

All in a Name

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Summary: Naming something precious is hard to do.

Clark's hands ran up Lois's arms to hers as his slow and steady rhythm increased in tempo. Lois could feel the burn of delicious forces inside her. One more push and she would combust.

"Clark," she moaned more than spoke his name.

Suddenly, they were awash in bright light from the hall. There, standing in the silhouette of their now open doorway, was their five-year old son. He had their brown hair and Clark's soulful eyes, which widened at seeing their empty sheet-crumpled bed.

"Mommy?" he whispered.

Clark in his infinite skill at changing direction with spit-second timing, had both frozen his movements and glanced over his shoulder and down at their son.

"Mommy?" the boy said louder in a more fevered pitch, until he clearly was terrified. "*Mommy!*"

Lois wanted to reach down and calm her young son's fears, but at the same time was thankful that they had chosen the house with the twelve-foot ceilings. If their child looked up, they would have to have not one, but two conversations they would rather save until later in this young son's life.

Luckily, their son turned and ran down the stairs, continuing to call for her, each time with more panic and terror in his young voice.

Lois exhaled in relief and found herself being floated back down to the bed.

Clark rolled them over and with a regretful and longing kiss, he floated out of bed and to his feet.

"I've got this," he reassured her, spinning back into his pajamas. They could still hear their son's calls for "Mommy!"

Clark's brow furrowed. "How come he isn't looking for me, Lois? Lois? *Lois!*"

Lois blinked her eyes, snapping out of her reverie to look over at her husband and back to their new bundle of joy she held in her arms. She smiled at him and then back to her husband.

"I love Jimmy. He's a wonderful and dear friend, Clark, but I think 'James' would be a better middle name than first name. One Jimmy Interruptus in our lives is plenty. We don't need a second, living in our house."

Clark laughed, running his fingers over the dark hair of their son, who was almost the picture of Clark as a baby. "Come on, Lois, do you really think he'd inherit his namesake's tendency for untimely appearances?"

"Do you want to chance it?" she challenged.

Clark raised his hands in defeat. "That's too bad; I had grown to like the idea of our own 'Baby James', like the James Taylor song."

Lois closed her eyes and kissed the top of her son's head, drifting back into sleep.

A dark haired boy of fourteen slammed the fridge door. He turned and faced her. "I can't believe you and Dad saddled me with this name!" he shouted. "Didn't you two realize I would grow up some day? Who names their child 'Baby' anyway? For two reporters you were pretty dense."

"What happened, honey?" Lois asked calmly as she watched

her son, who already matched her height, drink an entire half-gallon of milk, crumple up the carton into a ball, and easily make it into the recycle bin.

"What do you think happened, Mom? The same thing that happens every first day of school. The teachers read attendance and even though they read my name as B.J. Kent the same questions and teasing begins. 'What does B.J. stand for? Huh? Huh?'" B.J. glowered at her. "It is now considered amongst all the jerks and bullies that it's short for... for... well, you know, Mom. That it stands for... uh... that you're so talented that you and Dad decided to name me... well, you know."

Lois's face flushed, but her discomfort was nothing compared to her son's. She reached to comfort him physically, but he brushed her hand aside.

"All I want to do is clobber those guys for insulting you, more than defending this name you gave me, but I can't. I can't!" He growled in frustration. "I mean I could. One punch and I could flatten one of those guys, literally, but I can't do that, can I? I can't risk exposing you and Dad and the rest of the family. Sure, maybe we could explain it away by saying that you had had an affair with Superman, but that would only make the teasing worse, wouldn't it? If they knew that I'm Superman's kid, what would they say about Superman and you then? And, I guess, it wouldn't make things any easier for Dad, either. So, I'm stuck enduring this name you saddled me with, but it makes me so mad!" He turned away from her and the kitchen became awash in popcorn and flying glass.

"What happened?" her startled son gasped.

"Just close your eyes, James. Your heat vision must have kicked in. Clark? Clark!" Lois called to her husband, who always seemed to be conveniently busy during these trying moments.

Clark wrapped his arms around her, waking her. "I'm right here, honey. What is it?"

"How about Perry James?" she suggested as an alternative.

"I love Perry, honey, as much as you do, but do you really want to name our son 'Perry'?" he asked skeptically.

She shook her head. "P.J.?"

"Mason!" Clark said.

"*Mayson?*" Lois said with as much 'no' to her tone as possible.

"Perry Mason?" Clark continued, ignoring her tone.

She laughed. "I don't think so."

"Mason James?" Clark tried again.

"So, MJ? Isn't that Spider-Man's girlfriend's name?" she said, so she wouldn't have to bring Mayson to the table.

"You aren't supposed to know that," he said, slightly scolding.

"Don't blame me, buster. I'm not the one who talks about all his S.H.A. meetings. 'Super Hero Anonymous' — Ha!"

He smiled sheepishly at her. "I've learned its best not to keep things from you."

On that subject... "We're *not* naming him Mason. I don't want to think of that woman's lips on you whenever I gaze on our son."

Her husband actually had the wherewithal to look contrite.

"How about something that belongs only to him? Jordan James?" Clark said, lifting their son out of her arms and taking him to the changing table on the other side of the bedroom.

"Jor-dan? Half Jor-El, half Dan?" she teased and instantly regretted it with the terse glance from Clark. So much for 'Jordan'. She wished her tongue would give her time to think before it leapt sometimes. "Elden?"

"You want to name our son after your mother?" Clark asked softly.

"No" She chuckled, even though she had been thinking more of Kal-El. "No, I guess not. We already have a Jonathan and a Samantha."

“Oliver James?” Clark suggested, glancing at her and almost getting wet from their son. He moved just in time; she was positive he had a bit of super help.

“O.J.? I don’t think so,” she said, as he set a clean diaper on top of their son.

“You know many people, myself included, don’t go around using their initials,” Clark reminded her.

“I’ll keep that in mind, CK,” Lois said, calling Clark by Jimmy’s nickname for him.

“Yes, I guess that would make a little Oliver, O.K.,” he said laughing as he fastened a clean dry diaper on their son. He swaddled him in the blanket and brought him back to her waiting arms. “How about Wayne James?”

“That’s a bit of a mouthful, isn’t it? I need to be able to shout it, not trip over it,” Lois said.

“Bruce James?” Clark said, again with an expression on his face that appeared a tad bit too innocent.

“I’m sure with the number of women traipsing through your friend’s life, there’ll be a Bruce Jr. in his future,” she countered, not wishing to revisit BJ again. “If there isn’t one already.”

Clark seemed skeptical. “Bruce has more emotional scars than I do.”

“Producing offspring has absolutely nothing to do with one’s emotional readiness. Being a *good* father does,” she said, resting her hand on his arm.

“So, that’s a ‘no’?”

“No.”

They were quiet for a minute as Lois convinced their son to latch on to breastfeed.

“He took to you quicker than Sam or Jon,” Clark observed.

“Each child is different.”

He leaned over and kissed his son’s head. “You’re only borrowing those, bub. They belong to me, so you’ll have to give them back at some point.”

Lois swatted her husband with the back of her hand. “Clark!” She knew he was only teasing, but knowing Clark’s eidetic memory, who knew what his son would remember.

“Lane James Kent,” Clark announced.

“I like it,” she said. They had a winner! “Lane James? Lane James!” She shook her head. “Nope. I can’t shout it.”

Clark settled into bed next to her.

“Clark Jerome Kent, Jr.” he murmured. “Junior for short.”

Lois cupped his cheek with her palm. “Do you *need* to have a child named after you?”

“No,” he whispered, kissing her cheek.

“It would be better for him to make his own way, and not follow in yours.”

“I wouldn’t...”

“Others would compare him to you,” she reminded him.

“And he would compare himself to you. Jonathan already does, and he doesn’t carry the extra burden of being named after you, or let alone, know everything, yet.”

“I know,” Clark murmured.

“It would be especially bad if your secret identity were blown. We’d have to change his name as well as yours,” Lois said. “Anyway, I like you being unique.” She didn’t want both “Clarks” to come when she called to one of them, or neither, thinking she was calling to the other.

He kissed her. “I love you too.”

She grinned. “We could always hold on to ‘Junior’ for our next daughter,” she went on.

Clark laughed. “Lois Lane Junior Kent?”

Lois batted her eyelashes innocently. “Yes, why not?” Even *she* knew that sounded horrible.

He snuggled up to her neck, kissing that spot which always made her amorous. Apparently, he liked her to be unique as well.

“Clark!” she gasped, glancing down at their son, still nursing.

“This isn’t the time for that.”

Clark groaned in disappointment.

“Six weeks, remember?” she reminded him, and the groan got louder.

He stopped kissing her neck, but she could distinctly feel the pout on his lips.

“Anyway, after dealing with Lex Junior and Bill Church Jr. there’s no way, I’m naming any child of ours ‘Junior’,” she said, adding the cherry to the top of her argument sundae.

Clark grimaced, sitting up. “Okay! Okay! You’ve made your point. Geez, no CJ. Got it!”

Lois grinned. After all these years, she still loved being right. A new thought came to her. “Actually...” she said as the name started to grow in her mind. “He could still be CJ.”

“Clark *James* Kent?” he said with hope. “No junior need apply?”

She was beginning to wonder if he didn’t want to name their son after himself after all. “Well, I know that the festivities were delayed a little bit due to labor and everything.”

“Yes, Mommy screaming in pain while the kids opened their Christmas stockings was a bit of a downer from what I was told,” Clark teased.

“Well, the next time you’re suffering from Kryptonite sickness, you try to squeeze a watermelon out your urethra and not scream in pain, you invulnerable lunkhead, and I’ll allow you to tease me about labor,” she growled, glaring at him through a narrow gaze.

“So, too soon?” he asked.

Lois swatted at him.

“You were saying,” Clark said, redirecting their conversation back to the topic at hand.

Unfortunately, she had lost her excitement over the idea. “Christopher,” she mumbled. “Or Christian.”

Clark looked skeptical, before scoffing, “And you thought being named after me would be a burden? With our powers, it’s probably best to not have *that* association either.”

She stuck her tongue out at her husband in an obvious raspberry, mostly because he had a point. Last thing this beautiful darling in her arms needed was some fool to think he was the newest son of God.

They were quiet for a few minutes as their son relaxed and fell into sleep.

“We could call William James,” Clark suggested.

“Bill would be thrilled, but then we’d be stuck with B.J. again,” Lois whispered, running her hand over her son’s head.

“BJ? What are you talking about? Did we discuss another ‘B’ name besides Bruce?” He sounded perplexed.

She flushed, realizing that she hadn’t told him about her daydream about their possible future teenage son’s problems. “Never mind.”

Clark got up and brought Lois her robe. “So, you don’t like William James?”

Lois pressed her lips together in thought as she ran the name over in her mind. She knew William could be for William “Bill” Henderson, but she couldn’t help remembering Bill Church, Sr. and the aforementioned Jr. Of course, if they crossed off the name of every bad guy they came across they would be back to Clark James. “How about Robert? Robert James?”

“Robert? Bob? Bobby!” Clark said before winking. “Is there something you want to tell me, honey?” He gave her a loving nudge as they knew that would never have been a possibility.

“The youngster here might eat us out of house and home, but that’s more *your* genetic makeup than anyone else’s,” she said. “Is my mother still here?”

“Of course. Did you think she would leave before we formally introduced our new son to the whole family?”

She gave him a look.

“Well, nonetheless, she’s still here,” Clark said. “Your father too, and my folks.” He tilted his head and picked up his glasses from the dresser. “And Jimmy has just arrived.”

“Just in time for breakfast,” she noted.

He shrugged. “He brought donuts.”

“Okay, but I want you to go out there and tell Jimmy and your folks the truth first,” Lois said, handing their son to her husband. “Because I want Jimmy ready to take a photo of my mom’s face when I tell her that we’ve decided on JimBob Kent for our son’s name.”

Clark removed a big red bow from the top of the dresser and loosely tied it around their son’s waist. “Don’t you mean, Bobby Jimbo Kent?”

“Billy JimBob Kent?” Lois tossed back.

“Bobby JimBob Kent?”

“We have a winner!” Lois giggled. Teach her mother right for saying that she’d end up with hick grandkids if Lois married a Kansas farm boy.

Clark brushed her lips with his before handing their new bundle of joy to her. “You’re evil.”

She grinned. “Well, they do say ‘opposites attract’.”

He chuckled and kissed her again. At the door, he paused and turned back. “What name did we decide on again?”

“How about Bobby Jimbo Clark-El Kent?” she suggested.

Clark seemed to consider this name for a second too long.

Lois threw a pillow at him. Direct hit.

“Oh, right, Clark *Robert* James Kent,” he said, zipping through the door. The next pillow missed.

THE END

Gratitude: Just for fun, I added a great Big Red Bow to the story to make it part of Deadly Chakram’s 2012-13 Winter Ficathon. I would also like to thank my Beta, Mrs. Luthor, for giggling in all the right spots.

Author’s Note: There is an Nfic version of this story by the same name on the Message Boards, although the major difference is less euphemism.

Disclaimer: I don’t own these characters. Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster created the characters and I used them as they were portrayed on the *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* television series, developed by Deborah Joy LeVine. I borrow the characters 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.

The character of Bruce Wayne was created by Bob Kane and Bill Finger and owned by DC Comics.

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“Sweet Baby James” was written and performed by James Taylor (1970).