

Married With Children

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Rating: T

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A/N: Written after a prompt from Kabuki_party on LJ: *how about something in your revelations 'verse, something fluffy and romantic with Clark and Lois, right around the time after they get married and she's pregnant with Sophie.*

When Lois Lane was a little girl, she used to want to be a five-star general, then an astronaut, then the President and finally (the one that stuck) a world famous journalist who tracked down bad guys and wrote about them so the whole world knew how mean they were.

That had happened, Lois Lane had wanted to be known for her writing and she was. Even if most of the general public knew her for her Superman articles rather than the ones that had bought down the previous Vice President or exposed a drug smuggling ring among the Emergency Services.

One thing Lois Lane never, ever saw herself as, the one thing that hadn't even entered her mind as a fleeting possibility, was the one thing that had happened so suddenly and completely out of the blue, that she was still rather surprised six years on.

Lois Joanne Lane, hard-hitting, Pulitzer-Prize winning Lois Lane, was never supposed to become a *mother*.

She had never ruled out being a wife, something which would have surprised those who knew her. But she saw nothing wrong with being in a relationship of mutual love and respect or expressing that love through marrying that person and promising to spend the rest of her life with them.

It was just until she meet Clark Kent, no one had deserved, or given her, that sort of love and respect.

But a mother? Lois Lane with children? The concept was laughable.

Unfortunately, no one had told her kids that.

"Mom!" The scream came from down the hall and was muffled by two doors but its terrified tone snapped her awake instantly and she was out of bed so fast those in the know might have wondered where her son really got his speed from.

"Jason?"

"I had a bad dream," the little boy told her tearfully, as she climbed onto the bed and gathered him in her arms.

It was more awkward than it used to be, thanks to the fact her stomach had swollen dramatically in the past five months. It was only the most noticeable of the many changes that had happened to her once solitary and dangerous life.

"Are you okay?" she asked softly, stroking her son's hair as he sniffed and wiped his eyes.

"I had a bad dream," Jason repeated, "about the boat."

Lois sighed and kissed the top of his head comfortingly. "It's okay, sweetie," she assured him. "That was a long time ago. The bad men are gone and they can't hurt us anymore."

"I know," Jason sniffed, still clinging tightly to her, "but I was scared."

"It was just a dream, Jason," Lois told him, shifting so she was properly on the bed and could hold him closer. "Dreams might be scary but they can't hurt you."

"Where's Dad?" he asked.

"He had to go out," she told him, "Superman was needed."

"Okay," Jason said, nodding in understanding.

Lois bit her lip but didn't say anything more. She knew Jason understood how important Clark's other job was but she didn't like seeing how hard it was on him sometimes.

It took almost an hour before Jason drifted off again. His breathing was slow and deep and he didn't look like he was dreaming of anything bad so Lois carefully extracted herself from his grip and tucked him in, making certain his favourite teddy bear was within reach if he woke again.

She decided to wait up for Clark in the kitchen, pouring herself a cup of tea- coffee being strictly off-limits- to keep her company and waited.

So... here she was now, Lois Mad-Dog Lane, once her only sleepless nights were caused by chasing leads through the shady areas of town or pulling an all-nighter at the *Planet* to get that next front page article done in time for the next deadline.

Now she was roused by her son's bad dreams and her unborn child's insistence on sending her to the toilet five times an hour.

Lois Lane, married with children. She sighed, no doubt more than a few bets would be lost when she showed up at her next high-school reunion.

"Penny for your thoughts?"

She jumped in surprise but smiled at the familiar voice, turning to see her husband standing on the balcony in his cape.

"Just thinking about my life," she told him honestly. "The ship alright?"

He nodded, coming into the apartment and leaning down to kiss her hello. "I secured it and towed it to the nearest harbour. They took it from there. What are you doing up this late?" he asked, not as distracted by her questioning as she had hoped.

"Jason had another nightmare about the yacht," she told him, "Don't-" She grabbed his arm as his face changed immediately to intense worry and he started towards his son's room. "- he's sleeping now and he never has it twice a night."

"He hasn't had one for ages though," Clark muttered, half to himself.

"It's a year ago tomorrow," Lois reminded him. "I didn't even think but there was a story about on the news while he was doing his homework. He wasn't even watching but he must have heard-" she broke off suddenly, her voice choking as her unpredictable hormones kicked in again.

"Lois?" Clark sounded, if possible, even more worried than before.

"Sorry," Lois gasped, wiping her eyes, "it's that damn baby you put inside me," she told him, making a weak attempt at her usual sharp quips. "Messing with my emotions."

"It's okay," Clark assured her softly, holding her as she calmed down as quickly as she'd started.

She took a few more deep breaths as she stopped, glad to have another person to help her through this time. She didn't meet Richard until she was eight months along with Jason. Even if

Clark did smell slightly of salt and machine oil right now.

"I'm okay," she told him, pulling away, "I just... it was my fault, I shouldn't have left the news on when they were talking about it. God, I'm a terrible mother."

"Take that back," Clark ordered her with such force she was shocked speechless for a few moments. "Lois Lane, you are a brilliant mother and don't you ever think otherwise. It wasn't your fault the news showed that story tonight and you don't even know that is what triggered his nightmares. He might have heard it at a school or a million other places."

He was about to say something else but his head twitched slightly in the direction of Jason's bedroom. "Is he okay?" Lois asked, following his gaze even though her eyes just met the wall and went no further.

"He was just turning over," Clark sighed, "he looks relaxed but I think we should continue this outside." He flicked his eyes upward, indicating just where outside and Lois gladly followed.

They didn't go far, the clouds were low tonight and they drifted straight up until they were just above them. Lois sighed as she leaned back against Clark's warm, solid chest. She usually faced them when they flew but with her large stomach it was easier now if Lois faced away from her husband in the air.

She still felt as safe as always, and took a moment to marvel again at her complete and utter trust in another person- something she used to think impossible with all the dishonesty and betrayal she saw in her job.

They didn't talk for a while, Clark silently wrapping his large hands over her stomach and kissing her neck. "You are an amazing mother," he said after a while. "Jason is sleeping like a log- do you think a bad mother could have gotten that result after a nightmare?"

Lois didn't answer the question. She placed her hands over her husband's, still not believing, even the second time round, that there was a whole other, brand new life growing inside her.

"I never, ever wanted children," she said, "I thought they seemed like a waste of time, space and money."

"What do you think now?" Clark asked, the amusement in his voice clear.

"Well, they sure do take up a lot of time, space and money so I was right about a bit of it," she replied, "but I never thought it would be so..."

"Worth it?" Clark asked.

"Exactly," Lois agreed. "I was fine with just the one though," she continued, elbowing him softly in the ribs- it was his fault she was in this position again after all.

Clark laughed and Lois felt her concerns fading, although she couldn't be sure if it wasn't her strange hormones again or not. She knew she wasn't a normal mother, most children Jason's age didn't even read newspapers, let alone have an intricate knowledge of the working dynamics of a bullpen.

Although, hovering a hundred feet above the apartment building, she could take comfort in knowing, as far as "normal" went, she was the least of their children's problems.

"Married," she announced after another period of silence, "one kid, another on the way. It's like I'm living my sister's dream life. All I need is the dog and the white picket fence and I'm set."

Clark laughed behind her, his chest rumbling. "I couldn't see you being happy there," he told her, kissing her neck lightly.

"No?" Lois asked, "I seem to be heading that way."

"No, you're not," Clark assured her, wrapping his cape tighter around her as a gust of wind chilled them. "And you know it. You're Lois Lane, even if you had half-a-dozen children you'd still be one of the best journalists in this city."

"One of the best?" Lois asked, tilting her head back to look at him, raising an eyebrow.

"Well," Clark grinned cheekily, "I hear that Clark Kent guy you work with isn't too bad."

"Oh, he wishes," Lois laughed, spinning around so she was face-to-face with her husband. "But enough about my work, *Superman*," she said softly, wrapping her arms around her neck, "it's a little chilly up here and I can think of several very nice ways to get warmer."

"Oh, can you, Miss Lane?" he asked, his suddenly deep voice sending shivers down her spine that had nothing to do with the cold.

Lois smiled and leaned up for a kiss, which Clark gladly returned. It was a tad awkward to navigate her ever-growing bump but just as she found a comfortable position Clark pulled away. "Lois we can't," he told her regretfully, his voice returned to normal.

"Why not?" she asked, pouting in the way she knew he stood no chance against.

"Jason-"

"Jason's sleeping," Lois reminded him, "and you'll hear if anything goes wrong."

"We still can't," Clark told her, his voice hitching slightly as she raised herself on her tip-toes and nibbled his ear. "We'll wake him up."

"Only if we go back to the apartment," she told him, grinning suggestively.

"We can't leave him!" Clark looked shocked she'd even suggest that.

"I didn't say we should," Lois said calmly, "we're only a hundred feet away, and with your speed that's nothing."

"Here?" Clark's voice rose a few octaves and Lois could make out his blush even in the dim light.

"Why not?" she asked, reaching around to the back of his neck and slowly undoing the suit and kissing him again, "there's plenty of cloud cover, and no planes fly over here. Besides, with all the comments I hear about Superman's mile-high club, I figure if anyone's going to join, it should be his wife..."

Perhaps, Lois thought, as she lay safely in her husband's arms - his cape the only thing covering them, their clothes lying on the roof of the apartment ready for collection before a suspicious neighbour spotted them - perhaps this life wasn't so bad after all.

In fact, she mused, as Clark slowly ran his hand up her back, drawing her in for a long, slow kiss, this life, even if it wasn't what she'd wanted, was really quite good.