

# Driving the Course

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Rated: PG

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Summary: A charity golf tournament shows how different Lois and Clark are when one doesn't know the game very well. Takes place after Season 4.

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Notes: I thought of this because my husband went golfing for Father's Day by himself. He loves to golf, but we only let him go occasionally. A special thank you to SuperBek for BR this for me. Enjoy!

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A hot summer day at the Metropolis Country Club was not how Clark wanted to spend his Saturday. He would much rather have gone to the lake with his wife. Instead, the new owner of the Daily Planet, Regina Stern, had requested that Clark and Lois join in the Daily Planet Golf Tournament for Feeding America.

Regina had recently taken over running the Daily Planet for her grandfather, Franklin Stern, after the debacle with Leslie Luckabee. Just in a short time, she'd proven to be highly effective, steering the Daily Planet back into its place as one of the leading newspapers in the world. And one of the first events she'd organized since taking over the reins was this fundraiser for Feeding America. She wanted her employees to have a bit of fun for charity. Regina had asked Lois to be on her team of four with her mother, Deedee, and her assistant, Nina, while Clark was on Perry and Jimmy's team along with the sports page writer, Rick.

Clark had never understood golf. Lois had taken Clark out to the golf range a couple of times before, plus had him play a round of eighteen holes last fall. He'd found it challenging because he couldn't use his 'super' skills and hit the ball too hard, and yet he also couldn't hit it too lightly. After the eighteen holes, Clark had been eleven over par, while Lois had won with three under par. Today, Lois and Regina had a tee time of nine thirteen in the morning, while Perry and Clark's team had a tee time of nine twenty-seven. After only three holes, Lois was already doing well while Clark was doing horribly.

"Come on, CK," Jimmy said as he stood a few feet away from his friend and mentor.

Clark stood in the tee box for the fourth hole, gripping his golf club anxiously while trying to figure out the distance to the green. Clark aimed his stance a bit to the right since the wind was coming from the right. To the right, a pond sat behind a line of trees, and Clark frowned at the obstacles as he readied himself. With a carefully controlled swing, he hit the ball. It went flying through the skies at least two

hundred feet then shifted to the right—right beyond the line of trees into the pond, startling the geese swimming.

"Nice try, son," Perry stated, hitting Clark behind his shoulder.

Clark stood there shaking his head. How could he have aimed so badly? He had aimed it slightly against the wind like Lois had taught him. The hole was over three hundred feet away, and Clark couldn't use all his strength. If he had aimed it straight for the hole, maybe it would have worked, but he'd taken his wife's advice and still failed. What was he doing wrong?

After nine holes, Clark headed into the clubhouse with everyone else for a break, dejectedly reflecting on how he was twelve over par already. He'd tried all morning to turn things around for him, hoping that he could at least contribute a bit to his team, but he'd continued to fail, hitting the ball too hard or not hard enough or too far to the left or too much to the right. He was exhausted, and yet, the game was only half over. Everyone was allowed to go inside the clubhouse for a break.

There were blind auctions going, and Clark scanned the listings quickly, his eyes settling wistfully on a weekend getaway for two at a spa in the mountains. He stepped over toward the auction table as Lois came up behind him.

"Thinking about bidding on it?" Lois whispered, wrapping her arms around her husband's waist.

"I wish we could," he sighed, pointing down to the bidding sheet. The bid was already up to five thousand dollars. They may have fairly decent salaries, but that amount would be a stretch.

"How are you doing out there?" Lois asked, turning to stand in front of him.

Clark moved his head slightly to the left while taking Lois's hand. He held on tightly to her petite hand while still

adjusting his grip to avoid using all of his strength. Clark led them to a little corner of the room.

“I don’t know what I’m doing wrong, Lois,” he whispered as he pulled her into a hug. “I’m doing horribly.”

Lois pulled away, tilted her head slightly, and looked him in the eyes. He felt her hand cup his face, and he leaned into it.

“It’s really not a big deal, Clark. You are perfect everywhere else. What does one sport matter?” Lois asked before wrapping her arms around his waist.

He didn’t want pity. Clark Kent was Superman. He’d always been great at any sport he’d tried to play. What had happened? Why was golf so difficult for him? Although, Lois was right; it was just a charity game, and it wasn’t really a big deal. So maybe...maybe something else was bothering him. His shoulders slumped, and the look in his eyes was one of defeat.

“Lois, I don’t get it,” Clark said, tightening his grip on his wife.

“You have been off the past couple of days,” Lois implied as she pulled back. “Do you think it’s kryptonite?”

“No, all of my powers are still there. I can see Regina in the other room talking to Perry about the two of us...going to a conference in Canada,” Clark stated, his mouth tipping up slightly.

Maybe time away from Metropolis was the answer. They hadn’t gone away together in months. It was always one thing after another lately. Lois and Clark had barely had time to be a married couple. Maybe that was part of why he’d been feeling so defeated over a lousy game of golf. As though she’d read his mind, Lois glanced back at the bidding table and suggested, “Maybe, we just need a vacation.”

Clark noticed her line of sight and finally decided to do something about their lack of time together. He swaggered over to the table, making sure Lois would follow his gaze, then signed the sheet for the trip for two to the spa. Finished, Clark strolled back over to his wife, kissed her sweetly, and pulled her into a hug.

“What did you just do?” Lois questioned quietly.

“I put in a bid. It’s a lot of money, I know, but...maybe it’s just what we need, to get away, just the two of us,” he replied with a big smile. Sure, it wasn’t a hole in one, but if they won the bid, he’d be getting the biggest prize of all—time alone with his wife.

**The End**