

Dinner Plans

by htbthomas

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Rating: M

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Prompt: #020 Couples - "kitchen" and #023 General - "eggs"

A/N: This is absolute fluff, completely different in character than the saga that is *Déjà Vu*. Knowledge of the other story is not required. It seems that the food sequences in that story were quite popular, so what better subject for a one-shot? Enjoy!

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As Lois opened the door to the kitchen, her nose was assaulted with the mouth-watering smell of Italian spices. She closed the door behind her, dropping her purse on the countertop, and closed her eyes, breathing deeply. "Mm. That smells heavenly..."

She opened her eyes to see Clark standing before the stove in a button-down shirt and slacks, stirring gently at a reddish liquid in the saucepan. His hair swung gently across the frames of his glasses as he turned to smile at her. "Hope you are in the mood for pasta." A pot of freshly cooked tortellini steamed on a back burner.

"Weren't we going to go out tonight?" Slipping the jacket from her shoulders, she reached behind to slip it onto the coat rack. "You said something about reservations at Chez Henri..."

He shrugged guiltily, still stirring his sauce. "The food there tasted a bit off last time..."

Lois chuckled, "Only to super-senses..."

"And it's a long trip to Paris..."

"Never stopped us before..." Lois wrapped her arms around him from behind, lightly caressing his thigh.

Clark gently tapped the wooden spoon he had been using against the side of the pot, and placed it carefully on the counter, before turning the heat on the burner down to simmer.

"Well," he said in a low voice, turning into her arms, "Can I help it if I want to spend as much time with you as possible on Valentine's Day? Even a few minutes spent on the trip would be time better spent..." He kissed her on the corner of her jaw.

She groaned pleasantly. He knew exactly how to arouse her, and he only got better at it with the years. "I should have known you were planning something like this when you cooked

those eggs for breakfast in the cute little heart shape. I'm in the mood for *anything* you cook, you know that," she said fervently. "I didn't expect you to be home yet. What about that tornado in Missouri?"

He lifted his head to kiss her lightly on the forehead. "I was able to dissipate it before it caused any damage. So I got dinner started a little early."

Lois eyed the rich-smelling sauce with interest. "Can I have a little taste?" she asked, giving him a gentle kiss on the cheek.

The corners of her husband's mouth crinkled up ever so slightly, and he chuckled. "You can never wait, can you? It'll taste better on the pasta..."

She grabbed the stirring spoon he had just set aside and dipped the end of it into the sauce, just beginning to bubble. Bringing it slowly to her lips, her tongue nipped out to sample the ruddy liquid on the edge. She rolled the sauce around sensuously on her tongue - it had a tomato base with a blend of spices she couldn't identify... Of course, *that* wasn't unusual. There was a good reason that Clark had taken over the cooking duties.

"That's..." Lois searched for the proper word, "...fantastic."

Clark smiled shyly, pleased at her praise. His modesty had always been incredibly attractive.

And his cooking was even more incredible. Now she could taste just a slight aftertaste... "Is there a touch of alcohol in there?"

"Just a little sherry," he affirmed. "Brings out the garlic better."

Silently, Lois held out the spoon, which still had a few drops of sauce clinging to the surface.

"I think I'll wait to try it when it's finished."

"Your loss." She began to lick the remainder from the spoon - and caught him staring at her intently. Was that a lascivious spark in those sapphire eyes?

Suddenly feeling mischievous, Lois slowed her cleaning of the spoon, swirling her tongue around the round edge of the spoon, capturing his intense gaze with one of her own. When she was completely finished, she invited, "Are you sure you don't want some?"

Quicker than her mind could process, he had gathered her into his arms. The spoon fell to the kitchen floor from fingers stiff with surprise. They both looked down at the cooking utensil lying there on the tiles. "Oh, darn. I wasn't finished. I wanted another taste..."

"That's easy to solve..." Clark smiled and slowly dipped his finger into the now roiling mixture. He removed it, dripping with reddish sauce, and held it before her lips.

Keeping her eyes fixed on his, Lois placed her mouth over the gooey mixture and gently drew his finger into her mouth. His sly smile widened as she teased it with her tongue, sucking the last drop from the tip. "Delicious."

"If it's really that good... I guess I have no choice but to try it..." he murmured, pulling her closer to cover her mouth with his. As intoxicating as the taste of his cooking was, his kisses could send her into an almost drunken spiral of pleasure.

Expertly, he moved the two of them away from the hot stove, pressing her against the kitchen sink. She entwined her fingers in his thick black hair, her short fingernails dragging trails across his scalp, just the way he liked. His strong, warm hands crept beneath her silk blouse to caress the smooth skin of her back. Even after seven years of marriage, they often found themselves completely caught up in each other.

A thought intruded, tearing her from the sensations he was arousing up and down her spine. "Jason..." she gasped between kisses.

His warm breath tickled her ear as he caught the tender skin between his teeth. "...is going to a friend's house after soccer practice."

Lois groaned and leaned her head back, granting him easier access to her sensitive neck. His lips nibbled their way down the side of her neck, setting off sensations that were familiar yet just as arousing. She placed her hands on the front of his shirt, sliding her palms across the broad expanse of his muscular chest, to begin undoing the tiny buttons down the front.

She was surprised to see that all she was uncovering was his glowing bare skin, and not bright-blue spandex. Lois arched an eyebrow at him, and then growled low in her throat. Leaving the suit off was one of the ways Clark would slyly let her know that he was hers for the night. She practically threw herself into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist, and devouring him with her lips.

It was amazing to her the way they still couldn't keep their hands off of each other. Even their co-workers, after their relationship had come out into the open, had been shocked at her demonstrative behavior, so different from the stay-back attitude she used to have. Once, a few years ago, she had been passing by the break room, and one of the office girls had the temerity to question Lois and Clark's relationship. *"What in the world do they see in each other? He's such a dork... and she's such a hellcat! I'm surprised she hasn't eaten him alive already..."* There were a few shocked giggles at the fact that one of their co-workers had the guts to speak what they all had been thinking aloud.

"Hi, girls," she said with a venomously sweet voice, sticking her head around the doorframe. *"Nice day for a chat, isn't it?"* She pierced the offending woman with Lois Lane's own version of laser vision. *"And since you were wondering... you know what they say...Pussycat in the boardroom, tiger in the bedroom."* She winked and smiled before turning on her heel.

At Clark's desk a minute later, he gave her a wicked grin. *"You shouldn't let them get to you, Lois."*

"I know, but sometimes... I just can't help it." She placed her left hand on his cheek, and tenderly stroked the wedding band down his jaw.

He closed his eyes briefly at her touch. *"And I love it."* His eyes sparkled with amusement as he added, *"If it helps, you pretty much just shocked them to silence."*

As the years passed, the office simply took it as a mystery of life - better left unexplained. Because there was no denying the sparks between them, the flame of love that flickered every time they gazed at each other... and more importantly - at least in Perry's opinion - the consistent front-page headlines the two brought in as the *Daily Planet's* star reporting team.

But they saved the really good stuff for when the two of them were all alone. Clark lifted her with one arm as if she weighed nothing - which she didn't to him, the lifter of jet aircraft. Never breaking contact with her lips, he swiveled to place her on the edge of the gleaming stainless-steel counter beside the stove. With the other hand he flipped the kitchen blinds closed.

He broke contact with her lips then, placing his hands on the tops of her fabric-covered thighs. Then he caressed downward to the bottom of her calf-length brown skirt and ran a finger over her silken stockings. With tender care, he removed one high-heeled shoe, and then the other, stroking across the heel and sole of her foot. Lois wiggled her toes, as the sensation tickled her skin.

"Oo!" she breathed softly. "That tickles!"

"Does it now?" he grinned, and began to increase the feathery touches to her feet.

"Clark... stop it!" She swiped a playful palm at the top of his head, but he dodged it easily.

Soon she was squirming, outright squealing like a little girl with laughter. But his iron grip on her ankle made it impossible to get away. She twisted as deftly as she could to reach the water spigot...

Spritz! Clark was hit in the face with a full blast of water from the sink sprayer, and Lois laughed in triumph, as she gleefully sprayed him down the front of his shirt. Clark let go of her ankle at once, blinked in surprise, and carefully removed his water-spotted glasses. He gingerly grabbed a towel from the oven door, and wiped down his lenses, all the while reacting not at all to her juvenile chortling.

"Now was that really fair?" he asked in an even voice.

She stared back at him, challenge in her tone, "A girl's got to take any advantage she can get over a guy like you, Mr. Kent."

He wiped a hand over his face, and cleared his sopping bangs from his eyes. "Does she now?" Clark stepped closer and lowered his voice huskily. "I think you just wanted to see me sopping wet, Mrs. Kent."

Lois pressed her lips together, grinning guiltily, not hiding a leisurely scan of his wet and clinging clothing. "You know me *too* well."

Quicker than her eyes could process, the sprayer was out of her hands and in his. Water dripped down from his sopping hair into his eyes as he regarded her like a Western gunslinger, serious and somber. "Well, two can play at that game, missy."

She shrieked, and tried to dodge the shower of water that suddenly drenched her, even though she knew it was absolutely no use. Lois whacked the faucet handle down to shut off the water, tackled him around the shoulders, and they landed in a wet mess on the floor. The sprayer dangled like a pendulum, thumping against the cabinet doors, but Lois barely noticed.

Lying there on top of him on the floor, the temperature of their bodies noticeably rose, though they were both soaked to the skin. Clothing made heavy with water was more difficult to remove, so they didn't bother. Lois' hands fumbled with the wet leather of Clark's belt, as Clark tore a hole in her nylon stockings.

She moaned as he entered her, and she moved on him with wild abandon, the wet slap of their clothing mixing with the sounds of her heavy breathing. As the sensations became more intense, she forgot all about being drenched, and instead felt set aflame...

Wait a second... is that... smoke I smell? She froze in her movement, and turned her head toward the stove, just as Clark's eyes went wide. Little flames danced around the edges of the saucepan, and suddenly the smoke alarm went off with a deafening *SCREEE!*

Clark moved her off of him quickly but gently, and with a rush of freezing air, the stovetop was rapidly covered with a glaze of ice. A shot of heat-vision took out the smoke alarm above in a shower of sparks, mercifully cutting off the piercing sound.

"Oh, God, I'm sorry, Lois..." he began apologize, but she silenced him with a finger, and then a smoking kiss. Despite the shock of the kitchen fire, it didn't take them long to finish what they had started.

She collapsed against him, spent for now, and curled into him. "Well, did you already cancel those res-"

Suddenly, Clark stiffened beneath her. "Oh, no..." He sat up quickly lifting her to her feet, and she felt her clothing steam to dryness as he quickly ran his heat vision over her clothing. But not quickly enough.

At the sound of keys in the lock, Lois realized why Clark had reacted with such alarm.

Jason's home! He was supposed to go to his friend's house...!

The door opened before either of them could get their bearings, super-speed or no. "Mom! Dad! What's for dinner?" He walked a few steps into the room and stopped when he saw the two of them standing there with expressions akin to a deer being caught in the headlights blinking back at him.

Jason looked back and forth between his parents, his adolescent face unreadable. He then sniffed the air, noticed the glaze of ice on the saucepan and their disheveled appearances - Clark still soaking wet, Lois' clothing a mess - and rolled his eyes expressively. Shaking his head, he turned to walk toward his bedroom, slinging his backpack over his shoulder. He didn't even turn back as he called out to them, "Can we get pizza this time?"