

Lighter Than Air

by Kala Lane Kent

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Rating: M

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When Lois Lane catches a glimpse of red and blue across the ballroom, her first thought is that only a charitable cause like this one could have brought him here. Superman does public appearances, but she has never seen him at a *party* before, strolling around a black-tie event in his signature cape and tights. Not a word had been said about him being here when they had interviewed the other night.

She's suddenly very conscious of herself: her dress, her hair, the fine silver bracelet and delicate drop earrings that are her only jewelry. Lois has to suppress the urge to rush off and check her reflection before allowing the motion of the crowd to bring her within his sight. She tells herself she's being a fool, that the hero has seen her in too many life-threatening circumstances for her to worry about her appearance now.

Still, when those azure eyes lock on her and he smiles, warmth blooms in her belly - and it's not from the martini. "Ms. Lane," he said, taking her hand.

"Superman," she replies lightly, her heart racing at the touch. People are looking at them jealously, and she is fiercely proud that this god among mortals has singled her out.

"It's a pleasure to see you, as always," he tells her, and he hasn't let go, his palm incredibly warm under her touch.

"The same - especially when no falling aircraft are involved," she teases slightly.

That gets an even broader smile from him, and an invitation she wasn't expecting. "Would you like to dance?"

"Certainly," Lois purrs, and now the envy of every other woman in the room is practically palpable. Too bad, this is *her* hero, and she lets him lead her out to the dance floor without a trace of the worry she feels inside. It's been years since Lois Lane was nervous over a *dance*, for crying out loud, but then, he does things to her mind and heart that she would have sworn were impossible.

They sway to the gentle strains of a waltz, his eyes locked on hers, and though Lois remembers talking softly with him, afterward she can't recall a word of it. Another conversation was being conducted without words, one where his warm look causes her to shift her hand on his shoulder slightly, and he replies by letting his palm against her back slide down a little further to her waist.

Dancing close, so absorbed in his eyes that when he shifts his grip on her she barely notices it. It's all part of the flow of the dance, no words necessary now, and when she misses her footing Lois almost doesn't notice it.

But the ground isn't where it should be, and it takes Lois a single frantic instant to realize

she's not about to fall flat on her face in front of her idol. He chuckles under his breath as they rise into the air, turning gently in time to the music. She can't help smiling; no wonder she has so little time for other men, when he can literally dance on air - and chooses to dance with her. Now it's her turn to laugh, exhilarated at this knowledge.

At some point they are no longer merely dancing above the ballroom floor, but rising steadily, spiraling up toward the sky. Lois' trust in him is perfect, and she doesn't even look down as they soar upward, far above the city below. Whatever his reasons for this flight, she's merely glad to be with him, the only person he trusts and honors with purely recreational flight.

Somewhere below them Metropolis is sparkling like a fistful of diamonds flung across jeweler's velvet, but Lois has eyes only for him. He holds her close, so very close, and the expression of indulgent fondness on his face changes to something else, something she always hoped to see but never dared expect. In the instant before he leans in to kiss her, her heart swells with such joy that she thinks she could die at this moment and be fulfilled.

His lips are warm against hers, but she feels even warmer as he presses her close. Lois melds herself against him, twining one leg around his hip as they deepen the kiss. At last, here is the incontrovertible proof that his feelings for her are as strong as hers are for him.

High above the clouds, there's no need to speak; their lips are preoccupied with an older, more primal communication. She doesn't have to tell him *yes* when his fingers hesitate on the zipper on the back of her dress. Her arms around his shoulders, her mouth open to his, and her hips arching intently, tell him everything. Soon the dress is gone, his uniform as well, and he is more perfect than she could ever have imagined.

Skin to skin, passion burns brighter than the sun, and Lois is completely enraptured by him, trembling at the slightest touch. Oh yes, this is exactly what she wants and needs...

...until he asks her softly, "Ms. Lane? Are you all right? You're shivering. "

Eyes wide and startled, Lois slams back into awareness and out of her naughty daydream. "Oh, no, I'm fine. Just a chill," she replies, trying to suppress the images still flitting across her mind. He smiles, and the song is winding down.

One thing was true: they are, in fact, dancing in midair.