

# Wanna Neck?

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Summary: Set in the “Master of Disguise” universe, this little bit of PWP features the end of Lois and Clark’s first date and the goodnight kiss.

Note: We all know the characters do not belong to me. Most of the good stuff herein can probably be attributed to Kathy Brown and Sue S – betas extraordinaire. All errors are mine.

Also, since Sue asked so nicely to see that first date of Lois and Clark’s mentioned in the epilogue of “Master of Disguise,” my muse finally decided that she should be rewarded. Sort of. As it turns out, all I could come up with was the goodnight kiss. Regardless, I’ve decided to post this little bit of fluff. And Sue, I know I’m months late for your birthday, but this is for you.

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I can feel his eyes on me again. It’s been like this all night. Every time I turn my attention away from him, his eyes linger on the newly exposed length of skin. Not that I’m complaining. I kind of like it, but it does make me wonder what’s so fascinating about my neck.

I suppose it’s my own fault. Although we’ve spoken on the phone almost every night since Clark returned to San Francisco, we haven’t seen each other in weeks. Even with his decision to accept a job at the Daily Planet, we both knew I needed some space to adjust after Lex’s death. I wanted the time to remember how to stand on my own two feet and we both needed the time to know that he wasn’t just a rebound relationship.

Maybe I shouldn’t have cut my hair right before our first date, but my need to shed every facet of my life as Lois Luthor outweighed the fear of doing away with my longer hair. I think Clark understood.

I grin as I reach into my bag for my keys, remembering Clark’s reaction when I opened my door three hours ago. His pole-axed stare and speechlessness was priceless, as was receiving that sexy smile of his.

“Lois Lane, I presume?”

My grin turns wistful as I remember his question. It was such a Clark thing to ask; a seemingly innocuous question tinged with both his corny, Midwestern humor and his uncanny insight into the workings of my inmost self. I never thought anyone would understand me like Clark Kent does. It makes me feel safe in a way I never thought would be possible.

I pause as we reach my apartment door and turn to face him. I fight a giggle as I watch his eyes snap from my neck to my eyes, but the intensity of his gaze wipes away any feelings of amusement. My heart trips into overtime and I swear I can hear the blood pulsing through my veins as heat rushes to my cheeks. I lean against the door and hope that it will provide me with the strength to keep my knees from buckling.

“Well, this is me,” I announce, inanely waving a hand toward my door.

“Yeah,” he answers, a blush rising to his own cheeks as he smiles a little, abashed at being caught staring at me again.

“Clark, I had a really nice time tonight.”

“Me, too, Lois.”

He smiles at me again, that handsome crinkle around his eyes and the flash of perfect teeth is accompanied by an anxious chuff that tells me how he is feeling. I relax a little; knowing that he’s nervous tells me that I’m not alone in this. We both want this to work.

I tip my head, resting it against the door jamb and his smile falters. My breath catches as he takes a step closer, his eyes flitting briefly back to my neck.

I reach out and brush my fingers down his arm until they tangle casually with his. Both of our eyes follow their progress and I feel my heart thump in my chest as he turns his hand over to grasp mine tightly. I don’t want the date to end. The wild, reckless side of me is begging us to continue in a more intimate setting, but a cautious voice of warning tells me that anything beyond a goodnight kiss is not a good idea.

I open my mouth to say goodnight, but make the mistake of looking into his eyes. The tender look on his face as he lifts his gaze from our joined hands sets loose a horde of startled butterflies in my stomach and my cautious side loses the argument. Again.

“Would you like to come in for a while?”

Clark’s eyes drop to our joined hands and I’m fascinated by the way he blushes to the tips of his ears. “I’d really like to, but...”

“But?”

Clark lifts his free hand to cup my cheek. His thumb brushes along my cheekbone as his fingers tunnel into the short hair at the nape of my neck. I sigh as his fingers curl slightly and then brush along the side of my neck to my collarbone. He repeats the motion and I find it difficult to repeat my question.

“B...but?”

“Hmm?” he hums questioningly as he strokes one finger down the side of my neck again.

That’s when I realize he’s so preoccupied with my neck that he’s forgotten what we were talking about. I reach up and cover his hand with my own, bringing his gaze back to mine. “You were telling me that you’d like to come in, but...what? I have coffee breath? You hear someone that needs saving? You had a terrible time tonight and never want to see me again?”

“Huh? Lois, no! I’m sorry,” he laughs, embarrassed. “I guess I got a little distracted.”

“I could tell.”

He brings our joined hands to his mouth and places a sweet kiss on the back of my hand, before looking me in the eye. I know he’s going to kiss me now. I *want* him to kiss me now. I already know how good it will be. It’s been a while since we shared that kiss outside the warehouse on Trudell, but I haven’t forgotten what it felt like. Actually, thinking about that kiss has helped me get through many difficult and lonely moments over the past few weeks. And now it takes all my concentration to keep my mind from springing beyond the imminent kiss to what might happen after.

Clark leans in slowly to kiss me, but hesitates just a fraction of a moment too long. Unwilling to wait, I move the rest of the distance. I press my lips against his and close my mouth to capture his bottom lip. I watch his eyes slide shut as we linger together, savoring the moment. I start to pull away, but Clark groans and slides the hand that had been lingering on my neck to the back of my head to hold me there. Before I know it, he tips his head to reposition his

mouth over mine and then he's pulling me against his body as he kisses me in earnest.

His mouth is both soft and insistent as he moves to kiss me in a variety of ways, like he's testing out every method he can. My stomach drops as his tongue slides against my lip and I instinctively open my mouth. Oh, God. He tastes even better than I remember. My knees finally give out when his body presses mine firmly against the door behind me. It's a good thing he is holding me tightly in his arms, otherwise I would slide to the floor into a puddle of desire.

Needing to breathe, I tip my head back and Clark starts lavishing little kisses along my jaw. My breath catches when he reaches the spot just under my ear and then he starts down my neck. He hits a particularly sensitive spot and I squirm a little at the sensation.

"Ticklish?" he whispers against my skin.

"Y...yeah?"

He decides to stay there until the sweet torture causes me to giggle. "Clark," I breathe, "tell me something."

"What," he murmurs against my earlobe, the vibrations causing me to smile again.

"What's so fascinating about my neck?"

Instead of answering my question, his arms tighten around me as he places a hot, open-mouthed kiss on my neck, just above my collarbone. My breath catches when I feel his tongue stroke over my skin, followed closely by his teeth gently scraping as he works his way back up my neck.

Never has someone so generously kissed me before. I know he didn't really answer my question, but who the hell cares why he's so enthralled, really. I place both of my hands on either side of his face and pull him up to kiss him again, groaning into his mouth as we pull each other closer, kissing hungrily.

A door slamming somewhere down the hall reminds me that we're still outside my apartment door. I remove one hand from Clark's hair to fumble in my bag for my keys. He continues to place kisses on the juncture between my neck and shoulder, but I finally get the key into the lock and open the door. I stumble a little as the door swings open from the pressure of our bodies leaning against it, but Clark recovers quickly. He rests his hands on my hips as he pulls away, casting a surprised look through my open doorway.

"Lois?"

"Come inside, Clark."

My voice sounds husky and I feel a little embarrassed by how wanton I sound, but am pleased at the dazed, yet hopeful look on Clark's face. I reach down and take his hand again, tugging gently. He reaches behind him to push the door shut and turns one of the locks. We face each other in silence and I feel a thrill of fear as I realize how dangerous the situation has become. Wasn't I just musing how safe I felt?

That crazy, out of control feeling of attraction that I experienced the first time Clark ever touched my hand is back. Only it's magnified a thousand times. My first impulse is to throw myself at him, but I hesitate out of habit. Clark takes a faltering step towards me, too. The conflict is written all over his face; he's still being careful not to do anything inappropriate. A slow, simmering smile stretches my lips when I realize that there's really no reason not to act.

We lunge for each other at practically the same moment. I wrap both arms around his neck and my feet leave the ground completely as Clark easily lifts me into his embrace. We kiss enthusiastically, and I feel like I'm trying to devour

him whole. Clark stumbles slightly and one of his hands leaves my back to steady us both against my side table. He doesn't stop kissing me, though, even as he starts walking me backward.

The backs of my knees touch the couch as Clark starts placing kisses on my neck again. A strange sound emerges from my throat, some kind of mix between a breathless sigh and a laugh. I feel him smile against my skin as he places one knee on the sofa and gently lowers me. I try to pull him down with me, but Clark resists, sitting back to stare at me. He brushes his palm against my cheek.

"You're so beautiful, Lois."

I feel myself blush as I place a hand over his. I'm not sure how to respond, other than to kiss him again, but I don't want to rush this. I reach up to remove his glasses, folding and setting them on the end table out of the way. I allow my eyes to roam over his face, followed closely by my fingertips. I love seeing him like this, dressed as Clark, but without the glasses. It always reminds me that I'm the only one besides his parents privileged enough to see him this way.

"Clark Kent, I presume?"

He smiles, but doesn't laugh. The intensity is back in his eyes and I know he knows what I meant by it. He leans in to kiss me again and I lose track of everything but the taste of his lips, the smell of his skin, the feel of his hands touching me. My lips wander to his neck and I get a thrill when I hear Clark moan in response, reclining to allow me more space to explore. I lose myself in testing and tasting his neck, spending endless moments discovering the strong tendons and muscles just under his soft skin. If this is what Clark feels when he kisses me there, then I can see why he was so preoccupied by my neck earlier.

I growl in annoyance when I reach the collar of his shirt. I pull the knot of his tie and undo the first few buttons on his shirt until the bright blue of the Superman suit sends a flash of additional heat straight to my belly. The cautious side of me makes a feeble attempt to slow things down, but the idea that I'm seducing Superman drowns her voice completely.

I place a soft kiss in the hollow between his collarbones before gently nipping my way past his Adam's apple to whisper his moniker's name against his mouth. He pants my name in response as he pulls me on top of him to kiss me long and hard. He wraps his arms around me and rolls me over to pin me under his body and our kisses grow more ardent.

I lose all sense of time as Clark and I continue to explore this new aspect of our relationship. I had absolutely no idea that I could feel this intensely about someone. I know I've never felt this kind of passion before. How to get Clark to take me to bed becomes a recurring chant in my head when he suddenly pulls away, placing his forehead against mine. He's breathing heavily through his nose and I get the impression that he is desperately trying to regain control over his body. The devil inside me is just as desperate to not let him, but one narrow sliver of sanity left helps me control myself.

"I can't believe that I'm here with you. Lois, I wish I could describe what it means to me."

The whispered power of his voice calms my ardor a bit. I close my eyes and breathe deeply, allowing him the chance to finish speaking. He leaves his eyes closed as he continues, as if he won't be able to finish if he looks at me.

"I wandered for years, to hundreds of places, searching

for someone else like me, looking for the place I could feel like I fit in. But never, *never* have I felt that sense of belonging until I met you.”

His voice cracks a little at the end and I feel tears of tenderness well up. This is it – the difference between Clark and all of my previous relationships. This isn’t just physical to him; Clark wants an emotional connection, a need to become emotionally intimate and share himself in every way. His willingness to share his private thoughts and make his heart vulnerable amazes and humbles me. I stroke my fingers through his hair at the temple. His eyes are still closed and I can’t help but kiss him gently over each eyelid. I hear his breath catch and his fingers slide through my hair to rest on the side of my neck.

“I feel the same way, Clark. I’ve never felt this safe with anyone before. I feel a connection with you that I can’t describe, let alone explain.”

“I want to be with you, Lois.”

“I want to be with you, too.”

He pauses to swallow, his Adam’s apple bobbing. During more than one late-night conversation, Clark told me about how lonely it felt growing up, how hiding part of himself placed a distance between him and everyone else around him. My heart clenches at the thought that he still carries that loneliness with him.

“Clark? Look at me please?”

He opens his eyes then, and stares into mine. He looks so vulnerable, so hopeful and so scared, and I know what I need to tell him to make him understand.

“You’re not alone. If I have my way, you’ll never be alone again. I love you.”

His eyes drift shut again as he exhales in relief. His face twists as he tries to speak while trying to control his emotions. I hug him to me, stroking my hands gently across his back while he breathes raggedly in my ear.

“I love you, too, Lois.”

The minutes tick by as we hold each other. I revel in the feeling of finally being able to say those words to someone without restraint. The chance to love someone without fear is another gift I never thought was possible. It’s just one more way Clark Kent helped to save me.

I’m drawn from my thoughts when I feel Clark shift above me and wonder if he’s getting ready to leave. I gasp and smile when his warm breath and soft lips brush gently against my neck again. I squirm slightly when he hits that sensitive spot again and he chuckles seductively in my ear. When he trails his lips over the spot again, I giggle.

“Clark?”

“Hmm?”

“You realize that if you ... oh, start that a... again, you won’t be leaving tonight, right?”

He pulls away to grin at me and then – to my delight and disappointment – floats both of us up off the couch and onto our feet. We spend a minute straightening our clothing while peeking glances at each other. Clark grabs his glasses and holds his hand out to me. I take it and we stroll slowly to the front door. He turns the lock and I open it, but before I can say goodnight, Clark takes me in his arms and kisses me until we’re both breathless again. I’m all set to grab his tie so I can pull him back inside with me when he finally releases me.

He steps into the open doorway and pauses to look at me again. We stare lovingly at each other for a moment before I see his eyes flicker towards my neck again and I grin, leaning forward to give him a light peck on the lips.

“Goodnight, Clark.”

“Goodnight, Lois. Will I see you tomorrow?”

“As soon as Mrs. Cox’s trial ends.”

“Great.” He leans in to kiss me again, softly and gently and it makes my heart flip. He stands upright again and pats the doorframe. “Good night,” he whispers again.

“Good night.”

He smiles one more time before he turns and walks away from my door. I sigh contentedly and start to push it closed when Clark is back. He takes me in his arms and I gasp as he kisses my neck one more time.

“In case you were wondering,” he whispers gruffly in my ear, “I love your haircut.”

And in a gust of wind, he’s gone.

THE END