

# Another Day

By VirginiaR <lc.virginiaR@gmail.com>

Rated PG-13

Submitted September 2012

Summary: Lois discovers that when making a wish, one might get more than what one was expecting. This little bit of fluff is set shortly after the episode "Green Green Glow of Home."

\*\*\*

*Rain, rain, go away  
Come again, another day*

— Children's folk song

Lois was hot, and not just under the collar. They had been back from Kansas for about a week now, and the fall breezes were supposed to be settling in. Everyone expected the temperatures to go down in September and October, not up, but this Indian Summer refused to leave. She looked over at Clark, typing away on his computer.

"It's smoldering hot, Clark," Lois said, fanning herself with a file as she approached his desk. "How can you wear a jacket and tie in this heat?"

Even Perry had given up professional attire that morning when the thermometer had reached 90, a new record for Metropolis in October.

"Mind over matter, Lois. I'm not hot," Clark replied.

She stared at him. "Well, I am. I'd do anything to cool off." He raised a brow.

Lois could just see the gears turning in that head of his, but before his latest smart-alecky remark rose to the surface, she continued, "Hey, do you remember when Superman blew in that rainstorm to help put out the fires from the Toasters in the West River district?"

Clark got a thoughtful expression on his face as he leaned back in his chair to focus his attention on her. "Do you think he should bring another storm to town?"

"It's just what Metropolis needs to kick-start Fall, don't you think?"

He cleared his throat, sitting up and organizing the papers on his desk. "I don't know, Lois, messing with Mother Nature and all."

She rolled her eyes. "Well, I, for one, cannot concentrate in this heat. I'm going to go outside to look for some fresh air. Maybe I'll stumble across a story. The heat makes people do strange things. Failing that, I'm going home for a cold shower."

Clark made a garbled sort of noise and loosened his tie as he rose to his feet. "Do you need company?" he asked, then flushed red in the most adorable way, and sat back down in a hurry.

A part of her was secretly pleased that the heat hadn't made Clark sweat, but she had. She leaned towards him, and said in a husky voice, "Get Superman to make it rain, and I'll let you join me in the shower."

Clark slipped out of his chair and hit the floor with a thud. "You weren't joking about the heat making people change, Lois," he said with a gulp.

She laughed, picked up her briefcase, and left the office with a wave of her hand. Her partner should have known she was talking about the *rain* shower.

\*\*\*

After walking the city for two hours and only finding more hot people like herself searching for a breeze, Lois started for

home. She stopped and rested on a bench. Pulling off her left-heeled shoe, she examined the blister that was developing. She wanted to walk the last two blocks home barefoot, but she figured the pavement was hotter than hell.

A drop of water fell from above and sizzled on the sidewalk next to her as if to demonstrate her point. That was the only rain Metropolis had seen in the past two months, drips from air conditioners.

She lifted a cup of lemonade to her lips and swallowed the last ice cube as another drop of water hit the pavement with a hiss, evaporating immediately in the heat. She sighed, shaded her eyes, and looked up as a shadow darkened the bright sunlight that had blinded her for days. Was the LexCorp blimp in town?

A grey cloud full of rain moved above her, and then stopped. Her jaw dropped. It must be a mirage. Where else could that cloud have come from? Rain wasn't predicted for Metropolis, or surely it would have been front page news. No. She wouldn't believe it was real until she felt it.

Another drop fell, then another, and another.

Clark! He must have contacted Superman who had brought in the rain. Clark had done it! She could just kiss him!

Well, not *kiss him*, kiss him. Although last week when she hugged Clark after his deadly encounter with Trask, she nearly had — kissed him, that was. If he had given her any hint that he liked her for more than a friend, or if he had tried to kiss her, she probably wouldn't have stopped him. Heat of the moment and all.

Lois leaned against the back of the bench and let the rain caress her bare face, her bare shoulders, and bare legs as she thought about what that kiss might have been like. Him all wet from the pond and breathing heavy from the exertion of his fight. There was just something sexy about a wet man, whether wet from swimming or sweat; it made her juices boil. Add in the life-or-death adrenaline rush from him almost being killed, and... she sucked in a breath of humid air. Kent was lucky that his parents, Wayne Irig, Jimmy, and Sheriff Harris were all right there, or who knew what she could have been capable of?

The drops turned steadily faster until they were landing quicker than they could evaporate from the hot pavement. The constant hiss of the falling water slowly shifted to the gentle lull of water slapping water on the pavement. A cool breeze blew across her chest, letting Lois know how exactly wet she had gotten. It would probably be best if she started for home.

Lois pulled off her other shoe, hooking the ankle straps around an index finger, to let her toes revel in the fact that the sidewalk was finally cool enough to touch. Her feet danced from puddle to puddle, splashing the water. It was the most intoxicating feeling, the easing of the heat into something refreshing. She continued to jump from puddle to puddle down the block, giggling like a school girl playing hooky.

A masculine chuckle joined hers, and Lois realized she had made it back to her apartment building. Clark stood on the landing by the front door, dry under the overhang.

Her finger hooked in a curve as she silently beckoned him. He shook his head. "I don't want to get wet."

Lois raised a brow. How could anyone not *want* to get wet after the weather they'd had lately? It was the most glorious feeling. "Isn't that why you're here?" she teased. "To come into the shower with me?"

Clark flushed. "No, I just wanted to make sure you made it home safely."

For some reason, she didn't believe him. "Come on, Clark. Loosen up. It feels really good. No more hot sticky sweat," she coaxed.

"I don't want to get my suit wet," Clark replied, his argument getting weaker.

Lois set down her empty lemonade cup and put her hands on her hips. He couldn't be serious. "Take off your jacket then."

"Really, Lois, I'm fine," he gulped.

She went up her front stoop until she was standing right in front of him. She dropped her briefcase and her shoes on the dry landing, and shook her head, sending droplets of water all over him. Then she skipped down the steps and back into the downpour.

"You got me wet!" he accused playfully, trying to wipe his glasses dry without taking them off.

"Well, you got me wet first," she retorted.

His jaw dropped. "I did?"

Lois held her hands up to the rain.

"Oh."

She licked her lips and looked into the sky, letting the water cascade over her. "Come on, Clark. It feels divine!"

Lois must have been getting to him, because he took off his jacket and threw it over his shoulder, though it was still hooked on one finger.

"There. Satisfied?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I want you down here with me. I promised you could share a shower with me, and you're making me renege. Didn't your folks tell you that a promise is a promise, Smallville?"

"Of course, Lois, but I didn't really think...."

Clearly. She saw her cup that she discarded earlier filling quickly with water, and an evil grin slipped across her face. "Claaarrrk, come and join me, or I'll get you wet," she threatened, picking up her cup.

The smile fell off his face. "Lois, you wouldn't dare!"

"I wouldn't? Don't you know me better than that by now?" she said, batting her eyelashes.

"Please, don't," he whispered, and she could tell he really didn't want to get wet, which was kind of strange because he really didn't seem to mind getting wet when he was fighting in the pond with Trask.

Lois realized that she was probably being insensitive. Maybe he was still battling demons from that fight in the water when he nearly got killed. "Okay, fine. You're really missing out, though," she said, and looking both ways to make sure nobody was driving down her block, she went to go stand in the middle of the street.

"Lois! You don't want to do that," Clark said, dropping his jacket on her briefcase and jogging down the stairs to the sidewalk.

*Sucker!* Lois always knew how to play her partner. She strolled back to the sidewalk. "Got you wet?"

"Ha ha, very funny, Lois," he grumbled. "Risking your life to get me into the rain."

She rolled her eyes. "There wasn't anyone coming, boy scout! Didn't you play in the street as a kid?" Then she remembered where he had grown up. "No, I guess not, huh?"

Clark shook his head, sending his own spray of droplets into the air.

"Hey!" Lois snapped in jest. "You got me wet."

This time he laughed in earnest, probably because she was already soaked through.

"Oh, you think that's funny, do you?" she asked, stomping her foot on the sidewalk and sending up a spurt of water his direction.

"Hilarious, Lois," Clark said, spinning around to send the rain in her direction. "Take that!"

She copied the move back to him, and could see that he was getting wetter and wetter. Better and better; it was no fun being the only wet one.

He kicked more water her way, and she shook her head and arms trying to spray him that way.

Soon, they were laughing so hard it was making the game difficult. Lois couldn't believe they were still the only two people on her block out in the rain. She grabbed his tie and ran it through

her fingers squeezing the water out of it. "Don't you think it's time to take this off?" she asked, moving her fingers up to his knot to loosen it.

He set his hands down on hers to stop her. "You're just as soaked, Lois, and I'm not asking you to take off your clothes," he reminded her.

Her eyes snapped up to his. Yeah, what was up with that? Then she flushed, unable to believe that she had thought that, about Clark! She leaned back, holding on to his tie to keep her upright, letting the rain soak her again. "Mmmm. This feels so good."

Clark's hands encircled her waist, probably to keep her from choking him to death, and she heard him whisper, "It does."

Lois straightened up and realized that she was now encircled in his arms. Her breath seemed sharp in her throat. It must have been from all the roughhousing and laughing. She set her hands on his shoulders. Despite being damp, he felt so warm, and here she was starting to develop goosebumps. She let her hands coast down his arms, feeling his muscles. He sure had plenty to spare. Suddenly, she wasn't feeling cold anymore; actually, she was quite positive she was steaming.

"Thanks," she murmured, feeling a bit shy. "For the rain."

Clark stepped back and shrugged. "It was nothing."

Her hands slipped off his arms when he did this, and she noticed that he was almost as soaked as she was. Her touch had made his white Oxford stick to his skin. Was he wearing something under his shirt? How could he wear something *under* all those layers and still not be hot? In this light it appeared blue.

Lois took a step back, and grabbed the now-full cup of water off the handrail to her building and threw the contents at him. She missed his face and hit him squarely in the chest.

"Lois," Clark groaned, running his hands through his hair. "You always have to win, don't you?"

She nodded absently. Yep, Clark was definitely wearing something under his shirt. She set her hands down on his chest, and looked up at his face. He still hadn't taken off his water splattered glasses. How could he see through those? She raised her hand to his face. He looked strange with his hair slicked back like that, almost....

But whatever discovery she was about to make disappeared as Clark's lips descended and took possession of hers in the most delightful of ways. Her arms slid around his neck and pulled him closer. There was something about being wet and in Clark's arms that seemed to make Lois's body sing.

His mouth was soft and gentle and tasted a little bit like coffee. His hands caressed down her body until they rested at the small of her back.

One of her hands slid down his chest, under his tie, and slipped between the buttons of his shirt at his belly. Lois touched a material that felt decidedly *neither* like undershirt nor skin, but it certainly had the texture of something she knew she had felt before. She needed a bigger sample to make sure. She tugged at his shirt to pull it out of his pants, and Clark set his hand on hers.

"Lois," he murmured between kisses. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"No?" she replied, between ragged breaths. "Are you ready to go inside?"

"I've been waiting for you to ask," Clark said, lifting her into his arms. He held her like Superman did, confirming her suspicions, as he walked her up the front steps. "Do you want to dry off?"

Lois put her mouth back against his. "I didn't say that."

THE END

2012 Summer Ficathon Prompt: Water Fight

The more naughty sequel is entitled: "Another Day, Different

View” and shows how the heat of the day bothering Lois bothers Clark.

Disclaimer: This story is inspired by the characters created by Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster as portrayed on the *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* television series, developed by Deborah Joy LeVine. The characters do not belong to me; they belong to themselves (although Warner Bros, DC Comics, and the heirs to Siegel and Shuster might disagree). Many thanks to Paris Qualles, writer of the episode “Man of Steel Bars”, from whom I borrowed a few lines of dialogue.

Gratitude: Many thanks to my super wonderful Betas, Mrs. Luthor and IolantheAlias, who reassured me that this story despite its overzealous use of double entendres was still Gfic. Thanks also to Mrs. Mosley for suggesting the prompt that inspired this story. To my G.E. Marcelle, whose subtle differences in word choices always makes my stories sound better, thank you.