

A Certain Kryptonian

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Summary: What happened after Lois and Clark left the fundraiser in the author's "A Certain Kansan"?

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Thanks to Bethy and Nancy for looking this over for me . You ladies rock!

So...

A certain Queen we all know had a birthday and all week I was planning on writing a new installment of the 'Assignment' series [which she has helped me with immensely] but my muse had gone on an extended Caribbean vacation without me — and that applied to all fics. I managed about a page that I was completely unhappy with so I ditched it. I apologized to her and she was very understanding. We brainstormed a couple of other things and then inspiration struck after she beta'd 'A Certain Kansan' for me and demanded more.

Well, here's more. It doesn't have Italy in it, not really, nor Batman like she asked, but she told me she'd be happy with a mention of Italy and no Batman so...

This is the sequel to 'A Certain Kansan'.

Thanks also to my GE, Rona.

Lois sighed as she settled back in his arms.

They'd gone to the Coates Orphanage Fundraiser where she'd finally admitted to Clark that she had feelings for him and he'd kissed her and she'd realized that they were floating several inches off the ground.

The fear in his eyes had dissipated when she smiled and asked if he had anything to tell her. They'd landed back on the ground and he'd kissed her again before they'd gone back inside to cover the Fundraiser for the Planet.

Afterwards, the limo had taken them back to Clark's apartment because they hadn't wanted the evening to end and, as Clark had pointed out, his couches were much more comfortable than hers.

Lois had kicked off her shoes as soon as they settled onto the couch, sitting snuggled next to him as they exchanged kiss after gentle kiss. But her dress and his tux weren't exactly comfortable so he'd changed and Lois had borrowed sweats that Martha had left the last time she was there, one of his sweatshirts and a pair of new sweat socks, right out of the package.

They ended up in one of the big chairs, her legs over his, heads close enough together that they could kiss often as they talked quietly about what this meant for them.

She turned her head to kiss him again but Clark groaned and banged his head lightly against the back of the chair.

"I can't believe this," he muttered.

She raised an eyebrow at him. "I thought this was a good thing."

He sighed and laced his fingers with hers. "It is, but I just remembered something. I have to go."

"What? Why?" she pouted.

"*Superman* has a ribbon cutting to go to," he sighed, his other fingers playing with the hair at the base of her neck.

She raised an eyebrow. "Really? It's the wee hours of the morning."

He kissed her softly. "Not in Italy."

She sighed. "Right." His arms tightened slightly around her. "I don't want you to go," she said with another sigh, resting her head against his shoulder. "Can't Batman do it?"

He chuckled. "No, he can't." He sighed. "I don't want to go either." He kissed the side of her head. "But Superman promised and it's not like he's at an earthquake helping out or something."

She gave him an odd look. "Do you always talk about yourself in the third person?"

He smiled slightly and shrugged. "It worries Mom, but I can't lose myself to the superhero. I *have* to keep him separate in my mind. The powers are a part of me and I accept that, but they're not all I am. Mostly, I'm just Clark Kent, adopted kid from Kansas." He kissed her again. "But right now, Superman has to head to Italy."

"Then take me with you," she said with a smile.

"And how would we explain Lois Lane in Italy?"

"Give me about five minutes at home and no one will ever know that Lois Lane was in Italy."

He looked at his watch. "Okay. Five minutes though. That's all the time we've got before we *have* to head to Italy."

"That's all I need," she promised.

He floated them up off of the chair and set her on her feet before stepping back and spinning into the Suit.

"Wow," she whispered, resting one hand on the 'S'.

"Are you going to be okay without shoes?"

She raised an eyebrow at him. "I'll put shoes on at home and it's only going to take a few minutes to get there."

He grinned and scooped her into his arms. "Let's go."

Four minutes after they landed in her apartment, she came back out of her room, still wearing the same clothes but with her own shoes, a red wig and dark sunglasses.

"See?" she said spinning. "Lois Lane is nowhere to be seen."

Superman raised an eyebrow at her. "Nice."

She walked towards him and then jumped, trusting him to catch her.

He did. "You ready?"

She looked over the top of her dark sunglasses. "For Italy? Always."

He laughed and they took off.

An hour and a half later, they landed back on Clark's balcony.

"Why did you want to come back here?" he asked as he spun back into Clark's jeans and flannel shirt.

She pulled the wig off and shook out her hair, smiling shyly at him as she did. "I guess I'm still not ready for the night to end and, like you said, your couches are more comfortable than mine."

He smiled at her as she sat herself on one of his couches.

"Are you sure? You've got to be tired."

She shrugged. "I am, but I still don't want this night to end yet."

Clark sat at one end of the couch and reached for her, pulling her to him. She snuggled down into him, taking a blanket with her and pulling it around her shoulders.

"Are you sure you don't want me to take you home?" he asked her, rubbing one hand gently up and down her arm.

"If you ask me that again, I'm going to say yes," she told him with an exasperated sigh. "And you won't get a good night kiss."

"Blackmail?" he chuckled.

"Something like that." She pulled away and looked at him.

"Unless you want me to go home?" she asked tentatively.

"Honey, you can stay as long as you want," he told her, putting his hand on the side of her face, his fingers tangling in her

hair, his thumb rubbing along her cheekbone. “You could stay forever if you wanted to.”

She smirked at him. “Forever?”

He grimaced slightly. “It was probably a bit too early for me to say something like that, wasn’t it?”

“It’s nice to know you’re thinking this is a long term thing,” she told him, settling back down next to him.

“It’s been a long term thing for me since I met you,” he whispered. “But the last thing I want to do is scare you off.”

“I thought you’d know by now that I don’t scare easily.” She turned enough to kiss him lightly. “I always thought that the word ‘forever’ would scare me, but with you, it doesn’t.”

“Why is that, you think?”

She shrugged. “You’re different than every other guy I’ve ever dated — not that there’s been *tons* of guys or anything — but you’re different and not just because you’re Kryptonian.”

“You’re taking that awfully well.”

“I’ll have lots of questions and I might be a bit annoyed but not tonight.” She yawned and settled even closer to him. “Right now, I just want to enjoy this moment.”

“Are you sure you...”

“If you say it, no more kisses,” she warned.

“Do you want to just stay here tonight?” he asked her and she could tell he was practically holding his breath. “I don’t want you to take that the wrong way. Nothing’s going to happen. You’ll go sleep in my bed and I’ll take the couch, but you need to get some sleep.”

She tugged the blanket tighter around her. “What if I want something to happen?” She held her breath waiting for the answer.

“Not tonight,” he said, kissing her hair. “It’s too soon. For both of us. Someday? I hope so. But not tonight.”

“I’m not going to kick you out of your bed.”

“You’re not kicking me out. I’m leaving voluntarily.”

“Will you stay with me tonight?” she asked after a long pause. “Just hold me?”

“Are you sure sleeping together is the best way to end what wasn’t even our first official date?”

She could hear the smile in his voice. “A lot of people do,” she responded.

“Not me,” he replied. “And I know not you either.”

She smiled to herself. “For a certain Kryptonian, I think I might make an exception. Just to sleep.”

“Just to sleep,” he confirmed.

He wrapped an arm more tightly around her. “Hang on.” They floated into his room. “Do you trust me?” he whispered.

She nodded. “You know I do.”

He floated them up a bit higher. “Be right back.”

She felt him let go but was back in his arms before her brief freefall ended on the bed.

“I got you.”

“I know.”

She realized he’d taken his shirt off and pulled the covers back when he let go of her.

A minute later, she was curled up next to him as he tugged the covers up over them. “Good night,” she said softly, kissing him lightly as she did.

“Good night,” he said, kissing her back.

Her head rested on his chest. “Since we’re sleeping together on the night of our not quite first date, is it too soon to tell you I think I’m falling in love with you?”

“I already am in love with you.” He gently rubbed a hand up and down her back.

“I’m not ever going to let you go.”

“I hope not. You’re stuck with me.”

“And you’re stuck with me.” Her voice trailed off as she began to doze.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Good,” she breathed.

The last thing she remembered was Clark kissing her hair and telling her he loved her.

Her last conscious thought was that she could get used to this.

THE END