

To Kiss a God

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To Kiss a God

by [layaandchloe](#)

Summary

When Clark Kent saves Bruce Wayne from dying by forming a type of mental link, erotic dreams ensue. As Bruce's dreams start to intertwine with reality, Bruce discovers that the Man of Steel may have more than platonic feelings toward him.

Prequel

Ashes

Ashes and pain.

Clark's knees dug into the glass shards and ripped metal below him. He imaged that if he had been human the edges would have punctured his smooth flesh, his cherry red blood running onto the charred ground.

A scream echoed in the air, sobbing from another location, whimpering from below.

A wrecked sob. Normally those wails were like a sirens call to him, begging him to aid those in need. Urging him to create a better world.

But not now, the pleas for help, for God, for mercy, fell on deaf ears.

The noise was closer then the others and he realized it was from him.

He had never felt so helpless, utterly useless. His fingers curled around Bruce's stationary body, gripping the burned flesh as if he could will it back to life.

The cold light of morning crept through the destroyed building, highlighting Bruce's sacrifice. Another choked sob rang from his lips as he stared down at Bruce's crumpled body, his once handsome face burned beyond recognition.

The bomb that killed Bruce had destroyed half the building with it, but it had boiled down to the same choice a weary doctor gave his gangrene infected patient: the leg or the life. The building or the city.

Clark's hands trembled as he ran a hand over Bruce's chest, the world can't lose you Clark. I can't lose you.

The Bat of Gotham's last words to him before he detonated the bomb. The juxtaposition wasn't lost on him, how he had once died for the good of the world. His actions being the final act to prove his humanity to Bruce.

Now Bruce had committed the same sacrifice.

His heart felt like it was burning, he physically hurt. The once pale morning boiling into a dawn of crimsons, ambers, and golds.

Clark closed his eyes as the first rays of the sun hit him. The light bathing his skin in power. Breathing in strength and fury and resignation.

"What would you do for him to return?"

Clark turned, obsidian hair haloed by the light, eyes feverishly bright with fallen tears.

"Anything."

The Bond

Three Weeks Later...

Clark rests on his knees before him, slowly licking his way up to his mouth. A wet tongue traces over his steel abdominal muscles, pectorals, and eventually to claim his mouth. Clark's zealous tongue pries into his and wandering hands start to slide over Bruce's body. 'Let me do something for you, Bruce,' he whispers in his ear as his warm breath fans across the back of his neck. He feels goosebumps break out all over his body. Clark ever so slowly, ever so tenderly--- for someone who had so much power, kisses down his scarred body. Bruce hisses through his teeth as Clark begins to suck on the tender flesh of his inner thigh. One of Clark's hands reaches behind Bruce to pull him closer while the other one starts to pull down Bruce's briefs-.

Bruce Wayne, singular heir to the Wayne fortune and savior to the damned city of Gotham is pulled awake on a cold Monday morning by a wet dream.

A vigorous arpeggio pounds from his alarm clock, a headache in the making as he slams his fist over the sleep button. He feels unhinged, out of control and most of all, aroused. Sweat coats his muscular chest, defining his tight abs, and covering the body he has spent so many years crafting for battle, chiseling to perfection as if a weapon. He doesn't feel like a weapon though, he feels like a boy.

Scared and helpless, his face reflected in his parents scarlet blood running down a grotesque alleyway.

Bruce inhales deeply, troubled grey eyes flashing to the ceiling above him, pain splintering in his chest from both old and new wounds.

He could almost *feel* the way Clark's sensuous lips had kissed down his body. He closed his eyes, picturing Clark above him, making him moan and writhe as he...

The alarm clock blares, pulling him back into reality.

Attempting to ignore *everything*, he slides from the bed. Pulling back the luxurious silk covers and stalking his way into the expensive bathroom he had installed a year ago. Bruce slowly brushes his teeth, savoring the routine in it; trying to force the normalcy of the act into himself. The veined marble tile feels cool against his naked feet and it distracts him from the feelings that haunt him. Phantoms and passions that plague him night to night.

Weeks ago, he had sustained a fatal injury. He frowns at his reflection, there wasn't a flicker of physical evidence from his *death*. Nothing to suggest his body had been burned to a crisp and his heart had ceased to beat, no longer able to be apart of him but something dead. It feels wrong to be alive. He had never truly felt like he belonged but now, he was the resurrected. The living death, Lazarus in the flesh and that made Clark what, a God? Clark was the one who had dragged him back. Ornerly in his refusal to let him die, a blessing or curse, he had yet to decide.

He could recall perfectly the first intake of breath in his rejuvenated lungs, the first image

greeting him in his new life being Clark's angelic face. *The God's blue eyes bright with fallen tears and his face flushed with emotion. He remembered the sharp crack of pain he had felt when Clark withdrew his hands from his face. Like losing his parents, the emptiness filling his chest once more.*

While Clark was stubborn, all of *this* was truly due to the Martian Manhunter. The shapeshifter had led Clark to undergo a 'nkekø' with him. He had bound them together through and through. By flesh and blood and some type of science or sorcery - had brought him back to life.

The 'nkekø,' from what the Martian had explained, was meant to increase telepathic communication and form 'a nexus of life forces' on Mars. He had peppered the alien with question after question but the phrase still remained unclear to him.

This was a fact that infuriated Bruce, considering he had spent hours drilling John on every aspect of the bond. Hissing at the shapeshifter until he had finally lost his temper with John's evasive answers, storming out of the room and preceding to brood in the solitude of his cave. That had been two weeks ago.

"Hello John," Bruce said, a painted smile lining his lips as a unnervingly human looking John Jones entered his ostentatious office.

It was always mildly disconcerting to see the Martian playing human, his intrinsically green skin now black and his beady red eyes a subtle brown.

Even with the looks of a human, there was something in his composure that still felt out of place about him, *other* about him. It was an otherness that Clark lacked with his occasional farm boy slang and Boy Scout smile. The same went for Diana, though she was from Earth. They made it easy to forget they were something *other*.

"But perhaps," Bruce mused, *"that was something John intentionally allowed when with people he knew. Maybe John knew he would be more disturbed by a perfect facade?"*

John said nothing in the silence, only making eye contact after Bruce had finished his last thought.

Wayne Enterprises had experienced a litany of meetings with shareholders to discuss the future of the company that had left him exasperated, in addition to short on time, thus prompting him to invite John here. After the nkekø had first formed, John had politely informed him that he would be willing to answer any questions. Bruce wasn't sure if that offer still stood after how he had acted.

Now John tilted his head up slightly, cool brown eyes staring him down,

"Hello Bruce."

The silence lapsed but he stubbornly refused to break it. John could read his every thought and emotion, he knew what had happened.

"It is not uncommon for those who share the nkekø to experience one another's dreams."

He blinked, not the answer he had anticipated. Clark had been acting strangely around him for the past few weeks...

"Are you suggesting that the dream I experienced was not a direct result of the bond but from... Clark?"

The Martian looked unerringly at him and nodded.

Bruce leaned back in his chair, feelings rushing through him faster than he could identify. He took a deep breath, reasoning with himself.

First of all, Bruce, it was just a dream. It didn't mean anything. A dream was a dream. Logical, rationale, and realism were all things that were optional in the land ruled by the subconscious and suppressed.

Clark probably didn't even like men, he had certainly never dated one (he had checked). He was the one with the unchecked emotions. John was still staring at him, probably marveling at how one person could be so fucked up.

"If I may offer some advice, Bruce-"

Both of their phones went off simultaneously. Justice was calling, or more specifically for him, Hal, the Green Lantern. He answered, eyes drawn to the city skyline. It was crystal clear in Gotham, the sky a vivid blue, unburdened by clouds or smoke. Too clear.

"We need backup here." There was a frantic waver in Hal's normally cocky voice.

"What's going on?" He demanded, the leader in him taking over. Whatever personal problems he might have, Justice and the team came first.

"It's the Injustice League, they're back. I'll send you the coordinates now."

He stood from the chair, confidence building, this was what he knew. His phone made a soft singing noise as the coordinates appeared on the screen: Metropolis.

"I'll be there soon."

The Injustice League

Despite the high-tech bat-suit, getting thrown against a concrete wall still hurt like a bitch.

Cursing internally, Bruce barely had time to leap behind a stray car to avoid pulverization by hunk of concrete. Deciding that a direct assault on the rapidly growing massive green plant was proving impractical, he shot a cable upward toward a city building, letting his momentum carry him to the brick roof. Standing on the slated tiles, smoke ascending from the wreckage of downtown Metropolis, he took in the complete scene below. The creature continued to toss anything within it's grasp, the massive tendrils wrapping around a car and catapulting it at a building. As far as he could tell, the titanous plant, courtesy of Poison Ivy, was still growing. And even more disconcerting, the plant's growth rate was increasing.

From what he could discern, the Injustice League's strategy seemed to be more about preoccupying the available members versus causing any real damage. Which led Bruce to believe that it was the growth of the plant that was intended to cause the most harm. As he surveyed the scene below, neither Clark or Diana could be found. Immensely disconcerting considering they were perhaps the two most powerful members of the Justice League. Without at least one of them, he hesitated to say battle could be won.

He spotted Cyborg battling against the creature known as the Atomic Skull and Wotan from his perch. It was evident that despite Cyborg's capable equipment he was at a clear disadvantage. A fact he intended to change.

Swinging that down from the roof, he kicked the Atomic Skull unconscious with a swift roundhouse kick. Years of meditation and training executed perfectly.

"He was mine," yelled Cyborg preceding to blast Wotan away from some unfortunate civilians. He ignored him entirely. He ignored them entirely, there were bigger problems.

If the whole fight was intended to disorient the Justice League members, it was succeeding - chaos reigned supreme. It was hard to distinguish how many villains were present because of a nefarious green mist that was swirling around the blocks. The mist combined with the plant specimen made a coordinated attack on the Injustice League difficult and just impractical without Clark or Diana.

"Any word from either Superman or Wonder Women?" He inquired to Hal through his Communication device. There was static noise, followed by a cracking response,

"Diana's with me down on 5th Street but no sign of Clark." Bruce felt something in his chest tighten. *Where was Clark?* But at least one of the titans was present, they had a chance of winning now...

"Does she have idea where Clark is?" He heard an explosion through the earpiece. Smoke billowed up over a building on another street, the air becoming grey and hazy.

"No."

Where are you, Clark?

Slipping under a fallen beam, he shot a detonator on the plant and calculated that he would need to place at least three more to destroy the creature. His thoughts swayed from his task at hand. Clark may have been god-like in power and prowess but he was still fallible. He stealthily worked his way around the mammoth creation, planting two more detonators.

He was seconds from placing the last fuse when he was blown backward. Count Vertigo appearing before him followed by the Black Atom.

Flinging one of his batarangs toward the Black Atom and aiming a smoke bomb at the ground, he dived behind some rubble.

Only to hear the click of a gun being loaded as a sickly cackle sounded behind him.

It was a noise that haunted his nightmares just as persistently as his reality.

The Joker put the steel nozzle to his head, having moved around to face him. A perverse grin split over his scared lips, reminiscent of skull cracking.

"Don't feel too bad, Batsy. It took us some serious planning to get you here."

He collapsed to the ground as Vertigo overtook him. Wheezing laughter was somewhere above him, the world spun.

"Get it! Serious!"

Fighting against the dizziness and nausea, he reached for an explosion in his belt. The Joker continued his mad rambling.

"Taking them out one by one like domino's. I wonder if Supes will be alive when we get back."

Batman's hand hesitated on the activation device as ice cold fear ran through him. Clark was captured. He drew in a deep breath, focus. Activating the explosion and simultaneously jerking his head to the side was a calculated gamble and one he was reassured paid off with the deafening boom of a gun fired directly next to his head. The vertigo was gone, just as he had predicted with the Count blown backwards. With all three of the villains disoriented he combed Hal saying he needed backup and shot a wire to a neighboring building. From the building he shot a quantum smoke bomb close enough to the villains that he was confident the Joker and Vertigo would be unconscious for the next hour at a minimum.

Black Atom, on the other hand, would be infinitely more problematic; as far as Bruce knew, he did not need to breathe. Batman shot another cord to an adjacent roof, one more detonator planted and they could turn the tides. And find Clark. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted Green Lantern, followed closely by Wonder Women. He combed them his location and quickly described the situation and plan he had formulated.

"That does appear to be our best course of action," conceded Diana, her dark eyes flickering to the menacing shapes on the street below.

"To victory!" She snarled and bounded off the roof, directly toward the Black Atom. A smile curved over his lips and he turned to see Hal smiling broadly. Hal caught his gaze and he decided to give one last warning, "Remember Hal, stick to the plan."

Hal flew upwards, throwing him a wink and shooting electric green blasts at the Black Atom.

Bruce took a moment to watch Wonder Woman parry blows with Black Atom, driving him backwards with her sword and battle prowess.

Quite the woman.

"Between the two of them, they'll manage," he reassured himself as he dove to the spot where the Joker and Count Vertigo lay unconscious. He dug through the Joker's pockets, nothing but knives and a couple of cyanide pills. He moved to the Count next, opening up the flap of his coat.

Just as he had predicted, a phone. He connected it to his software and activated a tracer that would tell him where it had last called. *Bingo*, it was the address of an abandoned Gotham warehouse. He looked contemplatively at the Joker and Count Vertigo, he could leave them there. To be crushed by the rubble when the plant was extricated. To finally be done with the antics

If you've hurt Clark... but forced himself to move them to a safe location. After tying them up he planted the last detonation device on the plant, according to plan and headed to the Batmobile. He could hear the sounds of detonation and in the rear view mirror the sky was illuminated as fire reached for the heavens. The battle was far from over but he continued drive away from Metropolis, he was confident they could handle themselves. And Clark needed him.

Clark. Bruce had dabbled with both men and women over the years, his sex life had been somewhat superfluous to say the least. Part of it was to keep his facade of billionaire playboy up but part of it was for personal enjoyment. Clark was practically a Boy Scout compared to him. Sweet, devastatingly selfless, and someone who hadn't seen their parents brutally murdered at nine. He had calculated that Clark hadn't had more than three sexual partners in his life and in addition to this, he wasn't fucked up like Bruce. He didn't lay awake at night plagued with nightmares or imagine what pulverizing someone to death would be like, he was pure. At least, too pure for someone like Bruce. Why in God's name Clark would have been fantasizing about himself was beyond Bruce comprehension.

As far as Bruce was concerned, he was damaged goods - probably incapable of loving someone or deserving love. The closest thing to love he could receive was sex. Clark had done nothing to deserve being with him. If his personality and martyr complex weren't enough, Clark was a God in every sense of the word. Steel abs, memorizing biceps, chiseled shoulders, coupled with enticing lips. Every girl's and pubescent boy's wet fantasy. He couldn't even pretend to himself that Clark was unattractive or that he didn't appeal to Bruce on some animalistic level. But in addition to Bruce being messed up, the Justice League and safety of people everywhere came before his personal libido. Engaging in any sexual relationship with anyone in the Justice League was off limits. Especially the living God.

Once upon a time, Bruce had believed that Superman had needed to be stopped - and he had come so very close to ending him. Now here he was desperately trying to save him, the irony was not lost on him. Besides, half the time, Bruce found Clark's optimism and hopeful nature infuriating. But he couldn't even imagine his life without the alien there.

The Rescue

It took him 30 minutes to reach the warehouse. A combination of the Batmobile and likely the breaking of several road rules. The need to get to Clark pounded in his gut. It was an old building from the 60's, complete with a spot adjacent to the docks. His scanner showed that there were heat signatures from 13 individuals. He took the less obvious route into the warehouse and came in through the broken window along the steel skyline. As far as he could discern, the men below him were human and hired mercenaries.

Clark was nowhere to be seen but there was a panel on the center of the floor. He quickly and ruthlessly dispatched of the men and opened the panel along the floor. A singular ladder descended into the ominous darkness. It led to a darkened room highlighted by an almost iniquitous green hue. Climbing down his eyes immediately spotted a massive glass tank of green liquid, with Clark inside. He was suspended in the liquid, cuts covering his normally flawless body. Bruce swore furiously and with everything he did and lunged for a metal pipe off the ground, desperately trying to get to Clark. He repeatedly slammed it into the tank. Cracks splintered across the glass but it didn't give. One more solid frantic hit and the water exploded, pushing him backwards.

After the tank's contents emptied, Clark lay between the glass and the cement floor, drenched in the liquid. Bruce dropped to his knees, heedless of the glass shards digging into his knees, and pulled him into his arms. "God, Clark", he whispered as he stared down at the man. His bare chest was shredded by the glass shards and he was wearing nothing but his stupid striped boxers. He knew Clark didn't need to breathe but that didn't make seeing him stationary and unconscious any more reassuring. The Kryptonian juice had to be washed off his body Bruce decided and he gently picked Clark up. Settling him into his car, he sped to the Wayne Manor. Halfway there, Hal commed, "We've taken care of most of the situation here but there's still a lot of stuff left to do. Have you found Superman?"

"Yes, but he's in critical condition. I'm taking him to the Batcave- I don't know how long he'll be out." Not for the first time he thanked the warping device in his suit so Hal couldn't hear the waver in his voice.

"That's fine, we should be alright here. I'll tell the rest of the team." Good, one less thing to worry about Bruce thought to himself as he stole glances at the unconscious God beside him. He reasoned that Clark's regenerative healing abilities would be restored once the liquid was washed off of him. What concerned him was if he had ingested any of it.

When he arrived at the Cave, the lights automatically flickered on, highlighting his life's work. Alfred was out on errands so he was forced to carry Clark up the stairs to the shower room by himself. If there was one thing Clark had no lack of, it was muscles and Bruce's knees were undoubtedly feeling that. Carefully setting him down on the marble tiles, Bruce flicked on the water and took off his own mask. Clark was still unconscious but water slid down his chiseled jaw, to his rock hard chest, to his soak in his underwear. He was almost beautiful, in the way that only men could be; dark lashes and crystal blue eyes. Bruce stared at his embarrassing boxers for a moment. Red and pale green. It was mid August, why was he

wearing Christmas colors- understanding dawned on him and he quickly dragged the boxers down Clark's legs. Lifting up the Kryptonians waist to pull them down. They were tinted green from the Kryptonian liquid, and were probably hindering Clark's regenerative healing, which is why he hadn't woken up in the car. He flung the boxers outside the room and returned his gaze to Clark- who was now completely naked, by Bruce's own doing. The cuts on his chest immediately started to heal- the shards of glass, tinkling, as they were pushed out of the wounds. The alien's dark lashes fluttered open slowly, "Bruce?" Relief and catharsis that he had been holding back for hours rushed through him like adrenaline. He leaned forward and encircled his fingers around Clark's neck.

The water drenching them both completely. "It's me." His eyes were already becoming more alive, he always forgot how quickly the effects of Kryptonite wore off on him. Clark's sky blue eyes flickered to Bruce's face and then down at his own body. He knew it was illogical but he moved closer to the Kryptonian - his knee shifting between Clark's toned legs. Clark lifted his chin and moved closer.

"Bruce" he hissed, this time it was said with more need than question.

And then they were kissing. It was stupid and illogical and pointless because the relationship could never go anywhere beyond the physical but Bruce couldn't help himself. Clark was perfection personified. And perfection had risen to his knees while his hands pulled off pieces of Bruce's suit. It was hard to tell whose tongue was who's with the rate of which they were in each other's mouths. Clark had peeled off his wet shirt and was working on his belt when Bruce was slammed into the tiles on the other side of the room. Forcefully enough that he would probably have tile bruises splattering his back. "Sorry," muttered Clark into his neck. Clark's kisses had gone from soft and tender to passionate and desperate as he pinned Bruce to the wall. His hands vigorously working to remove Bruce's pants while he sucked at the skin on his neck. They were both standing now and he could feel Clark's erection pressing against him.

"God Bruce, do you have any idea how long I've wanted to fucking do this?" He was finally able to get the suit's pants down and he dropped to his knees. Tugging the pants down to his ankles and lifting up one of his legs to undo the boots. The boot dropped with an audible thump and Clark began kissing his way up his legs - starting at his foot and licking up a scar along his tibia. He meticulously began moving higher, pulling himself closer until he was sucking on the flesh inside Bruce's inner thigh. He bit down just enough to leave marks and slid upwards to his navel - tongue tracing over his trembling abdominal muscles. They were both stripped bare their sweaty bodies trembling with every caress. Clark's skin was surprisingly soft as Bruce ran his hands and tongue over it, like velvet steel. "We need to get to a bed.."

Bruce hissed as Clark bit down on the sensitive skin around his neck while his hand wrapped around something further south. "Bed. Clark." He managed to grunt out while Clark began pumping him back and forth at an agonizingly slow pace. They locked eyes - Clark's sky blue focusing on his slate grey. And then they were in Bruce's bedroom, Clark pushing him down on the obsidian silk sheets and crawling on top of him just as fast. His full lips curving into a smirk as he pulled back for a second to admire him. Now it was his turn for impatience. Using his momentum he forced Clark over so he was on top of them both. Clark's smirk

transformed into a full fledged grin as he leaned up, flexing his toned abdominal muscles, so that they were at a similar height. “ *God, that fucking boy scout smile,* ” and Bruce crushed his lips against Clark’s; allowing his legs to simultaneously fall to either side of Clark’s hips. One arm encircled his head while the other slid down to stroke his erection...

“*Damn super speed,* ” was the last coherent thought he had before he was overwhelmed with pleasure.

The Morning After

Clark couldn't help but trace over Bruce's scars in cat-like contentment. There were so many of them - crawling over his powerful back, slithering over his muscular biceps, and covering his external abdominal obliques. A reminder of how human Bruce was, not crafted from steel like himself. What he craved to do was lick them. To plant kiss after kiss over them only to trace over the reminiscence of violence with his tongue. Maybe sucking on them, he hadn't decided. He disappointingly hadn't gotten the chance last night, between their animalistic fucking and him being suspended in Kryptonite, he had been exhausted. It was something he undoubtedly wanted to rectify this morning but he didn't want to wake Bruce. He had never seen him look so vulnerable and he wanted to savor the moment. So seldom did the man look so at peace then when he was sleeping. His normal scowling physiognomy was replaced with a relaxed, almost benign expression. God he was beautiful. Like some sort of panther, all corded muscle with not an ounce of fat on him. Clark had fantasized about this moment for weeks - having Bruce. Undoing him. Making him lose control. He'd even dreamed about it. Light from the open curtains spilled in through the window, highlighting Bruce's imperfect skin as he lay asleep on his back. How could someone asleep be so fucking sexy? Bruce's ebony hair was slightly tousled from their sex and the silk sheets barely covered his enticing ass. Clark knew he should do something, wake him or go make breakfast but he couldn't tear his eyes away from him. As if awakened by his thoughts, the billionaire's eyes fluttered open, revealing his piercing grey irises.

"Hey" Clark said, giving him his best 'I need information' reporter smile. One his mom said could win over the heart of any girl. And he was hoping boy at the present. Bruce's perspicacious gaze flickered from Clark, to the window, to the clock sitting on the mahogany nightstand by his bed. He rose out of bed, transfixing Clark with his lithe grace and flawless abdominal muscles.

"Morning Clark, I'm late for a meeting" he said while dressing efficiently. He donned a perfectly tailored Armani Suit, likely worth more than his car. Clark waited for him to say something else while he watched him brush his teeth in the bathroom mirror. Then walking to the bedroom door. He paused, his hand wrapped around the gilded handle, his muscular back to him.

"Alfred can get you breakfast or a ride if you need." And then he left.

Fuck. That was the singular word resonating in Bruce's head as he stared into the ornate personal bathroom mirror at Wayne Corps. He had slept with fucking Clark Kent. Boy Scout, Daily Planet reporter, and one of the most famous superheroes to ever walk the earth. Someone he had distinctly promised himself he would never sleep with. You do have a problem sleeping with people you shouldn't the unhelpful voice in the back of his head chimed. Bruce didn't believe in relationships or love or commitment; he believed in the one fuck and never see again policy. He knew for a fact that Clark didn't. Clark was his colleague, confident, and perhaps his best friend and he knew that his rejection would hurt him immeasurably. But at least it wouldn't be as much if they stayed together. He sighed deeply.

What a clusterfuck. And completely of his own doing. What was he thinking last night. He had been so relieved. The same feelings of loss and abandonment that had haunted him as a child, the inability to save his loved ones, had been reaffirmed when Clark had gone missing. The possibility that he could lose perhaps the most important person in his life had driven him to abandon the Justice League in the middle of a attack and find Clark. He had logically known that there were more capable members in the Justice League that could have made it to Clark faster and more effectively. He had let his own personal feelings cloud his judgement and affect the mission at hand. He dragged his hands through his hair, debating. The best course of action would be to reduce his time spent around Clark and pretend like it had never happened...

The Daily Planet

Clark stared at the computer screen before him. A blinking space line on the empty document encompassed everything he had done in the last hour. He knew Perry would be furious if he caught him just sitting there, he had already been late for work. He had a article due by lunch and nothing to show for it. He still couldn't bring himself to care.

How could he just act like nothing happened? Righteous outrage filled his veins but was quickly replaced by plain tiredness. He knew that Bruce slept around but it must have meant something. He rubbed his eyes, abruptly feeling perilously close to tears. It had been nine days of radio silence, nine days since he had shared a night with him. He watched Perry stalk down the hallway and forced himself to at least pretend to type something, ignoring the ache in his chest. Bothering to pretend turned out to be unnecessary because Perry didn't halt his man-one stampede across the floor as he powered by his office.

"I want it on my desk at 11:59 sharp, Kent!"

He made no effort to respond, they both knew it wasn't a question. Instead Clark leaned forward against his desk, placing his head in his hands. It had to have meant something. He rubbed his temples, the way Bruce had looked at him that night must have meant something - the way his lips had curved into an amused smirk when he had been overzealous. The rich chuckle Bruce had let out when Clark had broken a chunk of bed. The look in his depthless dark eyes when Clark had pushed him over the edge -that euphoric loss of control. How they had laid there afterword, panting together, how utterly perfect it had felt.

"Clark?"

He pulled away from the desk, surprised to see Lois Lane. He hadn't even realized she was back. Her glossy black hair fell around her head like a juxtaposed halo as she leaned against the side of his file cabinet, concern lacing her pale eyes. His hearing may have been immaculate but it really didn't matter if he wasn't paying attention.

"Are you okay?" This time it was said in a hushed tone. He focused on her reflective eyes, the light of the skyscrapers outside shining inside them. He found himself nodding, unsure if it was true.

"I saw the news last night." Of course she had. He had saved a school bus of children and gone up against yet another villain with nefarious tech. Lois looked down at the checkered floor,

"I was worried about you." He tried to muster up a smile but knew it didn't meet his eyes.

Lois was back, god. As far as crappy days went, this had a new position on the pedestal of his life. She had been in the Middle East for the past three months, writing about postwar reconstruction efforts and whatever Pulitzer winning journalists wrote about.

"I thought you were supposed to be there for another two months?" A scare smile appeared on her plush lips,

"I came back early." He nodded carefully, debating on how to respond. She moved forward suddenly, placing her hand on the crook of his elbow. Her lavender shirt brushing against his thigh.

"I've missed you, Clark." He opened his mouth, not quite sure what he intended to say but she placed a delicate finger over his lips.

"You don't have to say anything." There was a uncomfortable level of sincerity in her eyes that he wasn't sure how to respond or reciprocate to. She sighed,

"I regret the way things ended between us... I wish things could be different." Her hand had moved from his lips to cradle the side of his jaw. Her face had become perilously close to his, her leg finding its way onto his lap. It was a position they'd been in so many times before. The nostalgia was almost more potent than what he was feeling now.

"Am I interrupting something?" A cold voice asked from the doorway. Bruce Wayne stood—no, dominated the doorway of his office, charcoal suit immaculately clinging to his muscled form. Lois immediately pulled back and he could feel a harsh blush creeping up his neck. "No, no!" Lois declared with an apologetic smile. She had no idea who Bruce really was. Clark fumbled with straightening his shirt.

"I was just leaving." She paused before walking out the door.

"Don't forget Marchenito's Tuesday, 7 o'clock, Clark?" She gave him a dazzling smile, her bright white teeth on display. He blinked, momentarily perplexed. The company meeting for Olsen's Birthday his distracted brain supplied. Bruce's assessing eyes drifted between him and Lois as Clark rapidly nodded,

"Yes, of course! I'll be there." She threw him one more meaningful glance before walking out the door. He smiled politely but his full attention was already on the suit-clad billionaire standing in the corner of his small office. Why the hell was Bruce here? He found himself turning to face Bruce to demand an explanation, only to see him watching Lois leave with an unreadable expression.

Bruce gracefully rose from his position of leaning against his wall and strode over to the door, closing it and locking it. His powerful back was on full display, the suit clinging to the muscles in a way that screamed expensive tailoring. He suddenly felt self-conscious about his own flannel shirt and jeans. About his glasses and unruly hair. About himself. But Bruce turned to face him and he felt every intelligent thought eddie from his head like water during a downpour. God, he was handsome.

He watched Bruce deliberately pull out a chair on the other side of his cheap desk and sit down, dark eyes finally meeting his.

"What are you doing here? You aren't worried about someone making a connection?" Clark asked, aware that his tone was less than friendly. Bruce nonchalantly looked at the small Globe placed on the edge of his desk, casually picking it up. It had used to spin but had broken when he knocked it off his desk.

"I'm here making an inquiry about purchasing the Daily Planet. And I wanted to talk with you about Insect Queen." Clark found his eyes narrowing,

"You want to buy the Daily Planet?" Bruce smiled, a bitter arrogant look that set Clark's nerves on edge.

"Not especially, but it was as good of an excuse as any to speak with you." Clark nodded, trepidation and resentment building inside him. He tried to mirror Bruce's calm demeanor but felt anything but laid-back with the other man's proximity. Bruce was examining the Globe in his hands when he asked his next question.

"Did you notice anything unusual about Insect Queen's underlings?" Clark frowned, contemplating the question for a moment. Thinking back to the night before.

"The equipment they were using seemed advanced." Bruce nodded his approval. A small curve stretching across his lips.

"Exactly." He set the Globe back on Clark's desk, it slowly started to spin.

"I believe someone is supplying advanced arms to people with nefarious intent."

Clark raised an eyebrow, "Any idea who?" Bruce deliberately shook his head, cool slate grey eyes assessing. There was a certain tension in his broad shoulders which made Clark ponder

what his answer might be.

"Which is why I need your help."

Oliver Queen

Do tell,” Clark smoothly demanded, not missing a beat. He secretly hoped it came out as disapprovingly cool as he wanted it to. He may not have been able to pull his eyes away from Bruce but at least he could act like he wasn't affected.

Wayne either hadn't noticed his frigid tone, or he didn't care - because he responded without any inflection,

“I assume you're familiar with, Zazzala. You faced her minions last night. She refers to herself as ‘The Queen Bee’ or ‘Insect Queen.’”

Clark nodded once.

“Not pretentious at all.”

He hadn't really meant to say that but the small smirk that touched Bruce's lips made the comment worth it.

“Indeed,” his rich voice rolled over Clark's skin, making goosebumps breakout. Images of their night together flared through his mind.

“However, regardless of her name, she possesses a significant force. And if armed, they could pose a substantial threat.” The smile had utterly vanished, leaving nothing but apathetic blankness over Bruce's face.

“And someone is trying to arm them. The henchmen you encountered yesterday were just the trial run if my sources are correct. Zazzala intends to make the major arms deal tonight.”

Bruce leaned back, dark stygian eyes looking out Clark's window.

Clark couldn't help but admire him for a moment, devastating jawline and his suit clinging to him in a way where he could almost see his abs.

Bruce turned back sharply and Clark yanked his eyes up.

“My informants tell me she's meeting the seller tonight at the *Le Coquillage* Gala.”

Clark blinked.

The *Le Coquillage* Gala was a glitzy event held annually in Gotham, where the ultra rich flaunted their billions on ostentatiously priced art in the name of charity. He had received his press invitation four months in advance, the glossy gold letters catching his eye in the overflowing pile of his Daily Planet mail. The Gala combined two of his least favorite things every year, rude rich people and boring fluff pieces.

An irony-touched smile crossed his lips, and now there was a major arms deal going down. He saw Bruce's eyes narrow a fraction at his own quick smile.

"I'm already a major sponsor for the Gala, Diana is a curator and you, of course, are one of the many journalists attending tonight. Between the three of us, we should at least be able to discern who the supplier is and hopefully, prevent the meeting." He paused before continuing.

"Normally, I would suggest a more direct approach but I fear attacking outright would result in scaring either party away. It would be ultimately wiser to infiltrate quietly..."

He leaned back, clearly finished. Practically a speech by Batman's standards.

"And you're here... Why?" Clark allowed a not entirely pleasant smile across his face. The hurt he had been feeling the last few days was quickly transforming into annoyance, if not outright rage. Bruce didn't falter a second in his answer.

"I wished to warn you of the plan in advance and to also plant the potential seeds of a relationship between us. If we, at some point are seen together in the future, it would be ideal if we did not appear as complete strangers. In addition, I was asked to give quotes for several major newspapers in the hopes of positive press."

Clark blinked. It made sense by all means. Practical, direct, and to the point. Of course a rich playboy with a less than respectable reputation would visit the journalists writing the articles about him.

He sighed, feeling suddenly tired.

"Alright. I'll see you there tonight."

Bruce nodded, dark eyes assessing.

"I'll see you there, Clark."

~~~~~

He felt like a paranoid schizophrenic. *I'll see you there, Clark*. What the hell, was that supposed to mean something? He rapidly threw on his 'fancy' clothes, as Lois had called them. Struggling to smooth his shirt over the superman suit clinging to his skin. How about an apology? Or at least an acknowledgment of what had happened between them. He had just gotten back from the office, having typed up some garbage on the new building Lex Corp

was constructing downtown. He tried to comb through his raucous hair. God, he was such an idiot. And he felt even worse because of his pathetic enamored responses. He should have known this would happen. Bruce was so notorious for throwing people away that there were literally tabloid articles dedicated to the subject.

But maybe... maybe there could be something. Maybe that's what his comment had meant a small stupid naive part in him whispered.

He shouldered his bag, filled with the necessities of journalism and struggled with his apartment door. The event officially started at 7 but he had to be there at 6 if he wanted to get a good spot. And to scout out the area.

After thirty minutes of flashing cameras and pounding music, Clark concluded that it was worse then the year before.

The ostentatiously wealthy posed on the red carpet wearing watches more then twice his annual income and clothes that needed announcements.

The hypocrisy was astounding to him. They practically bathed in diamonds yet they needed an actual specific reason to feed the starving kids lining the gutters of Gotham.

It reminded him that there was more to fight then the villains that decimated the world. The reason he had become a journalist in the first place burned in his veins. To give a voice to the mute, to give power to the weak, and to stand up for what was right. The same reasons he had donned his scarlet cape all those years ago.

And here he was, about to write a fluff piece on how nice, how touching, how miraculous, it was for the ultra rich to merely be here.

He hated this event for more then just the superficial.

Bruce Wayne arrived in style. Sliding out of his glittering sports car like a panther, he flashed a devastating smile for the paparazzi. He looked downright mouthwatering. And the arrogant expression on his face said he knew it.

Charcoal black, perfectly tailored suit highlighting his muscles in a way that made Clark almost forget to take a picture.

He watched the facade slip over Bruce's face like a shadow, the sharp smile and perfectly timed movements. *Perfection.*

Then the blonde got out.

Tall, handsome, and equally rich.

*Oliver Queen.*

He stared, mesmerized, as Oliver stalked to the other side of the vehicle, blinding white smile on his full lips. He paused to give Bruce a tender nudge and his arm slid right around Bruce's waist.



# The Party

Stars littered the midnight sky like crackled glass, the coiling smoke from the fireworks making everything feel hazy and unfocused.

*Well, the copious smoke and the overflowing champagne* Bruce thought, sipping from his flute of golden bubbling nectar.

He leaned against the railing of the wrought iron balcony, staring out over the moonlight bathed garden below. Daffodils, orchids, and cherry blossoms were just some of the colorful plants decorating the meticulously trimmed garden.

Leisurely, he curled his fingers along the bars, the metal feeling strangely cold in the oppressive heat. He inhaled deeply, the smoke lingered in the air still, combined with the sharp hints of overpriced perfume and cologne with the soft undertones of flowers. The accumulation of the scents bleeding into a headache.

Oliver jostled into him suddenly, the stench of alcohol on his breath overpowering his expensive cologne. He forced a casual smile on his face, attempting to push down his simmering annoyance as Oliver pressed himself to his strong back. The contact intentionally sexual, the hand Oliver let drift to his pants rim even more so.

Oliver's soft lips came to his neck, gently kissing in a way that confirmed that Oliver was, in fact, utterly sober.

He knew they had an audience, he could see the onlookers in the peripheral of his vision. The journalists, the philanthropists, oh the gossip was already spreading like a wildfire doused in kerosene.

Oliver's hand slid over his tense thigh muscles.

He *snapped* .

"Darling," he purred, leaning back into Oliver's toned body, positioning his mouth close to the other man's ear.

"Hmm?"

He knew how it looked, the heated whispers between lovers.

Intimate, loving, and sexual.

" *Get the fuck off me.* " He hissed, a tender expression on his face.

Oliver let out a low rich chuckle, kissing him on the cheek and drawing back. He downed the contents of his glass, a flush beginning to color his high cheekbones. Something sharp and assessing in his eyes. He wondered for the first time whether this was just a game for Oliver.

"Time to get more."

Oliver announced loudly, his words slurring as he swayed into the surging crowd. Bruce turned back to the balcony railing, pretending to study the stars and not the security cameras.

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Clark caught himself glaring at his notepad and forced himself to stop, turning his fragile focus on the accented words coming out of Count Marquis mouth instead. He was blathering on about infrastructure and building mortar, as he had been for the past riveting thirty minutes.

Clark suspected the constantly refilled glass of wine dangling in his sweaty palms was playing no small part in the Count's rambling.

"Well you see, zee most important zhing about the steel is that is it..." the count's attention was stolen by something behind him.

He didn't bother turning, this was far from the first time a pretty girl had caught the count's wandering bloodshot eyes.

He redirected, "I'm sure that's very important for building integrity but my question was, what was your original intention for the Lovelock Building on third street?"

His teeth grated against each other as the Count blinked dreamily back at him.

"Zee Lovelock building, ah yes, it is very nice. My best of my Aphrodisiac collection."

Clark smiled, irritation boiling,

"Not the perfume collection, the building that's been making roughly 3.5\$ billion dollars per year, yet is labeled by the *Better Business Bureau* as a manufacturer of canned cat food... I was unaware there was such a demanding market for that product?" His voice sliced through the air like dagger, he was well aware that his tone was far too harsh in the warm glow of the intoxicated crowd.

He didn't know what he was expecting, a confession, a guilty look, defensive anger? Certainly not for the count to abruptly throw up into the trash can next to them.

He sighed internally as the Count's wife made frantic gestures at one of the staff members, crimson blush staining her cheeks as he was dragged out from the room.

He stood up from the chair, throwing his empty notepad in the trash in a moment of rash frustration, *nice to know my degree is journalism is being put to good use* .

"I'm surprised it took him that long." A smooth foreign voice declared from behind him. A smile tugged at his lips as he turned, anger forgotten. The tightness in his shoulders reminded him that he needed to get his suit jacket refitted.

"Why is that?"



His full fledged beaming smile was paralleled by the mirth in Diana's mahogany eyes.

"Your presence is just *so* repulsive."

She looked flawless, as always.

Perfect olive skin highlighted a flowing emerald dress that kissed the tops of her high heels. Her brown eyes sparkled at him and she took a step forward,

"Oh, *my* presence is repulsive?"

She grinned, almost ethereally beautiful. The words flew out of his mouth before he could stop them,

"Would you care to dance?"

Diana laughed, looking all in the world like the goddess she was.

"It would be my pleasure, Clark."

-----

Bruce dramatically whipped out the flask from his jacket. He could see people throwing various disapproving his way. The steady thrum of whispering had followed him throughout the night, like ash in a forest fire, choking him in a manner of metaphorical ways.

There may have been nothing stronger than water in his flask but image was important, after all. He hid a smirk behind his elbow as he leaned heavily against the wall. Might as well give them something to talk about.

For all his theatrics, he had been quietly trailing a lead for the past half hour.

She was a delicate blonde with bright golden hair and striking green eyes the color of freshly mowed grass.

He suspected she was an envoy of the Queen Bee. She was pretty and well dressed yet he hadn't seen her speak to anyone with the exception of taking a single phone call. She had drifted inconspicuously from room to room, pausing occasionally to halfheartedly admire the art. He watched her check her phone for the dozenth time that night, green eyes darting from side to side. She tried to discreetly slide the phone into her purse and headed for the room next to them.

A crowd meandered between them, ideal cover for his movements as he followed after her. He made sure to maintain his slightly wobbly walk while weaving between boozy partygoers.

"Bathroom," he slurred as a man bumped into him, he pushed past the last few people as not to lose her.

Every time he saw the ballroom he was always struck by the sheer impracticality of it. Massive towering glass ceilings with pillars constructed completely of kaleidoscope colored

stained glass grasping for the sky. While most would have seen the room and been awestruck by its beauty, he saw a liability. One major crack and the ceiling would disintegrate, glittering shards raining down on the masses below.

Maybe he was being morbidly pessimistic, the years on Gotham's streets perverting something of beauty and wonder into a possibility of death and destruction. Alfred had told him on various occasions that he was morose drunk.

He moved with the crowd, searching as noticeably as he dared for the women. His eyes raked over the people in attendance, the onlookers and then to the dancers. The soft swell of orchestral music could be heard of the murmurings of the crowd.

Glossy dark hair caught his attention in the midst of the chaos. Clark was laughing as Diana led him in a poor rendition of the waltz. She smiled broadly as he awkwardly twirled her, the edges of her dress pooling out around her.

He coldly assessed the two. Beautiful, mesmerizing, and powerful.

*Gods amongst Men.*

Perfect for each other, words whispered from the corner of his mind.

He had often thought that Diana and Clark would inevitably fall into each other. That the loneliness, the isolation, would drive them to each other.

When he had seen Lois pressed against Clark in the office, desire written in her eyes; he hadn't felt jealous or furious, burning hate in his veins - no, because he knew Clark and Lois were never destined to be. There would always be distance between them. The twisting warmth of humanity separating them.

But Clark and Diana... He felt the tendrils of cold start to creep into his heart.

They were of the same make.

A bubbly laugh rang through the air as Clark misstepped, accidentally bringing Diana into his muscled chest. Her arm curled around his shoulder, feminine fingers caressing his suit. Her crimson lips moved as she whispers something in his ear.

Clark laughed. *God, he was beautiful when he smiled. The glasses, the outfit, the clumsiness - it did nothing to diminish his raw masculine beauty.*

"Find anything interesting?"

Bruce jerked to the source of the words. A sinuous smile stretched over Oliver's full lips and an unreadable glint was held in his blue eyes. He smiled, trying to look pleasant,

"5 o'clock, the women in the black dress."

Oliver smoothly turned, using the guise of fixing his jacket to observe her.

"Anything else?" Ollie purred, suggestion overlying his words. He found his patience was wearing thin as he proceeded to drape one muscular arm over his shoulders.

"Grey suit over by the chocolate fountain."

Ollie nodded sharply.

"And the black suit, east doorway."

He could tell Oliver was surprised by that one but he hid it well. Bruce allowed himself a moment of smug satisfaction as Oliver studied the man.

"Same color hair," he mused. "Think they're related?"

He admitted that the same thought had crossed his mind mere moments ago.

"No, their facial features are nothing alike. Unless they're half siblings, the age differences and the physiology don't indicate blood relation."

"So the Insect Queen just ordered them to randomly dye their hair all the same color?" Oliver demanded, for the first time he wondered about the other man's sobriety.

Bruce shrugged apathetically.

"Perhaps it's a product of some ritual they underwent, more information would be needed to make a proper guess."

Oliver made an unsatisfactory noise from his throat that made Bruce glance at him.

He was a handsome man. Artfully messy blonde hair with gorgeous blue eyes the color of a tropical ocean.

"Clark and Diana look happy, don't they?" Oliver prompted, his face too neutral to be causal.

"I suppose they do." He responded flatly, trying not to sound pissed. Not many people had the backbone to provoke him, especially knowing the other name he went by at night.

"I didn't know they were dating." Oliver remarked. His jaw tensed for a moment

"I don't believe they are."

"Oh, really?" he said easily, "looks like it from over here."

He resisted the urge to punch him, instead glancing at Clark and Diana as the music concluded. Indeed, they did look like a couple. He found himself irrationally angry as they smiled at one another. Clark broke away first, making for the open bar - no doubt courteously offering to grab drinks for them both.

"I'll talk to Diana about it, why don't you see if Clark found anything." Oliver stated before abruptly disappearing into the increasingly more intoxicated masses. He fumed internally as

he made his way over to Clark, cursing the day he ever brought the Green Arrow onto the Justice League.

## Dangerous Smiles

Clark looked even more dashing in proximity. Like a model straight off the shoot, as if he had wandered into the ballroom and just happened to find himself at the bar. His black rimmed glasses and tight jacket only added to the outsider feel, it set him apart from the ostentatiously wealthy men and scantily clad women that flowed around him.

The bar was horrifically packed, but only Clark and a tall, well dressed brunette man standing perilously close to him stood out.

The stranger was smiling broadly at Clark and Bruce forced himself to lean against a pillar, watching the pair.

The stranger was handsome in a casual way, medium brown hair and a pleasing but forgettable face. Nothing compared to you, a small petty part of his mind supplied. The man said something and Clark laughed, a smile lighting up his features. The brunette preceded to lean closer, running his hand up and down Clark's upper arm. Clark took a sip from his drink, a blush highlighting his cheeks, but didn't move away.

Red hot jealousy burned in his gut. Jealousy that he wasn't the one making Clark blush, that he was instead, standing across the room watching as another person was putting their hands over someone that belonged to him.

He took a deep breath. Clark didn't belong to him, as much much as he hated to admit that to himself.

The brunette whispered something in Clark's ear, their bodies touching at nearly every available contact point, shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip. Clark said something in response, pulling back slightly and shaking his head. He knew a rejection when he saw one. A cascading bundle of emotions flew through him, gone as quickly as they had appeared: smugness, triumph, and a possessive streak of lust that had his cock hard.

A smirk crossed his lips as the brunette's jaw clenched. He couldn't make out his exact expression but he could gander it wasn't a happy one.

He contemplated approaching now, watching as Clark had turned to talk to the women next to him; no doubt trying to soften the blow of rejection but the other man hadn't moved away.

The splintering noise of cracking glass screamed in the air, drawing everyone's attention. He glanced at the debacle, a drunk patron clearly having knocked down a waiter's tray.

Champagne glasses littered everywhere, a fine distraction if there ever was any.

He turned back just in time to the stranger drop something in Clark's glass.

Scarlet swept through his vision.

Suddenly, he was moving between the two, pushing the other man out of the way and leaning on the bar surface, waving at the bartender.

"Excuse you!" The brunette snarled. Bruce coldly turned on him, allowing him to see the emptiness in his glacial eyes. The deadness. His desire to break every fucking bone in his worthless body.

The man timidly backed up, bumping into the person next to him.

"One martini please." He smiled charmingly as the bartender approached at him, the Wayne name was good for a lot of things. He deliberately didn't break eye contact with the stranger, feeding the uncomfortable atmosphere.

"Is this man bothering you, darling?" He didn't look at Clark, he already knew the anger that would lie in those cornflower blue eyes. A hint of confusion materialized on the brunette's face,

"You said you were single?"

"I am." Snarled Clark from behind him, practically radiating fury.

The bartender set a martini down before him, tension escalating.

He reached for it, clumsily knocking Clark's drink on the stranger. The alcohol splashed over the counter and down onto man's tailored tan pants, the stain of wetness perilously close to his crotch. A moment of silence followed as the brunette's eyes narrowed, suspicion dawning. Then Clark jumped in,

"Sorry! I- I'll grab you some napkins." He sent a livid glare toward Bruce before making for one of the booths. Bruce waited a second as the stranger attempted to wipe some of the liquid off. Giving him a moment to relax, let his guard down.

He leaned forward, arm encircling the other man's shoulder and pulling him him closer. The position was almost intimate.

"I want you to listen to me closely. I know what you put in Clark's drink and I know what it does. I also know some of the most influential people on the police force. People who could make your life very very difficult."

He paused to smile benignly,

"If you ever, and I mean ever, do something like this again, I'll fucking bury you."

Raw fear blossomed in the man's eyes. He jerked away from him but at the last second he reached out and caught him, pulling him back,

*"Remember, I'll be watching."*

-----

*Who the hell did he think he was?* Clark fumed, glaring at Bruce's strong profile. His eyes caught on the other man's full lips, the slightest remnant of alcohol creating a kissable gleam. He snapped them away,

"You had no right. " He hissed under his breath, the iron of the table crinkling under his clenched fists like paper. Unused napkins fluttered away over the bar top. He reigned in his temper, aware that the damage had already been done. To the table and to the situation. A muscle on Bruce's jaw feathered as he deliberately looked up from Clark's hands.

"Not here." The Bastard promptly downed his drink and walked into crowd. He seethed while following after him.

After weaving through several rooms, Bruce headed down a narrow hallway. He ploughed ahead, watching as Bruce pulled out a key and preceded to unlock a door.

"What is this?" His voice sounded loud in the empty hallway, the noises far the party far away.

"A private bedroom, only key access. It's part of the La Coca exclusive members' club amenities"

"You pay how much per year so that you can have access to a couple private rooms?" Clark seethed, running a hand through his hair. *Rich People*. Bruce walked through the door first and he followed, promptly slamming it shut behind them.

"What the hell were you thinking? Acting jealous like that, you have no fucking right, Wayne."

Bruce turned on him, grey eyes holding infernos.

"You fuck me and then you practically kick me out, don't call, and then act like nothing happened. You don't get to just act all self righteous and bitchy when some guy approaches me at a bar, *a bar* for God's sake! I know you did that on purpose!"

Bruce finally spoke, his voice barely above a growl, shadows of the dark room cast on his face,

"He put rohypnol in your drink, Clark."

The Man of Steel blinked,

"Oh." Almost as an afterthought, he added,

"Well, I wouldn't have been affected."

Bruce's face transformed into one of wrath.

"Yeah," Bruce snarled, "Yeah, you wouldn't have. And then your darling admirer would have known something was wrong. That something was maybe wrong with you, Clark."

He paced before him,

"Christ, how could you be so reckless!" He had moved closer, and suddenly his gaze snagged on Clark. Something almost dangerous glittered in those dark eyes.

He found himself shoved up against the wall, Bruce's hot lips crushing his own. He opened his mouth and Bruce's tongue delved inside.

The kiss was possessive and dominating and everything he craved. Clark moaned into the other man's mouth, precisely while Bruce's hand slid lower, briefly palming his crotch. He could feel Bruce's thick erection digging into his thigh like a brand and he wanted it. He wanted this. He didn't care about the consequences or after, it was worth whatever the cost. He raked his nails down the hard muscle of Bruce's back as the other man sucked at his neck. Clark drags him closer, grinding against him, trying to create friction on his cock. He was painfully hard, practically begging for release and Bruce's occasional stroking wasn't helping.

"Bruce," he hisses, a moan in his voice as Bruce's hand returns to his cock.

"Yes, Darling?" His voice is like velvet, smooth and luxurious despite the breathlessness to it.

"Fuck me." Bruce pauses, pulling back abruptly, a smirk gradually curves over his lips.

"Take off your clothes."



# A moment of Passion

## Chapter Notes

SUPER SEXINESS!!!! EXPLICIT SO IF YOU'RE NOT INTO IT JUST SKIP TO THE NEXT CHAPTER YOU WONT MISS ANY PLOT

Clark could feel Bruce's eyes burning into him as he strips. Undoing his tie, pulling off his shirt, reveling in the way Bruce's eyes rake over his abs, the possessive need that lays in them. Clark fumbles with the buckle of his belt, pulling off his pants and shoes; Bruce's stare having subsided in order to hang his jacket on a hook. The tension building as he pulls off underwear.

"Well?" It's more of a challenge than a question.

Bruce growls at that and pushes Clark into the bed, pressing him down and kissing him savagely, ravishing Clark's mouth like he's drowning. Clark digs his fingers into Bruce's back, his bruising touch stopping momentarily at his waist. Then he slides his hand under the expensive fabric of Bruce's pants.

Bruce jolts and a violent expression crosses his face as Clark rubs him. His teeth sink into Clark's lip, sucking forcefully. It doesn't draw blood, of course, but it makes Clark moan, rubbing his erect cock against the fabric of Bruce's pants, creating agonizing friction.

He precedes to kiss down Clark's throat, sucking on his collarbone, as his calloused hand slides up and down Clark's erection. Clark feels like he's burning, his senses overloading and he shuts his eyes, desperate to cut off one channel.

Bruce lets go, covering Clark's body fully and thrusting against him, pressing them together. Clark's brilliant blue eyes snap open, and he writhes beneath Bruce, hands gripping the sheets below them in a failed effort of control.

Bruce is still every bit in control, ever the predator. Dark hair matted to his face with sweat, shadows of the room cast over his chiseled jaw, tense as he watches Clark's every reaction. Abruptly he pulls back, snatching what Clark can only assume to be lube from off the bed stand.

"Fuck me," Clark begs, aware of the desperation in his voice, his legs splayed open.

"I'll hurt you without prep" Bruce responds, seemingly unfazed, but Clark can hear the erratic beating of his heart. The way his hands tremble, almost imperceptibly as Bruce rubs some of the lube over his cock and fingers.

Another dominating kiss catches him off guard and suddenly his legs are around Bruce's strong shoulders, Bruce's cock at his entrance. He swears viscosly as Bruce enters a finger into him, trying to adjust to the intrusion. Hating to admit when Bruce is right, Bruce slowly works him - patience and meticulous as always. He's faintly aware of the noises he's making, clawing at the scars over Bruce's back. Then Bruce is inside him, his full length making him gasp. Clark can tell when Bruce is holding back, the way his human body freezes, trying to allow Clark time to adjust to his length.

"Fuck me." Clark snarls, desperately needing the movement within him. Bruce still doesn't, and he's had enough. He squeezes all around Bruce, and the sound he makes is indescribable. Just like that, Bruce is undone, broken. He starts thrusting, slowly at first, making Clark moan in impatience. He can feel Bruce react to the noises he's making, quickly picking up pace.

Clark feels torn between pain and pleasure and he starts to lift his hips to meet Bruce's thrusts, joining the building rhythm. He can see when Bruce notices and loses what little restraint he has left. His thrusts become more forceful, more aggressive, the remnants of his control leaking away. Clark revels in the sensation of being claimed, being owned so thoroughly. The pleasure intensifies and he's aware that he's begging for more, "fuck me, God, yes, please."

The rhythm they set is frantic and cruel. His head lays against the satin pillows, arms straining against the headboard. He can hear their ragged breaths in exquisite detail, his body feels as if it doesn't belong to him anymore - it's been taken. He is being possessed. He doesn't care about what it means or where they'll be in an hour, he's here now and he belongs to Bruce.

"Bruce...." Clark whimpers and comes finally, a ragged sob drawing from his chest. There's something so right in that moment. The two of them tied together in the darkness of some room, Bruce inside him.

Bruce hisses and loses his rhythm, letting go and shooting his seed into Clark, crushing Clark with his body. There's something deliciously possessive in his eyes as he stares down at him. His cold grey eyes assessing and his hand comes up to gently stroke Clark's cheek.

# Confessions

Clark slowly runs a hand over Bruce's face, his thumb brushing against the soft tissue of his lower lip. Their faces are mere inches apart, naked bodies twined together in the soft darkness of the room. He moves his hand to the back of Bruce's head, running his fingers through the raven black hair. Clark gently pulls Bruce's head down to him, initiating a tender kiss. Delicate and loving, something that would be found between two lovers or friends. Only to find Bruce's lips unresponsive. He hears Bruce sigh, watches those dark eyes flash to the ceiling, and feels the loss of warmth as Bruce abruptly moves off of him.

Clark jerks into a sitting position, pulse racing.

"Are you going to run away again?" His voice sounds unnaturally loud in the sanctuary of the room, frantic. He sounds like someone who's desperate and berates himself for his stupidity. For hoping this time would be different.

Bruce doesn't even look at him.

Clark watches as he snatches his crinkled shirt from the ground, trepidation building inside. The dejavu of the moment setting in, he's just someone to fuck.

"So this is how it's going to be?" He demands, aware of the angry flush rising to his cheeks. He rises to his knees on the bed.

"You fuck me and then leave me." He spits the words out like poison, venom on his tongue. Bruce doesn't turn to look at him as he deliberately dresses. Clark can almost feel his heart cracking.

"Am I not even worth your time?" Clark desperately craves to feel rage, righteous fury instead of the sadness and emptiness that echo in his chest. He's, pathetically, almost in tears. "Did you ever care about me?"

Silence.

Christ, it's all in his head, Bruce never cared about him.

In a split second of desperation, he can't help himself, his fingers wrap around Bruce's muscular shoulders pulling them face to face. It forces Bruce to look at him and for the first time, Clark actually sees the other man.

There's something wounded about his look and suddenly, he meets Clark's eyes.

"Clark..." his voice is barely a whisper, hopeless and broken.

Bruce takes a deep breath, as if trying to seal away his emotions and compose himself.

"Of course you're worth my time... But I'm hardly worth yours." He drags himself out of Clark's bruising grip. Moving viscously to grab his suit jacket, body whipcord tight and eyes bright with anger.

Suddenly he stops, facing Clark again.

"Fuck Clark! You have no idea what I'm like, how fucked up I really am! You deserve so

much more than me! You have no idea how much I've fantasized about that! How long I've craved to do that." He swears dangerously. His voice softer.

"Of course I care about you. How could I not? You're intelligent, selfless, kind, and beautiful." Bruce laughs mirthlessly,

"Inside and out. How could anyone not fall instantly in love with you?"

They stare at each other, both at a loss for words. Both breathless with emotion.

"Bruc-" Clark started, then froze as the bedroom door blew open.

**Sorry for the short chapter! More next time! What do you guys think should happen?**

# Antithesis

## Chapter Notes

Lol, finally wrote another chapter

"Well, well, well" Oliver said, a sardonic smirk writhing on his lips. A pleasant expression was painted over his handsome face but his eyes were cold as he assessed the room. His sharp blue eyes flickering from Bruce's crumpled suit, then deliberately to Clark's state of undress.

"I'm happy we're all so focused at the task at hand."

Clark blushed, hastily rushing to don his discarded clothes. Bruce simply met Oliver's gaze, the warning in his stare conveyed perfectly.

Back the fuck off, Oliver.

Oliver broke first, turning to the complimentary bottle of wine waiting on a small coffee bean brown table, his back abruptly turned to them. He twisted the bottle open with a sharp pop while Bruce finished dressing.

Clark watched Oliver take a swig, purple staining the corner of his mouth.

"I fuckin hate Merlot."

"Is there a particular reason you barged in here?" Bruce inquired coolly, his long calloused fingers working an obsidian silk tie around his neck. He was staring into a floor length ornate mirror on the wall, his powerful back to Oliver and Clark.

Oliver's eyes were on Bruce's back,

"Diana says she spotted a women fitting the description of Queen Bee making her way toward the Shvliar Building." Oliver eyes slid to Clark, almost competitively.

"Did she have any attendants with her?"

"Six, including the ones we spotted at the party."

Clark wondered if he should say something but decided to keep his mouth as Oliver tossed the half-empty bottle back on the table. It landed with a clack.

"Well," Bruce said, turning to face them "let's go stop a multimillion dollar arms deal."

Nothing about him looked like he had been laid bare just a few moments before. His suit looked almost immaculate and critically inspected himself in the mirror before running his fingers through his dark hair, matching Oliver's artfully messy style.

Oliver who stood opposite to Bruce, leaned back against a lilac lovers seat, his body tense. He had gained a rosy flush and his fingers clenched around a pen.

"Is there a problem, Oliver?" Bruce looked unforgiving. Oliver let out a loose, wild laugh. Clark could hear his heartbeat accelerate, and he couldn't help but wince.

"No, no problem." The insincerity couldn't have been more obvious.

"Then feel free to lead the way."

Clark shifted uncomfortably and slid up from the chair, his leather dress shoes laced. He had no idea what to make of the situation. He had assumed that Bruce and Oliver weren't together when Bruce had practically professed his love to him. But here Oliver was, acting like a jealous lover, and Bruce hadn't looked at Clark since he had come in. Uneasiness and insecurities oozed through his gut like thick Azalea's honey.

They hadn't made any plans, or promises. What was to stop Bruce to going right back to how it had been before? From going back to who he had been with before. Clark followed behind them as Oliver led the way. The glossy black siding along the walls reflected his face, nervous and uneasy. He twisted his fingers in abstract patterns, wondering if Bruce and Oliver were actually together and he had just had an affair. It would certainly explain Oliver's rigid shoulders and Bruce's stoic expression.

He took a deep breath as they rounded a narrow hallway to enter the library. It was empty and lit poorly by lamps along a cathedral like ceiling. Clark ran a finger along a book spine while Bruce and Oliver went to the windows. The library was the closest room of the main house to the Shivliar Building. The windows providing ample ways to watch the garden while not being watched by cameras. Clark studied the glass ceiling above them, wondering how they were going to spy on the meeting without being seen.

He had read the reports. The Shivilar building had no windows and was heavily insulated. He recalled it having been a steel or rubber factory before it had been reformed, the muddy red brick siding encased the outside like dried blood was one of the few garish things left on the premise.

Inside, the walls were lined with lead and iron, complete with a lead lined ceiling. They had even put heavy sound conductors and static makers on every side of the building.

It all accumulated into a building that was perfect for keeping the Justice League in the dark, metaphorically, because huge strobe lights had been installed to the side of the building. He flicked off his X-ray vision, glancing to the others.

On their knees, Oliver and Bruce were staring through a scope.

"Three henchmen by the front entrance," said Bruce, his voice cold and calculating. Clark watched Oliver take a look through the scope, his shoulder bumping into Bruce's.

"Two snipers on the greenhouse."

He sounded strained, reaching into his jacket to pull out a jagged knife.

There were at least seventeen guards patrolling the garden and four lookouts on the roof.

"Six guards at the back entrance." Clark decided to say, knowing they couldn't see it. Oliver jerked his head to look back at him, his various shades of blonde hair mussed. He may have been across the room but Clark didn't miss the brief flicker of animosity in his gaze.

"Can you hear anything through the walls?"

"No," Clark and Bruce answered simultaneously. Oliver frowned,

"I wasn't sure if you would be able to hear through the static disruption."

It was Bruce who answered,

"I tried using my equipment to monitor the area last week and I was unable to penetrate the

static." He was attaching something to his belt, "I modeled my equipment after Clark's auditory system."

That was news to Clark.

"So what's the plan then?" Oliver asked flatly, casually pulling a piece of metal from his back, it extended into a bow.

"Any of us could take these guys out in our sleep but discreetly taking them out is another thing." Oliver grumbled, eyes still on the garden.

Bruce slowly pulled a lighter from his pocket, casually waved it in front of the window, and slid it back into his jacket as if nothing happened.

"Discretion is optional," he mused, "I'll create a suitable distraction then you, Clark, and Diana, get close enough to identify the buyer and stop the deal."

"How will Diana know-" Oliver started as the library doors flew open to reveal Diana. She strode confidently to where they crouched, crimson dress flying around her elegantly

"What's the plan?" She asked, gracefully folding her legs so she was at their level.

"Bruce will distract. We'll take out the guards and stop the deal." Clark flatly said,

"Lets go."

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