

Flying and Falling

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Rated: G

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Summary: Lois has Clark's powers. Clark sulks. They fall out of the sky. Lois and Clark somehow find the time during "Ultra Woman" to go flying together. A companion piece to Nonstop.

Story Size: 573 words (3 kB as text)

Lois flew above the city, her sulking boyfriend in her arms.

"I don't like this."

"I know. It feels weird to me, too."

"You should be in my arms."

"Why? Because I'm the woman?"

"No, because you're Lois, and I'm Superman."

"Not at the moment, you're not," Lois reminded him gently.

"Right." Clark squirmed in her arms.

"I'll drop you." She warned him.

"I'm uncomfortable. I feel helpless." He squirmed again.

Lois shifted herself into an upright position, then let go of Clark's legs and turned him so they were face to face, bodies pressed against each other and legs dangling beneath them.

"Is this any better?" she asked him. She floated them gently through the cool night air, the city lights sparkling below them.

"A little. I can pretend I'm floating." Clark smiled at her appreciatively.

"We'll figure this out, Clark," Lois assured him, her arms tightening around his waist. "I don't like this any more than you do."

"I know."

"You want me to fly us home?"

"Maybe in a little while." Clark leaned forward, capturing her lips with his.

* * *

A short time later...

"Loooiiss...!"

They skidded across the grass on their butts. At the last minute, Lois managed to steer them sideways and keep them from crashing into a gigantic oak tree. Clark slipped

from her arms in the process, his body rolling across the damp grass.

"Oh, god!" she gasped. Clark lay motionless on his back, a few feet away from her, arms and legs spread apart. "Clark!" She became a blur, instantly at his side, cradling his head in her lap. "Are you alright?"

"What happened?" he asked, struggling to sit up. "Where are we?"

Lois gave their surroundings a cursory glance. "Centennial Park," she answered him, grateful that it was late at night and no one was around to witness two people in casual clothing fall from the sky. "I guess I got a little distracted when you kissed me." Lois helped him to his feet, checking him over for any sign of injuries.

Clark rubbed at his neck, wincing a little, like he was sore.

"What? Are you hurt?" Lois brushed his hand away to inspect his neck. "Oh!" she giggled.

"What?"

"I think I gave you a hickey."

"Really?" He sounded pleased.

"Yeah. I guess you've never had one before." Lois examined his neck carefully, leaning forward to gently kiss the raised, bruised area. "Oh, look, there's another one." Her fingertips touched the red mark on the other side of his neck.

"Ow, don't poke it." Clark batted her hands away.

"Sorry. I guess I don't know my own strength yet." She grinned, adjusting his shirt around his neck to hide her love bites. "Is it wrong that I'm enjoying this fragile side of you?" She smiled teasingly.

"Yes, it's very, very wrong!" He pouted but gave her a small smile, so she knew he wasn't upset.

"Come on, I'll take you home." Lois reached for his hand, taking pity on him.

Clark scratched at his torso with his free hand. “I think I’m getting a rash from rolling around in the grass.”

“We’ll stop by the twenty-four-hour pharmacy and get you an antihistamine,” Lois offered.

“We’re walking, right?” Clark asked, still scratching, as they made their way out of the park.

“What? Don’t trust me to fly us?” Lois bumped her hip against his.

“Ow!”

“Oh god! What? I hurt you?”

“Just kidding...”

The End