

World of Cuisine

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Rated: G

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Summary: Lois is pregnant and Clark makes one little slip up... Super-short, little bit of silliness that popped into my brain.

Clark landed in the middle of the marketplace in Hong Kong, looking rather worse for the wear as he ran a hand through his dark locks. He glanced down at his phone as he made his way over to the Chinese food vendor's booth. Gasps of shock and recognition ran through the people as he strode forward, crowds parting before him respectfully.

Clark was completely oblivious to all this as he looked over his list one last time before he suddenly found himself at the front of the line. He pocketed the phone quickly and nodded to the surprised looking man and greeted him in Mandarin, proceeding to order the long list of items that his very pregnant wife had requested. The man seemed to be in shock, not making any motion that he'd heard or even registered the words that he'd just spoken. Clark furrowed his brow and repeated his order. Surely he was speaking the right language, wasn't he? He tuned in his hearing to the voices of the people around him and was surprised to hear them all whispering about Superman. How funny.

Suddenly it struck him. Clark's eyes went wide as he glanced down at himself and saw that he was indeed in the Suit still. He must have forgotten to change with all of the stress going on right now — and now, on top of that, he had jeopardized his identity. He gaped like a fish for a few moments, floundering for a response. Finally, deciding that Lois would be less likely to kill him for this slip up if he came bearing gifts of food, he apologized and asked for his order once again, waving some money at the man.

The vendor seemed to snap into action, and he promptly yelled at someone to get him some boxes. Clark smiled and waited patiently for his order, rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet. A few people approached him, asking for autographs, and he obliged politely. The second he got the bags of food, Clark promptly paid and left.

When he got to their home in Metropolis, Lois rushed to greet him before he even had the chance to change out of the suit!

"Oh! Thank you, thank you, thank you! You're the best!"

Clark shook his head with a grin as she ran back to the table with the large bag of food. He loved his wife. He thought she was crazy, waking him up in the middle of the night for Chinese food, but he loved her nonetheless. He followed her to the kitchen to get her some water to drink, hoping she didn't choke herself on anything.

"Mmm, so good!" Lois mumbled through mouthfuls of sweet and sour pork. Clark handed her the glass of water, and she graciously used it to wash down the food. "Where did you go to get this?"

"Hong Kong," he replied nervously.

"Mmm, well it's the best. Thank you, honey," she smiled at him as she took another bite — this time of lo mein noodles. "I wish I could get some of the spicier stuff, but I guess this will have to do. What time is it there?"

Clark just grinned as she babbled even with noodles hanging from her mouth. "About three thirty in the afternoon."

"Is it really that late here?"

Clark couldn't help but laugh at that. "Yeah. It's two thirty. Which reminds me, I need to get some sleep. I have a feeling we're going to have a lot to deal with in the morning, and Superman has already been too sleep-deprived of late."

Lois frowned at him as he rose and spun into his silky sleep shorts that she loved so much. "What do you mean?"

Clark hesitated, slowly retreating to the bedroom as he released his words all in a rush. "I may have forgotten to change out of the suit and put away my phone when I was ordering, and everyone saw Superman buying your eggrolls. Night, love you!"

He spun on his heel, ran up the stairs to avoid the backlash, and sped into bed, leaving his wife with a look of shock and outrage on her face.

"Clark Jerome Kent! Again?! You promised!"

Clark buried his face under the covers in a vain effort to pretend he hadn't heard her, though he couldn't help but chuckle to himself as he overheard her muttering about how she'd have to learn how to cook just to keep him from spilling his secret.

Despite his little flub, life was still good.

THE END