placed him on the floor next to her. His grin betrayed the fact that he enjoyed the interaction as much as the kids did. Each twin had a hold on one of James Olsen's hands. Lois, an equally wide grin on her face, came over to that side of the room.

"Well, brother-in-law, what brings you over, and how's my little sister doing these days?"

Jimmy leaned in and gave his sister-in-law a peck on the cheek. "That's why I came over. I have some news." Jimmy paused, his grin getting ever larger. "I'm going to be a father."

"Oh, Jimmy, that's wonderful!" Lois threw her arms around the younger man. "I just know you'll make a wonderful father. You've always been so good with the twins." Lois cocked her head and eyed the young man. "How is Lucy taking it?"

He laughed. "She was a bit shocked at first, but I think she is getting used to the idea."

Just then a loud cry emanating from the other room interrupted the happy tableau. "Oh, oh," Lois said, her smile turning to an expression of resignation. "It seems that baby Kay has decided to wake up." She patted Jimmy on the chest. "Clark's not here right now. Be a dear and watch the kids while I see what's up with the little one with the lungs."

Lois moved quickly toward the screaming baby. Within moments she had entered the nursery and had the crying child in her arms. She made silly cooing noises which seemed to have a calming effect on the little one.

"What's the matter, honey, mmm? Are you hungry? Do you want mama to feed you? No, Kay, let go of mommy's hair... ow." The young child had grabbed a tiny fistful of Lois' long hair and was tugging on it with glee.

Lois had trouble extricating her locks from the grip of her youngest, but she finally managed to do so because the baby's attention had been diverted. She was now happily wetting herself, soaking not only her diapers, but Lois' arms and the front of her robe as well.

"Oh..."

"No!"

Lois Lane shot up in bed. Her face was covered in sweat and she was shaking. It took a few moments to orient herself in the darkness. She was in her bedroom... in bed. She looked over and saw the large lumpy form of her husband lying next to her. Her hands flew to her head. Her inquisitive fingers were met by the short layered locks of her hair. She breathed a sigh of relief. It had only been a dream... no, a nightmare. She reached over and shook the man sharing her bed.

"Honey, wake up."

He rolled over. The moonlight peering through the half open shades of the window caused the gray in his hair and beard to glint silver in the pale illumination. "What is it? What's wrong?"

She laid her head down on his chest; her fingers began to play with the short hairs she found there. "I had one doozy of a nightmare."

He began to gently stroke her arm. "Really? What about?"

"It was awful. I was married to Clark." She shifted her head to look him in the eyes. "Can you imagine? Me. With that milquetoast Kent. Anyway, we had a houseful of kids."

"Kids?"

"Yeah, three of them. A set of twins, and a newborn. They were awful. And get this! Jimmy was my brother-in-law."

"Jimmy Olsen?"

"Yeah, talk about your weird dreams. Oh, and I had this ridiculously long hair. It was down to the middle of my back!"

She could hear his deep-throated chuckle. "That will never happen." Lois felt him stiffen just a bit. "Do you think this dream means anything? Are you, perhaps, missing your old life in Metropolis?" His voice was soft, but the concern was evident.

"Nope." She giggled. "I think it had more to do with that

dinner of cold pizza and brats that we had.” She sighed and snuggled into the crook of his arm. “The best thing that ever happened to me was meeting you, marrying you, and moving back to Minnesota with you.”

She heard a sigh come from his large frame. “So, no regrets?”
“Well, the winters kind of suck.”

THE END

AN: Okay, were you able to guess whose birthday it is? (I'll give you a hint; he's in the story)