

The Very Bad No Good Day

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Rated: G

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Summary: Lois is having a very bad day. Can Clark help her?

Story Size: 430 words (2Kb as text)

A/N: This is a Birthday fic for Nostalgickick. I hope you enjoy NK! I'm sure every writer out there can relate to Lois.

“She’s missing.”

Clark let out a long sigh, uncertain of how to respond. “Uh, what do you mean she’s missing?”

“I don’t know how else to explain it, Clark. She is missing. Gone. Caput. Nothing. Nada.” Lois’ tone was growing more and more irritated as she spoke.

Clark, sensing Lois’ shift in mood, calmly took a seat next to her, looking over her shoulder, “O-kay.” He glanced at the blank screen that still had the same paragraph she’d written over an hour ago. “When was the last time you saw...her?”

“I don’t know.” Lois sighed irritated with his question. “A week? A month? What does it matter? She’s gone. She’s never coming back.”

“I’m sure that’s not true.” Clark tried to reassure her.

“You don’t know her like I do,” Lois retorted.

“You’re right,” he reasoned, “You know her better than I do.”

“Darn right.” Lois snipped. “I just can’t believe it. All that planning and late nights...”

“You not coming to bed ‘til after midnight,” Clark added with a smirk.

“Hey, when she calls I have to answer,” Lois said with a slow smile.

“Well, think of it this way,” Clark began slowly, wrapping an arm around Lois’ waist, “It’ll give you more time to focus on... other things.”

She gave him a small smile. “I guess, but it’s just really frustrating. I really wanted to finish this.”

“I know you did, honey,” He leaned in to kiss her cheek, wrapping his arms around her from behind. “Sometimes you just can’t help it.”

“Do you think she’ll ever come back?” Lois asked, looking back at him as she stroked his cheek.

“Maybe. One day.” He reasoned, “But for right now why don’t you give Wanda Detroit a break and come to bed?” With that he closed the laptop and scooped her up in his arms, carrying her toward the staircase.

“I could be persuaded...” Lois didn’t have a chance to finish her statement as her husband’s lips found hers, rushing them upstairs before she could change her mind. Her missing muse was long forgotten as she focused on more demanding thoughts at the moment.

THE END