

I Saw Mommy Kissing Superman

by repmetsyrrah

© 24-Dec-09

Rating: K+

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Set about ten years after *Five Times the Fun*. It's my slightly cracky and unrealistic universe but all you really need to know is that Lois and Clark had a set of quintuplets five years after *SR* (Yes, that's five. All at once). Enjoy :P

Megan Kent grinned at her sisters as she held her finger to her lips. The other two girls grinned back and stifled giggles as they moved forward towards the porch. Megan held up three fingers then started to put them down one by one.

Three...

Two...

One...

"YAAA!" As one the three girls leapt up and pelted the two unsuspecting boys on the porch with snowballs before screaming and running away as their brothers gave startled yells and hurried to chase the girls.

Jacob caught up with Megan quickly, running just a bit faster than a normal ten year old should be capable of. The pair went down hard but neither child was hurt and they continued to wrestle in the snow, fighting for air against their giggling, until they heard an amused voice commenting, "Well, things certainly haven't slowed down around here have they?"

Jacob leapt off his sister and grinned at the new arrival. "Jason!" he cried happily and within two seconds all five ten year olds had piled on top of their big brother.

The tall twenty year old easily could have picked all his sibling up with one arm if he had wanted to but in the spirit of fun he let himself be bowled over into the snow by the quintuplets.

"Alana, Jacob, Isaac, Megan, Haley," He greeted them all, hugging each one in turn as the others tried to keep him on the ground. However, Jason was old enough to possess all of his father's abilities and stood up as if the two identical girls hanging off his arms weighed nothing more than a feather. "Megan, Alana, c'mon," he laughed placing them gently on the ground, "I haven't even said hi to Mom and Dad yet."

"I wouldn't if I were you," Isaac warned, "all they've being doing lately is fighting."

"Well, that's hardly new," Jason told him with a chuckle.

"No," Megan sighed, "they only used to sometimes fight, now it's like they can't be in the same room without going off."

"Why else do you think we're all out here on such a freezing cold day?" Jacob added.

"It's better when Grandma and Grandpa are here but they've gone to get the turkey," Megan told him as he headed towards the house, followed, somewhat reluctantly, by the

quints.

Jason bit his lip as he suddenly recalled his father's last visit a week ago. The quints had been starting to get their powers in bursts for a few months and it had been very stressful for him and Lois.

It was possible that was what was putting a strain on their relationship but Jason didn't want to mention that in front of his brothers and sisters. They had always known they were special from being half-Kryptonian but they were only just understanding why everyone who didn't know about Clark Kent and Superman were fascinated by them.

Jason could still remember his father's disbelief and his mother's horror when they had found out that they were having natural quintuplets. It had been a one in a billion thing and it just happened to happen to a family that was already different in some many other ways.

"Mom, Dad, I'm here," Jason called, x-raying quickly through the house and finding them in the kitchen.

From the looks on their faces they had just been arguing but by the time he entered the room with his siblings in tow they had both managed to school their faces into expressions of forced cheerfulness.

"Jason," his mother greeted him, sounding genuinely please to see him, despite the fake cheer.

"Hey, Mom, Dad." Jason hugged each other them in turn. He wanted to ask his Mom about the fights and his Dad about the quintuplet's developing powers but the five ten years olds had discovered an uneaten batch of cookies Martha had left them and were fighting over how to divide them up.

Fortunately a man doesn't raise six children, five of them at the same time, without picking up unspoken concerns. "Jason, did Ben tell you about the new tractor? I'll show you."

Lois narrowed her eyes suspiciously at the pair as the left but didn't say anything.

"Isaac tells me you guys have been fighting a lot lately," Jason said, cutting straight to the point once they were inside the barn. Clark looked quickly back towards the house and Jason frowned, "They can't hear us yet can they?"

Clark shrugged as he took a seat on the table behind him, "Megan and Jacob are showing signs of their auditory powers coming in but I don't think they can hear us out here."

"So what's up with you and Mom?" Jason asked, admiring the new tractor parked just inside the doors. "Hmmm, shiny."

"It's nothing really," Clark started before shaking his head, "No- that's a lie. It's a lot of things. We knew we were in for a stressful time when we found out about the quints but..." he trailed off and shrugged.

"I suppose none of those other quintuplet support group people can give you advice on dealing with five kids getting superpowers all at once." Jason joined him on the table, his tone only half joking.

"It's not even just that," Clark sighed, "it's everything. Last week there was that landslip in India and Lois had to miss an important interview because we couldn't find a sitter for the quints- that was the same time as your exam," Clark added as Jason gave him a confused look, "and besides, you have your own life we can't keep asking you to act like a third parent all the time."

"Well, don't be afraid to ask me to act like their big brother more often," Jason told him, "I really don't mind watching them sometimes. And I let them have ice cream for breakfast occasionally so I don't think I act at all like another parent."

Clark laughed. "I guess not," he agreed.

"I can take them into town today if you want," Jason offered, "give you and Mom some time to work things out without being interrupted every five seconds."

"Thanks," Clark said gratefully, "but I'm not sure that would work- she won't even talk to me if she doesn't have too."

Jason sighed as he realised how really worried his siblings had to be. He knew there was nothing in the universe that could keep his parents apart. Every couple had their rough spots but Jason knew they'd come out together at the end. He didn't want it to be ruining his kid siblings' Christmas though so the sooner it was resolved the better.

"Will this help?" he asked, pulling a cutting of a spiky plant out of his pocket and offering it to his father.

"Mistletoe?" Clark asked as he looked at it in amusement. "I doubt it, Lois hates the whole 'kissing under the mistletoe' tradition. She says it's just another part of the commercialisation of Christmas."

Jason laughed. "Actually, it comes from a Scandinavian myth," he explained, "the god Baldr was killed by a spear of mistletoe and his death created winter."

"Sounds like an odd thing to kiss for," Clark commented.

"Well, when the other gods restored him back to life and his mother declared that mistletoe was sacred," Jason continued, "and it should be used to bring love into the world rather than death. From then on two people meeting under mistletoe would kiss to celebrate Baldr's resurrection."

Clark was silent for a moment before shaking his head and muttering, "I knew sending you to college was a bad idea."

Jason laughed and held out the plant again. "You sure you don't want it?"

"I'm not sure a story involving a man named *Baldr* would be sufficient to inject some romance back into the mistletoe idea," Clark muttered, shaking his head again.

"Well time for Plan B then," Jason said with a sigh, getting up.

"What's that?" Clark asked, looking confused and just a tad worried.

"It involves mistletoe," Jason called over his shoulder as he headed back towards the house.

"But Lois hates mistletoe," Clark repeated.

Jason grinned. "Exactly."

Lois Lane hated mistletoe. That was a fact she thought everyone already knew. So why on earth had someone gone and hung some right in the middle of the living room ceiling?

She put the presents she had been carrying under the tree and pulled a chair over. But almost as soon as she had placed her foot on it, it gave an alarming groan and she wisely decided not to try that.

There was a step ladder in the barn she remembered. Ben had taken it out to fix something and hadn't yet brought it in. She could go out and get it but it was freezing outside. She decided to try simply jumping to pull it down but she couldn't get within an inch of it.

"Need some help?" a voice behind her asked and a pair of strong hands lifted her up.

She took the mistletoe off the ceiling and threw it in the fire before turning around to face her husband. "Thanks," she said. There was an awkward silence before they both tried to speak at once.

"Lois, I-"

"Clark-

The both stopped. "You go first," Clark suggested.

Lois nodded and took a few moments to gather her thoughts before starting. "I know we've been at each other a lot the past few weeks," she began, "but I used to think once the quints were grown it'd get easier."

"And it hasn't," Clark agreed.

"Not by a long shot," Lois said with a laugh, "It's just a whole lot different. Oh God, I sound like a terrible mother," she moaned, burying her head in her hands.

"Lois, you are a wonderful mother," Clark told her, placing his arms around her and holding her close. "There's not a mother in the world that wouldn't find raising quintuplets stressful. And I think you're the only one that's managed to bring down several corrupt politicians, an international drug ring and win a Pulitzer while doing so."

"I couldn't have done it without you."

"And you won't ever have to," Clark assured her, "I know sometimes I have to leave suddenly but I will always come back."

"That's another thing," Lois groaned, "Jacob and Alana were asking me when they'd be allowed to help you. What happens if they all want to join you one day. Like no one's going to notice that 'hey, those quintuplet superheros look an awful lot like Lois Lane's quints and hey, didn't people used to say she went out with Superman?' Jason will be fine, there are tons of twenty year old boys in Metropolis. You know how many sets of quintuplets there are?"

"Two," Clark replied, "and the Matherson's are six."

"See?" Lois cried, becoming upset again.

"Hey, hey," Clark pulled her into another hug, "they're nowhere near ready for that. We'll deal with that when it happens, okay?"

"Okay," Lois sighed, not sounding convinced, "just promise me you'll never leave again."

"Never," Clark promised without hesitation.

Outside Alana Kent turned away from the window and grinned at her siblings. "It worked," she announced quietly. "They're kissing."

"Ew," Isaac and Jacob pretended to gag but Megan slapped both of them lightly.

"It's better than fighting," she told them.

"Well it seems our work here is done," Jason said as he pulled the five children away from the house. "And now I think it would be a very good idea if we all went into town for a while."

Jacob frowned. "Do we have to?"

Jason glanced back at the house for a moment then rapidly increased his pace towards the car with a somewhat disturbed look on his face. "Yes," he told them firmly, "we very, very much do."