

Another Day, Different View

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Rated PG-13

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Summary: Sequel to the fanfic "Another Day." The heat bothers Clark, but in a completely different way from Lois. What can happen when one is bold enough to fulfill another person's fantasy? splashing

A/N: Since posting on the Gfic boards, the name has changed from "Same Day, Another View". This story is *basically* the same as the first part of "Trade Secret" over on the Nfic Boards.

Lois was hot, and Clark meant it in every aspect of the word. He could see it in the few splashing drops of sweat dripping down her neck, shimmering in the sunlight from the tall windows overlooking the newsroom, and in the rosy flush that permeated her skin. He could hear it in the extra catch of her breath in the hot, humid Metropolis air, and the rattle of her iced coffee instead of her usual hot brew. He could smell it, well, in everything, almost to the point of tasting her, but not quite. The office smelled of Lois everywhere he went, and he loved that it felt like she was next to him even when sitting across the room. Touch and actual taste eluded him, sadly, except in his desires to lick down her moist neck and cool her with his breath. How he longed to make her skin goose pimple with the excitement of his refreshing breeze.

She glanced over at him, and he quickly pretended to be typing away on his computer. He wasn't quite sure what he was typing and hoped that Lois didn't ask, because it probably resembled gobbledy-gook more than an actual article.

"It's smoldering hot, Clark," Lois said, fanning herself with a file as she approached his desk.

No, you are, Lois, he replied in his mind.

"How can you wear a jacket and tie in this heat?"

"Mind over matter, Lois. I'm not hot," Clark said, and then added a silent, *Except when you're near.*

She stared at him. "Well, I am. I'd do anything to cool off."

Anything? He raised a brow. This opened up a vast array of possibilities. So vast, in fact, he was distracted from his usual witty comeback to remind her of her word choice, before she continued.

"Hey, do you remember when Superman blew in that rainstorm to help put out the fires from the Toasters in the West River district?"

Clark leaned back in his chair to focus his attention on her. Of course he remembered. He had committed to memory how that beaded gown that she had worn while working at the Metro Club hugged her curves and glimmered in the spotlight, and how her voice sounded as she sang about her crush on him. He recalled how the stench of the garbage bin he had thrown her in after outing her as a reporter to get in better with the Metro Gang still lingered on her when she came to confront him at his apartment. He would never forget how Toni Taylor paying him a house call had made Lois so furious with jealousy that she was to the point of being speechless from yelling at him. He most often reminisced about her wish that he had kissed her in the supply closet, and that he would do so the next chance he got. He was still hoping that such a chance would avail itself upon them soon.

"Do you think he should bring another storm to town?" he replied, having been wondering himself recently if there was anything Superman could do, short of cooling off the city with his own breath to help with the current heat crisis in Metropolis. It had lasted too long to be a mere Indian summer.

"It's just what Metropolis needs to kick-start Fall, don't you think?" Lois asked. He watched as another drip of sweat meandered down her neck and through the neckline of her white cotton blouse.

He cleared his throat, sitting up and organizing the papers on his desk. "I don't know, Lois, messing with Mother Nature and all."

She rolled her eyes. "Well, I, for one, cannot concentrate in this heat. I'm going to go outside to look for some fresh air. Maybe I'll stumble across a story. The heat makes people do strange things. Failing that, I'm going home for a cold shower."

Clark made a garbled sort of noise and loosened his tie, thinking how much he too needed a cold shower after this conversation as he rose to his feet. "Do you need company?" he suggested.

Oh, God! Did I say that aloud? And realizing he had, Clark turned what must have been a cherry-apple red in the most hideous case of obvious schoolboy crushes, sitting back down in a hurry to try to abate some of his embarrassment.

Lois leaned towards him, completely unaware that she was giving him a slight show of the top of her lacy, flesh-toned bra, and said in a husky voice, "Get Superman to make it rain, and I'll let you join me in the shower."

Clark slipped out of his chair and hit the floor with such a thud, he was thankful that he didn't drop down through to Personals one floor below. "You weren't joking about the heat making people change, Lois," he replied with a gulp.

She laughed at his pathetic joke, picked up her briefcase, and left the office with a wave of her hand. Lois couldn't have possibly meant *her* 'cold shower', could she? Lois didn't make suggestive comments like Cat Grant, but she had said that she would do *anything* to cool off. And though he wasn't an "anything", but rather an "anyone", he was more than ready to tell Lois his secret if she invited him into her apartment for that shower.

He slapped his forehead as he picked himself up off the floor and sat back down on his seat. The heat getting to Lois was driving *him* crazy. She was right. Superman needed to find a way to cool off Metropolis, before Clark Kent did something stupid like ravish Lois Lane.

He glanced at his computer monitor as he went to turn it off. His hand paused over the power switch.

I love you, Lois Lane. I have been in love with you since the first moment I saw you. You took my breath away then, and you still do today. I love the way you talk nonstop about everything and nothing. I love how pedestrians have to jump out of the way when you drive. I love how you never stop when you're on a story. You are the most beautiful, intelligent woman I have ever met in my life. Your essence is the sweetest perfume, the nectar of the gods, peaches and strawberries, and flowers. I want to hover in the clouds, high up in the atmosphere with you, chilling your sweat and heating you up with my lips. I want to wrap you in my cape, and make sweet love to you and have you moan with pleasure... and from there it got really descriptive.

Clark's eyes widened. Had he written that? He didn't remember writing that. When...? Oh, no! When Lois walked over, and he was typing gobbledy-gook. Did she see that? Was that why she had made such a suggestive offer about showering with him? No, no, she would have slugged him if she had read his screen.

Wouldn't she?

Unless she liked what he wrote. He read through it again.

No, Lois would've killed him. Punched through his invulnerable skin and pulled out his spleen. Thank heaven she didn't read that.

He shook his head, deleted his screen, and shut down his computer.

Rain. Cool off Lois. Polar ice cap. Find his brain.
Not necessarily in that order.

There was a nice grey cloud full of rain headed for Gotham City, but as that city had gotten more than its fair share of cold weather recently, Superman doubted they would mind if he diverted the rain slightly south. Metropolis didn't need a thunderstorm, but a good downpour would do nicely. So, he went out to see if there were any other storms out there, and spotting a nice nor'easter headed towards Maine, diverted that one as well. Maine would just have to deal with one less squall this year.

By the time that was all said and done, and the clouds were just offshore, almost two hours had passed. He was doing this for Lois, he reminded himself. He was doing this for Lois, so she wouldn't end up in a cold shower with Superman breaking his second most solemn vow — never to use his powers to invade a woman's right to privacy.

The last thing he needed was a tabloid photographer to catch Superman hovering outside of Lois Lane's apartment staring at the brick wall outside her bathroom for more than five minutes. He was doing this *for* Lois, therefore, he blew the storm so it was hovering near her apartment.

The storm would cool off the city, cool off Lois, and hopefully, put a dent in his ardor. He needed to get self-control back into his life.

Too late. He spotted Lois, roughly two blocks from her apartment, sitting on a bus stop bench massaging her feet. Oh no, she had gotten a blister on her foot from all that walking. It looked like she hadn't ended up with a story though, and had been heading home for that shower. He had made it just in time. He flew around the gathered clouds, pushing them closer together. It was like trying to squeeze water out of a sponge that one could not touch.

Finally one drop fell. He watched Lois as she completely ignored it. *Oh, Lois, don't make all my hard work go to waste.* She shaded her eyes, and he realized she was about to look into the sky. He landed on the roof of a nearby building and watched her from there.

Another drop fell, then another, and another.

Lois leaned against the back of the bench with an expression of pure bliss. She let the rain caress her bare face, her bare shoulders, and bare legs, making her body moist and wet and tempting him to blow the clouds back out to sea with their enticement and his uncontrolled desire. Her white cotton sleeveless blouse, which bordered on opaque when dry, turned practically sheer with this spattering of water. He remembered her promise about the shower, and he decided that he couldn't resist testing that vow.

Clark flew lower and faster than he should have over Lois's reclined form, blowing an extra cooling breath across her body, and hoping it would remind her to head for home. Then he spun back into his business suit and waited for Lois on her front stoop. He knew she would never follow up on the shower, but couldn't help teasing her in this fashion. From her apartment building he had a perfect view of Lois two blocks away.

She pulled off her other shoe, hooking the ankle straps around an index finger, and started walking home barefoot. What could she be thinking, walking Metropolis streets in her bare feet? He watched as her feet danced from puddle to puddle, splashing the water. It was the most intoxicating feeling, her joy at his gift of rain. It was nice to see her happy and relaxed for once.

Lois giggled like a school girl playing hooky, but looked like a schoolmarm sneaking home for a tryst. Clark couldn't help chuckle at this thought. Lois most certainly could have a tryst with him any day, any time, any... well, almost anywhere, but she never would. It was just a fantasy.

This whole day was a fantasy. First, fulfilling her desire for rain, and secondly, his daydream of Lois inviting him in for that shower. He doubted she would come rushing up the stairs and kiss him for getting Superman to bring the rain to Metropolis. Total fantasy, but as fantasies go, it was lacking something. He realized what it was as Lois turned to look at him, her white blouse practically transparent in the rain. The flesh-tone bra underneath was also sheer. Oh God, was he using his x-ray vision? He blinked his eyes. No, Lois's chest was basically out for his full examination, and she had no inkling of this condition.

Clark shoved his hands into his pants pockets. He knew he should tell her about her shirt, but the words just wouldn't form in his mouth. He should tell her about her shirt and leave.

Her finger hooked in a curve as she silently beckoned him.

He shook his head. "I don't want to get wet," he lied, his fingers crossing in his pants pockets. He couldn't get closer to the practically naked, wet temptress. *Oh, no, no, no, very bad idea, Lois.*

She raised a brow. "Isn't that why you're here?" she teased. "To come into the shower with me?"

Clark flushed at being caught so red-handed. "No, I just wanted to make sure you made it home safely," he lied again, his fingers still crossed. 'Yes' was the accurate answer. He was there because he would very much like to be in a shower with her, but he doubted it would be two friends platonically washing each other's backs. Oh no, that was entirely the wrong thing to think at this juncture.

"Come on, Clark. Loosen up. It feels really good. No more hot sticky sweat," she coaxed, breaking down his walls with every word.

"I don't want to get my suit wet," Clark replied honestly.

Lois set down her empty paper cup and put her hands on her hips. "Take off your jacket then."

"Really, Lois, I'm fine," he gulped.

Lois went up her front stoop until she was standing right in front of him. He held his breath, and tried to avert his eyes from her chest, hoping she wouldn't notice as she dropped her briefcase and her shoes on the dry landing. She shook her head, like those bikini-clad beauties always seemed to do in those teenage beach romance films Lana had insisted on watching when they dated in high school. Lois sent droplets of water all over him. This was certainly better than any film.

She skipped down the steps returning to the downpour, and Clark could breathe again.

"You got me wet!" he accused playfully, trying to wipe his glasses dry without taking them off. He might be out of his mind, but not so much as to remove his glasses in front of her. His clothes, yes; glasses, no.

"Well, you got me wet first," she retorted.

His jaw dropped. He had? "I did?" he sputtered.

Lois held her hands up to the rain.

"Oh." Right. Of course. *Duh!*

She licked her lips and looked into the sky, letting the water cascade over her. "Come on, Clark. It feels divine!"

He took off his jacket and threw it over his shoulder in a stupid attempt to cool off. Stupid, because it wasn't outside forces of nature heating him up, but his body's reaction to that force of nature standing not more than fifteen feet away.

"There. Satisfied?" he asked.

She shook her head. Did the minx realize how tantalizing she looked when she did that? "I want you down here with me."

Oh, so do I, Clark replied in his head.

"I promised you could share a shower with me, and you're making me renege. Didn't your folks tell you that a promise is a promise, Smallville?"

Oh, she was killing him with this naughty little tête-à-tête. "Of course, Lois, but I didn't really think..." He couldn't continue. He was in dire trouble; he was losing brain function. He really should leave and head home quickly.

She tossed him an evil grin, and called to him again suggestively. "Claaarrrk, come and join me, or I'll get you wet," she threatened, picking up her cup.

The smile fell off his face. Was she serious? "Lois, you wouldn't dare!"

"I wouldn't? Don't you know me better than that by now?" she said, batting her eyelashes.

Oh, yes, he did, and he knew she most certainly *did* dare.

"Please, don't," he whispered, as he felt the last vestiges of his self-control slip away.

"Okay, fine. You're really missing out, though," she said, giving up more quickly than he had ever seen her do before. Then he saw why. Lois turned away from him and looked up and down her street. Going to stand in the middle of the street, she tilted her head back to enjoy the rain, unimpeded by trees or buildings, splashing her body like a bucket of water.

"Lois!" Clark exclaimed. "You don't want to do that!" He dropped his jacket and ran down the stairs to the sidewalk. He had to stop himself from super-speeding into the street and hauling her back to the sidewalk like an overprotective oaf.

Lois, for once, listened to him, strolling back to the sidewalk. "Got you wet," she said with a grin, and he realized he had fallen into yet another of Lois's traps to get her way.

"Ha ha, very funny, Lois," he grumbled. "Risking your life to get me into the rain." *Ha ha*. The joke was on her. If she only knew how her actions had been like a bucket of ice cubes down his spine. Sadly, she didn't care.

She rolled her eyes. "There wasn't anyone coming, boy scout! Didn't you play in the street as a kid?" she asked, and then immediately answered her own question. "No, I guess not, huh?"

Clark shook his head, sending his own spray of droplets into the air. It was really raining hard now.

"Hey!" Lois snapped in jest. "You got me wet."

This time he laughed in earnest. If she only knew how wet she already was.

"Oh, you think that's funny, do you?" she asked, stomping her foot on the sidewalk and sending up a spurt of water his direction.

"Hilarious, Lois," Clark said, spinning around to send the rain in her direction. "Take that!"

She copied the move back to him. They were getting wetter and wetter, and having tons of fun doing it.

He kicked more water her way, and she shook her head and arms trying to spray him that way.

Soon, they were laughing so hard it was making the game difficult. Their sexy game of one-upmanship had turned into a silly water fight, and Clark was enjoying himself immensely, laughing and splashing with Lois on the sidewalk in front of her apartment building.

Suddenly, Lois grabbed his tie and ran it through her fingers squeezing out the water. "Don't you think it's time to take this off?" she asked, moving her fingers up to his knot to loosen it.

He set his hands down on hers to stop her. Did she know that she kick-started his libido into high gear with that suggestion? "You're just as soaked, Lois, and I'm not asking you to take off your clothes," he reminded her. Not that he needed to. The view was just fine from where he was standing. He knew he should really be kicking himself for not informing her of this fact, but strangely he was okay with it. He knew it would probably come back to bite him on his...

Her eyes snapped up to his, as if she just remembered that he was a man and she was a woman. Then she flushed! Clark was at a loss for what the blush was for.

Lois leaned back, holding on to his tie to keep her upright, letting the rain soak her again. "Mmmm. This feels so good."

Clark's hands encircled her waist and whispered, "It does."

Lois straightened up and was in his arms. Her breath seemed to be coming faster, and her heart started racing. Was it from all the roughhousing and laughing? Or could Lois sense his desire for her? Was she excited by the prospect that he was hot for her? That he wanted to kiss her? Did she want to kiss him too? She set her hands on his shoulders, in what felt like a clear indication that she did. He could see that she was starting to develop goosebumps. Now, instead of wanting to cool her off, he wanted to take her inside her apartment and heat her up.

She coasted her hands down his arms, feeling his body. Did she like what she felt, he wondered.

"Thanks," Lois murmured, sounding a bit shy. "For the rain."

Clark realized he must have overstepped the boundaries of their friendship, took a step back and shrugged. "It was nothing."

Her hands slipped off his arms when he did this, and he felt bereft by their loss. He'd much rather miss a day of hot naughty conversation and water play than miss a lifetime of Lois's friendship and respect. She was staring intently at his chest, and Clark felt self-conscious that he had let his desires get the best of him. Had he gone too far? Had he ruined their friendship?

Lois took a step back, and grabbed the now-full cup of water off the handrail to her building and threw the contents at him, hitting him squarely in the chest. What the hell? Was she *that* angry?

"Lois," Clark groaned, running his hands through his hair, and realizing that she didn't look mad at all. "You always have to win, don't you?" he teased.

She nodded, but seemed lost in her concentration of his chest. So much so, that she set her hands down on it, and looked up at him. He looked down at her through his water-splattered glasses. She lifted a hand to his face and touched his cheek. Had he not gone too far? It appeared from her expression that she wanted him to go further. That was all the coaxing he needed.

Clark's lips descended and took possession of hers in the most delightful of ways. Her arms slid around his neck and pulled him closer. There was something about being wet and in Lois's arms that seemed to make his body sing.

Her mouth was soft and gentle and tasted a little bit like lemonade. His hands ventured down her body until they rested at the small of her back.

One of her hands slid down his chest, too. He felt her fingers slip between the buttons of his shirt at his belly. It felt like heaven. Then she tugged at his shirt to pull it out of his pants, and Clark set his hand on hers to stop her from going any further. Not only was he wearing the super suit under these clothes, but they were still standing on the street.

"Lois," Clark murmured between kisses. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"No?" she replied, between ragged breaths. "Are you ready to go inside?"

"I've been waiting for you to ask," Clark said, lifting her into his arms. He cradled her like Superman did as he walked her up the front stoop. He didn't care if she caught the similarities to his other persona; if she was ready to move their relationship closer, he was ready to tell her the truth. "Do you want to dry off?" he asked.

"I didn't say that," Lois said, putting her mouth back against his. "I'm ready to get out of these wet clothes though."

Music to his ears.

THE END

2012 Fall Ficathon Fluff — Prompt: Indian Summer.

Disclaimer: This story is inspired by the characters created by Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster as portrayed on the *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* television series, developed by Deborah Joy LeVine. The characters do not belong to me; they belong to themselves (although Warner Bros, DC Comics, and the heirs to Siegel and Shuster might disagree). Many thanks to Paris Qualles, writer of the episode “Man of Steel Bars”, from whom I borrowed a few lines of dialogue.

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