

Dance With Me

by JJ-the elusive

© 23-Dec-08

Rating: MA

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She remembered the first time they danced together all those years ago at this same event, when they had just been made partners at the Planet. All eyes were on them at the Metropolis Charity Ball as they swirled around elegantly, perfectly in sync. She thought his reason behind the fact that he could dance so well was adorable. His mother taught him. Grinning, she held onto him just a little tighter and closed her eyes.

Clark resisted the urge to run his hands through her chestnut curls, not wanting to ruin the exquisite messiness of it all. His Lois, always so beautiful. And confusing. Some days she would be at arms length, being his work partner and nothing more. Then there were the nights where she would hover ever so close to him as he sat on the couch, going over notes for a hot story. Her hand would find its way onto his knee, as her lips would trail light kisses up his jaw. He would turn his head so their lips met, and he would drink her in like a man parched. She'd straddle his lap and kiss him senseless, then simply slip off him and get back to work, only murmuring that her son was asleep down the hall. After a couple of hours of work, he'd superspeed home and take the coldest shower, knowing that even if he jumped into the arctic icy waters near the Fortress, the fire within him couldn't be put out.

For some reason, after Richard left Lois didn't want to be with the father of her child. There was nothing Kal-El could offer her anymore, save for love and affection for their son. She had realized that all those years ago, their relationship was based on need and want, of romantic gestures and exciting nights in each other's arms. She was young and in love then, not needing to worry about anyone but herself. But now she couldn't, she wasn't the only one in the picture. Now she expected their relationship to be more, but knew it couldn't be. She knew that he couldn't be a normal father to Jason or be there every waking moment for his son and wife. As much as she wanted him to take her in his arms and fly away into the sunset, she knew it wasn't possible. She knew he didn't mean for her to see the slight twitch of pain in his handsome features when she told him how she felt, that he would always be welcome to see their son whenever he wanted. It wasn't exactly easy for her, either. But the truth as they say, can hurt.

He was stunned to say the least. But then again he had told Lois to take her time in thinking about what she wanted next, now that he knew Jason was his and Richard had left. But he wasn't expecting her to turn around and walk away, to choose to be alone. But if he had to suffer a life without Lois by his side, he was not new to the idea. He just had to remember how it was all those years before when Lois never knew his secret, never knew of his love for her as Clark. Oh right, he remembered. He coped by erasing her memory and leaving Earth

altogether. Great.

At first Lois felt like she was taking advantage of him. Sweet, caring Clark, always there for her. She didn't know when it happened, but it just did. He was caring, kind, her best friend...why shouldn't they give a relationship a try? Her opinion was swayed even more when she kissed him for the first time- a slow, sweet kiss that left her breathless and electrified in one. It was a slight accident, too...

Months before

It was yet another long weekend at the Planet. Jason was staying with his cousins, and so Lois ended up working well into the night on a story that had one lead after another. It was well after 2 AM when she and Clark decided to call it a night, and headed downstairs to catch a cab. Being the middle of December and late at night when temperatures had dropped, it was pointless to say that Lois was freezing. Of course she had a coat, but it was more fashionable than functional, of course. She was always unsuccessful at hailing cabs, but nevertheless she always tried first. Clark laughed a little behind her, and she twirled around to see what the farm boy thought was so funny.

"Here, Lois." She loved when it was just them together. They'd drop their personalities, she wouldn't be so brash and he'd be more confident, his voice would turn low and soothing. Why he wasn't like that in the daytime, she would never frickin' know. He nervously slid his glasses up his nose.

"I'll hail the cab, okay?"

She nodded and held onto him in a soft hug, sliding her hands into his coat and holding onto his tall frame for warmth. Her ear pressed to his chest, and she heard his breath hitch before he hailed a taxi with his hand. He wasn't having such luck either, the taxis whizzing by already filled with occupants or off-duty. Lois didn't care at the moment, and marveled at how warm Clark was. A sense of calm took over as she inhaled deeply and picked up his familiar scent- the faint smell of detergent on his clothes, coffee, and something else, a clean crisp scent she couldn't put her finger on. Lois smiled in contentment as she felt his hands sliding up and down her back gently, trying to keep her warmer.

Clark felt his heart beat erratically as Lois wrapped her small frame around him, and he unconsciously bent his shoulders down to return the gesture. He watched as Lois looked down shyly, then up at him with a grin and a mischievous look on her face.

"Giving up so soon, Smallville?"

"Uhm." Clark bit his lip as he realized just exactly how close their faces were. "W-well.."

He could have sworn he felt his heart stop when she reached up and pressed her soft lips against his. Inching back just a little as she pulled away, he caught her eyes in his. They were always so beautiful- one hazel, the other blue, and they were filled with the usual warmth, and something new- love. Clark knew what love looked like in a person's eyes, seeing it in his parents' and Lana's eyes all those years before. Bending down again, he kissed her more determinedly, catching her soft cheek in one palm and wrapping his free arm around her back. Upon pulling her closer, he felt the soft flicker of her tongue pressing against his lips. If he weren't breathless already, he would have sighed at the feeling of release he felt as he gave into her, allowing her to claim him as he claimed her.

After what seemed like an eternity, Lois opened her eyes and was happy to find out that it wasn't a dream after all. She was as wide-eyed as Clark was, feeling the blush in her cheeks as she grinned ear to ear.

"Hey!" A gruff voice shouted from the street, and they both looked to see who it was. A taxi sat idling on the side of the curb as the driver hung out his window waving his arm at them.

"You two gettin' in or what?"

The present

Lois stopped moving as she realized the music had stopped, and so had Clark. She felt his large palm caress her face and she leaned into his hand, loving how warm it was against her skin.

"Enjoy that a bit too much, Lo? Are you even awake?"

She opened her eyes and smirked. Funny, was he? No, adorable. Her mouth went dry as it did earlier when she first saw him. Gorgeous. Beautiful... save for his silly glasses, but the rest of him made up for it. Gone was the ill-fitting suit, exchanged for a dark charcoal silk-cut suit that left little to the imagination. Why did Clark insist on hiding his graceful-looking figure? The dark color of the cloth made his pale skin pop out, but not in a bad way. In fact, it only helped highlight the fact that his eyes, when you really looked at them beyond those large frames were actually quite blue. Slowly reaching up, she mirrored him and cupped his cheek with her tiny hand.

"I enjoyed it very much, Clark."

She laughed a little and hoped she wasn't blushing when he took her by the wrist, placing a soft kiss on her still open palm.

"Hey guys! Oh uh, sorry. Was I interrupting?"

Mentally, Lois hurled at Jimmy every curse word she knew in English and other languages. Her dad wondered what it was that kept little Lois so entertained as he moved her and Lucy around from base to base. Oh little did the General know...

"N-no, it's okay Jim." Clark started to fidget, alternating between stuffing his large paws in his pockets, and bringing them back out.

"Yeah." Lois shot daggers at the young photographer with her eyes while placing a hand on Clark's chest to calm the poor man down. "It's okay. What's up?"

"Well, I saw you guys dancing and thought I'd take a picture. I mean, if you don't mind. It's just that, from all the other albums from each year we all went to the Met Charity Ball, it has pictures of the two of you. I mean, not from the last five years, then it was Lois and Richard, but-"

"Jimmy." Lois cut him off, eyes widening at the mention of the past five years. "I get it. Just take pictures when we dance again, 'kay?"

He smiled goofily and nodded before heading off with his camera in hand.

"Well, Smallville. Looks like we're the belles of the ball, eh?"

"We?" He smiled softly and held onto her hand, where it still rested on his chest. "Lois, about all this..."

"Oh, look!"

Lois quickly avoided him, knowing just what he was asking about. She couldn't articulate what was between them at that very moment. She loved him, yes, but it was more than that. It was more than stolen kisses and a good serving of passion. She just didn't know what more it was, yet it seemed like it was on the tip of her tongue.

"Another dance is starting, come on."

Clark knew she was flustered. He didn't have to hear the rapid beating of her heart to know he'd struck a chord. He knew her admiration for him wasn't false, he was just unsure of what she actually wanted. Which was like most of the time, but still. On a few occasions, he'd try to ask her out on a date, but she always found a way to conveniently distract the conversation. He held her close as they danced to another slow number played by the jazz band in front of the ballroom.

"Lois."

She hesitated. "Mmm?"

"About..." He couldn't find the words. What should he say as to not offend her? "You said. Uh, well you implied, that about... you said we. What about... we?"

How eloquent. Apparently Lois didn't notice as she stopped moving and looked up at him with a pained expression.

"Clark, I don't know." A quick hurt expression took over his features. "No, not like that. I mean, I don't know what it's like? Uh, look. I like you. A lot. It's just that..."

"You two mind moving off the floor and out of our way? By the way Lois, didn't you wear that ugly dress to the ball two years ago?"

Lois glared at Cat Grant as she danced around with some helpless victim. The fake blonde wore the most garish thing of a dress Lois had ever seen, so she didn't know where Cat got off on taking a dig at hers! Bitch. Grabbing Clark's hand, she led him off the dance floor and to the main lobby. The Metropolis Villa was the city's oldest and most prestigious hotel on this side of the island. It was just four blocks from the Planet, and if she sat at Clark's desk she could see it perfectly...

"Don't listen to her, Lois. You look gorgeous, you know."

He sure as hell knew. He felt like floating when he first saw her as she opened her apartment door. Her halter-top dress was a rich hunter green, and draped across her soft curves beautifully. The large scooped neck showed a hint of her breasts, the cinch at her hip accentuated her slender waist, and the dress ended at her knees, showing off her legs. All this combined with the way her eyes looked with smokey make-up, how her hair was in its usually messy manor but done up, and the way she faintly smelled of lavender, it drove him on edge. He'd kissed her deeply right there and then, leaving her giggling and wiping her lipstick from his lips with a thumb.

Shaking her head at Cat's antics she then looked up at Clark with a soft smile.

"Thanks, Clark. Now about all this... about us." She sighed heavily. What to say?

"Lois." He pulled her close, not wanting to scare her away by pressing the matter. As confused as he was, he didn't want Lois to say anything until she was ready. He just had to make sure...

"I just want to know that you care about me...as much as I do you."

"I do, very much... But there's just something about all this that has me thrown for a loop."

"A loop?" He smiled against her lips before trailing soft kisses across her cheek to the sensitive spot on her neck right below her ear.

Letting out another soft sigh as she felt him kiss her, and quickly forgot what she was talking about, not wanting to care at the moment. Her breath hitched as she felt him caress her sides and hips with his hands, the smooth silk of her dress warming up immediately against her skin at his touch.

Click.

Startled, they looked over to see Jimmy standing near them, sheepishly lowering his camera from his eye.

"Jimmy. Do you frickin' mind? We're not dancing, are we?" Lois had had it with this kid!

"Uh. Sorry, Lois. I just didn't get the two of you yet and uhm." His face turned redder as he went on. "So I figured I'd get a bit of a romantic angle to put in the album, you know. Like I took a picture of the chief and Alice, and..."

"You got your picture, right?"

"Uhm, yes?"

"Okay." Lois took Clark's hand and pulled them through the lobby to the main entrance.
"Then we're done here."

Lois let Clark hail a cab, and thankfully it didn't take too long. She was rubbing her bare arms with her hands to fend off the cold as Clark opened the door, letting her in first, then sliding in next to her.

"Where to?" The taxi driver eyed her through the rear-view mirror.

"W-where are we going, Lois?"

She looked over at Clark to see a slightly scared look on his face. Oh, Farm boy.

"Somewhere we can talk privately. 38 Sullivan Place, please."

"M-my apartment? Lois, I don't even have, I mean it's-"

"It'll do, Clark."

Clark awkwardly fumbled with his key, and knew it wasn't an act. She'd only been to his place briefly once, so to hear her say for the driver to bring her here wasn't expected. Lois was Lois, though. Unpredictable. Adorable. He watched as she bit her thumb absentmindedly as he let her in, motioning to the worn couch in the middle of the living room.

"Jeez, Clark. I must have said this last time, but what a place! It's frickin' huge! How did you get it?"

"Oh uhm." He looked around the kitchen cupboards for a clean glass, knowing exactly where they were, but the longer he spent the longer time he had to figure out what to do next.

"A friend in Gotham helped me out. After the big quake in the city when I came back, it was hard to find a good place. Said friend owed me a favor, and he helped me get this place."

"Huh." Lois looked around, admiring the large ceiling to floor windows, ample space and bright colors. The couch she sat on was worn, and she remembered that it was the same couch Clark had all those years ago in his old apartment. They had so many good times sitting on that couch, and she wondered why nothing happened between them then. Wasn't the right time, she guessed.

"Here you go." Clark handed her a glass of water and sat down next to her. They sat in silence, neither of them knowing what exactly to say. Lois had felt that feeling earlier as he kissed her, something that was telling her there was something else to their relationship. Being a reporter, it was driving her crazy and she wanted to know what it was before their relationship progressed.

"Let's make this a date."

Clark blinked and sputtered a little bit of water back into the glass next to his mouth. "I'm sorry?"

Lois rolled her eyes and turned to him. "A date. You know, a couple goes somewhere, they have dinner, then go back to one of their apartments? I know you've been wanting to ask me, but I've been well... you know."

He recalled her earlier words. "Thrown for a loop?"

"Yeah, like that. I figured if we just let things happen, I'll figure out what exactly is going on."

"What's going on?"

"Quit the parrot act Clark, it doesn't suit you."

Slightly embarrassed, he laughed a little and looked down into his glass. He didn't know what was going on, either. What he wanted to know the most was when to tell Lois the truth. He looked over to her as she took the glass from his hand and set it on the table, bringing herself closer to him. The one thing he never thought he would have before he told her the truth was her love and affection. Yet here she was, putting a hand on his chest as she leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. He complied as she deepened the kiss while moving to straddle his lap and wrapping her arms around his neck. His acute senses were on overload as he breathlessly kissed her. The smell of her, a sweet blend of lavender and vanilla. The taste of her mouth- champagne and her own unique sweetness. The feel of her soft skin in his hands, wrapped in the soft green silk that warmed to his touch. Tentatively, his hands trailed from her sides to her small breasts, feeling her nipples through the thin fabric against his palms. Breaking off the kiss, she looked down at him, her slightly flushed face unreadable. Maybe he shouldn't have. Actually, he was right, he shouldn't have. They couldn't get so close without her knowing the truth. Sadly, he knew he would have to tell her and knew that it could all fall through his fingers in just a moment.

He sighed. Now or never. "Lois, look."

She put a finger to his lips, bringing their faces closer. "Do you want this?"

He nodded.

"Then what?"

He sighed again. "That thing... that's missing. I think I know what it is."

"Oh really?" He watched as her lips formed an impish grin. "I think I do, too. In fact." She rolled her hips against his ever so gently, taking the air out of his lungs in an instant. "I think I'll find out what it is, after we search for it."

Clark gulped. "W-we?"

Lois thought it was the logical thing to do. But then again, earlier she did have a glass or two of champagne. That one little thing she couldn't figure out was elusive, and she didn't want to contemplate it anymore. If she was meant to know it, she would in time. But in the mean time, since this was declared their first date, she could have fun with it. She did care for him, even loved him. So why the hell not? If his kiss wasn't electrifying enough, she could only imagine what that would be like. She moved her body against his as she picked up his large hands and placed them on her breasts again. She sighed as he closed his hands against her, feeling his thumbs massage small circles against her nipples. She wildly ran her fingers through his hair as he leaned forward, burying his face in the curve of her neck as he kissed every bit of skin his lips could find. She wanted this to go slow it being their first time together, and wanted it to last in her memory. But feeling what she did as she rocked her hips against his, she wouldn't mind if they hurried up, either.

Lois had stood up and guided him by his hand to his bedroom, and as soon as the door shut behind them, his senses seemed to snap back. He turned on the light switch.

"Lois, we have to talk."

"How about later, Clark? We're kind of busy at the moment."

He held her gently by the shoulders, staring into her wild eyes. He couldn't deny how he felt, but he had to if he wanted to be able to make things right. Things went dark however, when he realized she'd flipped the light switch behind him. Clark felt Lois' tiny hands wrap around his and pull him towards the bed in the middle of the room. On the far wall was a large window, but the heavy shades were drawn and only let in a sliver of light.

"Lois, I want this, but-"

"Sh." He felt her lips on his, silencing him. Gentle hands slid his suit jacket off, and slowly undid the buttons on his shirt. He was thankful he didn't have his other suit on, but at the same time felt that he should have, it would have made telling her so much easier. He heaved a sigh as he felt her hands slide up his chest, feeling his skin tingle at her touch.

Lois couldn't believe what she was feeling. Toned muscles, smooth planes, hard abs... since when did her dorky farm boy have muscles like that? She shook her head in amusement, kicking off her high heels and sitting back on the bed. With Clark still standing, she undid his belt buckle, wishing it wasn't pitch black so she could see him. Instead she could only feel the strong thighs and graceful calves as she bent down to place a kiss on his knee after she tugged off his dress slacks. Lifting her head again, she could feel him close to her face, feel the warmth coming off him in waves. Tentatively, she leaned forward and pressed her cheek against his length, feeling his body jerk in response as he moaned softly. She pressed on, absentmindedly running a hand up and down the back of his thigh. His skin was so smooth and so hot under her hand, she could only imagine what it would be like being so close to that skin, to feel it against hers.

"Lois." She felt him run his hand through her hair, whispering softly to her. "Are you sure?"

She felt him react again as she pressed a kiss against him through his straining briefs.

"Yes."

"What about protection?"

A warm feeling spread through her belly as she realized what he'd said, and the implications of it. She wondered what it would feel like to have him deep inside her body, to have her body be surrounded by him completely inside and out.

"I'm on the pill, it's okay."

Clark wondered if it would be enough, or if they could even have another child for that matter. Jason was proof that it was possible, but at that time it was under certain circumstances... Taking her hands in his, he helped her off the bed to stand in front of him. He ducked down and caught her lips with his as he slowly untied the knot of her halter dress from her neck and then set about taking the rest of the clothing off her, unzipping the back of it before it quickly slipped off her body and to the floor. With his vision he could see her perfectly, and felt his mouth go dry as he saw her choice of lingerie. It was simple, yet so damn sexy especially on her petite form. A simple black strapless bra with lace at the top, but the rest of it was made of sheer cloth giving him a good view of the dark circles of her nipples. Her black panties matched the lace of her bra, and had a cute silk bow to one side which he undid with a tug.

Wanting things to go just a bit faster, Lois heard herself giggle as she stood on her tip toes and intensified their kiss. Who knew that her farm boy was such a good kisser? Their tongues dueled for control as she slid her hands up his shoulders and wrapped her arms around his neck, bringing their bodies closer. She felt his desire pressing insistently against her hip, and a gasp tore from her lips as she lifted a leg, wrapping it around his hip only to feel him square against her center.

Clark let out a shuddery breath against her cheek as he felt their bodies touch closer than ever. He could feel the wet cloth between her thighs soaking through his briefs, and it almost sent him over the edge when she forcefully rocked her hips against his, the sweet friction setting his nerves ablaze. Placing one hand on the thigh around his hip, he reached down and

brought up her other thigh so that she straddled his waist. He heard Lois whimper a little when he ever so gently thrust his hips up a little against hers, feeling her tremble gently against his arms. Wanting more, he laid them down onto the bed with her legs still wrapped around him, pressing their bodies together fully.

The sound died in her throat as she felt Clark press against her so fully, and she realized that it wasn't the closest they could be. She sighed heavily when she felt his hands behind her back, undoing the somewhat tight bra and allowing her to breathe fully. Her eyes fluttered closed when she felt his mouth close completely over a nipple, tracing slow circles with his tongue before suckling gently. His hand worked at the other, his thumb and forefinger gently twisting the erect nub then grasping her entire breast in one large hand. His mouth switched to the other breast and she felt his teeth slightly graze her skin before he smoothed whatever sting he caused over with his tongue. He continued at her chest until her hands found his face and pulled him up to hers. Seeking out his lips, she kissed him more passionately than she ever had, almost achieving a feeling of completeness but not quite. Suddenly, there it was. That odd, nagging feeling that she couldn't articulate earlier. It was something about her relationship with Clark, what it was. What it used to be? She moved her face to the side as she felt his glasses pressing against her nose. Reaching out, she took them from him and set them on the bedside table, wondering why he'd even kept them on in the first place. She smiled as she felt his face slip from her hands while he moved down her body, exploring her with his mouth and hands.

Clark slid his hands across her body at a fast pace, wanting to feel it all after not having been able to touch her like this for years. Her hip bones felt so small in his palms, and he remembered just how delicate his Lois really was. He laid a kiss on each hip before smoothing his hands down her thighs and calves, her skin feeling so silky and soft. He heard her breath hitch as he kissed her inner thigh, briefly feeling the wet cloth of her panties against his hand. Sitting up, he reached down and slowly peeled the cloth off her hips and down her legs, leaving her body now entirely naked. He exhaled shakily...Christ, she was so damn beautiful, just as she was five years before when they'd made love for the very first time. Her skin was smooth and bare save for a small vertical strip of dark hair low between her thighs. Clark slowly traced a finger down the line and it landed on the sensitive nub of her clit. Her body writhed as he rubbed it lightly and then caught it slightly between thumb and forefinger and doing the same. His free hand moved her legs so that her knees were up, and he pressed her thighs wide apart.

Lois didn't even try to stifle her voice as Clark worked between her thighs, and she gasped as she felt him lean down and taste her, a deliberately slow lick that sent her squirming. A few light licks against her nub and into her, and she was gasping for breath. A cry escaped her lips when he slowly slid two fingers in, reaching far into her and seemingly finding all the right spots. Her hands reached above her and grabbed the pillows tightly as an anchor while her body thrashed about violently. Her voice was shaking as she called out to him with a tone of warning.

"Clark...keep doing that and you'll spoil all the fun."

Taking heed, Clark stopped what he was doing and rose up to kiss her feverishly before he got off the bed. He stood and quickly slid his briefs down, not seeing that Lois had followed him. She stood in front of him and all but leapt into his arms, pressing her lips to his. He broke away after a few moments with a near breathless sigh.

"Lois..."

She didn't know whether to cry from happiness or anger. Given the particular circumstances they were in right now, it was probably better to be happy. She realized that odd

feeling earlier came whenever she kissed him, and intensified each time. Her memories of them together were slowly coming back to her, and it had started when she first kissed Kal-El's sleeping form in the hospital all those months ago. Confused, she pushed him away and unconsciously sought him again, finding Clark. The missing part of their relationship was him, knowing who he was, how strong their love was. She found she'd fallen in love with the rest of him, and would rather have the farm boy than the superhero, or both. Of course, a tiny tinge of anger still remained but she decided to hang onto it for later. In the meantime, she pulled him down to the bed with her while adjusting her hips against his, allowing him to slowly slide into her warm body with a groan. She let him kiss her again before he held himself above her with his forearms, leaning his head down to rest his cheek against the curve of her neck. He felt so amazing inside her, the closeness of their bodies making her feel so complete and loved.

"Oh God." Her voice was breathless against his temple. "Clark..."

She moved slowly under him at first, letting her body adjust to accommodate him within her and sighed in satisfaction. God...Her Kal-El had come back to her, and she was damned if she was ever going to let him go again. They fell into a slow rhythm at first, their hips coming together leisurely and sinuously as they discovered (or rediscovered) each other's bodies. She bit her lip in a smile. The way Clark fit inside her felt so perfect that it was as if they were made for each other. He was slightly longer than average and wide, and her body always protested at first but then their bodies would seemingly melt into each other, feeling so right together. Not liking their unhurried pace, Lois put her legs up and wrapped them around his lower back, interrupting the sync of their movements.

Clark buried his face against her neck as they moved, and the sound of her pulse against his ear was nearly deafening when he focused his hearing on it. The feeling of making love to Lois left him without words and the only thing he could think of was that it was even better than flying, it was heaven. He groaned when she threw her legs around him, breaking their slow rhythm by bringing them together quickly. His lips curled in a smile as he kissed her jaw gently.

"Lois, do you want me to go faster?"

She responded with a slightly breathless laugh. "Ya think?"

He slowly stood up on his knees and held her thighs apart with each hand before moving against her at a quicker pace. Lois responded with a soft cry, moving her hips wildly up against his and meeting him thrust for thrust. He was in ecstasy as he felt her contracting around him, inviting him deeper and deeper with each push. The growing pleasure coiled within his body, building into an intense peak as he moved faster. His head lolled back slightly as he closed his eyes, losing himself in their dance. They shot open as he suddenly found himself falling backwards onto the bed, since Lois had brought her legs out of his grasp and had begun pushing her feet against his shoulders forcefully.

Lois got up and quickly straddled him, drawing a sound from his lips as she moved above him with abandon. She moved forward and pressed her hands against his shoulders heavily, keeping him in place. She could feel her body reaching its limit, and knew that he was nearing his as well, judging by the way he began moving even faster beneath her. She was surprised she could even get her words about at this point.

"Don't you... ever." She gasped. "Ever." Her finger stabbed at his chest. "Fly away... an' leave me." Another huff. "Like that again."

She thought she heard a loud gasp before her climax took over her, drawing a long, low moan from her lips. He thrust wildly under her for a moment before he stilled, letting out a

shuddery breath.

His voice broke the silence first after they regained their breath.

"So I uhm... guess you found what was missing?"

Lois tried to sound angry, but failed miserably as she broke out in a grin. "Can the act, Smallville. I figured it out."

"Lois, I'm sorry. I-"

She silenced him with a finger to his lips. "Don't apologize. In fact I should be thanking you."

"For what?" His hands reached out and grasped her gently by the hips, pulling her up and off him. Quickly she laid at his side, putting her head on his broad shoulder.

"For giving me my memories back."

"I did? How?"

She shook her head. Man of Steel or not, sometimes he was really clueless. "By giving them back the same way you took 'em, bucko. Like this." She leaned over and captured his lips in a heavy kiss, snaking her arms around his neck in the process. They broke apart and she grinned, leaning down to kiss his forehead.

"I love you, Clark. But I swear to God if you try to take my memories again or try to fly off somewhere without telling me goodbye I will frickin' hunt you down with a pan made of kryptonite, got it?"

He pulled her to him and flipped them over, holding her tightly with a wide smile. "Yes, Ma'am."