

# Cold Lake

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Rated: PG-13

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Summary: Lois Lane will do whatever it takes to get an interview with Superman — even if it means following him to the most unusual places.

I'm mixing things up a little. In this first season story, Lois steals Clark's story *before* he swallows the bomb on the colonist transport. So, even though Clark is madly in love with Lois, Superman "gives" the big story to Clark. Even weeks after Clark sends Lois on a wild goose chase at the Metropolis Sewage Reclamation Facility to "teach" her a lesson, Superman continues to be elusive and refuses to give Lois an interview. Lois, naturally, is furious and decides to do whatever it takes to get the story.

I hope you enjoy this bit of fluff. Thanks go to my beta readers, Lara Joelle Kent and Lynn S.M. I'd also like to thank my GE, AngelFinally.

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Lois was in a huff and threw down her copy of the Daily Planet on Clark's desk. "Again!" As she was wont to do, she started pacing. "How do you keep getting the Superman story? How? I've been following him everywhere — sometimes even when you aren't around, and, yet, he still gives you the story!" Lois crossed her arms and stopped pacing. "You're my partner! Can't you give a woman a break?"

Clark hid his almost smirk from Lois and shrugged. He almost — but only almost — felt sorry for her. "Well, Lois, can I help it if the Big Guy wants to give me the scoop?"

Lois sighed heavily. "I *will* get an interview from him! You just watch!" She plopped down in her chair and started going through her messages.

Clark pursed his lips and turned to his computer. He thought to himself, 'In your dreams, Lois. In your dreams.'

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Lois was on the hunt. She and Clark had just published a big story on the rising use of illicit drugs among pre-teens in Metropolis, so she was now free to pursue her favorite topic these days — Superman. She'd found that following him to crime or accident scenes, or, indeed, to any place he did a rescue was *not* going to net her the interview she wanted.

She'd noted a couple of times that he had dashed into alleys after a rescue so she decided to talk to every person she found in an alley — homeless people, drunks, and even gang members. Amazingly, she had not gotten herself into trouble once. And even if she had, she knew that *he* would have rescued her. He always but then wouldn't do more than make pleasant conversation with her. Flirting with him never elicited any reaction, either, and she'd begun to think the man might be a eunuch or something. But with what that outfit showed off, she seriously doubted that. She wondered how it was he never seemed to react at all. Maybe Kryptonians just weren't wired that way. Or maybe Superman was gay? Or perhaps they reproduced by DNA replication or something. No, no, no. Life could not be

that cruel.

Finally, she came across Bill, a homeless veteran. After giving him twenty bucks, he started talking.

"Well, Ms. Lane, until yesterday, I spent my time out in The Hills." The Hills was a forested area at the edge of Metropolis. "And, well, you know that feller that flies and gets all red and blue blurry like? The Angel? Well, I saw him every morning out there. Every morning. Five a.m. Without fail!" He made a point of proudly tapping his proudest possession — his watch — as he said this. Then, he nodded at her in thanks as he held up the twenty dollar bill.

Lois thought for a moment and then said, "Any particular place in The Hills?"

Bill rubbed his face. "Well... Let's see now."

Lois thought at first that he was holding out for more money. But she soon found that wasn't so. He'd just been thinking.

"Yep! I remember now. Right out there by picnic area number one."

Lois gave him a big smile and nearly hugged him. "Thank you so much!"

She smiled broadly and put a little bounce in her step. She was going to get that interview! Then she stopped short and wondered what Superman was doing out there. Did he live in The Hills?

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Now, all Lois had to do was figure out where picnic area number one was. Since there was no map of the area, and the whole place was neglected, the task was much more difficult than she had imagined. After having checked every picnic area she could find — number four, number two, number three — she was frustrated. She decided that picnic area number one could not be reached by car.

Every morning, at four-thirty, she arrived at The Hills and waited, hoping to see Superman. On the third morning, she saw him but he wasn't close enough to tell exactly where he was. But the next morning she did see where he was. Cold Lake. He was swimming in Cold Lake. She shuddered at the mere thought of swimming in *Cold* Lake. Because it was, well, cold. Really cold.

She took a hike to the lake to see just where she would make her stand in the morning. She never had found picnic area number one, but who cared. She had the perfect perch.

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In order to face Lois every day, Clark had taken to swimming in Cold Lake every morning. It stayed cold all year long. He'd stopped flying to the Arctic Ocean because every time he did, he'd almost missed rescuing Lois, and once she had almost been shot. Swimming in Cold Lake wasn't as good as swimming in the Arctic Ocean, but it did cool him down enough to be able to see her day by day with her pining and chasing after his alter-ego and not even seeing him.

Why couldn't she just see Clark? He was so in love with that woman. He was willing to give her the world — but not unless and until she saw Clark for the man he was.

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Even though Clark swam in the lake because it was very cold, he did enjoy the swim and tried to have a little fun. With everything he saw, he needed that. Arriving at his usual time of five a.m., Clark stopped for a moment, spun, then dove into the water.

And Lois was waiting. She *would* get her interview. And then her mouth dropped open and she could hardly believe her eyes. Superman joyfully cavorted and played in the water. His joy was infectious and she smiled broadly. Yes, he was giving her quite a show. But once, he stayed under for fifteen minutes and she was getting worried. But what could she do? It wasn't like she could rescue him if he had drowned. She put her arms to her heart and shuddered in fear. Just then, she sighed as he burst out of the

water.

Clark shook his head and ran his hand through his hair. He started swimming to shore, and immediately stopped when he saw Lois. He blushed and if Lois could have seen his toes, he'd bet they were blushing, too.

Lois was sitting on the Suit with his cape wrapped around her.

She smiled sweetly. "I hope you don't mind. I was a little cold." Then she crossed her arms. "Now about that interview..."

Clark knew that he could easily get away from Lois without a problem and without her even seeing him. But he had an idea she would exact revenge if he didn't give her the interview. Yes, he could see the headlines in the Daily Planet now. 'Superman Skinny Dips in Cold Lake.' His daring and just down right naughtiness had caught up with him. And Lois Lane *always* had her camera with her so there *would* be pictures to go with that headline.

He cocked his head to the side and chewed his lip. "Okay, Lois. You win," he said resignedly.

Lois flashed him a brilliant smile. "I thought you'd see it my way. Especially considering what I've seen." She suppressed a giggle. My, but he did have a nice, hard body — every bit of it. Then she knit her brow. What was familiar about that? Nice body. Hmm...

Clark blushed even brighter. He just nodded.

"Good choice. I know you don't want all of Metropolis knowing you skinny dip every morning." She let the statement hang in the air.

He took a deep breath. He motioned to the Suit. "Can I have my..."

"Not on your life, buster. You might just fly away."

Clark forgot for a moment that he was Superman. That woman could infuriate him. He started stomping towards the shore. "Let me guess, Lois! You're going to call this the 'Nude Interview'." He stopped just before she saw "more" and crossed his arms.

Lois' eyes got wide and her mouth dropped open. "You, YOU... Mr. Hardbody!" She yelled. "No wonder you get all the interviews! Why, I... You..." With that she trod right out into the water and came face to face with him. "I should..." She was so angry that she didn't realize she was shivering.

Clark just sighed. What could he do? She'd freeze in the water. So he pulled her into his arms, flew her to the beach, warmed her up, and then kissed her. What else was a man to do when he loved Lois Lane?

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Author notes: When John Quincy Adams was president of the United States, he customarily took a nude swim every morning in the Potomac River. Anne Royall, the first U.S. professional journalist, knew of his 5 a.m. swims. After being refused interviews with the president time after time, she went to the river, gathered his clothes and sat on them until she had her interview. Before this, no female had interviewed a president.