

Blue Skies

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Rated: G

Submitted: March 2013

Summary: Written for the 2012 Summer Ficathon Challenge #2 — “Blue Sky.” Simple, short, WAFFy, Lois and Clark fluffiness and teasing at the Kent farm.

Clean. Warm. Crisp. Beautiful.

Lois couldn't even deny that this was the perfect day in the country— and she was a city girl. She took a deep breath of the fresh Kansas air and let all of the tension drain from her. She wasn't even wearing shoes— she, Lois Lane— content to just sit with her toes in the dirt and hands in the grass.

Suddenly, music wafted out to greet her, the sound of an old LP record playing on the Kent's front porch and Sinatra's smooth jazz voice wrapping around her. She smiled when a pair of large, warm hands pulled her to her feet and tugged her close to his sturdy frame. “Why, hello there, Mr. Kent.”

His smile was dazzling. “Hello Mrs. Kent.”

She released a soft breath and closed her eyes as they began swaying to the music. Lois began humming along. Clark smiled at her, and she couldn't help but murmur the lyrics softly. “Never saw the sun shining so bright, never saw things going so right...”

And it was so true. The words to these songs finally made sense. For the first time in her life, thanks to her new husband, she could see the bright side of life. Of love. Life was good.

“Noticing the days hurrying by...”

His eyes twinkled, knowing exactly how she felt and wordlessly returning the feelings.

“When you're in love, my how they fly...”

Lois let out a sigh of contentment and buried her face into his neck. His hand caressed her back gently through the smooth satin of her shirt and, god, she could spend forever in his arms, just like this.

Suddenly her husband's voice picked up the chorus, surprising her.

“Blue days, all of them gone...”

Lois didn't think she'd ever heard him sing before. And she was beginning to understand why.

“Nothing but blue skies from now—”

A burst of laughter escaped her, cutting him off. She quickly extricated herself from his arms, unable to regain control of herself. At the sight of Clark's deepening scowl, she could only laugh more.

“Lois—”

She collapsed to the ground with laughter, tears streaming from her eyes as she howled and rolled in the grass.

Clark rolled his eyes at his wife and simply crossed his arms, waiting for her to calm down. As she slowly gathered herself, Lois attempted an apology. “I'm sorry, honey. It's just... you said before you couldn't sing... and to hear you... I just wasn't expecting Superman to be tone deaf!”

And then she started again. This time he just waited her out, and when the hysteria had worn off, he helped her to her feet and planted a forceful kiss on her lips.

When they parted, Lois patted his cheek. “That's okay, honey. I love you anyway.”

With a groan, Clark led her back into his parent's house, Lois' laughter following them the whole way there.

A perfect day just got better.

THE END

Disclaimer: I do not own anything related to the Lois and Clark franchise, characters or places. Also, I do not own the song “Blue Skies” (as sung by a variety of amazing artists, such as Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, and Doris Day) or the 1946 movie “Blue Skies” starring Bing Crosby and Joan Caulfield (and any subsequent quotes therein). Just saying.