

In the Arms of an Angel

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Rated: PG13

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Summary: Clark and Lois celebrate the New Year. Sequel to "In the Still of the Night," "In the Light of the Morning" and "In the Glow of the Firelight."

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Acknowledgements and Comments: Conclusion to the set. Thanks to KenJ for his beta on the final two instalments of this series.

Disclaimer: Superman, Clark Kent, Lois Lane and all other character and place names are owned by DC and/or Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman. I own nothing ... except my fantasies — which frequently include Clark/Superman.

Tonight. It has to be tonight. I don't think I can wait much longer.

It would be good for it to be tonight. New Year ... new start ... new relationship ... new experiences. Not that 'it' would be a new experience for me. I'm not a virgin, but I think he might be. But it will be new for 'us' and I do think, although, not my 'first time' it will be my 'first time loved'.

I look across the coffee table to see him. He definitely loves me. He's shown me in a million ways since we met, although I've only come to realise that *that* was what he was doing all this time, while we've been together over the last week. Martha's declaration on Christmas Day, as she went up to bed, put everything that Clark does, that he has done, into a new light.

I smile. I'm laughing at myself inside, though. Now that I know, I wonder how the heck I didn't know before. I went through the same thing so many months ago, with the Superman revelation. It seems so *clear* now. I can't distinguish the two in my mind ... and they look so alike. But only to me, I guess. Because I happen to know.

And his love for *me* is so clear now. I was convinced, before, that he could never love me. Why would a man who is so perfect, so special, so gentle, so 'out of this world' ever want a woman so flawed, so angry, so *high maintenance*? And even in the infinitesimally tiny possibility that he might like me only just a little bit, he couldn't ever — wouldn't ever — belong to me.

But I've been proven wrong at least ten times a day in the last week. He's shown me he loves me. He's *told* me he loves me.

When we kiss ... it ranges from tender to sensual to passionate. And I know that there is another 'L' word between us. It also has four letters.

Lust.

I'm desperate to be in his arms.

When he holds me I feel safe; safer than I've ever felt before. His arms are strong, yes, but being held 'safely in his arms' isn't actually to do with the strength of his muscles. Rather, it's the strength of his heart.

I've never known anyone with a stronger heart. Or gentler. The compassion and love he shows to the world, overwhelm me whenever I think of them. His insistent need to look at the world

as pure and good and perfect ... it's like a child's viewpoint. Or maybe — considering his ability to fly — it's like an angel's viewpoint.

But then we've skewed — misrepresented — manipulated — what an angel is. If you look back into original mythology and religion then angels are nothing like the renaissance pictures of purity and innocence. Yes, they stood for truth, goodness and justice, but they were just as likely to have bulging, rippling, Greek god muscles as to be wearing a white robe.

Oh my goodness. He *is* an angel.

I take another look at his arms ... muscles almost tearing at the tight arm holes. I want those arms around me. I want those hands touching me.

I lift my champagne glass and glance at the clock.

I don't think I can wait much longer.

I want us to see in the new year together ... 'together'.

She is kissing me. Straddling my lap, she has her arms around my neck. Her lips tease and then her tongue plunders my mouth. After we counted down to midnight she clinked her glass with mine, downed it all in one gulp, then pounced on me.

I'm not complaining.

But, there was something I'd wanted to say ... well ask ... but she's kind of interrupted my plan.

I don't think I can wait much longer ... but ... for now I'm going to revel in this intimacy.

A week ago we kissed for the first time. Well, romantically kissed, rather than some kind of ruse. The soft flickering firelight, in the dark, festively decorated room, was probably the most romantic setting I could have hoped for. She told me she loved me and I just stared in joyful shock. I'd been convinced that she only saw me as a friend. Her attitude towards me, particularly since that night when she discovered me floating, had been overwhelmingly like that of a 'supportive friend'. Whenever I needed her, she was there. Whenever I needed to leave, she covered for me. Whenever I need to talk, she listened. But that was it. And I was resigned to it.

Happy with it.

Well, most of the time.

She was my best friend, and she knew the truth, and she still wanted to be my friend and partner. What more could I ask for?

Apparently ... I can ask for more. I'm **going** to ask for more ... soon.

Back at the farm, one week ago, she asked *me* something. She asked how **I** felt.

I showed her. And I've shown her, and told her, a hundred times since.

After a time of kissing, while kneeling in front of the fire, I lowered her to the rug and settled between her thighs. The romance turned ... sensual. Knowing it was too early I pulled back, separating our briefly touching hips.

Today ... now ... the mood isn't romantic. Here in my apartment it feels ... passionate, erotic. Her pelvis slides further over my legs and, this time, I cannot find a reason to push away. I couldn't even if I tried. She has me pinned. I'd only push deeper into the couch.

I could push her away, but that would give her the wrong impression. And I don't want to push her away. My hands snake around her hips and pull her even closer. Our tongues are duelling frantically. Involuntarily I rock my hips. Her lips part on a gasp.

"Clark ..."

I look into her deep eyes.

"I love you," she whispers. I get the feeling that, along with 'I love you' she also meant 'I want you'. Heaven help me, I want her too. But we've only been dating a week.

"No ... we've known each other for years, Clark," she counters and I realise that I spoke my thoughts out loud.

I stare into her eyes for an endless second, then suddenly decide. Surging to my feet I place my hands under her bottom to support her in place. She wraps her legs around my hips. I stride over to my bedroom.

As I place her down I glance to my bedside drawer.

It's in there ... the ring my mom gave me last week.

Grandma's ring.

Lois grasps my shirt and pulls me down to the bed beside her and my desire to open the drawer and ... well, you know ... is quickly overridden by a more immediate ... desire.

She snakes her arms around me. They travel up my back and pull me in closer. When her arms are around me I feel like I'm flying. The spinning in my head, the whirling of my heart, is almost too much to take in. She's holding me; she's touching me, caressing me. I've never known this feeling before. I've never known a woman like her before.

She's my friend, my partner, my ... lover ...

My everything.

My angel.

My thoughts flicker one last time to the drawer, but her hand brushes over my trousers and my mind splinters with the pleasure.

Still. Soon. I'll open that drawer soon, because, I don't think I can wait much longer.

THE END