

Remember What You Told Me

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© 29-Jan-11

Rating: M

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With love for L2 - happy belated birthday, my dear!

Lois woke up slowly, a bar of sunlight striping her face. Her head felt like it was stuffed with warm cotton, her mouth tasted stale with an odd chemical flavor, and she drifted back off again several times before finally waking all the way up. The moment she did so, wincing in the light, she recognized that chemical aftertaste. *Rohypnol*, Lois thought, her temper starting to boil. Some idiot at a college party had tried slipping her a doctored drink once, and her friends had looked after her then. She'd never forgotten how it felt to wake up the next morning with a woozy head and a gaping hole in her memory.

Well on her way to furious, Lois closed her eyes again and racked her memory for any hint of who might've done this. She, Perry, and Clark were in Las Vegas for a media conference; Lois' idea of hell, but if she couldn't scare up a scandalous story in Sin City, what kind of reporter was she? Besides, while Perry was in the convention hotel, he'd booked his star reporters into a glitzy nightmare called the Crystal Palace, exactly the kind of themed monument to excess that made Lois hate this city. Perry claimed he'd been forced to send them anywhere with a room, but Lois knew he was just needling her, which made her even more determined to bring home a front-page headline from this fiasco.

Of course, Las Vegas being what it was, she'd managed to nose her way around a racketeering scheme within hours of arriving. Her contact had agreed to meet in the hotel bar; the place did have good security thanks to the casino on the ground floor. She'd brought Clark with her mostly to aggravate him - he was as appalled by Vegas as she was, and misery did love company. The last thing she clearly remembered was Clark excusing himself from their table for a moment, her contact ordering them all a round of drinks, and then Clark returning. After that it was a blur. She could guess, however, that her contact had spiked her drink, hoping to confuse her memory and perhaps embarrass her into leaving the story alone.

Frustrated, she sat up, planning to light a cigarette and pace until some of the details came back. But as she moved an arm snaked around her hips and pulled her back down. Lois froze for a second, wide-eyed. Until that moment she hadn't realized she wasn't alone.

Lois exploded out of the bed, whirling to face it with murder in her eyes. Whoever had taken advantage of her was about to get a big surprise...

...only Lois was the one surprised. She knew that handsome face, that mouth curved up in a grin of utter satiation, the unruly lock of hair falling forward almost into eyes that would be deepest royal blue, if they were open. *What the hell is HE doing here? And holy shit, I slept*

with Superman. I slept with Superman. I slept with Superman. And I can't remember a frikkin' minute of it!

Trying to gather the shredded remains of her composure, Lois looked away, her hand clasped over her mouth to keep those incredulous thoughts from bursting out. Her gaze landed on a sheet of paper lying on the room's desk: fancy embossed stock, with a gold border. Some type of certificate, and sure enough, the header read "Certificate of Marriage".

MARRIAGE?! Lois gasped, and rushed over to snatch it up. Oh God, she'd married Superman, it was all over the tabloids by now, she'd ruined her reputation and his in a single thoughtless act...

Instead the name on the certificate alongside her own was Clark Joseph Kent. Lois felt her heart stutter; this morning was pure madness. How on earth had she married Clark and slept with Superman? What else had she done while under the influence of the drug? Shot Lex Luthor, outed Batman, what?

She turned her back on the document to stare at her lover. A thought was teasing the back of her brain, but she couldn't quite grasp it. Something about two and two adding up to five... Lois froze, realizing that those were Clark's glasses on the nightstand, and Clark's suit crumpled on the floor.

Clark Kent. Superman. The *same* man, but the glasses changed the color of his eyes, making them look a washed-out grayish blue. The glasses' frames and the different hairstyle seemed to alter the structure of his face, too. And who would have guessed that muscular chest was underneath Clark's ill-fitting suits? Shock and confusion turned rapidly back to outrage.

Clark was enjoying a dream in which he'd said and done everything he ever wanted to do regarding Lois, and some things he'd never even imagined before, when he was abruptly awakened by a soft object smashing into his face.

He sat up, blinking, and realized he'd been struck by a flying pillow. The source of the attack was standing at the foot of the bed, wrapped up in a bathrobe and glaring at him furiously. Oh, and he was lying here naked in rumpled sheets that smelled of Lois ... and of sex. Clark's stomach dropped straight through the center of the earth at the revelation that his dream had evidently been real.

"Yeah, that look on your face? That was me five minutes ago," Lois snapped. "Hi, good morning, what the *hell* happened last night?"

"Um..." Clark stalled, grabbing for his glasses.

"Oh, I already figured out who you are, you can quit with the disguise. Enough about that; we'll deal with that part of it in a few minutes. For right now, just please explain *this* to me." Lois shoved a piece of paper under his nose, and Clark took it automatically.

"Oh my God." It was a marriage certificate. With his and Lois' names on it. Memories came flooding back, of ordering a taxi driver to find an all-night wedding chapel, the ceremony officiated by a woman dressed as Elvis. And then coming back here, and... He looked up at Lois with panicked eyes.

She crossed her arms and stared at him. "What?"

"We, um, well..." Clark stammered.

She glanced at the robe, then at him. "We slept together. I'd noticed. *How?*"

More ways than I knew existed, but that's not what she's asking. "Ah, I think you might've had a little much to drink..."

Lois' acidic reply cut off his sentence. "I had *one* drink, but I think that asshole we were

meeting put something in it. You were the only other person close enough, and I doubt you'd do something like that. What I want to know is why you thought it was a good idea to take advantage."

He bit his lip, thinking. After a moment to think, Clark could remember everything he'd done last night, and most of it was very unlike him. The only other time he'd ever been that out of control was under the influence of a specific type of kryptonite... The image of the hotel's fancy drinks glasses flashed in his mind, and he groaned. "Lois, this is the Crystal Palace. Everything's part of the theme, even the glasses. They're made out of some kind of red crystal. It must be red kryptonite. I thought it tingled when I touched it, but then I thought it was just cold. Oh, no..."

"Red kryptonite?" Lois queried, still tense and wary. "I thought kryptonite was deadly."

"Some of it is," he replied. "Some just has strange effects. Red is one of those. It ... um, it makes me ... it pretty much takes away my inhibitions."

"Oh, great. So I got it on with Drunk 'n' Horny Superman. Who also happens to be my very best friend with a very big secret, Clark. Lovely. At least it was me and not some random blonde."

"It would never have been anyone else," Clark shot back, stung. "Red K doesn't change who I am or make anything I said to you untrue..."

"I don't *remember* anything you said to me!" Lois snapped. "So a few hints would be appreciated! As a matter of fact, you can give me the rundown on last night while you're at it, since I don't remember any of it."

Clark groaned and buried his face in his hands. "Um, well... We, uh, we left the hotel bar and went into the casino, and played the slots for a while. And we lost all the money we had, so I went to an ATM, and when I got back some guy was flirting with you, and, um, I shoved him. Across two aisles of machines. And then we left the hotel and, uh, went to a club."

"A club. Us." Lois shook her head. "Why are my toes not sore?"

"Because I didn't remember to step on your feet," he replied miserably. "And, um, we drank some more. And danced. And ItoldyouIloveyou."

She could only blink at him, saying, "What?" in a faltering tone. This was probably too much for Lois to take in, but once he'd started telling the tale, Clark found he couldn't stop.

"You said ... you loved me too. And you kissed me, at the club. We ... we wound up in a private room..." Clark cringed from the memory, his hands on her thighs lifting her to the table, her mouth greedily devouring his lips, his neck, his chest. How could she *not* remember that, even with drugs? Taking her right there, with only a few feet and a thin wall separating them from the dance floor, matching his rhythm to the pounding beat of the music, her cries almost loud enough to be heard over the thumping bass.

"Holy shit..." It seemed to Clark that she stayed silent for an eternity, just staring at him in shell-shocked disbelief. He'd never seen her eyes that wide. It wasn't necessarily a negative response; rather, this was clearly not what she had expected. She took a deep breath, her eyes still on his when she asked with uncharacteristic caution, "Why do I get this feeling like...?"

"We did," he confirmed miserably.

"Oh my God," Lois groaned, and collapsed into a chair. "What else? When did we get married?"

Clark scanned his memory again. "Uh, that was after the club. While we were in the cab, and, um, I was telling you how much I'd always loved you, and you were saying you'd never realized that, uh, I could be so, ah, f-forceful ... and that you really, um, liked seeing a whole

new side of me, and, well... Eventually I said we should get married, we're so in love and so perfect, and you said it was a great idea, and I told the cabbie to find us an all-night wedding chapel. And he did."

She lapsed back into her stunned gaze and silence then, those hazel eyes seeming to look right into him. Something, anything would be better than trying to figure out what was going through her head. He knew it couldn't be good; under the circumstances, he knew he was damn lucky she hadn't started throwing things at him. Finally, in the deep quiet that had grown after his last admission, she spoke carefully, "Were you still in the glasses then?"

"Yes," Clark told her quietly. He decided to leave out the details of the ceremony - the Elvis impersonator who'd performed it, and the way they'd both snickered throughout the ceremony. Especially the way he'd picked her up to kiss her.

Lois sighed. "God, I can't believe I didn't see it, after all this time and after all that, I can't believe I didn't know..."

She sounded so upset with herself that Clark decided to go on in hopes of distracting her. "So, um, after that we came back here. And, well..."

"We had sex again," Lois said brusquely.

"Three times," Clark replied.

Her jaw actually dropped at that, and Clark closed his eyes, wincing. "Okay, now I *have* to get a shower," Lois groaned. Clark cradled his head in his hands, wishing Perry had picked any other hotel. If not for the red k, he wouldn't have said the things he'd said, or done the things he'd done, and he wouldn't be sitting here watching his friendship with Lois burn to the ground.

One more memory occurred to him. "While you're in there, Lois, could you get my shirt out of the tub?"

Lois slipped off her robe in the bathroom and froze as she glanced in the mirror. At the side of her neck was a purplish shadow. She turned to look over her shoulder, and saw a large bruise on the back of her neck, just where she liked to be mouthed or even bitten. And that was definitely the mother of all hickies.

As she looked at her profile, she saw another bruise at the side of her breast, and still another on her thigh. "Jeez! Clark! Why the hell do I look like I've gone ten rounds with freakin' Pacquiao? How did I get so damned bruised up?" He didn't reply immediately, so Lois called out, "I'm waiting for an answer, Clark!"

His reply sounded muffled, as if he was still hiding his face. "The ones on your neck and your, um, chest, aren't really bruises. They're, uh, b-bites. Love-bites."

"And my legs?" A part of her was enjoying his discomfiture. If she had to deal with this awkward amnesiac mess, he should be uncomfortable too. It was only fair for them to share the humiliation, especially considering all they'd shared last night.

"Umm..."

"Spill it, Clark."

"Which ones?"

"What do you mean, which ones?" Lois turned, looking more closely, and saw that the insides of her thighs were lightly bruised as well. And when she looked over her shoulder, she discovered two perfect imprints of Clark's hands, one on the curve of each buttock, positioned so that she had a clear mental image of him reaching down, grabbing her roughly, and lifting her up to a more convenient height. "Oh for the love of...! Dammit, Clark!" In spite of her

furious tone, Lois could almost see his fingers there, pressing hard into her skin, and it sent a shiver down her spine.

Very faintly, she heard him murmur, "You didn't mind last night..."

"Yeah, and I was drugged out of my mind last night, too! Jeez, how in the hell did you do all this?"

"Uh, some of them are from when we came back here after the wedding. In a limo. With, um, a barrier between us and the driver, you know. And some of them are from where I picked you up so I could ... well ... that was in the elevator."

"The limo AND the elevator?" Lois shouted back incredulously.

"We, uh, didn't finish in the elevator," Clark returned miserably. "It stopped on the sixth floor and, um, the older couple who were waiting for it, um..."

"Please tell me we didn't give anyone a coronary," Lois groaned, leaning against the door.

"No, they, uh, encouraged us. Cheered, really. And the man, um, whistled. After that we came back here, and that's why the headboard's cracked and my shirt was in the tub." By now he sounded simply defeated, like he'd realized no amount of hemming and hawing was going to stop her search for the truth, so the best course of action was to give up the details as flatly as possible.

Lois let her head fall back against the door. This was utterly and completely bizarre. By all evidence, she'd spent last night fucking the hell out of her best friend and her hero, who happened to be the same person. And now she couldn't remember more than brief flashes of it.

Irritated with herself, him, that jackass contact, and life in general, Lois stepped into the shower to get cleaned off. The hot water soothed her, setting up an entirely different frame of mind. As she lathered up, every bruise and bite mark made itself known, not so much as pain but as heightened awareness. By the time Lois rinsed the last of the conditioner out of her hair, her aggravation had gone down the drain too.

She was left with her insatiable reporter's curiosity. What *had* it been like? The evidence suggested it was amazing, but she would really prefer to *remember* it all. Nothing was more annoying than realizing she'd missed out on something this important.

As she stepped out of the bathroom, Clark came toward her. He looked utterly dejected, saying in a resigned voice, "I went ahead and ordered room service breakfast while you were in there. It should be up soon."

"All right," Lois said distractedly. Now that she wasn't so angry with him, she could actually feel sorry for the poor man. He'd finally gotten her, and not only couldn't she remember it, she had been furious with him. His actions under the influence of kryptonite weren't his fault, after all, any more than hers under the influence of Rohypnol.

Room service, though - that gave her an idea. When it first occurred to her, she dismissed it as ridiculous, but Lois' devious mind wouldn't let go. And after all, it was a way to find out what she'd missed, a way to fill the nagging gap in her memory. Unaware of the wicked smile slowly curving her lips, she picked up the phone and called the front desk. "Hey, this is 603. I have sort of a weird request, but this is Vegas. I really like those red crystal glasses down in the bar. Could you send up a glass of orange juice in one of those? ... Thank you."

Clark couldn't remember ever feeling quite this low. Lois was outraged, understandably so, and he knew what was coming next. She didn't want to wed him, had only agreed because she was drugged out of her senses, and she'd want the marriage dissolved as soon as possible. He'd finally done it, told her he loved her, bedded her, and even married her, all of his

long-held dreams coming true - but under the worst of circumstances. Now he had to wake up and face the fact that even though she now knew the truth, knew who he was, she would still want a divorce. That was no surprise, considering how last night had come about.

Beyond that, Lois wasn't the marrying kind, and he'd always known that. Somehow he'd hoped that it would be different with him, but everything he'd seen in her behavior so far this morning showed him otherwise. Was it truly better to have loved and lost than never loved at all? In the moment, Clark couldn't tell.

He finished toweling off, wrapped the second bathrobe around himself, and went out to face the woman he adored. Breakfast had been delivered while he was in the shower, and Lois had already demolished the pancakes. At least that made him smile, one normal thing in this mad morning. "Leave me a few bites," he scolded gently.

"Sure. But here, drink your juice," Lois told him, and handed him the glass.

The moment he touched it, Clark felt the tingle, and seconds later recognized the red kryptonite. His inhibitions evaporated, and his train of thought promptly veered off in exactly the direction he'd been avoiding. He looked down at Lois and grinned, setting the crystal glass aside. "On second thought, I've decided I'd rather have you for breakfast."

Her shocked expression was hilarious, and he laughed richly as he gathered her in his arms and kissed her. Something else occurred to him, as she returned the kiss with her arms sliding around his neck. "You planned this, didn't you? I told you about the kryptonite, so you decided to see what you missed last night."

"Maybe," she whispered against his lips.

"Maybe nothing, you devious, conniving little..." he growled. Lois chuckled at that, and Clark silenced her with kisses. "The joke's on you," he finally told her. "Once you see what you could spend the rest of your life having, I won't have to worry about you wanting to get that marriage certificate invalidated." With that, he picked her up and brought both of them to the bed.

Lois had never had to deal with confident, almost cocky, Clark Kent. Nor had she ever dealt with such a warm and familiar Superman. The man she was kissing was the best of both, and the combination was startlingly attractive. As he laid her back on the bed and tugged the robe open, she ran her hands through his silky black hair with a thrill of anticipation shivering down her back.

His mouth, his hands, were everywhere, proving how much he'd already learned about her. Only now he was infinitely gentle, brushing his lips across skin bruised by last night's passion. Lois sighed at the tender kisses on her neck, slowly trailing downwards until he grazed her nipple and made her gasp. It seemed almost accidental, except he kept coming back to them.

It never occurred to Lois to slow him down, or to try backing out of this. She was enjoying it far too much, desire building faster than she'd ever experienced before. And then he slid further down, nipping lightly at her belly, making her laugh in surprise. Clark shot her a wicked grin at that, his deep blue eyes full of mischief, and while Lois was still chuckling he caught her hips and lifted her to his mouth.

In that instant, when he nuzzled against her sex and then tasted her deeply, Lois realized exactly what she'd done, exactly what depth of lust she'd awakened and unleashed. All she could do was throw her head back and moan his name, knotting her fingers in his hair.

"Sweet Lois," Clark purred from between her legs, calling forth a whimper as she caught

his meaning. As if he wasn't already driving her frantic with his tongue, he had to talk to her in between licks. "Love the way you taste, the way you moan ... better than I ever dreamed ... and believe me, you were always in my dreams..."

All she could do was moan his name, pleading and hungry for more. He teased her, heightening her arousal only to slow down again when she got too close. Lois tugged at his hair, panting, "C'mon, I want you, come up here and take me..."

"Is that what you want?" he murmured. "You want me to take you, want to feel me moving over you, in you?" She shuddered, trying not to moan, and he laughed, his breath warm against her thighs. "I remember last night, every time I said something risqué it turned you on so much... You were almost as wet as you are now, in fact..."

She'd never imagined him being so explicit; all of her dreams of Superman had been hazy romantic fantasies, the kind a fierce and independent reporter would never admit to. He had always seemed to be above petty human lusts. But this, this was beyond anything she could have pictured. "Come on, you know I want it ... give it to me, please, *please*, can't you tell I need it," she hissed, almost whimpering.

He waited one more moment, pausing to kiss her thigh. "God, I love you. And I love making you half-crazy like this. You have no idea how much it turns me on to hear you beg like that." Clark laughed again as he kissed her belly, moving up. "You're about to find out, though."

Lust-dazed hazel eyes met his, and then he lowered his body atop her. She could feel the heat of him, pulsing hard against her thigh. "Is that what you want?" he whispered, rocking his hips against her.

All she could do was shudder and meet his eyes boldly for a moment. Lust was knifing her brutally at each breath, making speech a struggle. If it wasn't for the warmth of his body against hers, she would have dismissed it as a moment of madness. But it was real and Lois had never been one to let the perfect opportunity pass her by. Bad enough that she hadn't been able to recall the night before. And she fully intended to make up for that now. Eyes still locked with his, she arched back into him, stating her case in a purring murmur, "Uh-huh. And as much as I can manage, as many times as I can manage. You *owe* me."

"Good," he growled against her ear. "That's exactly what I hoped you would say. Now open those gorgeous legs and give me..." He never got to finish the sentence.

Lois rarely allowed anyone to have the upper hand for long, in bed or otherwise, and while he was talking she reached between them and took hold of him, provoking a harsh groan of pure lust. Her grin was positively wicked as she watched his face. Was it possible that she really got this far under his skin? There had never been a greater aphrodisiac in the world than the darkening of his eyes, the catch in his breathing. "Man of steel, indeed," she whispered silkily, guiding him in. Her self-satisfied expression didn't remain for long, though, a groan escaping her lips.

She was already slick and eager, and he let himself sink into her slowly, savoring the way she arched up to him, the way her eyes rolled back. Fully joined, they fit together perfectly, her leg wrapped around his hip, his arm sliding under her waist. "God, you feel so good," he whispered hoarsely.

Her moan echoed the sentiment. And to think she had coherently missed this last night. Had felt all of this once before and could only remember flashes. Phantom wisps of memory doubling over every move he made. There was every possibility that she wouldn't get them back. It was enough to make you lose your faith in heaven, if she hadn't gotten a second

chance here. The combination of told secrets and unleashed desires just amplified the intensity between them. All the things she had wanted and never voiced for fear for horrifying him were hers for the taking. He wanted her; both sides of him wanted her. Not from afar, neither Clark nor Superman was now content to see her as an object to adore from a pedestal; finally he could approach her as a person of flesh and blood.

In the case of her, he wasn't above it all. Trapped behind two guises, the truth had freed him to have her. And she fully intended to have him, them, in every way she could manage. The games had gone on long enough. There was a husky little laugh in her voice when she responded, "So do *both* of you. Nice to know I got some of my fantasies right. Dammit, that's amazing."

"Speaking of fantasies ... we've already exceeded mine ... I never dreamed ... you'd be like this... Makes me wonder if ... red k works on humans ... or if you're just this hot and hungry..." He spoke in between slow, lazy thrusts, rocking deeply against her, making it obvious that he knew exactly how to hit that perfect spot just *there*.

"I thought you were above all that," Lois whispered hoarsely, and then her eyes gleamed with mischief. "I guess it still applies, in literal fashion..."

He laughed, his breath hot against her neck. "Oh, as much as I love you beneath me ... I think I like it more with you on top... We did that last night, in the limo, and ... God, Lois, amazing doesn't *begin* to cover it... I loved watching you move ... watching you ride me..." The memory was as potent for him as that scandalous talk was for her, and he quickened the pace as Lois gasped hungrily.

Lois wrapped both long legs around him, driving him deeper. "Tell me ... God, tell me everything, I want to know..." The sound of his voice, roughened by need, turned her on more than she could have imagined.

"It was quick ... so quick, too hot to wait ... you felt like ... I don't even have *words* ... Leaning back, seeing your face ... feeling you sink down all the way ... it was you taking me that time ... I was just letting you, loving it..."

The cry that flew from her lips was hot, husky, and just a little mad. Her fingers tightened in his hair, the nails of her right hand scraping over his back as her hand clutched in reaction to his exact words. Her brow was deeply furrowed, looking almost as if she was in pain and feeling that way, too. If she wasn't keeping her control in an iron grip, it would be over right now. Only the desperation for more kept her from plummeting off the cliff this very moment. He'd always seemed like an angel to her, incapable of needs this base, but learning otherwise only made her desire of him roar to fever-pitch. It didn't sully her image of him at all, just made her feel like the most irresistible woman on earth to be able to drive him this mad. All this time, he had been thinking these things, never spoken aloud, never acted on, never even betrayed in the slightest. All this time, he'd wanted her just as badly. Superman kept her at a distance; she kept Clark at a distance. All of which had just heightened the desire for what was out of reach.

Even as his voice grew more and more broken, he kept whispering to her, telling her everything she'd missed, and the images flickering through her mind grew molten. On his lap in the darkened back seat of the limo, grinding down on him while his hands ran up and down her back, him catching her blouse in his teeth and yanking it aside to get at her. Moaning, rocking the whole limo, his mouth on her breasts straddling the knife-edge between pleasure and pain.

In the elevator, backing him up against the wall and nipping at his mouth, clawing at his shirt. He'd grabbed her ass and lifted her up, letting her wrap her legs around him, pawing at each other in breathless insatiable heat. Not even shamed, barely even stopped, by the couple

who'd seen them and cheered them on.

And then back here, both of them sweat-slick from dancing and fucking, they'd made it to the bathroom undressing on the way, and she'd peeled his shirt off in the tub. The whirlpool jets going, him positioning them just so in the hot water, Lois coming half a dozen times from him and the pulsing water, her senses heightened by everything that had gone before.

"Lazy, then, almost sated," he told her as he brought her near the edge again, stroking her thigh, kissing her between words. "To bed at last, slow and sweet, kissing you like this, over and over and over again, your eyes rolling back with every breath..."

Not quite finished yet, his hands and his kisses had woken her desire once more, but after three times in less than two hours he was slow to rouse. And then she'd slid down his body, kissing his belly, the ends of her hair tickling his thighs...

That was enough to unlock her blighted memory and she could see that event crystal-clear, her whole body reacting to what she saw in her mind's eye. "I didn't." The firm yet delicate feel of skin against her lips, the shattered sound of his gasp. Her entire body thrust against his in spontaneous sensory overload, choking back the overwhelming need to increase their rhythm and shaking with the effort. Not so soon, no matter how good, no matter how badly they both wanted to give in. But, dear God, the look on his face then. The look on his face now. It was all too obvious that no one else had ever... God, she had to hold on, even as she tightened around him again. Not quite the same, but...

His voice was a low growl when he caught her chin and made her look up at him. "You did, oh God, you *did*."

That nearly destroyed her utterly, the whimper torn from her throat almost agonized.

Lois bit her lower lip until it whitened, shaking from exertion and floundering to retain her tenuous grip on the thin thread of her control, to hold just a little longer before crashing to the rocks below in the face of the most frantic lust she had ever felt in her life. The urge to fly apart clawed at her with single-minded ruthlessness. She knew the look on her face gave it all away, knew how weak and open her expression was, but there was no saving it now. *Did it all, all of it, nothing held back, shameless and with no regrets. And he wanted it. Craved it all. His own words. No lies. Now. Now. Now.* "Was it ... was it worth ... the wait?"

"Yes," and that was the last word he was capable of saying. From that moment on it was all sensation, his hands fisted in the sheets as she arched up to each thrust, his mouth at her breast, her neck, her lips. Memories thundered back into her mind, lying under him just like this, hearing him groan harshly just like he was now, bearing down on him inside her just like this. Only now she knew, now she was fully aware of who she was and who he was, and exactly what this meant to both of them.

Even though she was going to be very, very sore after all this, Lois rocked her hips against him, harder and harder still, wanting to feel him as deep as she could. And as he met her thrust for thrust, the bed creaking alarmingly, his eyes stayed locked on hers. Wild eyes, not gentle as she was used to seeing them in both guises, the tenderness in him devoured by all-consuming passion. That fire was for her and her alone, and seeing him so lost in desire finally drove her over the edge.

She could almost feel the instant her control broke, the pressure of holding on for dear life, not too unlike losing her grip on a helicopter seatbelt a year before. Only she wasn't falling from the heights, but hurtling skyward with the speed and heat of a supernova. In the face of this, everything went white and all she could hear was her own lost cries. There was nothing else in the world but this.

He could no longer hold back, following her into explosive ecstasy with her name on his lips, his voice harsh with need and fulfillment. Complete sensory overload in that moment, no thoughts, just her. Lois, finally his Lois, in word and deed and action, and knowing it was the most intense satisfaction he'd ever felt. As he came back down from the heights he collapsed beside her, out of breath but utterly content.

Once they'd gotten their breath back, finally able to *think* let alone speak, Clark looked at Lois with a slow, sultry smile. "I guess you're not still thinking about having our marriage annulled, are you?" he asked, running one finger down her cheek.

Those hazel eyes had closed as Lois had attempted to get her breathing up control, her shivers an echo of their passion reverberating through her nerve-endings. It seemed like she could feel every cell in her body, every strand of hair that lay disheveled around the pillows and her face. Just having him still so close made her blood sing. And it was embarrassing to even go into the state of her heart. He was right; she was caught. Red-handed, too. And the reporter found she had no interest of getting away this time. The gleam in her eyes told him all he needed to know before she even quirked her lips. "Hmmm. I think I might be made to consider it on a trial basis," she whispered back with a tempting smile.

At the end of the week, when they packed to leave a conference they'd barely attended, Lois made sure to 'accidentally' slip the red crystal glass into her luggage.