

Kryptonian Kama Sutra

by JJ-the elusive

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Rating: T

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A year ago he'd only dreamed of scenarios like this. Back then, he was two different people, hiding from the woman he loved in both guises. His son had figured it out early on, and would always ask why Mommy didn't know that he was also Superman. He felt guilty, though there was no lie to it when he would say that she would find out in time. How much time? There wasn't just Lois' safety and well-being to consider now. If he had a life with his son and Lois, he'd be putting two of the most precious beings on Earth in possible jeopardy. But was it fair to them? He would often say that he was "always around" with a friendly smile and fly off. And he was. Clark was always with Lois and Jason in the Bullpen, always flying by to see if they were alright in Lois' new apartment.

So when he and Lois found themselves gravitating towards each other after months of once again being an investigative team, he was reminded of something. The last (and first) time he and Lois were together, he remembered something she had said as he held her tightly to him.

Her heartbeat reverberated in his ears. A stable rhythm coupled with her steady breathing indicated that she was asleep. He took a deep breath and sighed, watching Lois' head move up and down on his chest as he did so. Her steady breathing changed and she stirred in his arms, tightening her hold on his torso with her arm.

"What's wrong, Clark?"

He smiled and ran a hand through her hair, enjoying the feeling of the curls slightly knotting against his knuckles.

"Our life together...it'll be..difficult."

With an exasperated sigh, Lois suddenly sat up, the silvery sheets of the bed falling around her.

"Of course it will be! Don't you think I know that?"

"I just," his voice lowered as his self-esteem did, "I don't want to have things be so difficult that you'll second guess our decision."

"Like you are now?"

He locked eyes with hers. She had a point.

"Clark," her voice was soft as she cupped his cheek with her small hand, "nothing worth having is ever easy."

It was simple as that. An age old idea, seemingly new to his ears. Life with Jason and Lois wouldn't be easy, but they were his to protect and simply not being with them was the worst idea of them all. He had told her the truth not long after they had begun dating, and

though things had gotten rocky from there, he'd reminded her of what she had said. She hadn't forgiven him overnight for what he had done...leaving her alone and pregnant without even the smallest of goodbyes, after having taken her memories of their time together. But now it was all behind them, and they were finally, truly together as they should have been.

"Hello? Earth to Clark! You're actually on Earth this time and I still need to raise my voice to get your attention!"

He shook his head a little, breaking himself out of his reverie of past events. Ah that's right, he was holding Lois closely, a reoccurring event in his life much to his delight. In fact, he was the second closest he could be to her as he was currently spooning her small frame from behind as they lay on the couch. He had come back early to their apartment after he had found the world relatively quiet while flying rounds. Clark had found his wife lying on the couch and watching the news while half awake. Not wanting to spoil the moment, he'd slipped off his boots and cape, and then floated over to the couch to fit himself in behind her and against the back of the couch.

"Sorry Lo, just...reminiscing." He reached up and slowly traced a finger up and down the soft curve of her neck, making her gasp quietly in response.

For the two of them, it was the simplest of touches and caresses that made their hearts beat wildly and their breathing shallow. The sense of touch was not only a common bond between them, but the sense of sight. Little glances here and there, looks that would steal Clark's breath away and make Lois blush in an uncharacteristic Mad Dog Lane moment. Today was no different, as Lois was always so damn beautiful to him. She could be wearing a burlap sack for all he cared and he'd find her just as sexy as she looked in his arms now.

The summer was hot as expected this year and even 38 stories up, their apartment wasn't exactly as cool as Lois wanted it. Thus, she wore a simple silk peach-colored nightie that when not bunched around her waist as it was from her lying down, came down a little bit above her knees. Of course this provocative image would not exist at the moment if their son was home, but as it was the weekend, he was spending it with his Grandma Ella and his cousins.

There was a hint of amusement in her voice, and she moved her head to look at him over her shoulder.

"Reminiscing about?"

He smiled softly. "What life was like without you."

With a laugh she turned back to face forward though her body snuggled a little closer back into his embrace.

"Oh stop Smallville, you're going to make me blush."

"Too late." He answered softly as he began to place gentle, almost imperceptible kisses along her neck. Once again he heard her breath hitch and listened to her heart as it began to beat at a more rapid pace. She let out a soft sigh as he slid his free hand in front of her body, drawing a path from between her breasts to just below her navel with his warm fingertips. He brought his hand back up to lay his palm flat against her fluttering heart, and a moment later she placed a hand over his, keeping it in place.

"Lois." His voice was a whisper against the shell of her ear. "I love you."

"I know." She breathed as she slightly rocked her hips backwards against his growing arousal, eliciting a low grunt in response from him.

He felt much more restricted than usual when it came to situations like these, which was due to the fact that he was still wearing the uniform. Oh well. For the time being, it would make things a little more...interesting. Slightly pushing her away, he slid his legs forward and

locked her lower body between his powerful thighs, one leg under her hip, the other resting lightly above her other. She let out a low laugh as he ground himself against her bottom, now once again pressed tightly against his body.

Her voice was low and slightly out of breath as she reached over and ran a hand against his blue cloth-covered thigh.

"You're a bit...eager tonight, aren't you?"

Busy gently suckling her earlobe, Clark stopped to reply with a grin.

"Am I ever not eager?"

"W-well, I mean..." Her sultry tone was gone as her mind raced to think of a plausible answer. "I mean you're more..."

"Lois?" He bent his head over hers as she turned her face to him, catching her lips with his.

"Hmm?"

"Shhh."

She moaned softly into their sudden, deep kiss and was gasping for air soon after. He never ceased to take her breath away in different ways, and this was one of them. Lois tried to spin around so that she could face him, but the brace of his thighs and his arm around her waist kept her in place. Though she was still squirming against him to move, she found this particular dilemma to be curiously entralling, and was enjoying the feel of his body around and against her - hard and warm. But that combined with the fact that their air conditioning wasn't top notch meant she was starting to sweat from the heat. She could feel the silk of her nightie begin to stick to her skin: between her breasts, along her back and bottom. Clark seemed to sense this and began to gently slip the spaghetti straps down her shoulders. Using his hands to peel the silk off, then his legs to pull it off her body completely he immediately set to the task of covering her shoulder, neck and jaw with light, open kisses...as a distraction for what he wanted to do to her next.

He heard her exhale sharply as he put a hand between her legs, firmly feeling the warm evidence of her arousal through her soaked panties. He then brought it upwards to latch onto her breast, gently rolling her nipple between his forefinger and thumb. By now she was undulating against him, and his arousal was getting much too great to keep confining. He first solved Lois' clothing problem with a single light tug, ripping her panties off her body completely.

"Clark." She laughed a little at what he'd done. A perfectly good pair she'd gotten at Victoria's Secret, ruined. Oh well. "You didn't have to do that, I could have-"

Again he gently shushed her as his hand slid down between her thighs and lightly stroked her engorged lips, making her gasp from the contact. The gasp quickly turned to a moan as his finger slid up to find the sensitive nub of her clit and worked at rapidly. She bucked her hips against his hand, mimicking what they both obviously wanted. Of course as she moved her hips, they also pushed back against his and he couldn't resist joining her in rhythm with her thrusts. He had to get out of the suit. Now. For a split second Lois pushed her hips against nothing as he flew up from behind her, spun out of his suit and laid back down behind her. Now their legs were parallel to each other, but his grip on her was still strong as he held her body to close to his with both arms. He heard her heart rate increase even more as his arousal poked against her back, then between her buttocks as he slid down the couch and spooned his body against her again.

She cried out when his hand found the moisture between her thighs for a third time as he

slipped two fingers deep into her. His thumb rubbed at her clit as his fingers stroked her from the inside, working faster and faster at all the right places. With a shaky hand she reached behind her and stroked his manhood before encircling the base of him with a thumb and forefinger, making him stifle his voice against the nape of her neck. Suddenly his hand stopped between her legs and he brought it out, making her gasp loudly from the loss of contact. Lois let go of him and tried to grab his hand to bring it back between her legs but instead his hand fell on the inner part of her thigh that wasn't against the couch.

Clark slipped his body a bit further down the couch and then lifted her thigh up away from her body. Making sure her knee was bent and that he had a firm but not uncomfortable grip on her thigh, he slowly slid up into the moist warmth of her. Her voice faltered as she called out while she squirmed aggressively against him, and quickly her hands flew back behind his head, latching into his hair tightly. Her husband groaned against her shoulder and she felt him pull her even closer to him. He laughed quietly as he pulled himself almost completely out of her, the tip of him remaining.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No. Clark..." Her voice went up in pitch as she began to push against him, making him slide back into her fast. God... this all felt so right. She felt so right moving with him at a fast pace, her body tightening around him as he pushed himself into her over and over.

Lois was totally surrounded by him: he was against her back, breathing harshly against her neck, and she felt him, long and slightly wide entering her body repeatedly. She had no words to describe the feeling - sheer bliss was not a sufficient term. Heaven? Completion. Never had she felt so complete in her life before she'd met Clark. Somehow, she gained the upper hand when his hand let go of her thigh, allowing her to lower it. She let go of his hair and pressed against his shoulders with her elbows, and he quickly moved them so that he lay with the couch at his back and his wife above him. Immediately she sat up while he remained down, so that she was straddling but not facing him and she leaned backwards on her hands. The angle was incredible, she pushed backwards onto him while he pushed up into her- so sharp, so deep...they'd never done this position before, but she was sure it'd become one of her favorites.

His large hands were tight on her small frame, helping her move tightly against him. Bringing her torso up, she leaned forward and took hold of Clark's thighs. They were both so close to climaxing, their thrusts getting even more urgent and she wanted to feel the sensation of him as much as she could at different angles. Soon she felt her muscles spasm as the slowly growing tightness in her body began to undo itself. His hands at her hips were all that was keeping her from collapsing as he thrust into her one last time before he trembled violently below her, he too in the throes of release. They both cried out as one as they came together. Both spent, he gently lifted her off him and laid her down against him, so that she lay with her back against his chest. She felt her body move up and down from his chest as he struggled to gain his breath below her. Her own heart was beating almost painfully against her ribcage and her hand found its way to her chest, feeling the rapid thud against her hand.

Over their breathing, she could hear the TV next to them. It was one of those annoying late night gossip shows about movie stars and other celebrities.

"Next, we talk about the Man of Steel."

Apparently, Clark was a celebrity. Sort of. The woman giggled before she went on.

"Every girl wants to know about the mysterious and absolutely gorgeous man from the stars. And all we can do mostly guess. Many of our viewers say he'd be a real gentleman in bed, while some say he'd go wild, especially with all those different abilities of his! We now

ask our viewers, what do you think his favorite sexual position is?"

Clark groaned.

"That one."