

Unfamiliar

by Kala Lane Kent

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Rating: M

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Banner by bistyboo1974



Lois ran Kal-El's red tie through her fingers repeatedly, biting her lower lip. Every time she thought about what she was planning to do, a strange mixture of arousal and anxiety propelled her into restless pacing. The idea was such a departure from the norm for them, she sometimes wondered if he would even go along with it. Something so far outside their experience also carried the thrill of novelty, and another part of her mind whispered that of course he would go along with it - hadn't he been willing to try anything she asked? Lois blushed at her own memories: the morning after that first night, her hands tightening in his hair as he held her hips and tasted her deeply, and then wrecking the mattress that first week back together, straddling his lap with his warm mouth on the back of her neck, his hands everywhere she wanted to be touched...

She shivered in spite of the warm air, closing her eyes against the heat in her blood, feeling almost as if he was caressing her at that very moment. Oh, those images in her mind were more than enough to compensate for the nights spent alone, waiting and trying to stay awake while he was off saving the world. Or the nights with too much company, the twins frightened by a noise or a nightmare and crawling into their parents' bed. *One benefit of being married with kids: we might not have all the time we want together, but we both make the absolute **most** of the time we have,* Lois thought with a small grin.

Right now was a perfect example - the twins were with Richard and Lana for the first two weeks of summer break. Lois and Kal-El missed the kids, it was impossible not to, but they also loved the chance to have time to themselves. Time to talk, to snuggle, to watch movies that weren't produced by Disney - and to make love as often as possible. Normally, the privacy gave them an opportunity to experiment, and in Lois' case, to be as loud as she wanted. Or as loud as *he* wanted; Kal-El found her passionate cries very gratifying. God bless sound-proofing. But this week's lovemaking had been rather tame by their standards, and Lois thought she knew why.

A few weeks ago, while Jason and Kala were at Ella's house for the weekend, Lois and Kal-El had gotten a bit carried away. She'd whispered a salacious remark about whipped cream at the store, and he had replied in kind. And nothing fueled her fire worse than unguarded scandalous talk out of that mouth. That resulted in a few extra items being added to their grocery list and scorchingly erotic banter on the ride home. By the time they arrived at the apartment, they barely made it through the front door before they pounced on each other. Kal-El had taken her there in the foyer, his hands tight on her wrists as he pinned her against the door.

The groceries were forgotten, the ice cream melting in the bag, and in the heat of passion Kal-El had also forgotten his strength just a little. The next morning, Lois found her forearms bruised. It wasn't particularly painful, just a little sore - as certain other parts of her body were - and the fading marks served as a reminder of their steamy afternoon. Lois wore long sleeves for a few days and thought no more of them beyond the occasional wicked grin.

But Kal-El had been more concerned, insisting on scanning her arms for serious injuries. He was relieved to find none, but Lois kept catching him staring at the bruises with a dark expression. As often as she tried to reassure him that he hadn't hurt her - that she had *enjoyed* being overpowered like that - he still seemed frightened and perhaps even a little disgusted with himself.

Since then, Kal-El had been exceedingly gentle, handling her as if she were made of glass. Gone was the strength that swept her up and made her feel so safe; gone, too, was the edge of roughness that fed her ego and made her feel so wanted. Every so often, she loved feeling like she could drive him out of his mind with desire - like he wanted her so much he *couldn't* hold back, even if he tried. Now and then Lois liked seeing the hero's eyes glaze over in pure, brazen lust for her.

But ever since he'd accidentally hurt her - such a small injury, Lois herself had done far worse to other lovers with her fingernails and teeth - he'd been keeping his desire on a tight leash. And it drove Lois crazy.

Another woman might have talked to her husband about it. Lois would not; there was still a hint of shyness about Kal-El, particularly on this topic. The things he murmured into her ear to make her blood run hot - or the things she begged him breathlessly for - were still too much for him to discuss casually. Lovemaking was still, at least a little, part of some great Mystery to him, almost sacred. He certainly approached it with reverence...

Lois shivered again, thinking of the look he sometimes got, very serious and intent, usually right before doing something that made her mind short-circuit and her body rise up off the bed. Oh, it wasn't always solemn and profound. Far from it. They had their laughing moments; the time they were cuddling on the couch and fell off was a prime example. It had gotten quite intense up until that point, when Lois shifted to bring her knee up along his side, and forgot that there was nothing past the edge of the sofa to brace herself against. She had

tumbled to the floor, and Kal-El was so surprised that his attempt to catch her simply made him fall atop her. They had both been shocked into silence, followed by helpless laughter from Lois - until he'd lifted her up and floated them both back onto the sofa.

The reminiscences made her shiver again, cold and hot at once, and Lois clutched his tie reflexively. *Enough thinking about it*, she told herself. *You've got the cure for his shyness, or at least you think you do. Either go through with it or quit pacing around making yourself nervous.*

Looking down at the tie, Lois gave a considering sigh. Silk was one of the strongest fabrics, she had read somewhere. And the fact that it was the tie from his wedding tuxedo made it both oddly appropriate and utterly wicked. She carefully tied the narrow end into a safety knot, her mouth quirking up ruefully as she did. She'd learned this knot with Elliot, years before - it was similar to a basic slipknot, but if she caught the tail of it and pulled, the entire knot would simply come undone. *Never dreamed I'd be using this with **him***, Lois thought, and realized she was blushing.

The wide end of the tie was more difficult to work with. She fastened it around her left wrist with a square knot that wouldn't tighten. "Last chance to back out," Lois reminded herself aloud, but she could hear her own heartbeat quickening with anticipation. To render herself helpless like this, to offer herself up to him ... it was something Lois couldn't have imagined doing for any other man. Not even Elliot, so long ago; he had taught her the knots so she could use them on him. Never herself. There had never been anyone Lois trusted this much.

Breathing deeply, trying to calm her racing heart before its beat brought him home prematurely, the reporter lay down on the bed. She could feel the satin nightgown sliding across her back, feel every inch of the sheets beneath her bare legs, exquisitely aware of each tiny sensation. The headboard of their bed made a convenient tie-off point, and Lois stretched her hands above her head, slipping the tie around. She hesitated once more, taking another steadying breath when she imagined how she would look to Kal-El when he arrived, and that brought a further flush of color to her cheeks. She could feel the burn there all too well. But oh, if it worked, if her trust in him made so very clear managed to wash away the last of his guilt... With a tiny whimper, Lois slid her free right hand into the loop and pulled the safety knot tight.

Now she was caught, bound by her own will, absolutely vulnerable. Experimentally, Lois tugged against the tie, and a thread of disquiet slipped through her mind. It was pretty damn secure, and she had to crane her head back just to glimpse the knots. Flipping over onto her belly wouldn't really help, either, since her arms would be crossed at the wrist if she did. The tie was long, but after making the two loops for her wrists she hadn't had enough left over to give herself much room to maneuver.

Relax, she told herself sternly, rolling her eyes. *That's why the right one is a quick-release. You can get out of it, Lois. Stop acting like an idiot. Besides, you're not trapped alone in a cabin in the woods like something out of a Stephen King novel. Kal-El will be home soon, so what's the worst that could happen?*

Unfortunately, the answer presented itself to her immediately and in a far different light than she'd been seeing previously: he could laugh at her. That sudden thought cut an icy swath across the warmth of arousal. How had that never occurred to her? They'd never even *hinted* at anything like this before, and Kal-El would be startled. Perhaps even surprised into laughter by the ridiculousness of Lois Lane tying herself up for him like some story out of the kind of

magazine sold in a black plastic cover.

Or worse, he'd look at her with that dubious expression, the one that was surprise turning into distaste. What if he saw this and thought of it as a cheap trick, a tawdry little come-on? Kal-El's attitude about sex tended toward the high-minded, while Lois had always been a little more carnal. Oh, no, this could go *very* wrong indeed - he might even think it was a bit sleazy.

Bad idea, Lane, Lois thought shakily, growing more certain by the second that his reaction wouldn't be what she'd hoped for. She'd come so close to screwing up so bad, so close to having him walk in that door and look at her like she was out of her mind. She reached up and grabbed the tail of the tie and pulled it out, unmaking the safety knot. Breathing a sigh of relief, she shook her hand free of the silk...

...and it pulled against her arm suddenly. For a moment, she thought the tie had simply caught on itself, and she yanked it sharply to free it from the momentary obstruction. But the loop around her right wrist only tightened, and Lois' hazel eyes went wide in horror. "Uh-oh," she whispered, an atavistic chill racing down her spine. She had either made the knot wrong, or pulled the safety loop out the wrong way. It didn't matter; now she was bound for real.

Lois reacted the same way any woman would, finding herself unexpectedly captive. She went momentarily wild with panic and fought the bonds, throwing her weight against the knots, arching her whole body off the bed. The good silk tie held, and the headboard held, though the bed frame protested creakily beneath her. Lois struggled without thinking, pulling the safety knot - now an ordinary slipknot - even tighter, and making the square knot on her other wrist a trifle more secure.

She *hated* being out of control more than anything else. That was why Lois drank, but rarely got drunk; why she drove too fast, but had learned how to do it without wrecking her car. For all she insisted on control, though, Lois found herself craving a chance to give it up. Hatred is simply the opposite face of love; it's an attractive force, and Lois was not the first person to discover that surrendering to another brought her incredible pleasure. She loved it when Kal-El showed his strength, proved how easily he could've overpowered her - loved it when he was gentle with her anyway, and loved it more when he seemed on the edge of casting aside his restraint. She loved the illusion of casting aside her famous control, loved toying with the idea, but this was no longer a game. As much as she had wanted to offer herself to him completely tonight, when she realized that her last little bit of control - the safety knot she could reach to release herself - was gone, she panicked and fought fiercely. *Shit! Shit, come out, dammit!*

All of her efforts came to nothing except that the knots were even harder to escape. Lois fell back, panting, her hair falling into her eyes and her skin suddenly damp. She *had* to get out of this before he came home and saw her, *had* to... Tossing her head to get an annoying strand of hair out of her face, Lois craned her head back to look at the knots. *It's no big deal*, she insisted in her own mind, *you can pick locks, so you won't have a problem just untying a simple knot. Kids learn these in Cub Scouts. No big deal, no problemo.* All the while trying to ignore the anxious little voice scampering around in there crying *Trapped!*

The reporter glared at the knots as she began picking them apart, but she quickly discovered that her initial panic had tightened them much more than she'd thought. The slipknot was useless; she couldn't get any leverage on it. The square knot on her left wrist seemed a little better, but trying to untie it with her right hand *hurt*. Lois saw to her dismay that the slipknot was cutting into her wrist cruelly, making even moving that hand difficult.

She heard a faint, steady whimpering sound, and realized it was coming from her. *Oh*,

God. Oh, God, I screwed up. I can't get out, I can't get out, he's going to think I've lost my mind, Kal-El's going to look at me like I've gone crazy, or worse, he'll think this is sleazy and he won't want to touch me after he's seen me like this, I have to get loose somehow, I have to get free, but I can't. I'm trapped, and what if he doesn't come home right away? What if he's gone a few hours? What if something happens and he's gone all day? Oh no, oh God no, what if something happened to him? What if I'm stuck here until someone else notices me missing?

The thought that her mother - or God forbid, *Perry* - might come looking for her and find her like this drove Lois over the edge, and she fought the knots again, mindless in her terror. She clawed at the tie, yanked hard against the headboard, and thrashed her way through the second panic in five minutes. When her rational mind reasserted itself, she was panting harshly, her hair mussed, and she'd rumbled the sheets beneath her. Her nightgown was rucked up to her hips, and Lois realized she couldn't even tug it down.

Mortified tears stung Lois' eyes. *Once again, Lois Lane, you've managed to get yourself into the stupidest predicament - you can only hope that your rescuer doesn't laugh at you. Such an idiot.* She lay limp, her right hand throbbing, trying not to weep.

"Lois?" Her head snapped up at his voice; her racing heart had brought him home. But she couldn't bring herself to answer, hanging her head and letting her hair mask her expression. She had never felt more like a fool - well, perhaps once, when she'd landed in a fruit cart after falling sixty stories, but this was turning out to run a very close second.

The bedroom door opened, and Lois could see Kal-El, although he was only a tall shape glimpsed through the screen of her hair. She closed her eyes, aware she couldn't bear seeing that slightly disgusted expression on his face, wishing she could cover her ears so she wouldn't have to hear pity or disappointment in his voice. *Idiot, idiot, idiot*, she cursed herself inwardly.

He approached the bed, and with adrenaline coursing through her veins, her heightened senses picked up the faintest whisper of his clothing as he moved, cotton against skin. She could even smell his cologne, that clean cool scent she loved so much, and even in her humiliation, Lois pressed her lips into a thin line to keep from whimpering again. Kal-El stroked her hair away from her brow, and Lois turned her head slightly away. He sighed, and she flinched; any moment now he would ask her what she'd been thinking.

But he didn't speak. Kal-El gently took hold of her right wrist and began untying the knot. Lois felt a lump of gratitude in her throat that seemed determined to wring tears from her; maybe he wouldn't say anything. Maybe he would just untie her and they could pretend this never happened. It was an incredibly stupid idea; maybe he'd just chalk it up to temporary insanity if she never mentioned it again...

Kal-El let go of her wrist, trailing his fingers down her arm lightly. Lois sighed with relief and pulled her hands free ... only to discover that he *hadn't* untied her. He had simply loosened the knot that had grown too tight and retied it so it wouldn't slip again. Her wide-eyed gaze flew to his face, and saw him smiling at her. Not the pitying smile, nor the trying-not-to-be-upset one, but an expression with a hint of wicked promise in it. That was absolutely the last thing she had expected to see and her body's reaction to it was instantaneous. *Oh my God...* "Kal-El," she whispered strengthlessly.

He smiled at her, tracing the line of her jaw. "You set this up for a reason," he murmured, his voice low and warm. "You wanted me to see you like this... Something's been missing lately, Lois?"

Lois swallowed, her throat dry, staring up at her husband as his fingertips tickled down

her neck and slipped across the satin nightgown, down to her belly. Her mind seemed to be in vapor-lock. Shock at his intuitive understanding of her motives, as well as his very evident interest, and the remnants of fear at being bound and helpless. She had nothing to fear from *him* - Lois trusted Kal-El absolutely - but she felt that instinctive panic still fluttering around inside her mind whispering *Trapped!* at the top of its lungs. "Yes," was all she could manage to reply.

Again that lazy smile, the one that never failed to send heat through her blood in anticipation. "I've missed it too - but I was so afraid of hurting you. I never want to hurt you, Lois." His expression became a wicked grin, his eyes seeming to darken to deep, royal blue. Lois felt the hair at the nape of her neck stand up, even as electricity seemed to buzz along her nerves all the way down to her toes. His voice had dropped to a husky murmur when he added, "It's a good thing I can't hurt you like this, isn't it? And it leaves both of my hands free..."

The hand that had been resting lightly against her belly now spread out flat against her skin, and she could feel the warmth of him through the thin satin. Lois' heart skipped a beat, and her breath came in a swift gasp. It seemed as though that heat was spreading through her belly, and even while anxiety traced icy trails up and down her spine, she felt molten where he touched her.

Kal-El laughed softly, stroking her belly. Her nightgown had ridden up while she struggled, and Lois's breath shuddered from her lips when he trailed his fingers over the bare skin at her hip, then down her thigh. She couldn't seem to stop herself from lifting her knee wantonly into his touch, or from giving a breathy gasp at the feel of his warm palm against the inside of her thigh. The reporter was caught between conflicting emotions: anxiety at the unfamiliar feeling of being *completely* under someone else's control, and a sudden surge of desire at surrendering herself so utterly to the one man she loved and trusted this much. Afraid to lose herself in sensation and afraid not to, she was worried that letting him have her like this would be very different from their normal lovemaking, and terrified that it would be *better*. Lois had never thought of herself as the kind of woman who would *enjoy* being tied up and...

He pressed against her thigh gently, parting her legs a little more, and the heat in Lois' cheeks flared. She'd debated whether or not to wear anything under the nightgown, and had at last chosen a lacy pair of black panties that Kal-El found particularly attractive. Now she was grateful for that; she didn't want to be completely bare to him, not right away. Aware of her gaze on him, Kal-El sat down on the bed, pulling her leg across his lap, and kissed her knee, his eyes meeting hers.

Lois had managed to get her breathing under control, but as he started trailing gentle little kisses up the inside of her thigh, she couldn't control the moan that trickled up her throat. Her heart racing now, she arched toward him with each soft kiss, and all the while her mind was whirling with the possibilities. *Tell me he's not... Oh no, Kal-El, don't... I can't... He loves to do that, and he knows I can't ... not from just that... God, he's going to torment me with it, he'll do that and not stop and it just makes me want more but I can't finish...*

Shivering, hearing herself give a breathless little whimper she couldn't seem to stifle, Lois tensed up as his mouth lingered just at the hem of the panties. Any moment now... But he moved aside, kissing her hip, and Lois couldn't hold back a relieved sigh, her eyes slipping closed for a moment. Then she felt Kal-El shift position, his hands on her sides nudging the nightgown further up, and he was kissing his way up her belly. Lois' breath stuttered again, making her soft skin leap away from his mouth, and he smiled up at her. Just seeing that look was enough to make her bite her lip. "How much do you like this nightgown?" he murmured.

At first she didn't understand the question. "Huh?" It should not have been possible to be this turned on this quickly - he'd barely touched her...

"It's not one of your favorites, is it?" Kal-El asked again, gathering the satin in his hands so that it pulled tight across her chest, the fabric sliding teasingly over her breasts. "You wouldn't be hopelessly angry with me if it got damaged, would you?"

Lois' throat had gone dry again as the question percolated through her mind. He couldn't possibly mean... She shook her head slowly, unable to speak in suspense of what he would do, and saw his eyes flare red an instant before the shoulder straps fell free. *Heat vision*, she thought, biting her lip even as she moaned. *Vaporized the straps... I seem to lose quite a few shoulder-straps on nightgowns to that...*

But Kal-El wasn't done yet. He leaned back slightly, kneeling between her thighs, and she saw the amusement in his eyes as he simply spread his hands apart. The nightgown tore like paper, baring her skin to the warm air and his warmer gaze. Lois arched up to him then, pulling against the tie around her wrists as need roared into her at a maddening pitch. If she hadn't been bound she would've been on him in an instant, leaped and wrapped her legs around his waist, run her hands into his hair and kissed him hungrily, giving him no choice but to give her what she wanted. But she couldn't, and she growled with frustration, her expression growing almost petulant.

Tossing the nightgown casually aside, Kal-El bent to kiss her belly again, nuzzling against her while his hands stroked her sides. Lois tried to keep still, but she couldn't help arching insistently up to him, knowing that she was simply making her desire more obvious. All of which only seemed to make him more oblivious, although she knew better. Ever so slowly, he began to kiss and caress higher and higher, Lois whimpering softly in need. Her chest ached, taut with emotion and anticipation, and her arms trembled with the strain of constantly fighting the tie.

He took his own time, gently kissing the swell of her breast, pausing to stroke her side, and then finally, *finally* flicking his tongue over her nipple just when she thought she would scream. Lois could barely hold back a heated cry, her whole body shivering beneath him. Just that brief little touch in her weakest spot seemed to send a flare of desire along every nerve, promising her so much more than could ever be expressed in words.

Kal-El glanced up at her, and when her lidded gaze found his he smiled. Lois knew that everything she felt - lust, anxiety, trust, and surprise - was mirrored there for him to read, and she shuddered again at the intimacy of letting him see it. She had never let anyone else look so deeply into her soul, never let any man witness such need in her eyes. Until Kal-El. She gave him everything, even this moment of profound vulnerability, and the force of it made Lois shiver.

Still watching her eyes, he toyed with her nipple, tongue and teeth and sometimes pausing to roll it between his fingers. "Oh, God," she managed to breathe, her words soft in the wake of pleasure. She could no longer control her body's reactions, arching into his every movement. "You're ... you're getting way too ... *ohhh* ... way too good at that..."

"I had a very good teacher," Kal-El whispered huskily, and bent his head to the other breast. He teased one nipple, then the other, then both at once until Lois clenched her jaw to keep herself from a sudden sharp cry of desire. He was hovering over her, all of his weight supported on one hand, and she missed the weight of his body on hers. Strange how much that meant to her, once she was denied it.

Lois trembled, feeling as though her body had gone molten, and her control broke as she

moaned his name. In the past, that had often been enough to make him lose his restraint with her, that pleading tone in her voice, but not now, when it would have been so very fulfilling. Instead, Kal-El backed off, returning to more chaste kisses, and Lois whimpered with frustration. "No..." The look in those lost hazel eyes was pleading, desperate. "Please, Kal-El, please... Don't stop..."

"I don't want this to end too soon," he murmured against her ear, then nipped her neck even as she groaned in protest. That brief burst of sensual pain ran counter to the heavy charge of pleasure coursing in her veins, heightening her desire, and Lois bucked her hips up against him demandingly.

Kal-El chuckled, that low, self-satisfied sound only she had ever heard from him, and drew back again. With a quick kiss to each nipple, sensation flaring briefly white-hot like summer lightning, he moved down her body, lavishing attention everywhere it made her moan. Kisses like a drift of rose petals curving from her hip downward, and then he was nuzzling her thigh, making her shake. His mouth paused there, his breath warm on the sensitive skin, and Lois realized she could hear her own breathing, heavy with expectation. She'd been close to climax just from him teasing her breasts, and she knew he knew it. *Oh please don't...*

His hands slid down to her hips, fingertips easing under the hem of her panties. Her heart seemed to stop for a moment. Lois felt every muscle tense as he placed a gentle kiss on the fabric, and then he was drawing the lace down, waiting for her to lift her hips, taking the panties off with exquisite deliberation. Some tiny shred of her mind was still capable of enough coherent thought to muse, *Oh no, tear the nightgown in half, but he likes the panties. Be careful with those.*

Then the black lace was gone and she was nude under his gaze, her eyes closed, and Lois' teeth grit on a shudder. She should have been cold, naked in the air-conditioned room, but her skin was feverish, feeling as if she were blushing over every square inch. Kal-El lowered his mouth reverently to her newly-bared skin, and she gasped as he kissed her there. Lois struggled against the tie that bound her wrists, wishing she could bury her hands in his hair and pull him closer. Never had this seemed more like an exquisite torture than this moment, and never had she wanted it this badly.

Such soft, delicate kisses, teasing her so knowingly. Everything in her seemed to be narrowing down to every movement he made, the entire world ceasing to exist outside this room. "Please," Lois heard herself plead, and she didn't know if she was begging him for more or begging him to stop. She *knew* what he would do; he'd done it often enough, but she'd always been able to distract him before and had always done so to shameless advantage. Now, with her hands tied, Lois had no way of stopping him from taunting her with that most exciting - and unfulfilling - of kisses. "Oh God, Kal-El ... you know I *can't*..."

"I know," and the utter awareness in his voice made her shiver, his breath warm on her skin. Kal-El tasted her then, exquisitely slow, and Lois cried out helplessly. He had become quite an expert at this, and now he called on all of his knowledge of her body and her desires. Everything she liked, everything she loved, everything she craved, everything that made her world go white-hot with furious insatiable lust ... all of that, and more, until Lois thought her mind would short out, that she would simply fly apart with the force of her need. She couldn't even make coherent sounds any longer, barely able to sob each breath.

That was when he suddenly stopped; looking up at her with such an intensely heated stare that Lois felt her entire body shudder in lustful reaction. The fact that he was still dressed only added to her misery, the neatly-pressed shirt seeming to mock her. It didn't matter that Lois

knew how much he wanted her, had felt it in every little movement of that mouth. Except for the desire in his eyes, he still *looked* presentable, while she had writhed wanton and naked. "I need you," Lois managed in choked, broken voice. "Kal-El, I need to see you..."

Kal-El sat up, and Lois hissed with impatient hunger. The look in his eyes wasn't exactly the only evidence of his lust, and her hips rose toward him involuntarily. Slowly, that sinful smile rose to her lips, her eyes rising to his again full of a million wicked thoughts. *Oh yes, yes I want that, please...*

He took off the shirt, slowly, and Lois licked her lips unknowingly at the sight of his perfectly muscled chest. Not even the two scars that marred his skin detracted from that perfection. How she wanted to run her hands over his skin, press her lips against him greedily, open her mouth and nibble just where she knew it would drive him mad. Things that she and she alone knew. The want was painful, the inability to act on it utterly maddening. If only she were free to do as she wanted, she could've had him out of his mind with need, could've had him take her twice over by now.

That was precisely why he had gone along with her idea so willingly, she realized then. He had been aware of it from the moment he had seen her. Damn him. Lois yanked against the tie savagely, torn between frustration and excitement. She felt molten, fever-hot, completely daring, and aching ready for him.

But Kal-El paused again, after unbuttoning his pants and before unzipping them. He looked at her for a long moment, and Lois whimpered to see amusement and calculation rise above the hunger in his eyes. "Do you want me?" he asked.

Those hazel eyes, dark and wild, watched him with a defiant intensity. "Yes!" she almost growled, thrusting her hips up. In spite of her angry tone, the dangerous look in her eyes, her breath was still coming fast and short.

His smile was challenging as he placed one hand on her belly again. To Lois' shame, her back arched instantly under that simple touch, making her desire all too plain. "You really want me?" he asked again, voice low and soft, the way she'd heard it breathed against her neck as he thrust into her. Just the tone was enough to make her eyes roll back.

*He's gonna do this, wind me up until I completely lose my mind and when I finally start to sound **pissed** that he's baiting me, he's gonna leave the room, and when I claw my way out of this I'm gonna find the nearest piece of kryptonite and fuckin' **KILL HIM**.* Nevertheless, it was impossible to deny the ravenous need on her now. Her entire body was taut with it, every nerve afire. "Yes, yes I want you, you tease," Lois hissed through her tightened jaw. "Like you can't tell. Come on..."

Trailing his fingers slowly down her stomach, over her hip, and down her thigh, Kal-El murmured, "I'll give you what you want ... if you give me what I want."

Anything. God, anything. She bit her lip and fought against the tie again, making the headboard creak. But it was futile, and they both knew it, Kal-El watching her with that slight smile on his lips. Lois glared at him mistrustfully, her face flushed and her breath panting. "What do you want?" she managed to ask, almost miserably.

Kal-El's eyes gleamed with mischief. "Look at me." Her eyes locked with his with wanton sulkiness, which only seemed to amuse him more. "Look into my eyes when I take you, and don't look away. If you close your eyes, I'll stop."

The statement was so immediately sexual; the mere thought was enough to make Lois tip her head back as it blindsided her. And yes, it made her close her eyes, as if to block out an image that was only in her mind - for now. It was almost too much for her in thought at the

moment. How could he ask that of her, knowing how close she was even now, knowing all too well how intense their gazes were even during ordinary lovemaking? And like this...

At the same time, she craved that intimacy more than ever, the last final shred of control surrendered, the last barrier between them shattered. Lois had given him her body, completely - if she let him look into her eyes at such an unguarded moment, she was giving him her heart and soul as well. *But aren't they already his? The same way his body, heart, and soul are yours and always have been?*

"Yes," she whispered tremulously, forcing herself to meet his gaze as she nodded. Beneath the desire reflected in his eyes was the love for her that Lois had come to rely on, to never doubt. There was no one else in the world whom she trusted this completely, no one else she could've dreamed of doing this with. No one else could have her both afraid of giving up that much, and craving it to an almost insane degree, wanting the very vulnerability that frightened her. "Yes, please. I want you..."

With that admission, she surrendered herself to sensation and to him. Knowing how well he knew her, knowing every little nuance of his lovemaking, even knowing his stated plans for the next few moments, Lois still didn't know precisely what lay in store for her. The unfamiliar feeling of being completely out of control still unnerved her, but such intense and unbridled arousal was rapidly edging her disquiet aside. Her eyes locked to his, she waited to see what would come next.

"Yes," Lois whispered, her voice as shaky as her limbs. "Yes, please. I want you." The *please* almost undid him; Kal-El didn't hear it often from her, except at moments like this.

Well, not precisely like *this*. They'd never played such games before, and Kal-El was acutely aware of the novelty of the situation, as well as the trust Lois had placed in him. He'd begun it without being quite certain where he wanted to go with the control she'd handed over to him, but ideas began to flow as quick and hot as his pulse.

Still, as much as Lois was giving him, she was asking a great deal too. Particularly self-control; Kal-El had been keeping his desire tightly checked from the moment he walked into the room, otherwise it would have all been over in minutes. And really, that would be poor repayment for the gift she'd given him. So Kal-El throttled back his rising lust and tried to make this everything Lois clearly wanted it to be.

Teasing her had worked very well so far; she was on the verge of frustration, blatantly aroused and unable to do anything about it. To his surprise, Kal-El rather enjoyed having her like this. He took his time, stroking her thigh temptingly once more before slowly lowering his zipper. The rather uncomfortable sense of confinement lessened, though he was still constrained by his boxers. Lois' gaze went immediately to the taut cloth, and she bit her lower lip again, seeming completely unaware of the gesture.

"I said look at my *eyes*," Kal-El whispered, and Lois blushed scarlet again. She raised her eyes to his, though, in spite of her obvious embarrassment. Chuckling softly, Kal-El stood up, hooking his thumbs into the waistband of both pants and boxers. As he slid them down slowly, he grinned to remember all the times Lois had teased him by disrobing with excruciating leisure, all the times he'd stared greedily at every inch of bared skin. With the tables turned, Lois fared no better than he had. She couldn't keep her eyes from straying downward to what was hers and hers alone.

"Lois," he warned, and she looked up again, desperation gleaming in those hazel eyes. Seeing that naked desire on her face made it even harder for him to hold back; he ached,

feeling his pulse throbbing just there. But he couldn't let this be over too quickly... If Lois hadn't been tied down, she would have attacked him long ago, and they would probably be on the second round by now.

"Remember all those times you teased me?" he asked huskily, forcing himself to focus on something other than how badly he wanted her right then. Climbing onto the bed beside her, he continued, "All those years I sighed over you, had to watch you walking around shared hotel rooms in a short slip, all the times you flashed me some leg coming out of the shower..."

"You *keep* bringing that up," Lois moaned. "It was *you*. It was always you ... you always knew how I felt about you, even when I didn't know who you were..."

"Yes, but I couldn't do anything about it back then," he murmured, bending to kiss her shoulder and taking exquisite care to only touch her with his mouth. One brief brush against her skin might make him lose all control... Lois groaned at even that chaste kiss, and he smiled against her skin. "You teased me, and all along you were teasing the one you wanted... Well, you wanted this. *You* put yourself in this position, Lois. Surely you knew I'd be interested in a little payback..."

She whimpered and bucked against the tie holding her wrists. Maybe it *hadn't* occurred to her, but it should've. "Do you even know how long I wanted you?" Kal-El murmured. He started kissing her throat, working slowly downward. "How many *years* I longed for you and thought I'd never have you, even when I woke from dreams of ecstasy with your image burning behind my eyes? How often I had to force my mind away from thoughts of you so I could just do my job?"

Lois was breathing harder, Kal-El's kisses dipping softly to the swell of her breast. Lowering his voice even more, he whispered, "Can you even imagine how many times I had to keep myself from using my x-ray vision to look at you, to see you as you are now, and how many times I wanted to imagine you pleading like you have been tonight?" She whimpered softly, and he kissed her just beside her nipple as he breathed, "Can you guess what torture it was for me to be alone with you on that balcony right outside, above anyone else's eyes, seeing how much you wanted me? I always knew, Lois, and even if you'd tried to hide it, I would've known. The way your heart raced, the way your body warmed, the sweet-salt scent of you..."

She must've been remembering that particular sparkle in his eyes, amusement and attraction mingled together, because Lois lunged hard against the tie holding her fast. Oddly enough, that helped Kal-El gather his wits again; he glanced up, worrying that she would hurt herself. The silk wasn't tightening down on her wrists, but she didn't have a chance of getting loose, either.

He nuzzled the side of her breast, amazed at how warm her skin was. He'd spent the last couple of hours out doing rescues, and had risen above the cloud layer for a soak in the sun's unadulterated rays. That always left him feeling as though he'd been filled with blazing heat, and if Lois' skin felt warm to him *now*, it meant she was nearly feverish with lust.

"You're so hot," Kal-El murmured against her chest, looking up at her with a wicked idea percolating through his overheating mind. "Maybe I should cool you down a little..."

At first Lois just looked at him, uncomprehending, but when he blew a gentle breath across her chest she hissed suddenly. The arctic air on her blazing skin made her shiver and arch her back, her nipples gone aching hard. "No fair," she moaned as he directed another freezing breath down over her belly. Lois gasped at that, trying in vain to struggle away from him. Kal-El laughed, teasing her with tiny gusts of subzero breath, finally blowing straight across her nipples.

Lois actually snarled at him for that, thrashing and kicking, and those stiffened peaks were simply too irresistible. Catching her hip to hold her in place, he covered her nipple with his warm mouth, his tongue flicking the tip. She seemed to meld against him, molten heat pressed against his skin, and he suckled on her breast just enough to make her moan wantonly.

But not enough to let her climax from it. Lois thrust her hips up greedily, panting harshly, and that was his cue to stop. Kal-El waited for those hazel eyes - hot with lust and frustration - to meet his again, and ran his hand down her leg, parting her thighs with a proprietary air. "Don't look away," he ordered, voice low and rough. Now it was as much to help him stay in control as for the shocking intimacy of it; he wanted her so badly that his vision seemed red-tinged. The world had narrowed to the two of them.

Slowly, Kal-El took hold of her hips, lifting her body easily as he knelt between her legs. Lois bit her lip, but watched him, such intense vulnerability in her eyes that it made it a little easier for him to go slowly. And he was slow, taking an excruciating length of time to do what he had so often done in a heartbeat. It seemed that both of them could feel every infinitesimal motion as he entered her...

...and Lois' eyes rolled back in pure pleasure, her head lolling to the side helplessly, her body arching up toward him as she moaned low in her throat. All he wanted to do in that moment was take her, make her cry out for him, listen to her breath go rough as he brought her to ecstasy ... but he'd promised a penalty if she looked away from his eyes.

Kal-El stopped, froze exactly where he was, even though he trembled with the effort not to finish it. After a second, Lois' eyes opened again, looking to him with a hauntingly bereft expression. "I said don't close your eyes," he growled, voice husky with need.

"Don't stop," she pleaded, arching her hips toward him beseechingly. When he only stared at her, trying to appear disapproving, she smiled wickedly. Kal-El gasped; just because her hands were tied didn't mean she'd lost control of the sensations *he* was feeling. "Stop ... being a tease, Kal-El. You ... you can't stop... any more than ... I can," Lois breathed, her legs crossing behind his back. Then, with no warning, her internal muscles tightened around him in a way that made his vision briefly darken with sheer lust.

"Ask me," he managed to say. "Ask me for what you want, or you won't get it." That was pure bluff; there was no way he could've withdrawn and walked away from her. But he made himself look stern enough that she could believe it.

The warning tone made her brow furrow, the expression in those darkened eyes pure hungry agony. Her trembling had increased two-fold in the last few minutes. It was becoming clear that Lois herself couldn't hold on much longer. "Don't, please don't stop," was all she could whisper, boldly meeting his eyes as she tentatively arched against him again. "I need... Kal-El, please ... please ... take me. I want you ... take me ... *please...*"

That was beyond his power to resist. But if he had to yield to her sweet pleading, he would do so at his own pace. Slowly, so slowly at first, he began to move again, and Lois' moans sounded absolutely wanton beneath him. Kal-El withdrew almost all the way, making her whimper with alarm, and then had to close his own eyes against the need in her gaze before taking her again.

He wanted it to be slow, wanted to savor each moment, wanted to watch her expression every second, but it was all too intense. Kal-El could see that Lois was suffering, too - she was looking into his eyes, but she seemed haunted, far too fragile and fraught to keep this up for long. He smiled slowly and managed to ask, "Is it ... too much for you ... Lois? Too hard to keep looking?" He thrust hard after he spoke, to give emphasis to his question.

The instantaneous rush of sensation was enough to rock her head back, and Lois gave a besieged whimper. Nevertheless, her hazel eyes never left his, wide with sensory overload. "Yes ... too ... too much," she whispered, voice shaking just a bit. "Kal-El, I need ... please ... mercy ... *please?*"

The look of utter vulnerability on her face, the desperate gleam in those eyes, nearly undid him for the second time. "All right," he relented with a whisper, his voice low and loving, and Lois closed her eyes in relief. He could feel her arch her back, knowing that she expected him to finish it then ... but instead he withdrew from her completely.

Those hazel eyes looked so cheated when they met his, her expression nearly heartbroken, but she could only stammer, "Kal-El, don't! W-why did you...?"

It was all too clear that she was now completely out of sorts. And slowly growing demanding again. He chuckled, catching her hips without warning. Lois gasped as much with want as surprise; such casual use of his strength always made her shiver with pure molten desire. Before she could comprehend it, Kal-El was rising to his knees, one hand sliding around her hip to the small of her back, lifting her body to him. "You don't have to look into my eyes. You won't be able to," he murmured confidently, the mere words making her shudder.

Lois cried out when he claimed her again, hands grasping the tie that bound her wrists to keep herself balanced. It was deeper from this angle, something he knew all too well... Her mind flashed back to that first time together again, the moment he'd lifted her from the bed and it had felt like flying. Memory and movement combined in one overwhelming burst of sensation, and she threw her head back to give a broken scream.

Just the *sound* was enough to make Kal-El's skin tighten, shivers racing down his spine in the too-warm room. It could've ended at that moment, in a rush of lust, but he held still, waiting for Lois' first sharp climax to subside. She was always so sensitive after...

Those hazel eyes rolled back to him, dazed but far from satiated. "I want," she purred softly, "Kal-El, I want... I want..."

Holding her completely off the bed, he knew what she was asking for, but smiled wickedly as he whispered, "Tell me, Lois." His self-control was at its thinnest, eager to have that moment of overwhelming pleasure, the timeless wordless ecstasy they shared with each other.

Her eyes were lidded, her breathing still heavy. "Please," Lois managed, and the heat in her gaze outshone the sun blazing outside. "Kal-El, please ... I want more. Give me more."

He lifted her knee a little higher, pausing for a breathless instant before thrusting all the way in, bending over her as he did to kiss her mouth. Lois shuddered harshly against his lips, the sound lengthening to a hungry whimper when he started to move against her again. Unable to control his movement any other way, Lois crossed her long legs behind his back as she eagerly arched against him. Kal-El gasped, and from that moment on he held back nothing.

"My God, Lois, you're so..." he breathed against her neck, losing the sentence in a groan of pure pleasure. No words could describe how she felt, how much he wanted her, so he showed her in a thousand little ways. She was all sounds and movement now, her legs locking him tight against her. His mouth, his hands, his body - all of him drove Lois mad with pleasure, crying out helplessly with each stroke. They seemed to be throwing off more heat than the asphalt simmering in the afternoon sun outside, the room blazing with their passion in defiance of the air-conditioning, though neither of them noticed it.

As they reached the pinnacle together - always sweetest together, and they knew each other well enough to experience it often - Kal-El caught her lips for one more hungry kiss.

When he pulled back, Lois looked up at him, giving him what he'd wanted all along. He saw the pleading craving yearning *need* in her eyes, every ounce of her soul bared to him, and heard her sob his name even as she tightened on him for a final time. "Lois," he whispered huskily, never looking away, not even when the sun itself seemed to ignite within him and scorch every cell. In that white-hot moment of pleasure so intense it blocked out everything but Lois and himself, he felt her head rock back, heard her scream her ecstasy as well.

The entire universe might as well have stopped spinning then, and Kal-El would neither have noticed nor cared. He collapsed against Lois, pressing a kiss to her neck, his nose buried in her hair. "I love you. Oh, Lois, I love you," he managed to sigh, the words barely carrying to her ear. Lois herself could only give a soft whimper in response, and he chuckled softly, reaching up to unknot the tie.

Kal-El ultimately had to prop himself up on one elbow to see the knot and untie it, but once Lois' hands were free he kissed them both, rubbing her wrists gently. Once he was certain she hadn't hurt herself - she'd been yanking against the silk with all of her strength - he cuddled against her side again with a contented murmur. "Love you," he told her again, with more strength in his voice this time.

Lois turned her head to nuzzle against the hollow of his throat, and he could feel the corners of her mouth turn up in a smile when she pressed a kiss there. If only he had *seen* that smile, Kal-El would know she was planning something wicked. For the moment, Lois merely purred breathily, "I love you, too."

For several long moments, they lay there in the darkened room, the only sound their slowing breath. The contentment was such that he wasn't even aware that he had started to doze until it was happening. He heard Lois give a sighing little whimper, shifting her weight just a bit, nuzzling in a little further down his chest. He could feel the brush of her lips over the faint scar of his chest, a ritual she had kept every time they made love, before nuzzling close again. Kal-El smiled faintly, one hand rising to stroke her ruffled hair. It was taking her a while to catch her breath, which was just as he liked it.

What seemed a short time later, he felt her pull away again, felt the trail of her long hair slip across his chest as she sat up. He felt the mattress shift slightly as she moved, and thought muzzily that she might be getting up to get a glass of water. It wasn't unusual for her to get up afterwards, especially during the day. So thinking, he let himself doze again, sunk so deep in satisfaction that he didn't even register the stealthy way Lois was sliding down the bed.

Kal-El had only an instant's warning, as Lois kissed his stomach, her hand trailing, before she was kissing lower than that. He gasped; a moment ago, he would've said with utter certainty that he simply *could not* be roused to passion again tonight. Life leaped back into him, sizzling along his nerves, and he felt as much as heard Lois taking her turn to chuckle at his surprise. "Lois," he whispered in shocked tones. "Oh, *Lois*..." Both hands buried in her midnight hair, Kal-El was reduced to sensation only, to feeling and reacting.

Lois taunted him with as much skill as he'd used on her, and then some, moaning a little with the sweet wickedness of what she was doing. He could *feel* her moan, and he arched his back with a low growl of pleasure and need. She kept changing technique and rhythm, keeping him off balance, rousing him expertly without letting him approach the climax again. Kal-El felt nearly maddened by desire, a tiny part of him still able to think and be amazed by her skill. He lacked the words to tell her how wondrous it felt, but the way his hands tightened in her hair showed her everything he couldn't say.

Such taunting couldn't go on forever, and when his nervous system felt strained to the

breaking point, Kal-El pulled her gently away, wanting to bring her up to where he could see her wild eyes. He had only managed to get her to his waist when he felt Lois immediately resist his attempts to move her forward. Small palms braced against his chest, her ruffled hair waved when she shook her head at him in silent denial. Her hazel eyes were almost malevolent, her gaze intense as she continued to watch him. "Come here," he whispered huskily, tugging against her hair. How he wanted her atop him, looking down with that fierce lust in her eyes as she moved against him...

Lois shook her head again, pulling away from his hands, and gave him an unimaginably wicked smile. His eyes widened; she was tormenting him for a reason, that much was clear. The question was, did she want to make him eager enough to overpower her? Or did she intend to take control this time? At the moment, Kal-El couldn't decide which possibility to hope for.

He had no more time to think. Lois drew back coyly, turning slowly as if to look over her shoulder. An instant later, she had turned her back to him ... and then straddled his hips, easing down on him with a low sound of pleasure. Kal-El couldn't help his gasp, catching her hips as he arched up into her; it was so deep from this angle that she cried out, tensing against him. There was a moment's pause as she fought to control her actions before, still taut, she began to move against him in a way that made the entire world narrow a second time, everything vanishing but the pair of them.

Kal-El groaned, letting Lois set the pace - and it was very clear she wanted it teasingly slow, for now. She whimpered as they moved in unison, rocking against him, letting him thrust up to meet her. "Lois, you *tease*," he murmured, pulling her hips tight against him.

Kal-El could hear the taunting smile in her voice when she purred lazily in reply, "Umm-hmm. It's a fail-proof way to ... capture your attention. You always go on ... about how I..." There was a pause as she changed her rhythm, both of them gasping in response before she continued, "How I teased you so much back... **God**... back before you could have me... Must've made quite an impression to still get you so hot and ... bothered..."

In answer, he rose to her roughly, lifting her with his immense strength. Lois cried out, catching hold of his legs for support. They hovered briefly, Lois' eyes rolling closed at the feeling of him so deep within her, and when Kal-El brought them back to the bed he was kneeling with her in his lap. "Quite an impression," he growled against her ear, nuzzling her neck. "You drove me half out of my mind for *years*, Lois."

"Good," she whispered in satisfaction, rocking against him.

His tone suddenly became softer. "And I'm so glad I can repay you for everything you've done..." One hand eased across her hip and down between her thighs, making Lois gasp. She pressed back against him, her hair spilling over his shoulder, moaning softly as he touched her.

After a few moments, Lois remembered what she had intended to do, and she caught his wrist, pulling him away. "No, I don't think so," she murmured huskily. "It's *my* turn this time." She held his hand against her waist, preventing him from teasing her further, and quickened her rhythm. His ragged breath against her shoulder told her there would be no more sly commentary from Kal-El.

Already over-stimulated from the first round, she was trembling at the threshold in moments, her entire body shivering. He was just as close, mouthing her neck and her shoulder, and Lois smiled wickedly as she decided just how to drive him over the edge. "Kal-El," she whispered breathily, leaning her head back against him as if telling a secret. "I think it's ... about time you knew ... the truth. The way I acted around Clark? Oh God, *please*... I had an idea of what I was doing. It wasn't ... *all* ... accidental..."

For one instant he froze as realization hit him. So she'd taunted him *deliberately*, his forbidden longing had been knowingly provoked... Almost growling with lust, he caught her hips again and took her roughly. Her cries almost constant now, Lois reached back over her shoulders and buried her hands in his hair, letting him have his way with her until he brought her to the peak of ecstasy - *twice*, quickly, before moaning her name harshly and falling back onto the bed.

Lois tumbled down with him, a tangle of limbs and heat and ultimate satisfaction. Kal-El pulled her close, burying his face in her hair and murmuring words of love and devotion. Lois snuggled back against him, a small smile on her lips.

It was too early for sleep, but they were tired enough to simply lie together, curled up blissfully in each other's arms. Eventually the warmth started to bother Lois - it had been growing steadily hotter all afternoon, and Kal-El's skin was always warm. She disentangled herself from him gently, getting out of bed to go to the window. She didn't bother with a robe; for once, she didn't need one.

The city outside pulsed with its own life, and Lois took a moment to listen to the constant background of noise that she'd learned to ignore. She twitched the curtain aside slightly and peered out, the late afternoon sun glazing the buildings with golden light. Everyone out there was so busy hurrying from one place to another, honking their car horns at each other, feverishly pursuing some goal. Lois herself was frequently one of them, but not right now. At this moment, she was wrapped in peace and serenity, luxuriating in the absolute trust and adoration between herself and Kal-El.

Lois turned slightly to look at him, and caught a glimpse of her own wrist. The red mark of the tie was fading fast; no bruises to torment his conscience this time. With a hoarse chuckle, her throat raw from her passionate cries, she murmured to Kal-El, "Still feeling guilty?"

He had turned to watch her, a lazy smile curving his mouth as he appreciated the view, and at her words it became a wicked grin. Or as close to wicked as he could presently get, in his pleasure-fogged state. Lois felt her heart swell with love, the same heady giddy feeling of awe and wonder and almost unbelievable joy that she'd felt on her balcony years ago, when a dream flew down to stand beside her. "I love you," she whispered.

"I love you, too," Kal-El answered, voice husky. "Come back to bed, Lois."

"I know we're running late," Lois called over her shoulder. "For the love of... Lana, just *chill*. We'll get there on time."

"Only if you drive like a Formula One race driver on drugs," came the reply, Lana's voice carrying from the front door. Lois dashed in to the bedroom, hunting for the heels that matched this dress...

Clark's tie was lying on the bed. It had clearly been *placed* there, not simply dropped, and besides, it was the red tie he'd worn at the wedding ... the same one she'd tied around her wrists two weeks ago. Lois felt her entire body flush with heat at the sight, at the sudden flash of memory that tolled through her. In spite of her hurry, Lois took a moment to pick it up, to run the heavy silk through her fingers, to shiver in the grip of recall.

He had obviously meant for her to find it, and since the twins were at her mother's tonight, the meaning of the gesture was just as obvious. The hair on the nape of Lois' neck rose in anticipation, and for a moment she considered pleading illness to her weekly get-together with the girls and letting Kal-El find her bound to the bed again. But no, Lana was waiting on

her, and she'd question such a sudden change. Besides, Lois didn't want to let Kal-El get used to finding her tied up. Where was the novelty in *that*?

"I'm not exactly going to *enjoy* your driving, Lois," Lana called, and Lois happened to see the shoes she was looking for. Snatching them up, she headed out of the room before realizing she was still holding the tie.

If she left it on the bed, he wouldn't know she had found it and was looking forward to this night. Suppressing a wicked grin, Lois carried the tie out to the front room and draped it over the coat rack where Kal-El would be sure to find it.

Lana gave her a quizzical look, but before Lois could try to make up an explanation - something having to do with Clark never being able to find that tie, most likely - the redhead just said, "I don't want to know, do I?"

Lois arched an eyebrow, trying to look innocent. "What makes you think it's something like that? You've been with Richard too long if everything seems so... Sometimes a tie is just a tie."

The redhead just shook her head, giving Lois an odd look. "C'mon, we're going to be late."

As they headed out, Lois glanced back to see the tie, where it would be the first thing Kal-El saw when he walked in. She closed the door with a smirk on her face.