

Meow-ch!

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Rated: PG13

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Summary: Cat Grant needs someone to bail her out of jail. Who's she going to call?

For Olympe. :)

Set pre-pilot. Rated a bit suggestive.

"I'm here for Catherine Grant," said an irritable Lois Lane, leaning on the information desk to get the attention of the duty officer.

The over-weight policeman put down his coffee and consulted a sheet of paper on his clipboard. "That way," he pointed without looking up, the buttons of his uniform straining to contain his impressive proportions.

Only thing missing is a doughnut, thought Lois to herself as she rounded the corner to find her annoyed-looking colleague sitting on a wooden bench waiting for her.

"Finally! Did you post bail?" Lois nodded.

"Thank God!" Cat stood up and pulled her into an awkward hug in an uncharacteristic show of appreciation.

"Can we just go, please?" said Lois, disentangling herself and straightening her oversized sweater. "It's late and I'm tired."

"Yeah, let's get out of here before I do someone some serious damage and get arrested all over again. You have no idea what I've had to endure tonight. And being frisked by a woman is just no fun at all," Cat grumbled. "Can you believe this?"

Lois looked at her critically. "Actually, yes."

Cat cast her eyes over her skin-tight leopard print outfit, then put her hands on her hips and frowned at Lois in displeasure.

"Oh come on, Cat! That dress has hooker written all over it!"

"It beats what you're wearing. I'd get arrested any day rather than be caught dead in," she paused and waved her hand vaguely at Lois, "whatever you call that ensemble. I'd guess it was your boyfriend's but since you don't have one, I'm at a loss."

Shows how much you know, thought Lois irritably.

"What were you doing walking the streets in that neighbourhood on a Saturday night anyhow?" she asked as they headed for the exit.

"I got a tip that a certain high powered business man who shall remain nameless — Lex Luthor — goes out cruising for girls." Cat shrugged. "I wanted to see if it was true."

"Lex Luthor driving around looking for some tail? No wonder the cops wouldn't listen when you tried to explain who you were." Lois shook her head in amused disbelief. "So what, he puts on a wig and a fake moustache and goes out in some beat-up old Toyota looking to pick up chicks?" She snorted derisively. "Please, Cat, like that man would need to pay for sex. And if he did, I'm fairly sure he wouldn't go for some random girl off the street."

"You don't know that, Lois. A man like Luthor, with everything he could ever possibly want, has to get his kicks somehow. Maybe he likes the thrill of the chase, the risk of getting caught."

"Or catching something."

"I couldn't not check it out," she countered. "And you have to admit it'd make a great story if it were true. Get me out of the gossip pages and onto the front page again. Not that you'd know

what that's like."

"Yet," muttered Lois as she pushed open the front door of the precinct and walked briskly towards her Jeep.

She unlocked the car and the pair climbed in.

"Why did you have to call me anyway?" Lois asked as she started up and pulled out of the parking lot.

"You're the only person I know who'd be home on a Saturday night."

Lois narrowed her eyes in annoyance. Was Cat trying to be mean or did she just have a natural talent for it?

She took a deep breath and turned on her tape player, cranking the volume up loud. Perhaps Cat would take the hint and keep her opinions to herself for the duration of the journey home.

"What are we listening to?"

And perhaps not. Lois glanced over at her passenger to see a look of distaste on her face. She reached forward and turned the sound down slightly.

"It's called 'Innuendo' by Queen," she ground out.

Cat laughed.

"What?" asked Lois defensively.

"Freddie Mercury? Singing a song called 'Innuendo'?"

"Yeah, so?"

"You know he's gay right? Inn-u-end-o?" she enunciated slowly. "In your en-"

"Ok, thank you," interrupted Lois. "I get it!" She shut the tape off in a huff. Now she'd have a picture to go with the music every time she tried to listen to that song.

"Someone's a little tetchy this evening."

"I can't possibly imagine why!" exclaimed Lois as she yanked the steering wheel to the left and turned a corner a little faster than was necessary, causing Cat to grab hold of the dashboard.

"Geez, Lois! Forget to put the ice cream back in the freezer before you left the house?"

Lois tramped the brake pedal hard and, jerking the wheel sharply, pulled over to the curb. She leaned across Cat and opened the passenger door.

"Get out."

"What? Why?"

"Because I don't feel like taking you home any more. Oh wait," she peered through the windshield, "this is a street corner. You are home!"

"Excuse me!?"

"I did you a favour, Cat, out of the goodness of my heart, and you've spent the last twenty minutes insulting me. My clothes, my social life, my taste in music—"

"Come on Lois. It was just a little good-natured ribbing. I tease you about sitting at home on a Saturday night with your Rocky Road, you call me a slut. It's what we do."

"I can think of better ways to spend my time." She'd been in the process of undressing her delicious hunk of a French colleague, Claude, when the call had come in. This was not what she was in the mood for.

"For a reporter, your skin is way too thin."

"There! You just did it again. Out!" she ordered. When she failed to move, Lois added, "Or do you want a shoe print on your butt?"

Reluctantly Cat climbed out onto the sidewalk. "Lois, you can't be serious. Look, I'm sorry. You can't just leave me here!"

"I'll call you a cab when I get home. Or you can walk back to the police station. It's only a few blocks."

"In these shoes? You have got to be kidding." Lois cast a glance down at Cat's footwear and smirked. Five inches of Gucci torture. Suffer, girlfriend.

"I'm sure you'll think of something. You do have Mace, right?" She didn't wait for a reply as she pulled the door shut and

floored the accelerator.

Cat watched as the tail lights of the silver Jeep rounded the corner and disappeared from view.

Great. What now?

Headlights flashed across her as a car turned into the street. She held out her thumb and pasted an attractive grin on her face that belied the anger she felt at being abandoned. The car didn't stop.

Damn it! Where were all the Good Samaritans in the world? Probably at home in front of the TV with their tubs of ice cream, she thought bitterly. Another car drove past, followed by several more.

She hiked her dress up her thigh a little and fluffed up her hair. Where was the harm in trying?

A vehicle slowed, then stopped next to her. Worked like a charm, she thought pleased, as the window rolled down and she leaned in.

"Looking for a ride, beautiful?" asked the man inside.

He was attractive, nicely dressed. Not Lex Luthor, but rather her ticket home. Her story would have to wait.

Perhaps she'd invite him in for coffee when she got there.

They might even make a date of it.

"Thanks so much for stopping," she smiled gratefully. "I am so gonna make it worth your while."

"Hop in."

The door opened and she climbed in only to come face to face with a shiny Metropolis PD detective's shield.

"Ma'am, you are under arrest for solicitation. You have the right to remain silent ..."

Lets all just pretend that legally it's just a little bit accurate. I hope you enjoyed it. Here is Olympe's request:

Three things I want in my fic:

1. false assumptions about somebody's love life
2. Do persons count? I want Cat. If I can't have Cat, I want just any auburn-haired gossip columnist in an X-rated outfit who loves to get her claws into Lois.

3. innuendo

Preferred season(s)/holiday [if applicable]: S1 or pre-pilot; no preferred holiday

Three things I do not want in my fic:

1. Tempus (Let's all agree *it* is a thing, okay?)
2. haircut (just in case ...)
3. Superman

THE END