

For a High-Flying Time, Call...

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Rated: PG

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Summary: An alternative ending to the Season 3 episode "Seconds."

Co-Written by Queen of Capes (Clark's side of the conversation)

Clark picked up the phone and brought it to his ear. "Clark Kent," he said amiably.

"Hi, Clark," a female voice purred in his ear. It sounded a bit like Lois's, but rougher than normal, as if she'd been smoking. It couldn't be her. He had been searching for her for days. It was probably another dead end.

After a moment, he frowned in confusion. "Who is this?"

"Wanda. Wanda Detroit," she replied.

His shoulders tensed. *Who?*

"How did you get this number?" Clark demanded. He had an unlisted number for a reason.

"I found it written on the ladies washroom wall," Wanda said.

"It said to call you for a 'really good, high-flying time'."

He looked around the room, flustered. "Look," he began, "I really—"

"Just joking, Kent. I understand you've been looking for a dame named Lois Lane," she continued.

He stilled.

"I know where she is. In fact, I'm looking right at her,"

Wanda said.

"Uh huh."

He had gotten so many calls like this all week at work. It was hard to listen to them anymore. Not one of the leads had brought him any closer to finding Lois.

"Brown hair. Long legs. A voice for which a man would pay good money just to have her sing him to sleep."

The frown deepened. "Well, yeah," he admitted.

"She said I should call you, 'cause you could hook me up with the man in the cape."

He sighed. "That's not real," he protested. "It's completely fiction."

"Is it? I believe not only could you hook me up with him, but he'd be willing to go all the way with me," she said, her voice dropping another octave deeper, sexier.

He could swear that Wanda sounded just like an aroused Lois. Not that he'd had a chance to know that side of Lois intimately, since Luthor had abducted her right before their wedding.

She continued on, "I've got what he's looking for in a woman."

Clark gave the handset a dubious look, and then brought it back up to his ear. "So you say," he said.

"So, I say. So, Lois says. Okay, maybe not Superman. How about you? The three of us could have a really good time," she said.

His eyebrows rose as he listened. "But how?"

"Fine, bring him along and a box of Double Fudge Crunch Bars to the Clinton No-Tell Motel a block away from your apartment. Ask for Wanda in Room 306, and the four of us can have a grand ol' time. You, me, Lois, and Superman," she said,

before bursting into laughter, very Lois-like laughter. As she went on, her voice definitely sounded like Lois. "Maybe afterwards, we can finally do this wedding thing in Vegas. Don't forget your suit. Oh, and can you bring me something to wear? All I've got is a torn nightclub dress and this black teddy I saw you eyeing at Victoria Secret a couple of weeks ago, and I can't marry you in this."

He glanced out the window, lowering his glasses as he peered outside. "I...uh...um..." he stammered. He pushed his glasses back up with one finger. "All right," he said, and immediately hung up the phone.

Fade to Black

THE END

Disclaimer: I don't own these characters. Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster created the characters in this story as portrayed on the *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* television series, developed by Deborah Joy LeVine. Wanda Detroit came from S3's "Seconds" written by John McNamara. I borrow the characters from time to time from Warner Bros, DC Comics, and the heirs to Siegel and Shuster, when they invade my psyche and demand I write what they tell me.

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