

# A Lucky Strike

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Rated: PG

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Summary: As the events in the author's "Bowled Over" continue, Lois' luck just keeps improving...enough that even she starts to wonder how she's playing so well. Story 3 in the author's When He Cheats...At Bowling series.

Story Size: 1,170 words (7Kb as text)

**Author's Note:** I'm on a roll? LOL! Oh, gosh, y'all. This one almost didn't happen because I could NOT figure out how to get my idea for it to work! But you can give a HUGE thanks to QueenoftheCapes, AnnaBtG, and SuperBek for spending forever brainstorming with me, each about different aspects of the story. Thank you all so much! Thank you to lovetvfan for the feedback and pointing out an important bit that needed tweaking! A big thank you to SuperBek for BRing and helping me get rid of those last 3 pesky words! And, as (almost) always (as long as she'll let me pester her), thank you to KathyB for the perfect summary! Thank you to SuperBek for a quick and thorough GE job!

Stories in the "Bowling" series:

1. [Spare a Smile for Me](#)
2. [Bowled Over](#)
3. A Lucky Strike
4. [A Striking Revelation](#)

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Lois thought she'd been in for a long night at the Employee Appreciation Party, but...with Clark, she found she was having far more fun than she expected. She half wondered if this was what dating Clark would be like — normally boring activities turned entertaining.

That was why — even though he'd offered to sneak them out — they were still here. If she just pretended all her coworkers weren't around, then she could imagine this as a sort-of date with Clark. Though heaven help him if he took her bowling on their first date.

Assuming they had a first date. Assuming the dinner he would cook her wasn't their first date. With the way he'd acted when she'd won their wager, she'd like to think their first date could now be considered a foregone conclusion. But part of her still hesitated to make that leap in her mind without more concrete confirmation from Clark.

In the meantime, she would enjoy the rest of tonight. Her forearm twinged a bit as she picked up her ball, but

she ignored it and instead focused on the lane and pins in front of her, lining up and getting set. Just as she was letting the ball go, her hand cramped, twitching slightly and taking most of the force out of her throw.

She hardly wanted to watch, the slow torture of it as the ball failed to hit its mark even remotely hard enough. Lois turned back towards the ball return, looking down at her hand and flexing it to try and relieve the cramp. But out of the corner of her eye, she saw Clark holding his hand up to the side of his mouth, looking for all the world like a kid trying to blow the pins over with his breath and magical thinking.

It was cute, his endearing attem —

The crash of the ball against the pins made her spin around just in time to see *all* the pins clatter to the floor. The ball was nowhere in sight; it had somehow had enough force to knock the pins over and disappear into the darkness. She inhaled sharply. "What just happened?" she breathed.

That hadn't...worked...had it? No, he was just being silly and there had been some imperfection in the lane, the ball hitting it just so. It'd happened before.

She turned again, to find Clark watching her. "Whoa, lucky shot!" he said. Adorably.

If he wanted to pretend to help her win, that was adorable. And who knew? Maybe there *was* something to this sentiment and superstition. Clark Kent, his cheerfulness and whimsy, could very well be her good luck charm.

Good grief. What was happening to her?

Nope. Lois Lane was logical. Methodical. An investigative reporter! Not prone one bit to romanticized ideas.

So, really, there was no harm in conducting a little research.

As Clark took his turn, she watched with a curious... well, and distracted eye — good luck charm or not, he had a great body. Other coworkers took turns, most after calm, sportsmanlike encouragement from Clark. Unfortunately, as she hadn't really been paying any attention to her coworkers, she couldn't tell if they were faring better or worse with his cheering.

She did notice, however, that none of their balls seemed to speed up nor veer peculiarly to one side or the other, which ought to have happened at least a little if there were some small flaw or defect in the planks of the very same lane she was using. Same for the pins, none of them tottering or rolling in their favor as much as they seemed to for her.

"Knock 'em dead, partner!" Clark said with a wink and a devastating smile before her next turn. Okay, her coworkers weren't getting *that* kind of treatment from

Clark. So she needed to add another variable. What if she wasn't *trying* to do well?

She grabbed her ball, analyzing thoughts as she lined herself up. Surely, if the cheering and optimism and fluttering and tingling that she was getting from Clark's attentions didn't account for her improved performance by boosting her confidence or something, then...maybe there *was* something to be said about luck and superstition.

She swung her arm, not really focusing on her follow-through, and the ball drifted far to the right, only catching two pins. Dangit. What exactly did that tell her?

Frowning, she went to the ball return and caught Clark giving her an encouraging smile. "You've picked up plenty of spares before!"

Sure enough, she picked up the spare even with a weaker throw and uncared-for aim. She went on to get two strikes and another spare to round out her winning game. But as everyone packed up for the night, she was still stumped as to what exactly seemed to be going on.

"You need to put your ball back," Clark said, hefting his own easily on one side.

"Don't the employees clean anyway?"

"Not the point! It's like putting your shopping cart back — common courtesy."

She bit her lip, begrudgingly picking up her ball and following Clark to the storage racks.

"Lois! You don't put your cart back?!"

"Heels and long days! Plus, they have people to collect them," she insisted as she hefted her ball. It slipped and she tensed, waiting for the pai —

He caught it. "Th-thanks, Clark." H-he caught it. Both hands. Even though he'd *just* had his ball in hand. Right? "I-I was sure I was in for a broken toe."

"Lucky I caught it." His smile was warm, like it'd been no big deal. Normal reflex. Like *that* fast was normal, or... he thought she hadn't seen...

A million images raced through her mind, and she did her best to mask any reaction. Instead, she smiled brightly and said, "You know, since bowling now seems to be a regular, mandatory event, maybe you should give me lessons."

"I'd love to," he said, smiling. Adorably. Like...like he had cheated just for her.

THE END