

# New Year's Eve Season 1

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Summary: What would things have been like during New Year's Eve in Season 1 between our favorite couple before they were a couple?

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Part 1/1

Here she was, wearing a stunning deep burgundy gown that had a long slit on the left side. The gown hung off her shoulders, and her hair was pinned up like it had been the night of the White Orchid Ball. Now she stood within the same crowd in the same room as that night. Things were different now, yet still the same.

It was New Year's Eve, and she had come to the party alone. Sure, the night of the White Orchid Ball, she had met Clark there, so he could have been considered her date, although there'd been nothing romantic about it. Now, as she stood among the crowd, she wondered where that partner of hers was hiding.

"Lois, my dear, there you are," Lex stated, walking up beside her.

She tensed up as he took her hand. Lois wasn't sure what she was doing here. She knew Lex had feelings for her. He kept asking her out, and many times she had to decline because she was working on a big story. It was flattering to have a billionaire interested in her. Yet was she *really* interested in him?

"Have you met Pierre LaVer?" Lex asked, waving to an older gentleman with a head full of gray hair standing a few feet away waving back at Lex. "He is a renowned plastic surgeon from Paris."

"Why would I know a plastic surgeon? Do you think I need one?" Lois fussed, guiding her hands quickly over

her sides and waist.

"Of course not, dear, but as women get older, sometimes they believe they need something to make them look more youthful," Lex responded, kissing her cheek. "Hope you will mingle a bit more."

With that, Lex strolled away to talk to the doctor. Lois shook her head. She was only twenty-seven, and the last thing she was worried about was getting older. No, Mad Dog Lane was looking for the next big story. Tonight there was no story here, so why was she even here? Oh right, Lex had asked her to come. However, this crowd filled with the entertainers, politicians, wannabes, and millionaires, wasn't her crowd. Lois was missing Perry's annual New Year's Bash at his house to be here.

She looked up at the large, gold analog clock on the wall to her left. Lois had forty minutes before midnight to get anywhere else but here. She turned around and left the exclusive party that she just didn't feel comfortable enough to be in.

Lois hurried to grab her coat, made her way to the ground floor of the Lexor Hotel, and stepped outside. However, by the time she got there, she realized it was too late to get to Perry's. She waved off the driver of the limousine that had brought her and hailed a cab instead, and she asked the cabby to take her home.

As the cabby pulled up to her apartment, she handed the cabby the fare and was about to open the door when someone opened it for her. She looked up in surprise to find a dark-haired gentleman holding the door for her. The sadness she felt at having to spend the stroke of midnight alone disappeared.

"What are you doing here?" Lois asked after the cab drove off. She put her hand on his lapel and smiled.

"I couldn't let you celebrate the New Year alone," he told her with a smile.

"But how did you know, Clark? I just left the party," Lois wondered as she put her arm around his and led him into her apartment building.

She couldn't believe that Clark was there. Lois wouldn't be spending the moment alone. She would have her best friend, her partner by her side. In hindsight, he was the best person to bring in the New Year with.

After they got upstairs to her apartment and she unlocked all of the locks, they entered her apartment.

"We only have a few minutes before the stroke of midnight. Do you have anything to toast to the occasion?" Clark asked, closing the door to her apartment.

"Yeah, I should have some wine in the fridge. I still can't believe you are here," Lois said, taking off her long black winter coat and tossing it over the back of the couch.

She walked into the kitchen, and his mouth hung open in awe at the beautiful woman in front of him. He took his

coat off and hung it up and then grabbed her coat and did the same thing, busying himself with the task to try and still his nerves instead of admiring her.

[Season 2.](#)”

Clark heard her in the kitchen getting glasses out of the cupboard and the wine out of the refrigerator, and he walked in to join her. Lois stopped what she was doing for a moment and took in the sight before her.

“You’re in a tux,” Lois sighed, not knowing why her partner was all dressed up. “Why are you in a tux? Did you have somewhere to go? Did you have a date tonight?”

He loved when she babbled. Clark reached over to her hand that was on the bottle. He took the bottle from her and opened it quickly. He filled the two glasses up and put the bottle down.

“Lois, I went to Lex’s party looking for you. I must have gotten there right after you left. The bellman said you had left in a cab. So I came here,” Clark explained with a smile, picking up his glass.

She stood there in awe of her partner. Her best friend. He was going to a party thrown by a man he despised to keep her company. And, when he hadn’t found her, he hadn’t just gone home. He’d looked for her.

“How did you get here before me then?” Lois asked, her head tilting to the side.

“I took a shortcut. Now are we going to toast to the New Year or talk about the party neither of us would have enjoyed?” he responded with a smile. He lifted his hand and looked at his watch. Only a couple more minutes until the New Year.

Lois walked toward the living room and then over to the window looking out across the city. Her glass was in her hand, and her best friend was with her. Her heart quickened at the intensity of the situation. It was New Year’s Eve, and in a few seconds, she would be celebrating the new year with a kiss. She downed her glass of wine.

“Lois, I thought we could cheer in the New Year together,” Clark stated as he walked up behind her, watching her intently down the entire glass of wine.

“Happy New Year’s Eve, Clark,” Lois responded, not waiting for the countdown. He stood just behind her. She turned to him, put her hand on his chest, leaned over, and kissed him sweetly on the lips. It wasn’t a kiss full of passion; it was a kiss celebrating the future. Over the past year, she had gained a partner, a best friend, and a man who captured her heart, even if she couldn’t admit the last part just yet. This New Year was full of possibilities, and this was the first New Year’s Eve in years where she was looking forward to what would come next.

THE END

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