

Paint Fight

By RodStewFan <rodstewfan79@gmail.com>

Rated: PG

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Summary: Lois and Clark's plan to paint the bedroom turns into something frisky.

shirt off.

They took a shower together, and then made love in every room, the decorating long since forgotten.

THE END

It was a cool Sunday morning the fall sun light streamed into the master bedroom of 348 Hyperion Avenue where Lois and Clark were spending their day off decorating their new home. The first room to get a makeover was the room that would be their bedroom. Clark was carefully working on the doorframe, a slim brush in his right hand and a small can of white gloss paint in his left. He didn't have one spot of paint on him. Lois, on the other hand, was splattered with paint. She looked at Clark; then, she took her paint brush, dipped it in the paint and flicked it at him. He stood very still shocked that his face was now splattered with off-white paint. He turned to look at Lois. She was carrying on painting, pretending to appear innocent.

"Did you just flick paint at me?" Clark asked.

"Who, me?" she said in all innocence.

"Yeah! You!" he accused. "There's no one else here."

"Well, you were looking a little too clean," she admitted with a childlike smirk tugging on her lips.

Clark nodded, and they went back to painting. After a few minutes, Clark picked up a bigger paintbrush and dipped it into the paint, and he flicked the paint at Lois. She gasped as the cold paint hit the side of her face and dripped down her neck. Clark grinned wickedly, continuing to paint.

"Hey!" she called.

Clark turned and looked at her. "Yes?"

"I can do my own make-up. Thank you very much."

"I just thought you needed a little help."

Lois dipped her paintbrush back in the paint and flicked it at him again.

"Right. That's it! You're in for it now." Clark laughed and picked up the largest brush, dipped it in the paint, and walked over to Lois with an intense Superman expression.

"Clark? Don't you even think about it. Clark! Noo!!" She shrieked and then giggled as Clark chased her round the room. Finally, he backed her into a corner. "Clark, don't you dare. I mean it I'll...I'll..."

"You'll what?" Clark challenged with a devilishly handsome smile.

"Just you dare," she warned.

Clark came nearer, and then took his brush and dragged it down his own glasses-free face.

Lois laughed at her paint-covered husband. "You're crazy."

"Give us a kiss."

"No," she giggled. "You're covered in paint, you daft fool."

"Just one," he pleaded, puckering his lips.

Lois looked at him, put a hand either side of his face, and pulled him closer, kissing him. "I love you, Clark Jerome Kent."

"I love you too, Lois Lane-Kent." They kissed again. "Err... you know it's bad luck not to make love in every room of a new house?"

"You just made that up." She chuckled at his boldness.

"Yeah, but it sounds good, doesn't it?" He bounced his eyebrows suggestively.

"Oh, yeah. Sounds really good." She kissed him again. "First stop should be the shower." She smiled, reaching down to pull his