

Quick Kisses

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Rated: PG

Submitted: November 2015

Summary: Inspired by the HappyGirl's first line challenge. The line? "Kiss me quick." Clark gets more than he bargained for with those three little words.

Story Size: 815 words (4Kb as text)

"Kiss me quick."

Clark blinked at her—once, twice, and again. She didn't clarify, or take the words back, or acknowledge him in any way other than the hushed words hastily thrown his way the moment before. Surely he'd misheard something. Okay, so he had perfect hearing, and he was standing right next to her, so it was unlikely that it was on his end...

Maybe she'd had some sort of stroke.

He watched her with his mouth agape, as she rolled her eyes melodramatically and turned into him. She grabbed him by his open jaw and before he could even process what was happening, her mouth was on his in spite of his squirming, searing and passionate and *dear God* was that her tongue?

"Clark?!"

His eyes widened as he pulled himself away hastily, eyes wide and spine straightening at the sound of his wife's voice. He wiped his mouth across the back of his hand with a disturbed frown and a scowl on his face.

"A-HA!"

Clark's eyes swiveled back from his wife to the other Lane woman and his scowl only deepened.

"I *knew* it!"

Lois stalked over towards her sister with a growl. "Lucy! What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

"I knew you guys were hiding something from me! I just knew it! I knew you had to be Superman!"

Belatedly, Clark realized he was still in the uniform, and the mortification finally started sinking in for him at what had just happened. His cheeks flamed scarlet. Why did these Lane women always have to be so crafty?

Lois smacked her sister upside the head, prompting Lucy to utter a loud groan of protest. "If you just 'knew' he was Superman, then why'd you have to kiss him? That's my husband you were just making out with!"

Lucy's shoulders slumped in the slightest. "Well, I didn't really know for sure. At first, I was just weirded out by how often he seemed to run out on you. Naturally my first assumption was that he was two-timing you—no offense, Clark."

"Some offense taken." He glared, still trying to find a way to wipe the taste of his wife's sister's lips off of his.

"Anyways, for one, I realized that Clark's really good at shaking a tail, and two, that ultimately he wasn't cheating on you. What's more is that you didn't ever seem to mind it when he left. And I know you, Lois. You're more paranoid than I even am about that sort of stuff. No way would you let Clark get away with something like that behind your back. I figured I'd have caught him dead before I caught him cheating."

Lois scoffed, arms crossed tightly over her chest as she shot a glare at her husband. "So did I."

"She ambushed me!" Clark cried defensively, arms up in the air.

Lois rolled her eyes and cracked a smile at her husband, soothing a hand over the crest emblazoned across his chest. "I know, honey. She's a bad sister-in-law."

"Anyways," Lucy dragged out with a sharp glare at her sister. "It took me a while to put two and two together, but once I had, I knew you guys would never admit it unless I had proof. So when Superman picked me up from that rescue downtown and offered to drop me off, I saw the opportunity and I took it. If I was right, I'd have my answer. If I was wrong, well, what's the harm in sneaking in a kiss with Superman?"

"Again, your married brother-in-law."

"Oh, come on, sis. You're just mad that you didn't think of this before you found out."

"That's not true! I kissed Superman plenty of times before I knew who he was!"

Clark sighed, sensing an impending battle and knowing he had to put a stop to it. "Ladies, stop this. Okay? Lucy, yes, I am Superman. But I am also Clark Kent—first and foremost in all my life. And I would never cheat on your sister, you should know that by now. And Lois, your sister didn't mean to upset either of us by doing this. She was just doing some investigative reporting, like you and I. There's no harm done here, other than the fact that I'm the one left trying to get the taste of her breakfast out of my mouth. What did you eat, a pound of garlic?"

Lucy grinned somewhat sheepishly. "Huevos Rancheros with some extra Tabasco."

Clark had to suppress a gag. "Lois, remind me to steer clear of Mexican food for a while."

The two sisters shared a quick glance before bursting out with laughter.

THE END