

The Bro Code

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Rated: G

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Summary: Guys' night at Clark's place. Just for fun.

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The familiar characters of this story are not my own but are the property of corporate entities (DC Comics, December 3rd Productions, ABC, etc.) other than myself. This work is a labor of love and is presented with no expectation of remuneration.

Jimmy and Jack approached the Kent's front door together, each with both hands full of multiple bags of soft drinks and snacks. Jack tapped the door with his foot and said, "You're sure Clark's okay with us coming over like this?"

Jimmy grinned and nodded. "Sure! CK's always up for a Monday night game, especially when the Chiefs are playing the Bills."

"And when Lois is having a girls' night out with her friends."

"You got it."

The door swung open and Perry aimed a thumb over his shoulder. "In the living room, boys. Pre-game show's almost over."

"Thanks, Chief," Jimmy said. "Who else is here?"

Perry pushed the door shut and followed them. "Let's see, there's Steve Lombard, Eduardo Diaz, he brought the ice, Chen Chou, and three or four others I haven't met yet."

Jack stopped and turned. "There are people here you don't know? How is that even possible?"

Perry shrugged and gave him a half-grin. "I just got here myself. Come on, game's about to start and Lombard has the betting pool. And don't ask me what the odds are."

Jimmy laughed. "Figures. Hey, where are the glasses? All we have is two-liter bottles."

Perry smiled and said, "We'll find – hey, what's this?"

Eduardo, Chen, and Clark each stood with one hand hovering over a large plate of chocolate pastries, and they were glaring at each other in turn. Perry put his hands on his hips and bellowed, "What's the matter with you guys? That plate is full of cupcakes and Twinkies and cookies and other junk food! There's plenty for everyone!"

Chen slowly closed his hand and pointed at the single tubular chocolate-covered cake with rich cream filling on one edge of the plate. "Somebody messed up the snack order and this is the last one of these and I want it!"

"So do I," Clark muttered.

Eduardo gritted his teeth, then dropped his hand and backed away. "Never mind. I don't need the calories anyway."

Chen stared at Clark with a challenge in his eyes. "I

guess it's just you and me, partner."

Clark took a deep breath, let it out, then also backed away. "Go ahead, Chen. You take it."

Chen's eyes bugged out. "Really?"

"Really."

"Seriously?"

Clark grinned. "Yes, seriously. It's yours."

"You told me last week that you'd wrestle me for the last one!"

"I was kidding! Go ahead, take it."

"But they're your favorite! You always have a supply of them in the house! They keep Lois' Double-Fudge Crunch bars company!"

Clark clapped Chen on the shoulder and nodded. "It's okay, my man. You know the bro code."

"The bro code?"

"Sure. The bro code. Every guy knows it."

The only sound was the TV color analyst announcing the starting lineups for the game.

"Aw, come on!" cried Clark. "You have to know the bro code!"

Perry tilted his head and said, "Just so we're all on the same page, tell us anyway."

Clark shrugged. "Simple as pie and as old as time. Bros before Ho-Hos."

THE END