

Cutting and Penning

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Cutting and Penning

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Summary

The sex hadn't changed how they work together.

Notes

Porn! Ahoy!

No continuity and no beta. I have never changed.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Wayne Manor was where they normally met when there was time to be together. Rare times. Precious times, all things considered. Clark's ears had rung from the explosion for at least ten minutes after. Bruce had said his suit protected him from most of it, and Clark wanted to believe him, but he'd had to keep repeating himself all the way back to the Cave.

"I said you're bleeding," Clark had shouted.

"Oh? Huh. It's superficial. Your suit, Superman...?"

"Yeah, it's ruined. I have extras."

"What?"

"I SAID I HAVE EXTRAS."

It seemed ages ago now. Bruce's hearing had settled, so Clark could whisper at him when he liked something, wanted more or less.

It was dark in the master bedroom; just a fireplace blazing because Gotham got far too chilly at night and Alfred had old-fashioned ideas about 'Catching your death of cold.' The corners and ceiling were cool blue shadows occasionally licked by dancing orange light as the fire swelled and ebbed.

The sex hadn't changed how they work together, fight together, plan and argue and disagree, and still make it all work *together*. The sex was nice. Very nice. It certainly wasn't everything. Clark didn't imagine they'd quit each other even after desire left like desire can. Granted, it hadn't happened yet, but among all of Clark's impressive talents, fortune-telling wasn't one of them. He could punch through steel, but he couldn't make a guess about this thing he shared with Bruce.

Bruce did have a scratch running down his torso from Metallo, the 'superficial' one, that Clark was sure needed antibiotics. And Bruce hadn't complained that Clark still smelled like smoke and ash and accelerant as he undressed him and admired him. Clark had grit beneath his nails that he was fairly certain was concrete, but Bruce had licked his fingers all the same.

They haven't told the League because it's not their business. Wally had made some flippant comment about Bruce's injuries once, and Clark had played dumb, not admitted to knowing about the roadmap of damage across the sculpted muscle of Bruce's body. Certainly never hinting that he knew how they felt against his tongue.

Clark rode Bruce slowly, knees pressed hard into the mattress on either side of Bruce's bulky thighs. They were both fully nude, sheened in sweat, and moving in congress. The sounds were all breath and gasps and the rocking of Bruce's big bed beneath them. Bruce wasn't a small man, and each thrust filled Clark up; made him make surprised noises and clench. Everything was so wet — inside him, dribbling down his thighs — his tongue across his lips. Bruce's hands were firm on Clark's ass, squeezing and guiding him.

Clark adjusted his pace when Bruce made him. "Like this?" he panted.

"Perfect," Bruce purred. He gazed up at Clark, his eyes unfocused with lust and effort. His lower lip was red from where he had bitten it over and over.

"Perfect," Clark repeated, letting his head drop back on his shoulders.

"Can you come like this?" Bruce asked. He kept his voice steady despite his unfocused expression, proof that he had trained to endure and outlast. The fitness that gave him the edge against criminals made him fuck like he had invented it.

"I...I think so," Clark answered. Bruce's cock was teasing just the right spot inside him, and Clark was angling his hips to have it every stroke, but it was irregular, sometimes a brush, and sometimes a full pounding that made him squeeze his eyes closed.

"Are you chasing it?" Bruce asked.

"A little," Clark admitted. "But it's good."

"*You're* good," Bruce said, praising Clark. His voice was almost playful.

Clark dropped his head down for a moment as sensations shot through him, sweet and sour and sharp. "Right there," he commanded. His thigh muscles strained as he bounced, like a thoroughbred, all strength and power.

"Mm," Bruce said thoughtfully. "Do you *want* this to last? It's been awhile. Do you just want to come?"

Clark smiled and shook his head. "Everything feels good. We can take our time," he huffed back.

Bruce nodded and moved one hand to caress Clark's chest. "You feel incredible," he said. The finger on Clark's chest formed a distinct 'S', swooping from nipple to nipple then swiveling down to navel.

"Oh, don't do that while we're fucking," Clark complained. He flexed his fingers against Bruce's chest to emphasize his request. Well, mostly. It was also just a nice feeling, all that muscle beneath his fingertips.

Bruce's eyebrow went high and this was the best thing about fucking Bruce. Superman loved solving capers with Batman, but without cheating and using x-ray vision, he never knew what Batman was thinking.

Without the mask, Bruce's face was an open book. He didn't bother to hide from Clark. Not anymore. Not after everything. That high eyebrow was confusion and amusement.

"Why?" Bruce asked and thrust a little slower even as his hand started the path across Clark's chest again.

"It's my family crest. I mean, my *dad* wears it." Clark's words were breathy. He hadn't stopped riding Bruce, but he knew his expression was a twist between pleasure and discomfort at the idea of the stern Jor-El during sex.

Bruce emitted a surprised little laugh. "Kinky, even for you." But he changed how his hands moved, letting them sweep over Clark's flawless chest instead, squeezing a little as if returning the favor; pushing his pecs together, and then thumbing over his nipples the way Clark liked.

"Better," Clark said. His smile turned wicked and he *squeezed* so Bruce could *feel* him .

"Fuck, Clark. Fuck," Bruce gasped and lost control of his pace, But Clark stayed with him, wouldn't be bucked off. He thought of rodeos like they had back home, horses kicking up Kansas dust, and riders gripping reins for dear life.

"I lied," Clark whined. "I want to come. Make me come."

"Fuck yeah." Bruce reached a hand to Clark's thick, leaking cock. It was dark with blood, deeply veined and gently curving. He let Clark's cum coat his hand, then made a fist around the shaft. Clarks' own movements on top of Bruce pushed his cock in and out of that tight tunnel.

"Come on," Bruce demanded. "I want to see you come."

Clark's body arched and his thighs lifted and lowered him less, but more fiercely. Shallow and hard. Bruce's cock never left him completely, but pounded into that one, perfect place inside him so that Clark felt lightheaded and overwhelmed. Bruce suddenly slammed up into him harder, as if he wanted Clark to feel his desire deep inside.

"So close," Clark said as his head dropped back. A stream of sweat dripped down his chest and he watched from lowered lids as Bruce followed it with his eyes hungrily.

"Me, too. Regretting asking for no condom? I want to come inside you. Let me come inside you."

The words made Clark's body sing. "It's okay. Do it."

So Bruce cried out and did, arching and holding that way as his cock twitched and spilled into Clark's bowels. His fingers clenched on Clark's thighs, but they had no chance of leaving a mark. They felt good. Clark bucked into Bruce's hand once, then twice more, and shot, his orgasm rushing out of him as a thick white stream from his cock, and a throaty moan from his throat.

Their bodies stilled and Clark hunched down to kiss Bruce, who kept his mouth wide for Clark's tongue. He sucked on it, rubbed his own tongue against it, and it was a messy, sweaty kiss that they panted through eagerly. Clark kept him there for it with a hand cupped along his stubbled jaw. Belatedly, Bruce mirrored his position, his big, rough fingers along Clark's jaw, thumb stroking his skin.

Clark finally lifted up, winced a little when Bruce's cock popped free, and cum began to leak from him.

"Okay. Now I regret getting caught in the moment and not asking for a condom. I'm a mess."

Bruce — that open book — smirked. "I'll remember that next time you act all impatient the minute we get to a horizontal surface."

"Please do," Clark snapped. He lowered his head to Bruce's chest, pushed his ear to his heart and listened. "This still needs ointment. You ignored me in favor of taking off all my clothes." One finger tapped the center of Bruce's long scar. It was red and looked painful.

Bruce stroked Clark's hair absentmindedly. Even his voice sounded distracted. "Oh, right. There's some in the...bathroom? Maybe. I don't know. Most of the first aid supplies are in the Cave."

"Want me to go get it?"

Bruce barked a laugh. "You might have to. I can't move. You broke me."

"Ha," Clark intoned, but he kissed Bruce's chest, just to the side of that ugly, red gash. "Okay, I'll get it in a second. And I'm sleeping here, okay? We can do a postmortem in the Cave. Metallo wasn't working alone. We need data. After breakfast?"

Clark was mentally rubbing his hands together at the idea of Alfred's cooking.

"Yeah, yeah," Bruce said on a yawn. "Go. And get a cloth, I'll clean you up."

"I can do that myself," Clark said. He sniffed a little as if finding the idea that he needed looking after too insulting by half.

"I want to," Bruce replied simply, and Clark had nothing to say to that.

He kissed Bruce again, then made it to the Cave. The ointment was easy to find and so was a cloth he could wet with warm water. The curtains in the master bedroom blew wildly and a vase rattled when he returned, but Bruce didn't say some acid remark about him putting his parent's antiques at risk. Instead, he held out a hand for the cloth.

But Clark ignored him for a moment to slather ointment down the cut on Bruce's chest. Bruce endured the mothering with a downturned mouth.

"We'll reapply when you wake up, okay?"

Bruce rolled his eyes but just agreed with "Fine." He held his hand out for the damp cloth again, took it with a little more force than necessary, and guided Clark to his stomach with his hand on his shoulder.

"If you're done playing nursemaid..."

The first touch of cloth between his thighs was surprising somehow and Clark jumped. "Sorry," he said when Bruce went still immediately. "I'm ready now."

"Okay." Bruce guided the cloth slowly. Quite gently for a man who regularly beat criminals with his fists. "You know, we've never done it like that before," Bruce said softly.

Clark thought for a moment. "Huh. You're right," he said. "It was good, too. We should do it again."

Bruce kissed his shoulder and pushed the cloth a little higher. Clark shifted and held his breath as his cheeks were spread.

"We *will* be doing that again. I liked seeing you ride me. Nice view."

"Oh, shut *up*, Bruce," Clark grumbled and pushed his face into the pillow to hide away. His face had heated a little, more from Bruce's compliment than the intimate rub of the cloth against his well-used hole.

"Um. Thank you," Clark added after a moment. And he meant thank you for the compliment and the fun fuck and for letting Clark stay here tonight and for teasing him with that cloth even as he cleaned him, rubbing against his hole in a little circle and making him squirm. For being his lover and kissing him like he was everything.

He was grateful for a lot.

Bruce pushed slightly harder, breached him, but just with his fingers, and Clark gasped again. He heard the cloth hit the floor and noticed how the atmosphere — even Bruce's breathing — had changed.

"Bruce," he choked out, but Bruce wasn't listening.

"Thank *me*? No, no. Thank *you*, Clark. You have no idea. Thank *you*."

Clark pushed his face into the pillow harder, held on as Bruce fucked him easily with just his fingers.

"Again?" Clark asked.

"Oh, again. Again until I have you out of my system."

Clark huffed out a frustrated laugh. He was frustrated in so many ways, most of them exactly what he was looking for. "When will that be?" Clark breathed and shifted back to feel more how Bruce played with his body.

"No time soon," Bruce said. He kissed Clark's shoulder one more time, then grazed his teeth over the kiss.

"Good," Clark said.

Bruce's laugh was almost musical. "I'll *show* you good."

When his tongue replaced his fingers, every bone in Clark's body went liquid. He believed Bruce. He exhaled in contentment and readied his body to take all the *good* Bruce wanted to give him for the rest of the night.

End Notes

Thanks so much for stopping by and reading! Cutting and Penning are equestrian sports. So. There you go.

Ride 'em, cowboy.

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