

# Cold Feet

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Rated: PG13

Submitted July 2013

Summary: Lois gets cold feet the eve of her wedding and turns to her best friend.

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Someone hammering on his door abruptly woke Clark. He didn't need much sleep, but he was a deep sleeper and didn't appreciate being pulled from his slumber. He threw back the blankets, put on his glasses, and got out of the bed, stumbling towards the door dressed only in a pair of navy cotton sleep shorts. Running a hand through his tousled hair, he nearly tripped up the steps to the door.

"All right!" he called, opening the door. "Lois?!" His eyebrows raised in surprise seeing her at his door. "What are you doing here?"

"Nice hair, cute shorts," she said, pushing past him. She wore navy sweatpants, a white vest, a grey sweat suit jacket with a hood, and white Nike sneakers.

"Well, I'm sorry. I wasn't expecting guests at..." He glanced at the clock in the kitchen. "...one in the morning."

"I'm supposed to get married tomorrow," she slurred.

"Are you drunk?" he asked.

"Lucy took me out. Didn't you hear me? I'm getting *married* tomorrow!"

"Yes I did. Why are you here again?"

"I'm getting married tomorrow. You're my best friend, and I don't want that to change. I'm freaking out. I don't know if I'm doing the right thing."

"Lois..." he began, but she cut him off. Thrusting her tongue into his mouth, Lois kissed him hard. "Mmm... wait, wait! What are we doing?" he asked, holding up his hands to stop her.

"Kissing." Her lips joined his again, and her tongue started to duel with his. Taking a breath, she murmured, "Make love to me."

"What?!" Clark looked like a fish out of water as his mouth opened and closed as he tried form the words. "What about...?" he asked once he found his voice.

"Don't talk, just do." She kissed him once more, smoothing her hands down his firm hard chest. "You know, I have had a lot of very heated dreams about this chest." She placed hot, wet, open-mouthed kisses on his bare chest. "Ever since you opened the door in just your towel back at that flea bag motel."

"Really?" Clark croaked.

"Yeah. I wanted to rip that towel from your waist to see what it was hiding," Lois confessed, kissing him again as she pushed him towards his bedroom. They fell onto his bed, a tangle of arms and legs. Straddling him, she shrugged out of her jacket and threw it behind her. It landed on the dresser. Then she toed her sneakers off.

Clark helped pull down her sweatpants, and they joined her jacket on the dresser. All she was wearing was white cotton panties and the vest. As she kissed his throat, he slipped his hands under her vest, pushing it up and cupping her breasts.

"Oh, Clark," she moaned, pressing into him as she arched backwards. "Your hands feel so good."

He pulled the vest over her head and discarded it with the rest of her clothes.

"Oh, Clark! That's it. Ah..." She moaned as Clark kissed her neck. "I want you so much," Lois said, her voice rough and

quivering.

He rolled her on to her back. Hooking his fingers under the bands of their underwear, he removed both with one movement. Now naked, Clark slowed to kiss her neck.

"Clark, I want you."

"Are you sure?" he asked, gazing tenderly into her eyes.

"Yes! God, yes! I can't wait!" Kissing him. "Oh, Clark, please," she gasped, wishing he wouldn't stop.

"This feels so good," he murmured in agreement.

"Clark!" She wrapped her legs around his waist. "Oh, Clark!" she called out.

"OH! Me, too. I... I... I LOVE YOU!" he yelled.

"I LOVE YOU, TOO!" she cried.

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The next morning, Clark awoke to find Lois getting dressed. He sat up and looked at her with confusion.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Getting dressed."

"Why? It's only five thirty."

"Yeah, but I have a wedding to get to," she replied.

"So, you're going through with it?" he asked, hanging on her answer with baited breath.

"Yeah." She looked at him. "Last night was amazing." She kissed him, and then left.

Clark watched her shut his front door before falling back onto his pillows.

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Later that day, Lois stood in front of a full-length mirror admiring herself in her wedding dress. Her head was filled with thoughts of Clark and last night. She started to wonder if she had made a mistake.

"Lois?" Lucy said, entering the room. "You ready?"

"Yeah," Lois replied, fighting back tears.

As Lois walked down the aisle towards her future husband, her head filled once more with visions of Clark. She stopped next to the tall dark figure and looked into the deep chocolate eyes of her best friend Clark Kent, realizing she was going to be happy with him for the rest of her life.

THE END