

The Agent and the Admiral

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Rated PG-13 for adult situations

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Summary: This vignette deals with Clark and Lois's budding relationship after "All the Daytime and the Nighttime."

The Agent is Clark Kent, Special Agent of the FBI, and the Admiral is Sam Lane, Lois' father. This story follows "All the Daytime and the Nighttime" and precedes "Nighttime in the Daytime."

Clark and Lois first meet at the Metro Club in their undercover disguises of "Charlie King" and "Lola Dane." Clark is undercover lending a hand to the Metropolis Police Department and Lola Dane is a dancing yellow chicken and singer trying to get an exclusive on Lex Luthor for the Daily Planet. Clark hides his abilities and still doesn't know really what to do with them. There is no Superman – yet. He is strongly drawn to the beautiful reporter and she is drawn to him. After Toni Taylor and the Metro Gang are captured, Lois goes to Inspector Henderson's office in the MPD. There she is formally introduced to Clark Kent, Special Agent of the FBI.

Toni Taylor, now in jail, wants revenge on Lex Luthor for selling her out, but she can't talk in jail or she will be killed. So she tells Clark where to find her invitation to the White Orchid Ball and tells him to use it to see what he can find out about Lex Luthor. Clark takes the invitation to the Daily Planet to ask Lois to go with him. Clark then goes undercover at The Daily Planet with Perry White's approval as Lois' reporting partner under his own name. They have gone to the White Orchid Ball and Lois has secured her interview with Lex.

Following the White Orchid Ball they are pursued in Clark's car by mysterious men in black SUVs. Surreptitiously using his special abilities, Clark saves them by jumping a demolished bridge under repair. Lois is shaken up by the experience. Clark vows to use his FBI contacts to find out more. Clark is stunned to learn that Lois' father is actually his boss in the international intelligence game.

The story begins in 2003 in this universe. This brief story fills in more of the background of Lois and Clark in my universe, which is a version of the Alt 1 universe from "Tempus Anyone?"

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Clark Kent and Sam Lane were sitting in the Lanes' living room attempting to make small talk while Lois and Ellen were in the kitchen readying Sunday dinner. After the girls went out on their own, the Lanes had made a habit of having their children Lois and Lucy at Sunday dinner. Now Lucy was in Los Angeles and so it had only been Lois who had been attending regularly.

Clark had turned down the invitation twice. It was only after he had met the Admiral in the vault at the Metropolis FBI headquarters that he had decided he really needed to accept the invitation if he wanted a real relationship with Lois. And he did

want a real relationship.

But now it was awkward with the two men having met each other professionally, but each couldn't acknowledge that publicly to the two women and had to act like total strangers. Such was the life of both a Special Agent and a Navy Admiral who worked in Intelligence.

Being an experienced leader and in his own home, Sam Lane began to try to crack the ice. "So, Clark, I hear you just arrived in Metropolis? And you are an Agent with the FBI?" The Admiral played it straight, without a wink or a nod to Clark to let him know they shared a secret.

"Yes, Sir. I transferred in from Quantico to get some field experience. I worked in the Lab there doing forensics. I like science." Clark tried one of his friendly smiles on the Admiral.

The Admiral appeared to ignore the smile. "You're from the Midwest, I hear?"

"Yes, Sir. Smallville, Kansas to be exact. I graduated from the University of Kansas at Lawrence."

"Oh, I'm not too familiar with that school. What was your major?"

"Criminal Law, among others. And KU has a very big reputation in the Midwest. It was originally a land grant college."

"Oh, really? I graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, of course. For you, Criminal Law figures as a major, being an Agent and all. You said other majors?"

Clark blushed slightly. "Ah, I also got a degree from the School of Engineering Physics there."

"Engineering Physics?"

"Yep. Bachelors in Aerodynamic Physics and Astronomy with a minor in Math. That's how I got into the Lab at Quantico."

"Well, I always loved flying so I had my share of the aerodynamics. A little mind-bending, that, academically. But the actual part of flying was a gas."

Nodding in agreement, Clark thought to himself, 'It's even better without an airplane.'

Sam Lane thought he should just dive in to the heart of the matter here today. "No journalism degree though?"

A startled Clark replied, "No, no degree. But I worked on the campus newspaper for a while for both Smallville High and KU."

"Well, Lois told us you were her new partner at the Daily Planet."

"Oh, oh, that. Yes, I am." Clark was relieved. That was what bothered Lois' father. "But I'm just going undercover for an investigation. It is supposed to be a short term thing. Lois is doing the writing; I'm helping with the investigation. I still have an office at the Bureau." He thought to himself, 'And I'm working on the task force under you.' Neither did he wink or wave or smile at the Admiral as if they shared a secret.

Sam gave a curt nod as he acknowledged the information. Propping one of his jeans-clad knees on the other, he relaxed a bit and inquired, "So when did you graduate from KU? What year?"

Shifting uncomfortably in his chair, Clark began to wonder about the depth of the third degree. Didn't Admiral Lane have his file? Or if he didn't, he could surely get it easily enough. "Ah, 2000, sir."

Might as well go for the whole story, Clark thought. "I graduated from Smallville High in 1994 at the age of 16 and spent the next two years traveling the world to see it. I also did a KU summer studies program in Istanbul, Turkey in 1999 between my college junior and senior years. Interestingly enough, my experience in Germany between High School and College really helped with that."

The Admiral looked puzzled. "I've been to Istanbul on NATO business when we were stationed in Italy. Why did the German experience help?"

Clark explained, "Well, it took some time to learn Turkish, since it is an Oghuz language that spread during the Ottoman

Empire. I was much into world history at that point. Anyway, it was convenient that the signs at the museums and historic areas were in German and Turkish. All that was a result of both the great German interest in archeology and its World War I influence on the Ottoman Empire. And my German was much better than my Turkish.”

“Ah,” Sam Lane said, as if enlightened. “I guess I didn’t get out to the archeological sites much. It was helpful they switched to a Latin-based alphabet for road signs, though.”

Clark nodded agreement. “There was a big movement to get the mighty Ottoman Empire on the Western side at the time.”

Talk languished for a while, and then Sam unleashed his piercing fighter jock stare onto Clark. “It takes a lot of money to travel the world. Are you a trust fund baby?”

At that, Clark had to laugh. He was pleased it came out natural and unforced. Of course, it didn’t take much money if your transportation was free. “Not by a long shot! My parents died in a car crash in 1988 and the insurance from the driver at fault gave the estate some money. My foster father, Dr. Roger Ross, managed my money and the family farm for me and we rented out the land.” He waved a hand dismissively. “Travel isn’t expensive if you hop freighters and work your way slowly.”

Sam was still looking skeptical as he had a parental right to.

Clark shifted forward in his chair, earnestly extending his hands to explain his case. “At sixteen, I was restless and wanted to find out more about myself and about our home, this planet. I had good grades in High School, but it was a cocoon and I wanted to find out more about the world, about life. I didn’t particularly want to join a service to see the world, so I did it on my own.”

Continuing persuasively he said, “I’m strong and healthy and was happy to work menial jobs for cash. I emancipated myself from my foster family and that was my first taste of the law. Don’t get me wrong.” He held out a denying hand. “My family, the Rosses, were good to me. They treated me as their own and are still great. I’m still close to my older brother Pete and my younger sister Rita. My mother Sarah did her best to fill the gap left by my mother Martha.” Clark didn’t bother to mention to Sam that Martha and Jonathan Kent were his adopted parents. He didn’t really know where he came from, but after the incident saving Pete in the old lake in Smallville, he figured it wasn’t from Mother Earth.

“I just wanted to find out ... more.” At that last he found recognition in Sam Lane’s eyes.

“Yeah, I wanted to go fast in an airplane, find pretty girls and travel the world too. That’s why I joined the Navy.”

Both men relaxed back into their chairs simultaneously.

Sam continued, “But you are – what 25 years old?”

Clark nodded affirmation. “Yes, I’m three years younger than Lois, I know. She told me she graduated from Met U in Journalism in 1997 and from the T.C. Williams High School in Alexandria, Virginia in 1993.” Clark’s eyes daringly twinkled at her father as he continued. “And I know she was born on Halloween, October 31, 1975. I’ve teased her endlessly about that. That and her initials.”

“Oh, no. You didn’t tease her about that, did you?” Sam looked mock horrified.

Now they were conspirators together and on the same side. Pleased at that, Clark continued, “Yes, I did. LOL. Lois Opal Lane.”

Sam nodded. “Named for her mother’s favorite aunt who is no longer with us,” Sam said solemnly. “But she was alive when we named Lois,” he clarified.

Silence reigned for a bit as the men returned to manly mode from the personal intensity of the last conversation. Finally, Sam nodded curtly in acknowledgement and changed the subject. “How about sports? Like them? Play them?”

“What man doesn’t,” Clark responded with a chuckle. He found he was beginning to enjoy this more. “I played Jayhawk football at KU, though.”

“What position?”

“Wide receiver. Somehow I could always find that ball, no matter how it was thrown.” Human enough to have a bit of vanity, Clark could not resist telling a detailed football story.

During that time, Sam began to get more energetic too. He was in the middle of telling a war story. “Here we were about to go feet dry over Libya, when ... ”

Just then Lois swept into the room and accused, “Daddy! Are you interrogating my ... friend?”

There was just enough of a hesitation before “friend” that Clark raised his eyebrow, wondering if she really meant “boyfriend.” If so, he would be really pleased with that. He had realized the night of the White Orchid Ball and the morning after that he had never met anyone who affected him like Lois Lane. He still saw her in his mind’s eye as she sang at the Metro Club. And he couldn’t see a yellow chicken without thinking of Lois. Although as a farm-bred boy, he knew yellow chickens were baby chicks. Unbidden, the vision of Lois singing “I’ve Got a Crush on You” at the Metro Club ran through his mind.

“Well, male bonding time is over and dinner is ready,” Lois announced with a smile.

Clark loved her gorgeous smile.

As Clark and Sam got up from their chairs, Sam explained, “I usually grill some steak, but Lois wanted to cook some of our favorite dishes for you. So come and enjoy.”

“That sounds great,” Clark said, and he realized it was the truth as he ate their turkey lasagna. Ellen and Lois explained in a ping-pong fashion that to celebrate Thanksgiving in Italy they had to be creative, since it was not an Italian holiday and there were no turkeys to cook. So they had created a special chicken lasagna dish. It wasn’t Thanksgiving now, either, but they wanted to show it off to Clark. In honor of the impending Thanksgiving holiday next month, they had substituted turkey for chicken.

Clark could eat anything, literally, but he also knew how to enjoy food. He had a great time with the Lanes and had a wonderful time at their table.

Lois felt warm inside. She was so happy that Clark had finally agreed to come to Sunday dinner. She didn’t really understand why he had declined her repeated invitations with no real excuse that she could ascertain. She was confident that they had great chemistry together.

Lois had never met a man like him and suspected she would never meet another. When he looked at her, she felt cherished. When he touched her anywhere, she melted and lost her Mad Dog Lane attitude. When she was close to him, she smelled his pleasant scent and mild cologne and it raised her libido. She could feel his body heat and it raised her temperature. Then, when he had lifted her apparently effortlessly onto her kitchen counter and kissed her ardently, she was suddenly ready to be totally unprofessional and throw all her “rules” away with abandon.

He seemed to be really enjoying the food, too. She looked over across the table at him, secretly admiring his handsome face. Suddenly the expression on his face froze and he sat up like something was disturbing him. He cocked his head and his eyes became unfocused. Strangely, it was as if he was hearing something far away. But how could that be? He reminded her somewhat of her old Golden Retriever, Goldie, on alert.

Clark could hear the police radio not far away. There was a robbery going down in the commercial district near the Lane’s condominium. On a Sunday night, two men, or more probably boys, were trying to rob a convenience/gas station. Clark tensed

with frustration. He could do something to help if he wasn't here with the Lanes at dinner! Then he relaxed, hearing that the police were there and dealing with the problem. No one had been hurt even though the perps were brandishing guns.

Suddenly his eyes focused and he met Lois' eyes across the table. Oops. He must have looked like a fool when he was 'listening.' Pete had teased him mercilessly about his "out in the ether" expression when they had lived together in college. Then Pete would just say "go" and Clark would vanish in front of him. Clark had taken to wearing black continuously and some school mates thought he had joined the goth movement. He had let people think what they wanted then, but now he wanted Lois to like and, yes, to love him. Sometime he had to tell her the secret of his abilities. But not so soon. He was so afraid she would not see him as human any more.

Clark gave Lois a wan smile and a small shrug. She raised her left eyebrow in answer and gave a small shake of her head, as if to say, "You are a strange one, Clark Kent."

Clark gave a small nod in return and focused in on the lady beside him. Ellen Lane was telling a story about their time in Italy. He extended his hearing to Sam and found no indication he had noticed anything amiss. Clark looked over at him, sitting next to Lois, and saw the look of enjoyment on his face as he, too, was reliving their experiences there. Apparently, Sam was not so stern looking out of the office and out of uniform. Maybe he wouldn't be too upset if Clark ... What was Clark thinking? Was he really thinking about marriage? To Lois? But could it be? He was so ... different. Was it possible?

Wrapped in his thoughts, but continuing to look like he was eating, Clark stretched out his leg. To his surprise and enjoyment, he found a small leg come to meet his.

Lois raised her eyebrow again and then the leg moved up his toward his knee. Clark nearly choked and hastily grabbed his napkin to cover his mouth. 'Bad Lois,' he thought with secret pleasure.

Evidently, she wasn't hearing his thoughts today, like every day, and the leg kept stroking his. Under the cover of the napkin at his mouth, his hand resting on the table beside his plate, his index finger wagged back and forth in a "no, no, bad Lois" gesture.

Lois glanced at her parents, still enmeshed down memory lane, and then smiled at Clark with a smug, evil smile. It turned him on even more.

Suddenly Ellen Lane finished her story and everyone came back to themselves.

Lois rose from the table. "Mother, Daddy, that was a great story ... again. But I always love hearing it. Dessert, everyone?"

There was a chorus of affirmative noises.

Sam then announced, "Ellen makes the best Key Lime Pie in the world. I'll get coffee too." As he pushed his chair back, he caught Clark checking out Lois as she walked into the kitchen and loudly cleared his throat.

Clark had the grace to blush at being caught.

Lois and Clark waved goodbye to Sam and Ellen Lane as they left after the Sunday dinner. Clark helped escort Lois down the rather steep front steps by holding her elbow and steadying her. Their breaths frosted in the October air.

"You really don't need to hold on to me, you know," Lois said. "I've made these steps many times."

"Yeah, I know. But it is an excuse to touch you. And I really enjoy doing that."

"And I do you, too."

Clark smiled his killer smile even though Lois wasn't looking at him. "I got that. At dinner, under the table."

Blithely, she ignored him, continuing on her topic. "So I see you and Daddy finally got along pretty well at the end. Was he

not what you expected?"

"Yes and no." Clark escorted her to the driver's side of her Jeep Cherokee and ushered her in. He left the rest of his statement for after he slid into the passenger seat. "Thanks for picking me up, by the way. I guess you don't trust my driving after the White Orchid Ball?"

"Oh, I trust your driving, Clark. After all, we shook off the bad guys. At least I assume they were bad guys since they tried to drive us off the road. I just think maybe your car might be targeted by them. So far no one's chased me – yet. So back to you and Daddy. Yes and no?"

"All right, Ms. Investigative Journalist. Yes, because he was a protective father, something he has every right to be. He got all the details on my background and then some. At least he didn't want the names of all my old girlfriends."

"Ohhhh," Lois dragged out the word. Archly she asked, "So is it a long list?"

"My list of old girlfriends? That's a no, too. It's not long at all," he finished in a dismissive tone. He went on to the real sore point with him. "But he wasn't too happy about our 'vast'" - Clark did finger quotes around 'vast' - "age difference."

Lifting her right hand from the steering wheel, Lois waved it dismissively. "You act older, more mature than you are anyway."

"Thanks for that. More life experiences, I guess. Back to the original 'no'. I was actually pleasantly surprised about how well we got on."

"Oh, really? What was the bond?"

"Why the usual manly man stuff. Sports. I played football at KU." Clark tried to sound like he wasn't bragging, but not sure he succeeded. "Also, it helped I follow soccer too. Your father got to be a FIFA fan in Europe."

"You are not telling me anything I don't already know."

Clark turned to her and smiled, noticing her eyes were fixed on the road ahead. "Speaking of manly men, maybe that was one of his concerns too."

Lois began to laugh. "All he had to do was ask me and I could have certified your manliness," she teased and pointed at him, still keeping her eyes on the road.

Clark captured her pointing hand and kissed it. "Minx," he said with mock severity. "All I can think about now is you playing footsie with me under the table and under your parents' noses."

They were driving from the suburbs back to Metropolis and their respective apartments. Clark's leg was still burning with the memory of her leg on his. Suddenly he said, "There's a Costmart there. Turn in to the parking lot."

"Why? Do you need to buy something?"

"No, I desperately need to kiss you, that's all."

As rapidly as the road would allow, Lois turned into the parking lot and headed for a spot near the back fence. She parked and turned off the lights. It was dark there, illuminated only by the glow of the lot lights in front. She turned to him in the half-light. "Right now, you need to kiss me?"

Clark realized she was feigning ignorance or surprise at his need to kiss her. "Yes. Right now. And I don't want to cause an accident." But he couldn't just attack her like he had wanted to do since the footwork under the dinner table. So he turned on the radio and began searching stations. Finally, he found what he liked. "Good old Frank Sinatra. He never goes out of style."

The mellow music swelled forth. Clark turned it down to a soft background level.

<I have got you under my skin

I've got you deep in the heart of me.>

Clark reached over and placed his hand on Lois' cheek and drew her slowly toward him. The car console between them made them have to lean toward each other. Frank continued softly. The kiss was deep and fervent as they lost themselves in each other.

Finally they broke apart.

“Clark, can I ask something?”

“Hmm?” Clark came out of his daze. What this woman did to him was incredible and unbelievable. He pulled back and focused on her face. “Sure, what is it?”

“Why are we doing this here when we could be at either of our apartments ... together?”

“Danger.”

“Danger?”

“It’s too dangerous for us. My willpower will crumble and I’ll ravish you.” Clark sounded more like he was convincing himself.

“Maybe I want to be ravished.” She looked him in the eyes. His features were etched in relief in the wan light.

“Yes, that’s the problem,” he agreed. There will be an appropriate time, he promised himself. After he told her certain things.

Lois snaked her hand under the collars of his coat and shirt and began to rub the back of his neck. Pulling him toward her she said, “What if I don’t see it as a problem?”

*<So deep in my heart
You’re nearly a part of me
I’ve got you under my skin
I have tried so not to give in
I have said to myself this affair
Never gonna go somewhere>*

Lois’ hand on his neck felt incredible. He was invulnerable, as far as he knew, but Lois could make him feel. Placing his hand on the back of her head, he brought her in for what was originally meant to be a sweet kiss.

*<But why should I try to resist
When baby I know so well
That I’ve got you under my skin>*

Suddenly the kiss intensified on both their parts. Lois began to moan and it broke Clark’s control. He could hear her moan in the core of his body.

*<I would sacrifice anything
Come what might
For the sake of holding you near
In spite of a warning voice
That comes in the night
It repeats and it shouts in my ear>*

Lois was desperate to have more of Clark. She broke the kiss, then reached for the seat lever and slid it back. Glancing over at Clark, she could see the bewildered expression on his face that said, “What just happened? Why did you leave?” Reassuringly, she looked at him as she pulled herself up and kneeled on the seat, facing him. She caught his expression of understanding just as she launched herself at him. Of course, he caught her. As the song continued she kissed him fervently. He reclined his seat and pulled her on top of him. Then they lost all track of time and themselves in each other as the song continued.

*<Don’t you know blue-eyes
You never can win
Use your mentality
Wake up to reality
But each time I do
Just the thought of you
Makes me stop before I begin
‘cause I’ve got you under my skin
I’d sacrifice anything
Come what might
For the sake of having you near>*

There was a second chorus, then as the song wound down, so did they. Panting, Clark held her up above him on his reclined seat by her shoulders and they touched foreheads. “Lois Opal Lane, I love you,” he murmured and his voice was like a prayer.

Lois came up short. Not about her name, but about the fact she didn’t feel right about saying that particular phrase – yet.

Clark saw her hesitation and smiled winningly. “It’s all right,” he assured her. “I’ll win your heart soon. Now,” he said, sitting up and delivering her back to the driver’s seat, “we need to get to our respective apartments.”

Lois agreed, but reluctantly, that it was time to go. He certainly knew how to kiss and make a woman feel cherished.

“So can I invite you to Thanksgiving Dinner at my folks?”

“Sorry,” he said and meant it. “I’ve got an appointment with my brother for a little excursion and then dinner with my foster family. I haven’t seen them all in a while.”

“Oh, I see. Going to Smallville, eh?”

“Yes.”

“What are you doing with your brother? Or is it too personal to ask?”

“No, it’s not too personal. We’re going to see a solar eclipse. He’s an Associate Professor of Astronomy at KU.” What he didn’t tell her was that the eclipse could only be seen in Antarctica.

THE END