

A Certain Kansan

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Summary: When tickets to a fundraiser drop in Lois' lap, there's only one person she wants to go with. A 2008 Holiday Ficathon story.

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Thanks to Queenie, Nancy and Bethy for their fast beta work on this! And to Rona for GEing :). Who was it for? She knows who she is!

The door opened and the look on Clark's face was priceless, Lois realized.

"You look... *amazing*," he said when he regained the ability to speak.

Lois blushed. "Thank you. You look pretty good yourself." He did. She'd known he looked great in a tux, but there was something different about this night.

Clark smiled at her and held out a single red rose. "This is for you."

"It's beautiful," she told him, heading into the kitchen to get a vase for it. "Thank you."

He waited for her to finish setting it on the coffee table before offering his arm. "Shall we?"

"Let's go." She grabbed her clutch off the counter and slipped her hand inside his elbow.

The ride in the rented limo was slightly awkward — the last time they'd been to an event like this together had been right after they met. Though technically her escort, Clark had barely seen her that night — at least not outside of the questionably legal activities.

The tickets to the Coates Orphanage Annual Fundraiser had fallen into her lap earlier in the day and as she contemplated who to ask to go with her, Lois realized that there was no one she'd rather spend the evening with than a certain Kansan.

Technically, she was sort of dating Lex, but that was more of a 'nothing better to do on a Saturday night than fly to Milan' kind of thing and really, it was way over the top. As much as every girl dreamed of being a fairy princess, Lois knew that deep down she was really more of a jeans and pizza kind of girl and that a long-term relationship with the billionaire simply wouldn't work. She doubted Lex even owned a pair of jeans or ever ate pizza that wasn't some kind of fancy dish or something — not just extra cheese with all the toppings you could imagine.

And Clark... Well, if how he'd looked when they'd visited Smallville was any indication, Clark was very comfortable in blue jeans. And he loved pizza.

And he looked *hot* in a tux.

"Have you ever been to one of these before?" Clark asked suddenly.

She shook her head. "Not one of these, but apparently Cat had a date with Arthur Chow so she asked — nicely of all things — if I wanted the tickets and would cover it for the Planet. I thought it might be fun and since you're my partner..." She shrugged. Maybe that wasn't the real reason she'd asked him but she wasn't about to reveal that at the moment.

He smiled. "Well, thank you for asking. Was Lex busy?" He didn't look at her as he asked that and there was something else

in his voice that Lois didn't quite know how to place.

"I have no idea," she said honestly. "I didn't ask him. We've only gone out a couple of times so it's not like we're a couple or something where he'd be hurt."

"I can't tell you how glad I am to hear that," he said, smiling at her again.

Where did he get that smile from? If they could figure out how to harness it, he could probably light up all of Metropolis.

Lois wasn't sure what was coming over her. When she first met Clark Kent, she never would have suspected that she'd think of him as a potential *date*, but she did. Maybe it was that *amazing* kiss at the Lexor. Or the things she'd realized while under the influence of the pheromone. Or what a gentleman he'd been while she was. No matter what he'd said later, she didn't believe for one minute that he wasn't attracted to her.

A few minutes later, they pulled up in front of one of the nicer hotels in Metropolis. Lois was glad, for some unexplainable reason, that it wasn't the Lexor. Clark climbed out of the car first and offered his hand to help her out. Once her feet were on solid ground, the same hand found its way to the small of her back.

Lex had done that, but it hadn't felt like this. With Lex, it had felt possessive and proprietary, but with Clark... With Clark, it also felt a bit possessive, but she also felt protected. Safe.

That was a bit odd, she thought. How could the same gesture by two different people be so different?

The intentions maybe?

She shrugged it off, determined not to ruin the night comparing Lex and Clark in her mind.

"You okay?" Clark asked quietly as they entered the lobby.

"I'm fine," she said, with a bright smile. "I'm glad I asked you to come with me."

"Me, too." He smiled again. "I enjoy spending time with you, Lois. Even if it is technically work."

They found their seats and Clark held her chair for her. He seated himself at her side and looked at the program. "Look at this. Arthur Chow is the second biggest donor — after Bruce Wayne. I'm surprised he and Cat aren't here."

"Maybe she came as his date?" Lois suggested. "Rather than cover it for the Planet?"

Clark shrugged. "That's as good a theory as any." He turned to face her. "Would you like to dance before dinner?"

"Sure," she said.

He held her chair before he took her hand and led her to the dance floor. He turned and his hand rested on her waist as she moved closer to him.

"I love this song," she said quietly.

"'Fly Me to the Moon', right?"

She nodded. "You're a great dancer," she told him, surprised a bit to realize that he was.

"A Nigerian Princess taught me how when I was living abroad."

"She's not going to come take you away from me anytime soon, is she?" she said to herself.

"What?" Clark asked, stopping in the middle of the dance floor.

"What what?" Lois asked back.

"Why would she come take me away from you?"

Lois looked down at the button in the middle of his chest.

"Did I say that out loud?"

She could feel him nod.

She sighed. "Can we go somewhere and talk?"

"Of course."

His hand, again, found its way to the small of her back as she headed towards a nearby patio.

"What's going on?" he asked in the privacy of the outdoors.

She shrugged, running her hands over her arms.

"You're cold," he stated. "Let's go back inside."

Lois shook her head. "No, I do want to talk to you, but I don't want an audience."

"Then here." Clark took his jacket off and wrapped it carefully around her shoulders. "Better?"

She tugged it more tightly around herself and nodded.
"Thank you."

He gently grasped her shoulders and turned her towards him.
"What is it?"

"Well..." She took a deep breath. "Ever since the whole pheromone thing and, well, the whole stakeout in the honeymoon suite, I've been thinking."

"Lois Lane? Thinking?" Clark asked with a smirk. "Watch out world."

She gave him a small smile back. "I've been thinking about us."

"What about us?" he asked quietly, his demeanor having turned as serious as hers.

"I've been thinking that I love spending time with you and..." She refused to look at him. "...no matter what I said, I am attracted to you and I've been wondering if there might be something between us. If there's a chance you might feel the same way."

"There is," he whispered. "I do."

A weight she hadn't realized she was carrying lifted.

"Really?" she asked looking up at him finally.

He nodded. "Since the first time I saw you. And then you told me not to fall for you — you didn't have time for it."

"I'll make time," she whispered.

"I'm glad." He reached up and brushed a bit of hair off her forehead. "I'd like to kiss you."

"I wish you would," she said, drowning in his chocolate eyes. "When we're not about to be thrown out of a plane or covering in front of a maid or..."

Her lips were suddenly otherwise occupied.

She didn't notice when the coat around her shoulders fell to the ground as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

If she didn't know better, she'd think her feet had left the ground.

They pulled back at the same moment, both slightly breathless.

Lois looked down and realized they were hovering about a foot off the ground.

She looked up and him and saw the fear suddenly cross his face.

She smiled. "Clark, is there something you need to tell me?"

THE END