

500 Miles

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Rated: PG13

Submitted: August 2017

Summary: A little story with no real storyline, just Clark getting caught.

Story Size: 697 words (4Kb as text)

Note: There was such a positive review with "[Caught in the Act](#)" (you do not have to read) that it was decided that it was Clark's turn. Thank you folc4evernday for the song choice, the encouragement, and the beta-reading.

Despite the rain that poured down on the pavement that evening, the summer air remained stifling and muggy. Lois made her way into the townhome she and Clark shared. She shook off the umbrella after a long day at the Planet; hanging the umbrella in the closet as she took her coat off. Clark had left a couple of hours earlier to assist with the mudslide off the coast of California. There was no telling when he'd be back. She had been looking forward to a quiet evening with her husband, but Mother Nature it seemed had other ideas.

As she finished hanging her coat on the hanger, she caught the sound of the stereo coming from upstairs. Leaving her things on the desk, she went upstairs to investigate. When she walked further down the hallway she could hear his voice; her husband's very bad singing voice.

*But I would walk five hundred miles
And I would walk five hundred more*

Lois could not help herself from smiling as she fought from laughing, making her way down the hall. There were many things Clark was talented with, but singing wasn't one of them. The smile spread across her face as she heard his voice echo from the shower.

*When I'm working, yes, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you*

Just imagining the water running over his hard-toned body sent shivers down her body. Her first encounter with the image of him fresh out of the shower at the Apollo flashed through her mind. How she hadn't given into more animal instincts and helped him out of that towel, she would never know. The shower was a good place for fantasies about her husband. In the last few months since they'd been married, they'd learned more and more about one another. Each little quirk brought them closer and closer. The singing got louder and more out of tune, and she giggled, pulling herself back to the present.

*When I come home (When I come home), oh, I know I'm
gonna be*

I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you

She walked through the master bedroom seeing his muddy Superman suit thrown over the laundry basket. His boots were lying next to the double doors leading outside to the balcony. His voice got louder at certain points, especially during the chorus.

*Just to be the man who walked a thousand miles
To fall down at your door*

She began to dance to the song a bit as it played on the stereo mouthing the words. An idea popped into her head as she began to strip off her clothes as she kept listening to her husband sing the song horribly off tune.

When I'm lonely, well, I know I'm gonna be

*I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you
And when I'm dreaming, well, I know I'm gonna dream*
He may have super-hearing and super-strength, yet when it came to her – she was his Kryptonite.
*And when I come home (When I come home), yes, I know I'm
gonna be*
*I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you
I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you*
As quietly as she could, she walked into the steaming bathroom. She could see his hard-chiseled body through the shower door. He was still singing as loud as he could unaware that she was watching him.
*But I would walk five hundred miles
And I would walk five hundred more
Just to be the man who walked a thousand miles
To fall down at your door*
“Are you going to just stand there or are you going to join me?” he asked as the song came to an end.

THE END