World Wide Weird

by repmetsyrrah

A/N: Written for my dcufreeforall challenge, prompt 'Goodbye'.

"Guess who?" a voice called in his ear as two hands covered his eyes.

Ryan grinned, knowing exactly who it was but deciding to play along, he put his hands on top of the ones covering his eyes and pretended to think. "Let's see... Soft skin, no wedding ring - I like that." He heard a familiar giggle from behind him and continued, "well manicured nails.... Jimmy?"

The giggle turned into an outright laugh and the hands were removed only to slap him lightly on the shoulder. "Ryan," Gemma, his girlfriend of five months, chastised lightly, "don't be mean."

"Hey." He turned his chair around to face her. "I have it on good authority he was at the manicurist just last week, my mother saw him."

"With his *girlfriend*," Gemma reminded him, putting her hands on her hips.

"Damn, I forgot I told you that," Ryan muttered. Gemma laughed again and leaned down to give him a quick kiss before looking at his screen with interest.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Oh, that?" Ryan turned his chair back, "I'm just running some tests on the *Planet*'s internet connection."

"Uh-huh." Gemma nodded, looking at the screen. "You're Googling yourself," she stated, turning to him with a raised eyebrow.

Ryan sighed. "I was bored," he admitted. "There's not much going on right now in my corner of the office."

"You should try being a real journalist." Gemma grinned. "The action never stops."

"Hey." Ryan mock-glared at her. "I minored in journalism thank you very much. I could be just as good as you if I so wanted, but I don't... so there." He crossed his arms and turned his nose up at her.

Gemma laughed again. "Of course you could, sweetie," she said, patting his arm. "But seeing as you're busy 'working'," she said, making sure to put in the air quotes. "Why don't we see how popular Mr. Sandler is."

She reached across him to the mouse and scrolled up to the top of the page. "I put quotes around it," Ryan told her. "That means only results with 'Ryan Sandler' together will show up."

Gemma rolled her eyes. "You don't have to be a computer programmer to know that, Ry." She looked at the hit count and laughed. "1,230? Not exactly Mr. Popular, are we?"

"Oh, so that's how we're playing it?" Ryan grinned, gently removing Gemma's hand from

the mouse. "Well, you're not exactly world famous yourself, let's see who knows about Miss Gemma Out shall we?"

They waited for a moment as it loaded, as soon as the hit count appeared Ryan groaned as Gemma laughed. "I win!" She pumped her fist in the air. "1,810 hits, people!" she called out, gaining a few odd looks.

"Gemma, dear," Ryan sighed, shaking his head, "no need to make a scene."

Gemma grinned. "Ryan, dear, no need to be a sore loser."

"I'm not upset," Ryan protested, lying just a bit.

"Aw, that's pity," Gemma sighed and slung an arm over his shoulder, looking sidelong at him and raising an eyebrow suggestively. "Because I was going to ask if you wanted me to come over tonight and comfort you."

"Oh, the pain!" Ryan cried dramatically. "Oh, the pain of losing a silly inconsequential popularity contest!"

Gemma burst out laughing again, standing back as Ryan's gestures grew more dramatic and threw his hands over his heart. Unfortunately she stepped straight into the path of the *Planet*'s clumsiest employee and both of them went down in a flurry of paper and tangle of limbs.

"I'm so sorry," the man who tripped over her was repeating. "I'm so sorry, I wasn't looking." Ryan rushed forward to help Gemma up. "Sorry," the tall man told her.

"No, it's okay, Clark," Gemma assured him. "I shouldn't have stepped out like that without looking."

Ryan wanted to tell Clark off for almost hurting his girlfriend with his carelessness but Gemma seemed fine and Clark had gathered his papers and was halfway to the lift by the time he had thought of anything to say.

"Bye, Mr. Kent," Jimmy called out from behind them and something clicked in Ryan's brain.

"That's Clark Kent?" he asked in a slightly stunned voice.

Gemma gave him a strange look. "How long have you worked here again?" she asked slowly.

Ryan sighed. "I know who Clark 'star reporter' Kent is," he assured her. "I just didn't realise he was that clumsy guy who tripped over his own feet every two seconds."

"You didn't, really?" Gemma asked in a disbelieving tone.

"Hey, he's only been back few months and I just hadn't put a name to a face." Ryan shrugged. "From all I've heard of him, being able to handle Mad-Dog Lane and all, I just didn't think he'd be so..."

"Mild-mannered?" Gemma suggested when Ryan trailed off.

"Exactly," Ryan snapped his fingers. Then he looked back at the computer screen. "Want to see how popular our mild-mannered star reporter is?"

Gemma shrugged as he sat back down, "Well, I do have actual work to do but I suppose I could spare a few minutes to join you in finding out that even klutz-Kent is more e-popular than you."

"We'll see," Ryan muttered, typing it in, "'Clark Kent', and search," He hit the enter button, not holding out much hope that his ego would be boosted back up any time soon. He wasn't disappointed. "3,890?" He sighed. "That sucks."

Gemma laughed. "Oh, come on, Ry. The man's a minor celebrity, especially knowing Lois Lane. Of course he has a just a few more hits than you." She stole his mouse again and scrolled

down the results. Most of them related to stories or other journalistic related sites but one caught her eye. "Hey, look at that one."

"*Superman's Secret Identity*?" Ryan frowned as Gemma clicked the link. "Why is that showing up with Clark Kent's name?"

The link lead to a forum topic on one of the many Superman fansites. The thread was titled: *Does Superman have a secret identity?* Gemma scrolled down until she saw what they had been looking for. "Well someone's never met Mr. Kent in person," she declared. Ryan read the post:

"seen as Superman has such a good relasionship with the Daly Planet its posible he couls work their. thers a reporter called Clark Kent who works with Lois Land and just got bak from a five year trip

coincidince?"

"Lois *Land?*" he asked, before thinking about what the rest of the post said.

Gemma shook her head. "Someone didn't use their spellchecker," she sighed. "But isn't' that absurd?" she laughed. "The man who trips over his feet getting out of bed and is blind without his glasses is secretly a superhero?"

Ryan sighed. "I swear, you can find anything on the internet." He chuckled, shaking his head. "Next thing you know I'll be finding out you're secretly Wonder Woman."

Gemma grinned. "Shh." She held a finger up to her lips. "It's supposed to be a secret."

Ryan grinned back and leaned in to kiss her again but their lips had barely touched before Perry's voice cut across the bullpen, "Out, Sandler! I think it's wonderful you two kids have found love and all but I don't pay you to tongue wrestle! Now get back to work and Olsen, get me those prints I asked for."

Gemma sighed and stood back up. "See you tonight then." She waved as she made her way back to sports, turning back to make sure he was watching her leave and putting just a little extra sway in her hips.

Ryan grinned as he watched. "You know what, Clark?" he muttered to himself. "You can be Superman if you want, because I'm still the luckiest man alive."