

# Welcome Home

by JJ-the elusive

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Rating: MA

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He'd been gone for almost three weeks now. Lois hoped her cover that Clark was in Afghanistan would hold out for a little longer, as Perry was starting to question her. Jason seemed to be fine, but Lois knew the little boy had questions, and most importantly missed his father. She could see it in his eyes- in the mornings when she'd make him breakfast, watching him stare into his cereal and at night when he realized that Daddy once again wouldn't be there to tuck him in.

They had been married for almost a year now, and soon it would be the two-year anniversary of when he came back home. Where was he at the moment? She couldn't say because she really didn't know a particular location...just a general direction. It had started when the Green Lantern showed up on their balcony three weeks ago. Jason of course shot out of bed and was asking the poor man a million questions a minute while Clark stood back, chuckling at his son's questionings. It turned out that their unexpected guest needed Superman's help in another galaxy, where some guy called Sinestro was threatening to blow up a few planets. It all sounded a bit too Star-Wars for her, especially when she had asked where exactly the galaxy was, which wasn't a good idea because if anything, she had more questions. Regardless, she knew that they were somewhere southwest (was there direction in deep space?) from the lower-right corner of their galaxy, about 3 million light-years away, give or take a million.

She didn't want him to go. Didn't want him to leave her and Jason again, leave Earth and her people again. They debated it for a couple of days, and he would always soothe her with the fact that it wasn't an uncertain trip like before, that he would return again...return to her. But this trip was uncertain in that they didn't know when he would return. Lantern assured them it wouldn't take too long, as they would have more people helping them, but that it would take a little while at the most. Apparently time on other planets didn't work in sync with the time on Earth. From what she was told, she calculated that one day here on Earth would be the equivalent of one week where they would be. She had made up a little calendar at work, keeping record of how long Clark had been away and of how long he had been away from home, according to the time where he was. So far, he had been gone for 21 Earth days, according to where he was...about 5 months.

God. She sighed. She knew if she were gone from home for that long, away from the people she loved, her family, she might not have made it. She most likely would've cracked and turned into a heaping mess. Luckily, Clark was stronger than she was, physically (of course) but emotionally. But only by so much. Her husband had this extraordinary ability of

holding burdens in his heart seemingly effortlessly. He would suffer, but not show it outwardly. He had done that in the year he'd come back from his journey, watching her with Richard. She still couldn't believe that he would have gone on his entire life, watching her from afar, if she had not broken up with Richard. That he would have been a father to Jason via Superman, and would have held all his hopes and wishes to himself. God. She loved him. A chill would run down her spine when she would think of what could have been. She couldn't imagine a life without him...even though she was living it right now. The media also wondered where Superman was, and asked if he had possibly left again. After the second week, it was pretty much forgotten. Lois was glad to see once again that the world could stand on its own two feet when it had no Superman to keep it up.

Now here she was, tossing in bed and wishing for the millionth time today that he was here with her. She missed the feel of his warm body pressed against her back, falling asleep in the protective circle of his arms, and the adorable way he would never turn out the light when they went to bed without telling her how much he loved her first. Lois held his pillow to her, inhaling the scent of him and making her heart do backflips over all the memories that flooded her mind from it. It must have soothed her, as she finally succumbed to slumber as her grip on the pillow loosened.

The sight of her was like a dream. He hoped to God that this wasn't just another cruel trick of his mind, which also begged to go home via very realistic dreams that made him ache even more. It wasn't easy stopping Sinestro's plans, and it involved much strategy and planning. Thus, he and his comrades would stay on the nearby planets surrounding the 17th galaxy (according to Kryptonian records. It didn't really have an official name) There he would have a little bit of time to himself, either meditating or soaking in the rays of a small star that was similar to the sun, or both. The day finally came when they forced their enemy to retreat, and they were finally allowed to go home. And now here he stood, after 5 and a half months, watching the woman he loved sleep. Earlier he would have liked nothing than to lie next to her and enter a deep slumber, as his body was so very worn out. But the combination of staying an hour in the sun's light and watching his son, his beautiful little boy, sleep- he was wide awake.

At first she stirred lightly, but then after hearing the second thump Lois slowly opened her eyes, and closed them again. It was probably the people that lived in the apartment below hers, milling around late at night like they usually did. She was about to fall asleep when she felt something graze her cheek- almost as if it were Clark's fingertips brushing against her skin. She must have been half-awake and dreaming as she was prone to do. In her dream she felt a soft kiss on her neck, well slightly soft as whoever was kissing her had quite a forest growing on their face. She sighed in contentment and rolled over, lying on her back. Lois felt even lighter kisses on her face- forehead, eyelids, cheekbones, nose, and finally her lips. Her dream was ever so real feeling, as she felt her body respond to these gentle caresses. The kisser in her dream must have sensed it, and was now kissing her neck again, trailing lower down past her collarbone and to the top of her camisole to the soft swell of her breasts. She quietly laughed as the person's apparent facial hair tickled the sensitive skin there, causing her to squirm a little- and making her body wake up just a little bit. The sensation of the mouth on her body disappeared for a moment then reappeared even lower than where it was before, now it was under her navel. She felt warm, large hands sitting gently on her thighs and woke up even more from the sensation. Was it possibly real? The hands were now removing her panties, slowly sliding them down her legs and off with ease. When she felt a tongue slowly licking her between the thighs, she woke up to find it wasn't a dream at all, finding Clark literally hovering

above her body further down on the bed. She hurriedly moved to sit up, but couldn't as a wave of sensations gripped her body.

"Clark!"

"Shh," she heard him whisper against her, making her moan quietly. He was back. Finally after three weeks her love was back... and was showing it in a very specific way... she held back her voice as he sucked on her clit, occasionally nipping the tiny nub with his teeth. The feel of his mouth on her, and the feel of his wiry beard against the soft skin of her inner thighs was for lack of a better word, amazing. She felt more than heard him chuckle as she squeezed her thighs together even more, pushing herself ever so slightly up to his eager mouth. She let out a low, trembling cry when he slipped a finger into her and out, repeating it ever so slowly. In no time she was writhing from her orgasm, trying desperately to keep quiet lest the little boy down the hall should hear. She could only whimper.

"Clark..."

Once again he silenced her gently, hovering up her body - he was basically lying horizontally on her, only there was a few good inches of air between them as he was flying. She moaned quietly when he finally kissed her properly, tasting herself on his tongue. God, she missed his kiss. So intoxicating, every time. So perfect...she didn't even mind the beard.

"So," Lois began in the middle of light, simple kisses.

Kiss.

"I take it shaving razors don't exist in whichever galaxy you were in?"

Kiss.

"Lois."

Kiss. Kiss.

"Hmm?"

"Shh."

She laughed silently as he captured her lips with his once more, kissing her deeply, thoroughly, until she was gasping for breath.

"That's how I felt, Lois," his voice was barely above a whisper, "I couldn't breathe at some points. I don't know how I did it before, being away from you... from Jason, from everything."

Lois reached up, framing his face where she used to feel soft, beautiful skin over chiseled cheekbones. Tugging gently, she pulled him down out of the air to kiss his forehead, the top of his head, and then pulled him down so that he lay mostly against her, his weight lessened by the fact that he was still hovering slightly. Sighing deeply, Lois wrapped her arms around him as he buried his face in her neck, allowing her to hold him this time as he mostly held her due to their size difference. She held him like that for a while, until he flew up out of her embrace and began to tug her camisole up off of her. Lois stared up at him with a sly smile. She was always the first one to be naked, not him, and it was true as all he wore were a pair of dark boxer briefs. He wobbled in the air suddenly when she reached up and ran a fingernail against his prominent arousal, still noticeable even when he was floating so the front of the boxers were hanging down and looser. She reached up and grabbed the waist of the boxers, and began pulling them down his body. He helped by floating further horizontally towards the top of the bed till his ankles were above her face and the boxers slipped off. He began to float down the bed again when her hands caught his hips, his arousal hanging just above her head. He gasped as she pulled him down and into her mouth, enjoying the feeling of her ministrations. Slowly, he lowered his body up and then down, gliding into her mouth gently. He stopped when she

kept his hips in place above and away from her. He floated down so that he now rested on the mattress, his forearms on either side of her, and began to lather her breasts with his tongue. She writhed underneath him vigorously, and he felt how wet she was when his arousal slipped between her thighs. They were both ready for that ultimate connection, the act of bonding the body, soul and mind. There was just one more thing...

Lois felt slightly light-headed from sitting, really standing up in bed. Clark had picked her up flush against him - making her purr as she felt him pressed against the moistness between her thighs- and flipped them over so that she was now on top of him, still in mid-air. She straddled his stomach as she put her feet flat onto the mattress, her knees bent. Slowly, Clark flew higher until her toes barely touched anything solid. She ran her hands lovingly over his chest, up his neck, through his hair. God, even in the dim moonlight he didn't look at all like her Clark, but some stranger with his eyes. She closed her eyes and smiled as she continued, thinking about how she sometimes would fantasize what he would look like if he didn't shave. He was adorable all clean shaven and geeky, but she couldn't resist a man with a bit of fuzz, someone rebellious against the conformity of being a clean shaven businessman. In short, it turned her on and seeing her Clark like that was taking its toll on her. She came back to reality to find herself rolling the front of her hips against his stomach, stimulating her. Smiling she laid her torso against his and kissed him, grabbing hold of his jaw between her hands. She made a sound of protest when he effortlessly lifted her off of him and positioned her over him, the tip of him pressing against her opening slightly. Slowly, with a breathy moan and the help of his hands on her hips along with gravity, she slid down the length of him, stretching and filling her so completely.

She smiled down at him, "Welcome home, Clark."