

Love Realized, the Next Day

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Summary: The adventures of our heroes after the honeymoon.

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This vignette was suggested by this comment from Songbird.

I hope you don't mind my saying that I wish there was more. In my mind, I'm picturing Jonathan's and Martha's reactions the next morning and of course Lara's when she and Ken return. No doubt they will be just as thrilled as I am!

Without her generous input, this story would not have been written. Thanks for the idea!

Clark Kent's eyes fluttered open as the early morning sun peeked through a gap in the curtains. He clasped his hands behind his head and sighed happily as memories of the night before played over and over in his mind. Lois had, finally, expressed her feelings for him and her desire for them to become a couple, and in due time, more. He turned carefully in the bed so he could see the woman he'd loved since he'd met her, lying on her side, her back to him, snoring softly. Glancing at the clock he saw that they should get started on the day if they wanted to be on time to meet everyone for breakfast.

"Sweetheart?" Clark whispered in her ear as he kissed her exposed shoulder, "It's time to get up."

When she didn't respond he drew her hair away from her face so he could kiss her cheek.

"Ummm, good morning," Lois said groggily. "What time is it?"

"5:30. We need to get going if we're going to be on time for breakfast."

"Do we have to?" Lois said as she turned to face him. "Ow."

Clark immediately became concerned. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing!" she grinned as she stretched her sore muscles. "I'm just a little stiff from last night. I haven't used those muscles in a long time."

Clark relaxed, gazing at the love of his life. "I'm sorry. Do you want me to give you a massage?"

Lois grinned, seeming to consider the offer then shook her head. "As much as I'd love one, we do need to get ready. How about a rain check?"

"Any time." Clark turned away, searching for his clothes. He found them in a pile on the floor where Lois had removed them last night. Throwing the sheet back just

as he stood up a piercing wolf whistle broke the silence.

"Nice tooshie there Kent!" Lois said her eyes focused on the aforementioned part of Clark's anatomy.

Clark turned to face her, his cheeks slightly pink but his eyes were obsidian points as they bore into hers.

"Back at you, Lane," Clark said as his gaze slid down her sheet-covered body.

"Did you just use your buzz-buzz on me?" Lois exclaimed, mock outraged.

Clark grinned but his face reflected pure innocence. "Who, me?"

He turned and walked slowly over to the pile of clothes, certain that he could feel a pair of dark brown eyes watching his every move. When he bent over to pick them up, he heard Lois's sharp intake of breath and he grinned. With the clothes in his hands he separated hers from his and then he turned back to face her.

Their eyes met and the tension in the room grew until it was almost unbearable, but before things could get out of hand Clark tossed her clothes onto the bed and, with a quick spin, he was fully dressed.

"Spoilsport!" Lois said, disappointed.

"I'm going to my room now. When you're ready come over and get me." Clark tossed his jacket over his shoulder and left without another word.

Lois sat in bed replaying the events of the last few moments. It was amazing waking up next to Clark, especially after the events of the evening before. She smiled as she thought about the day ahead. He'd agreed to move in with her! Tonight he'd move into her condo and, in a few months, he'd be working for her at the *Planet*! As she climbed out of bed her body reminded her of their activities of the night before. Her protesting muscles were a physical reminder of every touch, every movement they'd made. It was magical, like nothing she'd ever experienced. While she reveled in the afterglow of their lovemaking, she was also full of regret.

God, she thought, not for the first time, how could she have dismissed Clark's declaration of love so easily? She mentally kicked herself once again for her stubbornness. At the time she'd felt justified but now, twenty-plus years later, she realized it was just her fear that drove her, a fear that was, like most fears, unfounded. Sure, Clark wanted to marry her, he wouldn't be Clark if he didn't. At the time she'd thought she was too young to get married and have a baby but now, after seeing Lara's baby pictures and getting to know her, her heart ached from having missed those years together.

She knew now that Clark wasn't looking to control her, he loved her and wanted the best for them and their baby. She also knew that he wasn't looking to make her into a stay-at-home mom, not that there was anything wrong with that choice, but it wasn't for her. She knew now that Clark would have supported her and he would have been the best partner, the best *husband*, a woman could ever want. Instead, she'd driven Clark and her daughter away.

As Lois made her way to the shower her thoughts ran to the lovers she'd had over those years and found them wanting. Oh sure, some of them were kind, loving and if

she were honest, accomplished. But none of them could hold a candle to what she and Clark had last night. Even now, those few moments of bliss over twenty years ago were better than any of her other lovers over all those years. Now that she'd taken the scary step and declared her love, her heart was filled with happiness and desire. She may have wasted a lot of years but that was now behind her and she looked forward to having Clark in her life, now and forever.

Lois pulled the shower curtain back and turned on the water. When the water had warmed enough, she climbed in, allowing the steamy fluid to wash over her body relaxing her sore muscles. She picked up the body wash and spread it over her skin, washing away the perspiration from their exertions of the night before. Once her body was clean, she washed and conditioned her hair. As the suds sluiced from her hair, Lois shut the water off and picked up the fluffy towel. She dried her body then wrapped the towel around herself and dried her hair. A few minutes later, now dressed, she put on her makeup and packed her suitcase.

Clark walked into his room and closed the door. Since Lois would be a while he undressed at normal speed and headed to the shower. Clark turned the water to fully hot and soon steam filled the bathroom. Climbing under the scalding spray, Clark picked up the bar of soap and began to wash. The soap slid over his muscles, reminiscent of the caresses of Lois's hands the night before. He shook his head to drive those thoughts away and resumed his original task of getting clean. After washing his hair he shut the water off and dried himself, wrapping the towel around his waist. Using another towel he wiped the steam from the mirror so he could focus his heat vision to remove the slight stubble on his face.

Back in the bedroom, Clark pulled out a polo shirt in navy blue along with a pair of black slacks. Once dressed, Clark packed his suitcase, and then he turned on the TV while he waited for Lois. A quick scan of the 24-hour news networks showed that all was quiet in the world and Superman had not been needed. While he had promised himself he would not leave Lara's wedding for anything he was secretly relieved to know that his services had not been needed. There was nothing on TV that caught his attention so he shut the set off and focused his hearing across the hall. He heard Lois moving around in her room, humming to herself, and he smiled. His thoughts turned to what he needed to tell his parents this morning. They had agreed that he should move in with her as soon as possible, and he could hardly wait. He was already planning what he needed to buy to convert her second bedroom's closet so he could store his suits.

What he dreaded was telling his parents about the move. He'd been living with them most of his life, especially the last twenty-plus years and they'd fallen into a comfortable routine. He could see his dad worrying, silently, about how the ever-present work around the farm would get done. Jonathan and Martha were not getting any younger, being in their middle 70's now. They were both pretty healthy, especially since his dad had gotten on, and stuck to, a strict diet. He'd lost 20 pounds and looked healthier than he had

in years. Clark knew he had to reassure his dad that even if he was living in Metropolis, he would still drop by every day to help. Surely that knowledge would go a long way in calming Jonathan's fears. He was pulled out of his musing by the knock on his door. Standing up he opened it to find Lois ready to face the day.

"Ready?" she asked. The sparkle in her eyes was infectious and he pulled her in for a quick kiss. Lois melted into his embrace for a moment before she drew away reluctantly. "As much as I love doing that, we need to go so get it in gear, Farmboy."

Clark nodded and closed the door. He took her hand, interlacing their fingers, and together the two of them rode the elevator to the ground floor. When they entered the restaurant, they found Jonathan and Martha already there.

"So where did you two disappear to last night?" Martha asked with a knowing grin. "You missed Perry singing Jail House Rock!"

"Wish I'd seen that," Lois remarked, "but Clark and I needed to talk."

"Talk huh?" Jonathan grinned, glancing at his wife, "Is that what you young people are calling it now?"

Clark blushed and started to stammer a reply when Lois stepped in. "Yes, Jonathan, we talked... among other things." When Martha and Jonathan broke out laughing Clark's blush grew even redder.

Just then Ken's parents and grandparents arrived which postponed any further teasing.

"Good morning, everyone," Michael said as the four of them sat down. Jonathan waved the waiter over to the table who poured coffee and took the breakfast orders. Once he left Martha got the conversation going.

"Did you folks sleep well?" Martha asked.

"Yep," Charles replied. "We haven't danced that much in years. I was out almost as soon as my head hit the pillow."

"How about you two?" Lois asked, directing her query to Michael and Mary.

"Like a baby, thanks, Lois," Mary replied. "Arizona is nice but sometimes we miss the Midwest."

"I wonder if the kids have landed in Egypt yet?" Lydia posed."

"Their flight was supposed to arrive a couple of hours ago," Clark replied. "They're probably in bed by now." At everyone's knowing look Clark added, "Jet lag, I'm sure."

"Nice save, Clark," Lois said, nudging him in the ribs and everyone broke out in laughter.

"When you do folks leave this morning?" Jonathan asked the McCarthys.

"Our flight is at 11:30 and Mom and Dad's is at noon, the airport shuttle is picking us up at 9:00," Lydia replied. "They're dropping us off right at our terminals."

They chatted for a few more minutes until the food arrived where conversation, naturally, slowed down. All too soon it was time for the McCarthy's to catch their shuttle.

"Have a safe trip all of you," Lois said as she hugged and kissed everyone.

"We will, thanks, Lois," Charles said. "Hey, maybe this year all of you can come to our house for Christmas. It'll get you out of the cold and slush for a few days."

“That sounds like fun, we’ll certainly plan for it, if the news business allows it of course,” Clark said, glancing at his parents who nodded their agreement.

Once they were alone Clark said, “Mom, Dad, we have something to tell you.”

“What is it, dear?” Martha asked.

“Lois has asked me to move in with her... and I’ve accepted,” Clark said.

“‘Bout time you two!” Jonathan exclaimed. “You’ve both been dancing around it for the last six months.”

“You’re... not surprised?” Clark asked, stunned.

“No, sweetie. Your dad and I figured you’d be leaving for Metropolis sooner or later. All those “patrols” over Metropolis gave us a pretty good clue.”

“I don’t want you to worry though,” Clark said. “I’ve got it all planned out. I’m going to stop by in the morning and help with the chores before I go to work at the *Post*. Then, once I get my replacement trained, I’ll be joining the *Planet*, but I’ll still help with the chores. Superman duties notwithstanding, of course.”

“We know that, son. Your mother and I have been talking about leasing most of the land for a while now, ever since you and Lois became friendlier. So, you see, there won’t be too much to help with, though I do appreciate whatever help you can give us.”

“Of course, Dad! I never want you to worry about that.”

“So,” Martha asked, “when are you moving in?”

“Today?” Clark said nervously.

“See, Jonathan, I told you,” Martha said, grinning knowingly at the younger couple. “It’s a good thing I’ve started packing some of your things, Clark. We wouldn’t want to hold up your move.”

Lois and Clark looked at each other with stunned expressions. “You’ve already started packing his stuff?” Lois exclaimed.

“I know my boy, Lois,” Martha said. “All he was waiting for was for you to say the word. He always seemed happier after he visited you so we knew it wouldn’t be long. Still, I’m glad you put him out of his misery!”

Lois cracked up at that as she laid her hand on Clark’s. “Since you seem to have predicted everything so far, do you know when we’ll get married?”

“Lois!” Clark exclaimed, embarrassed.

“I’d say a few weeks at most. Probably after he’s completely settled in at the *Planet*?” Martha said with a knowing grin.

“Got it in one!” Lois replied with a newfound respect for this humble farmer’s wife who had helped raise two superheroes.

“Well, Clark,” Jonathan said, “How about you bring us home so you can get settled at Lois’s before tomorrow?”

“Thanks, Mom, Dad, you two are the best.”

Clark directed the bellboy to the various rooms to pick up everyone’s luggage, along with Lara’s dress, while Lois and his parents checked out. The bellboy pushed the cart through the doors up to Lois’s rental car and loaded the bags inside. Lois and Clark climbed in the front while Jonathan and Martha climbed in the back.

It was a short ride to Lara’s apartment as traffic was

light, being a Sunday. Once Lois parked in front of the apartment Clark and Jonathan grabbed the luggage and Martha took Lara’s dress while Lois took the apartment key and opened the door.

“What a cute place,” Lois said as she stepped into the apartment. “You know, Clark, it almost reminds me of your place on Clinton Street.”

“I said the same thing when I first saw the place. It’s missing the storage loft though,” Clark said. He carried the bags into the bedroom, setting them down by the sliding door.

Lois wandered around the apartment looking at Lara’s photos and was pleasantly surprised to see a photo of herself sitting in a small frame on the shelf.

“I didn’t know she took a picture of me,” Lois said as she picked up the frame. It showed her in a candid pose as she worked in her kitchen. “This must have been taken that time we had dinner together before we found your ship.”

“I was wondering when that was taken,” Clark replied as he walked back into the living room. “I noticed it the last time I was here but I never thought to ask her. It’s a good picture, you look very happy.”

“I was. We were going to get your ship back and you know how much I love a little breaking and entering!” Lois said, laughing.

Clark laughed along with her. “I’m sure the MPD is very glad you’re the editor now and not still on the beat. I bet there was a sigh of relief when you got that promotion.”

“Henderson sent me an engraved card offering congratulations from the whole precinct!” Lois growled. “Perry ribbed me about that for weeks afterward too!”

“Sounds like Henderson. I’ll try to do my best to uphold your reputation once I get back, sound good?” Clark said, placatingly.

“You’d better. I expect at least one front-page story a week from you and don’t think I’m going to cut you any slack because you’re sleeping with the boss.” Lois’s expression was teasing, despite her words.

“Yes, dear,” Clark replied. “Mom, Dad are you about ready?”

“Yes, sweetie,” Martha replied.

“I’m going to take your luggage and I’ll be back in a bit.” Clark spun into the suit and was out the door.

“Take good care of our boy, won’t you, Lois?” Martha asked once Clark was gone.

“No worries, Martha. I’ve learned my lesson,” Lois said. “Clark’s going to have to work extra hard to keep the smile off Superman’s face from now on.”

“I’m sure you will, dear. Just try not to wear him out, okay?” Martha grinned. Jonathan and Lois were laughing when Clark returned, a confused look on his face.

“What did I miss?” he asked pointedly.

“Nothing, dear,” Martha said innocently. “Are you ready to take us home?”

“Who’s first?” Jonathan stepped forward and Clark wrapped his arm around his father’s shoulders. “Be right back, Mom.”

Once Clark was gone Lois turned to face Martha.

“Now that we’re alone I wanted to apologize to you, Martha. I’m so sorry,” Lois’s voice cracked with emotion.

“Whatever for?” Martha replied, confused.

“I drove Clark away and left you to bring up my daughter. You sure didn’t sign up to have a baby in your house again, and it was all my fault!”

Martha walked over to Lois and enveloped her in a hug. “Jonathan and I understood. You were under a lot of pressure and Clark revealing his secret then just added to the stress you were under. I was angry with you when I used to hear Lara crying at night because you weren’t there but we forgave you. Everyone deserves a second chance. Now, I don’t want to hear another word about this, okay?”

Lois drew back with tears in her eyes and smiled tremulously. “Thank you, Martha. I don’t deserve it, but I thank you just the same.”

“Clark will be back any second so you’d better dry your eyes,” Martha said, smiling lovingly. Lois grabbed a tissue and dried her eyes moments before Clark arrived.

“Mom?” Clark said, sensing something had gone on while he was away.

“I’m ready.” Martha walked up to her son who swept her up in his arms.

“Please wait for me, Lois,” Clark said before he stepped out onto the balcony and was gone.

While she waited, Lois went into the bathroom and wiped her eyes with a cold cloth to remove any traces of her earlier tears. She was just walking into the bedroom when Clark returned.

He walked up to her and drew her into his arms, his head dipping to claim her lips. Lois melted into his kiss as the two of them drew strength from the other. Before the kiss grew too heated Lois pulled away.

“Hey, Farmboy, you’d better slow down or we’re going to be making love in our daughter’s apartment and I am *not* doing that!”

“Yeah,” Clark gulped, though his excitement was easy for her to see. “Ummm, you sure you don’t want me to fly you home?”

“No, Clark. I have to drop off my rental and you need to get your stuff packed, no matter what Martha said. Take your time, okay. My flight gets in around five so I’ll see you around six.”

Clark drew Lois into another embrace and kissed her lovingly.

“See you tonight, I love you.” Lois drew back and caressed his cheek. Clark glanced back once and then he was gone. Lois locked the sliding doors, then she locked the apartment behind her. The trip home would give her time to ponder her good fortune.

Lois’s plane landed at Metropolis International Airport around 5 p.m. and an hour later she was opening the door to her 51st-floor condo. Not long after, she flipped the lights on and dropped her suitcase there was a knock on her balcony door.

“Did you forget your key?” Lois asked before she drew Clark into the room and closed the door.

“Nope. I didn’t want people to wonder why I’m bringing my suitcases down from the roof,” Clark said, hesitantly. “That’s all right, isn’t it?”

“Of course!” Lois replied. “The spare bedroom is

through there.” She pointed. “That whole closet is for your stuff. Mine is already full.”

“Be right back.” Clark picked up his suitcases and walked into the bedroom. Two seconds later he walked back out with a pleased grin on his face.

“All put away! I’ll buy what I need to make the secret closet for the suits tomorrow but in the meantime, I just hung them up with my other stuff.”

“Show off!” Lois said, though her smile took some of the sting from her words.

“You want me to help you unpack?”

“No. I just have a few things to hang up. The rest goes into the hamper.”

“That shouldn’t take long. What can we do for the rest of the evening?”

Lois gave Clark a look that had him sweating already.

“I can think of something!”

Meanwhile in Egypt

The knock on the door announced that the breakfast she’d ordered earlier was being delivered. Lara climbed out of bed, threw on her robe, and let the bellboy in. When the meal was set out on the table Lara pulled the covers off the dishes, showing them to her husband.

“I ordered us some traditional Egyptian breakfast foods.”

“Oh, what did you get?”

“Baladi bread, Foul (pronounced fool), Taameya or as it’s better known, Falafel and Beid Bel Basterma.”

“Bread and falafel I’m familiar with, but what is Foul and Beid Bel Basterma?” Ken asked as he joined her at the table.

“Foul is fava beans mashed together with cumin, lemon, salt and pepper, and a drizzle of olive oil. Beid Bel Basterma is eggs cooked in ghee, a clarified butter, with dried beef.”

“Sounds good. Let’s dig in.”

Ken and Lara scooped portions of the food onto their plates and began to eat.

“Hey, this foul is pretty good, especially when you dip the bread in it!” Ken exclaimed in between bites. “Have you ever had this before?”

“No, but I love to try the local cuisine whenever I can. I can get scrambled eggs any time but it’s fun to try something new.”

“Yeah, I really like this Beid Bel Basterma too. It’s different but sort of familiar too.”

“I’m glad. Not everyone is as willing to try new foods as you are.” Lara gazed at her husband watching as he ate. “God, he’s handsome!”

“Well, it helps when your girlfriend, oops wife, can take you anywhere in the world for a meal.”

“What’s on the agenda for today?” Lara asked as she scooped another helping of Beid Bel Basterma onto her plate.

“The Egyptian Museum in Cairo,” Ken said as he pulled some papers off the dresser. “According to what I found, there are nineteen must-see items so I thought we could hit those first, which should take most of today. If we have time tomorrow, we can go back and just wander around.”

“Sounds good. Is King Tut’s mask on the list?”

“You bet! It’s the first item.” Ken leaned over to show Lara the complete list.

“Hmm, I’ve never heard of that second item, the Narmer Palette?”

“Neither have I but according to this it is very famous and has sometimes been referred to as the first historical document in the world. I can’t wait to see it in person.”

With breakfast complete, they started to get ready for the day.

“I’m gonna take a shower,” Lara said as she pulled clean underwear from her drawer.

“Okay... I’ll just clean up here then,” Ken said awkwardly.

“Oh, I thought you could help me wash my back?” Lara grinned, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “You know what they say, ‘save water, shower with a friend!’”

Ken’s eyes lit up and his lips curled into a wicked grin. “Well, I wouldn’t want to waste water, let’s go!”

The next day found Lara and Ken exploring the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Then from there they went to Luxor and finally to the Valley of the Kings, returning to Cairo by ship down the Nile. From there they joined the tour that took them on safari, spending a week exploring Central Africa seeing the myriad of animals, and sleeping under the stars. But, all too soon, their honeymoon came to an end and it was time to return to their daily lives.

“Are you all packed?” Lara asked as she zipped up her last suitcase.

“Yep,” Ken replied, setting his suitcase next to the ones already by the balcony door.

“Okay, I’ll take these home and I’ll be back for you in a few minutes.” Lara spun into her suit and was just picking up the luggage when Ken stopped her.

“Ummm... honey? You never did tell me, what *do* you wear under your suit?” Ken’s ears turned pink and his eyes avoided hers.

“You mean besides my gossamer-thin Kryptonian underwear?” she said with a knowing grin.

“Well, yeah,” Ken replied more confidently.

“A sports bra and shorts, if you must know. Did you really think I went naked?” she said sounding upset.

“No! No, not really but you have to admit, that suit doesn’t hide much.”

“Ken, I realize you can’t see what I do when I change but Dad can. Do you think I’d change into my suit in front of him if I didn’t wear something under it?”

“When you put it that way, no. I didn’t realize he could see what you do when you change. I guess I never thought about that. I’m sorry, honey.”

Lara walked over to her husband and leaned in for a quick kiss. “You’re forgiven. Now if we want to beat checkout time I need to get going.”

Grabbing the suitcases Lara walked out onto the balcony and shot into the sky. While she was gone, Ken did one last check of the room to make sure they hadn’t left anything then he sat down on a chair to wait. Two minutes later Lara arrived and after she changed, they went down to

the front desk and checked out.

“Honey? Can I ask you something?” Lara asked as they flew over the Atlantic.

“Of course! You know you can ask me anything. What’s bothering you?”

“I’ve been thinking. Did you notice Dad and Lois at the wedding?”

“Yeah, what about them? They seemed to be getting along great.”

“That’s what I’m talking about. I noticed them watching us drive away and I saw Lois holding Dad’s hand. Do you think they might be getting together?”

Ken took a moment to gather his thoughts. “What would you think about it if they did?”

“I... I think it would be... great,” Lara said, realizing that she really meant it. “I mean Dad’s been alone *so* long and he told me that he still loves her even after all these years. He told me she’s his soul mate... and I just can’t deny him the kind of love that we have.”

“I didn’t know she was his soul mate,” he said, surprised. “When you told me how Superman had rescued her and that’s how she got pregnant I never thought...” Ken paused, assimilating this new knowledge. “You’re right. It would be wrong to oppose them getting together. Do you think Clark wouldn’t be with her if you disapproved?”

“I don’t think so. After all, why would I disapprove anyway? I’ve forgiven her and she’s been a great friend. Why wouldn’t I want to see my Dad and my friend in a relationship?”

“You wouldn’t. I know how much you love your dad and you’ve come to know Lois as a real friend, and I heard you tell her you love her at the reception.” They were quiet for a moment then Ken posed another question. “If their relationship has progressed as I think it might have while we were gone, do you think he proposed?”

“Possibly,” she said, a trace of a smile on her face. “But if I know my dad he’ll wait until we get back. Dad’s a lot like you, he’d want all his family there when he proposes.”

“Well then, you need to put on the afterburners! We wouldn’t want them to be waiting on us!”

Lara and Ken landed in the side yard of the white farmhouse and hurried to the back door.

“Hey, everybody! We’re back!” Lara exclaimed as she walked into the homey kitchen.

Moments later Jonathan and Martha entered the kitchen and enveloped them in hugs and kisses.

“It’s so good to see you both!” Martha exclaimed when everyone was seated in the living room a few minutes later.

“Thanks, Grandma, we had a great time but we missed seeing everyone too. Speaking of which, where’s Dad? Is he out on a rescue?”

“No, dear. He lives in Metropolis with Lois now. He moved in with her the day after you got married. Lois asked him to come to work for her too so he’s looking for a replacement at the *Post*.”

“Wow, a lot sure has happened since we’ve been gone!” Lara exclaimed with surprise.

“It has. We knew you were coming home today and

Lois said to let them know when you got here. Let me go call them.”

Martha walked into the kitchen and dialed. “Lois, the kids just got here... All right, we’ll see you in a bit. Bye!”

“They’re on their way,” Martha said as she sat back down.

Lara and Ken were showing their honeymoon pictures when a whoosh-thump was heard and Lois and Clark entered moments later.

“Pumpkin!” Clark said as he enveloped his daughter in a fierce hug.

“Welcome back, Ken,” Lois said as she stepped back from hugging him. “We missed you two.”

“Thanks, Lois, we’ve missed all of you too. We were just showing the pictures of our trip.”

Everyone sat down and watched entranced as picture after picture was cast to the TV.

“Those were beautiful pictures Lara,” Lois said. “Of course you know you’re going to have to take me to Egypt someday, Clark. I can’t wait to see all those things in person.”

“Any time sweetheart.”

Before anyone had a chance to speak Lois stood up. “I’ve been waiting for you two to get back before I did something I should have done years ago.” Lois reached into the pocket of her dress and knelt in front of Clark as a hush fell over the assemblage.

“Clark, I know this is over twenty years too late but I love you with all my heart and I want you in my life, forever.” Lois opened her hand which held a 2-karat diamond solitaire. “I know it’s usually the man who gives the woman a ring but since when did we ever do things the usual way. Clark, will you marry me?”

Clark’s eyes grew moist as he took the ring from her palm and slid it on the third finger of her left hand. “Yes. Yes, Lois, I will marry you!”

The room erupted into cheers and congratulations as Clark drew Lois off her knees and into his embrace. When Jonathan cleared his throat Lois drew back with an embarrassed grin.

“Sorry, we get kind of carried away sometimes.” Clark just nodded, too choked up to say anything.

Just then Lara stood up. “Congratulations you two. I couldn’t be happier for you.” Lara closed the distance between her and Lois, grasped her hands, and leaned in to kiss her cheek.

“I love you, Lois. Would it... would it be okay if I call you... Mother?”

Lois’s eyes immediately filled up with tears that ran down her cheeks unchecked.

“I would be honored if you called me Mother, sweetheart.”

THE END

Author’s Notes:

Below are the 19 important items to see at the Egyptian Museum.

#1– Mask Of Pharaoh Tutankhamen, #2 –Narmer Palette, #3 –Ka-Aper Statue, #4 –Statue Of Djoser, #5 –The

Statue Of Triad: Menkaure, Hathor, And Goddess, #6 – Statue Of Khafre, #7 –Statuette Of Khufu, #8 –Statues Of Prince Rahotep And His Wife Nofret, #9 –Colossal Statue Of Amenhotep III And Tiye, #10 –Funerary Masks Of Yuya And Thuya, #11–Statue Of Seated Scribe, #12 –Gold Chest With Canopic Jars From Tut’s Tomb, #13 –Head Of Hatshepsut, #14 –Statue Of The Dwarf Seneb And His Family, #15 –Ancient Egyptian Jewelry, #16 –King Tut’s Rooms, #17 –Death Mask Of Psusennes I, #18 –Mummy Rooms At The Egyptian Museum, #19 –Animal Mummy Rooms