

Little Secrets, Deleted Scene

by Kala Lane Kent

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Rating: M

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Making love unexpectedly was becoming one of the joys of Kal-El's life - he and Lois had been utterly spontaneous the last few days. Sometimes a look or a gesture was all it took to make both of them tumble into bed - or onto the sofa, or on one memorable occasion, the dining room table. He smiled in fond remembrance as he adjusted the water temperature in the shower.

The smile was also just a little rueful. As much as he enjoyed spur-of-the-moment lovemaking, it had its consequences: in this case, one pillow destroyed and a lot of tiny white feathers stuck to his skin. Hence the shower; he needed it even more after stripping the feather-covered sheets off the bed. Kal-El stepped into the spray and pulled the shower curtain shut, closing his eyes as the hot water sluiced over his skin.

Kal-El usually tended to shower briskly, his days so busy that he couldn't spend more than a few minutes on a mundane task. But this time, he luxuriated in the lack of responsibility that allowed him a lazy shower. Tomorrow he'd be back to work; for now, he could rest and relax.

With water gurgling in his ears, he didn't hear the shower curtain slide back a few moments later. Lois crept into the shower behind him, a wicked little smile curving her lips at the sight of him. She couldn't possibly be getting away with this, could she? He'd always heard her moving around before...

Kal-El appeared completely oblivious to her presence, and Lois took a moment to admire him. He was perfect - every muscle defined, the play of them almost hypnotic even while he was doing something as ordinary as rinsing his hair. She stepped forward and placed her hands gently on his shoulders, running her nails lightly down his back.

He startled at the touch, half-turning to look at her over his shoulder. "Lois!"

"Well?" she purred, lazily dragging her nails over his skin. "C'mon, Kal-El, it's not like I haven't seen you naked before. Including fifteen minutes ago. And I've got a bunch of those stupid pillow-feathers to rinse off, too. Besides, isn't showering with a friend supposed to be good for the environment?"

"I'm not chasing you out," he said, turning toward her and kissing her forehead. Water ran off him and over her skin as he slid his arms around her. "You just surprised me, that's all."

Lois murmured wordlessly as she tilted her face up for a kiss. She slid her hands over his chest, tracing the contours of his muscles. They kissed slowly and lovingly, Kal-El rubbing her back and helping to rinse off the feathers that still stuck to her skin. "You still owe me a pillow," he muttered against her lips.

She caught his lip in her teeth gently and then let go. "Yeah, whatever. I'll buy you another shirt to replace the one I just ripped open, too. Fine."

"Lois, all the shirt needs is to have the buttons sewn back on," he told her, hands resting on her hips as he bent to kiss her neck.

"I don't sew," she told him. "Let's get this straight: I don't sew, I don't cook, and I don't do windows. I do not fit the Smallville mold of the perfect woman, all right?"

"Lucky for you, I know how to do all those things," Kal-El said, his breath warm against her ear. "And you fit *my* ideal of the perfect woman. That's all that matters, right?"

Naked, face to face and cuddling close with the hot water beating on their skin, the pair were almost as warm as they had been in bed a few minutes ago. "Fine by me," Lois whispered breathlessly, running her fingertips down his side temptingly.

The touch made him shiver slightly, and in the confined space, his single step forward pinned Lois against the tile wall behind her. "You surprised me, sneaking in here," Kal-El whispered, his hands sliding further down to catch the backs of her thighs and lift her up. "Now it's my turn to surprise you."

Her eyes widened in shock and arousal. Over the past few days, Kal-El had gradually gotten less hesitant about sex, no longer needing constant assurance that he wasn't hurting her. And much to Lois' amazement, she enjoyed him being a little aggressive. With every other lover, Lois had needed to hold on to a measure of control. Only with Kal-El had she felt that delightful surrender of baring body and soul to him; only with him would she plead for more, let her voice grow soft and husky with desire. Only with him would she let herself look into his eyes at the moment when ecstasy swept over her.

Rather than feeling vulnerable, all of those things together made her feel cherished, adored, *loved* completely in a way she had never been before. And when he took control, overwhelming her with his easy strength as he was doing now, she felt not commanded but comforted, not restricted but freed. She could let go and follow his lead, her usual need for dominance having no more hold on her than gravity did at the moment. Sighing softly, Lois slid her arms around his neck and arched her back, inviting him to do as he willed with her.

At first, the tile had been uncomfortably cold against Lois' back, in spite of the warm water cascading over both of them. As Kal-El kissed her, however, she stopped noticing anything else beyond his mouth on her lips, her neck, her shoulder, and lower...

They had just been getting into bed when Kal-El froze in what Lois was beginning to recognize as his listening pose. With a kiss on her cheek and a whispered, "Gotta fly," he was gone.

Left standing in his bedroom, wearing only a large towel and a sleepy smile, Lois was momentarily annoyed. *Cope*, she told herself harshly. *This is the way it has to be - the world needs him. Which is more important: a wildfire in California or your cuddly time? Grow up, Lane.*

The cold facts of the situation failed to take the sting out of his sudden departure. Lois sighed in annoyance and unwrapped the towel from around her body, draping it over a chair. At the moment, she didn't feel like walking back into the bathroom to hang it on the rack. She could always do that later...

Collapsing onto the bed, Lois curled up on her side. Kal-El had turned up the thermostat for her sake yesterday when he'd seen her shivering, and she was quite comfortable lying nude on the stripped mattress. At the moment, Lois didn't feel like hunting down fresh linens to replace the sheets that were now covered in feathers from the exploded pillow.

She lay there nursing her self-pity until the ridiculousness of it wore down her pique. *Oh, stop it*, she thought. *Here you've had great sex with the man twice in an hour - twice - and you're moping because he had to go rescue someone. Really, now. Knock off the pity-party and get back to remembering what you were just doing a few minutes ago.*

That brought the wicked smile back to her lips. Lois stretched out slightly, loosening muscles that were beginning to stiffen after exertion. She was amazed to find that her thighs felt slightly sore; had he been holding her a little too tightly? Or had she simply squeezed too hard when her legs were wrapped around his hips?

Either way, the faint ache and the memory made her purr like a cat. On the off chance that he was listening, she whispered, "By the way, Kal-El, I'm starting to miss you already."

In pleasant warmth and tiredness, Lois began to drift off to sleep.

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When Kal-El returned from rescuing a fishing vessel in the Bering Sea, he found Lois lying asleep on his bed. The sight of her froze him in the doorway; she was lying on her stomach with one leg drawn up slightly, one arm stretched out and the other pillowing her head. Her wavy black hair spilled over her shoulders, making a sharp contrast to the white mattress and her pale skin.

He moved closer, studying each beloved feature. He was barefoot, having stopped to change out of the super-suit and into the bathrobe he'd been wearing when duty called, and his progress into the room was nearly silent. Lois gave no sign that she heard him, and Kal-El grinned. One of his chief joys these past few days had been simply watching her, and here was a perfect opportunity. Finally he was free to study the way that Lois slept, to listen to her heart beating and her breathing becoming slow and steady.

She had one of the most animated faces Kal-El had ever seen; Lois could communicate affection or irritation or outright scorn through the position of her eyebrows alone. She hid a lot of her feelings behind a mask of indifference most of the time, but these last few days he had seen her completely open and candid, seen the sparkle in her eyes when she smiled at him and the little line on her forehead when she was concentrating on something. Now, in sleep, her face was a study in contentment. Relaxation gave her features a softness that her dynamic personality didn't allow when awake, and the lazy curve of her smile spoke volumes about her satisfaction.

Kal-El walked slowly around the foot of the bed, his eyes taking in every detail. The single lamp in the room threw her curves into sharp relief - her shoulder, the swell of her breast, the top of her hip, and her long shapely thigh were splashed with warm amber light, while the hollow of her throat and her belly gathered shadows. Smiling softly, he reached out and traced the light's path over her slender ankle, a slight shadow here, then the lamplight continued down to her toes... Lois moved her foot slightly in sleep, that frown-line appearing between her brows.

Invariably, though, watching wasn't enough. He hesitated only a moment before slipping out of the bathrobe and climbing onto the bed. Kal-El bent to kiss her hip, trailing one hand up and down the delicious length of her leg. Gently, slowly, he kissed and nuzzled a winding path from the curve of her hip up to her spine, and then to her shoulder.

By then he was resting slightly atop her, mirroring her position on the bed. Their bare skin seemed to grow warmer where they touched, and by the way her breath had caught, then quickened, he knew she was awake. "Lois," he whispered.

"Kal-El," she murmured back as he stroked her side, fingertips brushing the curve of her

breast.

"I want you." The words were very low, but very certain - that was as blatant as he'd been in speaking his desire for her. Just to say it made every muscle in his body tense slightly with anticipation.

Lois took a deep, shuddering breath, trembling beneath him. She rose up on one elbow slightly, tossing her hair back to look over her shoulder at him. Those hazel eyes smoldering with need, she whispered, "Then take me."

Arching her back, she lifted her hips to him suggestively, and Kal-El knew a moment of pure physical lust that briefly blotted out his perceptions of everything else. Could she possibly mean...? Beginning to blush at the image in his mind, he slid his hand down to her hip and pulled her tightly against him. The angle would be different, and every time so far she had been facing him... "Like this?" he murmured as he rocked his hips against her.

"Yes," Lois managed to gasp, and added in a voice only he could hear, "please..."

Oh, that pleading tone in her voice worked wonders on him. Kal-El could've done as she asked right then, but he wanted to savor this. The hand on her hip eased down the soft hollow at the top of her thigh and around to the front of her body, slowly enough that he felt Lois' body tense, heard her moan, before his fingers began to stroke her.

Lois whimpered, a low note of desperation in her voice, and hid her face in the crook of her arm. The way he touched her, with such certain and very carnal knowledge, made her blush - and that was not to mention how good it felt. The little part of her mind not caught up in what Kal-El was doing to her thought wonderingly, *Again? Already? Three times in the same night - my God, add super-stamina to the list of his powers. I bet he doesn't even know this is unusual. Oh, God...* And then even that last thought was gone, seared away by the sensation of him mouthing the back of her neck, his body pressed to hers along her spine.

At that, she cried out, arching her body up to him, feeling wild and wanton. Her nails raked the mattress, and she wished briefly that she'd put the fresh sheets on. Something to clench her hands in... His fingers slid deeper inside of her and she moaned aloud, hearing herself begging him for more.

He laughed, soft and wicked, his warm breath tickling the back of her neck, and teased her some more. Lois writhed beneath him, unable to stop herself from whimpering pleadingly at his touch. "You," she gasped, her breath panting, "Oh, **God**... You tease..."

"Payback, lover," Kal-El murmured, and Lois moaned again at the surety in his voice. "All those times you flashed some leg around the office ... all those times you wandered around a shared hotel room in nothing more than a nightgown ... this is payback for that, Lois." He nipped the back of her neck lightly, and she shivered as the sensation shot straight down her spine. His voice lowered, and he pressed against her seductively as he added, "Because seeing you then ... always drove me just as crazy as you are now."

She took a deep shuddering breath at that thought; all the times she'd taunted Clark, flirting with the one man who wouldn't take it as an invitation, she'd been teasing the one she really wanted. The one who now knew beyond a shadow of a doubt just how badly she wanted him. She'd known that when she discovered the truth, but it had never really been brought home to her until Kal-El got his very sweet revenge...

Thinking of all those times she'd been so close, thinking of how he'd wanted her then as much as she wanted him now, sent a delicious shock of realization through her body. Lois threw her head back, crying out brokenly, "Please ... oh my God, please, Kal-El... I love you, please ... please, I need you..."

Nuzzling her shoulder, Kal-El grinned wickedly. He couldn't let himself get too caught up in what he was doing, or it would be over too quickly. So he made himself think of something besides how much he wanted her. Interesting to note how her voice changed in response to what he was doing - low and breathy, or louder and pleading, depending on how he touched her. For a few moments he subsumed his rising passion by exploring the range of Lois' voice, taking shameless advantage of her desire.

By the time Lois had reached a high, breathless, needy tone, he couldn't wait any longer. The way she arched her body under him, grinding her hips against his pelvis, drove him to distraction. "You're still sure?" he whispered, hearing a similar huskiness in his own voice.

"Yes," Lois hissed, her voice breaking, and she bucked her hips back against him. "Now."

Feeling her shiver with pure need, Kal-El caught her hip and thrust into her forcefully. Lois gasped in a way that would've made him stop three days ago; she sounded both shocked and pained. Even now, after he'd learned just how much of his strength he could safely use, he hesitated for a fraction of an instant, just long enough to hear her nearly sob, "Yes..."

Chuckling low in his throat, he eased almost all the way out, then took her again in one easy, powerful thrust. Lois cried out, tensing around him, and whispered, "Easy..."

Kissing her shoulder, he mastered his lust and paused to ask breathlessly, "Lois? Are ... are you all right?"

Lois heard the worry lurking in his voice, and laughed softly, her voice rich with wanton hunger. Managing whole words was a struggle, every cell in her body wanting to simply give in. "No, no, I'm okay, don't stop ... oh, God, please don't stop... It's just... I've never... My God, that's so deep... I never ... not this way..."

It was difficult to think, every nerve sizzling with need, but Kal-El withdrew from her slightly, making Lois whimper at the loss. Sliding his arm under her, he rose up on his knees and brought her with him, her back pressed against his chest, her legs straddling his where he knelt on the bed. Lois let her head fall back on his shoulder and moaned, her hair spilling across his chest and down his back. Once again, the absolute ease with which he held her, his immense strength so gentle, made her heart ache with tenderness.

Holding her like this, Kal-El realized he could slide one hand up to cup her breast, rolling the stiffened nipple between his fingers. Her low, needy moan suddenly spiraled up, Lois' back arching so hard she nearly fell, her hand catching his arm for balance. Kal-El slid his other arm around her to steady her, and then a truly wicked thought occurred to him. Still inside her, already teasing her nipple, he eased the other hand down her belly...

Lois screamed in ecstasy at the intimate caress, her voice muffled behind clenched teeth, and her back arched even harder. Her other hand came up and over her shoulder, catching his hair and pulling it as she opened her thighs wider for him. "Yes," she sobbed when she could breathe again, trying to rake her nails along his arm. "Yes, Kal-El, yes, *please*..."

This was one of my better ideas, he thought, nuzzling her neck. The feeling of her as she writhed under his touch was enough to make it impossible for him to say anything other than her name, and even that was whispered brokenly. Far more profound than the mere sensation was the knowledge that this was *Lois*. Lois, the sophisticated and worldly woman; Lois of a dozen lovers - all of them experienced; Lois whose cynical views of love and sex were widely known around the office. Lois, who now offered him absolute trust, and did so not only willingly, but gladly. *Ecstatically*.

Lois tilted her face against his cheek, whimpering softly as she pressed kisses along his jaw. The expression on her face seared him with her utter abandon. Seeing - and feeling and

hearing - such an intense reaction from her, the woman he'd loved for so long, nearly made Kal-El lose control at that moment. He kissed her, holding her close while she arched against him.

So needy she was beyond even pleading, Lois could only open lidded eyes and meet his gaze with a heated stare. Caught on the knife's edge between yearning and satisfaction, she felt as though she could barely breathe, gasping with each new sensual shock.

It was too much; amazing as this was, Kal-El found it more tease than fulfillment. "Lois, I love you," he breathed against her neck, and then took them both back down onto the bed. Lying down again, he could thrust into her more fully, and Lois cried out when he did. Her nails raked the mattress and she buried her face against her arm, trying to muffle her cries. Even in such an extremity of ecstasy, his neighbors didn't have to know *exactly* what was going on...

They were both so close to the edge, breathing harshly in unison, and Kal-El knew exactly what would bring them both to the utter pinnacle of pleasure. Sliding one arm under her, he lifted her up as he had their first time together in this bed, and for a moment it was like flying...

Lois thrust back against him hard, her back arching sharply as she gasped. Hands clenched in the fabric covering the mattress, her entire body tensed with her head flung back against his shoulder. Kal-El expected her to be very loud then, but instead her gasp trailed upward into an almost agonized little cry, pleasure so great it had robbed her even of the strength to scream.

The tension in every muscle of her body bore down so tightly that it ripped away the last of his self-control, and at the moment that she collapsed, he fell from the precipice of desire into bliss. They tumbled to the bare mattress, both panting with exertion, Kal-El pressing kisses against the back of Lois' neck.

She shuddered, moaning softly in the aftermath of her climax, trying to get her breath and her mind back under control. Kal-El held her close, shifting a little to one side to make sure she was comfortable. Lois finally whispered his name, placing her hand atop his where it rested on her belly.

"Lois," he sighed in response. The tone of his voice lent a hundred meanings to those two simple syllables, most of them shadings of desire and love and gratification.

"I love you," she said in a breathless rush, then laughed softly. "Oh, my God. That was... *God*. I can't even begin to say..."

"You don't have to," he replied gently. "I know."

For several more moments they lay together, luxuriating in the intimacy and affection. Then Lois blinked and happened to notice the slightly-torn mattress in front of her. "Oh, hell," she growled. "I shredded the damn *mattress*? You gotta be kidding..." She trailed off as she examined her nails, and saw that two were broken jaggedly. That must've happened when she tried to rake her nails over invulnerable skin, and the realization made her shiver with sudden recall.

She glared over her shoulder at him, eyes still a little dazed, and declared, "So far the casualties have been a pillow, a shirt, the mattress, and now two of my nails. You are the most *expensive* distraction I've ever had."

Since all but the last were *his* property, Kal-El only laughed and kissed her. "I love you, too."