

Something in the dazed look on Clark's face as he stared at her helped seal Lois' decision. Trying to coax that super strength out of him could have been fun, but tonight, she wanted to keep seeing that look. She wanted him to look dazed and overwhelmed the entire night, and she wanted to be the cause for it all.

"I'm going to have so much fun with you tonight," she said, giving him a kiss under his chin that made him gasp.

"Lois," he whispered shakily. She loved the way that her name sounded coming out of his mouth when she was kissing under his chin, and then down his neck. Lois toyed with pulling his shirt off so she could get her hands and lips all over his chest. But she had a feeling that she was going to get sidetracked with worshipping his muscles once she got his shirt out of the way, and this wasn't the time for that. She might squeeze in some muscle appreciation later, if time permitted. But time had not been kind to all of her previous attempts to get intimate with her boyfriend, so Lois was going to concentrate on more important things here and now.

She left his shirt alone and slid down his body instead, content with copping a feel of his hard muscles through the fabric of his clothing as she maneuvered herself down onto her knees on the floor. Clark had already been watching her closely, but those gorgeous blue eyes went as wide as saucers when her right hand brushed against his groin through his pants. Clark seemed adorably shy and innocent in many ways, but he clearly at least knew enough to put two and two together and understand what she had in mind as she got down on her knees and started rubbing his dick.

"Lois?" There was that shaky way he said her name again. Shit, she was going to get hooked on listening to that if this kept up!

"You just sit back and relax, Smallville," she said, grinning up at him confidently while her hand moved to his zipper. "I'm gonna take *real* good care of you." She kept her eyes on his as she undid the zipper slowly and tugged his pants down to his ankles, but she had to look down once it was time for her to get rid of his underwear. She needed to see for herself if that thing was actually as impressive as it had felt underneath her while she was sitting in his lap.

"Here we go, big guy," she said, licking her lips in anticipation as she pulled his underwear down. And then his cock bounced free of its cloth prison, and it was Lois' turn to gasp and stare in shock. Everything she'd felt had given her reason to hope that Clark was well-endowed, but the dick that had just been revealed went way fucking beyond that. Lois held up her arm right next to his cock to get a frame of reference for his thickness, and the comparison only made her eyes go wider. If she were a virgin, she might have legitimately worried about this thing fitting inside of her.

"Uh, Lois? Something wrong?" Lois finally tore her eyes away from Clark's dick to look up at his face, and the hesitant, slightly worried look she saw there made her laugh out loud.

"No, definitely not," she said. "I'm just thinking that I don't really have any right to call you *Smallville* anymore after seeing this thing for the first time." Clark blushed and looked away, and it made her laugh again. Most guys would be brimming with macho pride after hearing a girl gush over how big their dicks are, but she supposed Clark was too shy for that kind of thing. Or maybe it was just that he was too busy flying around Metropolis, beating up bad guys and pulling kids out of harm's way to hold up his dick size as any sort of measuring stick of manhood.

She was glad he didn't have the arrogance that his size, strength and deeds might have instilled in many who'd been given his powers. The fact that he had a good heart and a desire to use his powers to do the right thing was what made him worthy of being Superman, and Lois was so glad that he was who he was. She never would have fallen in love with Superman if he was some arrogant asshole, no matter how muscular he was or how big a dick he had beneath that suit. It was Clark Kent that she loved, and she wanted to show him just how much. The body and the dick size was just a bonus.

Lois grabbed his cock in both hands, and Clark groaned right away. She grinned and gave him a little squeeze. No matter how big he was, she was still in control here.

"You're bigger than anything I've ever seen, much less sucked on," she said while staring up at him and slowly stroking his dick with both hands. "But I'm still going to make you feel really good. So just sit back and enjoy it, big guy." She stuck her tongue out and gave him a slow lick around his cockhead.

"Oh, Lois!" he gasped. Her face lit up. Damn, she really did have all the power here! This was a dick that could have had her gagging and crying if he was the type of guy to grab her head and thrust it down her throat. But if he was reacting this strongly before she'd even taken him into her mouth, she was going to be able to make quick work of him.

It was not feasible for her to think that she could even come close to deepthroating his cock tonight, and she wasn't going to try. Maybe that was something she could try to gradually build towards for the future, but if she ever did manage to take him down her throat, that was for later. Aside from her definite inability to swallow that much cock, considering she was pretty sure he was literally like twice the size of the few cocks she'd sucked before, there was something else to keep in mind too. With as responsive as Clark was, she might make him cum faster than she wanted him to if she wasn't careful.

She kept things simple at first, just wrapping her lips around his tip and lightly sucking while her hands slowly slid up and down the base. Clark was groaning and clenching his hands into fists on the couch even from that, so it was predictable that his groans only got needier when she lowered her head a bit to bob on the first few inches of him. She'd never blown a guy who was this responsive, and she loved it.

It wasn't just his groans that she loved. She could have stayed up there on the couch and stretched out horizontally to suck him, but she'd gotten down on the floor so she could look up at him while she blew him. She wanted to see the look on his handsome face as she sucked his cock for the first time, and Clark more than validated that decision with how he reacted to every little bob, suck and stroke. She'd never felt like such a sexual being as she did now, making her boyfriend groan and hold onto the arm of the couch with her slow head bobs.

It made her want to do even more. She still wasn't feeling reckless enough to try and stretch wide enough and bob far enough down to swallow more than about half of his cock, but she did move her head a bit faster on him. Clark's eyes closed, and he held onto the arm of the couch so rigidly that she legitimately worried that he might rip the fucking thing right off. Taking matters into her own hands, she reached up to grab his arms by the wrist and guided his hands into place on top of her head.

His eyes opened and looked down at her face, and it was a surprisingly tender and intimate moment. Lois had never felt romance swirling around in her belly like this while her lips were stretched wide around a cock, but she knew that was because no one had ever meant as much to her as Clark did. She loved this man dearly, whether he was working beside her in the office or flying around Metropolis playing the hero. Apparently she would get that same pleasant feeling in her stomach every time she

saw those big blue eyes looking into hers whether he was holding her in his arms and flying through the air, or he was sitting on her couch and half of his cock was crammed into her mouth.

She pulled him out of her mouth, but not because she needed a break. He exhaled as her mouth pulled off of him, but then she started focusing on his sensitive head with quick licks and kisses. Her hands stopped stroking his shaft and instead dropped down to cup and play with his balls.

“Oh, Lois!” Clark moaned. She took his tip back between her lips and sucked on it hard, and his hands moved around her head restlessly. It felt like he was trying to find something to hold onto, and was coming up short.

It felt like he wouldn't be able to take much more of this, and it was up to her to decide what to do about that. Should she throw him the lifeline he was looking for, stop sucking his cock and take this to the next level while she was still sure she had time, even if that meant that they started having sex while he was only hanging on by a thread already? Or should she keep going, finish him off with her mouth and trust that both time and her boyfriend's resilience would be on her side, and that she would still have him inside of her before the night was through?