

# The Zipper

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"Clark!" Lois Lane exclaimed as she walked into the living room. Why did it take women so long to get ready?

Her stupid partner was already completely dressed and ready to go, sitting calmly on the couch in the living room. How typical! It was like he took less than a second to get ready! She would love have that ability.

She'd already been at it for over two hours. All she'd accomplished in that time was making her hair almost presentable and applying her make-up. Now all she needed to do was zip her dress and slip on her shoes. And she was only thirty minutes behind schedule! That was nothing!

"Lois, are you ready yet?"

Sometimes Clark Kent made her sick. Why was he sitting there so smugly waiting for her? Couldn't he have the decency to take a little longer getting ready? And it wouldn't kill him to be late for once in his life!

She stomped out to the living room and exclaimed, "Clark, does it *look* like I'm ready?"

He shook his head quickly, wisely choosing to keep his mouth shut. Lois wasn't ready yet and they were running late, but far be it from him to say anything. No one in their right mind would want to risk the wrath of Lois Lane, especially when she was in this kind of mood!

"You look beautiful," he said as he allowed his gaze to drift from her beautifully done up hair down over her shiny black dress to her bare feet.

Lois sighed dramatically. "Men! Do you think false flattery makes me feel better? You know me better than that."

"False flattery? I meant it, Lois." Clark knew it was a futile argument. She would never agree that he was completely serious even if she knew.

Lois rolled her eyes at him. "Can you zip me up? Then I'll be just about ready to go."

"Oh, uh, sure."

As Lois turned her back to him, Clark reached up and paused, as his fingers were mere centimeters from the soft, warm bare skin of her back. He was mesmerized, absolutely frozen by the thought of her bare back and why lay beneath the dress.

To zip or not to zip. That was the question.

Zip.

He longed to touch her, to feel the soft, silky skin under his fingers. It would feel so much better to unzip the dress than to guide the zipper up to its final resting place to anchor the dress on her body.

Unzip.

Clark longed to guide that slinky black dress off her shoulders to expose even more of her naked flesh. His fingers trembled with anticipation as he let one finger trail down her back along the zipper line.

Zip.

Lois shivered involuntarily as she felt his fingers approaching her bare back. "Clark! Just do it! How hard can it be to zip my dress?" She only hoped her voice didn't waver.

Unzip.

She longed for him to touch her, to guide the dress off her rather than guide the zipper up to close

the dress. His fingers were so close to her, tantalizing her, enticing her. This was a mistake. She was telling him to zip it up, but her body protested desperately.

Zip. Unzip. Zip. Unzip. Zip. Unzip. Zip. Unzip. Zip. Unzip. Zip.

Unzip.

No, zip.

As Clark's fingers and mind dueled over what to do with the zipper, he softly began to pull it up, but then his fingers brushed across her back and he brought it down again. Then he realized what he was doing, and tried to bring the zipper up again. It was a vicious cycle, emotions fighting, sense versus libido. How could one little zipper cause so much trouble?

Before Clark could answer his own question, the tension overcame him.

Rip. Crack.

It broke.

"Clark!"

"Oh my god, Lois, I am so sorry."

Lois reached back and covered his hand with her own. "The zipper?"

"It broke," he answered simply, not offering any more information.

Lois turned around, wanting to maintain an angry facade, but not sure how long she would succeed. "Clark! How did you break my zipper?"

"Um, well . . ." He wasn't sure what he could say that wouldn't make him look like a horrible pervert.

Lois's stern gaze turned into a grin as she finally allowed herself to laugh. "I can't believe it, Clark. We really should invest in a zipper company. This is the fifth dress you've broken this month!" She turned to him and said, "I guess you know what this means."

"I get to take it off?"

"Exactly."

Lois squealed as her husband swept her up into his arms and took off to the bedroom at Superspeed.

The End