

Magnificent

by Dandelio (AKA Librarian)

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Rating: MA

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Eight o'clock, your place - a friend.

That's that the note she'd found in her notepad during the morning's meeting said.

Eight o'clock, your place - a friend.

There was only one person in the world the note could have been from but for the life of her, Lois Lane couldn't figure out how he had gotten it to her in the press of reporters in the conference room. Maybe invisibility was one of those fantastic abilities he had. Maybe, someday, she'd find out more about them, about him.

She checked her reflection one more time. The blue dress she'd chosen looked just right - slinky, but not too slinky. She had a decent figure although she knew she could use a few additional pounds to round out a few places - her hips were on the boyish side and her breasts weren't anything to write Penthouse about.

The table on the patio was laid out with a fruit and cheese plate. She had no idea what he might want to eat, or even if he ate, but she felt fairly certain that fruit, cheese and wine would be okay.

The wall clock ticked over to seven. There was no knock on the door. She poured herself a glass of wine and sat down to wait. After a few minutes, she lit a cigarette. After all, it worked in restaurants - light up and your food arrived.

It didn't fail this time either. "Good evening, Miss Lane," a voice said from the far side of the penthouse patio. *He* was standing on the parapet in all his brightly clad glory. "I'm sorry. Were you just about to go out?"

Flustered, Lois found herself floundering for words. *He's here. He's really here.* "Ah... no... no! Why ever would you... Oh. This old thing..." She waved her hand to indicate her dress.

"It's no trouble for me to come back later." He began to turn as if to leave.

"You just stay right where you are! Please! Don't move! Or move, if you want, but don't fly away."

He hopped down to the terrace and she ran inside her apartment to her desk to grab and pad and pencil. *He's here. He's really here.*

"Sorry to just... drop in on you like this, Miss Lane, but I realize there must be many questions about me the world would like the answers to..." he was saying. "So it's become important for me to have very close relations with the press."

He was honest and considerate and he had the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. His smile... his smile was meant for Hollywood - perfect teeth, perfect lips. Lips she wanted to taste. He was

sitting across from her at the terrace table, one ankle on the opposite knee. His costume left little to the imagination and even the heavier fabric of the red briefs did little to disguise the fact that he was very obviously male.

"And I take it the rest of your bodily functions are what we'd consider... normal?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?" He seemed puzzled, or maybe surprised by her question. She found herself embarrassed at the thought he might realize what she really meant.

"Well - putting it delicately - do you eat?"

He seemed to relax a little. "When I'm hungry," he answered with a little smile. She was afraid to ask what he might be hungry for.

He took her flying around the city. They were supposed to be timing his flight but neither of them bothered to bring a stopwatch. She was too enamored of the beautiful being that had his arms around her. A being that could fly like an angel.

She hoped he hadn't noticed how wet her panties had become. She hope he hadn't noticed exactly how turned on she was at simply having him near.

Clark was waiting outside her apartment door when *he* brought her home, pushing off from the terrace with a "Well, so long then..."

The rest of the night was a blur and later her dreams were haunted by visions of a man who could fly. A man who lusted after her as much as she did him. She felt his lips burning hers with desire, tracing fire down her neck to her breasts and then below, to her secret places. He explored her body with eyes and tongue and fingers.

She felt no embarrassment standing naked before him. She saw the appreciation in his eyes, in his smile. He was on his knees before her, licking her, sucking her, playing with her with fingers that were like flesh clad steel, incredibly gentle yet incredibly strong.

She felt her climax building yet he wasn't done with her. He laid her on her bed, parting her thighs. The blue and red costume disappeared off his body, allowing her to see what no woman had ever seen. *Him*, in all his glory. He was perfectly proportioned for his height, his shaft long and proud, his balls distinct and heavy. His blue eyes were dark with longing.

She smiled at him, inviting him to enter her, to join with her in the ancient dance. He obliged, sliding into her, filling her hidden recesses. His thrusts were slow and gentle at first, as though he wasn't sure of his own strength, or hers. She arched her back, bringing him in deeper, her pussy mouth grabbing at him, not wanting to let him go.

His thrusts became stronger and surer as he gained confidence in himself and in her. She wrapped her legs around him, her hands clutching the bed sheets. She lost herself in a haze of unearthly pleasure.

He was hers and he was magnificent.

"No, don't go," she cried as the raucous sound of an alarm clock filled the air. She opened her eyes, feeling the pulses of orgasm fading with the morning light. Her bed was damp with sweat and the top sheet and blanket had been kicked down to the end of her bed. Her nightgown was up around her neck and her panties were somewhere tangled in the sheets.

Her vagina felt empty, as if it missed being filled by her dream lover, a lover she didn't even know the name of.

Clark Kent stood at his bedroom window staring at the sunrise. He'd woken up after one of the most erotic dreams he'd ever had. He could still feel the touch of her lips on his, the muscles of her pussy as they clamped down on his cock. He was getting embarrassingly hard

again just remembering the dream.

It had starred his office-mate, Lois Lane, in a role he wasn't sure she'd appreciate if she knew about it. Clark wasn't sure if he believed in love at first sight, at least until he met *her*. She was beautiful, brilliant, obstinate, unpredictable. And she didn't notice him at all. His alter-ego, on the other hand, was all she'd been able to talk about over their dinner last night. He had smelled the arousal on her when they went flying together.

He didn't often remember his dreams, but this one seemed to be the exception. He was in the blue and red suit. She was standing naked before him. Her breasts weren't overly large - he could have easily cupped one in a single hand. Her hips were a little boney. But none of that mattered. She was smiling invitingly at him.

He kissed her, running his lips down her chest, pausing to nibble on her nipples - they were hard as pebbles. Then he was down on his knees in front of her, kissing her belly and working his way down to the brown curls that shielded her secret places. He kissed her there, exploring her slit with his fingers. He tried to be gentle but still she shivered. She smiled at him encouragingly. He laid her on the bed. In the dream he shed the suit at super speed.

He made love to her and it was unlike anything he had experience before, anything he had even imagined. Jor-El had warned him against forming an attachment to a single human, but Clark was unable to help himself.

He wanted her in a way he had never wanted anything else. She was magnificent.

The world spun on. Lois dreamed of Superman at least once a week - dreamed that he was making love to her. She woke up, wishing the dreams had been more than just a fantasy.

Then something clicked. Clark had been standing with Jimmy, arms crossed over his chest, nodding as he listened. But there was something uncannily familiar about Clark's stance, his expression as he solemnly regarded his co-worker. Suddenly it was Clark's hands that had caressed her in her dreams, Clark's mouth that had kissed her in all those intimate places. Clark's voice that cried out her name when he came inside her.

Perry White sent her and Clark on an undercover assignment to Niagara Falls. He'd heard reports that some of the hotels were bilking newlyweds out of thousands of dollars when they came to visit. Clark protested against the assignment. Lois decided to make the best of it - if Clark really was the super lover from her dreams, it would be best to draw him out somewhere private.

In the hotel room, she watched her co-worker's reflection in the dressing table mirror. He was seated on the bed, looking nervous. "Stand up, Clark," she ordered.

"Stand up?"

"Just for fun," she assured him.

Obediently, he stood up, tugging at his bow tie as if it was tightening around his neck. He watched her as she watched him.

"Look at yourself," she said. "Potentially, this handsome, aggressive, dynamite guy capable of anything he wants to do. It's not my fault, Clark - you run *yourself* down."

"How?" he asked her in a small voice.

"Well, in the first place you slouch. Stand up straight for once. Go ahead."

He straightened up. When he stood tall there was no mistaking the resemblance between him and Superman. They had the same eyes, the same hair, the same slight cleft in the chin. It was the mannerisms and clothes that separated them. Clark wore out of fashion off the rack suits that needed tailoring and hid everything. Superman wore a costume that hid almost

nothing.

"Good. Now find yourself a jacket with more than one vent," she ordered. "Shoes that don't lace up. A shirt with some color or a pattern."

"All right, all right, Lois, you've made your point. I know where this is all leading, and I'm sorry but no matter how hard I try, I'll never be... *him*."

Lois just watched Clark's reflection in the mirror. "Him who?" she asked innocently.

"Who else?" he came back. "Superman... I can't help the fact you seem to think you love him. That's just something I've got to live with. But darn it, Lois, it's enough now. Maybe I just can't stand the competition anymore."

"And maybe you've just been the competition all along," she stated cryptically.

"Lois, I've never been particularly good at riddles..."

"Then let me give you an easy one," she said. "Why, with thousands of children falling off something lethal somewhere else in the world, why would Superman appear here - at Niagara Falls - today? Why not the Grand Canyon?"

"Why don't you ask the child's family? I'm sure they'd..."

"And why is it always when I'm with you?" she said, interrupting him. "Right up to the moment, of course, when Superman appears... You're never there, are you? You've always just disappeared, somehow. And somewhat conveniently, it's always seemed to me."

"I was getting us hot dogs, for Pete's sake! You were the one who asked me to!" His protest was just a little too well practiced.

It was too much of a coincidence, Superman appearing just in time to rescue a boy who had climbed through the safety railing and fallen off. Unlike when she had jumped out of Perry's window, there had been no convenient awning to break the boy's fall. There'd been no way to engineer a miracle that didn't involve Superman's direct intervention.

"And when *Superman* arrived on the scene I looked over at that hot dog stand. You were gone, Clark. You were nowhere."

"I was... I was..." He fumbled for an excuse. "Darn it, Lois, just because I had to go to the..."

She gave him a knowing look in the mirror. "You are Superman. Aren't you?"

"Lois, we've been through this delusion of yours before. Don't you remember what you almost did to yourself, jumping out of a building thirty stories up? Can't you see the tragic mistake you almost made?"

She smiled thinly at his reflection. He never actually denied being Superman. He simply diverted attention from the claim. "You're right, Clark. I did make a tragic mistake. What a fool I was..." She opened a drawer in the dressing table and pulled out the small pistol she had brought with her. She leveled at him.

"I bet *my* life instead of yours."

"Lois, don't be insane," he protested. "Lois, you're crazy!" The gunshot echoed in the room.

Clark stared at her, wide-eyed in shock. Then he straightened up, his expression turning solemn as he pulled off his glasses.

"I knew it," Lois said. There was a touch to triumph in her voice, and wonder. "I guess I must really have known it for the longest time..." *In my dreams*.

"You realize, of course, if you'd been wrong, Clark Kent would have been killed," he said. His voice had changed, dropping into a deeper register.

Lois chuckled softly. "How? With a blank?"

Clark closed his eyes in frustration.

"Gotcha," she added with a gentle smile.

He flew them up north, to his Fortress of Solitude. He showed her the alien structure, watched her look around. He caressed her neck gently, smiling shyly at her.

He made dinner for them both, showing off a little. Lois had little doubt that he didn't often get chances to simply show off.

The Fortress created a table with two chairs and two place settings in crystal and silver. The meal had been marvelous.

"What else is missing?" he asked her as he poured more wine.

"For the very first time in my life - nothing at all," Lois replied, watching him.

He leaned in to kiss her and she found herself trembling at his touch. She pulled him to her, fingers weaving into his hair. If this was a dream, she didn't want it to end.

"Where did you learn to do that...?" Lois whispered when they finally separated.

"Here... just now..." he confessed.

He led her into the bedchamber.

"So, which one is the real you?" she asked. "Superman or Clark?"

"Both, I guess," he answered. "I was raised as Clark Kent. But even then I was different, alien. Then I found out I really was an alien and my natural father's AI tried to train me to be an alien, to be Kryptonian. They were a great and noble people."

He seemed suddenly shy and she recognized the truth - this really was Clark. Superman was a character in an improv play that had the world as a stage. Superman wasn't real. He was a costume and an attitude. It was Clark who made him real. But the 'Clark' of the Daily Planet newsroom was equally a character in a play.

It was the actor who played them both who was sitting beside her on the wide bed.

"There were so many times I wanted to tell you," he told her softly. "Sitting next to you as Clark, smiling shyly, listening to you talk about Superman, and how much you... loved him..."

She chuckled. "That's all right. I suppose it is a little late in the game for me to play hard to get."

"It's all real now, Lois," he said. "I'm real... and I love you."

She pulled him to her again, kissing him with a passion she had only dreamed about.

"Mmm. If you only knew what that felt like..." she murmured dreamily.

"The kiss?"

"Not... exactly..." She smiled as he caressed her face and ran his hand down her body. She helped him take her out of her clothes. Then she stood in front of him, just like in her dreams.

His suit disappeared and he stood before her naked. He was as beautiful as she had dreamed. He was perfect. He was magnificent.

Clark hadn't believed it when Lois pulled a gun on him and squeezed the trigger. He simply stood there, not quite understanding what was going on except that she knew. For all his efforts to stay anonymous, she had figured him out.

Now she stood before him, naked, waiting. It was like a dream. Like *those* dreams, the ones that made him leave his bed and visit an iceberg. The dreams where they were lovers.

She was as beautiful as he had dreamed.

He rid himself of the iconic blue and red costume to stand naked before her. She smiled, urging him closer. Her kisses tasted of wine and strawberries. He lost himself in her kisses.

"When did you learn to do that?" she gasped.

"Just now, from you," he answered, gently kissing the hollow of her shoulder before moving down to her breasts. She shivered at his touch but he knew it wasn't from cold. He could smell her arousal.

He dropped to his knees before her, kissing her belly, trailing fingers down to her cleft. It was like a dream, one he never wanted to wake from. He kissed her hidden places, exploring her with his fingers. She shuddered then led him to the bed, lying down with her thighs open, inviting him to explore her further.

"Lois, I..."

"Shut up, Clark, and make love to me. I want to feel you inside me." She held her arms out to him and he complied. She was warm and slick and smelled of *Lois*. Her pussy lips grabbed at him, pulling him in further. He watched as they tried to hold him, pulling in and out with the rhythm of his thrusts.

She watched him through half-closed eyes, her face flushed with pleasure, her tongue teasing her red lips. She wrapped her legs around him, pulling him even closer as he thrust into her, first slowly and carefully and then with more power. She smiled as his thrusts lifted her from the mattress.

Her internal muscles pulsed and she arched her back, moaning. She shuddered, gulping for air. She grabbed his face and pulled her down to her, capturing his mouth with her own.

"Don't leave me," she murmured in his ear. "I couldn't bear it if you left me."

"I'm always around, Lois," he assured her. "Always remember that. I'm always around."

"I love you, and I don't want to share you," she said, pulling back and looking into his eyes. "Please promise me you'll never leave."

He couldn't make that promise. Even in his dreams he hadn't been able to make that promise. He had a mission that didn't allow him to ignore it for the sake of one person.

She was crying and he kissed away her tears. Tomorrow would come too soon. Tomorrow they would go back to their jobs - the high maintenance ace reporter and the lowly spear-carrier, Superman's press agent and... Superman.

"I love you," she repeated.

"I love you," he told her. "I always have. And I think I always will."

He made love to her again, slower and more delicately this time. This time it wasn't playing out a dream. This time it was just them and he wanted it to be *magnificent*.