

Need

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Need

by [silentflux](#)

Summary

Lex is worried when Clark doesn't show up as expected. Turns out he should be worried.
Written for the 2013 Halloween Mini-Round of Rounds of Kink.

Prompt: tenacity

Kink: Biological Imperative

Notes

Thanks to kristories and csi_chic_jayme for their encouragement :) It's been a while since I wrote and posted anything, so this has been fun!

Clark's hands were shaking - that was the first thing Lex noticed when he walked into the barn. He hadn't heard from the teen for several days since he'd promised to bring by one of his mother's apple pies, and Lex knew something was wrong. "Clark."

A full body shiver that Lex could see from across the room took over his friend's body. "Clark - what -" Before he could finish his sentence, he found himself pinned to rough wood, staring up into a blazing blue gaze.

"Lex..." Clark shook his head, as if trying to clear away a fog. "You shouldn't be here... Why... I'm sorry."

"Clark," he murmured softly, "what's wrong - what do you need?"

"Everything hurts," the words pulled out of him, laced with pain as if they'd been dragged over broken glass. "I don't know..." His head fell to his friend's shoulder even if his grip didn't change. Lex's hand came up to rest against too-hot skin, fingers caressing comfortingly, and he felt the next full body shiver. Lips grazed his neck and his own breath caught, thoughts that he knew shouldn't happen slid through his mind and he turned his head to ask a question only to be caught in a kiss. A startled sound escaped him before he opened under the eager onslaught, moaning softly when Clark's tongue slid along his.

"Clark..."

"I need..."

"Anything." The drag of hands from his shoulders to his hips, soft fingers sliding under his untucked shirt, buttons pinging as they popped and bounced against worn wood, the tightening of his skin in anticipation made him shudder. It had been a long time since the decadence of someone's touch had rendered Lex incapable of words, but his body arched up, begging for more with a soft groan.

"I can't... I don't know..." Lex shushed him softly, pulling at the younger man's t-shirt and unbuttoning his jeans. Before he could register it, Clark had stripped both of them, skin on skin making his breath come in deep gulps as he was man-handled onto the scratchy couch, time slowed down to blinks of flesh, heat, bruised hips and straining muscles until he lay still, Clark's and his completion cooling on his belly.

"Lex, I'm sorry - I don't..."

"Clark. I meant it - anything. Are you... better?" His fingers slid through sweat-slicked hair, petting and reassuring. He felt the nod against his shoulder and smiled softly.

"I think so? I -"

"Hmm?"

"Might need more?" Clark pulled back, the picture of innocence even while smelling like sex and everything lewd and dirty Lex had ever fantasized about. He chuckled softly.

“I don’t think that will be a hardship. Whatever you need.”

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