

Movie Night

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Rated G

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Summary: Best friends, Lois and Clark, have movie night quite often. This one ends a little differently from all the previous ones.

Acknowledgements and Comments: This was knocked together pretty quickly with little or no thought to plot. It's pure WAFF. Thanks to my beta, Morgana, for her encouraging comments. Takes place pre-dating in Season 2.

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Clark held his breath in anticipation. She'd just turned her head and her mouth was only inches away. His gaze dropped to her lips. They parted and she let out a small gasp. He forced himself to breathe. He watched as she closed her lips and swallowed. He glanced down at their tangled legs, stretched out on his couch. She wasn't rushing to untangle herself from him. His breathing became laboured and he looked back up, meeting her questioning eyes.

How had they got in this position? Did she want this?

Clark prayed that he was interpreting her eyes correctly as he lowered his lips to meet hers.

EARLIER

Lois was resting her head on his shoulder. Knowing that it wouldn't be overstepping the bounds of their friendship, he lifted his arm and brought it round her shoulders then let her rest down against his shoulder once more. When Lois came over to watch movies, this was always the bit he enjoyed the most. Every movie had a part when she snuggled up under his arm. Sometimes it was in a scary bit, sometime she was just tired. Often it was part way through, then interrupted by a phone call, or a bathroom break, and Clark's disappointment, when it didn't automatically continue, ran deep.

Tonight, it was past half way through the movie. There was a reasonable chance that this position would last through to the credits.

Clark curled his hand around Lois' far shoulder and she glanced up at him, smiling, when he hugged her close. He returned her 'platonic' smile. She returned her attention to the movie, but he continued to look down at her. His heart beat erratically. It was always affected, by a smile from Lois, in this way. She was wearing a plain white t-shirt which accented her curves so there was little chance of his heart slowing soon.

He recalled his first sight of her, when she'd arrived, tonight. Her attire was an almost mirror of his. He wore a black t-shirt and soft, time-moulded denim jeans. Her jeans were loose; fitted perfectly at the waist but roomy from there on downwards.

She laughed at something onscreen, and leaned forwards to clasp her stomach. He felt the loss of heat at his side but she dropped back immediately.

She banged into his shoulder and they both apologised in tandem, then laughed. Lois carefully leaned back, this time a little further into his body. It was uncomfortable, mostly because

the cute top-knot in her hair was almost tickling his nose, but Clark dare not say anything, and he kept his arm across her shoulder. Possibly she found it uncomfortable too. She began shuffling a little and then, within a minute, her back was partly leaning on his chest. He shifted his legs and body sideways to accommodate this new position. His arm now dangled over her shoulder, rather uselessly. He held it up, moved it back, shifted, and rested it again. Lois giggled at his indecision, and then lifted her arm, grabbed his, and pulled it under hers to hold her around the stomach.

Clark's heart returned to its erratic rhythm. Lois' back snuggled into his chest again. Clark felt his fingertips gently begin to stroke her stomach. He put a halt to that instinctive, but 'non-platonic', action immediately. Realising how closely he now held her, Clark prayed, desperately, that this would become their new standard watching position.

As the movie progressed they both slid further. Lois turned slightly and her back ended up across Clark's knee. He immediately put a cushion under her head, supporting her neck, which was still turned away watching the movie. After a few moments she lifted her legs to the couch. A few minutes later and she shifted onto her side, still stretched out over his legs, but facing away from him. Her elbow came round and lifted up to support her head. It wasn't as comfy for Clark so he wiggled around, slid his legs further sideways and then settled, almost lying down himself.

They were now at the climax of the movie, and Clark actually managed to fade out the world around him. The fact that Lois — the woman he loved more than life itself — was laid out across him, seemed to have been forgotten. His subconscious took over the movements of his body, while his conscious was enthralled by the action onscreen. That's the only explanation for why, when the movie ended and the credits began rolling, he found that his legs were also up on the couch, and his head was resting on his hand, elbow resting on the couch arm, in an exact duplicate of Lois' position.

Lois sighed and rolled onto her back. Clark pushed himself as far into the couch as he could, giving her as much room as possible. She dropped her head to the cushion, brought her hand down to her stomach, and stared up at the ceiling, smiling. It was as if he could read her mind through that smile. This film was going on their 'list'. Some films were watched only once, some went on the list and were watched repeatedly.

Clark held himself as still as possible after realising that his free arm was actually also on her stomach. His subconscious had definitely been in control. He kept his breathing light, and tried to act casual. This was a little farther than their usual 'platonic' touching, but hopefully Lois would let it slide, just this once. In fact, she'd been the one pushing the boundaries further than usual, anyway — cuddling into him, lying across him. Possibly she wouldn't mind this position. Maybe she wouldn't bring up that their fingers were nearly tangled together, along with their legs.

Lois turned her head and smiled at him. He tried to return her smile, but everything felt tense and strained. Possibly this came across, as Lois' smile turned into a questioning frown. His attempt to be casual had failed. Her frown slowly faded as she gazed into his eyes. Her lips parted and she let out a small gasp. He forced himself to breathe. He watched as she closed her lips and swallowed. He glanced down at their tangled legs, stretched out on his couch. She wasn't rushing to untangle herself from him. His breathing became laboured and he looked back up, meeting her questioning eyes.

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He explored her mouth tentatively, gently brushing back and

forth. When she didn't pull away he increased the pressure. His heart began beating out of his chest. Hope, that she wanted the same thing he did, was dancing through his mind. He became aware of something touching his hand ... the hand still on her stomach. Fingertips quested across the back of his hand. He raised it up and their fingers finally tangled, in perfect companion to their legs.

Clark parted his lips and dared for a deeper taste of Lois. She capitulated and opened her lips. He was tempted to let all his fantasies take control, but the part of his mind which always kept rigid control of his actions, reminded him to be cautious. This could even be a dream. It wasn't the first time he'd fallen asleep while watching a movie with Lois. And his dreams, during those moments, usually ventured into this exact scenario.

He pulled away, reluctantly, hoping to evaluate whether this was a dream, or reality. And if it was reality, then he needed to evaluate what he should do next. Needed to make careful moves ... think about every word ... otherwise this could result in a nightmare, rather than his dream come true. Before he even had chance to open his eyes he heard a disappointed moan. The fingers, tangled with his, disappeared and, instead, clamped down on his neck, pulling him back down.

Her lips parted immediately and he felt her tongue touch his lips. All thought of being careful fled. His hand slipped round her stomach to her back and drew her close. She was clearly a willing participant, and Clark could no longer fight against instincts which had been growing since the moment he met her. Instincts which had him reaching to touch her whenever they were close. Instincts which drove a need within him, to bring her close and never let go.

He lost all control within moments. Hands began to roam, tongues touched, moans filled the quiet apartment. It was only when their tangled legs became even more entwined, and her hips scraped against his stomach, that he found his way back to consciousness and control. The unexpected pleasure caused by her accidentally brushing his arousal had made him gasp in bliss, but it also separated their lips. In that moment he found his missing control. His throat convulsed in an involuntary gulp and then he breathed out her name.

"Lois."

"Yes, Clark?" she replied. She was as breathy as he was. He dared to open his eyes and look up into hers.

"I ... I," he stammered, unsure what to say. His exhortation of her name had not been meant to prompt a question from her.

He watched as her gaze flicked from his eyes to his mouth and back again. She licked her lips, and began to look nervous. Was this the moment when the reality of their situation would finally occur to her? Was she about to push against him, with all her might, and he'd tumble off the couch and onto the floor? His heart pounded, waiting in anticipation. When her hands, rather than push into the space between them in an attempt to separate their bodies, explored up his back and pulled him closer he decided to truly throw all caution to the wind and hope for the best. Pray that his dream would come true.

"Lois, I love you," he whispered, gazing into her eyes and pouring his very soul into those words.

He watched as her face crumpled. Her mouth began to quiver, her eyes misted over and her forehead crinkled in a frown. Clark's heart crashed. She didn't want that declaration. But as he tried to pull away she opened her mouth and her face began to change, "I ... " she stammered, just as he had done before. A tear escaped her eye and trailed down the side of her cheek and into her hairline. "I ... " she paused again, then took a deep breath. A shaky smile took over from trembling lips and Clark looked back at the misty eyes. They didn't look upset, they looked ... happy. "I love you too, Clark."

He let out the breath he didn't realise he'd been holding and

then began to smile. His lips stretched and turned into a grin. "I love you."

"You just said that," she commented, grinning back at him, lightening the mood.

"Yeah, I guess I did." His cheeks pulled further. He didn't think he'd ever smiled as widely before. "And I think I might say it again in a few minutes."

"Why a few minutes, why not now?" Lois frowned up at him, then giggled.

"Because my mouth is about to be occupied by something else for the next few minutes."

"Really, what?" she grinned once more.

"This," he whispered huskily, returning the atmosphere to the previous mood. He slowly lowered his head, until their lips met once more, sweeping them away into bliss.

THE END