

A Good Excuse

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Rating: K

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"So Clark," Lois asked as she finished her final article of the day, "Decided on your New Year's Resolution yet?"

"Well," Clark grinned as he turned around and she snaked her arms around his neck, "I was planning to marry the most wonderful, most beautiful woman in the world, but then I realised," He leaned forward and pulled her closer, "I already did that this year."

She giggled as he kissed her right there in the middle of the bullpen. They had only been married for two months and Clark never failed to miss an opportunity to show her how much she was loved, not that she was complaining.

But someone was, "Excuse me, can we keep it PG here? There are children present." Reluctantly they broke apart and turned to see an amused Richard and Jason. "You'll scar the poor boy for life." He covered the Jason's eyes, causing the boy to giggle.

"Oh, knock it off you two." Lois sighed, extracting herself from Clark's arms, finding it slightly more difficult than usual. Clark and Richard had, against all odds, become rather good friends but Clark still had some insecurities regarding her previous relationship with Richard. She was planning to hug Richard hello but reconsidered it, embracing her son instead, "How was New York?" she asked, standing up.

Richard had gone to New York to visit his parents over Christmas and Jason had gone with him, Lois and Clark visiting on Christmas day courtesy of the Kryptonian express and Jason immediately launched into a long story about the Statue of Liberty and how they had gone all the way up to the top but, Jason told her quietly as she checked her article, "It's way more fun when Dad takes me flying."

She grinned, agreeing whole-heartedly with that. Clark had just returned from another successful rescue, a five car pile up in L.A. according to the news. "Hey, buddy," Clark ruffled Jason's hair, "Glad to have you back, your Mum and I are almost done, do you wanna come and draw at my desk?"

"Okay," Jason sighed, the idea not all that appealing after two exciting weeks in the Big Apple but the boy was well used to spending most his time in the bullpen and obediently trotted over to Clark's desk and got out his pencils.

"So," Lois began, "New Years Resolutions, do you do them?"

"I thought Gil had the article on those." Clark raised an eyebrow at her, "Why so interested?"

"Because," Lois told him, rolling her eyes as if he should already know, "Every year I make the same resolution as thousands of others and every year by February I've given up-"

"Like thousands of others," Clark completed for her with a smile.

"Exactly, so if you make one then we can keep each other motivated," she explained.

"So what would yours be?" Clark asked curiously.

Lois narrowed her eyes. "You promise not to laugh?"

"Scout's honour," Clark promised seriously although his eyes were dancing.

"Well," Lois began, narrowing her eyes at her husband as if daring him to burst out laughing with just that single word. Clark raised his eyebrows, indicating for her to continue. "Every year I resolve to get fit by visiting the gym once a month," She blurted out, the words sounding as if she had said them thousands of times before.

"But why?" he asked, seeming genuinely confused. "You're not fat." And he said it with such honesty that she leaned forward and kissed him again.

"What was that for?"

"For being you." She grinned, "And I didn't say I wanted to lose weight, I said I wanted to get fit. Completely different thing."

"But you're not unfit, either." Clark frowned, still looking adorably confused.

"Not entirely," Lois agreed, "But ever since Jason was born I haven't been able to chase down stories like I used to, I'll walk two blocks then give up and call a cab, or you," she added as an afterthought. Having a husband who could fly had certainly helped save on the cab money. "And cabs draw far too much attention to my arrival and," She continued, "What happens if I need to run somewhere?"

"You don't need to-" Clark started before being cut off.

"It's the principle of the thing!" Lois finally admitted with a cry. "Every year since Jason was born I say I'm going to go to the gym once a month and I never do, I need to show those damn gyms and their stupid big mirrors that I *can* do it."

"Um," Clark nodded slowly, "Okay, Lois but-" Suddenly he broke off and stared at her like she had grown a second head.

"What?" Lois asked, looking behind her then back at Clark, "Is there something on my face?"

"Um," Clark looked completely lost for words and Lois was almost getting worried until he leaned in and softly whispered, "Lois, you have another heartbeat."

"What?" Lois asked, now completely confused, "What do you mean I have another-" She broke off suddenly and looked down at her flat stomach, then back up at Clark who was nodding, barely able to contain his smile.

Lois knew she should be feeling a lot of different emotions but currently there was only one thought in her mind.

"Well," she sighed, "At least this time I have a good excuse."