

# Naughty!

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Rated PG (possibly PG-13)

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Summary: Clark just accidentally revealed his secret to Lois in the worst way possible. A Christmas comedy.

Author's Note: My apologies in advance for this tasteless joke.

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"Lois, I'm sorry!" Clark apologized for what felt like the tenth time in five minutes as a nurse wheeled Lois into the emergency room. "I promise you, it was only a joke."

She shot him a sour look but didn't respond. He doubted Lois would ever forgive him. Out of all the ways to reveal to her that he was Superman, this one wasn't in his top one-thousand.

"You have to admit that your reaction to my joke was a bit over the top though. Don't you?" Clark continued.

Her expression went from terse to stormy. Yeah, getting Lois to admit that she was wrong was probably not anywhere on her to-do list for this century, or the next.

The nurse stopped next to an emergency ward bed and assisted Lois onto it. One of the nurses cut open Lois's slacks to her knee.

"I'm sorry, sir. What is your relationship to the patient?" the other nurse said to Clark as he tried to watch what they were doing.

"Ah..." Clark stammered with a glance at Lois. Victim? "Partner."

"Domestic partner?" the nurse clarified.

Sounded good to him. Regrettably, no.

"He's my fiancé," Lois corrected.

Clark's jaw dropped. They weren't even dating. They had only kissed that one time on Trask's airplane. What was she saying? He sought out her eyes and she shot him a 'go ahead and deny it' expression.

"Okay, but stand back," the nurse told him.

Clark nodded and moved to behind Lois, where he could see, unobstructed.

"What did you do to your knee?" the nurse, who had cut open her pants, asked. "It appears as if you shattered your kneecap."

Lois turned to look at Clark. Stormy had turned to thunderous in her eyes. He was so glad that she didn't know that Kryptonite was real; only now that she had discovered the truth about him, she probably would realize it was real. He was a dead man.

Clark cleared his throat.

"I kneed something, hard," Lois replied.

The nurse nodded and put some gauze over her wound. "I'll be right back, and then we'll prep you for surgery."

The second nurse had finished taking Lois's vitals at this time and left, allowing Lois and Clark a moment alone in the room.

"Fiancé?" Clark asked, his voice rough. He had to know.

"I figure since I'm already on Santa's 'Naughty List', what's one more lie, eh, Clark?"

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## An Epilogue of Sorts

Cat walked into the office and down the stairs to her desk. Opposite hers, bouquets of flowers literally covered Lois's desk. She could hear the rumbling of Perry chewing someone out in his office. She tilted her head to see that it was Clark. Really? *Clark?*

"Hey," she called to Jimmy as he passed by. "What happened? Did Lois die?"

Jimmy grinned. "Nope, but Clark might once she's out of the hospital." He sat down on the corner of the desk.

Oh, goody! This had juicy scandal written all over it. Cat draped her coat over the rack and sat down with anticipation.

"Apparently, Lois was on one of her terrors last night," he began.

Cat rolled her eyes. What else was new?

"Rumor has it, that Clark said something to her and she went to kneel him..."

*Stupid man.* Everyone knew that when Lois had the devil in her, she dropped off a Double Fudge Crunch Bar on her desk and backed slowly away. One did not engage Mad Dog Lane when she was angry.

"Only Superman swept in at the last moment to protect Clark, causing Lois to hit him instead," Jimmy finished.

Cat started to fan herself. "He really is the Man of Steel."

"Mind you, there were no witnesses, of course. Lois and Clark aren't talking, so no one knows for sure *where* Lois struck Superman," he said with a wink. "It *could* have been his leg."

"Uh-huh," mumbled Cat. She wasn't buying it. She liked her theory better.

"Anyway, Superman ended up flying Lois to Metropolis General, where she's recovering from fracturing her femur and knocking her kneecap loose. She'll be in a cast for some time," Jimmy said, standing up and turning back to his desk, only to be stopped by the Chief's rising voice.

"By *Elvis*, Clark, you weren't using your head!" Perry roared.

"By the way, what did Clark say to Lois to cause that reaction?" Cat asked.

"The way I hear it, he said, 'Geez, Lois. What's gotten into you tonight? Did you find out that you made Santa's 'Naughty List?'"

THE END

Disclaimer: I don't own these characters. The characters in this story were created by Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster as they were portrayed on the *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* television series, developed by Deborah Joy LeVine. I borrow them from time to time from Warner Bros, DC Comics, and the heirs to Siegel and Shuster, when they invade my psyche and demand I write what they tell me.

Gratitude: This is in response to Deadly Chakram's 2012 Winter / Holiday ficathon Challenge. My Prompt is "Naughty List". This story is dedicated to and inspired by Mrs. Luthor. The idea for the Epilogue came from EL's suggestion.