

# Rocks, Rings and Hammers

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Rated PG

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Summary: After a hard day of work, Lois hears sounds coming from inside the brownstone that should definitely only be occurring if she were inside with her husband.

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Lois shifted her briefcase and dug into her purse to find her keys. It had been a long day. And Clark had been no help.

Okay, so maybe that wasn't exactly fair. It wasn't as if he was lying around on his butt while she'd been scrambling to rewrite their story when their source had suddenly decided to try to kill the very Senator he'd been finking on earlier. If there were ever a day when she had sincerely wished that Superman wasn't needed, it was today.

Only about half of his rescues had actually made the news, she was certain. Or at least, if that weren't the case, they were going to be having words tonight, because every time she'd turned around, he was taking off again.

Having found her keys, she stopped, closing her eyes and giving herself a minute to let the day's tension drain from her body. The lights she'd seen coming from inside the brownstone as she'd driven up told her that Clark had already made it home. Before she entered, she wanted to give herself a moment to let go of the day so that she could just enjoy her husband.

A small smile found its way onto her lips. Her husband. Given how long she'd resisted giving him that title, it still amazed her to realize that after more than two years of marriage, just thinking that phrase — 'her husband' — could send a small thrill down her spine.

"Wait! Wait!" she heard a woman's gasped voice coming from inside the brownstone. "Not yet. Not yet. Not yet."

What?

"No. No, don't touch it. Wait. Wait."

The same woman. But Lois didn't recognize the voice. Looking down at the key in her hand, she went to place it in the lock.

"Now!" the woman's breathless voice yelled. "Hurry! Hurry! Yes! Yes! Hurry! Hurry! Hard! Hard! Haaarrddd!" The woman's volume increased with every successive word until the last word was a drawn out scream.

Lois fumbled with the key and it slipped from her fingers.

"Yes!" her husband gasped. "Come on. Come on. Come on."

"Haaarrddd!" the woman screamed again.

Lois bent, quickly retrieving her key and, determined, forced it into the lock.

"Yessssss!" the woman yelled in ecstasy.

"Yes!" her husband exclaimed just as Lois got the lock opened and threw open the door.

She stepped inside and suddenly stopped, confused when she saw that the only person in the living room was Clark. What was ...

"Hey, honey," Clark said, looking up to see her standing in the doorway, still trying to figure out what was going on. "You should have seen that shot. That stone couldn't have come any closer to the guard without wrecking on it."

"Huh?" Lois asked, turning her attention to the television just as another woman yelled, 'Haaarrddd!'

"Come on, honey. Sit down and enjoy the end of the curling game. You look like you could benefit from some relaxation."

THE END

Sorry, I was watching the Scotties Tournament of Hearts (the Canadian women's curling championship) and listening to Jennifer Jones yell, 'hurry, hurry, hard, hard, haaarrddd' and the computer was sitting open on my lap and ...well, this just sort of came out [g].