

# In Bed With the Devil

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Rated PG

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Summary: Lois just can't understand why her partner is so opposed to her fiance.

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Lois slammed down the phone with a bang. The nerve of her partner — *former* partner, she corrected herself — accusing her of “getting in bed with the devil”, as though her fiance were evil incarnate! In fact, he'd practically said as much over the phone, just now. She snorted. The man was obviously jealous. Why else would he keep resorting to these ridiculous character assassinations?

He didn't even have the decency to congratulate her on her engagement.

She padded over to the fridge and grabbed the tub of rocky road out of the freezer while muttering about traitorous partners — *former* partners — and their stupid, unfounded attempts at besmirching the man she loved.

Yes, *loved*. She stabbed the spoon into the icecream with an air of defiance. Oh, she hadn't answered when he asked if she loved Luthor, but that was only because it was none of his business. Her heart was completely off-limits to him; she had told him that on day one. But did he listen? No. Of course not. He'd ignored her warnings completely, and then proceeded to act like a baby when she chose someone else: someone kind, and charming, and handsome, and just generally wonderful. Someone who had done more for the city than *some* people could ever do in ten lifetimes.

He was jealous. That had to be it.

Oh, he'd hinted that her fiance had some kind of secret — some dark, terrible secret that he'd been keeping from everyone, and that she was completely blind for not seeing. Not that he had any real proof of anything, of course. She couldn't help the smirk as she licked the icecream off her spoon. Just what would Mr. “Lois-is-so-blind” say if he knew that she not only knew the truth about Metropolis's favorite billionaire, but was completely okay with it? For a man who'd once claimed to be her friend, he sure didn't know her as well as he apparently thought he did. If anyone was blind...

The phone rang, jostling her out of her thoughts. For a moment, she wondered if the skunk of a hack was calling back to apologize. She snatched up the phone. “Yes?” she snapped.

“Such a greeting, my dear Lois,” said a familiar voice; one that certainly didn't belong to her former partner. “Have I somehow fallen from your good graces? Have you changed your mind about being the future Mrs. Luthor?”

She laughed, the tension leaving her body as she relaxed once again into her chair. “I'm sorry, Cal; I thought you were Claude. We had just another fight about you. I think he's still jealous.”

“Hm. I suppose firing him from the paper didn't help endear me to him, either.”

“Who cares about that jerk, anyway?” she said. “Are you still picking me up, tomorrow?”

There was a grin in his voice. “The limo will be waiting outside the Planet as soon as you get off. And maybe, if you're lucky, I can persuade Superman to fly you somewhere special for dinner.”

“Ooh,” she cooed, now unable to repress a grin of her own.

“And will Superman be up for something special for dessert?”

“You vixen,” he murmured, his voice husky. “Tomorrow, then, my love?”

“Tomorrow,” she agreed, and hung up the phone. She licked the remaining icecream off her spoon and smiled, refusing to give her former partner another thought. Who cared what a possible plagiarist said, anyway?

THE END