

# The Dinner Party

By Mouserocks <mouserocksnerd@gmail.com>

Rated PG

Submitted May 2013

Summary: Lois is nervous about going over to Clark's apartment for a dinner. Will she be pleasantly surprised or end up in an emotional freefall? Don't worry, this is for Virginia's 2013 May WAFFy Challenge, so get ready for fluff.

\*\*\*

Lois stood outside his front door, bottom lip caught between her teeth in apprehension. Sure, she knew him just fine— he had rescued her— and they worked together now, but still... Going to his place? For a dinner— with no other pretense of a story or anything? It was a little frightening.

Of course, she wouldn't be alone. Perry and Alice had promised to be there— in fact, they were the ones who set it all up. Mr. Olsen would be coming too, along with a few others who she'd been told were invited. Of course, Clark was quick to offer his place as a location, and Lois had agreed, if only a little begrudgingly.

The fact that she was a hopeless cook and would likely be facing another night of takeout food may have helped sway her decision. His charming smile might have had another part in it.

Lois took a deep breath and ran her hand through her hair. She checked her watch one last time— seven-fifteen. Appropriately late. No more stalling. She'd just have to knock and get this over with.

Before she could stop herself, Lois rapped sharply against the door five times.

The door swung open too quickly for Lois' liking, and there he was. Clark Kent stood before her, smiling warmly and setting off those strange little flutters in her stomach. His smile widened upon seeing her and her stomach *really* flipped, like she was being dropped from some really high place.

"Hi," she tried not to squeak. Okay, so maybe she was a tiny bit attracted to him, but that had to be where it ended. She wasn't ready for anything more anyway. *Get yourself together, Lane. You don't even know him that well yet.*

"Hey," he replied easily. "Come on in." He held his arm out to guide her inside and she shyly followed. This was the first time she'd ever been to his apartment on a non-work pretext, and even then she'd only seen it a few times. For someone who seemed to be in the public a lot, he was actually quite a private person.

It was quite a nice apartment, though it was decorated a bit like a bachelor pad in some of its elements. Of course, nothing had changed about the place since she'd last been there— there was still the nice hardwood flooring, the trinkets from all over the world, the same paintjob and furnishings. But the atmosphere was different tonight somehow, more cozy or perhaps even intimate. She didn't know why she felt that way, but the vibe was definitely there. There was, however, one noticeable thing missing, something that made Lois a little bit wary.

"Where is everybody?"

Clark stood next to her at the top of the landing and frowned. "Oh, I guess Perry and Alice must have forgotten to mention it to you. They can't make it. Something about Alice's back and Perry having too much to do at the office."

*The rats!* Lois thought, trying to stave off the tendrils of panic that were slowly creeping their way around her heart. She knew what they were up to. Those stinking rats knew exactly what they were doing to her, putting her in a situation like this.

Perry knew that she had a little thing for Clark, and Lois knew that they had been pressuring her to get back out there ever since she'd returned. But it had only been six months and they didn't know how completely unready she was to take such a step like that— especially with a man she worked with. She uneasily tuned back into what Clark was saying.

"—But I figure that mayor is a big job, so I get it. Mr. Olsen and his latest lady of the hour should be getting here pretty soon, I take it."

*Oh, god,* Lois thought, the wave of panic surging up through her again. This was going to be awkward, then. So very, very awkward. "But I barely know Mr. Olsen. I don't want it to be weird." Her tone had a cautious lilt to it, as if trying to give him a hint, get him to catch on.

Apparently, though, Clark was too dense to pick up on her signals there. He just grinned. "You know him. Maybe not well, but you know him. And besides, you've always got me. It'll be fine, you'll see." He strode forward confidently through his apartment to his kitchen. "I'm making a spicy, four cheese chicken rigatoni for dinner. You do like Italian, don't you? Perry said that you did."

It was funny to see how anxious he suddenly got over what her opinion on the meal was all of the sudden. Lois bit her cheek to keep from smiling like a dork. "Yeah, I like pasta."

Relief washed over his features and he returned to the pots and pans he was attending in the kitchen. Lois started to feel weird standing by herself in the middle of his apartment, so despite the curse she normally brought to the kitchen, she followed him. She watched, mesmerized, as he pored over his recipe, adding the appropriate spices and measurements when needed. It was like a whole other world to Lois.

"So," she began when it looked like he wasn't too intensely focused, "if you can just, you know," she swooped her arm, "whenever you want, then why not just go and get some Italian food from Italy or something?"

Clark froze momentarily and stiffened. "Would you rather me go and do that? I can, you know. If you want me to. I just—"

"No, no!" The last thing Lois wanted was to make her host feel bad about the meal. Especially when Clark was the host. "That's not what I'm saying. I think this sounds great. I was just curious. I personally hate cooking, so if I had your powers— Superman's powers, that is—" she corrected herself upon seeing his shoulders tense up. It was funny how nervous he got whenever someone referenced his abilities. "I would eat out every meal of every day. You wouldn't even have to be restricted to the same restaurant choices!"

"I like cooking," Clark admitted. "I don't know too many recipes, though. But mostly, I like to keep Superman kind of separate from myself."

"But why?" Lois asked, curiosity piqued. "If you don't mind my asking. If everyone knows that Clark Kent is Superman already, why bother to hide it?"

"I'm still a very private person, Lois. It's how I was raised. My parents, the Kents, taught me from a very young age that I had to hide my powers in order to have a safe life of my own. Foster care only reinforced that idea. The only other person who knew before also demanded that I hide it. It's just been conditioned into me. Besides which, I don't want anybody to think I sponsor them or something."

"So fly out as Superman, change clothes, get what you want and get back out of there."

Clark cracked a grin at her forwardness. Lois seemed to realize it herself and blushed in the same moment. "Sorry. I come on a bit strong," she confessed. "I guess being cooped up in a bad situation in a foreign country will do that to you."

Clark laughed. "Somehow, I get the feeling that you'd have been that way no matter what." Lois would have gotten mad at

that remark if it weren't for the spark in his eyes as said it. She fought another blush at that thought. *Why the hell am I blushing so much?*

"To finish answering your first question," Clark continued, turning back to the stove, "I also am very careful about what I eat. Eating out, you don't always know what you're getting. It's either high calorie or too sugary or what have you. Maybe it's the farmboy in me, but I like to know where my food comes from."

Something about that comment rang in Lois' mind, a little alarm bell of worry niggling at the back of her conscience. She frowned. "Wait. Does that mean..." she trailed off, the thought too ridiculous to complete.

Clark looked at her sidelong. "Does that mean what?"

Lois continued, eyeing him cautiously. "Are we going to be having dessert tonight then?"

Clark seemed amused by her highly serious inquiry. "I asked Jimmy if he could bring something by. Otherwise, no."

Lois appeared horrified.

Clark gave her a strange look. "Should I have planned something else?"

"No, that's fine. It's just... how can you go without dessert?"

Clark laughed and her eyes widened even more. "Well, I'll eat dessert sometimes. Mostly ice cream, but not much other than that."

Lois breathed a sigh of relief, unaware how long she'd been holding her breath. "Okay, good. I can work with ice cream. Especially chocolate ice cream. As long as you're not some lunatic who doesn't like chocolate either."

Clark opened his mouth but didn't respond right away. Lois' jaw dropped. "No! I mean, yes, I like chocolate just fine. It's just not my favorite, either. I can eat unhealthy, Lois. I mean, I imagine that if I wanted, I could eat whatever I wanted and never impact my health whatsoever. Like I said, it's just another habit. It's not that I don't like those things, but foster care really got those cravings and such out of me."

Well, when put that way, Lois supposed she could forgive it. He didn't know any better. That was fine. She'd just have to teach him a little bit about the world of junk food.

"Okay, you're forgiven. But you're going to have to learn my ways." Clark grinned at her and she smugly stared back.

"A year and a half in the Congo didn't get the craving out of you?"

"Are you kidding? I got back and I've never craved anything more!"

Clark laughed, glad she was finally comfortable talking and joking about it now. She had been quite wary for quite a long time—and still was very skittish at times. It had taken a significant amount of time convincing her that she could even trust the man who rescued her as a colleague and friend. Only now, six months later, was she finally getting comfortable with the idea of being closer friends. He only hoped that his longing for such closeness didn't end up scaring her off. Clark really did try his best to be as patient as possible with her, knowing she needed time to adjust, time to get to know him, to re-assimilate herself. And for the most part, he felt like he was doing a good job. But sometimes, it just couldn't be helped. If she told a joke, or participated in his flirty banter, he couldn't help but smile his warmest smile at her. If she had a hunch or tantalizing lead, he couldn't help but follow her headlong into the danger—no matter how hair brained her scheme might be. And sometimes, when she was just sitting across the newsroom, he couldn't help but stare dreamily.

Sometimes Lois noticed. At first, she had been extremely put off by it, secluded herself more. That was the reason Clark had made these rules for himself in the first place. But as time wore on, and she grew more accustomed to him, she went from all suspicious glares and furtive glances to eye rolls and shy smiles.

Clark's heart really soared whenever a blush stained her cheeks.

Little did Clark know that, despite her embarrassment, Lois liked it.

Their laughter and conversation hit a natural lull that dissolved into silence. Thankfully, a knock came on the door before it could cross over into the land of uncomfortable.

Clark grinned. "I assume that's James." He rinsed his hands and dried them before handing Lois the spoon. "You mind stirring this for a minute?"

Clark obviously must have missed the look of sheer terror that passed across Lois' face as he handed her the utensil. Regardless, he was gone in an instant, and suddenly Lois found herself alone with one boiling pot of noodles and one simmering pan of sauce. She heard the door open and Clark's voice rang out to greet the new guests. She took a deep breath as the familiar voices began to converse easily and accepted that she had to be in charge for a few minutes.

Okay. She could handle this. She could. It was simple. Lois stuck the wooden spoon into the sauce pan, hoping against hope that it hadn't burned already. She stirred it in a circular fashion, trying to keep it from sloshing over the sides, intent on not screwing this up.

Suddenly there were bubbles and foam pouring over the top of the pot of cooking pasta noodles. Biting back a mild curse, she hastened to turn down the heat and blew on it, trying to get it back under control.

Then there was a loud beeping noise coming from somewhere in the kitchen. Lois couldn't identify it. *How did this happen so quickly?* On the verge of panic and ruining the dinner Clark had worked so hard on creating, she did the only thing she could do—even though it still went against everything in her being to call for a man, especially after her capture in the Congo.

"Clark! Help!"

He was at her side in less than a second. Quickly assessing the damage done, he pulled the chicken out of the oven, turned off the timer, and checked on both the pasta and sauce. Satisfied that she hadn't been hurt and their dinner had come out unscathed, Clark smiled at her. "Sorry. Forgot Perry's rule about not leaving you in a kitchen."

Lois wasn't sure whether to be amused or irritated by that, but let out a small chuckle anyways as she handed over the spoon—and with it, the control.

"Lois?" a familiar but still somehow strange voice called out to her. "Lois Lane?"

Curiously, Lois stepped back out into the living room to greet the guests and make the necessary introductions. When she saw who it was that had been calling her, Lois felt her jaw drop open. "Cat Grant?"

Cat grinned and stalked over to her old colleague. "Lois!" She quickly enveloped her in a giant hug, to which Lois smiled and returned it. "I didn't know you'd be here!"

"Me neither! Clark didn't mention ever having worked with you! Clark," she called back over her shoulder to the hero manning the kitchen.

"That's because we didn't," Cat answered easily. "After you went to the Congo, and then didn't come back for a while, I left the Planet. I saw what that story did to you. And I'm not saying that I thought life in the society column was dangerous—"

"Except for the men involved," Lois teased and Cat rolled her eyes.

"But," she continued, "It did get me thinking about what I really wanted to do with my life. So, I gave Perry my notice, got a job at a magazine, and now I'm an editor for Met Weekly."

Lois was surprised. She hadn't thought about the impact her disappearance might have had on the people in the office like Cat. Actually, come to think of it, she hadn't even asked. She'd briefly wondered about some of the different faces, asked Perry

or Clark about them once, but she hadn't let it bother her much besides that. "Wow. Good for you, Cat."

"Yeah," she smiled at Mr. Olsen, who stood slightly behind but at her side. Lois realized suddenly that they were a thing and gave the owner of the Daily Planet a small smile. She still didn't know him very well— she was at least thankful for Cat's presence in that she would be a familiar face. Cat changed the subject before she could really ask about their relationship, though. "So, what on earth were you doing in the kitchen? Should I be concerned for my health?"

Lois was about to defend herself when she heard a chuckle coming from behind her. "Nope. It was a near miss, but Superman saved the day."

Lois rolled her eyes at Clark and everyone else chuckled lightly at his humor. "That's not funny, Clark. I had everything under control."

"Lois, I left you there for maybe a minute, and you were calling for help before I even had a chance to properly greet my guests."

She flushed slightly. "You should have known better."

Cat giggled. "So I guess not much has changed on that front."

Clark grinned. "Sorry, Cat, right? Got cut a little short before."

"Yeah. And... Superman?"

It was Clark's turn to blush. "Um, yeah."

"Damn. Maybe I should have stuck around a little longer at the Planet. Things could have gotten interesting." She grinned salaciously. Clark was flustered, choking on his own surprise.

Lois laughed loudly. "And I see not much has changed on that front, either."

"Well, hey, a girl's got a reputation to uphold."

"Hey! I'm right here, guys," James complained.

"I know, honey. We're just joking," Cat soothed, running a hand down his arm.

Lois arched an eyebrow at her friend's reaction before shaking it off with a smile. "I really missed you, Cat."

Her auburn haired friend almost teared up a moment before regaining her composure and smiling back. "Me too, Lo."

A short silence settled over them at the reunion. Clark finally spoke up. "Well, uh, I hate to be the one to ruin the moment, but dinner's ready if you guys are. I don't think anyone else is gonna make it."

Another spike of fear struck Lois. She didn't want this to come off as a double date. She still barely knew Clark. She liked him and all— a lot more than she probably should have. And to be perfectly candid, if he asked her out on a date, she didn't think she would refuse. But she was still holding onto her fear. It was all she had left. The world beyond that was still quite unfathomable to her.

But she brushed it off. She had to. She smiled and nodded, following the group to the dinner table. It wasn't a date, no one would assume it was, the only problem here was her own paranoia. And she wanted to get rid of it. So tonight would be about exactly that— tearing down her walls. It was just food with friends.

As the night wore on, the atmosphere became more and more comfortable. Lois relaxed, everyone was relaxed. They complimented Clark on the food, laughed, told jokes. Clark talked a bit about what Superman's life had been like lately, then about their new stories and work at the Planet. Lois spoke briefly about what had happened to her in the Congo, for Cat's sake— how she had gotten lost, stumbled into some dangerous territory, and kidnapped. They had held her hostage for nearly two years, at first to ensure that she had no information about them and wasn't some kind of spy. Then they did it to scare her, and then... then they'd just grown accustomed to her presence. It made her sick to think about still, when the things they had done to her, put her

through arose in her mind or haunted her dreams.

Clark was good about that. He could see it her eyes when something from her past had started to bother her, and discreetly drew her attention to something else, told a joke, did something to get her mind off of it. He did that tonight, once he could tell that she had just about exhausted herself of the story, and that another moment of discussion would break her. Lois was grateful. Clark had seen her at her worst, offered her comfort, and as far as she could tell, was still somewhat interested in her. She didn't know why or how, but he did and that thought made her heart flip again and that stupid grin tried to resurface once again on her face.

Finally, after a long winded argument about what they should do next, Lois settled the debate. "Pictionary?"

Something sparked in Clark's eyes as he smiled. "That sounds like a great idea, Lois."

James and Cat agreed. "So, do we play teams? What are the rules gonna be?"

"Lois and I can be a team, and then you and James could be a team, and one point to each team who guesses correctly. Losers go get dessert?"

Cat narrowed her eyes at him. He spoke too quickly for that to have just come from the top of his head, but she played along anyways. "All right. You've got yourself a game, Kent. Get some paper."

Clark sped out of the room and reappeared in a moment with two notepads, some pencils and a grin cracked across his face.

Twenty minutes later, once each team had come up with a significant amount of words for their list, they began. Cat drew a stick figure walking a dog, which James had figured out but didn't get in time. Lois drew the Superman crest, which Clark had gotten right off the bat. James ended up not even knowing how to draw his clue, wasting most of his time and then ending up drawing a big square.

Lois was laughing. "The word was movies! You didn't think to draw like a film reel or something?"

James shrugged. "Hey, I'm a computer guy, not an artist. Never claimed to be."

When Clark's turn finally came around, he had to fight to keep the grin off his face. As Cat flipped the timer over, Clark sat there for several long moments, pretending to think, with Lois yelling at him to hurry up and draw something. Once the timer looked like it had about ten seconds left to go, he started drawing at super speed, watching the jaws drop on his friend's faces and he flipped the notepad over to show Lois.

Lois shook herself from her shock and finally spoke. "Wow. A T-Rex? Tyrannosaurus Rex!"

Clark's face was comical as his eyes widened and his smile disappeared faster than a speeding bullet. Lois was confused. "What? That's what it is!"

"Aaaand time!" Cat called out, a grin splitting her face. "Ha! No points for you!"

Clark hung his head with a groan while Lois protested loudly. "What? Look at that picture! Firstly, it's amazing— I had no idea you could draw like that, Clark. And secondly, how on earth is that not a T-Rex? That's as accurate a drawing as I can imagine!"

"The word was 'dinosaur,' Lois," Cat grinned. "T-Rex is too specific. Clark got too cocky. Serves him right. I was gonna say that was cheating, but..."

"Leave it to the magazine editor to edit my copy," she grumbled. "Clark, don't get cocky next time, and we'll have it in the bag."

Clark quickly overcame his disappointment and beamed at her. "No problem."

"Hey! No, no, no! We're done with Pictionary. Now that I know you can do that, I'm never playing with you again. What about cards, or charades or something?"

Clark sighed good-naturedly and rose from the couch. “You guys decide. I said losers go and get dessert, and I think I automatically failed us on that round, so I’ll be back in a flash.”

He got back several minutes later with chocolate ice cream and a bunch of toppings, Lois flushing slightly on realizing he had indeed gotten her favorite.

The night went on in similar fashion. They talked, flirted, laughed, played games, ate ice cream. It was such an easy, relaxed atmosphere. Time got away from them until James Olsen checked his watch and his eyes nearly bugged out of his head.

“Oh, wow. It’s getting pretty late.”

Lois tore her eyes away from Clark’s face to her boss’ and frowned. “Really? What time is it?”

“Past Eleven thirty. We’d better get going if any of us are gonna get to work tomorrow.”

Clark and Lois groaned in sync, prompting Clark to smile warmly at her with that twinkle in his eyes. Lois felt that warmth flutter in her stomach for possibly the millionth time that night and smiled right back. They held each other’s gazes for a little bit longer than was normally appropriate. James and Cat shared a glance and the man cleared his throat subtly, effectively breaking the spell. “Well, we should head out.”

Clark looked at his friend and boss and gave him a quick grin. “Right. Yeah.”

As they stood and began collecting their things, Cat took Lois by the wrist gently, drawing her attention. “Hey,” she kept her voice low and one eye on the men chatting by the door. “He’s good for you. You’re good for each other.” Her expression was encouraging her to try to see what she was getting at without having to come straight out and say it.

Lois opened her mouth to protest but at seeing the sincerity sparkling in Cat’s eyes she held back and gave her a shy smile. “I... I think so too.”

Cat grinned. “Keep in touch, okay?” Lois nodded and the two shared a quick embrace.

“Ready?” James called out to his girlfriend softly.

“Yep,” she replied and made her way up the landing to the door. “Clark, it was nice meeting you. Thanks for inviting us.”

“The pleasure was all mine. Hope to see you again soon.”

“Yeah. Maybe I’ll stop by the Planet sometime.”

James shook Clark’s hand and after they bid their final adieus, they left. As Clark closed the door, Lois began to gather her own things and made her way up the landing to him. “I should probably go too. It is pretty late.”

“No!” At Lois’ arched brow, he realized his slip and hastened to backpedal. “I, uh, I just mean... I don’t want to rush you out or anything. Feel free to stay a little bit longer if you want.” He really hoped he didn’t sound as desperate as he felt, but he really wasn’t ready for this night to end. “Besides, it’s only...” his shoulders slumped as he read his watch face. “Eleven fifty.”

Lois gave a light little laugh that kept his spirits from sinking too low. She thought it was cute, really, how flustered he got. It was empowering.

The conversation had reached an obvious lull, a tense but comfortable silence that neither wanted to break, though both knew it was inevitable.

*Come on, Lane, she goaded herself. Get a grip on yourself. You’ve told him goodbye before. You told him earlier today, you tell him every day. You can do this. You’ll still see him tomorrow.* “I had a really great time tonight.”

Clark grinned easily. “Me too. I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

“Yeah. It was a lot of fun. And it was really nice to see Cat again. I never thought I’d say that, once upon a time, but it was.”

“I liked her just fine,” Clark replied, leaning against the wall with his arms over his chest, that easy grin never leaving his face, teasing her.

“Yeah, well you only met New Cat. Old Cat would have

probably been too much for even Superman to handle,” she teased right back. “I do wish Perry and Alice had made it, though.”

“Yeah. They missed out on Pictionary.”

His tone was at once both teasing and self-deprecating. Lois gave him a little nudge with her elbow. “Yeah, but that’s okay. I think I’ve found the perfect pictionary partner for now on.” Once the words had left her mouth, Lois felt the awkwardness of them. She tried to just blaze on anyway. “You’re drawing skills really are quite impressive.”

Clark blushed and smiled modestly. “It’s really the speed that gets it best. Though the memory helps too.”

“Well, either way it’s a nice perk.” They laughed, though Clark’s seemed half-hearted. Lois caught the look that flashed through his eyes and immediately tried to backtrack. “I didn’t mean it like that; I know you’re more than just Superman.”

“No, no, I know what you meant. That’s just my own issue. Sorry.” Lois gave him a small smile. The conversation began slipping into that awkward silence again and Clark quickly spoke up and changed the topic, keeping it light and, mostly, keeping it going. “So, how are the fish doing?”

Lois beamed. “Good! They’re really good. They’re still new enough that I don’t forget to feed them, so that’s good. It’s funny. I didn’t even think I’d missed them until I got back and they were gone.”

It was Clark’s turn to grin. “You’re welcome.”

“I didn’t say thank you,” she spoke, keeping up the teasing banter of their usual conversation.

“It was implied.” They chuckled some more and were once again quiet.

“I really am glad you came, Lois.” She looked up into his eyes at the suddenly serious tone and started to drown there for a moment, full of emotion as they were.

“Yeah,” she murmured, “Me too. I’m glad you invited me.”

Clark grinned impishly. “Me too.” They laughed a bit more before falling silent once again. Lois found herself sharing his gaze, wishing if only, searching them for any hint or clue of what he might be thinking.

Clark stared into her enormous, chocolate brown eyes, feeling his heart constrict with love and longing. His breath hitched as she kept looking at him, through him, into him. Could she finally see it? Could she see what she did to him, how his pulse rate spiked and his throat went tight and he could barely keep both feet on the floor? He worshipped the ground she walked on— had since before he’d even found and rescued her from the Congo six months earlier. There was no doubt in his mind— Lois was the one for him. He’d known when he first met her counterpart, though even then he’d known they wouldn’t be exactly the same.

And they weren’t. Well, they were in all of the important ways. But his Lois was a bit more fragile, though still as bold. She was a bit more cautious, suspicious— naturally so. And for that matter, so was he, from what Clark understood. It was weird to think that there were other Loises and other Clarks out there. He hated to think of the woman in front of him as “his”— though he desperately wished she was. But the others didn’t matter. Even the Lois he had met before paled in comparison to the one standing before him— the one he was in love with.

God, he just wished she would let him kiss her. He wanted to. So badly that she could probably see it in his eyes. For once, Clark let his guard down, let all of his emotion pour out of him. He willed her to take the chance, pleading her, shouting through his eyes and heart and mind and soul that *this*, this was what he wanted. He wanted her with him, spending days and nights with him, flirting and laughing with him and damn it all, kissing him. He knew it was a lot, and he knew it was entirely new territory for them, and he didn’t really expect all of that, any of it. But he

wanted it. And he wanted her to want it too. Just enough to give it a chance.

She was so close now.

Lois blinked slowly and Clark watched as a flush slowly started to spread across her neck and cheeks. She looked down briefly before seemingly taking a deep breath and stepping into him. Clark swallowed hard but kept staring. His eyes weren't sure what to focus on first— her full lips, the miniscule amount of space between her body and his, her dark eyes— they were what he eventually got sucked into the most, sinking into the wanting expression there. He knew his face was showing his mixed emotions, his questions and desire and confusion and pure lust. Before he could even think to ask though, she leaned her face in impossibly closer and with a whispered breath across his lips spoke the two words he needed her to say.

“Me too.”

Then her lips were on his, gently and all too brief. She was pulling away before he had time to appreciate it. Too soon. Much too soon.

Lois grinned shyly at the dazed look on his face. He was entirely too adorable looking like that. Suddenly his hand was cupping her face, large enough to frame her face almost entirely. Her grin faded into a look of pure want. Clark leaned in slowly, eyes glued to hers until that last moment when he glanced down to her lips and moving in for the final stretch. As his lips finally met hers, all of the butterflies tumbling in Lois' stomach transformed and suddenly they were fireworks, and they were everywhere and they were beautiful.

After several long moments, they finally parted for oxygen. Lois smiled shyly and looked to her shoes with a blush before returning to get lost in Clark's lust filled gaze. She bit her bottom lip, eliciting a low moan from Clark that made her whole body shiver and her toes curl. It wasn't enough. She still wanted more. She wanted to kiss and kiss and kiss him forever, the heady feeling ensconcing the both of them from now until eternity ends.

But it was a perfect first kiss.

She smiled at him and put her small hand on his cheek, prompting him to smile right back.

“Good night, Clark.” She turned and made her way for the door.

“Lois?” his roughened voice caused her to stop in her tracks. She turned to look back at him evenly, smile still on her lips, mingling with the taste of his tongue.

“Yes, Clark?”

“Tomorrow, after work. If we wrap up our story? Um... Would you... Do you want to go out somewhere? Maybe dinner or a movie?”

He was utterly adorable, and she loosed her blindingly happy grin on him, to which he grinned and stood a bit taller.

“Tomorrow then.”

His megawatt smile was back in full force. “Tomorrow.”

Lois blushed and stepped out the open door to the apartment. “Good night, Clark.” The door closed behind her.

Dazed and still beaming, he replied to the closed door before him. “Until tomorrow, Lois.”

Tomorrow. If tonight were any indication, then tomorrow would be great. So he would get some sleep, if there was any sleep to be had, plan his day, get the story done as early as possible, and spend every waking moment with the incredible Lois Lane.

Tomorrow seemed like a fantastic place.

THE END