

Of Elves and Men

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Summary: A response to the “Lois Elfs Herself Challenge” on the Fanfic Message Boards.

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A/N A response to the Lois Elfs Herself Challenge on the Fanfic Message Boards. I hope y’all enjoy.

Lois ducked behind a vending machine before Clark could see her. This was not good, not good at all! Carefully, making sure that he wasn’t looking in her direction, she began to inch towards the hallway that led to the bathrooms. If she could just get to the ladies’ room without being spotted...

Unfortunately, the mouth of the hallway was blocked by a group of orcs. They didn’t notice her at first, caught up as they were in discussing a recent movie trailer, but a snarl from her caused them to move aside. She dashed down the hallway and towards the bathrooms, only to find herself at the end of a long line of elf-maidens that included at least three other Arwens. Lois snorted, unsure whether to be more annoyed at the line, or at the obvious lack of creativity among her fellow cosplayers. Couldn’t one person have come as a female hobbit, or something?

“Lois?”

She closed her eyes and groaned, trying with all her might to blend into the crowd—or the wall, it didn’t matter which. Unfortunately, Clark had already detected her and was moving towards her like a guided missile. Honestly, how did he always seem to know when she was nearby? The question fled her mind, though, when he successfully navigated past a troll and four hobbits and came to stand beside her.

Clark, of course, wasn’t in a costume. Clark was dressed for work, his press pass hanging from a lanyard around his neck. It never occurred to Lois that Perry might send someone to cover this event; perhaps the news was really slow today, or Clark had done something to get on their boss’s nerves. Of course, it was also possible that Clark “Human Interest” Kent had simply volunteered. She groaned again.

“Lois, what are you doing here?” Clark asked her.

She bit her lip, trying to think of a non-embarrassing answer when, suddenly, inspiration struck. “I’m undercover!” she told him.

His eyebrows rose. “Really? I thought you were off work, today.”

“That’s only a cover-story,” she replied.

“Why didn’t Perry tell me anything about it?” Clark pressed. “We’re partners, after all.”

“Yeah, well...” Lois shuffled her feet and tried to inject more confidence into her voice. “You’re only a greenhorn after all, Kent. Something this big requires an experienced investigator.”

“Really?” Clark asked her in a tone that was irritatingly suspicious. “So, what are you investigating that’s so big?”

She glanced around, frantically. “A ring...of...jewelry thieves?” She blushed hotly, even as the words left her mouth.

Clark nodded, knowingly. “Ah, yes,” he said. “I hear there’s a really important ring that’s been missing for a while, now.”

Lois’ face turned even redder.

“Of course, you know,” Clark added, starting to grin, “the thieves are probably just going to want to melt it down.”

Lois sighed. “Fine,” she snapped, “I’m here because I’m a Tolkien fan, okay?”

“Huh.” Clark raised his eyebrows again. “I never knew that.”

She snorted. “Well, there’s a lot about me you don’t know, Farm Boy.”

Clark smiled at her in that infuriating way of his.

“Go ahead,” she sighed. “Mock me. The great Lois Lane spending her time off wearing a costume—I’m sure you must find it hilarious.”

His smile vanished. “Er, no,” he stammered. “Wearing a costume isn’t—um—I wouldn’t mock you, Lois.” Now it was his turn to blush, and Lois found herself wondering what her partner must get up to in *his* free time. “So,” he said quickly, “you’re dressed as an elf?”

“Arwen Undomiel,” she corrected. “Lady of Rivendell and Queen of the Reunited Kingdom, daughter of Elrond and Celebrian, granddaughter of Galadriel.” Clark fell silent, and she felt her blush returning.

“I would’ve thought you were more of an Eowyn kind of girl,” he said at last. “You know, riding off into battle when you were told to stay behind?” He smiled at her again.

“Oh, please,” Lois grumbled. “Eowyn was a just a would-be home-wrecker.”

“She didn’t know that Aragorn was already taken,” Clark pointed out.

“No,” Lois conceded, then muttered, “not that it always matters.”

Clark raised an eyebrow at her.

Lois sighed. “I like the fact that he stayed true to her,” she said softly, almost whispering. “Aragorn was a great guy, a hero, and a long-lost king. He could’ve had any woman he wanted, and Eowyn was practically throwing herself at him, but he kept faith with Arwen, because he loved her.” The line began to move, slightly, but Lois remained where she stood. “He even depended on her, in a way,” she added. “When Arwen made him that banner, it gave him the courage and strength he needed, so he could do what he had to do—because he knew she was in his corner.” She sighed again.

Clark looked strangely thoughtful. “They were from two different worlds, weren’t they?” he asked. “I mean, she was an elf, and he was human—she had to give up a lot in order to be with him.”

Lois shrugged. “So? They loved each other. It’s worth it.” She looked away. “At least, in books, anyway. In real life, love is just that happy feeling you get right before the wreck happens.”

“Not always,” Clark murmured, so soft that Lois almost didn’t hear him. “Maybe...” He trailed off.

“What?” Lois prompted when he didn’t finish.

Clark swallowed. “I was just thinking,” he began. “They have these conventions every year, right? Maybe—maybe next time, I could come with you?”

Lois quirked an eyebrow at him. “Oh? Who would you come as?” she asked.

He smiled sheepishly at her. “Maybe Aragorn?” he suggested.

Lois laughed. “I don’t think so, Kent.” She looked him over. “Somehow, I don’t think you’re the Aragorn type. A tall hobbit, maybe, but certainly no Aragorn.”

He grinned at her. “You might be surprised, Lois,” he teased. “And anyway, even hobbits can be pretty surprising at times; you don’t want to under-estimate them.”

The corner of her mouth twitched. “I’ll tell you what,” she conceded, “since you haven’t started pointing and laughing at this elf-princess get-up, I’ll let you buy me lunch at the concession stands. I could go for some Onion Rings of Power and a Misty

Mountain-Dew.”

He seemed to light up at that. “I will take you to the onion rings,” he said as she slipped her hand into the crook of his arm. “Though, I do not know the way.”

THE END