

Fire Drill

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Rated PG-13 for impure thoughts and a little action

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Summary: Lois' hazy memories of her pheromone-induced actions begin to surface.

Timeline: First season, a few weeks after PML

In "Pheromone, My Lovely," Clark comes to work the day after everyone gets sprayed to find the newsroom has become a love-in. Lois sits on his lap and repeatedly attempts to nuzzle his neck while he's valiantly trying to figure out what the heck is going on. The way Clark multitasks a conversation with Jimmy while gently keeping Lois at bay amuses me every time I watch it. Lois is still on Clark's lap after we see Lex arrive, so I like to think it's possible that she managed to get her lips on him at some point. For the purposes of this story, she totally did.

This was meant to be my Fall Ficathon story. Now it's my contribution to the May WAFFy challenge. I swear, the older I get, the slower I write. In another year or two, I'll be lucky to squeeze out a word a day.

I'm still inflicting a story on my long-suffering betas and I didn't want to torture them further by adding this to the mix. I therefore beg the reader to forgive any faults they find herein.

The morning bullpen session was winding down when Perry cast a swift look at the door before lowering his tone. "Now y'all didn't hear it from me, but there's going to be a fire drill today." He fixed the reporters gathered around the conference table with a hard stare. "And, this time"—Perry's gaze landed on Lois—"everyone is going to participate. And I mean *everyone*." His attention shifted to Clark. "Do you get me?"

"Yes, Chief," all fourteen reporters dutifully answered with one voice.

Clark tried not to squirm in his chair. The last fire drill had not gone well. He'd been halfway down the stairs when he heard an actual fire alarm a few blocks away. He'd never been able to explain his absence satisfactorily to Perry. Short of telling his editor the truth, he was going to have to gut this one out and stick around for roll call.

Lois had a different excuse — she simply hadn't left her desk. She had been working for hours on a story and no amount of Perry's bluster could convince her to participate when she was, as she put it, 'in the middle of a streak of brilliance'.

"Unbelievable," Lois muttered under her breath as everyone returned to their desks. "Why the sudden interest in workplace safety? If they're so concerned for our health and welfare, why are they doing this on a rainy day?"

Clark would have replied, but that would mean admitting that he could hear her. He flashed Lois a sympathetic smile instead as she moved past his desk towards her own. Then he sat back to enjoy the view for the next five seconds. Heaven knew he didn't pay much attention to fashion, but if he ever met the designer who revived miniskirts, he was going to buy them a drink. Working at the *Planet* came with all kinds of perks that had not been mentioned during his interview: free coffee and pastries, an expense account, and — at least twice a week — the thrilling opportunity to observe Lois Lane's legs.

Once Lois' lower half was safely tucked beneath her desk,

Clark picked up a pencil and made a halfhearted effort to switch his brain from his partner to the looming mass transit strike.

"Hey, Clark?"

He looked up to see Lois had turned at her desk to face him. The long, toned line of her right calf was again on display. In an instant, all thoughts about mass transit and the poor schmucks who couldn't simply fly themselves to work disappeared from his thoughts. "Yes?"

"What was the name of that city inspector? The one we met with Monday about the sinkhole in Astoria?"

"David Lewis?"

"Yes! Thank you." Lois flashed him a grateful smile and reached for her Rolodex. That movement produced a faint rustling sound, one that only Clark heard because he was desperate and lonely enough to be actively listening for it. The pencil he'd been holding dropped from his suddenly weakened fingers.

For nearly a month now Clark had been fighting a losing battle — one that Lois didn't even know she was winning. She'd no doubt be horrified to learn that not a single night had passed since she'd performed the Dance of the Seven Veils that he didn't relive the entire event, albeit with a new ending. Sometimes he surrendered to her seduction the moment he opened his front door. Sometimes he waited until the last veil had dropped. Sometimes Lois wasn't repulsed the next morning when his last shred of willpower disappeared and he propositioned her.

And sometimes — like now — he could hear a seductive echo of the gold beaded top she had worn that night. His rational mind told him it was only the faint rasp of her clothes as she moved. But his imagination was ever eager and willing to conjure up the shimmy and sway of a scantily-clad Lois at the slightest provocation.

Fueled by that memory — and the hope of a glimpse of cleavage — Clark got up and walked over to perch on the corner of Lois' desk. "Why do you need to talk to David Lewis? Aren't we supposed to be working on the transit strike?"

Lois made a face. "Unless they actually go on strike, there's not much to report, is there? I think a third sinkhole in as many days warrants a little attention."

She had a point there. However, her sense of timing was more than a little suspect. "Oh, I get it." Clark gave her a knowing smile.

Her eyes widened in faux innocence. "Get what?"

"You're going to skip the fire drill."

For a moment it looked like she was going to deny it. Then she leaned forward and asked in a conspiratorial tone, "You wanna join me?"

And there was the glimpse of cleavage he'd been hoping for! Clark had to swallow to work free his voice before squeaking out, "Sure."

An alarm went off in his head. Okay, yes, this was a bad idea. Sooner or later, he was going to have another weak moment. But — and this was the hope that he clung to — somewhere, deep down, Lois was equally as attracted to him. She never would have shown up at his apartment that night if there wasn't something there.

It wasn't until Lois swore under her breath and stood up that Clark realized that, in fact, the ringing sound wasn't his guilty conscience. It was the fire drill.

"Let's go, people!" Perry barked from a few feet away, startling Clark out of sneaking another peek at Lois' legs. "Everyone out. Use the stairs."

Lois shot Perry a dirty look, but turned and headed for the stairwell. Clark followed close behind her, bemused as he saw that she had grabbed her purse, but was leaving her coat behind. "Maybe you should bring your coat?" he suggested as they shuffled with their coworkers up the ramp.

She glanced over her shoulder at him. “Are you kidding? We’re only going to be out there for five minutes.”

A steady, cold drizzle of rain was falling, so the *Planet’s* employees were herded into the parking garage for roll call. Once everyone had been accounted for, they impatiently waited as the alarm continued to shrill. As the minutes passed, the rumble of the crowd became more discontented, but the safety monitors resolutely blocked the doors back inside. Even if it was a drill, no one could return to the building until the alarm was shut off. To Lois’ great irritation, more than a few of her coworkers began to light up cigarettes, even though signs posted throughout the parking garage clearly designated it as a no-smoking area. Waving her hands in annoyance did nothing to either clear the air or encourage them to extinguish their cancer sticks.

Fed up, Lois stomped to the far end of the garage where the air wasn’t polluted. She glumly stared out at the rain and shivered against the damp chill of the air. A little voice in her head mocked her that Clark had been right – she should have brought her jacket. Just then, something settled across her shoulders and she jumped in surprise. Her grip tightened on her purse and she turned around, ready to wallop her attacker if need be. Clark’s hands shot up in surrender and he took a step back.

“Oh!” she gasped as she realized that he had laid his suit coat across her shoulders. It was still warm from his body and smelled faintly like his aftershave. She shivered again, but this time it wasn’t from the cold.

The warmth and smell of his jacket brought into sharp focus the fragment of a memory that had been haunting her for the past few weeks. She was sitting on Clark’s lap while he looked through some photos. He turned his head and she kissed his neck. Even now, she could practically feel the heat of his skin and the thrum of his pulse beneath her lips. She still couldn’t decide if it was a mercy or just plain old unfair that the rest of those two days were a blur. The only other thing she could really remember distinctly was waking up on Clark’s bed in that skimpy costume.

The memory of *that* morning set off another shiver. The first thing she’d seen when she woke up was a wood-beamed ceiling. It had only taken a few seconds for her to realize that was Clark’s ceiling and she was sprawled across his bed. For a heart-stopping moment she had been convinced that she’d slept with Clark. The shock of that thought swiftly turned to disappointment because she didn’t remember any of it. Her head had been pounding with the world’s worst hangover, which was why she sometimes wondered if she had dreamed up what happened next. She had barely stood up before she’d been caught in a strong pair of arms. And then Clark had uttered the words that still seemed to echo in her ears: “*Lois, I can’t take it anymore. If you really want me, I’m yours.*”

It all felt like a fever dream. She might even have been able to convince herself that it was a product of her overactive imagination except for two things. One, she’d had to return the rented costume. And, two, she couldn’t shake her one perfect moment of recall from those lost hours – the taste and texture of Clark Kent’s neck.

Now, standing only a couple of feet away from the man himself, Lois barely managed to stifle a sigh. Since that morning – with the thrilling exception of a stolen kiss in the honeymoon suite of the Lexor – Clark had been an absolute gentleman. Sure, that kiss had been a ruse, but she liked to think he’d meant a little of it. He could have simply pulled the covers over the surveillance equipment to hide it. Throwing her on the bed and kissing her senseless had been overkill.

God, she had to admire his attention to detail.

At this moment she had a perfect view of that tantalizing spot on his neck. It was just above his collar and in front of his left ear. All at once Lois realized she was staring at his neck, so she

directed her attention to his face.

“Thanks,” she managed to squeak out.

His dark eyes met hers as he gave her the smile that always made her stomach flutter. “Anytime.”

Suddenly Lois was too flustered to keep looking him in the eye. She tried to look away, only to have her gaze wander unerringly to that spot on his neck.

“Aren’t you cold now?” she asked even though she really didn’t want to give back his jacket. Her gaze darted back to his face and her breathing turned shallow. His expression had become tender, and that was even sexier than having him smile at her.

“I’ll be fine.” Clark smiled again and her knees wobbled in response. “Besides, I’m not the one who’s shivering.” His hands took hold of the lapels of his jacket, tugging it closed in the front before coming to lightly rest just above her breasts.

Oh God, it wasn’t just her knees that had gone weak. Her entire body suddenly felt heavy. Her purse dropped from her grasp. Lois swayed back slightly and luckily the outer wall of the parking garage was there to support her. To her immense disappointment, Clark let go of the jacket to bend over and pick up her purse.

“Am I?” she whispered. She was shaking all right, but it wasn’t from the cold.

“Do you have your keys?” Clark straightened up and held her purse out to her. “Maybe you should sit in your car until they let us back in the building.”

“I’ll be fine,” she mumbled. “We shouldn’t be out here much longer anyway.”

Lois took the purse back and, not entirely trusting herself to keep a grip on it, she set it on the ledge behind her. When she turned around, her gaze returned to his neck. What would it be like to kiss him there again? Did he really taste as darkly sweet as her memory insisted? It was entirely possible that the pheromone perfume had muddled her mind, and kissing his neck a second time wasn’t going to be nearly as erotic as she remembered it.

She was distracted from her gawking when his right hand rose to rub his temple. Lois could empathize. The sound of the alarm echoing through the garage was extremely annoying. “You okay?” she asked.

“Yeah. I guess that alarm is getting to me.”

Before she could think better of it, Lois said, “Here, let me...” and grabbed his left hand to pinch the webbing between his thumb and forefinger. “My grandma taught me this one. It’s supposed to distract you from the pain, I guess.” Clark’s hand was warm in hers and his fingers curled slightly, brushing gently against her palm. She couldn’t quite meet his gaze now that she was holding his hand, so she asked that spot on his neck, “Does this help?”

She saw his Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed. “It’s... distracting.”

Clark wasn’t lying – it was distracting. Everything about the past few minutes was distracting. He had expected a brusque ‘thanks’, or maybe even a rejection, when he’d placed his jacket on her shoulders. Instead, Lois’ dark eyes had looked up at him with the same dreamy quality they’d had the night she performed that striptease in his apartment. It wasn’t until she took a step back that he realized how forward he was being; how possessive the gesture of holding closed his jacket was. He had instantly let go in favor of retrieving her purse, but her slightly dazed expression when he stood back up gave him hope that maybe he hadn’t crossed a line after all.

Especially now when her cool fingers on his hand were the perfect distraction from the shrill bleating of the fire alarm. He watched, utterly fascinated, as Lois bit her lower lip. It wasn’t just her legs that distracted him on a daily basis – it was also her

mouth. The few brief kisses they had shared – and one long passionate embrace as Superman – had him watching her lips nearly as often as he watched her legs. He never would have kissed her like that as Superman, if he hadn't already reached the limits of his self-control. He'd been aching to kiss her ever since she'd come to her senses in his apartment and rejected him.

That kiss had been enough to build a thousand fantasies around. Now he knew for certain what it felt like to kiss her deeply. He had memorized the silk of her hair passing through his fingers, the press of her body to his, and the sweet, sure clasp of her arms around his neck. He had dipped her during that kiss, simply to be able to have the weight of her in his arms, and she had surrendered to his boldness without even seeming to think about it. He ranked that perfect moment right above the first time he'd realized he could fly. Both experiences had made him giddy with delight.

He'd give anything – *anything* – to kiss her like that again.

Just then, before he could process what was happening, Lois was going on tiptoe and pressing her mouth to his neck. Clark froze, uncertain what was happening, but absolutely certain he wasn't about to stop her. All too soon, she stepped back and the heat of her kiss was gone.

"Oh my gosh, Clark. I'm sorry," Lois said, letting go of his hand to cover her mouth in apparent shock. "I'm so sorry."

"Are you still trying to distract me?" If she was, it was definitely working. He felt off-kilter, as though the concrete floor of the parking garage had suddenly shifted.

She gazed down at her feet and shook her head. "No, that wasn't it. I'm sorry. Truly."

Thoroughly confused, he asked, "Then what was it?"

"I—" Lois shrugged. "I don't know. I guess I just wanted to see if it would be the same."

"The same?"

"The perfume..."

His heart began to pound hard in his chest as he realized what she was talking about. She had kissed his neck when she was under the influence of Miranda's perfume.

"Most of what happened that day with the perfume is a blur." Lois had started to twist her hands together in agitation. "But I thought I remembered... kissing your neck." Her voice trailed off and he saw her gaze dart to where she had just kissed him.

His recollections of those two days were a kaleidoscope of memories destined to keep him awake at night for the next fifty years. There were so many incredible little moments to recall – the length of her leg across his desk, the press of her body against his while she tried to convince him to play hooky – those moments often got pushed aside in favor of remembering her striptease or their kiss at the airport. But the feel of her lips on his neck was something he wasn't likely to forget any time soon. Especially now that it had happened three times.

"Which time?" he asked.

"What?" Lois' eyes went wide in horror. "*Which time?*"

Clark looked a little dazed, and Lois wasn't sure if it was from his headache or if he was confused at having just been sexually harassed by her. His eyebrows knit together as he nodded. "Once at my desk, and then again when you, uh, when you danced for me."

At that moment, the alarm finally fell silent. The sudden stillness seemed to shimmer around them. For a few brief seconds Lois dared to hope that she had heard him wrong. But then another of her hazy memories came into sharp focus. She *had* kissed his neck twice. She had thrown veil number five around his shoulders, gone on tiptoe, and gone for the jugular. Only that instance hadn't been a brief peck. She'd taken her time, applied some suction, and ended with a soft little nip of teeth.

"Oh my gosh," she muttered as her cheeks grew heated.

Clark gave her an expectant look. "So... was it the same?"

She shook her head miserably. "No, I don't think so."

He seemed disappointed by her answer, if the sudden slump to his shoulders was any indication. "Oh."

What in the world had she been thinking, kissing his neck just now? And, to top it all off, she'd lied to him. Kissing his neck had been *exactly* what she remembered; heightened this time by the weight of his jacket on her shoulders and the heat of his skin contrasting so sharply against the chilly air. The fact that they were about to be the last two people still in the parking garage was making her mind race. What if she did it again? Told him she needed a second try, just to be certain? Would he tease her about it?

Come to think of it... Why wasn't he teasing her now? Here was the perfect opportunity for Clark to mock her and yet he seemed more interested in cataloging the experience than exploiting her shame for his amusement. Why had he been so disappointed when she'd lied about it being disappointing? For that matter, why was he keeping track of how many times she'd kissed his neck?

"*Liar! You are so attracted to me!*"

What if she'd been right when she'd confronted him about finding her attractive after the perfume fiasco? He'd denied it, but all the evidence was against him. More than once since he'd started working at the *Planet* she'd looked over at his desk to find Clark watching her. He usually looked away, sometimes he even blushed. So was he attracted to her or not?

"After the spray wore off," Lois said slowly, puzzling her way aloud through a maelstrom of conflicting information, "you told me that you weren't attracted to me."

Clark swallowed, but his eyes met hers, his expression cautious. "That might have been a lie," he said quietly.

Lois frowned at him. "Why would you lie about that?"

He shrugged helplessly. "I didn't think you wanted me to be attracted to you."

"You made it sound like I wasn't attractive at all."

Clark shook his head slightly. "That was never my intent."

"So are you attracted to me?"

Lois could have sworn his eyes darkened just a little. She definitely heard his sharp intake of breath. His lips parted, but he didn't say anything.

"Even just a little?" she pressed. "Somewhere, deep down, in some part of you that you don't acknowledge unless you're drunk or in a really, really good mood?"

His eyebrows furrowed. "I've never been drunk."

Lois shook her head impatiently. She was about to let him change the subject. "You didn't answer the question."

How should he answer that question? Clark couldn't think of anything, especially not now when his entire being was singing with the knowledge that Lois Lane had kissed his neck simply to gauge the experience against the first time she'd done it. That meant that she had thought about that little bit of necking. Heck, she must have thought about it *a lot*. Enough to be consumed by curiosity. Enough to throw caution to the wind and waylay him in the parking garage. And now she wanted to know if he found her attractive? Had she really not been paying attention for the past six months?

There only seemed to be one way to answer her question. Scratch that. There was only one way Clark wanted to answer that question. So, as suddenly and recklessly as she had thrown herself at Superman at the airport, he had pulled her against him and bent his head to kiss her.

Lois didn't even seem to hesitate. In the space of a heartbeat, she had thrown her arms around his neck. Clark cupped the back of her head with his left hand while his right shifted to catch his coat as it slipped from her shoulders. Now that his hand was in

the vicinity of her back, it seemed like the right call to use it to brace her. Her mouth opened beneath his and she tasted just as sweet as he remembered.

Just like at the airport, Clark turned her and tilted her back. And, just like at the airport, she melted into his arms. Her fingers stroked through his hair, encouraging him to deepen the kiss. Soft exploration gave way to hunger. Breathless and dizzy, Clark began to pull away. Lois caught his lower lip in one last, lingering tug as he brought her upright again. They parted, both breathing heavily. He adjusted his jacket so it was across her shoulders again. Just like before, he brought it closed in the front, only this time he didn't let go, savoring the possessive nature of the gesture.

"What was that for?" Lois whispered. The husky tone of her voice made him long to kiss her again.

Clark studied her face, his gaze following the line of her cheekbone down to the now-swollen lushness of her mouth. "I wanted to know if it would be the same."

"Was it?"

"It was better." Better, because she knew who she was kissing. And absolutely stupid because now she was going to ask when he had ever kissed her like that before. Panic shot through him as he realized just how much he had revealed.

Lois nodded. "You're right, it was better. The maid didn't walk in this time."

"The maid?"

"All this time," she continued as if he hadn't spoken, "I've wondered if you only kissed me as a ruse or if there was something more to it." She gave him a small, pleased smile. "Admit it, you find me attractive."

An alarm seemed to sound in his head. This time he was certain it wasn't the fire bell, but rather the terrifying moment he'd been dreading for years. If he admitted his feelings, it was only a matter of time before he'd have to tell her all his secrets. "Are you sure you want me to admit that?"

Her eyes darted down, as if she had been distracted by something on his collar, and then back to meet his. She nodded and softly said, "I'm sure."

Clark was elated by her closeness and the fact that she actually wanted him to be attracted to her. He pulled her closer, using the jacket he had hold of to do it. When he spoke, his voice was suddenly husky and his words deliberate. "I find you very attractive, Lois."

Her head tilted in curiosity. "How attractive?"

This time, a kiss was definitely the only good answer.

THE END

The prompt was "cold rain". :)