

Not Perfect

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Rating: K+

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Author's Note: Set in the same universe as my fic *Poison* but two years before.

Lois checked her watch for the fourth time in as many minutes. She still had plenty of time to get ready but it was her and Clark's first proper date in over a year and she wanted it to be more than special, she wanted it to be perfect.

She opened her wardrobe and frowned at the selection, she desperately needed to go shopping...yesterday. Everything that was acceptable for a date would be too small, the last time she'd slipped into that small black dress had been before her daughter was born, and that blue strapless one? Her mind drifted back to Jimmy's engagement party almost two years ago, then later that night when Clark had helped her take it off...

"Dammit, Lois," She muttered, snapping out of the memory, "Find something to wear now, fantasise later." Her eyes drifted to a flowing, red, strapless dress that she'd bought shortly after she'd found out she was pregnant with Skye. It was slightly larger than the others. Lois pulled it off the hanger and went to the mirror to put it on.

It fit perfectly and Lois honestly didn't know whether to be relieved that she'd found something nice to wear or annoyed that the last time the dress had fit so well she'd been two months pregnant. She settled with a bit of both.

Another quick glance at the clock told her she still had half an hour before Jimmy and his wife, Sarah, arrived to babysit the kids. Jimmy had been the one to push his friend into 'taking a night off' as he'd put it, from both of his jobs. He'd even recruited Sarah into persuading Lois it would be a good idea.

Twenty minutes later, Lois was ready. Her sister had always been amazed at how quickly Lois could make herself up for a night out. But Lucy had never had appointments with the rich and the wealthy in high-class restaurants and only a few hours notice, most of which had to be spent compiling notes and questions.

"Lois?" Clark's voice came through the door, "Can we come in?"

We? Lois sighed as the door opened and two very excited children burst in. "Mommy, you look pretty," Her four-year-old daughter told her, staring in awe, "Like a princess."

"Thanks, sweetie," She bent down and gave her a hug.

"You look amazing," Clark agreed, leaning in to kiss her. But the moment was broken by the gagging sounds coming from the nine-year-old on the bed. "Jason," His father frowned, pulling away.

"Kissing is *gross*," Jason informed them with the sort of certainty only children possessed. "Do you have to do it in front of us?"

"Yeah," Skye agreed, jumping up beside her brother, "It's *gross*."

"We can do what ever we want in our bedroom," Lois informed them, putting her hands on her hips, "And you'd better be glad that we do or neither of you would be here."

Clark smothered a laugh while Jason covered his ears and groaned, "Mo-om," He feigned throwing up again before leaping up and tearing out of the room. Skye looked slightly confused but followed her big brother, caught up in the excitement of the night even if she wasn't going anywhere herself.

"Lois," Clark frowned at her.

"Oh, please," Lois rolled her eyes, "I knew exactly how things worked when I was Jason's age and I'll be damned if a nine-year-old is going to tell me what to do in my own house."

Clark just shook his head, "Jimmy and Sarah are early, they just pulled up outside," He informed her while spinning into a dark suit and tie.

"That is so unfair," Lois complained. "Do you know how long it took me to get ready?" She pouted.

But she forgot her annoyance as soon as Clark turned back to her. His brilliant blue eyes swept upwards from her shoes, sending shivers down her spine, "It was worth it," He informed her as his eyes reached hers, striding over to kiss her again without interruptions this time. Only when Lois felt her feet leave the floor did she pull herself away.

"Jimmy will be up here soon," She gently reminded him, "And we wouldn't want a repeat of the closet incident would we?" She grinned as Clark's face reddened at the memory.

"No," He agreed, "We wouldn't."

Jimmy and Sarah Olsen were standing in the living room when they entered. Both were being bombarded from either side with plans for the night. Skye was explaining proudly to Jimmy that she was allowed to stay up 'till eight tonight because it was Saturday and Mom and Dad had said so because she'd been a good girl all week.

Jason was talking non-stop to Sarah about the new game he had for his Playstation and that he would show her, once Skye went to bed, of course, because Skye was a baby and she would just mess it up.

Unfortunately Skye had paused for breath and heard that last part of Jason's sentence. "I am not!" She yelled, "Mo-ommy, I'm not a baby, am I? I'm *four*, that's *old*," She turned to Lois who turned to Clark who looked hopefully at Jimmy who just laughed.

"C'mon, kiddo," Jimmy leaned down and ruffled Skye's hair, "We don't want to play stupid Playstation anyway, why don't you show me what you got for your birthday?"

"Okay," Skye agreed, forgetting about her brother and running happily into her room.

"Thank you so much for doing this," Lois leaned forward and hugged Jimmy before he could follow her daughter. "We really needed it."

"It's no problem at all," Jimmy assured her, "God knows you both need a break. Now, shoo." Sarah laughed as he ushered them out the door.

Lois was suddenly hit with intense worry about the children, like something bad was going to happen, "Remember," She told Jimmy even as he led them to the door, "Jason needs to be in bed by nine-thirty, no sugar after seven for both of them, Skye will need help getting her pyjamas out of the dryer which should be finishing in about ten minutes, no use of powers in the house and-"

"Lois," Jimmy laughed, "We have babysat them before, well be fine and I swear we'll call you immediately if something goes wrong. But it won't."

Lois frowned, her bad feeling still not completely gone, "Okay," She nodded, "But-" She was cut off as an ear-splitting scream came from Skye's room.

She and Jimmy shared a look of horror before following the blur of white and black into the young girl's room. Clark was holding Skye close to his chest; the little girl was curled up into a tight ball and had tears streaming down her face. Lois wasted no time in going over and stroking her daughter's hair, "Sweetie, what happened?" She looked up Clark who had a very familiar look of concentration.

"Her wrist is broken," He told her, sitting on the bed, "Skye, what happened?" But they got no response from the girl on his lap who just cried louder. Lois desperately wanted to put her arms around her and hold her tight but she was afraid of hurting her more.

"Guys," Jimmy spoke from the doorway; Jason and Sarah were behind him looking on worriedly, "I think I know what happened." He nodded towards the bookshelf where there was a pile of books stacked up like steps and several more scattered around on the floor. Evidently Skye had been trying to reach something on top and slipped.

"We need to take her to the hospital," Clark told Lois, "The doctor's will be closed and she needs a cast and maybe some painkillers."

"Can't you fix it how you fixed Jason's broken arm last year?" Lois asked in confusion, remembering the crystal device that had healed the bone in minutes.

Clark shook his head, "That only worked for simple, clean breaks. This is her wrist and it's a greenstick fracture from what I can tell."

"We'll watch Jason for you," Jimmy offered. Lois nodded and led them back into the living room, Clark carrying Skye whose screams of pain had turned into hiccupping sobs.

"I can drive you," Sarah looked at Lois and Clark, "Oh, unless you want to-" She made a swooping motion with her hand and smiled shyly.

Lois turned to Clark, "You fly Skye to see Dr Klein, Sarah and I will meet you there. The car might jolt her too much and no way in hell are you carrying the both of us with her like that." Clark nodded, knowing better than to even try and argue when Lois was like this. "Skye, sweetie?" Lois bent down and stroked her daughter's hair, this time she was rewarded with two watery blue eyes looking back at her. "You've broken your wrist so Daddy's going to take you to the hospital and fix you up, okay?" Skye nodded shakily. "Good girl, you're so brave," She leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead.

Jimmy opened the balcony door for Clark as her floated out slowly with Skye, but this time there was no loud whoosh or sonic boom that usually followed his exit. "Jason," Lois turned to look for her son and found him sitting on the couch looking at his hands. "Sarah's just going to-"

"I know, Mom." Jason interrupted, rolling his eyes "I'm not stupid, I heard you tell Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Sarah, I heard you tell Dad then I heard you tell Skye. I get it."

Lois frowned slightly at his tone but dismissed it, wanting to get to the hospital as soon as possible. "Well try and be back soon," She promised, following Sarah out the door.

The hospital was very crowded and Lois received many an odd look as she stood in the middle of the room in her dress and high heels searching for her husband.

"Skye Kent?" A nurse asked, poking her head into the waiting room. Lois turned around and saw Clark rising from a corner to follow, still holding his daughter close. Lois waved and joined him as the nurse led them into a small room. "Please wait here, Dr Jones will be along in a moment." She left them alone.

"Not that I'm complaining," Lois began, taking hold of her daughter's uninjured hand, "But it's pretty crowded out there, how did you get in so fast?"

Clark shrugged, careful not to jolt Skye as he did, "I told the woman at the desk my name and I think she must read the *Planet* because she seemed pretty keen on helping me."

Lois raised her eyebrows, "Sure, you speak to a woman while wearing that tux and you think all she's interested in is your writing?" Clark blushed as he realized what she was hinting at but didn't reply as at that moment the doctor walked into the room.

She was a young, kind looking woman who didn't even bat an eyelid at the fact that Lois and Clark looked like they belonged at the Academy Awards rather than the after-hours surgery. "Hello," She greeted them, her accent telling Lois she was English, "I'm looking for Skye," She smiled at the tightly curled form in Clark's arms. "Is she here?"

"You talk funny," Skye said, uncurling slightly for the first time since they had come in.

"Skye," Lois softly reprimanded her but Dr. Jones just laughed.

"It's okay," She told Lois before turning back to Skye, "I'm from a place called London, everyone talks like this over there." She indicated for Clark to put Skye on the examination table and began looking at her injured wrist.

"That's in England," Skye announced proudly.

"It is," Dr. Jones agreed, "Well, Skye, it looks as though you've broken your wrist. I'm gonna have to take a few x-rays and then we'll put a cast on it, okay? Is it hurting you much?"

Skye shook her head, "It was but now it feels all funny. I can't move my hand."

Dr. Jones nodded, "Alright, then, lets see if we can get you home before tomorrow then?"

They weren't home before midnight. It took two hours for the x-rays alone, one of the machines was broken and they had to wait for two broken legs and a fractured collar bone before their turn, Lois holding Skye's hand the whole way as Clark rang to cancel their dinner reservations.

After the x-rays they were forced to wait for another hour while Dr. Jones helped with a real emergency then returned to examine the x-rays to see what needed to be done. Fortunately, the wrist bones were all in the correct place with only very minor repositioning. Another half hour for the cast and they were free to go, after filling out a few more forms and paying of course.

Skye had fallen asleep sometime around 2am when she was having her cast put on, she had chosen pink, and was fast asleep on Clark shoulder when they finally walked out the door.

"Some night, huh?" Lois sighed as Clark lifted the three of them gently into the air. "You weren't even called away once." She remembered all the dinners and dates during which Clark would get the 'look' in his eye and have to go save someone. She never minded, it was part of who he was, but it would've been nice to have him all to herself for once.

"There'll be others," Clark promised her. They were silent for the rest of the flight, neither wanting to wake their daughter.

Jason was fast asleep in his room when they arrived and Jimmy and Sarah left almost as soon as Clark had tucked Skye in, both having work the next day. "We'll organize another time," Jimmy promised, "And make sure you get a night out in a more romantic setting then Metropolis General."

"Thanks, Jim." Clark nodded.

Lois and Clark went straight to bed, they now had their weekends free since Skye's birth but they had learnt that leaving two children, one with developing superpowers, to watch the morning cartoons alone was a bad idea.

"Clark?" Lois asked, as her husband turned out the lights and climbed in beside her, "Do you ever wish we had more time to ourselves?" She saw him frown in the dark. "I love the kids," She continued, "I never wanted any but now I think they're one of the best things that ever happened to me."

"Us," Clark said, rolling to face her. "They're the best things that ever happened to *us*. Lois," He reached up to stroke her face, "When I first fell in love with you I didn't think I could ever love anything more than I loved you," Lois was glad she was already lying down, she felt her body tingle at his words. "Then I found out about Jason and I loved him just as much and I loved you all the more for having given him to me. And when Skye came along..." He trailed off, looking at her in the way he had that made her feel like the only person in the world. Lois kissed him and no more word were spoken for the rest of the night.

It hadn't been her perfect night but she wouldn't have life any other way.