

# In the Light of the Morning

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Rated G

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Summary: Clark wakes to find Lois on his bedroom window seat. Sequel to the author's "In the Still of the Night."

**Acknowledgements and Comments:** So, there was lots of call for a sequel. I'm not sure I've given you what you really wanted ... but this is what came out.

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I can't help but stare ... confused.  
Lois is in my window seat. Her legs bent, her arms curled around them. And her head is resting on her knees.  
She's asleep.  
Why is she there? How long has she been there? I left her in the living room, on the couch. I remember getting her a blanket.  
We'd worked late on the Robinson/Malloy case. She'd just kept going and going, even when I tried to wrap up the evening. Eventually, I went to make another coffee, in the kitchen, and when I came back I found her asleep.  
She'd laid herself out on the couch, papers still in one hand.  
I remember hunching down in front of her and gently calling her name while extracting the papers, but she was gone.  
It was incredibly difficult to make myself go for a blanket, rather than just kneel there and gaze at her. But I did. I covered her, took a last lingering glance, and then put myself to bed.  
But now, waking when the early morning light began to creep into the bedroom, I can see her directly opposite me. It's barely dawn, but I react to the changing sun very easily.  
It was a shock, to see her there, when I sat up. I haven't dared move from the bed yet. Although, it seems I slept on top of the covers so there's no need to worry about untangling my legs.  
The dawn light is creating an ethereal glow around her. I can't help but stare.  
Her beauty always takes my breath away, but to see her like this ... I'm humbled. She looks so vulnerable, so precious.  
I let my eyes wander over her body. She's all hunched up, but I can tell that she's still wearing the soft grey sweat pants and simple white t-shirt from yesterday evening. When she dresses like that ... casual, trusting, natural ... I find myself the most vulnerable to her charms. Oh, she's beautiful when dressed for work, stunning when ready for a professional function, but like this ... she's my best friend. My Lois.  
I smile, wistfully.  
My Lois.  
That will never happen, no matter how much I want it. She's made it abundantly clear that I'm only good for two things: work and friendship. And maybe a shoulder to cry on ... and possibly a healthy meal every now and again ... and ...  
Okay, so I do have a large role in her life. A large, important role. But it's not the one I really want.

I want to hold her. I want to protect her. I want to ... love her.  
I always promised myself that, if it seemed we were heading in the ... romantic ... direction, then I'd tell her about Superman. I've wanted her to know since the moment I saw her. But, what if we never head in that direction? Do I still want her to know? I guess I do, even if there is no romance.

So ... I guess I need to tell her, then. Because I know, now, that there's never going to be any romance, so I need to let go of that dream. All there is left is friendship ... and trust. So I need to trust her. It's time. When morning comes, fully, I'll tell her.

I float myself up from the bed, pull back the covers and then continue floating, towards the window. Slowly changing my body's direction, I bring myself to stand upright next to her sleeping form.

It's barely dawn. Not time to wake, really.

I bend down and slip one arm through the gap created by her bent legs. The other arm slides behind her back. I lift her as slowly and gently as possible and then make my way back to the bed. Rather than walk, which gives a clear, jerky movement, I glide along the floor. If she wakes then ... then she'll know a few hours earlier, that's all.

I love this position; her in my arms. I linger at the edge of the bed just a little too long. If she wakes now ... I'm not floating, that secret will be safe for a few more hours. But I'm pretty certain my other secret will be blown.

With a sigh, I place her on the bed, where I was lying only moments ago, and then sit myself down. Reaching over her body I grab the covers and begin to pull them back over her body.

As I cover her I feel a sudden change in the air. Looking up I see deep, brown eyes looking back at me. They are so dark. Almost black.

My heart stills. She blinks.

I part my lips to say something, but the look in her eyes silences me. Instead she lifts a hand and reaches out. She reaches for my face ... my cheek.

My eyes widen, and I gulp, as I realise that I'm not wearing my glasses.

Suddenly I know. She must have seen me like this, in the night. And I was on top of the covers. That usually means I was ... floating. All my buried fears rush out. Even though I've made the decision to tell her ... the fear is still there. I guess it's also quite clear on my face.

"It's all right," she says, softly.

It's the most unexpected thing that could have emerged from those lips. "But?" I shake my head, not understanding.

Her hand cups my cheek and she smiles.

I find myself unable to talk. I wanted this. I want this. I've only just decided to tell her. But I was hoping that I'd have a few hours to compose the perfect revelation speech. And possibly run through follow up apology speeches too. Instead ...

Her hand wanders further up my face. Her fingertips feel like feathers ... or petals ... they are so soft against my skin. She's now exploring my brow, stroking gently. It's as if she's a blind woman, trying to figure out what I look like. Maybe that is what she is doing, in some metaphorical sense.

I close my eyes and let her continue. Her fingers wander into my hairline. I think she's brushing my hair back off my forehead.

Suddenly the sensation is lost. Her fingers disappear.

"It's all right," she says, once more, calming my fears. My eyes fly open. She tucks her hand under the covers. "We'll talk in the morning." I think the soft light coming through the window mustn't be quite as bright for her as it is for me.

I let out the breath that's been stuck in my chest since I realised she's found me out. "In the morning," I repeat back to her. The relief is overwhelming and I can't help but smile. Maybe it's not the way I would have chosen to tell her. Maybe it's not the reason I would have chosen to tell her. But I'm happy it's

done.

She is smiling back at me. Her eyes are glistening, shining brightly. She must have noticed that I hadn't made any move to go back to bed ... the couch ... myself. "Unless it's already morning?" she asks.

"No, not yet. You sleep some more, Lois. It's barely dawn." She smiles again then closes her eyes.

I stand and move to head for the kitchen, thinking to make myself a coffee and get a head start on the day. At the open doorway I see the rumpled blanket, tossed onto the floor by the couch, and I wonder what made her get up in the first place.

Turning back I see the dawn light illuminating the room, its rays falling on the beautiful woman in my bed.

Lois, in my bed.

And I can't help but stare.

THE END