

What Lois Wants

It was finally happening. Lois finally had Clark right where she wanted him. To be more specific, she had him on the couch in her freshly cleaned apartment (or as close to freshly cleaned as she could get things, anyway), and she was sitting on his lap and kissing him properly, the way she'd wanted to kiss him for what felt like way too damn long now. They'd had their difficulties in reaching this point, what with her obsession with uncovering Superman's identity, learning that the incredibly sweet (and incredibly buff) guy she'd been working with *was* Superman, and feeling hurt and lied to.

Even after they'd gotten all of that out in the open and they went back to being coworkers and friends who had it bad for each other, it had still taken longer than Lois would have liked for her to get him in this position. Part of that was the busy lives they led. Him especially; Superman didn't really take a day off. When they tried to make plans to have a night for themselves, it was like fate conspired to throw some emergency in his lap that caused him to throw on that cape and fly to the rescue, while Lois had to find outlets to deal with her arousal that didn't involve finally seeing what her boyfriend looked like without the Superman suit *or* the dress shirts and ties of Clark Kent. Her vibrators had been getting frequent use these days, and every time she turned them on, she closed her eyes and imagined that it was Clark making her purr instead.

Maybe fate had finally decided to throw them both a bone though, because the night had been blissfully free of interruptions or emergencies that needed some super response. They'd been able to have dinner and drinks, and now they'd made it back to her apartment and her couch. Well, he'd made it to her couch, and she'd made it onto his lap. She was pretty sure he liked that seating arrangement as much as she did. He was sure as heck groaning against her lips happily enough while she sat on him and kissed him. His massive hands rested on her back, and she loved feeling them there. She would love it even more if he would slide them underneath her shirt to stroke her bare skin, or better yet, if he would just rip the shirt over her head, pull the rest of her clothes off and use that unbelievable strength to manhandle her and make her his. There was no doubt that he had the strength to do so. Hell, he'd broken the door handle of the diner the first time she ever met him, and that casual, accidental display of his strength hadn't even scratched the surface of what Clark Kent could do. Lois knew that if he wanted to, he could fuck her like she'd never been fucked before.

It didn't seem likely that he would ever do that on his own, though. For a guy with strength enough to set the military after him, he was surprisingly passive in a lot of ways. It had been Lois who led the way on pretty much every step they'd taken as far as their relationship was concerned, particularly when it came to the physical stuff. His hands wouldn't even be on her back through her shirt right now if she hadn't put them there, and he definitely wouldn't have pulled her down onto his lap like this.

He wouldn't have even dreamed of grabbing her hips and dragging her back and forth against his lap, which meant that it was up to Lois to straddle his lap and grind against him. She could feel his dick stiffen against her, and it was her turn to groan as she felt his erection poking against her. She hadn't actually seen it or touched it yet, and this was as close as she'd ever gotten to Clark's dick. Based on what she could feel beneath her right now, it felt safe to assume that her boyfriend's prick was as impressive as the rest of his body. Fuck, she wanted this! She needed this!

But how should she go about it? Clark would do whatever she wanted, and she knew that. It was sweet and frustrating at the same time, but she could use it to her advantage now. She had him right where she

wanted, groaning into her mouth and getting hard as she dry humped him on her couch. Her luck was holding out as far as interruptions or situations that required Superman's attention, but she knew better than to trust that this good fortune would last indefinitely. She had an opening here, a chance to do the things she'd spent months dreaming about doing with her handsome, hunky nerd of a boyfriend who had a heart of gold and the body of...well, the body of fucking *Superman*. What was she going to do with the chance she had in front of her?

She could certainly keep leading the way, like she had been all night. She could have her fun with Clark, maybe delight in showing him what she could do with her mouth for a bit before she climbed on top of him again, this time without any damn clothes in the way. She could take *him* on a ride for a change, and it would be far better than any ride she'd ever had in his arms while he flew through the air.

On the other hand, maybe she could use her power in a different way. Clark was always passive and willing to let her kiss him, touch him and hump him however she liked. But what if she encouraged him to be more proactive? Maybe she could tell him that she wanted him to use some of that super strength of his to make her eyes roll back into her head? If he knew that it was what she wanted, maybe he'd stop sitting back and start taking charge.

Lois broke the kiss and leaned back to look at him. His glasses were askew, his hair was out of place thanks to her hands grabbing it as she kissed him, and he was breathing heavily as he stared at her. She knew he was up for more, and ready to do whatever she wanted. Superman was off duty, at least for the moment. Lois' sex toys were going to get a night off, and she was going to see more of Clark than she ever had before. The only question was what side of him she wanted to explore tonight.

Something in the dazed look on Clark's face as he stared at her helped seal Lois' decision. Trying to coax that super strength out of him could have been fun, but tonight, she wanted to keep seeing that look. She wanted him to look dazed and overwhelmed the entire night, and she wanted to be the cause for it all.

"I'm going to have so much fun with you tonight," she said, giving him a kiss under his chin that made him gasp.

"Lois," he whispered shakily. She loved the way that her name sounded coming out of his mouth when she was kissing under his chin, and then down his neck. Lois toyed with pulling his shirt off so she could get her hands and lips all over his chest. But she had a feeling that she was going to get sidetracked with worshiping his muscles once she got his shirt out of the way, and this wasn't the time for that. She might squeeze in some muscle appreciation later, if time permitted. But time had not been kind to all of her previous attempts to get intimate with her boyfriend, so Lois was going to concentrate on more important things here and now.

She left his shirt alone and slid down his body instead, content with copping a feel of his hard muscles through the fabric of his clothing as she maneuvered herself down onto her knees on the floor. Clark had already been watching her closely, but those gorgeous blue eyes went as wide as saucers when her right hand brushed against his groin through his pants. Clark seemed adorably shy and innocent in many ways, but he clearly at least knew enough to put two and two together and understand what she had in mind as she got down on her knees and started rubbing his dick.

“Lois?” There was that shaky way he said her name again. Shit, she was going to get hooked on listening to that if this kept up!

“You just sit back and relax, Smallville,” she said, grinning up at him confidently while her hand moved to his zipper. “I’m gonna take *real* good care of you.” She kept her eyes on his as she undid the zipper slowly and tugged his pants down to his ankles, but she had to look down once it was time for her to get rid of his underwear. She needed to see for herself if that thing was actually as impressive as it had felt underneath her while she was sitting in his lap.

“Here we go, big guy,” she said, licking her lips in anticipation as she pulled his underwear down. And then his cock bounced free of its cloth prison, and it was Lois’ turn to gasp and stare in shock. Everything she’d felt had given her reason to hope that Clark was well-endowed, but the dick that had just been revealed went way fucking beyond that. Lois held up her arm right next to his cock to get a frame of reference for his thickness, and the comparison only made her eyes go wider. If she were a virgin, she might have legitimately worried about this thing fitting inside of her.

“Uh, Lois? Something wrong?” Lois finally tore her eyes away from Clark’s dick to look up at his face, and the hesitant, slightly worried look she saw there made her laugh out loud.

“No, definitely not,” she said. “I’m just thinking that I don’t really have any right to call you *Smallville* anymore after seeing this thing for the first time.” Clark blushed and looked away, and it made her laugh again. Most guys would be brimming with macho pride after hearing a girl gush over how big their dicks are, but she supposed Clark was too shy for that kind of thing. Or maybe it was just that he was too busy flying around Metropolis, beating up bad guys and pulling kids out of harm’s way to hold up his dick size as any sort of measuring stick of manhood.

She was glad he didn’t have the arrogance that his size, strength and deeds might have instilled in many who’d been given his powers. The fact that he had a good heart and a desire to use his powers to do the right thing was what made him worthy of being Superman, and Lois was so glad that he was who he was. She never would have fallen in love with Superman if he was some arrogant asshole, no matter how muscular he was or how big a dick he had beneath that suit. It was Clark Kent that she loved, and she wanted to show him just how much. The body and the dick size was just a bonus.

Lois grabbed his cock in both hands, and Clark groaned right away. She grinned and gave him a little squeeze. No matter how big he was, she was still in control here.

“You’re bigger than anything I’ve ever seen, much less sucked on,” she said while staring up at him and slowly stroking his dick with both hands. “But I’m still going to make you feel really good. So just sit back and enjoy it, big guy.” She stuck her tongue out and gave him a slow lick around his cockhead.

“Oh, Lois!” he gasped. Her face lit up. Damn, she really did have all the power here! This was a dick that could have had her gagging and crying if he was the type of guy to grab her head and thrust it down her throat. But if he was reacting this strongly before she’d even taken him into her mouth, she was going to be able to make quick work of him.

It was not feasible for her to think that she could even come close to deepthroating his cock tonight, and she wasn’t going to try. Maybe that was something she could try to gradually build towards for the future, but if she ever did manage to take him down her throat, that was for later. Aside from her definite inability to swallow that much cock, considering she was pretty sure he was literally like twice

the size of the few cocks she'd sucked before, there was something else to keep in mind too. With as responsive as Clark was, she might make him cum faster than she wanted him to if she wasn't careful.

She kept things simple at first, just wrapping her lips around his tip and lightly sucking while her hands slowly slid up and down the base. Clark was groaning and clenching his hands into fists on the couch even from that, so it was predictable that his groans only got needier when she lowered her head a bit to bob on the first few inches of him. She'd never blown a guy who was this responsive, and she loved it.

It wasn't just his groans that she loved. She could have stayed up there on the couch and stretched out horizontally to suck him, but she'd gotten down on the floor so she could look up at him while she blew him. She wanted to see the look on his handsome face as she sucked his cock for the first time, and Clark more than validated that decision with how he reacted to every little bob, suck and stroke. She'd never felt like such a sexual being as she did now, making her boyfriend groan and hold onto the arm of the couch with her slow head bobs.

It made her want to do even more. She still wasn't feeling reckless enough to try and stretch wide enough and bob far enough down to swallow more than about half of his cock, but she did move her head a bit faster on him. Clark's eyes closed, and he held onto the arm of the couch so rigidly that she legitimately worried that he might rip the fucking thing right off. Taking matters into her own hands, she reached up to grab his arms by the wrist and guided his hands into place on top of her head.

His eyes opened and looked down at her face, and it was a surprisingly tender and intimate moment. Lois had never felt romance swirling around in her belly like this while her lips were stretched wide around a cock, but she knew that was because no one had ever meant as much to her as Clark did. She loved this man dearly, whether he was working beside her in the office or flying around Metropolis playing the hero. Apparently she would get that same pleasant feeling in her stomach every time she saw those big blue eyes looking into hers whether he was holding her in his arms and flying through the air, or he was sitting on her couch and half of his cock was crammed into her mouth.

She pulled him out of her mouth, but not because she needed a break. He exhaled as her mouth pulled off of him, but then she started focusing on his sensitive head with quick licks and kisses. Her hands stopped stroking his shaft and instead dropped down to cup and play with his balls.

"Oh, Lois!" Clark moaned. She took his tip back between her lips and sucked on it hard, and his hands moved around her head restlessly. It felt like he was trying to find something to hold onto, and was coming up short.

It felt like he wouldn't be able to take much more of this, and it was up to her to decide what to do about that. Should she throw him the lifeline he was looking for, stop sucking his cock and take this to the next level while she was still sure she had time, even if that meant that they started having sex while he was only hanging on by a thread already? Or should she keep going, finish him off with her mouth and trust that both time and her boyfriend's resilience would be on her side, and that she would still have him inside of her before the night was through?

Lois knew that she was tempting fate by not immediately hopping to her feet, stripping out of her clothes and helping herself to Clark's cock while he was there on her couch and no one in Metropolis was calling for Superman's aid. But looking up into Clark's eyes while she stayed down on her knees and sucked him made her want to finish him like this too badly for her to make her body move up off of the floor of her apartment. Sex with him was bound to feel amazing, and she still held out hope that

there would be enough time for her to find out and go all the way with him before tonight's date was finished. But first, she wanted to see the look on her handsome boyfriend's face when she pushed him beyond his limits with her mouth. She *needed* to make him cum, and to see how he reacted to watching her swallow it all.

"Lois!" Clark groaned as she bobbed on his cock with renewed purpose and energy. Now that she had made her decision to take a chance and finish him off rather than fucking him right away, she threw everything she had behind her blowjob. It wasn't just with her mouth, either. She gave him a loud, messy blowjob, and her lips twisting and sucking at his thick meat were joined by her small hands gripping the base of his dick and stroking everything that she couldn't fit inside of her mouth. One day, she would take her chances on trying to take this massive dick all the way down her throat. But for now, mixing a sloppy blowjob with a bit of two-handed stroking was going to do the trick just fine.

It wasn't as if Clark wasn't having the time of his life. She could have blown his mind if she'd deepthroated him, but it was pretty damn clear that she was already blowing his mind as it was. Though Lois hadn't gotten any action or had anyone in her bed (or on her couch) in a long time, she was glad to see that her oral game hadn't suffered during her dry spell. She was managing to make Clark groan and hold on tight to the arm of her couch while sucking and stroking that massive dick, and it filled her with pride. However strong her boyfriend was, and as humongous as his cock happened to be, she was still capable of bringing him to his knees, metaphorically speaking.

"Lois!" Clark's eyes had opened and closed more than once in the last couple of minutes, and he looked desperate as they made eye contact again now. "It's—I won't be able to last!"

That's the whole point, Clark. She might have said as much to him if she wasn't so busy sucking his cock, but he would get the point soon enough either way. Lois loved the desperation she could see on Clark's handsome face as she sucked him and jerked him closer to losing it. She loved seeing the visible signs of him struggling, and it was going to be a delight when she made him lose that struggle and surrender inside of her mouth. Getting down on her knees and making this handsome, powerful man bow to her will and her skill had Lois feeling pretty fucking amazing, and she couldn't wait to finish the job.

She stared up at him while sucking him, making it crystal clear that she understood what was happening and welcomed it. Clark's eyes widened as he looked down at her and realized that she was not about to pull her mouth off of him, and then those eyes squeezed shut once again as the pleasure of her sloppy blowjob refused to let go of him. Lois kept her lips moving up and down his cock, and she moved her tongue against him as well, all while her hands pumped at the base.

It had been several minutes since she'd touched his balls, primarily because she'd seen how strong his reaction had been before. Her fun would have come to an end too quickly if she'd kept playing with Clark's balls, but now that he was on the verge of losing it anyway, she helped herself. Her left hand continued to stroke the base of his cock, but her right hand went lower down so her fingers could tickle the underside of his balls.

"Lois!" Like tickling his balls had been the final puzzle piece being put into place, Clark was finished. His back stiffened against the couch behind him, and he threw his head back in mindless pleasure. Lois kept her eyes focused upwards, delighting in what Clark was showing her. This big, powerful hero was helpless before her, unable to control his body's reactions to the pleasure that his tiny girlfriend could bring him with his cock in her mouth and her fingers tickling his balls. He looked down at her as he

came, but she wasn't sure if he was actually *seeing* her. That was okay. She didn't need him to. If her blowjob made him feel so good that he only saw stars when he was looking down at her, that was more than fine by Lois.

Though Lois felt powerful for making Clark fall apart on her couch like this, she had to respect the strength of his orgasm itself. It wasn't just Clark's muscles or his cock that were large; he produced a super amount of cum as well. Lois had already decided that she wanted to keep all of his cum in her mouth and then swallow it at the end, but the volume of it made that goal easier said than done. She resolutely kept his cockhead in her mouth, and her cheeks bulged as the semen continued to spurt out of him. It nearly reached a tipping point for her, but she managed to hold on until the flow of cum at last dried up. Clark's body relaxed on her couch, and Lois slowly pulled her mouth off of his cock, careful not to spill any of his cum.

At first, Clark didn't look at her. His eyes were still closed, and his head was still resting against the couch behind him as he recovered from his pleasure. Lois' eyes narrowed. She needed him to look at her for her plan to have the desired impact, but it wasn't like she could tell him to look at her. With no other alternative, she poked his leg with her finger.

"Huh?" Clark mumbled. "What is it?" He opened his eyes and looked down at Lois. It took a few seconds for him to see her bulging cheeks and realize what they represented, but she knew that he'd caught on when his eyes widened and his mouth opened slightly. Lois gave herself the mental equivalent of a fist pump, and knowing that she had his full attention now, she swallowed her mouthful of semen. She made sure to gulp audibly as she swallowed, and Clark's mouth remained partially open. He glanced down at her throat, which bobbed more than once as she swallowed the entirety of his massive load.

"My God," he whispered, shaking his head and looking down at her. Lois grinned and wiped at her lips with the back of her hand. It didn't accomplish much and didn't do anything for all of the saliva she'd gotten on her chin and cheeks during her sloppy blowjob. That was okay. She didn't mind getting a little messy for this.

"That was fun!" she said. "But now we're going to have to figure out how to get you hard again quickly. It's only a matter of time before Metropolis needs Superman, but before that, *I* need your cock inside of me."