

Solace

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Summary: Set during season 4 episode 19. A fill-in scene after Clark revives Lois after having to save their lives by freezing her with his freeze breath.

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Cold. That's all Lois can think about; how cold she is. And tired. Dying can really suck the life out of you. She smirks at this thought, this witty joke she made up in her own mind, especially when she's unable to think about anything other than how cold and tired she is. Clark had breathed life back into her lungs and his heat vision had brought her out of a frozen state of temporary death, but he hadn't been sure of the effect that his heat vision could cause if she was exposed to it for any length of time. She thinks he said something about radiation, but she's not sure because she's been in and out of consciousness. She does remember him saying that he would help her warm up by sharing body heat. Sounds perfect to her. She's comforted by the thought of Clark keeping her warm and giving her solace while she regains strength.

Next thing she's aware of is being home in their bedroom. "Clark, I'm so cold," she says through full-body shakes and clattering teeth. She sits on the edge of the bed sipping on hot herbal tea that she doesn't really remember him bringing her, knowing that she has to change clothes but wanting so badly to just fall asleep and wake up when she's warm.

Across the room, Clark is pulling clothes out of her dresser for her. First, he had suggested naked snuggling so they could be skin to skin, transferring some of his warmth to her without any barriers. It sounded heavenly, sleeping naked together, but right now she can't imagine surviving one moment without clothes on to keep in any shred of heat that her body is creating. He brings over sweatpants and helps her remove her skirt before sliding socks over her feet. After guiding each of her feet into the pant legs of the sweatpants he then gives her support as she stands up to pull the pants all the way up. She removes her shirt to put on a tank top, followed by a t-shirt, and finally one of Clark's hoodies as the outer layer. She keeps the hood up to cover her head, continuing to shiver but already feeling more comfortable surrounded by warmth that the clothes are keeping in.

"Get under the covers," he says gently, pulling back the covers on her side of the bed and helping her get in. "I'll be right back," he says and pulls the blankets over her.

"Hurry," she whimpers and rolls onto her side with her back to him, bringing her knees to her chest to keep the warmth in. She must have drifted off because the next thing she knows is feeling him get into bed with her. His arm slides over her waist and he pulls her into his chest.

It's so comforting, but he still feels far away from her. In her exhaustion, she doesn't have the energy to articulate how she wants to be held, so she just grunts and starts rolling over. His arms loosen around her waist a bit as she turns over. She weaves her legs in between his and pulls her body into his as close as possible. Her arms are folded between them, as she's still subconsciously trying to warm herself, but when he tightens his arm around her again, she buries her face in his neck and moves her hand to rest on the skin of his waist. She feels him jump a little and make a hissing sound.

"You have cold hands," he chuckles.

"Mmm," is all she can say. A couple moments pass while enveloped in his warmth before she feels tears seep from her eyes at the wave of relief and comfort that washes over her. She can finally get warm and sleep. He must have heard her shaky sigh because he runs his hand up and down her back.

"You okay?" He murmurs the question into her hair.

"Mm-hm," she mumbles. "Think I can sleep now."

She sighs once more and drifts off.

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Next thing she knows is waking up in a sweat. She looks at the clock over Clark's shoulder and sees that it's three in the morning. She pulls back from Clark and says his name softly, reaching up to caress his face.

He slowly opens his eyes and then smiles. "How are you feeling," he murmurs sleepily.

"Like I could sleep for three more days, but I'm boiling hot."

He chuckles and lets go of her so she can sit up and shed her clothes. She pulls off the hoodie, t-shirt, and tank top,

and then the sweatpants. She hadn't put any underwear on because he had forgotten to grab her clean ones from the dresser and she hadn't wanted him to waste any time by going back over to get some. She drops the clothing off the side of the bed and turns toward him.

"Take off your boxers," she says playfully. "We can do that naked cuddling thing you suggested earlier."

"Okay," he says with a smile and shimmies out of his boxers. She smiles and cuddles into him again. He rolls into her so that his body is partially covering hers. The weight of him on top of her and the soft touch of his skin against every inch of hers feels so deliciously intimate. At any other time she might have initiated a round of lovemaking, but she's still so tired. She kisses his lips softly and drifts off.

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The next thing she's aware of is feeling him carefully getting out of bed so as to not disturb her. She opens one eye and sees that the sun is up, and then she glances at the clock on his nightstand. Ten o'clock. She feels better, but still tired. She gets a chill from the absence of his body heat and reaches over the side of the bed to grasp her tank top, pulling it over her head. Settling onto her back, she dozes off again.

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"How are you feeling?"

She opens her eyes at the sound of his voice after having fallen asleep again. He's standing next to the bed with two cups of coffee and hands her one. She feels a lot better. Still tired, but better.

He asks her if she wants breakfast, but she needs to cuddle again. She's feeling a bit of a chill on her skin. Plus, she just really loves being in his arms.

"I think I need you to warm me up some more," she says with a smile.

He's quick to remove his robe and jump back into bed with her.