

A Weekend in Lois Lane

by Dandelio (AKA Librarian)

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Rating: MA

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Richard White looked out over the newsroom, looking for one person in particular. He spotted Clark Kent coming out of the elevators and hurrying to his desk following some unexpected and mysterious errand - possibly a summons to talk to a source, or maybe something else entirely. Richard gave the tall man a few moments to get settled in at his desk before sending one of the gofers to pass along the message that the Daily Planet's assistant city editor wanted to talk to him.

Richard watched as concern washed over the other man's face at the summons. Clark looked over to Richard's glassed-in office and the assistant editor smiled and beckoned him over.

"Is there a problem?" Clark asked nervously as he walked through the office door. Richard wondered once again how such a shy, nervous man could be as good a reporter as he was. And Clark was a very good reporter, almost as good as the famous Lois Lane.

Richard smiled at the other man and closed the door behind him. "No, everything's fine," he assured him. Clark seemed to relax a little and sat down in the chair Richard gestured to. "In fact, I wanted to tell you what a great job you've been doing these past two weeks covering the whole New Krypton mess and Luthor," Richard continued. "I know Perry won't tell you and I do have to admit I was a little leery about him hiring you back after being gone for so long. But I was wrong."

Clark watched him from behind thick glasses, blinking slowly, like an owl. "Um, thank you. But why did you want to see me?"

"Actually, it's a personal matter," Richard admitted. He ignored the nervous butterflies in his gut. "I know you and Lois had a relationship in the past, and I know she trusts you. And from what Perry and other people have said about you, you're discrete."

"Richard, if there's a problem, I'll do what I can to help," Clark told him seriously.

"No, it's not that," Richard said then looked up at the ceiling in frustration. "God this is so hard. Back in college I could walk into a bar and snap my fingers and have damn near anybody I wanted. I guess I'm out of practice." He gave a self-deprecating chuckle.

"I'm not sure I'm following you," Clark said but there was something in his expression that told Richard he understood just fine.

Richard sighed. This was going to be harder than he'd hoped. Clark wasn't giving anything away.

"Once a month, Lois and I have a 'date' weekend. We send Jason off with his grandparents or his aunt and uncle so we can have some time to ourselves. We go camping..."

Richard smiled at the memory of their last camping trip. He'd laid her sleeping bag out in the sunshine, blindfolded her, tied her out spread-eagled and took her right there, telling her that hikers had stopped to watch and were thinking of joining in. She had gotten so incredibly hot at the idea that people were watching. He was getting hot just thinking about it.

"Or we take off to another city," Richard continued, trying to get himself under control. "See the galleries and museums or we go clubbing. Grown-up things we can't do with a child in tow."

"So, what do you need from me?" Clark asked.

Richard took a deep breath. "Clark, I'm sure you've been around the block a few times. I mean a good looking guy like you..."

Clark chuckled. "I've been around the world a few times but I wouldn't say I've been around the block."

"Look, ever since Superman showed up, things haven't been the same between me and Lois," Richard admitted. "This happens to be our date weekend and I promised to surprise her with something she'd never expect." He paused, studying Clark's reaction before continuing. "I want to surprise her with you."

Clark wasn't sure what had prompted him to accept Richard's invitation to spend the weekend with them. He'd never been particularly interested in alternate lifestyles and was frankly surprised that Lois was. But then Lois had always been extraordinarily curious about everything. Maybe it was his own overwhelming curiosity that brought him to their door at seven o'clock on a Friday night.

He had hoped for a chance to see Jason, but General and Mrs. Lane had picked the boy up right after school and Clark wasn't sure what time they'd be bringing him back on Sunday. Maybe it was better this way. Spending the weekend with Lois and Richard was bound to raise questions he wasn't sure he had answers for.

He rang the doorbell and waited, listening for sounds from inside. Footsteps padded to the door and the door opened to reveal Richard wearing a long loose robe of black silk buttoned up to his neck. The fabric rustled sensuously when he moved.

"Right on time," Richard said with a grin. "I love a man who's punctual." He moved aside to allow Clark to enter.

Clark held up the gifts he'd brought, a box of candy and a bottle of wine. "I wasn't sure what was appropriate for this sort of thing," he admitted.

"Lois will love the chocolates and we can have the wine at dinner tomorrow," Richard told him. "Have you eaten?"

"I had a little something before coming over," Clark said.

"We have sandwiches made up if you get hungry."

Clark looked around the living room. "And where is Lois?"

Richard's grin grew wider. "Waiting for us. She doesn't know I invited you so try not to talk or make any noise. I want it to be a surprise."

Clark followed Richard downstairs into the finished basement and over to a plain door. "This was supposed to be a media room. It's soundproof," Richard explained as he unlocked the door and opened it.

Clark took a moment to look around the large room. It was paneled in dark wood and lit by candle sconces, although there was a large adjustable lamp as well as a mirror above the large iron four-poster bed that was set against the wall opposite the door. The two other walls

appeared to be lined with closet doors. The floor was covered in a thick carpet that muffled any sounds of footsteps. Heavy oriental rugs were arranged around the bed, adding to the sumptuousness. But it was the ornate columned bed itself that was the centerpiece to the room, the bed and what was on it.

Lois was naked except for a blindfold, a leather collar with a tiny gold lock on it, and furry cuffs on her ankles and wrists. The cuffs were attached to steel bars and the bars were secured to cables and eyebolts set into the wall at the head of the bed. She was laying on the bed, a pillow under her back and her buttocks on the edge of the mattress. But her feet were being held in the air over her head, exposing her tight round ass and pink pussy lips to the view of anyone standing in the doorway.

Clark wasn't really into bondage scenes. It smacked too much of the horrors he'd seen in warzones, in countries where torture was the norm. But seeing Lois bound, exposed, available... He had a hard on just thinking about it. He wanted to run his hands over her silken skin, explore her moist folds and openings with his fingers and tongue. The last time he'd seen her naked the urgency to simply 'have at it' had been too great for both of them. He hadn't taken the time to study her body, to explore her intimately, to discover her likes and dislikes. He had assumed there would be time later. He'd been wrong.

Richard closed the door behind him.

"Richard, who was at the door?" Lois asked and Clark felt his heart leap in his chest.

"Did I give you permission to speak?" Richard asked, swatting her exposed buttocks with his open palm. The slap left a red mark against her pale skin.

She gasped but didn't cry out. She sniffed the air. "There's someone else here, isn't there?"

Again he swatted her ass. "If you can't keep quiet, I'll just have to gag you. Do you want me to do that?"

"No," Lois said in a surprisingly meek voice.

Apparently that was the wrong answer, or maybe it was because she had spoken instead of shaking her head, but Richard grabbed a silk scarf from an iron ring on the wall, placed the scarf between her teeth and tied it around her head. That done, he stepped over to Clark and murmured, "I think you're a little over-dressed. There's a bathroom through that door." He indicated the door in question with a nod of his head.

Clark went into the bathroom. It was clinical white with floor to ceiling tile, a bidet and an oversize shower in addition to the standard accoutrements. One oddity - the bathroom had no privacy lock. A silk robe like Richard's, this one in white, hung on a hook on the door. Clark shed his jeans, fisherman's knit sweater, and underwear, folding them neatly on the wooden bench opposite the shower, and put on the robe. Clark hadn't worn the Suit under his clothes this evening. Superman was taking the weekend off. As busy as he had been for the past two weeks, he deserved a break.

The bathroom door opened and closed. "If you think it's too much for you, I'll understand," Richard said quietly. "It can be a little overwhelming."

"Oh, no," Clark assured him hurriedly. "I just never..." He swallowed hard. "I want to..." He tried to calm himself, aware that Richard was studying him. "Are you sure you're okay with this? I mean, you're her fiancé. It just feels so weird to objectify her this way, to have permission to violate her like this."

Richard chuckled then his expression turned serious. "After Jason was born, Lois lost any desire for intimacy. I mean, before he was born, as weird as it sounds, the sex was good, really good. Afterwards, even after she was healed up, there was nothing. Maybe it was post partum

depression. I don't know. As a joke on Valentine's Day, I bought her one of those over-priced novelty bondage sets. You know the ones, the pink blindfold and nylon restraints with ribbons. I figured she'd get a laugh out of it."

"But then...?"

"I came home and found her tied to our bed waiting for me. And it was the most incredible fuck I'd ever had. She was an animal. It was like the tethers released all her inhibitions. We did things that day I'd only read about."

"They say that people who have high pressure jobs frequently find voluntary sexual submissiveness to be very liberating," Clark said. He was sure he sounded like a sociology teacher, but Richard didn't seem to mind. "But are you sure...?"

"Clark, we all have our fantasies. Mine... I want to watch you fuck her," Richard said. "I want to be able to watch my slut being enjoyed by another man. I want to know I have the power to simply give her cunt over to someone as a gift."

Clark tried not to show his surprise as Richard's vulgarity. It was a side to the man he hadn't expected. But then, he hadn't expected to walk in and see Lois bound, gagged and ready to be taken. "That sounds a little... I don't know... Sick?" Clark said.

"Believe it or not, even though she's bound and gagged, this is her show. She can stop it at any time," Richard said. "She can press the panic button in her hand, or use her safe word and it stops right there. She knows that no matter what, my job is to keep her safe." He tapped his ear and Clark realized the other man was wearing an ear bud. "Even if I'm not in the room with her, I'm listening."

"So, you're saying she actually wants this? She wants you to watch her having sex with another man?"

"That's part of the game. Although I do admit I upped the ante on her. She didn't think I'd do it, but I know you want to do her. That's why I asked you. I may even take pictures. And then, if you're game, we'll let *her* watch as I fuck you."

"I'm not sure... I'm pretty straight."

"You might be surprised," Richard assured him with a clap on the shoulder. "Now let's hurry before she hits that panic button. She's just waiting to be put through her paces, but she does get impatient."

Lois hadn't moved but Clark noticed that Richard had brought out a low table with a metal tray on it and positioned it at the end of the bed. On the tray were a number of devices Clark recognized - a small egg-shaped vibrator, a long slender vibrator, a speculum, a string of hard beads with a large steel ring on one end. The other objects were more obscure - several exotic sculptures made of heavy glass. There were also several different types of lubricant, latex gloves and finger cots, and an assortment of condoms. A crystal bowl was filled with ice and water and two of the glass objects - one a simple round topped cylinder and the other a knobby curve with balls on each end - were chilling in the bowl.

"She likes ice," Richard said conversationally. Clark heard Lois's heart rate jump at the sound of Richard's voice, but he didn't smell fear coming from her. She was excited but not afraid. "And that really plain one?" Richard added. "If you shine a flashlight through it, you can see all the way up."

Again, her heart rate jumped but it still wasn't from fear, at least not entirely. Clark suspected she was fully aware there was someone besides Richard in the room with her. She didn't know who it was, of course, and that was making her nervous.

Richard climbed onto the mattress beside Lois's body, massaging her breasts and

tweaking her nipples as he regarded Clark with a wry smile. Clark could smell her arousal, could see how erect her nipples were. Richard was murmuring to her, telling her how slutty and nasty she was and how she didn't deserve the pretty boy he'd found for her.

'Pretty boy?' Clark had never considered himself pretty. He knew he was moderately good-looking even though his glasses obscured his features. As Superman people claimed he was god-like, an Adonis come to Earth. But he doubted they were actually looking at his face. He chose to ignore what Richard was saying and began to concentrate on the task at hand. He laid one hand on the soft mound of her belly, playing his fingers down to the soft brown curls of her pubic hair. With his other hand he picked up an ice cube and dropped it into her navel. She shuddered under his hands. He rubbed more ice on her skin, down the soft skin of her thighs. Richard had been right. She liked the feel of ice against her skin.

He found the hard nub of her clit and flicked it before running his fingers over her soft nether lips and slipping one finger inside, feeling the warm moistness. As she had done the very first time he did it to her so many years ago, she clamped down with muscles surprising in their strength.

She relaxed and he studied the various devices on the tray, finally choosing the simple glass one Richard had commented on. Clark spread lubricant on it and slipped it inside her. It was icy cold but that seemed to only increase her arousal. He spotted a penlight on the tray and shined it up the glass. Richard had been right, you really could see all the way up. He watched in fascination as her internal muscles tried to eject the foreign object. It became almost a game. She pushed it out and he pushed it in.

Clark felt Richard watching him and felt his face grow warm. He'd been caught acting like a small child with a new toy.

"Pretty boy has a very pretty blush, you know that?" Richard told Lois. She mumbled something through the gag. Richard listened. "You want more? Do you think you deserve more?" She shook her head and mumbled some more. Richard continued murmuring to her as he continued his ministrations of her chest, kissing her, nibbling her nipples, licking the soft skin of her breasts.

Clark removed the plain shaft and chose one of the fancier ones, gently gliding it inside. Then he put on one of the latex gloves and lubed it as well. Her ass hole was a tight rosy bud but it parted under the mild pressure of his finger. Again, the penetration only seemed to increase her arousal. And her arousal was getting him even hotter. He grabbed the string on beads from the tray, lubed them and pressed them into her, pausing after each one. The waves of sexual scents that came off her were incredible. She seemed to be totally into it, riding the beads, riding the glass sculpture. The restraints kept her from bucking too hard but he could tell she was trying.

At some point Richard had unbuttoned his robe and untied Lois's gag. She was still blindfolded and was now sucking on her fiancé's cock in wanton abandon. Following Richard's lead, Clark unbuttoned his own robe, rolled on a condom and entered Lois's waiting, succulent nether mouth. It was all he could do to keep from climaxing right then. He took several calming breaths and brought himself under control.

"Stay there," Richard ordered from behind him. The man was astonishingly quiet, or maybe it was the ambiance of the room, and what he was doing, that had kept him from realizing that Richard had moved. He pulled off Clark's glasses, slipped a blindfold over his eyes and tied it. Clark knew that a blindfold wouldn't keep him from seeing if he chose to - until he tried and discovered he couldn't. Did Richard suspect the truth about him? The

blindfold was lined with lead.

Richard tapped his butt to remind him to stay on task. Without sight, his other senses became even more alive - the pressure on his sheathed shaft, the warmth of the room, the sex smells from all three of them.

Clark felt the silk robe fall away and soft binders being wrapped around his wrists, his wrists being drawn together behind his back. He felt cool fingers tracing the scar on his back. "Do you have any idea how utterly gorgeous you are?" Richard murmured, running his hands down Clark's back, over his buttocks, returning to the scar. "I want to kill the perverted bastard who did this to you." A butterfly kiss on the healed wound sent shivers down Clark's spine. "It was Luthor, wasn't it?"

Clark nodded. It was no use denying the truth. They knew who he was, *what* he was.

"God, you're beautiful," Richard said breathlessly. He was running his hands over Clark's ass again, parting his cheeks. Clark jumped a little in surprise as he felt a finger penetrate him, then something hard and cold and smooth. It was like nothing he'd ever felt, nothing he'd ever imagined. It was incredible. Was this what Lois felt when he was inside her?

She was moaning, screaming, begging for more. He sped up his thrusts, but her position was wrong for clit stimulation by intercourse alone. And his hands were tied behind his back. Then he felt a hand on his belly, felt the fingers caressing Lois's clit as Clark thrust into her even harder. She shuddered and moaned louder, her breath harsh, eager, hungry. Finally, he felt her internal muscles pulse and shudder. He let himself go, echoing her climax with his own.

He felt her relax, heard her gulping air like a runner at the end of a hard race.

"Well, Lois, did you like your surprise?" Richard asked.

Her immediate response was a low, satisfied sigh of satisfaction. "I'd almost forgotten how gorgeous he is," Lois said dreamily after her breathing evened out. "Can I keep him?"

"You know, I didn't believe you were going to go through with it," Lois told Richard conversationally as she unwrapped the tray of sandwiches that she'd prepared earlier. She placed them on the kitchen island while Richard poured wine for the three of them.

Her fiancé sat down on one of the bar stools at the island and stuffed one of the sandwiches into his mouth. He grinned at her, not at all apologetic.

"And I certainly didn't think there was any way that a boy from Smallville could ever go for something like this," she continued, arranging her robe around her and settling onto her stool. She studied Clark who had been very quiet after... well, what had to have been one of the more mind-blowing experiences he'd ever had. Lois was sure he'd never even considered being a participant in an encounter like they'd just had. And he'd certainly never considered doing it with her and Richard.

Her skin still tingled from the experience and she knew it wouldn't take much more than a suggestion and she would be willing to go again with either one or both of them on the kitchen floor.

She wasn't normally this sex crazed. She and Richard had a fairly normal, routine sex life, given that both of them worked long hours and had a child to take care of. Richard had suggested they schedule time together for just themselves soon after Jason was born, thus Date Weekends were created. They went camping, traveled, shopped, made mad monkey sex with just enough kinkiness to keep it exciting. She rarely knew what Richard had planned for her, nor did Richard know what she had in mind when it was her turn to plan their weekend. It was a good system, a comfortable system.

Then Superman and Clark Kent came back into her life and things went spinning out of control.

"How tall do you think Clark is?" Richard had asked her only a few days after Clark had returned to the Daily Planet after a nearly six year absence.

"Six three, six four," she had answered.

"Weight?"

Lois glanced at Clark standing nearby. "Two hundred, two twenty-five."

"Black hair and blue eyes," Richard commented. Lois had known where he was going with his questions. At one time or another, most people in the newsroom commented on the physical resemblance between Clark Kent and Superman. Then they would shake their heads and laugh at the notion as Clark gave them one of his goofy grins or tripped over his own feet.

Richard had laughed too, but there had been an uneasiness in his laugh, as though it was an idea that he couldn't quite put aside. She hadn't been able to put it aside either. During her pregnancy with Jason, she had dreams about making love to Clark and to Superman. Never both at once - the two men seemed to meld together in her mind. But they were both gone and the dreams finally stopped. She was happy with Richard.

Then both Clark and Superman returned and so did the dreams. Finally she realized and accepted what her subconscious had been trying to tell her those many years before. That Clark Kent, the shy man from Kansas, had a second job as an alien demigod. And now, here he was, naked except for a thin robe, eating sandwiches with her and her fiancé in her kitchen.

"Clark, are you okay?" she asked. He was playing with his sandwich instead of eating it.

"What gave me away?" he asked quietly.

"Too many coincidences," Richard answered. "And the scar. You nodded when I asked if Luthor had done it."

"Plus Jason outed you right after you came to visit after you escaped from the hospital. He asked me why 'Mister Clark' wore glasses in the office and didn't when he was flying. It was like a light coming on. All the pieces had been there all the time and suddenly I knew what the picture was," Lois said. She chuckled drily. "You're very good, you know that. A building full of the snoopest people in the world and it takes a five year-old all of five minutes to uncover the truth."

"Misdirection and preconceptions," Clark said, not looking her in the face. "Adults tend to be blinkered by them. Kids aren't so much. Your original article on Superman implied he'd recently arrived on Earth. Misdirection. And everyone thinks that clothes don't make the man. That Superman should be easy to spot even in street clothes. Who's going to look twice at a guy raised in Kansas who stammers and trips over the pattern on the floor and wears off the rack suits that don't quite fit right? Superman *doesn't* hail from Kansas, *doesn't* trip, and *doesn't* wear off the rack suits."

Lois was silent for a long moment as she sipped her wine.

"How angry are you?" Clark asked when the silence got too much.

She sighed, glancing over at Richard. He was studying his wine glass, twirling the stem between his slender fingers, obviously avoiding looking at either of them.

"I admit I was angry when Superman disappeared without a word and Clark took off when I needed him," Lois said. "It took a long time, but I finally let it go and I thought I'd moved on. That's why I wrote that article, to get you out of my system."

"And now?"

She chuckled. "Now it's a little more complicated. But then, I've never done anything the

easy way." She slipped off her stool and took the single step that brought her next to Clark's leg. "I wasn't joking when I asked if I could keep you."

"I think people will talk," Clark said. Lois caught a hint of a smile. It seemed he was finally coming to terms with what had happened downstairs, and what might be happening now. Coming to terms that she wasn't the same woman he'd walked away from to go on a fool's errand nearly six years before.

"People have been talking ever since you got back," Richard said. "They wonder when I'm going to get fed up with Lois's infatuation with Superman, or if Clark is ever going to wise up to the fact that Lois is off the market."

Lois had heard the snide remarks. The one's she hadn't overheard first-hand had been dutifully reported to her by James B. Olsen. She even knew of the rumors that Richard had taken up with her simply because of Superman. She was the ultimate fan-boy trophy - Superman's girl friend. Whether it was true or not was irrelevant.

Lois gave Richard one of her brightest grins. "I vote we give them all something to talk about. We'll have Clark move into the spare bedroom and we'll tell everybody we've turned him into our sex slave and now we're trolling for Superman."

Richard had just taken a mouthful of wine from the glass that was still at his lips. He began to sputter, wine spewing and running down his chin as he tried to stop laughing and keep from choking at the same time. Lois didn't need to look to know that Clark was blushing furiously. She could feel the heat coming off of him. She loved it when he blushed. It was just so... *Clark*.

She moved over to the sink and grabbed a towel for Richard - technically since she was still wearing the collar she was in submissive mode. Richard was the dominant one this weekend. Even his whims were supposed to be her commands while he was 'master'. But Clark's presence had changed the rules and new ones had yet to be agreed upon.

She wiped the wine from Richard's chin and daubed the liquid from his chest and robe. Then she kissed him on the lips. Remembering Clark inside of her was getting her aroused again. She felt the moisture accumulating on her nether lips. "I'm so ready to go again..."

Richard unbuttoned her robe at her split and slipped his hand in, running his fingers over her pussy lips before sliding two fingers inside of her. After a moment he pulled his hand out and held it up for her to suck on. She knew he loved it when she was utterly sensual, utterly wanton. She licked her slickness from his fingers.

"You *are* a slut," Richard stated.

"I'm your slut," she reminded him.

He shook his head. "You're his slut this weekend. I give you to him."

She opened her mouth to protest then thought better of it. She had started this. In the heat of one of their recent arguments - she couldn't even remember what they'd been fighting about except that it had been born of too many long hours at work and a lot of sexual frustration - she had told him 'You'd just stand and watch if I brought another man home to fuck!'

His cool response had surprised her. 'I get to choose who it is.'

'You wouldn't have the guts.'

'We'll just see, won't we, Lois?'

She'd been hoist on her own petard. He had taken up her challenge and now she had to live with it. Had Richard realized at the time that he had chosen the one man she might actually leave him for? Did he know how turned on she'd become when he removed her blindfold so she could see who it was thrusting into her secret parts, so she could watch

Richard making love to him as he took his pleasure of her. Just thinking about it was sending the butterflies in her belly to a frenzied dance. 'God help me but I don't want to choose.'

Lois didn't bother to button the part of her robe that Richard had undone. Instead she turned and stepped over to Clark, still seated on the kitchen stool. She slowly undid the rest of her buttons as she stood before him and let the silk drop to the floor. She heard Clark's breath catch in his throat as she began to unbutton his robe, exposing his perfectly chiseled chest, his hard sculptured abs, his erection that was simply begging for her to attend to it. Richard had been so right: he was utterly, flawlessly, inhumanly gorgeous.

"How do you want me?" she asked, running her hands over his nearly hairless chest and belly.

"I... um," Clark stammered. She pressed a finger to his lips then bent over and delicately licked the tip of his shaft. He smelled of forest and sea air and he tasted sweet, sweeter than Richard's salty muskiness. Clark shuddered under the ministrations of her tongue. "Lois, what are...?"

"Shhh," she whispered. "I didn't get a chance to do this the last time."

Lois cupped his balls with one hand and licked him like a popsicle. She positioned herself to be able to see his face and saw that his eyes had darkened with hunger, with desire.

She snaked her fingers across his length, then loosely made a fist circling his shaft. Clark's breath became strained as she tightened the pressure on the underside and started moving her fingers upward. When she reached the tip she pulled down his foreskin and stretched it over his shaft. He gasped as her thumb pressed into the swollen ridge on the underside of his penis.

"Watch," she ordered, smiling knowingly at him. She closed the remaining distance and parted her lips, taking him in. She felt him throb and twitch as she fondled his balls. She shifted position to get access to his scrotum and licking the velvety skin there. He squirmed under her hands and mouth, his breath coming in gasps. It was exhilarating to control him this way. She literally had Superman by the balls.

"Lo-is," he breathed.

He was so ready. A drop of pre-come exuded from the tip and she lapped it up like a cat. Then she straightened up and kissed him on the mouth again, sharing his own flavor with him. Behind her she could hear the slap of Richard's hand on his thigh as he masturbated and watched her taking Clark.

Lois stood, placed her hands on Clark's shoulders and climbed onto his lap, straddling him. He held her thighs and steadied her as she settled down onto him, feeling his hardness fill her up once again. She sighed at the toe curling waves of ecstasy that rolled through her body.

The slapping sound had stopped. Then she felt hands on her ass, parting her cheeks. She felt the familiar cold slickness of Richard squirting lube up her ass before he entered her as well. She saw Clark's eyes widen as he realized what was happening. He could *feel* Richard's penis sliding into her, penetrating her.

Lois began to kiss Clark again, their tongues dancing in timeless rhythm. Richard's hands moved to her waist then upward to her breasts, caressing her, gently pinching, tweaking her nipples.

From the day she had realized that she loved Richard White - gentle, understanding, strong Richard who was a pilot and loved horror films - her private fantasy had been to be pleased and to pleasure the two men she truly adored: Richard and Superman. But Superman had disappeared and her fantasy should have remained just that - until his miraculous return to

Earth, and to her life.

Her fantasies paled in the face of reality. She lost herself in the hedonistic haze of pleasure, moaning as the two men fell into a rhythm of thrusting, impaling her with their engorged meat.

She tasted a change in Clark's kisses first then she felt his member pulse inside her as he shuddered and gasped. A moment later she climaxed with a groan. Lost in her own orgasm, she wasn't sure if Richard came or not. At the moment she really didn't care. She was sated. Lois felt Richard withdraw, felt Clark lift her off of him with easy strength. She felt bonelessly limp, unable and unwilling to move.

Her eyes closed as she sighed with satisfaction.

"I'll just take her up to bed," she heard Clark tell Richard. Clark was holding her close. She could hear his voice rumble in his chest, hear his heart beating slowly, evenly. His body was warm against her skin. Then a cold rush of wind against her skin was followed by the soft scent of her own bed, sheets and blankets being pulled up, a gentle kiss on her forehead. She felt utterly, thoroughly loved.

She roused herself just a moment. "Richard wants you too, Farm Boy," she managed to say. She heard Clark chuckle before slumber finally captured her.

"How is she?" Richard asked conversationally when Clark returned from putting Lois to bed. He swirled the amber liquid in the tumbler in his hand, listening to the ice clink as he stared out the French doors onto the back deck and the river. Metropolis glowed in the night.

"She was almost asleep before she hit the mattress," Clark said, moving to stand beside him at the doors. The silk robe rustled faintly as he moved. Clark's glasses were perched on his nose but the voice wasn't quite the Clark Richard knew from the office. It was deeper, more authoritative, but not quite Superman either. "I hadn't realized how exhausted she was," Clark added. He sounded regretful, worried.

"She's like Jason that way," Richard said. "She runs on coffee and nerves for days when she's hot on a story then simply crashes when the pressure comes off."

"I remember," Clark told him. "I used to be the one in charge of feeding her. I swear my rolodex had more take away restaurants in it than contacts. Sometimes she'd even remember to repay me." He chuckled a little. "Got any more of that?" he asked, nodding to the glass in Richard's hand.

"Lois told me you didn't drink."

"People change," Clark responded. "Besides, drinking alone is..." He seemed to be searching for the right word. "Lonely... It's too good a night to be drinking alone."

Clark followed as Richard went to the kitchen for another glass. He poured a splash of the Bushmill's into the glass and handed it to Clark then he poured a little more into his own glass.

Clark took a sip. "Nice."

"I didn't think you'd do it, you know," Richard said, leaning against the kitchen counter. He watched his companion sip the liquor.

"Do what?" Clark asked.

"Show up, for one," Richard said. He took a swallow of his drink. "Everyone at work thinks you're an innocent, a lamb that Lois played along for kicks."

"I may be inexperienced, but I'm hardly as innocent as I let people think," Clark told him.

"It's hard to be innocent when you see so much, hear so much. An innocent can't make the judgment calls I have to make every single day."

"As Superman?" Richard asked.

"And as Clark. As journalists we're always balancing the public's right to know against the individual's right to privacy. Who will our stories help and who will they hurt?" Clark said.

"I wanted to hate you when Lois finally told me who Jason's father was," Richard told him. The wine and liquor was getting to him. Normally he wasn't quite so forthright; he had learned long ago that diplomacy, even subterfuge, worked best with the newsroom's prima donnas. But tonight...

"I wanted to, but I couldn't," Richard continued. "How can I hate the whole world's number one fuckin' hero?" The alcohol was definitely getting to him.

Clark chuckled. "A lot of people do... When I saw the photograph of you with Lois and Jason, and Jimmy told me she was engaged to you..." His tone turned solemn. "I wanted to hate you for having what I'd thrown away, for being the one she turned to, being the man she shared her bed with, the one she had a child with. But I couldn't. You were the one who was there when I wasn't. I forfeited any claim I ever had on her by leaving the way I did. But I really did want to hate you for that."

Richard was intrigued almost in spite of himself. It had honestly never occurred to him that Clark may have had regrets about the whole situation with Lois. He had asked the other man to join them this weekend on a dare, a lark. It had seemed like a good idea at the time and a way to counter Lois's renewed infatuation with Superman. He was certain Clark wouldn't show up, that something more important would require Superman's attention even though he hadn't been certain at the time that Clark *was* Superman..

But Clark *had* shown up and watching the man making love to Lois had been more exciting, more erotic than he had imagined. It had almost been more than Richard could stand. The man was so damned *beautiful*. Now Richard wasn't sure what he felt.

"I'm wondering if Lois's suggestion wasn't so far-fetched after all," Richard mused. "I mean, I know your suitcase is still in the storage room."

"Between the clean-up and everything else, I haven't had time to look. That's assuming there're any empty apartments available that I can afford," Clark said.

"In that case, we do have an extra bedroom," Richard said.

"People will talk," Clark reminded him.

"To hell with them." Richard reached over and ran a finger over the curve of Clark's ear. "And just so you know, I wasn't really joking when I said I'd let Lois watch while I made love to you."

Clark didn't say anything so he went on. "Back in college, I dated more men than women. In fact, Lois is the first woman who even kept my attention past a few dates. I think she's a little surprised I haven't strayed more often." He took a mouthful of his drink and savored the burn as he contemplated the other man. Then he reached up and pulled Clark down into a kiss.

It began delicately, Richard's tongue dancing over Clark's lips then those lips parted, allowing him entrance. Clark's breath was hot against his cheek as their tongues intertwined in a primal dance. Too soon, Clark pulled away, leaving Richard's heart pounding.

"Where did you learn to kiss like that?" he asked.

"Lois," Clark answered. "Um, just so you know, Kryptonian sexuality isn't as hardwired as it is in humans. In fact, my natural parents were considered a bit perverted since they were openly and exclusively heterosexual and monogamous. On Krypton, it was expected that the

youngsters would explore all aspects of their sexuality before becoming adults and setting it aside for intellectual pursuits."

"And that means...?"

"According to Krypton's cultural mores, I'm still a youngster. There are no rules." Clark bent his head and captured Richard's lips again.

"Oh God," Richard murmured as Clark trailed hot kisses down his neck, unbuttoning the robe and pushing it off his shoulders. Warm hands caressed his chest, tweaked his nipples. Then a tongue circled one nipple as fingers played with the other. "Where did you learn that?" Richard asked, his voice catching in his throat.

"Lois."

"Remind me to thank her for being such a good teacher," Richard managed to gasp as warm lips and hands moved further down.

Richard recalled his first encounter with a man. He'd just graduated high school and was spending the night at his girl friend's house before heading out to go camping for the weekend with her family. He'd been trying to get to sleep in the narrow guest bed when he heard the door open and someone enter. His first assumption had been that Charlene had come to him. He felt the mattress sag beneath his visitor's weight, but it didn't smell like Charlene. That was when he realized it was Charlene's older brother, Alex.

That night the hands on his body had been tentative, the kisses rough with day-old beard. But it had been thrilling in a way that being with Charlene hadn't been. Even the pain of losing his virginity to Alex had been overcome by the thrill, the unexpectedly intense pleasure of feeling a man inside him.

This time the hands were sure as they caressed him, the kisses smooth, the mouth and tongue eager to explore him. And they did explore him, intimately. He looked down to see Clark on his knees in front of him, eyes bright behind the thick lenses.

Richard was surprised to find he could still speak. "Have you any idea what you're doing to me?"

Clark pulled his mouth away. "I can hear your heartbeat, see the glow of your skin flushing. It's beautiful. You're beautiful." Clark kept one large hand on Richard's jewels as he massaged his buttocks with the other.

"Don't stop..."

Clark went back to delicately tonguing Richard's shaft, nipping gently at his scrotum. He worked his way back to the tip and parted his lips, sucking him in, playing him like an instrument. Richard felt his climax building to its ultimate resolution. Clark pulled back until just the glans was in his mouth, his tongue playing with ridge on the underside.

Richard bucked as he erupted into Clark's willing mouth. He took a shuddery breath and Clark sat back on his haunches looking up at him, looking for all the world like the cat that had the canary for lunch.

"I guess that answers the age old question, does Superman spit or swallow?" Richard managed to get out.

"Superman does neither," Clark said quietly. "Clark on the other hand..."

"Do you always refer to yourself in the third person?"

Clark grinned, his smile lighting up the darkened room. "Drives my mom crazy."

Richard eyed the clock on the stove, past midnight. "I think it's time for bed."

Clark gave him a puzzled, almost scandalized, look.

"To sleep, silly," Richard said grinning. "Although I'm sure Lois won't mind waking up to

some morning delight..."

Sunrise found Clark on the back deck of Richard and Lois's house savoring his cup of coffee. He loved this time of morning - the world seemed so new, so fresh. No problems to solve, no issues to be resolved. It was promising to be a beautiful day in Metropolis.

Lois and Richard were still asleep in the master bedroom. He could hear their slow, even heartbeats.

Last night had been more than he had imagined it could be. He had told Richard that he was inexperienced but not innocent - no one with the ability to see through walls could be truly innocent - but he hadn't been quite truthful. He *was* innocent in some ways. He had never imagined that Richard would want him that way or that he would respond so... so thoroughly.

And there was still today. Jason wasn't coming back home until tomorrow.

'You're his slut this weekend. I give you to him, ' Richard told Lois.

'Richard wants you too, Farm Boy, ' Lois had said before falling asleep.

He was getting a hard on just remembering. Lois bound and available as Richard watched her being taken. Richard's eyes as they both took Lois and her gasps of pleasure at feeling both of them inside her. The glow of Richard's skin as Clark pleased him.

It was going to be hard to top what happened last night.

His new cell phone vibrated in his jeans pocket and he checked the caller ID - Jimmy. He flipped the phone open.

"Jimmy, what's up?" he asked. He had to remember to keep his voice high and light. "It's a little early for you isn't it?"

"I just wanted to make sure you were okay," Jimmy said.

"Sure, why wouldn't I be?"

On the other end Jimmy cleared his throat. "Uh, I knew you were going to Lois and Richard's last night and I just... I figured you needed a silent alarm. So everything's okay?"

"Everything's fine, Jimmy. Thanks. I'll see you Monday." He flipped his phone closed as the house phone rang. He heard Richard sleepily answer it.

"Hullo?"

"Are you and Lois okay?" Perry White asked. Clark snuck a peek into their room.

Richard flopped back on the bed, phone still to his ear. "Oh crud, I forgot to call you. Yeah, Clark made it here and we had a great time. I don't think I've ever seen Lois so surprised as when she saw him."

"You're sure you're both okay?"

"I'm sure, Uncle Perry. Heck, Lois offered Clark the extra bedroom. I don't know if I should be worried about that or not."

Clark heard Perry's deep chuckle over the phone. Richard said 'goodbye' and hung up. Clark pulled his vision in and waited, looking out over the water.

After a few moments he heard feet padding down the stairs and across the plush carpet to the French doors to the deck.

"You're up early," Richard said.

"I don't need a lot of sleep," Clark said. "A couple hours at most. And I can't sleep when the sun's up."

Richard shivered and Clark realized how cold it was on the deck. He'd forgotten how chilly Metropolis got in late autumn.

He ushered Richard back inside the house.

"Coffee smells good," Richard commented.

"I put a fresh pot on when I got back from my patrol. It's quiet this morning."

He followed Richard into the kitchen and watched the man pour himself a cup of coffee.

"Jimmy called me to make sure I was okay," Clark said.

Richard chuckled. "Uncle Perry called too."

"I heard," Clark admitted.

"Jimmy was Lois's silent alarm when we were first dating. I guess my reputation as a ladies' man preceded me. Anyway, I forgot to tell you it might be a good idea if you had one and it looks like Jimmy volunteered himself."

"Does everybody in the newsroom know about what you and Lois..."

Richard shook his head. "Jimmy suspects, I think. So does Uncle Perry. But if anybody else does they haven't said anything."

Clark watched Richard sip his coffee.

"So, what's on the agenda for today?" Clark asked.

"Nothing, really. Grab lunch out, maybe. I was thinking of having Lois dress up, but just a thong underneath with a remote controlled vibrator tucked up inside. Turn it on and that's her cue to service one of us."

"That's not exactly nothing," Clark pointed out.

"Actually, it's one of the things we do quite a lot," Richard admitted. "The danger turns her on."

"I was thinking of something a little different," Clark said. "A picnic lunch on a warm secluded beach."

Richard gave him a surprised look and Clark felt his cheeks grow warm. "I don't often get to show off, either as Clark or Superman. Lois is the only person I've ever taken flying for fun. It would be nice to share some of the places I know."

Lois woke up to the scent of fresh coffee wafting through the house and a cold bed. Richard usually was up before she was on the weekends so she wasn't surprised to find she was alone. She ran a tongue over her teeth and realized she had gone to bed without brushing her teeth. Then she tried to recall how she had gotten to bed. She remembered strong arms and a broad chest that seemed to radiate a higher than normal temperature.

She remembered feeling utterly sated and utterly loved. Had it been a dream? Or had Clark actually shown up last night? Was Clark the one Richard chose to watch her with?

She listened to the sounds of the house. There were voices downstairs. One she recognized as Richard, the other... the other was undeniably Clark. It hadn't been a dream after all.

She slid out of bed and slipped on a terry robe.

"I hope there's coffee left," she grouched when she got to the kitchen.

Clark handed her a mug and she sipped it. It was perfect, as always. She didn't know how he did it but his coffee was always perfect. Like he was. *Perfect. Scratch that. Superman was perfect. Clark was **Clark**.*

"It looks like, unless there's a major disaster, we have the entire day free," Lois said when she felt the coffee warming her. "So, what've you got planned?"

"I was thinking lunch and then the Art Museum," Richard said. "But Clark was thinking a picnic lunch somewhere warm. Clothes optional, I assume."

"Well, you might want to pack some cover-ups. And sun screen," Clark said.

"And some toys?" Lois asked coyly.

"Two men aren't enough?" Clark asked. She wasn't sure if he was amused or confused. Richard just had his knowingly smug look on.

"She just wants to make sure she's happily occupied while we're... not busy with *her*," he said with a chuckle.

Clark smiled. He had a beautiful smile that he didn't let many people see as Clark. Richard had a beautiful smile too, and that was one of the reasons she had fallen for him when he first appeared in her life.

A day on a warm beach with two great men? Oh yes. Her belly was fluttering just thinking about it.

Clark dropped Richard and the toys off first, giving the assistant editor time to look around the island. It wasn't actually deserted. There was a modern house, all steel and glass, jutting from the cliffs that overlooked the beaches on the eastern side of the island.

Richard made his way up to the house and was heartened to find that the key Clark had given him really did work. Richard looked for evidence of the house's - and presumably the island's - true ownership but the building was tastefully impersonal. There wasn't even a phonebook by the sophisticated satellite videophone in the kitchen.

The super-size bed in the master suite looked as though it was newly made. There was no dust in the house which told Richard that there was probably a caretaker either living on the island or on one of the neighboring ones.

The kitchen freezer was well stocked with fast-to-fix entrees and the liquor cabinet and wine cooler indicated the stocking had been done by someone with exquisite and expensive tastes. Richard wondered exactly whose house and island Clark was borrowing for the day.

The kitchen phone rang. With trepidation, Richard picked it up. As far as he knew, no one knew he was there except for Clark and Lois. The screen stayed blank as Richard said hello.

A deep man's voice responded, "Oh, is Clark there yet?"

"He should be back any time now," Richard said.

There was a chuckle. "When you see him, tell him Katherine Kowalski turned herself in to the Miami-Dade sheriff's department about an hour ago. She claims Luthor is dead, killed by the crew of the boat that picked them up from one of the islands not too far from where you are."

Richard's journalistic instincts kicked in. "How did she survive when he didn't?"

Another deep chuckle. "She had something to trade for passage and he didn't. When Clark shows up, let him know I called. And if Superman pops by to check on you guys, ask him to check out the area Kowalski said they were picked up. Maybe he can find Luthor's body." The voice gave Richard a set of co-ordinates that he recognized as not being too far from the Florida Keys.

"And when I see Clark, who should I say called?" Richard asked.

"Bruce."

"And does Bruce have a last name?"

This time it was a full fledged laugh. "Nice try, Mister White."

There was a loud click as the connection was cut, leaving Richard to wonder about who the mysterious 'Bruce' was and how much he knew about Clark and what was going on.

Maybe Clark would explain it when he got here with Lois. In the meantime, he needed to get ready for them. Clark had given him a Kryptonian style robe to wear and he didn't want to disappoint his new lover.

Clark watched as Lois packed her travel bag - sunscreen, lotions, a change of clothes. She also had a cooler filled with fresh fruit and cheese, cans of whipped cream, flavored cream cheese, sweet sauces, and the bottle of wine Clark had brought the night before.

"You've packed enough to feed a small army," Clark commented.

She chuckled. "Well, we've got to keep our strength up." She popped one of the grapes into her mouth, holding it in her teeth, teasing him with the redness of her lips around the round fruit.

This wasn't the woman he had left behind.

"I envy Richard," Clark managed to stammer out. He was the most powerful man on the planet but this dark haired seductress left him feeling like a callow teenager.

"Oh?"

"He's had you for all this time."

"And now he's willing to share?"

Clark didn't know what to say to that. She smiled gently at him.

"Fidelity is not something that comes naturally to him," Lois said. "I knew that early on. But he's always been discrete. But here's the shocker, Farm Boy, he's willing to share me with you because he wants you as badly as I do."

"Superman is a sexual fantasy for a lot of people. Nothing I can do about it."

"Well, the blue suit doesn't leave a lot to the imagination. But Superman isn't the one he really wants."

That surprised him.

She went on. "When you showed up at work after that whole nightmare was finally over, he was watching you. He actually asked me what you looked like naked. You're the only one at work he's ever asked that about."

"What did you tell him?"

"That he was a fool for thinking that way about a co-worker. Then he told me you were still in love with me and the only reason you hadn't done anything was because I was practically married."

"He's right, you know."

"I know. But I'll tell you, when Richard took off my blindfold and I saw you with your cock inside me like that... I was so... I'd been afraid you'd be turned off by how my body's changed."

"I hadn't really noticed except that you're a little rounder, a little more fleshed out than you were before," he said. "It makes you more..." He searched for the right word.

"...womanly."

"I have stretch marks from carrying Jason."

"As I said, more womanly. Why should I be repulsed by evidence that you've had a child? It only makes you more desirable. There are cultures where a woman who shows signs of having borne a child is considered the most desirable of all."

Lois was wearing a peasant skirt and blouse and simple flat sandals. He also knew she was braless and panty-less. He reached under her skirt, caressing the soft skin of her ass before reaching around to tease her nether lips. She was wet and ready, her juices beginning to run

down her inner thighs.

"I want you, again and again," she said as he slipped two, then three fingers inside her.

"But Richard is waiting for us," Clark reminded her softly. His thumb lingered over her clit, massaging it. He felt it grow even harder at his touch.

"He gave me to you for this weekend," she murmured.

"Maybe I want to watch him with you." He pulled his fingers away and she tried to grab his hand to stop him. He easily overpowered her, pulling away from her.

"I didn't think Clark Kent could be so cruel as to deny a woman in need," she complained.

"I don't want to leave Richard waiting." He scooped her up in his arms, making sure there were no curious eyes looking their way. Then he launched into the air with her, the cooler, and her bag.

Very soon they were flying over the Florida Keys and south to the private island he was borrowing for the day. Clark had been surprised that Bruce had been so amenable to allowing him to bring friends to this hidden paradise. Bruce jealously guarded his privacy and the island was one of his most private places. Even his ownership of it was hidden under layers and layers of shell companies and proxies.

Clark set Lois on her feet not far from the house. He appreciated how quickly she covered her surprise at seeing the house. Lois was nothing if not resilient.

"Who owns it?" she asked, picking up her bag and starting for the structure.

"A friend."

"Some friend."

"A good friend," Clark said. "He likes his privacy," he added.

"So you're not going to tell me who it is."

He shook his head and grinned at her.

Lois persisted. "But how am I supposed to thank him if I don't know who it is?"

"I'll thank him for you, later," Clark promised.

'Clark can be so utterly infuriating,' Lois fumed as she climbed the wide stone steps to the house. 'Stubborn, pig-headed...'

Then she caught sight of Richard waiting at the top of the stairs. He was dressed in a white knee length tunic, trousers, and light boots that shimmered in the sunlight.

"I was afraid you guys had gotten lost," Richard said, taking the bag from Lois and leading her inside the house. "Clark, Bruce called. He wanted us to tell Superman that Kitty Kowalski claims that Luthor is dead." He handed Clark a slip of paper. "Those are the coordinates of the island Kowalski claims they were picked up from. He suggested that Superman might be able to find Luthor's body."

"Assuming the sharks didn't get him," Clark said, glancing at the paper. "This shouldn't take too long."

He was gone, a breeze fluttering behind him, almost before Lois knew what was happening.

"So much for a day of unbridled sex on the beach," she complained mildly to Richard.

He chuckled. "There's no hurry. Besides, we can always start without him."

She reached under the tunic and discovered he wasn't wearing trousers at all but leggings that left his crotch and ass exposed. She lifted the tunic to look. His scrotum and penis were 'dressed' in a shimmer of fine silver-white mesh and a silver mesh cock ring with crystal dangles hanging from it. Fine chains, sleek as silk thread, went from the cock ring up to his

nipples. Other chains went between his legs and disappeared between his buns.

Lois felt her excitement building. Richard usually balked at hearing genital jewelry, although he loved seeing it on her, loved putting it on her. And he had always drawn the line at wearing a cock ring.

"Clark has a set of these for you, too. It's in the master bedroom," Richard said. "Want me to help you?"

He led her into the master bedroom. The room was richly dark, with carpet so thick it felt like she was sinking into it as she walked. On the deep blue bedspread there was laid out an outfit similar to Richard's - white leggings and a tunic and silver-white jewelry. The nipple shields and rings had crystal dangles as well as silver chains hanging from them. Her nipples, already erect from excitement, were marble hard as Richard caressed her, placing the ornate shields and rings on her nipples. The dangles and chains tickled as Richard had her bend over the edge of the bed so he could put the rest of the jewelry on her - clips on her labia and one on her clit and a final one for her ass. They bobbed sensuously as she moved, tugging at her nether lips and clit. Silver-white chains connected them together, stroking like fine silk against her nether lips and inner thighs as she pulled on the leggings. Another pair of chains pulled her labia apart, exposing her inner lips.

"You are so hot, so beautiful," Richard murmured, kissing her on the small dimples above her ass cheeks. He thrust two, then three fingers inside her. It was all she could do to keep from grabbing his hand and forcing it even further inside her.

"You are both so beautiful," Superman said, suddenly standing in the bedroom with them. The iconic blue and red seemed out of place in the dark opulence of the room and Lois actually felt embarrassed at him seeing her with Richard's hand up her snatch.

As if reading her mind, Superman vanished, replaced by Clark wearing leggings and the same jewelry that Richard was wearing. The dangles brushed against his thighs, sending rainbow glitters around the room as he walked toward them. He placed his large hands against her breasts, fingering the nipple rings and dangles. He pulled gently on them, sending thrills of electricity through her body while Richard slipped his meat inside her from behind.

Clark nibbled at her neck, running one hand down her belly to her clit. He caressed the dangles, gently running his fingers around her nether lips and Richard's penis. One long finger went inside, stretching her, while his thumb circled her clit, sending waves of blinding pleasure down her legs and up her spine.

Lois wasn't a screamer, but she let out a low moan that began deep inside her, begging for more. Her legs were threatening to give out, but the two men held her easily between them.

She felt Richard come then pull out, leaving her nether mouth hungry for more. Again, Clark seemed to read her mind. He lifted her up, impaling her on his own turgid majesty. Richard was kissing her back as he kneaded her breasts. She locked her legs around Clark's waist, her arms around his neck. There was a sheen of sweat across his chest and belly.

She moaned again as she felt her own climax building. She twined her fingers through his hair, pulling him to her, grabbing his lower lip with her teeth. Her tongue lashed at him and he reciprocated. She shuddered as waves of toe-curling pleasure rolled through her body. She felt him shudder as well. It really was as if he was perfectly tuned into her.

Clark set her on the bed and withdrew. She mewed at feeling herself emptied. She still wanted more but Richard was eyeing Clark's still magnificent erection. He really was a *superman*. Most men wouldn't be ready for more so soon, but Lois knew Clark was ready and so was Richard. She noticed that Richard had stripped off the jewelry and had a tube of lube in

his hand.

"Lie down," Richard ordered Clark. The other man complied, his erection standing up proudly. Richard climbed on the bed, straddling him. As Lois watched, Richard lowered himself onto Clark's shaft. It was the first time she had actually watched him having sex with another man. He seemed to be enjoying himself immensely and she felt left out. She moved closer but Richard shook his head. "Just watch and enjoy," he said.

Her bag of toys was on the bedside table and she grabbed one of her favorites, a blue, red and yellow vibrator with rotating beads halfway up the shaft and little wings for clitoral stimulation. On the date-weekends when she was in charge, she occasionally made Richard watch while she grooved to Mister Superman - the unofficial name for this not so little toy. She slipped it inside her waiting, hungry nether mouth. It wasn't the same as having Richard or Clark inside her, pumping hard, but it would do in a pinch.

Richard was riding Clark in much the same way that she rode Richard. She hadn't expected that watch the two of them together would be so sensual, so sexy. She plunged Mister Superman deeper as she watched her fiancé make love to another man.

"I told you she'd need toys to keep her occupied," Richard murmured to Clark. He had lowered himself onto his arms so he could capture Clark's mouth with his own. Clark was holding Richard's penis and balls in his hands, jerking Richard off in rhythm to Richard's rocking, taking in Clark's length then allowing it to almost withdraw. It was incredible and he hoped Clark was enjoying it as much as he was.

If Clark's uneven breathing and gasps were any indication, he *was* enjoying it. Beside them, Lois was playing with her vibrator, legs splayed as she thrust it in and out. Her eyes were dark as she watched the men pleasuring each other.

Richard turned his attention back to the man beneath him. "I know Lois was your first woman, but I'm not your first man, am I?"

Richard wasn't sure what made him so certain, but there was something about Clark's willingness to make love to him that screamed that Clark wasn't anywhere near as inexperienced as he led people to believe.

Clark's muscles tensed as though he was trying to keep from losing control. After a moment he answered breathlessly, "No. But it was a long time ago."

Richard nibbled at Clark's neck. "Remind me to thank whoever it was for being such a good teacher." He was close to coming and Clark seemed to sense it. Clark slowed his ministrations on Richard's balls, rubbing his thumb over the delicate underside of Richard's penis.

"Oh God..." The orgasm rolled over him and he squirted over Clark's hard, sculpted belly. He rolled off, breathless. "I hope it was as good for you as it was for me."

"Oh, yes," Clark murmured, but Richard saw that his attention was back on Lois. He reached over and took her hand from her toy. He rolled over and positioned himself between her legs as he removed the toy and kissed her nether lips. She shuddered and Clark placed two, then three fingers inside her as he took the clit clamp into his teeth and gently pulled. She arched her back as though trying to get away but Richard knew she was enjoying Clark's attention.

"Please... no..." she gasped. Richard grabbed her hands to keep her from interfering with what Clark was doing. Clark's other hand disappeared beneath Lois's ass, lifting her. She arched her back again and Richard guessed that Clark had fingers inside her asshole as well.

Lois moaned - a guttural, animal sound. Clark's face disappeared between her legs. She writhed under Richard's hands.

"Oh... please... no... don't stop... please..."

"I can taste all three of us in you," Clark said softly, barely lifting his head. "It tastes good."

Lois was gulping for air like a runner, her eyes glazed. She moaned and shuddered once more before collapsing, boneless, to the mattress. She was so beautiful lying there, sated. She practically glowed. Richard knew that most men would be jealous that Clark seemed to find it so easy to please her. But Clark seemed to find it easy to please *him* as well.

"How do you do that?" Richard asked. Clark gave him a puzzled look. "How do you know what we want, what will turn us on, when we're ready to come?"

Clark sat up. He still had Lois's juices on his face but that didn't seem to bother him. "Like I said before, I can see your skin flush, your pupils dilate, even your muscles beginning to contract with orgasm. The scent changes, too. Becomes muskier, deeper toned."

"But if you're concentrating on pleasing us, what do you get from it?" Richard asked. It hadn't occurred to him until now that since Clark was invulnerable, he might not feel pain or pleasure the way a human did. "I mean, supposedly, you don't feel pain the same way we do."

"You were there when Lois pulled that kryptonite out of my back," Clark reminded him. "But it is true for the most part. It takes a lot to trigger the pain receptors in my body. But I feel touch and everything else just fine. In fact, I have to work to keep from coming whenever I see Lois naked."

"So do I," Richard admitted. "There are days when working in the same room with her is very... distracting."

Clark grinned at him. "Tell me about it, and my desk is closer than yours is. I've visited a lot of icebergs the past two weeks."

Lois raised herself on her elbows and gazed at both of them. "Hey, I'm hungry and I was promised a picnic on the beach."

Clark gave a mocking little bow even though he was still seated. "Your wish is my command."

It didn't take long for Clark to clean up the bedroom. Despite its apparent opulence, the bedspread was actually washable. Within moments the room looked as though it hadn't just been the scene of what amounted to an orgy.

Richard and Lois kept surprising him. Lois was utterly wanton, and Richard... Clark had never imagined that being with a man in that way could be so 'comfortable'. Yes, the parts didn't fit together quite as well as a man and woman, but that didn't matter. His first lover hadn't been as gentle or considerate as Richard although that hadn't mattered at the time.

Clark had accompanied a friend across Europe to her home, a small nearly forgotten nation tucked between India and China. While there he heard of a marvelous library at one of the monasteries even higher in the mountains. He went up into the mountains, found the ancient community, and was granted admittance. There was one other Westerner there aside from the Master, a young man a few years older than Clark with the hard eyes of someone who had seen too much of the evil in the world. The eyes of someone who was working hard to come to terms with evil, and failing.

The Master assigned Clark to work with Bruce and placed them in the same cubicle. In trade for access to the library, Clark was to train as one of the Master's acolytes and Bruce was

assigned to be his trainer. It was harder than Clark had realized to stay in close proximity to another person and not give himself away. Everywhere else in his travels he'd been able to disappear when questions started being asked about miraculous rescues, or Clark's oddities like not needing much sleep, or drinking scalding coffee without flinching.

If Bruce noticed anything, he didn't mention it. Bruce also didn't mention his nightmares, even though he woke Clark up with his screams. Clark found that holding the other man in his arms seemed to soothe him back to sleep. After a few days they simply slept on the same hard pallet. It was easier that way. Later, Clark wasn't sure which one of them had made the first move to take their relationship to the next level, or why. He only knew that Bruce had wanted him in a sexual way and he had agreed.

Clark's first attempts at lovemaking had been cliché-edly clumsy but Bruce had been as patient a teacher there as he was strict with everything else. But Bruce also never gave much of himself away - there was always a barrier, a wall Clark couldn't get beyond, a vein of selfishness that made Clark know that he was never first in Bruce's thoughts. Still, it was an incredible time and Clark had wished it could last forever. But nothing lasts forever. Clark finished his studies in the library. There was no reason to stay except for Bruce.

"Go," Bruce ordered. "If you stay, the Master will force you to train to be something you don't want to be."

"Then come with me," Clark said.

The older man shook his head. "I still have things to learn, things to do here. And I can't do them if you're here."

"But I can help..."

"Go home, Clark. Go home now." With that, Bruce turned on his heel and walked away. Clark called to him but Bruce didn't look back. He didn't sleep in their room that night. The next day Clark left to return to the U.S. and eventually Metropolis.

Then there was Lois - brilliant, obstinate, difficult, sexy. It had been love at first sight, and the beginnings of a bizarre triangle that was just now sorting itself out. Clark Kent was in love with Lois Lane, but Lois was head over heels in love with Superman, never realizing that clumsy Clark who sat beside her in the newsroom was also the costumed superhero that loomed so large in so many women's fantasies.

And now...? Now Clark was involved with both Lois and her fiancé and neither of them seemed to mind. In fact, watching him with Richard seemed to be as big a turn on for Lois as having her toy pulsing inside her. He'd been able to smell her arousal getting stronger and stronger. He'd almost asked her to sit on his face while he was inside Richard but that wouldn't have been fair to Richard. The man had deserved his undivided attention - something Clark had never gotten from Bruce.

Richard and Lois were walking along the beach, looking for a good place to sit down for picnic. They were both still wearing the Kryptonian garb and had put on the tunics - no sense getting sunburned and the fabric had the marvelous property of staying at 75 degrees no matter what the air temperature was.

From his vantage point on the steps, Clark spotted the perfect place for a picnic. He floated down to the flat rock with the cooler in hand. The rock was perfect. Clark spread the white cotton table cloth over the rock. It wasn't the one Lois had packed - that one was vinyl and wasn't suited for what Clark had in mind.

"Guys, over here," he called as he uncorked the wine. It was nicely chilled, condensation running down the bottle like sweat running down the steaming breasts of a well fucked woman

on a hot afternoon.

Richard and Lois found Clark just as he finished unpacking the cooler. Lois raised one eyebrow when she saw that the 'table' was empty - the food was in chilled bowls on the surrounding rocks.

Clark beckoned Lois to come closer. "You're wearing too many clothes," he murmured as he pulled the tunic over her head. Then he unfastened the leggings, caressing her skin as he pulled them down to her ankles. Her jewelry was still in place, her labia open wide, exposing her clit and inner folds. He flicked his tongue over her clit and she shivered.

"Lie down," he ordered, indicating the cloth. Lois gave Richard a curious look and the other man shrugged. Wordlessly, Lois sat on the narrow cloth covered rock and lay down. Clark positioned her body so her ass was on the edge of the makeshift table. Then he spread her thighs, pulling her legs back and tying her wrists to her ankles with white silk rope. Her back arched slightly and, although her breasts were flattened by gravity, her brown pink nipples were pointing jauntily skywards, just waiting to be teased.

As Clark prepared Lois, Richard stripped down then stood back to watch. Clark took one of the bowls of chilled fruit and placed the pieces on Lois's chest and belly and thighs, securing the melon chunks, berries and grapes with Neufchatel cheese to keep the fruit from falling off. Then he did the same with the cubes of cheddar and jack Lois had prepared earlier.

"You set a very luscious table," Richard said, admiring Clark's handiwork. "But where to start?"

"Hey, I'm hungry, too," Lois complained. Clark grinned at her complaint - Lois was always hungry when she wasn't actively engaged with work or something else. Luckily her metabolism was high enough that she burned through the calories like a racehorse.

He filled his mouth with wine then kissed her, allowing the wine to gush into her mouth. Her tongue lashed at his greedily. He backed away and stuffed slid a peeled banana into her mouth, pumping it up and down as if fucking her with it. She grabbed it with her teeth and finished it off, opening her mouth for more. Then she shivered.

Clark looked over to see Richard pouring little dribbles of cold wine over her breasts and down her belly. Then the other man licked the liquid up, picking up fruit and cheese with his tongue. Lois's nipples were fully erect, the skin of her aureoles puckered up in small knots beneath the shields. Richard kneaded one breast as he licked the other.

Clark dropped more food, rolled up turkey slices this time, into Lois's waiting, eager mouth. She was like a baby bird, demanding to have food stuffed down her throat. Clark marveled at how sensuous she was, naked, tied down, helpless. "Want another kind of meat?" he whispered in her ear.

"I thought you'd never ask," she murmured back. He dropped his own clothes on the sandy ground and straddled her, his cock teasing her mouth. He marveled for a moment at how his own inhibitions had disappeared. Before yesterday he hadn't even dared dream of asking Lois to allow him to do this, much less doing it with someone watching. But having an audience made it that much more exciting.

She raised her head and grabbed his cock in her mouth, running her lower teeth and tongue over the delicate underside of his penis. He wove his fingers through her hair, helping her keep her head up as he thrust into her mouth. She moaned and the vibrations sent shivers up his spine. She moaned and squirmed but when he tried to pull back she raised her head even further, refusing to release him. She sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing as she tried to take in his entire length. It was incredible, all the sensations that were concentrated along the length of

his cock inside her warm, wet mouth.

He could hear Richard behind him, slurping up wine and food morsels and attending to other parts of Lois's body. Then that sound stopped and Richard was in front of him, kissing his mouth. Clark tasted fruit and Lois's juices on Richard's tongue. Richard ran his hands down Clark's chest, fingers caressing his nipples, gently tugging on the chain that linked the nipple rings.

Clark found himself rising onto his toes as pressure built up in his calves, ran up his thighs and finally exploded into Lois's eager mouth. She sucked a few seconds more, as if trying to get the last drops of milk shake from the bottom of a glass. Finally she dropped her head back and he let loose of her hair. She was breathing hard, skin flushed, eyes dark with a hunger that wanted more than just food.

"Ready for more?" Richard asked her. She opened her mouth and flicked her tongue at him. He held a ripe strawberry out, teasing her as she reached for it with only her tongue. Her tongue lapped at the fruit and he pressed it between her lips. The rich red juice colored her mouth and ran down the side of her face. Clark bent down to lick the sticky sweetness off.

"Your dessert's waiting for you," Richard told him, jerking his head to indicate the lower part of Lois's body. Wordlessly, Clark moved to kneel between Lois's open thighs while Richard took Clark's place straddling Lois's face.

Richard moaned as Lois started licking his scrotum.

Clark studied Lois's nether mouth for a moment. She was incredibly wet and her clit was hard, straining against the padded fingers of the clamp. He didn't waste time on gentle teasing this time. He placed his hands on her thighs and ran his tongue up her slit to her clit, taking the clamp into his mouth and nibbling on her nub. She arched her back even further as trying to impale herself on his tongue. He licked the moistness from her folds, sucking her dry before rolling his tongue and forcing it inside her. She tasted uniquely 'Lois'. His tongue hit something inside her. Then he realized what Richard had meant when he said 'Your dessert's waiting for you.' A quick check with x-ray vision confirmed it - Richard had placed half a dozen grapes inside of her. Clark sucked them out, one at a time. They were an incredible treat, sweet fruit warmed by her body, basted in the sweetness of her arousal.

She quivered under his hands, or under Richard's ministrations - it was hard to tell, but it didn't really matter. All the signs her body was giving indicated she was enjoying what they were doing with her, to her. She was thrumming like a finely tuned string instrument. She was waiting to be played.

The ice in the fruit bowls was melting but there were still a few pieces - not that it mattered. He could make more ice, but controlling the temperature of it was always a challenge. He didn't want to burn her.

He dropped an ice chip into the dip of her navel. She moaned, but it could have been from Richard tweaking her nipples as she sucked him. More ice. He trailed it down her belly to her brown curly thatch. She jumped as he pressed a piece against her clit before slipping more chips inside her. He ran an icy finger down her slit to her ass, pushing a finger inside next to the clip that held the bottom crystal dangle. She gasped as he ran another finger around her rim. Again, he licked her, the now warm water of the melted mixing with her juices. A small flood stained the white cloth beneath her.

She strained toward him when he stopped to change position.

"Do you want more?" he asked. Richard's shaft was still in her mouth but she managed to nod. He went back to the task at hand, placing fingers inside her, searching for her g-spot as

his thumb circled her clit. He could feel her internal muscles clamping down on his fingers. He suckled her clit, plunging his fingers into her in time with Richard's rhythmic thrusting.

Her moans grew louder but her scent still indicated no pain or fear. Richard convulsed once, gasping Lois's name and Clark knew he had finally come. One more deep thrust of Clark's fingers into her cunt and Lois gave a guttural scream. Her bound hands were clenched into tight fists as she bucked against the ropes.

Richard got off her and Clark realized Lois's face was covered with tears. He hurried to untie her, frightened that despite his watching, despite his attempt to keep her safe from harm, that somehow she'd been hurt. She melted into Richard's arms, weeping on his chest as he rubbed her back. There were red marks on her skin where the ropes had rubbed her raw during her struggles.

Clark stepped back and began to collect the remains of the food. He wanted to give them some space. Obviously she'd been hurt, otherwise why would she be crying?

After a few minutes, her sobs subsided.

"I'm so sorry," Clark managed to get out.

Lois looked over at him, confusion written across her face. Richard was chuckling. "There's nothing to be sorry about, Clark," Richard said. "She's just over-stimulated and over-tired."

"I thought I'd hurt..."

"Oh Clark," Lois said, wiping her face with her hand. "I'm fine. It was just so... overwhelming. I never imagined anything like that, and I'm glad I don't have to go to work tomorrow because I may not be able to walk." She stretched, pushing her hands into the sky. Her breasts bobbed invitingly. "I almost wish there'd been cameras. We could make a fortune in porn. But then I'd need something bigger than a two-by-four to beat off everyone who'd want to do you two."

"You're sure you're okay?" Clark asked.

"Just hungry," Lois said. "Sex that good really takes it out of a girl."

"I'm serious about having him move in, you know," Lois told Richard as they strolled the beach waiting for Clark.

"So am I," Richard said amiably. "It'd be good to have an extra set of eyes and hands to help with Jason. And who better than his father to get him through the weirder spots?"

"People will talk."

Richard shrugged. "They're already talking. But if it makes you feel better, we can tell everybody we're just letting him stay until he finds a place of his own."

She gazed into his blue eyes. "What did I ever do to deserve you?"

He grinned. "I'm living with Superman's baby-mama and, inexperienced or not, he's one of the best man-fucks I've had in a long time. Somewhere, somehow, I must've done something good."

The tropical sun was hot on their heads and hands, but the tunics Clark gave them kept them both cool. It was nice to just walk along the beach without a care in the world. Richard reached a hand under her top to fondle a breast. She captured his mouth, suckling his tongue as his other hand fondled her ass.

She reached down and grabbed his cock. He wasn't quite hard yet, but he was getting there. Lois marveled at how uninhibited they both were this weekend. Last night had been pushing the envelope to the point of breaking - their bondage and sensation play had never

been exactly extreme. The idea of doing it was more tantalizing than the actual execution. Even on the campout where Richard had told her that people were watching him play with her, spread-eagled and naked, she knew in some part of her mind that he was making it up. She knew they were well away from the trail. She knew there was no one else around for miles.

But adding Clark to the mix had taken everything to a whole other level. Today it seemed there were no boundaries. Who would have imagined that Clark was so imaginative and uninhibited? Who would have imagined that shy country boy Clark would willingly, even cheerfully, make love to a man with her looking on?

"Guys, over here," Clark called from somewhere up ahead. Lois and Richard followed his voice, coming around a jagged boulder to find Clark putting on the finishing touches to their picnic lunch. Crystal bowls, filled with ice and food, were sitting on rocks surrounding a flat boulder covered with white cloth. It looked like an altar.

Clark undressed her, kissing her, caressing her, then had her lie on the rock. He tied her down, wide open, waiting to be used, waiting to be sacrificed to the god Lust. She tried to stay still as Clark decorated her chest, belly, and thighs with icy fruit and cheese.

Clark kissed her with a mouthful of wine but that wasn't what she was hungry for. He teased her with a banana, fucking her face with it. Richard poured something cold down her body and licked it up, sending shivers of pleasure down her spine. She was wet with desire, wanting - needing - to be filled.

Clark fed her pieces of fruit and rolled up meat slices. He knew how she was always running on empty. Before he disappeared Clark was the one who always made sure she ate properly. "Want another kind of meat?" he whispered in her ear after a short time.

"I thought you'd never ask," she murmured back. Then he was straddling her, naked, his engorged cock teasing her lips. She raised her head and caught him in her mouth, surprising him. He grabbed her head in one hand, forcing himself further into her mouth. She sucked on him hard. She knew Richard liked it when she sucked hard. It seemed that Clark liked it too.

Richard was licking and nibbling his way down her body, playing with her exposed folds. He licked her clit, sticking fingers inside her, finding her g-spot. She didn't want him to stop, but he did, turning his attentions to Clark's mouth.

Clark gushed into her mouth and she sucked him even harder, getting the last bit of goodness from him. Clark let go of her hair, letting her head drop back. She was breathing hard. Mouth fucking Richard had never gotten her off quite this thoroughly.

"Ready for more?" Richard asked her. She moaned and nodded. The men traded places, Richard now straddling her, ready for her to take him. Clark's tongue on her folds sent waves of pleasure all through her. He sucked on her, flicking his tongue in and out.

Clark ran ice down her belly, pressing it against her clit before sticking it inside. Then he explored her ass with icy fingers. It was all she could do to keep from coming when he began licking and sucking her again, shoving fingers inside her. She clamped down on his fingers, urging him to go deeper. He thrust into her in time with Richard fucking her mouth.

She was close, so very close. Richard shuddered and came. Lois moaned as Clark thrust his fingers into her one more time, rubbing her clit with his thumb. He could have put his whole hand into her snatch, she was so loose, so close. She convulsed as waves of orgasm washed over her. She didn't want it to stop yet she couldn't take any more. She was shaking and crying from the intensity of it.

She was untied and Richard pulled her up to his chest, murmuring reassuringly to her.

"I'm so sorry," Clark stammered. He was standing there looking worried and lost.

"Oh Clark," Lois said, realizing what he must be thinking. He was so sweet and innocent in some ways and so worldly in others. "I was just a little overwhelmed, that's all. And now I'm hungry. Sex that good really takes it out of a girl."

Her two men took turns feeding her strawberries, melon balls, and little rolls of shaved meat. It was sensuous rather than sexy. All three of them were basking in the afterglow of their mutual pleasure. Lois wished she had brought a camera - she had never seen Clark as comfortable in his own skin as he was now, sitting naked except for jewelry on a stone altar popping strawberries and melon balls into her and Richard's mouths.

Lois smiled indulgently at the two men. She didn't really want this day to end. It was beyond any fantasy she'd had before and returning to the mundane world felt so anticlimactic. She smiled to herself. It really *was* 'anticlimactic'.

"Did you find Luthor?" Richard was asking Clark.

"I found a chewed on body that could well have been his," Clark replied. "But he's clever. I'm pretty sure the DNA matches, but it's going to take some pretty sophisticated testing to prove the body I found wasn't a clone or simulacrum of some kind."

"Do you really think that's possible?" Richard asked.

Clark shrugged. "He had access to some pretty sophisticated technology. It's hard to say what other abominations he could have tricked up besides that island. I hope he's dead but I'm afraid he may not be. And if he isn't, I'm afraid of what I might have to do to stop him."

Lois laid a hand on his knee. "You know we're all in this together, right?"

He ran a thumb down her cheek. "I know. It's just... I've been alone for so long and I messed things up so badly when I left."

"It's okay, Clark," Lois said. "You came back and now you're here with us." She fingered the chains he still wore. "Just out of morbid curiosity, what gave you this idea?"

He actually blushed, his cheeks and chest turning pink. "They're actually Kryptonian wedding gear," he said. "When youngsters our age are ready to make a long term commitment to one another, they register the fact and wear the robes and jewelry to the bonding ceremony. In fact, I left out a couple pieces. During the ceremony, the genital jewelry is chained together as well. It represents the connection between the members of the bonded couple or group."

Lois ran fingernail over the cock ring he was still wearing. "So if we were on Krypton, you and Richard would be wearing chain leashes and you'd both be chained to my pussy dangles?"

"And to each other," Clark confirmed.

"I thought Krypton was supposed to be intellectual and enlightened," Lois said with a grin.

"They were," Clark said. "As well as vain and short-sighted. But emphasizing pursuits of the mind doesn't necessarily mean ignoring the needs of the body. And since procreation was separate from sex and property rights were separate from bonding, the young were expected to explore and experiment before settling down into their roles in society."

"It sounds 'alien'," Richard said.

"It was," Clark said. "Like I told you yesterday, my birth parents were considered more than a little odd. They were genetically compatible *and* monogamous. I gather that most couples were neither. If we were on Krypton, Lois would be impregnated by a genetically compatible male. There'd be no guarantee that'd be one of us. If male, the child would be given to his sire or the sire's birth family. Females were left with their mothers."

"So, you'd take Jason," Richard pointed out.

"This isn't Krypton," Clark reminded him. "I may be Jason's sire, but I'm not foolish enough to think I deserve more than you're willing to give me. You're his daddy."

Clark looked so despondent. Lois ran a hand down his back, trying to comfort him. His skin was warm and she wondered why it took so long before for her to realize that about him. He was always so warm. Like Superman was always so warm.

Clark gave her a tentative smile.

"We're serious about having you move into the spare bedroom," Lois said. The conversation was turning surreal. Three naked people sitting around discussing the son they shared between them.

"People will talk," Clark reminded her.

"We'll tell them it's just until you find a place," Richard said. "We can't have you living out of the store room. Perry's going to get suspicious, if he isn't already."

"You know how it's been," Clark reminded her. The past two weeks since Superman's miraculous rescue of the entire planet from Luthor's mad schemes had been hectic, to say the least. Everyone who could make it into to work had been putting in long hours covering the recovery of the city and the search for Luthor.

Richard frowned as though something curious had just occurred to him. "So, on Krypton, the three of us could be married?"

"Bonding isn't quite the same as marriage, but essentially yes. Why?"

Richard was playing with the dangles hanging from Clark's cock ring. Clark was getting hard again and so was Richard. And despite her own soreness, Lois felt butterflies in her belly and a warm moistness between her legs.

"I never dreamed I'd want two people as much as I want both of you," Richard said. He leaned over and gently kissed the tip of Clark's penis. "And you have no idea how much I want this to last. I'm fallen helplessly, hopelessly in love with you. I don't want to live a life without both of you in it. We can't be married that way in Metropolis..."

"You want the three of us to marry?" Lois asked. "In the Kryptonian way?"

"Is that so crazy?" Richard asked.

"We can register the bonding at the Fortress," Clark said. "Besides, you haven't seen the Fortress."

"Wait," Lois said, remembering what she'd seen before Luthor unleashed his terror onto the world. "Luthor had some of your crystals on the boat."

"He only took the data back-ups and a copy of what I guess you'd call a stripped down operating system. Just enough to maintain security and keep the place running while I was away," Clark said. "But one of the things Luthor did do was damage some of the power relays so no one else would be able to access the Fortress's data. Luckily he didn't really know what he was doing. The damage was actually very minor. It took me, maybe, an hour to find and fix everything he did. I beefed up security, too. There shouldn't be any more intruders."

Lois studied Clark's face. Richard was licking his cock, but Clark was watching Lois.

"Lois, would you agree to be bonded to Richard and myself?"

"Does that mean you won't run off to another planet without telling anyone?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I would be honored to be bonded to you and Richard."

Clark's face lit up and Lois was pretty sure it wasn't all due to Richard's attentions.

Lois only had vague, dreamlike recollections of the one and only time she visited Superman's Arctic home. She remembered being held close in his arms as they approached the

unearthly structure. She remembered being amazed at the hard ethereal beauty of the crystals. There had been nothing soft or easy about the Fortress unless Clark was there or rather, Kal-El. Kal-El was the person behind both Clark, the shy reporter for the Daily Planet, and Superman, the larger than life super hero.

It was Kal-El who was flying them north.

He was carrying both her and Richard this time, one under each arm. They twined their legs about his and clasped at each other with their hands. As before, the spires of the Fortress appeared out of a white fog. The structure's size was deceptive. It seemed delicate and fragile until you realized the smallest column was nearly a meter in diameter.

Kal-El gently set them on their feet on one of the higher platforms. He stepped forward and a crystal console rose from the floor. He touched one crystal on the console - Lois would have been hard put to say which one - and it chimed musically. The entire structure seemed to chime with it.

A drawer opened on the console. Kal-El pulled three one-meter long silver and crystal chains from it. He pulled off his tunic and attached two of the chains to his cock ring. Then he knelt in front of Lois and Richard. He hooked the last chain and one of the free chain ends to Richard's cock ring, linking them together. Then the last two free ends went to the clips on Lois's labia. Now they were linked together by virtually unbreakable bonds.

Kal-El kissed the attachment points, delicately teasing them with his tongue. After a moment, he stood and stepped back to the console. Lois and Richard were forced to move with him.

Kal-El touched a different crystal. "Father," he called. A translucent figure appeared, hovering several feet from the floor.

"Yes, my son?" a deep voice asked. It didn't seem to have a specific origin as it echoed through the space.

"Father," Kal-El said solemnly, "I wish to introduce you to my bond mates, Lois of the House of Lane and Richard of the House of White. We wish our bonding to be recorded in the records of the House of El."

"Kal-El my son, are you certain of this? Have you considered how this bonding will affect your mission?"

"I have considered it, Father. I do not believe it possible for me to continue my mission without them."

The figure seemed to consider Kal-El's statement and Lois had a sudden vision of another time she'd seen the same figure. She couldn't place exactly when it happened, but she knew it was a memory, not a dream.

"If you will not be Kal-El," the figure had told him. "If you will live as one of them... love their kind as one of them, then it follows that you must become... one of them."

A piece of the wall had opened up to reveal an inner chamber. "This crystal chamber has in it the harnessed rays of the red sun of Krypton," the figure said. "Once exposed to them, all your great powers on Earth will disappear. Forever. Once it is done, there is no going back. You will feel like an ordinary man. You can be harmed like an ordinary man..."

The rest was like a nightmare - Kal-El walked into the chamber and Clark stepped out. Powerless, mortal Clark. Clark who died inside every time a disaster was shown on the news. Clark who gave up everything for her.

Lois had to concentrate on what Jor-El was saying now. At least this time he didn't seem disappointed in his son. He wasn't glaring at *her* for corrupting his son and enticing him to

abandon the innocents of Earth.

"If you are certain that your bonding will not interfere with you assisting those in need, then you have my blessing," the image of the Kryptonian elder said. "Lois of the House of Lane and Richard of the House of White, welcome to the House of El. My best wishes for your happiness together." The image smiled paternally at them.

"Father," Kal-El called.

"Yes, my son?"

"Lois and I..." Kal-El began then faltered. Lois took his hand and she noted Richard doing the same on his other side.

"Yes, my son?"

"We will be raising our son together," Kal-El said. "Mine and Lois's. Richard stood in my place while I was gone. He acted as my son's father in my absence. He is both my bond mate and my brother. I wanted you to know this."

"Is the child here?"

"No, Father," Kal-El said. "The mores of this culture deem it inappropriate for him to attend our bonding ceremony. However, we will bring him to meet you in the near future."

"I look forward to it." With that, the image disappeared.

Kal-El let go of a breath he probably didn't even know he'd been holding. "That went better than I was expecting," he said.

"Is that all?" Richard asked.

Kal-El grinned at him, grabbing him and Lois around their waists and flying up to a 'balcony' on an upper level.

Lois remembered this area as well - the bedroom with its large silver draped bed. Kal-El sent them down beside the bed.

"The bonding ceremony comes down from the far past, when consummation needed to be proven for the sake of securing the inheritance of the property of the House for the offspring of the union," Kal-El explained.

"You mean we have to do this in front of witnesses?" Richard asked.

"The Fortress will be recording this, yes. Why? Are you shy?" Kal-El came back with a grin, tugging on the chain that bound him and Richard together.

Lois watched as Kal-El kissed Richard. She pulled on both the chains attached to her labial dangles, bringing both men closer to her. She insinuated herself between them, kissing Kal-El and nibbling his lower lip. Richard caressed her breasts and kissed her neck while Kal-El ran hands down her body. His touch was hot against her naked skin. He grabbed her ass and lifted her up, impaling her on his engorged shaft. She wrapped her legs around his waist, staring into his eyes before closing the distance between their mouths once again. Her tongue explored the inside of his oral cavity as his tongue had explored *her* cavities, inside and out.

He lowered them both so that she was propped against the edge of the bed and he was on his knees. She relaxed her grip around his waist and felt Richard move in to caress her knees and legs and Kal-El's back and butt while Kal-El kept up his thrusting.

Kal-El gasped, pausing in his rhythmic thrusting. Lois opened her eyes to see Richard smiling back at her over Kal-El's shoulder and she guessed what had just happened - Richard had just taken Kal-El from the rear.

"I hope your father's enjoying the show," Lois whispered into his ear.

"I'm sure he is," Kal-El whispered back before retaking her mouth. He groaned and his eyelids fluttered and Lois wondered, for just a moment, if having Richard inside him felt as

good as having *him* inside her. Then all coherent thought disappeared as she felt the inner electricity build. It finally discharged like thunder rolling through her body.

Kal-El kept thrusting and she knew he and Richard weren't finished. She lay back on the bed, propped up on one elbow, and watched Kal-El's iron hard shaft as it pulled nearly free and then plunged deep inside again and again. There was something extremely satisfying in watching him fuck her.

She caught movement out of the corner of her eye and looked over to see holographic images of the three of them suspended in mid-air. Not only were there images of the three of them, but also close ups of Kal-El penetrating her, Richard fucking Kal-El, Lois playing with her own breasts.

It was incredibly pornographic. It was also an incredible turn on. She tightened her internal muscles around Kal-El's shaft and felt him pump inside her. Then Richard gasped and bucked and she knew he had come as well. The three of them uncoupled and lay back on the bed, catching their breaths.

"Is it my imagination, or do we just keep getting better?" Richard asked, grinning.

"We're becoming in tune with one another on a different level than most humans," Kal-El stated. "Kryptonians were somewhat empathic with their bond mates, especially during sex. For some couples, it even went beyond that. They could almost feel what their mate was thinking even outside of the sex act."

"So I may be able to feel what the two of you are feeling?" Lois asked. This was something she'd never considered. Superman had never mentioned empathic linking as being one of his abilities.

Kal-El seemed to consider her question. "I think it more likely that I feel what the two of you are feeling, but it's possible that you and Richard could share that between the two of you, since that part of your mind has been awakened to the possibility. I suspect you were already fairly well in tune with one another."

Richard's fingers were walking across Kal-El's chest. "That makes for some intriguing possibilities during sex."

Lois felt Kal-El's chuckle reverberating through his broad chest as he lay with his arms around both of them. Then he stilled. "I wish this could last like this forever. That we didn't have to worry about the rest of the world."

"Welcome to the human condition. Work, taxes, car pools, and left-overs," Richard quipped.

"Sounds wonderful," Kal-El responded.

"You are moving in, aren't you?" Lois asked hopefully.

He smiled at her. "I think Perry would appreciate it if I moved out of the storage closet."

Richard White looked out over the newsroom, looking for two of his favorite people. He smiled as he spotted Clark and Lois coming out of the elevators. Lois was waving her hands as she explained something to her partner while they hurried to their desks. Clark was nodding seriously in bright-eyed dorkiness, pushing his glasses up as they threatened to slide down his nose in their perpetual battle with gravity.

Had it only been a month since he'd invited the tall Midwesterner to join him and Lois in a weekend of fun and games? Richard marveled at how well things had fallen together. Clark had moved his few possessions into the spare bedroom, and Jason was delighted that his best buddy, who happened to be Superman, was living with them.

No one in the newsroom had even noticed that Clark arrived with Lois and Richard nearly every morning. No one noticed that Jason had started calling Clark 'Uncle Clark' and Lois's grace in accepting Clark's adoption into the family *should* have brought a few snide comments from the more cynical members of the bullpen. To Richard's surprise, Clark Kent was still invisible in the newsroom. Maybe that was exactly how it should be, Richard mused. Mad Dog Lane and her quiet knight errant going out to tilt at windmills and giants while the man who loved them both smoothed their way while no one cared to see what was right in front of them.

Lois said something to Clark and the man blushed furiously. Richard didn't need super-hearing to know what she'd said. It was another date weekend coming up and it was Lois's turn to plan it. She was, no doubt, getting Clark wound up for tonight.

Lois spotted him watching them and waved him over. "I don't have time to go grab lunch so Clark was going to go get something," she announced. "So, what do you want?"

"Chinese sounds good," Richard said.

Lois chuckled. "Chinese always sounds good to you." She turned to Clark. "That place with the funny Chinese fortunes, is that still around?"

Clark gave her a cheerful grin. "Bring an assortment?"

"Extra potstickers and hot mustard," she ordered, waving him off.

Richard watched Clark lope away before turning back to Lois. "What did you say to make him blush like that?" he asked, keeping his voice low.

Lois grinned cheekily. "Cat told me about this new dance club in the Diamond Quarter."

"And?" Richard prompted.

"And, people go there in costume. I told Clark we should go as kinky Kryptonians, complete with bond chains."

Richard felt himself blushing. "Is that what you have planned for tonight?"

"Maybe. Or we could have a quiet night in. Watch a movie, make a movie... or maybe I'll sit back and watch you and your boyfriend go at it..." She flicked her tongue out enticingly.

"You are evil," Richard whispered. "I can't wait to get home..."