

# Aussie Rules Bet

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For Female Hawk

Rated: G

Submitted: May, 2011

Summary: Sometimes, when you lose, you gain so much more.

Like most of the gentle readers on the Lois and Clark Fanfic Messageboard, I've been reading and enjoying the original take on Lois and Clark that Female Hawk has been giving us.

After reading the last couple of instalments where Lois and Clark have been getting 'closer' together, this little tale just popped into my head.

I sent it to Corrina as a form of thank you for the fun fic she's been writing. She graciously replied that I should share this with the rest of the gentle readers.

Be Warned. This has nothing to do with her current fic, but who's to say that in some similar alternate universe this little episode might not have taken place?

EIC's note: Female Hawk's original story – Aussie Rules – has (so far at least ;) ) not been submitted to the Archive. However, you can find this Kerth Award-winning story here on the Lois and Clark Fanfic Messageboards:

[http://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ultimatebb.php?ubb=get\\_topic;f=6;t=001700#000000](http://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ultimatebb.php?ubb=get_topic;f=6;t=001700#000000).

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“Okay, everybody listen up.”

A smile snuck onto Lois' face as she leaned back and watched Gazza command everyone's attention. It was that time of the year again.

“We've reached that time again. All the teams are playing this Saturday and, except for the unfortunate Fitzroy, everyone is in top form heading into the final rounds leading to the Premiership. So who is going to be Gazza's pigeon this year? Who will take the bet?”

Lois glanced around as she took in all of her colleagues. Most of them turned back to their computer screens, purposely ignoring Gazza. Some resorted to hurling insults and jeers toward him, but none of them stepped up either. Every year he made the bet. Over the next few weeks, his team would play every one of the teams that his fellow scribes barracked for. He took on any comer. The first one to step up got to take on the bet. Of course, he had a pretty good record since Collingwood had been a strong contender for the last several years. His long wavy hair was testament to his team's successes.

Lois' gaze fell on Clark and she nearly burst out laughing. It was obvious that he had no idea what was going on. And it was possible that he wouldn't know because from the reaction of her co-workers it looked like this might be the first year that the bet wasn't made. That would be a shame. It was a fun tradition, but it did carry a heavy price for the loser.

Lois bit her lip. Dare she? Her Hawks were doing quite well this year, but Collingwood was doing a little better and would be the definite favorite. Still, what kind of fan was she if she didn't have faith in her guys?

Lois stood up and walked over to where Gazza was razzing the guys for being cowards and fair weather fans. She reached out

and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned and seemed surprised to see her there.

“I'll take that bet.” Lois spoke with an even voice that sounded more confident than she really was.

“Flinders?” Gazza looked confused. “You do know what the terms of the bet are ... don't you?”

Lois cocked her head and looked him straight in the eye. “Unless you've changed them; the winner shaves the loser's head, and the loser has to wear the winner's colors for a week.”

Gazza nodded as he frowned at Lois. He then turned to the rest of the staff. “Are you losers going to let Flinders here take the fall for the rest of you? Is not one of you man enough to step up for the honor of his team?”

“Excuse me, but I think the rules you established say that the first one to take the bet gets it.” Lois glared at the man, her arms folded over her chest.

Gazza shook his head and grinned. “You're sure you want to lose those pretty, dark locks, luv?”

Lois' answering grin was just as predatory. “Actually, I was planning on buzzing off those sun-bleached curls of yours.”

He ran his hand through his unruly mop of hair. “Hasn't happened in over four years.”

Lois patted him on the shoulder, then turned and went back to her desk. “Maybe it's time.”

Clark hurried over to her desk as she pulled up her latest story.

“Did I hear that right? Did you just bet your hair on a footy match?”

Lois didn't even look up from her screen. “Yep.”

“Why?”

She turned her face toward his. “Don't you bet on sports back in the States?”

Clark was shaking his head in wonder. “Yeah, but we usually bet money.”

Lois shrugged. “Boring. Besides it's a tradition around here and no one else seemed ready to step up. I couldn't let it stand. Gazza would be insufferable the rest of the season if no one took the bet.”

“You know that Hawthorn is playing Collingwood this Saturday.”

“Yes I do, which is one of the reasons why I took the bet. We're at our strongest right now and rumor has it that Collingwood's lead scorer has had the flu all week. Even if he's over it by Saturday he'll still be weak from it.”

Lois punched Clark in the arm. “Come on, Kent, have a little faith in our team.”

Clark shrugged, then smiled. “Okay. You want to watch the match together?”

Lois shook her head. “Can't, I'm covering the Fitzroy game.” She sighed. “Now that could be a depressing game.”

Clark chuckled. “Not as depressing as watching the replay of the Hawthorn game should they lose to Collingwood.”

Lois shook her head. “Oh ye of little faith.”

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They lost! Lois couldn't believe it. She stared at her reflection in her bathroom mirror as she made herself ready for bed. Her hand strayed up to the shiny, dark locks that hung down to just brush her shoulders. Soon her shoulders would no longer feel the brush of those silken strands.

The Fitzroy game had been the depressing sleeper of a game that she thought it would be so she'd been able to listen to the Hawthorn game on her portable radio.

She'd been so confident when they'd gone into the final minutes of the game with a slim lead. But then it had happened. Three goals in the last two minutes had sunk her Hawks and had sealed her fate.

In the morning, when she came into work, they all would be

waiting. Like vultures eyeing fresh road kill, she'd be the center of attention as Gazza gleefully rendered her nearly hairless with those old barber's clippers he'd found at a yard sale.

Lois had never been one of those women who constantly worried about their looks. In fact, she'd never even considered herself particularly pretty. It wasn't like she got many compliments from the gang at the paper. Still, she knew that when Gazza was done, whatever attractiveness she might have possessed would be severely altered for quite some time.

But the main reason why this concerned her was because it would end the special times she'd been having with Clark. He wouldn't want to be seen with a shaven-headed freak, and there wouldn't be enough time for her hair to grow back to a reasonable length before he had to leave.

She had to admit that even though, at first, she had resisted the man's charms because she knew that there was no real future for them, she really enjoyed being with him. She would miss those times. She would miss them a lot.

She looked down at the hairbrush sitting on the edge of the sink. Normally, she would brush her hair before going to bed. She sighed. No point in doing it tonight. She turned out the light as she left her bathroom and slipped into bed. She doubted she'd sleep very well tonight.

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"Hey, Flinders, nice of you to come in today."

The scene that Lois walked into was exactly as she had dreamed it would be. Or, more accurately, a scene from a nightmare. Gazza had a big grin on his face. He was standing behind the ancient barber's chair that he brought in every year for the occasion. Everyone was standing around, looks of amused anticipation on their faces. Everyone except Clark that was. He had the decency to look sympathetic. She gave him a weak smile as she walked over to the chair without a word. She slowly spun around so everyone could see the facsimile Collingwood jersey she had purchased this morning and was now wearing. No one was ever going to be able to say that Lois Lane ever welched on a bet. She sat down.

It wasn't like anyone at the paper actually disliked her. She knew that they didn't. It was just that they all liked Dan a lot and she was the woman who dumped on the poor guy. It hadn't made her popular with the rest of them, so no one, except Clark, would be sorry to see her get this little comeuppance.

Gazza made a big show out of shaking out the barber's cape and fastening it around her shoulders, making it tight about her neck. Lois appreciated that. The last thing she wanted was to have to deal with loose hair down her back.

Gazza held the overly large clippers out where Lois could see them.

"Any last words, Flinders?"

She squared her shoulders and held her head high. "Just be gentle with me, big guy."

His laugh was full and loud as he flipped the switch and the hand-held appliance of her destruction roared to life.

Lois held back a gasp as Gazza placed the clippers right at her forehead and pushed them into her hair at the top of her head. Her dark locks fell like rain in front of her face and onto her lap. He worked quickly. Within minutes, he'd cleared the top of her head and was working his way around the sides and back. She was somewhat surprised by the amount of hair she saw piling up on the floor around the base of the chair.

There was no mirror, for which Lois was thankful, but she knew what she looked like. She'd seen this happen before. Banjo had been the victim last year. This year it had been her.

She wasn't completely bald, not that that was any real comfort. Her head would look like a man's beard after a couple of days without shaving. A short, fine fuzz, less than a quarter of an inch long, covered her scalp now.

She couldn't help herself. She reached up and rubbed her hand over her buzzed head. Of course, everyone else had to come and do so, also.

Lois got out of the chair to the applause of the rest of the group. She acknowledged their praise with a wave of her hand, and smiled when Gazza gave her a wink and a thumbs up.

Clark came over and met her at her desk. "Wow, I'm impressed that you went through with the buzz cut, Lois."

She frowned at him. "Why? Didn't you think that I would honor the terms of the bet if I lost?"

Clark shook his head quickly. "No, I absolutely knew that you would. I'm just impressed by your conviction."

She ducked her head. Normally her hair would fall in front of her face to help hide her blush. Not so, anymore.

Clark sat in her guest chair. "It's just that not too many beautiful women would put themselves at risk like that, let alone follow through with it. Mayson certainly wouldn't."

Lois' eyes widened. "You thought I was beautiful?"

Clark chuckled. "No, I think you *are* beautiful." He shook his head. "Lois, something as transitory as a bad haircut isn't going to change my opinion of you."

She involuntarily reached up to touch her head. "But it will be months before it grows out to a reasonable length."

Clark shrugged. "It depends on what you call reasonable. I'll bet you'll look good in a short style."

Lois, lowered her voice to an almost whisper. "Yeah, but even if that's true, it could still be weeks before that happens, and you'll be gone by then."

Clark reached down and placed his finger under her chin and lifted her eyes to his. "You might be surprised ... on both counts." He bent down and whispered in her ear. "Let's go out someplace nice tonight and commiserate our team's disappointing loss together."

A tentative smile came onto Lois' face. "You'd still want to go out with me? Looking like this?"

"Sure."

"I won't wear a wig or a scarf. What you see is what you get."

"Okay."

Lois shook her head. She just didn't understand how any man could be so wonderfully understanding. And how that man could be interested in her. She glanced up at him, a sly smile on her face.

"You know, you claim to barrack for Hawthorn too. If you were a real fan you'd let Gazza buzz your hair too. We could be pathetic, buzzed Hawk fans together."

A look of panic quickly crossed Clark's face.

"Ah, I'm sorry Lois, but I can't do that."

Lois' face fell slightly. "Oh, I understand ... A good looking guy like you wouldn't want to ..."

"No, it's not that. Gazza couldn't cut my hair."

Lois was confused. "I said I understand, Clark."

"No, Lois, you don't understand." He looked around then moved close and whispered so that only she could hear him. "I'm Superman."

Fin.

THE END