

A Little Winter Friend

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Rated: G

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Summary: Clark finds a lonely puppy out in the cold and decides to take care of it.

Story Size: 943 words (5Kb as text)

I haven't written anything L&C in like 15 years (and not much at all in the past 10, to be fair), but I saw this year's ficathon and really wanted to join, so here you go!

My dear friend Sara asked for a fic with the following:

1. definitely at least one WaFFy kiss
2. a puppy (but not necessarily that will belong to them)
3. L&C in front of a fire

Don't want:

1. Any a-plot
2. No villains
3. No relationship challengers like Mayson or Dan :P .

Thanks to Irene for BRing, and to Barbara for organizing the ficathon!

I hope you enjoy!

It was a cold Saturday morning in Metropolis. Thin snowflakes were coming down from the gray sky, dusting cars, trees and buildings with white. People were walking on the streets, wrapped in thick coats and scarves, to protect themselves from the freezing air bursts.

Clark had just finished an interview with one of the mayoral candidates and was exiting the building, which overlooked a big park. He had parked right by the entrance.

He considered taking a short stroll – the cold didn't bother him, and he enjoyed watching the kids playing and running around. But the thought of Lois back home held him back. She'd be up by now, enjoying her well-deserved Saturday morning off, maybe with a cup of hot coffee by the fireplace. That was an even better option.

He unlocked the car, and became distracted by the sound of weak, labored breathing. Instantly pinpointing the direction it came from, he lowered his glasses and X-rayed under the hood of the car.

A small, white-and-brown puppy was hiding under there, curled into a tiny ball and trembling.

"Hey, buddy," Clark said and knelt by the car door. He peered underneath the hood. "What are you doing down there?"

The puppy perked up its ears and looked at him, but did

not move from its position.

Clark cautiously took a look around; no pedestrians, very few cars. He slightly lifted one side of the car with one hand and gently picked up the puppy with the other. It did not protest.

"Are you sick?" he asked, putting the car down again and using his hand to cover the little dog. "Or just cold?"

He rubbed it gently; the puppy's breath seemed to ease.

Clark looked around for any hints that this puppy could belong to someone; a kid searching for their dog, a dog walker, or at least a bigger momma dog. He found nothing, and the puppy was not wearing a collar anyway.

"You know what you need?" he asked the puppy, lifting it to eye level. "You need a warm fireplace and some food. Let's go to the pet shop and get you something to eat."

He returned home a while later, a bag full of doggie goodies hanging by his arm, the puppy held in one hand.

He opened the door slightly and peered in. As he had guessed, Lois was reading, sitting in an armchair by the burning fireplace. His only mistake was that the drink in her cup smelled like hot chocolate, rather than coffee.

"Lois?"

"Clark!" She looked up at him.

"I've brought a guest."

Her face became anxious. She got up and tightened the tie of her robe. "Who is it? Do I need to get dressed?"

"I don't think he'll mind."

He gently put the puppy down in the entrance. It looked around, sniffing curiously, but did not move.

"Who's that?" Lois said, her eyes wide, a smile forming on her lips.

"I found him under the car. He was cold."

"Aw."

She spent a moment observing the puppy, which was idly playing with its paws, and then her eyes fell on the pet shop bag.

"Clark?"

"Hmm?" He, too, was watching the puppy, a goofy expression on his face.

"Are you ready to have a baby in the house?"

"What!" He looked up at her. "Oh!" He smiled sheepishly. "Well, I just thought he needed some warmth for now. We don't have to keep him if you don't want to. I can take him to a shelter."

Lois looked at the little guy and smiled. "I don't know. He looks cute. But I don't know the first thing about caring for a dog."

"I do." Clark beamed.

"Of course you do."

Clark took a training pad out of the pet shop bag and, pushing the rug aside, he laid it out in front of the fireplace. Then he took the puppy in his hands and put it on the pad. It walked in circles for a minute, taking in the new environment, and finally it rested on its belly, enjoying the warmth.

He looked up for Lois, realizing she wasn't in the room anymore, and he saw her coming out of the kitchen with a cup of hot chocolate in her hands.

"I made extra," she explained. "Figured you'd want to

join me.”

He smiled at her and sat in her armchair, inviting her on his lap. She put the cup on the coffee table and took the invitation, placing her arms around his neck and planting a kiss on his lips. He responded by putting his hand on his back and pulling her closer, and their kiss deepened, and lengthened, and the warmth of their bodies rivaled the warmth of the fire.

The puppy looked at them, then at the fireplace, and fell asleep.

THE END