

New Year's Eve Season 3

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Summary: How do Lois and Clark spend New Year's Eve in Season 3?

Story Size: 1,678 words (9Kb as text)

Read the previous story in the series: "[New Year's Eve Season 2](#)."

Notes: Thank you to Bek for beta-reading this for me. Thank you to everyone that has enjoyed this little series.

Read the other stories in the series:

[New Year's Eve Season 1](#)

[New Year's Eve Season 2](#)

[New Year's Eve Season 3](#)

[New Year's Eve Season 4](#)

[New Year's Season 5](#)

Part 1/1

Clark, dressed in a black button-down shirt and blue jeans, had just stirred the last of the broth into the mushroom risotto when there was a knock at the door. He instantly knew who it was. His dinner date for the night was his breathtaking fiancée.

He stirred the risotto one last time and checked the parmesan-crust chicken in the oven before hurrying off to the door.

"Hi," Lois said as she looked up into his warm dark eyes.

He quickly reached over and kissed her briefly on the lips before stepping back and letting her into his apartment.

"Dinner will be done in about twenty minutes," he stated, helping her out of her long black coat. She had on a pair of blue jeans that hugged every curve and a beige sweater that had contrast lace around the edges of the V-neck.

"Smells delicious," Lois replied, taking his hand in hers. She had missed him. She had taken the day off at the Daily Planet, and he had worked. After what they had been through at Christmas, she didn't like spending any more time away from him than necessary.

"Did you get your mother to the airport okay?" Clark wondered as they walked down the steps.

"Yes, after spending Christmas with us, she figured it

would be good to spend some time with Lucy. They have plans to go to a spa for a couple of days. I can't believe my mother likes you. After you made us dinner the other night, she told me that you are a keeper," Lois commented with a smile, rubbing her hand up and down his arm.

"Well, I'm glad your mother approves," Clark responded with a smile. His heart swelled now that Lois was getting along with her mother. He couldn't fathom not getting along with his mother. And many times, he felt sad about how Lois had grown up with her parents' divorce.

"I hope you know I would have married you without their approval," Lois admitted, sliding her hands up and around to the back of his neck. "I knew though once she got to know you that she would adore you just as much as I do."

He nodded his head and smiled as his body grew warmer at the closeness of the breathtaking figure he was holding. Clark wondered how he'd been lucky enough to find her. He pulled her closer and kissed her luscious red lips. The darkness of the apartment, illuminated only by the kitchen lights, made the moment even more intimate. The sensual way her lips met his made his body temperature rise even more. Her hands found their way to the nape of his neck, playing with his dark hair. His hands slid across her back. Clark wanted more, so much more with this woman, but his senses kicked into overdrive when he smelled the scorching heat of the stove.

"I'm sorry," he murmured, pulling away slightly. "Dinner will burn if we don't stop."

He stepped away from her and hurried over to the kitchen. She shook her head in defiance.

"But we were just getting to the good stuff," she groaned in a high-pitched voice, shrugging her shoulders. Lois followed Clark into the kitchen. "So what is for dinner?"

Lois wrapped her arms around Clark, who was now stirring the risotto. After almost losing Clark, she couldn't stop touching him or being near him. The past twenty-four hours were hard enough without him.

"Parmesan-crust chicken and mushroom risotto plus chocolate lava cake for dessert," he answered, patting her hands and turning his head slightly to look around at her.

"Ooh, I don't know what I am going to enjoy more – the lava cake or being with you alone for the first time in days," Lois said, letting go of him and leaning against the kitchen counter.

"I know it was pretty crazy the past week," he commented.

After spending Christmas Eve at her apartment with both sets of parents, they had only about five minutes alone, without work or their parents right there, and they'd spent that time exchanging gifts.

He had given her an exquisite heart-shaped glass ornament stenciled with their names and the year with two hearts entwined together. She had found a red silk tie with thin dark blue horizontal stripes on it. Plus, she also had given him a Jim Kelly signed football with a certificate of authenticity; that gift he had loved more than the tie.

After they'd exchanged gifts, he'd had to fly off to stop a plane crash in Salt Lake City, Utah. Then he went to Colorado to search for a missing eight-year-old girl, who he found two miles away from home, hugging her teddy bear and baby blanket. Finally, he had helped clear a three-car accident involving a semi-truck, a mini-van, and a sedan on a highway in Michigan.

Lois and Clark had spent the rest of the week either with their parents at the Daily Planet or apart because he was busy with Superman duties.

"Did your parents get back to Smallville, okay?" Lois asked, putting her hand on his arm.

"Yeah, I flew them back this morning. They loved your gift by the way," Clark replied, reaching over to kiss her.

Before they could get any further, Clark moved his head slightly like he heard something far away. Lois knew that look on his face.

"What is it?" she asked, squeezing his arm.

"I need you to take the chicken out of the oven in ten minutes and stir the risotto another ten minutes and then turn the stove off," Clark said, stepping away. "There is a stampede in London at a New Year's celebration."

"Clark, I don't know. I mean, I burn water," she replied as he stepped away and spun into the Superman suit. Lois dropped her head and closed her eyes. She sagged against the counter.

"I have faith that you can handle turning off the stove and oven," he assured her closing his eyes and taking a calm breath, then kissing her forehead. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Be careful. I love you," Lois added as she moved closer and kissed him briefly.

"I will. Love you, too," he replied before flying out of his apartment.

Lois stood there in awe at her fiancé. He could sweep her off her feet with romantic gestures, and he could move space shuttles. Lois Lane lived an interesting life with her partner and best friend. Now that life included finishing a meal that Clark couldn't complete because of his Superman duties.

Lois opened the wine Clark had left on the table in a bucket of ice. She poured herself a glass and drank it down in one gulp. Lois looked up at the clock and realized it would be a long night likely spent alone; it was only six fifty, which meant she had plenty of time to finish another glass of wine before she had to stir the risotto.

One hour went by, and Lois finished up what Clark asked her to do in the kitchen. She knew Clark would want her to eat; so she had a plate of food, then wrapped everything up and put it in the refrigerator. By eight thirty, she had curled up on the couch wrapped up in one of his blankets and started a movie. Two hours later, *Sleepless In Seattle* had ended, and Clark still hadn't come back. Lois flipped through the channels trying to find out where he could be. However, there was still no news on any Superman sightings. Yes, he had been at the London stampede, where the crowd had gotten out of hand at an Oasis concert. From the news, she knew that the injured had been taken care of and Superman had left over an hour ago. Now Lois just wondered where he had gone next.

Too many things had gone wrong tonight. It started with the stampede at the concert. There were children, women, and men of all ages at the concert; some of them were severely hurt. Superman helped by flying as many as he could to the hospital. After the stampede, Superman flew to the Vercors Massif in France, where two people tried to kill fourteen people, including three children. In Columbia, Superman helped land an American Airlines flight that almost crashed into a mountain range.

It was well after one in the morning when Superman landed on the balcony to his apartment on Clinton Street. He hadn't gotten to ring in the New Year with his fiancée. However, as he stepped into his apartment, he could hear her heartbeat. There she was, curled up in his bed, sleeping peacefully. Clark walked to the bathroom and took a quick shower. After he exited the bathroom, he found Lois' clothes folded neatly on the stairs to the loft. Wearing only a pair of gray sweatpants, he slowly crawled into the bed next to Lois, careful not to wake her. They hadn't crossed that threshold yet, but they had occasionally fallen asleep in each other's arms after working all night.

As Clark got comfortable in his bed, lying on his back, Lois curled up to him, wrapping her arm around his waist and putting her head on his shoulder.

"Happy New Year," Clark whispered as he kissed the top of her head.

"Love you. Missed you," Lois mumbled in her sleep. Clark couldn't believe how lucky he was. It had been one crazy year, and now he had everything he'd ever dreamed of – a great career and an amazing woman by his side. Yes, this next year would be even better as he married the woman of his dreams.

THE END

Read the next story in the series: "[New Year's Eve Season 4](#)."