

Pivot

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Rated: PG

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Summary: What if Lois wanted to spend some time with Clark alone on a Saturday morning?

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Notes: Okay, this takes place right after “Top Copy.” There were a few weeks between the time Clark had asked Lois out on the date and the actual date, and I figured why not do a little flirty and funny scene with our favorite couple. Thank you to SuperBek for beta reading this and KSaraSara for the assistance on the elevator scene. The two of you are my superheroes.

And if you are *Friends* fan, you might remember a certain episode where Ross, Rachel, and Joey move a couch up a set of stairs. This story was based on that episode and Lois’ very uncomfortable-looking couch.

Lois opened the curtains in her living room, noticing the beautiful blue skies of this Saturday morning. As she unlatched the windows to let in some fresh air, she smiled, thinking about how Clark had come back last night to finish their chess game. She’d been frustrated that he always seemed to disappear, but she’d been happy that he’d chosen her last night. She wanted more of that. She wanted to spend more time with him.

Turning around in her living room, she frowned as her eyes landed on her couch, which seemed to scream UNCOMFORTABLE. Suddenly, she had an idea that would mean getting to spend some time with Clark in close quarters.

She went into her bedroom and got dressed in the tightest jeans she could find and an off-the-shoulders red sweater. Grabbing her keys, she decided not calling him would be better; it was harder to say no to someone in person than on the phone. And he couldn’t give her a lame excuse and disappear if she was at his apartment, especially if he was just waking up.

Driving to his apartment, she thought back to the time in the boat at the marina and the warm sensation she’d gotten when lying on top of Clark. She wished he had reached up to kiss her. Lois wasn’t sure when her feelings for him had shifted, but they had, and now she wanted to know what it felt like to be close to him like that again.

When she knocked on his door, Lois tried to look through the glass to see him. She caught a glimpse of him coming from the bedroom, grabbing his glasses. He had a towel wrapped around his neck like he had just come from the shower. Oh boy, just imagining seeing him in the shower gave her goose bumps, and her heart quickened. If he could read her mind right now, she would be so embarrassed.

Opening the door, he smiled at her. And she could feel her cheeks redden with temptation.

“Lois, hi,” Clark said. “What’s up?”

“Couch shopping,” she stammered. “I want to buy a new couch, and I need your help. I want you... I mean, I would like your help. Not only that, but I enjoy lying on your couch. So I thought you could help me pick one out. And move it for me. I mean, help me move it.”

The smile that appeared across his face made Lois smirk. He nodded his head and said, “Come on in. Let me get changed, and we can go.”

Thirty minutes later, they were at the furniture store, standing next to each other, their hands touching slightly as they scanned the huge selection of couches, love seats, and sectionals.

“I didn’t think there were so many choices,” Lois admitted.

“Well, ma’am, what are you looking for?” the sales woman asked.

Lois couldn’t help but smile and look over at Clark for a second. She wanted something strong, dependable, and comfortable to be around, like the man standing next to her.

“Clark,” she whispered, closing her eyes for a moment and taking a deep breath.

Clark reached for her hand, squeezed, and gave that megawatt smile of his.

“How about that one?” Clark asked as he nudged her over to the red sofa on their left.

“It looks kinda small,” Lois replied as she stood in front of it. It was leather and didn’t look very appealing. In the heat, it would be very sticky and uncomfortable to get off

of. She snickered a bit as she thought about trying to make out with Clark on that couch. “Nope.”

The saleswoman led Clark and Lois around the showroom, showing Lois different styles, fabrics, and lengths. Lois kept picturing Clark and her lying together on each of the couches, like they had been at the houseboat.

“Lois, what are you looking for?” Clark asked twenty minutes later, after she had said no once again.

She stood there for a moment, putting her index finger to her mouth. Tilting her head, she said the first thing she thought of. “The couch at the stakeout a couple of weeks ago.”

Lois watched Clark’s eyes widened in recognition, and he let out a quiet, “Oh.”

“I enjoyed the feel of that couch. The way I melted into it,” she admitted, looking over at him with a smile. “Do you know what I mean?”

“I know exactly what you mean,” he said, grinning. “We’re looking for a sofa that’s soft, warm, and where you feel amazing just lying on it all night.”

“Exactly,” Lois told the salesperson.

Thirty minutes later, they were out of the furniture store holding hands. The couch they had picked out would be delivered between one and three today.

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“What should we do now?” Clark asked as they exited the furniture store. He looked at the shops and stores around them. He knew what he wanted to do: spend the day with her and be the first one to find out what that couch felt like in her apartment. He hoped she agreed.

“How about lunch? Or a movie?” she suggested.

He pulled her hand up to his mouth and kissed the back of it. Clark kept wondering if this would count as their date, or if he would be lucky enough to take her out on a proper date soon.

“It’s only ten thirty. We could do a movie, then grab lunch and take it to your place,” he proposed, squeezing her hand.

Today felt different to him than how they’d spent time together in the past, and he was loving it. He’d had fun with her in the furniture store, testing out sofas and love seats. He hadn’t realized that she had felt that spark in the houseboat like he had. And that she wanted to find a couch as comfortable as that one. He felt ecstatic for the first time in months. Spending time with her today had been even better than usual because she wasn’t pulling away from him. He only hoped his alter ego wouldn’t need to make an appearance and disrupt their day.

However, just like always, Superman was needed, and at the most inopportune time. His feeling of euphoria quickly changed as he heard a call for help right when they entered the theater. Clark racked his brain looking for an excuse to tell Lois as they moved to stand in line at the concession stand.

“Lois, how about you find us some seats in the theater, and I’ll get this,” Clark suggested.

“You don’t know what I want,” Lois responded.

“A cream soda, popcorn, and chocolate,” he replied, and he did something even more daring. He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. It wasn’t spontaneous; he wanted to show her how much fun he was having. And although Clark really wanted to kiss her on the lips, he thought maybe that would be crossing the line.

He watched intently while she put her hand up to where he’d kissed her and then looked into his eyes.

“Please, I’ll be right there,” he pleaded.

“Okay.”

She turned away and started toward theater four. After she had turned the corner, he stepped away and disappeared. Once he was up in the sky, he found himself hoping this would be a quick save. Only a natural disaster could keep him away from her now. As he landed on the other side of the city, he quickly recovered the store owner who had been shot in a burglary and flew the old man to the hospital. The man kept saying in Spanish that the burglar was wearing a mask and that there were two of them. Clark needed to find the men.

It only took three minutes after dropping off the store owner at the hospital to find the two men. The police were already in front of the store when Superman dropped the two burglars off to them. He didn’t have time to chat but told them they could find the store owner at Metropolis General.

Afterwards, he flew back to the theater quickly, intent to not keep Lois waiting. He strolled into the theater with chocolate, one soda, and a large popcorn. He found Lois about ten rows down, sitting in the middle of the aisle. The lights started going down as the movie previews began. He sat down next to her, and she instantly put a hand in the popcorn bucket.

“Clark, where’s your drink?” she murmured as she leaned closer to him.

“I don’t need one,” he replied, watching her munch on the popcorn. He was grateful that he was able to get back to her quickly and that she didn’t seem upset at him.

“We can share,” she suggested after taking the cup of cream soda from him and having a sip.

“Shush,” said someone from behind them.

Clark and Lois looked at each other and grinned. Both of them sat back and enjoyed the action movie together. By the end, Clark’s arm was around Lois’s shoulder and Lois’s head was leaning against his.

They stood outside the theater a few minutes later, and Clark glanced at his watch.

“Uh-oh. The movie was longer than we thought. It’s almost one already. We should—”

His head swung around as he heard a scream, and he nearly groaned in frustration.

“Uh, you know what, Lois, how about I meet you at your apartment?” he said, stepping away from her.

“It’s okay, Clark. Go do whatever you do. I’ll just see you Monday,” Lois sighed, clearly disappointed.

Clark’s heart clenched. He didn’t want to say goodbye to her, and he didn’t want their day to end. No, it wasn’t over.

“Lois, I just have a quick errand to run, and then I thought I could grab us a late lunch. I’ll be over shortly. I promise,” he stated, putting his arm around her waist and kissing her forehead.

“You promise?” she whimpered.

“Yes, give me a couple of hours, and I’ll be back at your apartment to help with the sofa delivery,” Clark said before jogging down the street in the direction opposite where Lois was headed.

* * *

Forty-five minutes later, Lois stood in her living room, tapping her foot impatiently. The delivery truck was supposed to arrive soon, although it was likely they would be late. She wondered why cable repair technicians and delivery drivers gave such a wide range of time. How could it take five hours to hook up someone’s cable? Right now, however, she sort of hoped they were late; that would give Clark a bit more time to get back with lunch.

When she had arrived home earlier, she had moved the chairs and coffee table into her kitchen. She would figure out what to do with her old couches later. She’d bought them on a whim years ago, but she hadn’t thought she would be at home very often when she’d bought them. Yes, they were uncomfortable and not very easy to sleep on. Now it was different; she and Clark often worked late into the night at one of their apartments, but they clearly tended to spend more time at his place than hers. Now she likely knew why.

But regardless of the fact that his couch was much more comfortable than hers, she had to admit that spending time alone with Clark—at his place or hers—had become addict-

ing. And it was something she had never felt before. At time, she was almost overwhelmed by the altogether new urge to just lean over and kiss him. But she was scared, frightened about what it might lead to and what it might mean. What if it didn’t work out between them? Could she go back to just being his friend? Would being in a relationship with him change her? Would it change him? She wasn’t good at relationships and didn’t want to take the chance of ruining her friendship with her best friend.

Lois headed to the kitchen to get a drink when there was a knock at her door. She hoped it was Clark; however, when she opened the door, she instead saw that it was an older gentleman with the logo of the furniture store on his dark-blue button-down shirt.

“Miss Lane?” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied.

“We have a couch for you,” he said, handing her a clipboard with the sales receipt on it. She signed her name and handed the clipboard back. The man, named Bernie, handed her the paper and walked away.

“Wait, where’s my couch?!” Lois shouted, stepping out into the hallway.

Bernie turned around with a scowl across his face.

“Ma’am, it stated in the fine print that we only deliver to the address. We deliver to the street but won’t take it up stairs or elevators,” he responded before stepping onto the elevator.

Lois grabbed her keys, locked her door, and ran down the steps. Five floors later, she was out of breath as she exited the main entrance to her apartment building. She caught three men putting a large blue sofa on the sidewalk to the right of the stairs.

“Have a nice day, ma’am,” one of the men called out, and then all three of the men got into the delivery truck and drove away.

Lois’s pulse was rising, her fingers tightened into fists, and she could feel her nails pressed into her palm. She huffed to get a strand of hair out of her face. She hadn’t expected this to be such a difficult day. There was no way she could get this sofa up the stairs, into the elevator, and down the hallway by herself. Calling Superman was out of the question; this wasn’t an emergency. But she couldn’t help wondering where her partner was at the moment.

Lois Lane needed help, and the one person she had counted on wasn’t around.

* * *

It took Clark longer than he had intended. It was twenty minutes to four when he flew down into the alley next to Lois's building. Turning the corner, he couldn't help but chuckle. He spotted the sofa on the sidewalk and a petite brunette sitting on it with her arms crossed and a scowl on her face. Clark could hear her shout at people who walked by, giving her questionable looks.

"Should I dare ask why the sofa is out here and not in your apartment?" Clark commented as he walked toward her and stopped near the end of the sofa.

Lois looked over at him with tight lips, and her eyebrows furrowed.

"Don't ask. Just help me, please," she pleaded, standing up and walking to the other end. "Do you want to carry it from the back or front?"

Clark looked at her and held up the brown bag of food in his hand.

"How about you take this up to your apartment and I'll get started on this?" Clark suggested, picking up one side of the sofa like it was as light as a feather.

"I don't want you to strain anything. You can't move it by yourself," Lois said, taking the bag of food from him and putting it on the cushion next to her. "I'm starving, though. They dropped the sofa off at one thirty, and I've been sitting out here since then."

He couldn't believe she'd had the tenacity to sit outside on her new couch without taking a break for a drink or even try to call him. Why didn't Lois shout for Superman's help? Now he felt even more guilty for leaving her. Trying to have a romantic relationship and be a superhero was beginning to really weigh on his conscience. It was February in Metropolis, and Lois had sat out there without a jacket on for over two hours. How did she not get cold?

"Please, Lois. Take the food upstairs; you look a bit cold, and I wouldn't want one of us to drop the dinner," he stated as he noticed the goose bumps on her arms. "Why didn't you try to call me or go inside and get a jacket?"

"Because I didn't want anyone to try to run off with our new sofa. And calling you wouldn't have done any good, you had something better to do," Lois told him before she grabbed the food and walked away from him. He watched as she ran up the stairs and into the building, and he assumed she wouldn't be gone too long.

Clark felt so horrible about leaving her earlier. He had to make this up to her. He wasn't going to wait another minute for her to come back down. She needed to warm up. So, he looked both ways and waited until the coast was clear. He knew he couldn't move the entire couch up the stairs by

himself—Lois would get suspicious. So he pulled the couch around to the stairs and climbed up backwards. He had made it up to the top of the stairs when he realized he needed to open both doors to get the couch through. Lightning fast, he opened both doors and pulled the couch inside.

He would have loved to move the sofa all the way to her apartment, but it was useless. Lois was coming out of the elevator as soon as he backed into it. They collided into each other, with Lois's front hitting Clark's backside.

Clark felt her hands go around his waist to stop herself from falling back.

"I'm sorry, Lois," he said. He put the sofa down and turned around as she dropped her hands from his waist.

He noticed her eyes darting back and forth between the couch and himself, and he groaned inwardly. He'd known she was going to question it.

"It was easier to pull it up those stairs than you think," he commented.

"Sure," she said, with a spark of curiosity. "Let's just get this in the elevator."

Clark pushed the sofa a little, then walked around to the other end.

"How about we stand it up and at an angle? I think that's the only way it can fit," he suggested.

"Works for me."

A few minutes later, Clark was trying to push the sofa into the elevator, but it was stuck in the top right corner. Lois was on the inside of the elevator, huffing and puffing in frustration.

"Clark, why did I get such a big sofa?" she asked. "How are we going to get this to fit?"

"Can you crawl underneath and come out? And then I can give it a big shove," Clark suggested.

He stood back, watching her crawl underneath the space between one side of the elevator and the sofa. Clark's breath hitched as he noticed her red lace bra, visible from his angle as her neckline plunged downward. He tried not to stare, but it was Lois—the woman of his nightly fantasies. He managed to tear his eyes away quickly, but he felt his body start to react when his mind wandered further, wondering if she'd matched the bra with what was underneath her jeans.

Clark reached for her hand to help her stand and tried not to look down her bustline again.

"Thank you," she mumbled as she put her left hand on his chest.

Both of them stood there a few seconds before they realized they weren't done.

"Stand back," he suggested as he stepped away from her. The temperature in the foyer was starting to heat up.

* * *

When she was coming out from underneath the sofa, she looked up and caught him taking a peek down her shirt. She knew he could see her red lace bra, and she wondered if he wanted to see what was underneath all of it. She could even tell his cheeks had reddened a bit.

Now as she stood behind him, she got an amazing view of his butt. The way his rear filled out those jeans made *her* cheeks flush with warmth.

"Lois, dear, can you help me?" a voice from behind her questioned.

Lois knew that voice; it was Mrs. Edwards in apartment 504. Lovely lady, Lois thought, although she could be a gossip at times.

"Nice view," Mrs. Edwards whispered, leaning over to Lois with a bag of groceries in one hand while trying to open her mailbox with the other.

Lois noticed Clark looked back at the women with a wide grin. She just shook her head.

"Mrs. Edwards, don't stroke his ego even more," Lois responded as she took the bag of groceries from the older woman.

"Hey, I don't mind. You don't seem to be giving me any compliments on my body these days," Clark replied as he turned around and leaned against the sofa, which was still stuck in the elevator. Lois raised her eyebrows and shook her head at his antics and the silly banter between them.

"Stay there, Mr. Hot Body. I'm going to help Mrs. Edwards upstairs," Lois responded, pushing the button for the other elevator.

They stood there smiling at each other for a moment before the doors closed.

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Clark shook his head and grinned like a love-sick school boy. He went over to the sofa and pushed it harder now that Lois wasn't around. It was finally inside the elevator, but barely, and there was no real room for him. He wasn't sure how he was going to get up to Lois' floor without her noticing him. Maybe he could run up the stairs and hope he beat her to the elevator on her floor. Gosh, things would sure be easier for him if he'd already told her his secret, he thought as he contemplated his next move. They really were in a better place than they had been in months; maybe he

could tell her now after all. What would she think? Would she be upset? Would she hate him? There had been plenty of times where having her in on his secret would have solved so many issues for him, like earlier, when he'd had to run off for a rescue, and like now...when they were struggling needlessly with this darn couch. Clark knew he could trust her, yet he was still conflicted. Maybe a visit with his parents would help him find his answer.

But before he could think about whether or not to tell Lois, he needed to speed up the stairs to the fifth floor. Lois was just coming out of Mrs. Edwards's apartment when he walked up to the elevator.

"How did you get that sofa in the elevator?" Lois questioned as she looked into the elevator and back at him. "And where did you fit?"

"I do have some strength, Lois. Plus I just crawled underneath the corner where you came out earlier," Clark lied, knowing the truth would need to wait.

"Now how are we going to get the sofa out of there?" Lois contemplated as she leaned back against the sofa.

"Well, how about you crawl in the back again, and you push and I'll pull? We should be able to get it out," Clark suggested as he put his arm up beside Lois and leaned against the sofa.

"I still can't believe you fit in here," Lois mumbled as she crawled underneath the sofa again seconds later.

He stood there watching her crawl on her hands and knees across the floor. Clark couldn't help but smile at the way her figure filled those jeans. She might be very petite, but she could still handle herself when need be.

"You know this hallway is more narrow than the lobby downstairs. We might have to pivot this around somehow," Lois mentioned as she got back behind the couch.

"Luckily you know a 'super' guy who could help, if needed," Clark stated as he grabbed the top of the couch.

"No!"

"Why? He would have this moved into your apartment in no time," Clark said, running his hand through his hair. What was he missing?

"If I wanted Superman's help today, I would have asked for it. I want to spend time with you. And I know this probably hasn't been the wild and crazy time you thought it would be, but I've enjoyed our day together. I don't want it to stop," Lois stammered.

"Okay, no Superman."

"Good," she responded as she leaned over, ready to push the sofa out. "Do you have a good grip?"

“As good as it can get,” Clark announced before pulling the couch. Once again it was stuck on the top corner. He blew out his breath slightly and tried to think how he could get the sofa out. “Maybe, I’ll try pulling it from the bottom?”

Clark pulled using as much strength as he could without making it look impossible for someone normal to do. As he pulled back from the bottom, his hands slipped and he fell backwards, tearing the top corner of the couch.

He landed on his butt, glad it didn’t hurt but angry that he just ruined the perfectly good couch.

“Are you okay?” Lois asked from the other side of the sofa.

“I’m good,” Clark stated, standing up and rubbing his butt for a second. Falling didn’t hurt his backside, but he had to pretend that it did. Thankfully, the gesture was almost second nature to him; growing up with superpowers, he’d had to learn to pretend that things hurt him when they obviously didn’t.

“You might be a little sore after that fall,” Lois snickered a bit.

“Let’s get this sofa in your apartment before I call Superman myself,” Clark grumbled. He loved spending time with Lois, but this sofa was giving him problems. He wanted to sit close to her, put his arm around her shoulders, and enjoy a quiet evening watching a movie together. His mind started wandering to the feeling of her close to him, her head on his shoulder, a hand on his thigh. His hand kneading into her tight shoulders to help her relax.

“Earth to Clark,” she called, pushing the couch slightly toward him. He shook his head and focused back on the stunning woman before him.

“Sorry,” he responded with a smile.

“Wherever you were, you looked relaxed,” she teased as he grabbed the top of the sofa.

“I was sitting next to you on this sofa. Hoping it can be soon, because I think this has to be one of your worst purchases ever,” he retorted with a laugh.

“No, that would have been the space rat,” she laughed.

“Well, I don’t remember much from those days except for dinner on Christmas Eve,” he said before he winked at her.

He watched as her eyes lit up with the memory of that night at her apartment. Clark tried to turn the corner out of the elevator to the hallway with the sofa. Yet once again, it was a no-go.

“What if we try to pivot? Like you suggested before,” Lois proposed.

“Let’s move it back on its side with the back standing up,” Clark said as he held the couch. “Pivoting works more on the stairs and rounding the corner on the rails.”

“But you said…” Lois stammered.

“Lois, I would say anything to get this sofa moved into your apartment,” he said, raising his voice slightly.

It took them thirty more minutes to wiggle the sofa down the hallway only to end up stuck in her doorway.

“Lois, we might have to take your door off the hinges to get it to fit. Too many tight corners,” Clark announced. “Is your toolbox under the kitchen sink or in the Jeep?”

He noticed Lois leaning over the sofa with her elbows down and her hands holding up her head. He tried not to look at the view as her sweater fell down once again, forcing himself to keep his gaze on her eyes and then glancing into her apartment. He couldn’t keep this up much longer. The sofa problems and the desire he felt for Lois. Clark Kent was becoming frustrated in more ways than one.

* * *

Lois leaned against the wall in the hallway. She was hungry, tired, and sore. It wasn’t easy moving furniture. Sure, she was strong for a woman, even stronger for her small frame. But even for her, this sofa fiasco had been tiring.

Maybe spending the day sofa shopping had not been the most thoughtful plan, maybe they should have been bed shopping. Yes, bed shopping with Clark would have been fun. It would definitely have turned his cheeks red with embarrassment, she thought with a silly smile. And although she couldn’t deny it had been fun flirting with Clark most of the day, this sofa had now become more of a hassle than anything.

She watched as he took the screws off the hinges of her door, his eyes focused on what he was doing. He licked his lips for a moment, and Lois had to fan herself as she imagined what he might do with that tongue. A shiver went up her spine as she thought of the kisses they had shared before. She wanted to feel that again, but she was afraid...

This man was her best friend—the most caring and respectable man she had ever met...and she was ready to admit now that she had feelings, deep feelings, for him. But moving forward to something more than just friendship, while she wanted it, was still a scary concept, and she knew she wouldn’t be able to handle losing his friendship were things to get messy.

“Lois, there you go,” Clark said as he stood up. She straightened up and watched as he picked up her front door and leaned it against the door frame into the kitchen.

“Now let’s get this monstrosity in the apartment. I’m hungry,” Lois stated, picking up her side of the sofa.

“Yeah, I think we might have to warm up the food I brought with me earlier,” Clark said, getting ready to move the sofa into the apartment.

A few twists, turns, and obscenities later, and the sofa finally reached its destination in her living room. Both of them stood next to each other behind the sofa and looked at the view. Lois couldn’t believe it. The sofa was much too large for the small room; there was barely a foot of space on either side of it.

“Oh, this has not been my day,” Lois mumbled, shaking her head. “This sofa takes up the entire living room. I can’t even get through.”

“We won’t deal with this today,” Clark told her. He turned to her and grabbed her waist and lifted her over the sofa. “We eat first, then relax and deal with taking it back tomorrow.”

He set her down on the sofa cushion and strolled into the kitchen. Lois put her arm on the back of the sofa and watched him warm up their dinner.

“I don’t know if I can take it back. Maybe you need a new sofa,” Lois wondered as she watched him glide smoothly through her kitchen. She loved how he knew where everything was in her kitchen, just like she did in his.

She watched Clark grab a couple of cans of soda from the refrigerator and bring them over to her with two glasses of ice. Then he brought two plates with forks over, along with the containers of food from the Chinese restaurant they liked.

Lois took everything that he handed to her and put them on the coffee table. She watched as he looked over at the food, then at her, and finally over at the door still leaning against the wall. “Eat, while I fix the door.”

“Are you sure?” she asked.

“Yup, it should only take me a few minutes to put this back on. You sat outside without a jacket and without food. You need it more than I do,” he replied as he moved the door back.

“Okay,” she said. Lois would take a couple of bites, then look back at Clark. She felt guilty for making him work so hard today. He had spent his day off from the paper helping her move a sofa that was too big for her apartment. Sure, they had some laughs, but they would definitely feel the pain tomorrow. She watched him so intently for a couple of minutes before turning back to her food. Next thing she knew, he was standing behind her putting his leg over the back of the sofa.

“Yeah, I don’t think we can keep climbing over this sofa,” she laughed as Clark sat down next to her.

“Keeps life interesting,” he replied, looking over at her with a smile. “Actually this sofa doesn’t compare to how interesting you are to me.”

“Keep thinking that, Kent,” Lois responded before taking a bite of Szechuan chicken.

Both of them sat there and ate their late dinner, laughing and telling stories of their past adventures. When dinner was over, Clark climbed back over the sofa and cleaned up the mess.

Lois shifted to lean back against the armrest on one side, tired from the day’s activities. She could hear him wash up the dishes in the sink and put them away. She closed her eyes and suddenly felt someone watching her. When she looked up again, there he was, leaning over the back of the sofa, his eyes locked on her. He was so close to her that she could sit up slightly to kiss him.

“I should go. You’re tired,” he said to her in a quiet tone.

“I am, but this sofa is really comfortable and I don’t feel like moving. How about you climb back over, and we watch a movie,” she suggested, sitting up slightly.

* * *

He looked down at her, her long dark eyelashes enticing him to stay. Clark knew he should go; he hadn’t really patrolled the city today, and although he’d heard some calls for help earlier, none had been from people in immediate danger.

“Are you sure?” he asked, standing up straighter. “You might just fall asleep through the movie.”

“Then I guess you will have to figure out a way to move me to the bedroom,” she said seductively.

Clark didn’t miss that innuendo, and he tried to focus on something else. He jumped over the sofa and landed on the other side without hitting a cushion. He walked over to the television stand and looked through her small movie collection. After a moment, Clark put a movie in the VCR and sat down at the other side of the sofa. He grabbed her legs and put them on top of his thighs, then untied her shoes.

“What if I fall asleep?” she asked as she moved her legs and climbed closer to him.

“Then you can stay here on this comfortable sofa,” he whispered as she settled next to him. He reached over and tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear. “Maybe I’ll fall asleep right here, too. It’s been a long day.”

She gave him a big smile and leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. “I wouldn’t mind that, either.”

The movie started, and his arm immediately went behind her, pulling him closer to her. She leaned into his arms and watched as the opening credits of the movie started playing.

Clark bent down and kissed the top of her head. This was what he had been looking for all his life—a woman he could come home to and curl up on the sofa with. Enjoy the days together, laughing, eating, and flirting with each other. Yes, pivoting a few times to conquer the obstacles that got in their way, but always getting through it together. Before he could really get into the movie, Lois bolted upright and turned to look over at him.

“Jimmy,” she told him.

“Okay,” he responded tentatively. “What about Jimmy?”

“He said he needed new furniture for his apartment. I could sell him this couch. Of course, I would still lose money, but it was worth every penny to spend the day with you,” Lois explained, putting a hand on his chest.

“Sounds like a plan,” Clark said with a grin. “Now get back over here and relax, enjoy the movie.”

Clark took her arm and pulled her to him. “I had a long day also, pulling and pushing this sofa all the way through your apartment building. And all I ask for payment is a quiet night watching the movie with you in my arms.”

“Easy to please,” she whispered as she turned back around in his arms.

“Don’t you know it,” he responded, leaning his head back and closing his eyes.

The day had been long, with Lois first showing up at his apartment early in the morning. Then, they’d gone furniture shopping, to a movie, and struggled to move the new sofa into her apartment. And although the sofa didn’t fit in her apartment, that really didn’t matter right now, because Clark had Lois right where he’d always wanted her—cuddled up next to him, alone together. He would take a night like this over any disaster. All he wanted was the feeling of being normal with the woman he loved, and right now, that was what he had. Maybe one day, she would feel the same way about him, and they would pivot their relationship to the next level. Whatever came their way—villains, big stories, or sofas that were a pain to move—Lois and Clark would do it together.

The End