

# Make You Mine

by JJ-the elusive

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Rating: MA

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Lois was assigned to do a stake-out on the old Pagano Building months ago, and nothing had come of it. That, Clark didn't know and thus Lois had found her perfect opportunity with him. Fuck Richard and his incessant nagging. Forget about the man who'd left her pregnant, deserting her for five years before coming home to a woman who surprisingly to him, had changed. Clark was her constant again, her rock, the one she'd confided in and respected. And not surprisingly, was the one she'd grown to love. Thus, she wanted him. She wanted to make Clark Kent hers.

"There isn't anyone in that building, is there, Lois?"

"Clark, I um...", she began to say but stopped. What could she say? Holding in a breath, she slowly leaned over to where he sat in the passenger seat. To her surprise, Clark had turned to her and met her lips halfway. His lips were so soft against hers but worked firmly, bringing a moan from her throat as his tongue gained entrance to dance with hers. Wasting no time, Lois maneuvered her small body over the shifting gear and into his lap, straddling him. It was a tight fit, with the top of her head brushing against the ceiling of the car, and her legs bending at awkward angles but it didn't matter as she attacked his mouth with hers again.

Clark grabbed her ass and pulled her tighter to his body, making her gasp as he pressed his now straining erection against her warm core. Pushing Lois back from him a little, he made short work of her blouse and bra, throwing them to the backseat before pushing her skirt up and ripping her panties from her body with a quick tug. She let out a sweet sigh as his mouth caught one nipple while his hand played with the other one before grabbing her breast entirely in his large hand and giving it a light squeeze. He let her unbutton his shirt, mentally thanking himself over and over again on his decision to not wear his Superman suit underneath it today. He let go of her to help her with slipping his pants down off of his hips, revealing his straining dark briefs. Clark groaned against her neck as she sat down on him, the warm wetness of her seeping through the cloth of his briefs and onto his quivering cock.

Lois rocked her hips against him a little, sending an electrifying pulse of pleasure through her body at the friction. Moving backwards to sit on his thighs she slowly slid his briefs down, and he quickly lifted himself off the seat to move them down his legs completely. Because they were in the darkness Lois couldn't see him completely, but she could feel him and it was enough. He was thick in her hands as she grabbed him before playing with the tip of him, making him jerk and sigh. Clark's hands were suddenly on her hips, lifting her easily as if she were a rag doll before pulling her down onto his cock swiftly, groaning at the feeling of her wet and tight around him. His hand went to the side of the seat and pulled a lever, making the back

part of his seat go all the way back.

Lois arched her back with a shout at the feeling of his large cock deep inside her, feeling her inner walls stretch almost to the point of discomfort to accommodate him. She felt his large hands on her hips immediately helping her move in a fast rhythm with him. Her hands moved above her to press up against the ceiling of the car and doing so gave her a bit of downward leverage as she rocked above him. Despite doing that, how they lay and where they lay was quickly becoming an inconvenience. Without a thought Lois reached over and opened the passenger door, letting the warm Summer breeze in.

Clark quickly sat up and got up out of the car, his nakedness still hidden in the dark. Pulling Lois from him, he gently guided her back into the car so that she sat sideways on the passenger seat on her knees, leaning forward on her hands that rested on the driver's seat. Still standing outside, Clark pulled her body to him by her thighs and thrust back into her, quickly gaining a fast rhythm.

Lois moaned with every thrust, pushing back against him just as hard and soon felt herself beginning to come, waves of pleasure washing over her body. Hazily she heard Clark cry out after bucking against her a couple of times and going still. She bit her lip in a smile. There. Clark Kent was hers now.