

# Pencil It In

By [Bek <superbek1984@gmail.com>](mailto:superbek1984@gmail.com)

Rating: PG

Submitted: December 2022

Summary: Clark gets Lois a gift, but the gift has some unexpected consequences.

Story Size: 2,626 words (15Kb as text)

Author's Notes: This is my first attempt at a challenge response (Advent Challenge #1: An Unwanted Present; <https://www.lcficmb.com/ubb/ubbthreads.php/topics/294102/advent-challenge#Post294102>). Special thanks to KSaraSara, who allowed me to hijack her for a super late night BR session and helped me polish up a few parts!

\*\*\*

Clark Kent held the small, silver-wrapped gift in his hands, mulling over his decision yet again. She hadn't asked for it, and it wasn't her birthday or Christmas or any other holiday where gift giving was considered appropriate. But he'd bought the gift for her because... well, she really needed it.

His gaze lifted up from the package to his partner and girlfriend, sitting at her desk only feet away, and his expression softened into a smile. He watched as her fingers flew over the keyboard in front of her, oblivious to her audience of one, and he leaned forward a bit and rested his chin on one hand.

Sometimes, he couldn't believe his luck. She was beautiful and intelligent and passionate and strong. And she'd chosen him. Not Scardino. Not even his spandex-clad alter ego.

No, she'd chosen good old reliable, mild-mannered Clark Kent.

And he'd never been more in love with her.

Her fingers stilled for a moment, and she glanced over at him. He quickly blinked away whatever silly expression might have been on his face, flashed her an embarrassed smile, and shoved the package into the lower drawer of his desk. He'd give it to her later today.

Or maybe tonight...

He'd been meaning to ask her over to his place for dinner again. He could cook for her. She always seemed appreciative when he cooked for her. And an appreciative Lois was a happy Lois. And a happy Lois made him happy.

He stole another glance in her direction and was surprised to see her desk empty. He hadn't heard her leave, and he'd only looked down at his drawer for a few seconds

as he'd stuffed the package in.

Momentarily confused, his eyes scanned the room around him. He should have heard her. He should have heard as she snuck up behind him. He should have felt her presence as she leaned over and carefully slid open the lower desk drawer that he'd closed only seconds ago.

He should have.

But by the time his senses kicked on, she'd already inched the drawer open, reached inside, and pulled out the gift. Her eyes glinted with mischief as she giggled at him and jumped backwards, just out of his reach.

"Lois, what are you —"

"Is this for me?" she interrupted, feigning innocence. She turned the package over in her hands a few times, running her fingers over the shiny wrapping paper studiously. Her eyes darted back to his.

"Well, uh, yeah, but —"

His breath caught in his throat as she moved closer to him and settled on the corner of his desk, crossing her legs slowly and deliberately. For a moment, he allowed himself to stare at her; she had, after all, chosen to sit there and in that manner to distract him, hadn't she? Of course she had, he reasoned. Because she wanted to...open the gift now.

He shook himself and raised his eyes back to hers. The goofy smile on her face, and the fact that her fingers had started edging under a corner of the wrapping paper, confirmed his suspicion. He closed his eyes and sighed with resignation.

"Go ahead, you can open it now."

"Oh, yay!" she squealed.

He chuckled and opened his eyes just in time to watch as she tore away the wrapping paper, her eyes wide with excitement. However, a moment later, as the shiny silver paper was pushed aside and floated softly to the floor, her expression morphed into something a bit more reserved.

"A day planner? You got me...a day planner?"

She stared at the small leather-bound book and flipped through the pages, trying — and failing — to hide her disinterest.

Clark cleared his throat and sat up a bit straighter.

"Well, yeah, um..." He suddenly felt a bit too warm, and he tugged at the collar of his shirt as he swallowed nervously. "I thought, you know, since you forgot about your appointment at the DMV last week, and then you forgot about last night —"

"I told you, I didn't *forget* about our date last night, Clark. I just...forgot what time I was supposed to meet you," she argued.

"Right, well... Maybe, if you had a day planner, you could be...better organized."

"Better organized? Like you?" she teased, slipping off of his desk and closing the remaining distance between

them. After a quick glance around the newsroom, her eyes met his again, and she eased herself down onto his lap, once again crossing her legs as she wrapped one arm up around his neck.

“Well, yeah, I guess,” he croaked. He now definitely felt much too warm.

Her smile grew, and she then dropped her head into his shoulder and laughed, muffling the sound against him.

“Clark, you have to be the most disorganized person I know. It seems like every day you run off somewhere to some appointment you forgot...or something. I mean, do you even have a day planner?”

He cringed inwardly. Of course she would bring up his frequent unplanned disappearances. And of course she would distract him by sitting right there...right on his lap. Her chest heaving as she giggled into him. Her breath hot against his neck.

He swallowed tightly as he placed one hand carefully on her waist and eased her back just a bit.

“Of course I have a day planner, Lois. I actually have two.”

“Two, huh? Why on Earth would you need two? You’re not *that* busy,” she commented, her eyes still twinkling.

Her face was only inches from his now, and she leaned in a bit closer to him, taunting him, it seemed — taunting him to take just a tiny look downward at her ample cleavage that would be oh so visible if he just...

Clark shook his head.

“You’re right, I — ”

“Where do you even keep two planners?” Lois continued, not giving him a chance to respond. She shifted in his lap and pulled open the top right drawer of his desk. “There’s yours here. But I’ve seen this one. You do write a lot down, although it doesn’t really seem to help you remember it all, does it? But there’s not a second one in here. So you must keep the other one...?”

Her voice trailed off as she turned back toward him, and he immediately raised his eyes up from their traitorous downward drift.

“Uh, what? The other one?”

“Yeah, you said you had two day planners,” she reminded him. She shuffled up his legs a little higher, causing her skirt to shift upwards just a tiny bit more.

Clark cleared his throat and forced his attention to remain on her face. Her beautiful face with her entirely much-too-kissable lips and...

*Focus, Kent.*

Two planners. Right. Of course he had two planners. One for Clark Kent and one for...

He wanted to smack himself.

“Clark, where is your other planner?”

He didn’t see any way he was getting out of this one. And what was the harm in telling her that he had a second planner he kept at home? It wasn’t like she was going to dig through his drawers to find it. It was, after all, just a day planner.

“It’s at home, of course.”

He reached up and adjusted his glasses.

“At home?”

“Well, yeah. I keep one here and one at home. That way, I know what’s going on, no matter where I am,” he reasoned. That sounded...reasonable, after all.

“Right. Okay. And yet, you still — ”

He stood abruptly as sounds of sirens and alarms flooded his ears, his hands remaining on Lois’s waist as he lifted her with him. Focusing his hearing out, he immediately identified the location and problem — a riot at Metropolis Penitentiary. He’d better hurry before things got any more out of control.

“Clark, what — ”

“Ha, well, Lois, all this talk of appointments and day planners, and I just realized that I forgot I have an appointment with my optometrist right now! I’ll be back soon!”

He gave her a crooked smile, and before she could respond, he kissed her lightly on the cheek and took off jogging toward the stairwell, tugging at his tie.

\*\*\*

Lois leaned back against the kitchen counter and let her eyes wander out to the living room. Next to her, Clark worked to put the finishing touches on dinner as he rambled on about the “proper way to steep Oolong tea.”

Two day planners. Clark had said he kept two day planners. One at work, and one...somewhere in here.

Where could it be? He had to keep it somewhere close by, somewhere easy to get to. But the coffee table and side tables near the couch were clear of any clutter, and a quick scan of the bookshelves, at least from where she stood, revealed nothing.

She shifted her eyes back to her boyfriend, who now stirred a pot of pasta and occasionally glanced in her direction, distracting her with that incredible smile. That smile of his that should be illegal. Oh, how she loved that smile.

But, as much fun as it would be, she wasn’t here to ogle him all night. No, she had a mission. She’d agreed to have dinner here with him tonight for one reason and one reason only.

And that reason wasn’t the way he smiled at her like she was the most beautiful woman in the world...or the way he distracted her by rolling up his sleeves part way to reveal his nicely tanned, muscular forearms.

*Come on, Lane. Focus.*

No, the reason was the mysterious second day planner. She had to find that day planner. Why did she even care? She couldn't really say. It was just a day planner after all. Nothing scandalous or sneaky.

And he was Clark.

There was nothing scandalous or sneaky about him anyways.

Except that his day planner he kept at work had definitely not listed the apparent appointment he'd had with his optometrist today. Or the meeting with his landlord two days ago. Or his dentist appointment last week.

Yes, she'd snooped after he'd taken off from work earlier. She wasn't terribly proud of it. But now she knew that he was most certainly keeping something from her.

And she was going to find out what.

She jumped as a hand touched her shoulder, startling her out of her introspection. Clark raised both hands in a placating gesture and then lowered them again, resting his palms on her upper arms. He rubbed up to her shoulders and then back down to her elbows gently as his worried eyes studied her.

"Sorry, Lois, I called you a couple times, but you didn't... Anyways, um, dinner should be ready in about five minutes," he explained.

She nodded. "I'll just go...wash up. I'll go wash up. Right. Five minutes, you said?"

"Well, yeah, but —"

"Excuse me, Clark. I'll just — gotta wash up, you know," she fumbled, flashing him a smile as she scooted away from him and through the doorway into his bedroom.

If the planner wasn't in the living room, it had to be in his bedroom, right? Perfectly solid, logical reasoning.

After a quick glance over her shoulder to confirm that she was alone, Lois veered toward his dresser first. Quietly, she tugged open the top drawer and rifled through neatly folded stacks of T-shirts. Nothing. The second drawer contained long pants and shorts, and then the third drawer was socks and...

Lois shook her head and closed the drawer without feeling the need to trespass quite that much into Clark's personal things. Even if it was for a good cause.

She then tiptoed back toward his bed and opened up the top drawer of his nightstand.

An address book. A notepad and pen. An extra pair of glasses. A stapler. Sure, because everyone needs a stapler in bed. A pack of gum. And...voila!

Lois pulled the small black book out of the back of the drawer, smiling triumphantly.

Clark's second day planner! And it seemed much more...full than the one he kept at work. Colorful tabs and post-it notes tagged nearly every page, and the well-worn

book was stuffed with extra note pages.

Now even more curious, Lois flipped the book open, paging through to today's date. Her fingers paused on the hastily scrawled text on the blue post-it note stuck to the page.

It was Clark's writing, but...

Her eyes widened as she scanned the remaining entries on the page and then flipped back through several pages. The listings detailed charity events, ribbon cutting ceremonies, and guest appearances... And given the dates and times and locations...

*Oh, God.*

She closed her eyes as everything — all the facts — seemed to converge into a single point. A point that had literally been staring her in the face earlier. Just take off the glasses and smooth back the hair and...

Her heart began pounding in her chest, and she took several deep breaths to steady herself as images of two men she'd thought were separate individuals melded in her brain.

It all made sense. Everything.

She closed the book, turned on her heel, and marched out of the bedroom. Clark stood exactly where she'd left him, at the stove prepping dinner. Their eyes met briefly, and she watched, intrigued, as his eyes darted to the day planner in her hand. His mouth opened partly, but no words came out. She held it up, and he swallowed anxiously.

"So, Clark...this is... This is your second day planner. *Yours*. Because you need two."

Clark's expression flickered with apprehension first, followed by something Lois couldn't quite read, and then what she could only interpret as embarrassment and... relief? He gave her a lopsided smile.

"Yes. I need two."

She set the day planner down on the kitchen table and stepped up closer to him. Her hands flattened against his chest, and she felt his heart pounding beneath her fingers.

"Lois, I —"

She shook her head and touched her finger to his lips to silence him. Then, with a surprisingly steady hand, she reached up and removed his glasses. His dark brown eyes stared back at her, and any doubt she'd had dissolved into a familiar flutter in her chest.

Him.

It was him.

Clark Kent. And Superman. And...her best friend, her partner, her soulmate.

She set the glasses down on the counter behind him, her movements slow and methodical. And then, she lifted both hands up to cup his cheeks, stretched up on her tiptoes, and brushed a gentle kiss on his lips. Immediately,

she felt comfort and warmth and love as he deepened the kiss and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her closer to him.

“Lois...you’re not...mad?” he asked between kisses.

She laughed as she broke the kiss and then leaned back a bit to look up at him. As their eyes met, she smiled and shook her head again.

She *could* be mad about it. She *should* be mad. But for whatever reason — maybe his hopeful grin, or maybe the surprising realization that his lame excuses had nothing to do with a lack of commitment or a fear of intimacy — at the moment, she didn’t feel mad at all.

No, she felt even more in love.

She’d pencil in some time to be mad later.

THE END