

Oh, Baby

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Rated: G

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Summary: “Clark Kent,” Cat Grant announced, causing all of their colleagues to look up, “I’m pregnant. And you’re the father.”

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A/N: This is just something weird that popped into my head recently. Please don’t murder me.

Clark was distracted as he fired up his computer. He had just gotten into another argument with his partner, and once again, he felt like a heel. Lois hadn’t deserved his latest lash-out; it wasn’t her fault that she thought he and Superman were two different people, and anyway, this time she hadn’t even been swooning over him—not exactly. But maybe, he reflected, deep down he did blame her for much of his current distress. Things would have been so much easier right now if she weren’t so blinded by Lex Luthor, if she weren’t so obsessed with Superman, if she weren’t so...so... He sighed and rested his head against his palm. There was so much he needed to talk to her about, he knew; but it was a conversation he still didn’t have a clue how to start.

He was still lost in his reverie when the elevator chimed. He was dimly aware of Cat Grant striding into the middle of the bullpen and stopping just a few feet from his desk. “Clark Kent,” she announced, causing all of their colleagues to look up, “I’m pregnant. And you’re the father.”

For several seconds, a dead silence hung in the air; then all at once, the newsroom erupted into whoops and whistles. Clark’s face flushed. He glanced over to Lois’ desk, and saw her gaping at him with an appalled expression that made him wince. “Conference room,” he said to Cat, softly, then added “please.”

Once she was seated and he had shut the door, closing the blinds for good measure, he turned to face her. “What was that?” he demanded.

Cat shrugged. “I thought you’d be happy about the news,” she replied, casually. “It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

“That’s not what’s wrong, and you know it!” he said, raking a hand through his hair. He waved a hand towards the door to the newsroom. “Thanks to you, everyone out there thinks that I—that we—”

“What?” Cat asked, grinning. “Made a baby?”

“Yes! No!” Clark threw his hands up. “You know what I mean, Cat.”

She looked at him with an expression of pure innocence.

Clark fidgeted. “They think that we...”

Cat tilted her head.

“They—they think...” The blush began creeping over Clark’s face again. Cat began to laugh.

“Cat!” Clark wailed.

“Okay, Okay,” said Cat. “Maybe I should’ve warned you, first. But what would be the fun in that?”

Clark frowned at her. “I don’t want the newsroom thinking that we—um, did something we didn’t do.” His voice dropped to a mumble as he sat down in the chair across from her.

Cat raised an eyebrow at him. “Would you rather explain that we went to see a scientist with a turkey-baster?” she challenged.

“It’s not a turkey-baster,” Clark argued, flushing at the

memory.

She shrugged. “Point is, they’ll wonder why. It’s not like most guys have an eight-month window in which to become a father.”

Clark sighed. “No,” he admitted. “You’re right. But, couldn’t we have maybe said that *you* were desperate for a baby?”

“Hm,” said Cat, making a show of thinking, “and after going through all those hoops to get one, I changed my mind and gave her to you?”

“Okay, okay,” said Clark.

She came around the table to sit beside him, then reached up and patted his cheek. “It’s better this way,” she said. “We say we had a fling, something happened from it, and now you get to be the gentleman who did the noble thing by taking responsibility. And,” she grinned wickedly, “You’ll get a few extra points with the guys around the office.”

Clark rolled his eyes.

“So,” she went on, “any luck with telling Lois that Superman is hopelessly in love with her?”

He looked away.

“Ah.”

“I just...want it to be right,” he stammered. “I need to know that she loves me for who I am, and not—you know. Him.”

Cat’s expression softened. “I understand,” she said. “I still think you’re being an idiot, but I understand. And hey, I’m pulling for you.”

“Thanks, Cat.”

She stood to leave, but he detained her with a hand on her arm. When she turned back to face him, he said, “Cat...I mean it. Thanks for—you know—all of this.”

She smiled benignly. “You can thank me when my dresses stop fitting and my back starts to hurt,” she said. She went to the door, paused, and turned back one last time. “And you know,” she added, “if you ever need a break from barking up that tree, my window is always open.” She gave him a salacious wink, then left him blushing hotly in the conference room.

THE END...?