

Lovable

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Rated: G

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Summary: In the canon LnC universe, Clark was in love from day one but had a difficult time reaching the wedding altar. A fun look into a very different universe where that seems to be the least of his challenges.

Disclaimer: This is a fanfic based on the television show, *Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*. We have no claim on the pre-existing characters whatsoever, nor are we profiting by their use. The new story elements are ours. No infringement is intended by this work. This was produced at part of the April 2013 Comedy challenge.

Part 1: Written by Mary Potts

Clark flopped onto the sofa, swinging his feet onto the coffee table as he reached for the remote. It had been a long day of rescues, and he'd been sure that he'd never stop smelling the stench of smoke and charred flesh. Now, though, a scent of perfectly-cooking turkey wafted up from the kitchen, and he sighed contentedly as he settled into the cushions, anticipating another mouth-watering masterpiece of a dinner. Married life was good, he reflected.

As if on cue, his wife came and sat beside him, putting her arms around his neck. "Hey, Honeybun," she said. "How'd it go?"

He turned to kiss her. "Not as bad as it could have gone," he said. "Everyone got out alive, at least. That's the important thing."

She shook her head, frowning as she ran a finger over the soot and grime on his suit. "You know how much we wish you'd give this up," she told him.

"I know," he said. "But I... it's just something I have to..."

"We know," she said, giving him a sad little smile. She stood. "Go wash up and get changed," she said. "Mayson will be home any minute, and then we can eat."

It took him less than a minute to shower and change into clean clothes. He resumed his place on the sofa and was flipping through the channels when the door swung open. "Clark! Lana! I'm home!"

He shut off the TV. "Hi, honey!" he said as his other wife hung up her coat. "How was work?"

"Eh," she said, leaning in for a quick kiss. "It's the same thing: all the signs point to Lois Luthor being The Boss, but she, naturally, swears that she's innocent. And, of course, there's nothing we can actually take to court, unless we want to get chewed up and spit out by her husband's lawyers."

Clark winced sympathetically. "Well, let's all go have dinner, and then maybe we can think of something together—" He was cut off by the sound of screeching tires in his driveway. He looked through the wall, and his eyebrows rose into his hair as he saw a beautiful brunette climb out of a still-running Mercedes and march, fuming, up to his front door...

Part 2: Written by Bob Bartholomew

Within seconds there was an angry pounding on the door. "What's that witch doing here?" Mayson asked aloud as she started for the door. "If she thinks I can be intimidated..."

"Mayson, wait," she heard Clark call from behind as she approached the door.

"No way!" she insisted as she turned the knob. "If Mrs. High-and-Mighty wants a piece of me, then that's what she'll get!" Mayson threw open the door to come face to face with her enemy. "What do you mean pounding on my door?" Mayson demanded angrily.

As she caught sight of Mrs. Luthor's face, she realized that the woman wasn't angry. She looked scared. Mrs. Luthor pushed past her, ran to Clark, and threw her arms around him. "I can't do this anymore," Mayson heard her sob to Clark.

Clark lifted his arms and pulled the distraught Mrs. Luthor into a comforting hug. "Then we can end it now," Clark said as he stroked her back.

As Mayson stood with her mouth agape, Lana came over and closed the door. "Clark, I think it's time to tell Mayson," Lana said.

Clark looked up at Mayson. "Lois isn't the force behind Luthor's criminal activities."

Mayson was growing livid. "How can you know that?" she demanded.

"Because Lois is my wife," Clark said solemnly. "My first wife," he added with emphasis.

Mayson almost collapsed from the shock. "She's your mysterious first wife?!"

"Yes, she is," Lana confirmed calmly.

"She married Luthor as part of our trying to get information on his activities. We've deliberately avoided each other for more than a year to set this up," Clark explained.

Without releasing Clark, Lois turned and glared at Mayson. "As far as Lex goes, I'm only a social wife. He already had his limit of three other full wives. If you knew your job, you'd have seen Lex was trying to set me up to be the fall-guy for his criminal operations." Then she turned back to Clark.

"Fortunately, Mayson's bumbling caused Lex to try to set me up before he was really ready. Now I have all the evidence we need to take him down. The investigation is finished, and I want to come home."

"Be nice." Clark said to the dark haired woman in his arms. "Think about how you probably looked to Mayson based on what she knew. And you've always known that you could come in any time you wanted. Since you're going to be at home now, you and Mayson need to get along."

Mayson glared at Lois as Lana walked over to their husband. "Welcome home, Lois," Lana said, putting her arms around both Lois and Clark. "I've missed you."

Mayson knew what she needed to do. She copied Lana's action so that they were all in one group hug. "Yes," she said. "Welcome home."

After a moment Mayson spoke up. "Hey, this means that Lex Luthor is my second husband once removed."

"Ewww," Lana commented. "That means that he is for me too. Lois, I'm so glad that you were only a social wife."

"What about me?" Clark commented. "Luthor is my co-husband."

"Ewww," Lana and Mayson said in unison.

Lois smiled at Mayson's attempt at a gesture of peace. Maybe being in a marriage with the blonde woman wouldn't be quite so bad after all. In any case, it would be nice to be done with Luthor and back to her nice, normal, boring marriage.

Epilogue: Written by Mary Potts

Lois couldn't help but sigh contentedly as she padded into the kitchen. It was good to be home again. It had been three days since Lex Luthor's conviction for "murders, racketeering, and other crimes to numerous to mention," and her marriage to the snake (superficial though it was) had been annulled. She was now free to spend her time with the people she loved, especially the

man she loved.

Lana looked up from a pot of something heavenly-smelling. “You seem happy,” she said, flashing Lois a smile.

Lois couldn’t help but grin back. “I am,” she replied. “Lana, you’ve no idea how much I missed your cooking.” She grabbed a forkful of food from one of the pans on the stove and popped it into her mouth.

Lana shooed her away. “That’s for everyone,” she said. “You’ll have to just wait for dinner like everybody else.”

“Is she trying to pilfer food, again?” came a voice from the entry way. That would be Mayson, of course. Lois still wasn’t quite sure about this newcomer, and the feeling was obviously mutual, but so far, they’d managed to remain civil to each other. The fact that Mayson sided with Lana on the whole “Superman” issue was a point against her, but at least the woman wasn’t the heartless, brainless bureaucrat that Lois had first considered her to be.

“I’m just taste-testing it,” Lois defended, aware of Lana’s eye-roll behind her.

Mayson stepped into the kitchen, the corners of her mouth clearly twitching with amusement. She seemed about to speak, when a noise from the living room caught everyone’s attention.

“Is that Clark?” Lana wondered aloud.

The three women filtered into the living room and then gasped. Before them stood a strange woman.

“I am looking for Kal-El,” said the woman.

“What do you want with him?” came Clark’s voice from the top of the stairs.

The woman turned, gave him an appraising look, and then lifted her chin. “Kal-El, I am Zara of New-Krypton,” she said. “By New-Krypton law, you and I are to be married.”

The three women looked to Clark, then to the newcomer.

“Suppose I believe you,” said Clark, squirming slightly. “I have three full wives already. Are you seeking a social marriage, or—?”

Zara shook her head. “No, Kal-El, I am to be your only wife. The people of Krypton practice strict monogamy, unlike the people of Earth. You must come with me and leave these three women behind.”

THE END (obviously).

Bottom Notes:

Bob Bartholomew: When I saw Mary’s part 1 on the BBS, at first I had no idea what she was thinking. But of course, Mary’s talent for whimsy has left me in that state before. However, it did catch the attention of my muse, and suddenly I felt compelled to take this twisted universe and turn it a different direction. If Clark could have two wives, then why not three? And if Clark could, why not Lois as well. But we couldn’t leave poor Lois “really” married to Lex, so why not different classes of marriage. Anyway, part 2 was an outgrowth of all that. Mary was kind enough to allow me to add my two cents to her universe, and a twisted shore became even more pretzeled.

Mary Potts: Bob says he doesn’t know what I was thinking. Well, what I was thinking was: “April 1st is almost over, and I haven’t pranked the boards! What shall I do?!!” In a panic I decided to post a scenario where Clark is married to everyone *except* Lois, and maybe Lois is with Luthor for good measure, and thus part 1 came to be. Well, as you can see, it wasn’t terribly good. Enter one Bob Bartholomew: Bob had already turned one of my half-baked ideas into something awesome before (See “Identity”), and now he worked his magic again, giving this strange world more shape and making the situation more satisfying for everyone. Now I know who to call if my Muse escapes again. :)