

# With Clouds Between Their Knees

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Rating: M

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(For Laurel, who wanted us to write some fun, silly sex for once, instead of the intensely emotional love scenes that are our usual forté)

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Kal-El's arms encircle her, holding her close, and Lois wraps her legs around his waist. He's warm, so very warm, the heat of him sizzling under her hands and against her lips. "Oh, yes," she whispers when he thrusts into her, and he's always felt so right, so perfect, as if he was made for her. Lois rocks against him, slowly at first, then growing more urgent as he increases the rhythm.

"Lois," he murmurs against her neck, and the way he says her name colors those two short syllables with a thousand shades of love, adoration, and desire. She trembles against him, on the verge already, whimpering in need. One sharper thrust makes her rake her nails over his shoulders, crying out...

...and when her arm moves back, her elbow hits the wall that was a good six feet behind them when they started. Lois snarls a curse as the pain shoots up her arm, and he pulls away, startled. "Darn it," he growls, realizing they've drifted halfway across the room.

"Okay, so standing up isn't going to work," Lois sighs, still half-breathless as she rubs her elbow. Trust her to hit her freaking funny-bone in the middle of this little experiment of theirs.

"This is harder than I thought," he admits.

"Believe me, I know it. "With a wicked smile, Lois tightens those inner muscles, sees his eyes go wide with the sudden return of lust.

"I meant trying to hover while we're..." Kal-El catches her hips, shifts her slightly, and it's Lois' turn to moan. He adds in a husky tone, "You're the one who got tired of all the mile high club jokes. "

"Mmm, if I'm going to be damned for it, I damn well want to have *done* it," Lois manages to replay. Too many people have implied for too long that she and the hero have done *everything* including midair sex, and she's gotten sick of listening to their whispered speculations. Of course, they're doing this in the privacy of their bedroom - too many satellites these days - so he has to keep them in pretty much one place. It's understandably difficult for him to concentrate on hovering while he's so delightfully distracted, and they keep moving in the direction of his thrusts. Lois kisses him, long and lingering. "Besides, I don't hear any complaints from you. "

"Nothing to complain about," he tells her, and his eyes are dark with desire. "Maybe we should try something we're a little more used to?"

As he tilts them forward, Lois tightens her legs around his waist and her arms around his

shoulders. Missionary's fine, she usually loves the feeling of his body moving over her, but not when there's nothing under her but air - and eventually the floor. "Over the bed, please?" she says, clinging tight.

"I won't drop you," Kal-El laughs, but he complies. Once they're positioned over the bed, they pick up where they left off.

After a few moments of worrying, Lois trusts him to hold her up, bracing against his arms around her waist and shoulders as she thrusts up to meet him. She throws her head back, dizzy with sensation, and he bends his head to her breasts. Lois moans; what a talented tongue he has, and she remembers flashes of other times with him. There was that once, sitting in his lap out on the balcony, her opened blouse the only clothing he'd let her remove where someone could see them, and he'd nuzzled and licked and suckled at her nipples until she came from that alone.

Afterward he'd taken her inside and tumbled her to bed, quick and eager, his hands roaming as they're roaming now. He catches her hip again and shifts her oh so slightly, but it brings him into contact with that spot deep inside that makes her vision go white hot. Lois cries out, bucking beneath him, wanting more, more, more, and he's giving it to her, everything he has, and he is so impossibly beautiful as he does it that she doesn't dare close her eyes, wanting to watch every second, every flicker of lust and love that crosses his expression.

Lois arches her back, and her shoulders press down into the pillows... wait. She's almost out of her mind with this, but they're supposed to be several feet above the bed, not touching it. With the next thrust her back is on the bed, and his arm beneath her isn't so comfortable. "Kal-El," she moans.

He's noticed too, and close as they are, it's an effort to stop. Kal-El lifts them off the bed again and hovers there, evidently annoyed that his concentration keeps wavering. "This is getting to be more trouble than it's worth," he growls.

Lois can't help chuckling. So far, the reality of mixing her two favorite physical activities with him has been far more ridiculous than her romantic fantasies of years gone by. But that's okay, it's still good, any time they're together it's good, even if he's glaring at her in mock-frustration while she laughs breathlessly. "Let me be on top," she suggests.

Kal-El rolls them over and Lois shifts her position, sitting up more so that's she's straddling him. "You concentrate on flying, I'll do all the work," she murmurs, trailing her fingertips down his chest. His breath catches when her nails drag down the toned muscles of his stomach.

It's distracting, having only him to brace against, so she goes slow, rocking against him. Kal-El's hands roam upward, cupping her breasts, his thumbs stroking her nipples in time with her rhythm. Oh yeah, this will work just fine, and she rests her palms on his chest to keep her balance as she rises up and rocks back down onto him. Lois clenches her teeth around a moan, and he always feels so good inside her. Always.

He has to close his eyes to stay aloft, and his hands slide down to her thighs, helping support her. Lois watches him, watches the pulse in his throat speed up when she rises a little higher before sinking down onto the length of him again. She swivels her hips, keeping it slow, her body gone molten. Just like this, it's all she needs, to see him and feel him and know that he's holding himself on the edge for her. It's like liquid gold, hot and thick, pouring through her, and she manages not to cry out as she shudders through her first climax.

Quicker now, tightening around him, riding him, and Kal-El starts to arch his hips up to meet her. He can't hold back much longer, she can tell, his hands clasping her hips again, and

she will have bruises tomorrow but she doesn't care. His breath is ragged, and his azure eyes open to catch her hazel ones. Their gazes linked, Lois moans, moving faster, trying to push him over the edge.

"Still think it's more trouble than it's worth?" she manages to gasp out, and his only reply is an inarticulate growl of wanton need. Her back arches and she moans aloud, tensing as fulfillment crashes through her. Calling her name hoarsely, Kal-El is just an instant behind her, arching up hard as he spasms within her. Perfect, absolutely perfect, joined together like this with nothing else but air to touch them...

...and at the moment of his climax his control falls apart, the pair of them dropping back down onto the bed. Lois yelps in surprise, trying to catch onto *something* to break the fall, but there's nothing. They thump down and the sudden stop drives him deeper into her, just a little too deep, and Lois bites back a whimper of discomfort.

He tumbles them onto their sides anyway, still joined, and asks, "Are you all right?"

"Yeah, fine," she says, then looks into his worried eyes and bursts out laughing.

Kal-El joins her in laughter as he joins her in all else, holding her close. "There. That counts, right? Tell me that counts."

"Yes, love, it counts," Lois says, eyes shining with mirth. "We are officially part of the mile high club."

"Good," he murmurs, nuzzling her neck. "Because the next time, we're going to be grounded." Kal-El catches the back of her knee and pulls her leg up his side, making her gasp with the realization that he's not quite done with her yet.