

# Two to Tango

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© 1-Dec-09

Rating: T

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"Lois?" Clark asked apprehensively as they sat in the dull, beige colored waiting room.

"Hm?" Lois grunted, flipping angrily through the pages of the out-dated magazine. It was a week past New Years but the magazine still screamed expired Christmas deals at her from the pages.

"Is everything all right?"

"*Is everything all right?*" Lois repeated in disbelief, throwing down the magazine and staring at him in surprise. "Oh course everything's all right, Clark," she said with an odd airy laugh, "why wouldn't it be?"

"You're acting really strange."

"Am I?" she asked sarcastically, causing the other couple in the room to look at them strangely. "Gee, maybe it has something to do with the fact that the 'No Vacancy' light in my uterus just lit up for the fifth time."

"Oh." Clark frowned slightly. "Why didn't you say anything sooner?"

"Like two weeks ago when we found out?" Lois shook her head. "Those tests can be wrong you know - even three times. Now that we're sure though, I can be as angry as I like."

"Angry?" Clark's frown disappeared and was replaced by a cheeky grin. "Lois you do know it takes two, don't you? This is one thing you can't blame entirely on me."

Lois swatted him with the rolled up magazine as the other couple were called into the doctor's room, both looking very glad to get away from the crazy couple by the door. "It is entirely your fault," she said firmly, "especially the first time."

"How so?" Clark asked, looking indignant.

Lois raised her eyebrows, she had long since forgiven him for wiping her memories of that encounter and once her brain had known they were there the memories had slowly returned.

She lowered her voice and leaned forward, knowing he'd hear her anyway, and whispered, "Honestly? You fly me up to your ice palace in the Arctic then sweep me off my feet with a romantic meal you cooked yourself and you blame *me* for what happened next?" she asked, shaking her head and pleased to see him blushing slightly as he no doubt remember the night himself.

Three weeks later and she'd been holding a home pregnancy test thinking her life had just fallen to pieces. Lois had never been as terrified as she was when she found out she was pregnant with Jason but Clark had beaten himself up enough about that so she decided not to say anything else.

Thankfully Clark moved the conversation on from that difficult time. "Well, if that's your

excuse for Jason being entirely my fault then you have to admit Sophie was partly your fault," he responded with a grin.

"Well, I suppose," Lois huffed. She had to admit she *did* take partial responsibility for the second time. After all she *had* taken almost every piece of clothing given to her at her bachelorette party on their honeymoon. That is if the skimpy lingerie she had packed her bag with could be classified as 'clothes'.

"But," she added louder, turning to glare at him, "I'm not saying the fact that we have kids is your fault, the fact that we have five with a sixth on the way is."

"Six isn't that many kids, Pete was one of eight," Clark pointed out.

"With our family, two was more than enough," Lois stated firmly. "and the third one was completely your fault. Come to think of it - Sophie's the only one I really had any say in."

"I never forced you to do anything." Clark sounded a bit upset and Lois realized he may have taken her words differently than she meant.

"Well, of course you didn't," she assured him with a hard look, "but you can't come back soaking wet from saving a busload of kids out of the river in that super-tight suit of yours on the one day all the kids are out of the house and complain that what followed was in anyway my fault."

The stunned look on her husband's face, highlighted with the blush that was sneaking back was an immensely satisfying sight. Not as satisfying as the stunned look he'd had after she'd thrown a stapler across the bullpen at him when she'd actually taken the pregnancy test, but it was enough.

"Well..." He pouted like a small child who just been told he couldn't have his favorite flavor of ice cream anymore and continued, "Lucy and Ella are *fraternal* twins. That means..."

Lois interrupted him with a look that could have melted steel and he trailed off. There was no way she was taking any blame for *that* pregnancy. The silent treatment he'd received for two weeks after they'd found out it was twins hadn't been even close to what he deserved for eight months of morning sickness and two deliveries within ten minutes of each other.

"Okay," Clark agreed meekly, sounding more like his office persona, "I'm sorry I made you pregnant with fraternal twins- no matter how impossible that is-" he stopped after another Lane Glare™ was shot his way.

"Look," Lois said before he misunderstood her comments, "you know I love them now but did you actually think I was the kind of woman who wanted enough kids to pitch her own TLC show?"

You certainly never complained about making them, Clark retorted, his face immediately going a delightful shade of red as he realized what he'd just said. He looked so adorable Lois almost smiled but she didn't want him to think she was letting him off the hook.

"Tell you what," she said in a serious tone, "you carry this one-" she pointed to her only slightly swollen stomach "-carry it around inside you for nine months, then spread your legs wide with ten different doctors looking down there and push something the size of a football out between them and we'll call it even, okay?"

Lois took back her earlier thoughts. *Now* the look on Clarks' face was absolutely priceless. Before she could make him squirm any more the nurse called for them and Clark hurried to pick up Lois' jacket and bag for her so she didn't have to carry anything.

Lois smiled when Clark could no longer see her face. Guaranteed to be waited on hand and foot for the next nine months and possibly longer?

Mission accomplished.

With a very satisfied grin on her face she followed her husband down the hall.