Terra Incognita

by whiteroses77

Summary

Part 3 of the Anteros Series. As Clark and Bruce are adjusting to being back on Earth, and being married, they also try to keep things the same, but they have some surprises in store for them.
Chapter 1

TITLE: Terra Incognita 1/10
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AUTHOR: Whiteroses77 (whiterose)
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He was saying, “It’s good and it’s strange all at the same time.”

Lois raised her eyebrow at him across their double desk. “Of course, you’re living the dream of every socialite in Gotham.”

Clark smiled smugly, but denied, “Actually it’s not like that it’s pretty normal there.”

“Normal… you’re living in a mansion; you’re married to one of the richest men in the world.”

He snorted, “As I told my very rich husband, it doesn’t matter how rich he is, I’m planning on staying the same as I’ve always been. I certainly don’t want an allowance.”

His best friend choked on nothing but her envy, “He offered you an allowance?”

“I think he was joking.” He shrugged.

Wide-eyed Lois asked, “How much?”

“How much what?”

“How much was he willing to give you to spend a week?”

He rolled his eyes, “I don’t know…” he thought about it, and revealed, “I got the impression there wasn’t a set number just that I can have anything I like.”

Lois laughed and pinched her lips, “Only you Smallville would turn that down.”

He spread his arms out, and insisted, “Mine and Bruce’s relationship has got nothing whatsoever to do with that sort of thing. It’s been a very long time since those kinds of things impressed me.”

His friend gazed at him meaningfully.

He shrugged, “His money helps him with his goals, but it’s not what he’s about. I love Bruce for who he really is and not what I think he is, his ideals and hopes, his strength of will and his goodness.” he added wistfully, “His smile and his laugh.”

Lois gazed at him a long moment, and then she shook her head, and said dramatically, “I think I’m going to cry with just the whole gee whiz of it all.”

Clark squinted at her, and laughed, “Gee thanks Lois. You’re a swell friend.”
His droll friend grinned at him.

He harrumphed with amusement, “Get back to work already.”

~*~

It was lunchtime and Clark was still in his office at the Daily Planet, Lois was out. He considered getting a sandwich, or maybe getting something over at the café across the street. He smiled to himself as a delightful thought came to him. He leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and concentrated on the sounds of the city. He expanded gradually, until another city’s sounds filtered through, and then he began discarding them, down and down until only one chorus of sounds could be heard, his voice, his breathing, the material of his clothes rubbing together as he moved and his heartbeat. He smiled as the beloved sounds washed over him. Then he realised that the sounds were not where he expected him to be. He focused on his voice and realised where he was. Clark was surprised; he never mentioned going there this morning.

Clark went across to the café, and got an order to go.

He knew there was no need, but he wanted to test out the reactions to his presence. He smiled at the thought of his endeavour and then he entered the skyscraper into the art deco foyer. He strolled through as if he owned the place. He didn’t need to inquire; he could easily track him. He went to the elevator and travelled up. He stopped on the right floor, stepped out, and took another stroll. As he passed by, men and women in suits glanced his way, frowning at the tray in his right hand and the bag in his left. He smiled at them and said politely, “Good afternoon.”

He heard them whispering to each other, about his identity and his presence in their hallways. He heard the secretaries and personal assistants gossiping, and filling the suits in on who he was, if they’d somehow missed it. He saw two women dart away uttering, “We better tell her.”

He got to the double doors of the executive office before a young woman came rushing down the hall, as she arrived in front of him, she looked embarrassed at being caught not at her post. She straightened her shoulders, “Hello, Mr… um…” she fumbled at a loss of what to call him. “Um… Mr Way…”

He corrected her, “Kent.”

She looked surprised, “Okay… um of course, Mr Kent.” She motioned to the double doors, “I’ll just tell Mr… um Wayne that you’re here.”

He shook his head, “No need… just…” he motioned to his full hands and the door.

The secretary smiled and then she turned the handle for him. Clark smiled, “Thank you.”

She returned the smile and then went behind her desk.

Then he shouldered the door open and walked in. A business suited Bruce Wayne spun his chair around from the window to glance at the door, phone at his ear. A fond smile came to his lips, and he motioned him further into his office. Clark approached the desk and laid the tray and the bag on the big polished oak desk, as Bruce quickly ended the call.

He put down the phone, and then glanced at the items on his desk. “What’s this?”

Clark grinned and he said furtively, “It’s lunch.”

His husband chuckled, “Oh.”
He found a perch on the desk, and then he began dividing up the food. He gave them each a hot soup, and a sandwich. Bruce smirked fondly at him and the food. He said, “You know you could’ve just come over, and I would’ve sent out for something.”

He opened his soup and took a sip, and nodded, “I know but that wouldn’t have been as fun.”

“Fun?”

He nodded again, and urged, “Have some soup.”

Bruce snorted softly and reached for his soup, opened it and drank some. He hummed, “Good soup.”

Clark teased, “Only the best for Mr Wayne.”

His husband pursed his lips and drank some more. He asked, “You didn’t go home thinking I’d be there did you?”

He shook his head, “No I tracked you.”

Bruce raised a smooth eyebrow, “You tracked me, by smell?”

He chuckled, and shrugged, “I could do that, but no, I found your heartbeat here.”

His husband’s gaze became soft, and he nodded, “That night you said you were listening to my heartbeat…?”

He nodded, “I didn’t expect to find you here.”

“Lucius… that’s the man who runs the company for me…”

He nodded again, “Huh-huh?”

“Well with me being gone for those three months and coming back with you, Lucius just asked me to attend a board meeting, you know just to show my face, show that I’m of sound mind.”

He nodded again, “Our marriage isn’t going to cause you problems is it?”

Bruce took another sip of soup, and shrugged, “I’m just the figurehead really, Lucius does most of the work.” he shrugged again, “Married is better than a publicised affair.”

Clark replied, “Well I should hope so.” He reached for a sandwich and revealed, “Speaking of which, did you know we’re confusing your staff.” Bruce tilted his head in question, and Clark explained, “When I came up here, they seemed to think that I should take your name.”

His husband uttered, “Mr Clark Wayne doesn’t sound bad.”

He smirked at him, “I’ll keep my own name thank you very much.” He bit into his sandwich.

“Whatever you want, dear.” Bruce replied wryly, and reached for his own sandwich.

He rolled his eyes as he chewed. Then he wondered, “So are you going home after this meeting then?”

“Yeah.” he mumbled around it.
Clark motioned to the door with his head, “So what does her out there do all day if you’re never here?”

Bruce laughed, “I have no clue.”

He frowned, “She must do something; she can’t get paid for sitting at a desk and doing nothing.”

“I would assume… assume mind you, that when I’m not here she actually works for another executive.”

He remembered her flustered rush to the office, and nodded, “Probably, I bet she hates it when you come in.”

Bruce puckered his lips, “She always seems happy to see me.”

Clark studied his husband keenly, he half-heartedly accused, “She’s not one of these women you’ve had over your desk is she?”

His husband lowered his sandwich from his mouth and gazed at him dumbfounded. Then he snorted. Clark wasn’t quite sure what he was thinking until he began putting the empty cups and sandwich wrappers in the bag. Clark watched him clearing the desk. Suddenly his pulse was racing. Then his husband patted a spot on his desk, and then met Clark’s gaze intently.

He groaned softly.

Then he stood up and walked around the desk, and sat down on the spot indicated. He found himself sitting facing his husband straight on. The unspoken intent of what was going to happen meant there was already a bulge forming at his crotch. Bruce’s gaze found it and he blew out a steady breath.

Clark felt flustered and turned on all at once, he teased, “Had too much to eat already?”

Bruce let out a little rumble from his throat. He reached out slowly and unclasped and unzipped Clark’s suit pants. Then he pushed his hand into the open v and drew out Clark’s growing erection.

Clark panted softly, as his husband fisted his length purposefully. He groaned quietly as Bruce seemed content just watching his hand on Clark’s cock as it hardened. His cock flexed when Bruce licked his lips. Clark groaned again, when Bruce still did nothing. He couldn’t stand to watch with frustration and he slumped back and lay down cross the desk.

At the move, his lover whispered, “Fuck that’s right.”

He swallowed hard hearing his lover so excited. Then Bruce was standing, gazing down and across Clark’s splayed body. Clark didn’t move but he looked up at him from his position and saw his own length standing up proud in Bruce’s tight fist. He whined softly. Then his lover let go and then he was unbuttoning Clark’s shirt, and then spreading the material, admiring his tanned flesh.

Then he was leaning over fully, and he ran his lips and tongue over Clark’s torso. His body quivered in response to that mouth that already knew everything about him, that knew what turned him on. He arched against the desk as Bruce’s tongue played with and his lips sucked his nipples. He ground up at the friction of Bruce’s body pressed against his erection.

His lover pulled away slowly, and admired him again. He traced his torso with his fingertips. Clark moaned out a laugh of pleasure. Bruce growled softly, and Clark met his gaze. Bruce held his gaze even as he backed off, until his mouth was over his cock. Clark licked his lips eagerly and Bruce
smiled wolfishly. Then he wrapped his hand around Clark’s erection again and then he engulfed the head with his wicked mouth. Clark whispered softly, “Yes baby.”

Bruce groaned and hummed around the girth, jerked it and he sucked the head ravenously. He hummed on every pull back and went deeper every time he went down. Clark cupped his head, and encouraged him to take him all. He hissed with pleasure, “You’re so damn good Bruce.”

His lover held his gaze, his lips tight around his cock, tongue against his hard flesh. He moaned, “My cock is so hard right now.”

Bruce pulled off, slowly and groaningly. As his mouth left him, he groaned, and went back and sucked it for a few more seconds. When he finally pulled off completely, Clark sat himself up. He gazed at the man he loved, the man he wanted so badly. Clark went for Bruce’s shirt buttons, one by one until he revealed the sexy body of his lover, he ran his hands over it, pushing his shirt and suit jacket off his shoulders and then his hands went down to his zipper, Bruce met his serious but heated gaze. Bruce swallowed at what he saw in Clark’s eyes.

With no words but complete understanding, Clark stood up and he kissed his lover almost chastely before he turned him around and pushed Bruce forward so he was the one leaning over the polished oak desk, his chest against it. They’d lost eye contact but Clark reached around, and unfastened and pulled at Bruce’s waistband of his suit pants and dragged them over his ass.

His lover swore and then eagerly Bruce was leaning over the side of the desk and he rifled in his desk drawer and got a tube of lube out, and a condom. Clark was surprised to see them. He was incredibly thankful for the lubes presence but the condom threw him.

A little spur of jealousy pricked his mind, and he asked, “Did you often need lube and condoms in this office?”

Bruce laughed delightedly, “Don’t start being an idiot.”

His husband didn’t have to admit anything. He already knew the answer, when Bruce passed him the unopened tube over his shoulder. Clark asked, “You planned this?”

Bruce revealed, “I plan for everything, you know that.”

Clark grinned as he slicked his fingers with it and pressed them to his husband’s centre. “Can I assume there’s now a tube of lube, and condom in every place we may ever make love outside the Manor.”

“You know me.” Bruce replied teasingly.

In response, Clark reached down and shoved his own pants down making sure, they were out of the way. His erection was a long thick length that was pointing straight up Bruce. He ripped open the condom wrapper and rolled the protection on. He got the tube again and slicked his condom covered cock.

Clark told him, “So strange using a condom now.”

His husband groaned, and then lowered himself back over the desk. “Less mess.” he explained.

He understood, “I get it, but it’s still…”

He watched as Bruce reached behind and spread his own ass cheeks for him, wanting him inside him. He got the message loud and clear, ‘stop talking and do it’.
As he lined up and entered him, Bruce instinctively rocked back for it. Bruce half turned and watched himself as he was penetrated, his lover whined, “Fuck!”

He replied with a gasped, “Yes.”

He gave them a moment to get used to it, and once he was settled deep inside him, Bruce thrust himself back and forwards and rode on his cock. Clark matched his hard rhythm. Clark reached around and held his cock as his lover rocked back for his.

Half laying over him he thrust his aching cock into the most glorious ass. Bruce was moaning and holding onto the edge of his desk, and Clark covered his hands with his. He whispered to his lover, asking, “As good as you imagined?”

His husband groaned and admitted, “Not exactly what I had in mind, but… oh god.”

Clark grinned, and teased, “But what?”

Bruce chuckled gaspingly, “You fucking know what.”

He rolled his hips deeper, and grazed his prostate. Bruce cried softly, “Oh fuck Clark.”

He smiled with primal pride, and he drew himself up straight, running his hands over his lover’s arms and then his shoulders. He grasped them and then he thrust harder, hitting that special place over and over. Bruce cried out loudly. They both stilled as they realised that they were back in the position of having to be quiet, so nobody could hear their ecstasy.

Clark used his powers to check for their discretion. Outside the office appeared normal except… “Damn it… Bruce there’s a group of people coming…”

Still sprawled across the desk, Bruce checked his watch and winced, “Shit, it’s the board members.”

The office door opened, and a group of business suit clad people gathered at the door and peered in. They all looked surprised. The older man leading them didn’t look happy. He set his jaw, and then turned his back in disgust. Clark and Bruce watched the door close, hearing Lucius Fox reprimanding the secretary.

Clark laid his head against Bruce’s sweaty back, and shook it. Bruce chuckled giddily, his cheek pressed against the white painted ceiling, “Quick thinking.”

He muttered against his shoulder, “Hiding in plain sight, kind of my whole way of life.”

Bruce said with a smile clearly in his voice, “Good job they didn’t look up.”

Clark laughed as he imagined the executives looking up and seeing their CEO and his husband naked and stuck to the ceiling and each other. As he laughed the vibration through their joined bodies made Bruce groan. “Are you going to fuck me against the ceiling?”

He rolled his hips teasingly, “You want me to?”

Bruce sighed, “Oh yeah.”

So he did just that, he treated his husband to some gravity defying lovemaking.
To be continued
Chapter 2

Clark awoke slowly. He sensed the lack of body heat. He turned over on the soft luxurious mattress and he reached out and blindly felt the space next to him in the king-size bed. Drowsily he contemplated the fact that since sharing this bed he was always the first one awake. After all, he had a regular day job and his husband didn’t. This made his absence from their bed this early a mystery. He felt so snug that Clark didn’t want to move to find out. He grumbled into his own pillow trying to psyche himself up to it.

He heard the bathroom door open and he forced himself to open his eyes to look. He saw Bruce leave the en suite bathroom. He was already dressed, in some black jeans and a t-shirt to match. He noticed arbitrary that he was wearing his watch over his silver thread ‘tattoo’ on his wrist to hide it just as Clark had taken to doing when he was leaving the confines of the Manor estate.

He mumbled, “What’re you doing?”

“It’s very simple; I’m taking you to work as we planned.” Bruce explained.

He asked, “You got the private helicopter?”

Bruce smirked, “That’s right, now there’s no excuses.”

He grumbled, “Didn’t you say I could get there any way I wanted, that the helicopter was just for show?”

His husband shook his head and sat down on the edge of the bed. He leaned in and murmured, “It’s the first day, and you’re going to let me make the trip in your shiny new helicopter by myself?”

Clark smiled and pulled the covers up but complained, “I could stay in bed longer that way.”

Bruce frowned and asked, “You okay, you’re normally up and gone when I wake up?”

He exhaled, “I’m just feeling lazy, not quite used to being back to doing two jobs, I guess.”

His husband leaned in and kissed him, “I wish I’d have known that before I got up and dressed.”

Clark glanced at the clock and sighed, “I can’t take a day off so soon after such a long absence.”

Bruce kissed him again and smiled, “You’ve got to go to work; I didn’t get up for nothing.”

Clark sighed softly and told him, “I told her I love your smile.” His husband frowned and Clark expanded, “I told Lois that I love your smile.”
Bruce laughed lightly, “You sap.”

He laughed too, “And your laugh.”

His husband shook his head with exasperation and then admitted, “I love your smile too.”

Then Bruce stood up from the bed, and offered his hand to pull him up. Clark grinned and then reached out and grasped Bruce’s forearm and Bruce mirrored him and pulled. At that instant, Clark felt a shock, a sting at his wrist. He thought he saw a glow for a moment. Bruce exclaimed, “Ow!”

He met his husband’s surprised face. Clark asked the obvious, “You felt that?”

Bruce nodded.

They released their grasp and checked out their wrists. Apart from the pain that they both had experienced, their wrists and the marks of their commitment on them appeared the same as before. Clark took a breath and asked, “What do you think that was?”

He shook his head, “I don’t know.” Then he looked closer at his watch and then griped, “Shit my watch is dead.”

He frowned, and asked, “How much did it cost?” not liking the waste of money.

Bruce unfastened his watch from his wrist and gazed at it. He mumbled, “Knowing your cost consciousness you don’t want to know.”

“Is it ruined?” he wondered.

“I’m not sure, might be fixable.” He put the watch on the nightstand and then his husband gazed at their ‘tattoos’ a moment longer.

Clark stated, “We have to find out what that surge was.”

Bruce shrugged and replied, “What about going to work?”

He didn’t know why Bruce was trying to shrug what just happened off. Since getting to know him, Clark had come to realise that even though Batman was extremely confident, Bruce was actually quite prone to worrying, so was Clark sometimes but he thought his husband just might have him beat in that department. Maybe Bruce was worried now but they couldn’t ignore this.

He said, “My job is important to me, but at this moment it comes in second place, we’ve got to find out.”

Bruce let out a harsh breath and then said, “There’s only one way to find out.”

~*~

Down in the cave, both Clark and Bruce were sitting in front of the main computer monitor. They had made the connection through the Watchtower communication network and now they were speaking to the Anterian foreign emissary, who they had communicated with while they were on Anteros II.

She replied to their inquiry, “The knot tying ceremony binds the fated pair together. Once the ceremony is completed their life is made one.”

Bruce said politely but seriously, “We understand that, it was explained to us before the ceremony.
We accepted the joining; we would like to know the nature of a second instance of pain caused by
the marks.”

Clark nudged him and added, “I saw the marks glow like the silver thread did the first time at the
ceremony.”

He saw apprehension in Bruce’s eyes as he revealed that. They turned to the monitor again waiting
for a reply. The woman looked thoughtful then she said, “You have to be sure it is what you both
want as the tying of the knot is a onetime thing. I’ve never heard of it reoccurring.”

Damn, this didn’t sound good.

Clark asked, “So it’s never happened to anyone else, Anterian, or visitor.”

The emissary shook her head, “The tying ceremony has never been performed on aliens before.
You and your husband were the first outsiders to want the ceremony performed.”

Bruce grimaced, “So it’s never happened to an Anterian and we’re the only off-worlders to do it,
that’s just great.”

She said, “I am sorry that I cannot be any help to you. Your service to the Anterian people is much
appreciated here.”

Even though their problem wasn’t solved, Clark asked with care, “How is Algo, is he managing
with the warriors?”

The emissary smiled and said, “Actually, we expected your question…” she rose from her seat and
left the screen and a few seconds later; their sandy brown haired friend’s tanned face filled the
screen.

He peered at them, and then grinned, “Hello my mentors.”

Clark grinned in return, their concerns becoming distant for the moment. “Hi Algo, how are you
and your husband?”

Algo nodded, “We are very well, Clark.”

Bruce gazed at the Anterian warrior with fondness and asked, “Are you keeping the men in line
Algo?”

“Yes sir. It is hard work without you both here. I try to threaten them and say ‘you do the work or
Bruce will come back and tell you off’ but they laugh and wish that you both will come back here.”

Bruce’s jaw tensed slightly with restrained emotion but he nodded along.

Their friend tilted his head from side to side and then asked Clark, “You well Clark, being home
not as bad as you feared?”

He felt his husband’s eyes on him. He didn’t turn to look but he smiled at Algo and nodded, “Yes,
very well Algo. We fight and you know what happens then?”

Algo nodded and he grinned brightly in understanding, “Yes, I know.” Then Algo turned and
spoke to someone off-screen and Algo rolled his eyes, “I don’t think…” he sighed, “Oh come on
then.”

Their friend scooted the chair he was sitting on sideways to make room. Then another familiar face
appeared. He waved at them, “Hello my friends.”

Together Clark and Bruce chuckled, “Hello Jodan.”

Their blond guardsman friend nudged his husband, and complained, “He did not tell me he was here to speak to our friends. I had to hear this from a manservant.”

Algo told him off, “You were on duty Jodan.”

Jodan tutted and then leered at them through the screen, “You two enjoying my parting gift?”

Clark smiled bashfully, and Bruce smirked at him and then revealed, “Yes, it is very useful, better than the stuff here on Earth.”

Their blond friend nodded, “Yes very good.” then he looked thoughtful, “Why do you contact us now?”

Bruce explained again, “Our marks of commitment reactivated today, the emissary doesn’t know why though.”

Jodan looked thoughtful, he glanced at Algo and then back again. “This has never happened to us…” Clark and Bruce nodded along, already been told this. But then Jodan said, “But Algo and me, we born here, we never leave here, me and Algo same always.”

Bruce glanced at Clark wonderingly.

Jodan continued, “Maybe thread of commitment knows you are at your home now and makes adjustments for your world makes you the same like me and Algo are the same.”

Clark’s eyes widened at that idea. It encompassed so much, could make so much difference. Neither Clark nor Bruce knew how powerful or mystical this binding was meant to be.

As both their minds worked, Jodan changed the subject and asked eagerly, “You happy being home, better than Anteros II?”

He shrugged and mumbled, “It’s good to be home but we will miss being on Anteros II.”

Algo said, “We don’t know anywhere other than Anteros II, our only home.”

Clark thought about their friends. How they enjoyed their simple life, but also how much they enjoyed their lives in general. He shrugged, “Coming to Earth would definitely be an adventure for you two.”

Jodan’s eyes widened and then he asked, “You want us to come and visit you on Earth?”

Gobsmacked, Clark’s mouth opened but nothing came out. He definitely didn’t mean it as an invitation. Jodan was hugging Algo and babbling, “Think Algo, this is our one chance, an adventure and we get to see our good friends again.”

Clark turned to gaze wide eyed at his own husband. Bruce stared back stoically. He mouthed so Jodan and Algo wouldn’t hear, “I’m sorry.”

Bruce glared at him and then cleared his throat, “Jodan, Algo you’ve got to remember life on Earth is very different than on Anteros II.”

Jodan didn’t hear the warning in Bruce’s words, he shrugged, “You embrace our life, and we can
do the same on your world.”

Bruce tried again, “That’s because our world used to be like Anteros II but…”

Algo spoke up and asked despondently, “You do not want us to visit, my friends.”

His husband swallowed hard and then glanced at Clark and winced, “It’s not that, we’re just worried that it would be too much for you to handle that’s all.”

Then Jodan bargained, “We come and stay only for a little while like a lazy feast.”

Clark smiled, realising the translator wasn’t picking up on the words, “Vacation.”

Jodan’s eyes widened and he nodded, “Lazy feast is vacation. I understand.”

Bruce smiled in response and then he muttered, “They’d have to wear universal translators all the time that they were here.”

They heard their friends gasp as they realised that this was going to happen. Clark shrugged, and chuckled, “They’ll have to wear pants as well.”

Algo inquired, “Pants, what are pants?”

Bruce chuckled and said, “Long loincloths that stretch down your legs.”

Algo and Jodan looked at each other with astonishment and Clark laughed at their bemused faces. Bruce rolled his eyes and shook his head, “I’ll make arrangements with your government for you to visit soon.”

Seeing that they really did want them to visit Algo finally let his excitement show. He grinned and nodded, “You two really are the best of men.”

Clark nodded, “See you soon my friends.”

Then Bruce ended the communication. He groaned loudly, “Oh god what have we just agreed to?”

He comforted, “It will be nice to see them again. I doubt they’ll be any trouble.”

Bruce winced, “I don’t know about that.” He sighed, “But for now, we’ve got to figure out if Jodan was right about these.” He held his wrist up.

“So you think they reset our bond for living on Earth?”

“It makes sense, the only problem is, we were the same on Anteros II, and here we’re not.”

He nodded along, “I know, the question is, how did it adjust our disparity.”

Then he thought of something and he poked Bruce’s hard in the arm. His husband grabbed at his own arm, “Hey!”

Bruce glared at him and Clark shrugged, “Just checking.”

His husband gritted his teeth and then jabbed him back. Clark smiled as he felt it but it didn’t hurt. He said, “Well at least we know that hasn’t changed.”

~*~
Sitting at the kitchen table, Clark watched as his husband paced the tiles of the kitchen floor as he thought things out. Alfred was making them breakfast at the stove. Bruce was going through the options. “So we know the joining hasn’t made us the same on the pain receptor front.”

Clark shrugged, “How do we know, if it had made us the same my poke would’ve hurt you anyway.”

Bruce frowned at him.

He explained, “If I was poked like that by another Kryptonian it would hurt the same as if a human poked another human.”

His husband grimaced, “So we’re back at stage one?”

Clark saw Alfred shake his head before reaching for the utensil holder. Then with a wooden spoon, he poked Bruce with the pointy end. Bruce flinched and grimaced, “Ow will people stop poking me.”

Alfred smirked and uttered, “At least we know the answer to your question.”

Bruce sighed loudly, “I guess we do. Okay it’s been tested and now we know for sure. So what other ways could the joining make us the same?”

He rattled off, “Well we can be pretty sure you haven’t got heat-vision, x-ray vision, telescopic or micro-vision, or super breath none of them would affect our bond in a positive way or negative way.”

The butler asked, “Is there nothing you cannot do?”

Clark snorted, “Lots of things.”

Bruce stayed on topic, “How do we know I haven’t got any of those?”

He arched his brow and motioned with his hands to the tea caddy on the kitchen counter, “Go ahead see if you can see the tea inside there without opening the lid.”

His husband glowered at him and then turned and gazed at the tea caddy. He stared at it. He squinted at it. Then he grimaced, “Am I doing this right?”

Clark smiled and instructed, “Just concentrate and imagine being able to see it in your mind’s eye.”

After a few intense moments Bruce huffed and his shoulders slumped, “You’re right, no x-ray vision.”

He nodded, “I thought so.”

Bruce began pacing again, “So what does that leave us with?”

He said, “Well we don’t need to mention the obvious things.”

“The obvious things?”

“You know super-hearing, or flying, my speed.”

His husband took a seat at the kitchen table, “Yeah you’re right; those abilities wouldn’t tie our fates together as the ceremony implied.”
Alfred wondered, “You requested this ceremony without knowing every fact, it doesn’t sound like you Master Bruce.”

Clark and Bruce met each other’s gaze, Bruce’s lips quirked at the edges, and he admitted softly, “We knew we were committing ourselves for life, we just didn’t consider its effects here on Earth.”

He smiled softly back, “Coming back wasn’t at the fore front of our minds, just being together.”

Bruce nodded, “Being together.”

Alfred chuckled softly and declared, “Soft buggers.”

Clark frowned at a loss, and Bruce chuckled, “He means we're being silly.”

He laughed self-consciously and then suggested, “Okay let’s look at this from the beginning. On Anteros II we were the same, if we’d stayed there nothing would’ve changed we’d be bonded until we died. On Earth what are the differences that can affect our fate?”

Bruce nodded concurringly, “Okay… the biggest difference here is I can get hurt and you can’t… usually.”

They gazed at each other considering. Then suddenly a fork came down and stabbed Bruce’s hand. Bruce exclaimed, “Shit!”

Then he glared at Alfred as he held his bleeding hand. Alfred tutted and tossed him some kitchen towels for the blood. He said, “Don’t be a baby. It was only a graze.”

Bruce squinted at his guardian.

Knowing Bruce was all right Clark chuckled, “The blood proves you’re not invulnerable.”

His husband grumbled, “Yeah.”

Alfred began putting out the breakfast and he asked, “What else does being on Earth do for you that being elsewhere does not?”

Clark thought about it, and sighed, “Most of my bodily processes are connected to the powers we’ve talked about… the speed is connected to the yellow solar energy stored in my muscles, same as my heat-vision. My healing factor is connected too, the energy stored regenerates my cells faster, those cells are better copies than humans produce.”

Bruce was listening eagerly and Clark could see his mind working. Bruce guessed, “That would mean you age slower than humans?”

He shrugged, “I’m not sure, I’m the first Kryptonian to spend their whole lives here on Earth.”

“If that’s what it means, that you’re going to age slower…” he swallowed hard, “That would make us different. Our fates are tied maybe that’s what the reset was about.”

Alfred interrupted, placing their plates on the table and asking; “Now you think your bond has upgraded you to Kryptonian levels of cell regeneration?”

Bruce gesticulated, “I don’t know maybe.”

His guardian asked, “How about your rotator cuff that you tore last year?”
Bruce rotated his shoulder, he grimaced, “Still twinges a little.”

Alfred suggested, “It might only count from this point in time.”

Clark could see Bruce’s frustration of not knowing the answer. He smiled fondly, “You do realise there’s another possibility.” Both Alfred and Bruce stared at him. He continued, “The bond might’ve balanced us the other way around.”

His husband’s eyes widened with disquiet. He asked roughly, “You think being bonded to me might’ve stripped you of... of your... god you think I might’ve stripped you of potential immortality?”

Clark could see how much the idea of that upset his husband, and he loved him so much for caring that much. He reached out and he caught Bruce’s hand and he said, “I don’t know either, but if that’s what’s happened I don’t mind as long as you’re there with me until the end.”

Bruce’s brow creased and he said emotionally, “How can you say that, how could you be fine with losing that?”

He swallowed hard and he revealed to him, “My biggest fear all my life was being alone, being left behind, and losing everyone I love. But if this is what this means then I don’t have to do this alone.”

His husband was shaking his head uncomprehending. Clark smiled and squeezed his hand, “Bruce I’d love to grow old with you.”

Bruce reached out and caressed his cheek tenderly. “Clark.”

He said smiling, “You remember asking me if I’d be content living at the farm?”

His husband nodded, “Yeah.”

“Maybe we could live there when we retire.”

Bruce’s eyes widened and then a gleam that Clark knew so well came to his husband’s eyes. He asked, “You want to be two old geezers together?”

Clark nodded, and said softly but earnestly, “I’d like that a lot.”

To be continued
Chapter 3

He was at a cocktail party at some other millionaire’s home, a huge townhouse in the centre of Gotham, though it wasn’t anywhere near as impressive as their house. The daughter of the couple whose house it was had been giving Clark the evil eye all night. He had discretely asked his husband if she was an acquaintance, so to speak. Bruce denied it. That told Clark that she was annoyed about being thwarted her turn with the great Bruce Wayne. Obviously, the word had got around that Bruce Wayne was faithful to his new husband.

After taking enough of the schmoozing as he could for one night, he caught sight of his husband, as the young woman tried to hold Bruce’s attention. Clark wandered over to him, and subtly ran his hand over his husband’s shoulder. Bruce turned his head and met his gaze over his shoulder, Clark smiled meaningfully, and Bruce nodded with understanding.

As they prepared to leave, Clark asked his husband, “Shall we say goodbye to the host?”

“No need, these people talk about good manners, but they won’t miss us.” Bruce replied.

The daughter of the house glared silently, as Bruce dissed her parents, but they paid her no mind.

As they headed outside the cool air hit them. A young valet approached them with a smile to get their number, Bruce revealed, “My man has the limo tonight.”

The valet appeared disappointed at the news. Then they turned and found their limousine pulling up at the curb. Clark smiled as he saw Alfred exit the car and then come around to open the door for them. He asked, “Are you a mind reader Alfred?”

Their man was playing chauffeur for the night, and he met his gaze and said, “In our world it could quite well be possible sir, but I admit it is more experience in these things, isn’t that right Master Bruce?”

Clark wondered, “You don’t stay long at these things usually?”

Bruce shrugged, “I only go there to be seen.”

As Alfred opened the door, Bruce glanced around the street and then he suggested, “Why don’t we walk for a while?”

He was surprised by the suggestion but it was a nice idea, and it was a nice night so he nodded in agreement.

Alfred shut the car door and said, “As you wish sirs.”
Then he returned to the driver’s seat. Then Bruce and Clark began strolling along the sidewalk hand in hand. Clark nudged his husband with his elbow, “Did you see that valet's disappointment. I bet all the valets fight over who gets to bring your cars around.”

Bruce smirked and teased, “Next time we’ll leave Alfred at home and come in the pickup truck.”

He chuckled, “I like my truck I’ll have you know.”

His husband goaded, “Our pickup truck, what’s yours is mine.”

Clark grinned with amusement, "So the Murcielago is mine then?"

Bruce couldn’t resist him and he grinned back.

He said playfully, “What’s yours is mine.”

"Next time." Bruce deferred with a smile.

Behind them, he heard the limo start up and then glanced back and saw the limousine crawling along the curb following them down the street. Clark laughed softly.

Bruce glanced at him out the corner of his eyes. Clark teased, “Is this how billionaires take midnight strolls?”

His husband pursed his lips, and censured, “This isn’t the time for teasing Clark.”

He knew how much his teasing turned him on and he wondered, “Why are we taking a walk when we were supposed to be eager to get home, I thought we could have an early night.”

Bruce swung their arms together and said, “We’ve got a lifetime to make love.”

Clark glanced up and smiled at the stars above. He said, “We’ve got a lifetime to take walks, a lifetime to go flying up there.”

His husband said, “Now we’ve got into a routine moonlight strolls might become rare.”

He joked, “We’re too busy for walking but not too busy to have rampant meaningful sex.”

Bruce whistled through his teeth, “You are just…”

He nudged him with his arm, “I’m what.”

His husband stopped walking, and he raised their joined hands up and he kissed Clark’s wedding ring, “You’re wonderful.”

He smiled at him with affection.

Then suddenly there was a presence in front of them, he heard a gun cock, and a roughly stated, “Give me your wallets and watches.”

Astounded at this turn of events, Clark lowered their arms, and turned to look at the mugger. The street thief was an average nondescript looking guy but he was pointing with his gun at Clark’s diamond encrusted wedding ring, “You can give me that as well.”

Arrogantly and not in the mood for a farce, Clark pursed his lips and said, “He’s going to have a bad night, isn’t he Bruce?”
He glanced back at his husband for a reply but he found Bruce just gazing at the mugger and the gun in a trance. Concerned Clark asked, “Bruce, are you alright?”

Bruce swallowed anxiously and then the mugger was yelling, “Don’t talk to each other, did you hear me, give me your stuff.”

He shook his head; in this instance, he was more worried about his husband’s reaction. He told the guy, “Shut the hell up.”

While his gaze was on Bruce, a shot rang out, and Clark felt it hit and then ricochet off him, normally he would pretend to be hurt but before he could… beside him Bruce gasped, “Clark!” and then he slumped over.

Clark grabbed his husband and sank down to his knees with him cradled in his arms. He cried, “Bruce, oh my god.”

The guy was looking scared and confused; he didn’t understand how he could shoot one guy, but another have the blood pouring out of him. Clark pressed his hand against the red stain on his husband’s white shirt. He heard footsteps running away, and then he heard footsteps coming towards them. Then Alfred was hunched over and calling desperately, “Bruce.”

With tears in his eyes Clark said, “I’m sorry, it’s my fault.”

Glazed eyed, Bruce gazed up at him, he uttered, “Not…”

Then Alfred was checking the wound. Then Alfred revealed, “It’s gone straight through.”

Bruce began shivering and twitching. Then he began mumbling, “I can’t please let me go.”

Clark cooed gently, “It’s okay Bruce, it’s going to be alright.”

He swallowed hard at the lie.

Bruce stared ahead, and mumbled, “Who are you?”

Clark’s eyes widened with horror.

Then Bruce began rambling, “I can’t”

…”

“It’s too late.”

…”

“It must be my time.”

As Bruce’s eyelids closed, Clark tensed his jaw, “Damn it, I’ve got to take him to the hospital.”

Alfred met his gaze, “The wound needs cauterising, and once that is done I can take care of the rest.”

He wondered, “Are you sure?”

Alfred nodded with determination, “I wouldn’t stake his life on it if I wasn’t sure.”
He didn’t know Alfred that well yet but he believed him, trusted his love for Bruce. The older man instructed, “Get him in the back of the car out of view.”

Bruce continued mumbling, “There’s nothing I can do I’m dying.”

…

“No of course I don’t!”

Clark cringed and held him, “Hold on baby.”

“I can’t it’s too hard.”

Clark gathered his injured husband up and he carried him and put him in the back of the limo.

Alfred climbed in too, and he opened Bruce’s shirt, and looked at the wound. Then he said, “Yes, it’s what I thought.” He asked Clark, “Have you cauterised wounds before?”

“Yes.”

…

“Damn it I’ve told you I can’t.”

Bruce continued to hallucinate, “What… no.”

Alfred glanced at Clark and shook his head despairingly.

Bruce begged, “No, please it doesn’t mean that.”

…

“I know that.”

Clark moved into the right position to do this. His tears turned to steam as he focused his heat-vision and then he cauterised the gunshot wound in his beloved’s chest. Bruce didn’t even flinch as he did it, still out cold.

…

“Yes okay, yes.”

Afterwards when the fire in Clark’s eyes had gone, Bruce suddenly yelled, “Clark!” and jerked to full consciousness.

He gazed at him with surprise, hope, and relief.

Bruce gazed up at him, he reached up towards him gasping, “You’re alive.”

Clark swallowed hard, and grasped and held his hand, “Yeah and you are too.”

Bruce sighed, “Good.”

Bruce’s guardian checked his work and he nodded with satisfaction. Then he patted Clark’s arm for his good effort. “I am going to get us home.”

Alfred climbed out the back and returned to the driver’s seat. Seconds later the limo was moving.

Clark sat back in the leather seat and he pulled Bruce over him and held him all the way home.
When they got back to the Manor, Clark carried his husband upstairs to their bedroom. The trauma had taken it out of him, and Bruce was docile as Clark removed his clothes and tossed the ruined shirt over near the bedroom door. Then he lay Bruce down in bed, Alfred arrived and came in with a medical kit.

He gave Bruce painkillers and antibiotics and then tended the wound, cleaned it and put a bandage on it. Clark watched on silently and when Alfred packed up the medical kit, Clark asked, “He’ll be alright?”

Bruce answered instead, “We’ve done things like this before haven’t we Alfred.”

Alfred raised an eyebrow, “Not as bad as this.” and then met Clark’s gaze and said, “He will be fine with some rest.”

The older man headed for the door and noticed the ruined and bloody shirt on the floor. He bent over, and picked it up and then glanced back at Clark, “If I saw it correctly, the bullet hit you first.”

Clark swallowed hard, feeling ashamed, “Yeah it ricocheted off me. Damn it, when the bad guys try to shoot me other people aren’t normally so close to me.” He winced, “I’m so sorry, Bruce.”

Alfred gazed at him stoically. Then he gave him a tight smile, “I only meant your shirt must be ruined too, a bullet hole?”

He ducked his head embarrassed.

“I shall dispose of it for you.” Alfred said gently.

Awkwardly he shrugged out of his suit jacket, and then unbuttoned his shirt. He slipped it from his shoulders, and then offered it to Alfred. Alfred crossed the room and took it from him. The guardian said gently, “Do not beat yourself up Master Clark, it was not your fault, and Master Bruce will be fine thanks to your abilities.”

Clark’s eyes widened and he questioned softly, “Master Clark?”

Alfred nodded, “We don’t obey the rules too much in this house but there has to be some, and I am not calling you Clark nor am I going to call you sir, or Mr Kent every day of our lives.”

He wondered out loud, “You mean because you’re supposed to be Pennyworth.”

The butler nodded, “Precisely sir, and he…” pointing at Bruce, “is supposed to be Mister Wayne. But even after he grew up the young devil would never allow it. So if he is called Master then so are you.”

Feeling emotional, Clark smiled fragiley in response. “I guess Master Clark it is, thanks Alfred.”

The older man smiled and then left the bedroom.

Clark turned towards the bed and the man in it smiled tiredly at him, “He’s right you know, our life is full of danger we just never expect it when we’re Clark and Bruce do we?”

“Is that why you froze?”

Bruce tensed his jaw and Clark saw pain in his eyes, but the pain wasn’t from the gunshot wound.
Bruce gazed at him a long moment and then he nodded and confessed, “It was too close to… the night my parents died, it was my fault we were on the street then too.”

Clark swallowed down the lump in his throat, “You shouldn’t blame yourself for what happened. I know from experience what blaming yourself for things you couldn’t control can do. It mires you down and stops you moving on.”

His husband looked away and didn’t reply.

He wasn’t going to press him to talk. He sighed, and he removed his shoes, socks, and pants and then he climbed into bed with his husband. He changed the subject, he said, “I guess Batman will be off the streets for a while.”

“I guess.”

He reached out, and caressed his bandaged chest and then kissed his chest softly, “I thought you were going to die.”

Bruce whispered, “So did I. Saw the white light and everything.”

He glanced up, and Clark frowned in concern, he said, “While you were bleeding you were doing a lot of talking.”

His husband nodded, “I had an argument on my hands.”

He tilted his head, “What do you mean?”

Bruce smiled bashfully, “I don’t know if it was just a hallucination, or not but you know that they say how you’re supposed to head for the white light…” Clark nodded, Bruce revealed, “I tried to but there was a man there and he wouldn’t let me pass.”

Clark’s brow creased even more, “Who was he?”

“I don’t know, but he said I couldn’t give up and that I had so much to live for and I had to fight. I told him I didn’t have the strength but he was insistent. He said I had to fight for you, and that because we tied our fates together if I died so would you.”

He didn’t know what to think or say; he asked warily, “Do you think the bond between us is that powerful that if one of us dies the other one will follow?”

His husband breathed harshly, “I don’t know, we tied our fates together, I don’t know if that means if I died you’d die at the same time or maybe you’d die because of the lack of the connection, pine away.”

He gazed at his husband, it should be a scary prospect, but the idea of living without him was worse. As he thought these thoughts Bruce spoke, “That’s why I listened to the man and fought to stay alive I couldn’t let you die so I had to fight.” He smiled, “And I don’t think that stubborn son of a bitch would have let me give up anyway.”

Clark smiled in response, he asked, “I wonder who he was, what did he look like?”

Bruce looked thoughtful, trying to remember, “It was kind of bright there, but I think he was middle aged and I think he had light coloured eyes, might’ve been blue, I know they were kind eyes but what I do remember is that he wore a plaid shirt and a beige jacket.”
Clark’s whole body trembled in recognition and his voice was too full of emotion as he croaked out, “Dad.”

His husband’s eyes widened and he asked with awe, “You think it was your dad?”

Clark nodded. He said emotionally, “The way you went down, collapsed in front of me, just like him, except I couldn’t save him…” he smiled fragiley, “but… thank god, I saved you…” he stopped himself going on, his husband was the one hurt, it wasn’t the time to fall apart.

“Yes, you did.” Bruce reached out and caressed his cheek tenderly, “You really think it was your dad?”

He super-sped to the room downstairs that he’d claimed as his study and grabbed the framed photograph off the desk. He returned to the bed and he showed Bruce the photograph. “Was it him?” he asked tentatively.

Bruce swallowed hard, nodded, and confirmed, “Yes.” He shook his head in awe, “I can’t believe this, why would he…?” He glanced at him, and nodded knowingly, “He was protecting you.”

He reached over, and put the photograph down on the nightstand and then returned his eyes to his husband. He smiled, “You know he was looking out for you too.”

His husband shook his head, “I don’t know about that.”

Clark picked up his husband’s left hand and showed him the wedding ring that he had presented him with, just before Bruce had given him Martha Wayne’s eternity ring. “This ring here connects you to Jonathan Kent and as long as you wear it, he will look over you, just as he looks over me.”

Bruce met his gaze meaningfully, “Well he’s going to have a lifelong job because I don’t intend taking it off.”

To be continued
The following day, as he tied his necktie he complained quietly, “I don’t want to go to work.”

From his sickbed, his husband grimaced, “Staying here isn’t going to do you any good, or me for that matter.”

Clark cringed, and walked over and sat down on the edge of their bed. He reached out, and took Bruce’s hand. “It just doesn’t seem right going out and going about my daily business while you’re stuck here in bed.”

Bruce snorted softly, “Do you think if it was the other way around that I’d stop my work.”

He knew what he was trying to do, and he tilted his head, “The difference is you could come upstairs and check on me whenever you felt like it.”

His husband pinched his lips, and then gave him a half smile. “I don’t know, and I thought I was married to Kal-El of Krypton, you know that superhero who has super-speed.”

Clark rolled his eyes at his teasing. He asked, “You’re going to be alright?”

Bruce nodded, “Yes, now go.”

“Okay.” He leaned in and kissed him chastely on the lips. He stood up and then he realised something, he said archly, “I guess super-speeding to work is allowed today?”

“Actually, Alfred can take you.”

Clark shook his head, and put his foot down, “Alfred is staying here to look after you. Besides…” he grinned, “I’ve been looking out for myself long before I met you Mr Wayne, I think I can come up with something if someone even bothers to ask how I got there.”

Bruce grumbled, “You’re the boss.”

He grinned widely, and said gleefully, “Am I?”

His husband smirked, “Go to work already.”
the public but because Bruce and Clark’s friends disguised their faces, and it was obvious that they were someone else under there. The whole of Gotham could wonder who Batman was, and try and figure it out or want to know, whereas Metropolitans and the whole world believed they knew who Superman was, he was Kal-El of Krypton wasn’t he? Whether you loved him or hated him, they thought they knew who he was. It was exactly as Alfred had believed before getting to know him, why would Superman have a normal job; why would the all-powerful hero stand in line for a coffee at the machine in the staff room.

He picked up, his and Lois’ coffees and then headed back to their office. He took a sip as he walked. He entered, and then placed Lois’ cup on her desk. Lois glanced up from her computer screen and smiled, “Thanks Smallville.”

He gave her a small smile in return, “No problem.”

He took his seat, and had another sip. Across their double desk, Lois raised a finely shaped brow. He frowned and wondered, “What’s wrong?”

His pretty brunette friend replied, “I was going to ask you the same thing. I think this is the first time since you got married that you haven’t been walking on air when you get here in the morning, pardon the pun.”

Clark quirked his lips, and admitted, “Something happened last night…”

She wondered, “First argument?”

He smiled then, “No.”

“So what’s wrong?”

“We were mugged last night, Bruce was shot.”

Lois was aghast, “What… how… where was you?”

He suddenly felt as guilty as he had felt last night; he bowed his head, and confessed, “Standing right next to him.”

She frowned deeply, “I don’t get it.”

He looked up and met her gaze, “The guy shot me, but it ricocheted off me and hit Bruce.”

Her mouth opened and closed, and then she admitted, “I still don’t get it; you’ve saved me countless times, even when you were on the other side of the city you’ve always made it in time.”

Clark breathed roughly. Then Lois’ eyes widened in dismay, “Oh god, I’m sorry I didn’t even ask if Bruce is…”

“He’s okay, he’s okay, me and Alfred saved him.”

She nodded. Then she quietly observed him, and then finally she pushed, “How come…?”

He tensed his jaw with chagrin at himself, “Arrogance.”

“What?”

“It was arrogance, the mugger came up to us, pointing the gun, and I remember thinking what a huge mistake the guy was making trying to rob Batman and Superman.”
Lois swallowed hard.

Then he self-censured, “I could’ve done something, it was only seconds but it was an eternity for me to do something, anything, and I treated it like a joke.”

“I’m sure you didn’t.”

“My husband almost died last night, because of my arrogance.” He said with sorrow.

“Stop it, Smallville!” Lois demanded.

His gaze darted to her.

His friend of many years told him, “I know you Clark, you are a good guy, and you’ve got bucket loads of humility that’s why you get away with the nerd in glasses thing. But you’re also the most confident guy I’ve ever met, you go out there and you make others measure up to your standards, and you don’t back down, and some people might not like that but arrogant you’re not. Whatever happened, it just happened, okay.”

He gazed at her full of affection; it was times like this that he was so thankful to be friends with her. He reached out, and took her hand in his and smiled, “Thank you Lois.”

She smiled knowing she had dragged him out of a bad mood. She picked up her coffee, “Anytime, Smallville.” Then she took a sip out of her cup.

~*~

Although Lois had snapped him out of his doldrums, what happened last night still wouldn’t leave him, so he left work, but instead of going home to the Manor, he flew in the opposite direction. He flew over the city, and onwards over fields of corn. He homed in on the red barn and yellow farmhouse. He landed in the yard, and then made his way up the porch steps and inside the kitchen. Hearing the back door open and shut, his mom appeared from the living room.

As she saw Superman in her kitchen, her brow creased and then she sighed, “Oh sweetie, what’s the matter?”

He walked over to her, and enveloped her in a hug. She hugged him back, her cheek pressed to the House of El shield. He felt like a little boy again as being in his mom’s arms soothed his soul. She rubbed his cape covered back until he was ready to speak. He pulled back, and then his mom gazed searchingly at him.

He smiled tightly and then led his mom into the living room where they sat together on couch. Then he began, “First, I want you to know I’m alright, that Bruce is alright.”

Martha frowned in concern.

“Mom, Bruce got hurt last night, he was shot…” he saw the horror begin to creep onto her careworn face, and he soothed, “He’s going to be okay.”

His mom nodded slowly, thoughtfully, “Are you okay sweetie?”

He felt a tear gather in his eye, and he breathed harshly, “I thought I was going to lose him, Mom.”

Martha Kent reached out and cupped her son’s cheek, and caressed his face, “Everything you’ve told me about my son-in-law tells me, he wouldn’t have left you without a fight Clark.”
He nodded, and then he realised he had to tell her about what happened last night.

~*~

He watched her face as he revealed gently, “It was Dad.”

His mom’s face was taken over with shock and awe, and refreshed grief.

He nodded, “His spirit came to him, he wouldn’t let Bruce give up, and he wouldn’t let him leave me.”

She smiled so fragilely that Clark wasn’t sure he should’ve told her, but he hadn’t been able to keep it from her. Martha’s eyes welled with unshed tears. Then she smiled with more strength, and requested, “I need your help to do something sweetheart.”

~*~

Her eyes widened being here for the first time but the time for tours was later, at the moment there was only one destination. He led her to the grand staircase and up. They came to the door, and he opened it and entered first. Bruce looked away from the tablet he was studying. Clark admonished softly, “You’re supposed to be resting.”

Bruce shrugged, “It’s boring doing nothing.”

Clark asked knowingly, “That’s connected to the computer downstairs isn’t it?”

His husband shrugged noncommittally, Clark smiled in response and then said, “Anyway, put it down for now, you have a visitor.”

Bruce frowned, but his eyes widened as his mother-in-law entered his bedroom. He tried sitting up in bed, and he cringed as something pulled. Martha scolded softly, “Lay back down you silly thing.”

His husband did as he was told, and his mom went over and sat down on the edge of the bed. Bruce smiled politely, “Hello Martha.”

His mom gazed at him softly and then spoked gently, “Clark told me about last night.” Bruce nodded along silently, and then Martha reached out and she took hold of Bruce’s left hand. Then she rubbed her fingers over the worn gold band, which had been worn by her husband before Clark’s husband did.

She said, “I’m so proud to have given Clark this ring so he could give it to you, especially if this is the reason Jonathan came to you.” She swallowed hard, “But you know what, I think he might’ve come anyway, if wherever Jonathan is, if he knows how much you love Clark, and how devastated Clark would’ve been to have lost you, he’d have come to help you.”

Clark saw the emotion in Bruce’s eyes as his gaze left Martha to look at him. When he did there was a question in his eyes, ‘Didn’t you tell her?’ Didn’t he tell her what Dad had said about Clark dying if he did? Clark swallowed hard and shook his head, and mouthed, ‘No.’

Bruce nodded with understanding, they hadn’t told Alfred either.

He watched on as his husband turned his hand over and his fingers cradled and then held onto the delicate hand of Clark’s mom. He said in hushed tones, “From what I saw, Jonathan was a remarkable man. I saw where Clark got his inner strength. Jonathan Kent went up against Batman
and won.”

Martha giggled softly, she turned and glanced over her shoulder at Clark, and he smiled back. She returned her gaze to Bruce, and then she reached up and she caressed his face, teasing his messy hair from his forehead and then she leaned over and kissed his forehead.

He saw his husband close his eyes, enjoying the tenderness of a mother’s love. Then Martha stood up, and she smiled and pronounced, “Chicken soup.”

Clark chuckled, “Fixes everything.”

Bruce laughed softly, but then cautioned, “Alfred doesn’t let other’s take over his kitchen.”

At the mention of his name as if by magic the bedroom door opened, and Alfred appeared. He was surprised to see a stranger in their bedroom. Clark introduced, “Mom, this is Alfred, Bruce’s guardian, Alfred this is my mom Martha.”

Martha Kent and Alfred Pennyworth shook hands. She smiled, “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“The pleasure is mine dear lady.” Alfred replied gentlemanly.

His mom smiled bashfully. Clark smiled seeing her cheeks glow. Clark revealed, “My mom just wanted to come to see the patient.”

Then his mom said, “I was just saying, chicken soup Alfred, that’s what he needs.”

Stoically Alfred gazed at the farmwife, but who was much more than that. Martha arched a wondering but amused brow, and Alfred’s lips quirked at the edges, and then motioned to the doorway, “This way madam.”

Martha chuckled and then led the way out of the bedroom.

After they were gone, Clark and Bruce raised both their eyebrows at each other, and then they began laughing. Clark walked over and took his mom’s place sitting on the bed. He said, “I don’t want to worry her, as long as we both stay alive, it’s not something we have to worry about.”

His husband patted his thigh, “As long as we look out for and look after each other it’s not going to happen anytime soon.”

Clark leaned in and whispered, “I was actually planning on doing that anyway.”

Bruce grinned, and whispered back, “Me too.”

He closed the gap and softly kissed his husband.

~*~

A while later, his mom, and Alfred arrived back in the bedroom. Alfred was carrying a tray, with a bowl of steaming hot chicken soup on it. He came over and placed it in Bruce’s lap. His husband glanced at Clark, and ducked his head bashfully at the fuss being made of him. Clark smiled as Martha urged, “Try the soup.”

Bruce’s lips pinched into smirk, and Clark knew he was remembering when Clark brought him lunch in his office at Wayne Enterprises. Clark shook his head and waited for Bruce to try Ma Kent’s soup. His husband brought it to his lips, but hissed softly, “Too hot.”
His husband held the spoon and waited for it to cool and asked the older generation, “How are you two getting along?”

Then Bruce tried the soup again, and sighed, “This must be the hottest soup ever.”

Clark chuckled then he leaned in and blew softly on the soup to cool it to eating temperature. Bruce murmured, “Thanks.”

And then he tried the soup and hummed finally tasting its chickeny goodness. Then they noticed his mom and Alfred watching them with fondness, then they glanced at each other and then Alfred said, “I see where Master Clark gets his disposition from.” Martha raised her eyebrows at the title but didn’t comment. Alfred said, “I think we shall do well as one family.”

Bruce swallowed hard at those words coming out of Alfred’s mouth. He nodded, “I think we will Alfred.”

Then everyone watched on as Bruce ate his wound healing soup. He noticed how Bruce kept his eyes on the bowl. He understood him being uncomfortable under everyone’s glare but he understood that they all cared about him and wanted Bruce to get well. As Bruce placed his spoon in the empty bowl, Mom said, “Well I should be getting back to the Farm, Clark are you ready?”

He said, “You don’t have to rush off Mom, I could show you around the Manor.”

Martha shrugged, “I don’t want to impose.”

Bruce spoke up, “You’ll never be an imposition Martha. Stay and Alfred will show you around.”

His mom glanced around at everyone, “If you’re sure.”

Alfred said, “I will give you the grand tour, and then we shall have some tea.”

Martha nodded smiling, “You’re on.”

As Alfred picked up the tray and they left, Clark manoeuvred and lay down next to his husband. Bruce watched him with a keen eye. Clark asked, “So did you like the soup?”

“He best soup in the world.”

He grinned, with pride of his mom’s cooking. Then he noticed Bruce still studying him. Then finally, Bruce stated, “Isn’t it still worktime?”

He grimaced and then shrugged, “I couldn’t face it.”

“You still feel guilty?”

“Kinda yeah, but seeing Mom and talking to Lois helped a lot.” he confessed.

Bruce reached out and caressed his face, “You know you were the only one blaming you.”

He bowed his head.

Gently, his husband made him face him again. “Hey.” Bruce smiled softly, “I love you.”

His guilt was soothed away again, and he smiled lovingly. He leaned in and kissed him, Bruce moaned softly, and opened his mouth. He echoed his moan, and played his lips over and against his husband’s lips. When Bruce’s tongue met and danced with his, Clark cupped his face and deepened the kiss even more. Bruce murmured into his mouth, “Yes.”
Then Bruce was pressing Clark back against the pillows. Clark groaned, even though he wanted it, he knew they were pushing it in Bruce’s condition. He cupped his face and tried to stop him gently, however Bruce grasped his wrist, and said roughly, “Don’t stop.”

Clark panted against his lips, “You’re injured.”

Then Bruce stopped all movement and stared at him. Then he glanced down at his own bandaged chest. Clark began to get worried, “What is it, have you re-opened the wound?”

His husband’s chest rose, and fell and then he shook his head. Then he reached down and he pulled the bandage away from his chest.

Clark reached out shakily to his husband’s bare torso and traced the faint gunshot wound scar. He said in awe, “I can hardly see it now.”

His hand was grasped and gently squeezed. Bruce nodded, and commented, “That’s damned good chicken soup.”

He laughed in relief and with nervousness, and he ran his hand over his husband’s smooth strong chest. Bruce’s eyes sparkled at him, and then he grabbed Clark and kissed him again, and Clark let himself be kissed.

To be continued
Chapter 5

Clark sent his story to his editor. He was pleased he had finished his task for the day; it was supposed to have been in yesterday but his hero duties had kept him out of the office. Clark frowned when his hearing caught the sounds of a heavy engine. Since getting back to Earth and moving in, he had found his husband spent a lot of time in his cave.

In the past working with Batman, the other hero had always seemed to be on it, as if nothing could surprise him and he had a solution to every setback, now he was coming to understand how much preparation and planning Batman put into things. With his innate abilities Superman had the luxury of everything he needed at his disposal instantly, the tough part was figuring out on the spot and in seconds what to do with those abilities. Sometimes it felt like the public expected him to be infallible, expected more of him than the other superheroes. It was his burden he guesses for deciding to use his powers to help people. It was a burden he was willing to bear. Bruce had a burden of his own; some people thought he was psychotic, a nut job running around dressed like a bat. However, when Batman took a real psychotic off the streets of Gotham, Clark knew how relieved the people of Gotham were to have a dark knight protecting them.

However, the engine he heard wasn’t the one that belonged downstairs. He used his x-ray vision to follow the sounds. He was surprised when he saw there were a couple of vans around the side entrance outside and a load of people getting out.

He picked up his glasses off the desk, and slipped them on, then he left his study and went to the kitchen, and found Alfred letting the people inside, carrying buckets and mops and squeegees. Clark asked, “What’s going on, Alfred?”

“Good Morning Master Clark. It’s maintenance day.”

“Maintenance day?” he asked curiously.

The butler of the house explained, “Yes sir, we have a scheduled day when the cleaning service comes and gives Wayne Manor the once over.”

Thinking about it with hindsight, a place like this must take lots of upkeep however, he leaned in and asked discreetly, “Isn’t it dangerous having people come in, with what’s in the basement?”

Alfred replied wryly, “The average person doesn’t look for things they don’t expect to be there, you should know that.”

He shrugged in acknowledgement. That was one of the reasons that his own disguise worked.

Alfred explained, “The work must be done, I couldn’t do it all by myself.”
He could understand that, Clark shrugged again, “I could.”

The butler smirked at him knowingly, “You could, but you have your own duties today.”

He gazed at him curiously, then he was patted on the back and Clark glanced back and found his husband behind him, he was wearing a black terry robe and his swim trunks and carrying a towel over his arm. Bruce told him, “We have to pretend to be pampered playboys for the day.”

He raised an eyebrow, “Really?”

“Huh-huh… we’ll go down to the pool, sunbath, and relax.”

It was unexpected but Clark really liked the idea. He grinned, “It’ll be a nice way of spending a day.” He turned to head for the stairs, to get changed, he said, “I’ll see you out there.”

~*~

He went upstairs and slipped off his glasses, shirt, and pants, and put his trunks on. He found he had been gifted his own fluffy robe. He put it on, and then found and slipped some of Bruce’s sunglasses on, just in case. He returned from upstairs, went outside, and wandered down to the poolside. He found Bruce already stretched out lounging against the side of the hot tub. It reminded him of the spa at the villa on Anteros II. Clark removed his own robe and then joined him.

Once settled in the water, he gazed at his husband’s body; he could see the pale elliptical bullet wound standing out against the tanned skin of Bruce’s chest. He was glad being fate bonded to him was helping Bruce heal faster, and it eased some of his subconscious worries. He glanced up and saw Bruce was watching him knowingly. He asked, “So you’re doing alright, it’s not affecting your fitness?”

“Join me later for a training session and I’ll show you my fitness.” Bruce half teased half challenged.

He raised a brow teasingly in return, and leaned back against the side of the tub.

The sun was beating down on them, and it glinted off the water. He hummed, “If we do this often, you’ll be able to keep your tan topped up.”

Bruce chuckled softly, “I’ve got a husband now. I don’t have to try to look good anymore.”

He pursed his lips, and then smiled; he admired his husband’s body again. The sun began its dance over his bare shoulders, and chest. It glinted off his borrowed sunglasses. He closed his eyes and chuckled in response to it and Bruce’s words. “I doubt you’re going to let yourself go. Besides, I think the tan suits you.”

“Hmm thank you.” Bruce replied.

He took notice of the hum, and he glanced at him, “What are you thinking about?”

His husband’s eyes were closed now, but he smiled, “I was thinking about when we told each other that when we were having that massage at the spa on Anteros II…”

He raised a brow to himself, and prodded, “And…?”

“I remember us laying there naked and you looking at me like that and saying that….” He laughed softly, “I still couldn’t believe what was happening between us. I couldn’t believe you were making
me feel so much for you.”

Clark admitted, “I saw all the signs I just… I just didn’t realise what was happening.”

Bruce opened his eyes and smiled softly, “Not even when I almost kissed you when we were shaving?”

Clark licked his dry lips, as his own cock twitched to life, the memory, and the present combining and affecting his body. He murmured the truth, “I wanted you to kiss me.”

His husband groaned under his breath at the tone in his voice.

“Huh?” he coaxed.

“Hmm just thinking about how much time we’ve spent naked together.” Bruce admitted.

He chuckled, “You remember when we washed our clothes in the domicile. God, I had the strongest urge to tell you how hot you looked.” He saw his husband smile smugly to himself and Clark teased, “And at first you daren’t even look at me.”

Bruce pursed his lips but didn’t deny his words. Then he tilted his head and confessed, “I knew if I looked, you would see my attraction to you.”

“And that would’ve been bad?”

“As it turns out, no it wouldn’t’ve been bad.” Bruce told him with a smile. “Now I get to look at you for the rest of our lives.”

“And I can tell you how beautiful you are for the rest of our lives.”

“I’ll get old one day and I won’t be so beautiful then.” Bruce said dryly.

“If you get old, we’ll get old together.” He cajoled.

His husband met his gaze seriously, he wondered if he was feeling guilty again about stealing his ‘immortality’ but then Bruce blinked slowly and then effortlessly steered them back to a more light-hearted topic, as Bruce wondered, “Is there space for a hot tub at the Farm?”

Clark chuckled at the thought of it, “We really would be the talk of the community, those two old buggers with the hot tub in the yard.”

Bruce grinned, “I think living with Alfred is affecting you.”

He loved seeing that grin. Impulsively, Clark reached out and grabbed him, and dragged him over to him. He manhandled him into his lap. As he came to a stop, his husband looked unruffled by the trip through the water, more than that, he looked quite delighted. “Well hello.” he purred.

Clark laughed softly, and murmured, “Hello.” before he closed the gap between them and kissed him.

Bruce returned the kiss even as he awkwardly manoeuvred about getting comfortable straddling him. When he was comfy sitting over his thighs, he wrapped his arms around Clark’s shoulders, and then they settled into a slow languorous kiss. Clark smiled into his mouth, and stroked his lover’s back tenderly, wet, and happy.

He hoped none of the staff was observing them, he knew they were out here to make a show of
themselves but not that kind of show, they didn’t need to put their love making on display, though Clark wouldn’t call this love making, well yeah he would actually.

As Bruce swept his soft tongue between his lips again, Clark’s concerns drifted away as he made out with his husband.

~*~

They lay side by side stretched out next to the pool, soaking in the sunshine. He remembered how hot it had been on Anteros II during the day, how he’d sweated without his powers there. Here the heat wasn’t the same but he relished rays. He glanced over and had a sneaky glance at his husband to see if he was sweating in the heat.

His husband sighed softly, hummed and then without turning, he reached his arm out towards him and then his hand cupped Clark’s swim trunk clad crotch. Clark hissed softly and asked with a chuckle, “What are you doing?”

Bruce hummed, “I can feel you checking me out.”

As Bruce gently squeezed his cock, and it came to life, Clark groaningly admitted, “I was only looking.”

“Hmm-mm.” was his lover’s only reply.

He reflexively arched against the hand on his crotch. “Damn… I didn’t mean…hmm.”

He was disappointed when Bruce’s hand pulled away. He opened his eyes and watched as his husband manoeuvred onto his knees and then he closed them again as Bruce’s hands began caressing Clark’s body. He sighed in response to his hands running over his body. Bruce moved again, to kneel behind Clark’s head, and then he ran his hands over Clark’s torso from his shoulders down to his waistband and back up again. Then he repeated the motion.

Bruce murmured, “Good?”

He laughed softly as he was massaged, “Yes, you were right; it is nice even here on Earth.”

“Good.” Bruce sighed.

He kept his eyes closed and enjoyed the sensation of his husband’s hands on him, kneading his flesh and muscle. He enjoyed the knowledge that Bruce wanted to give him pleasure for its own sake. His cock lay semi-hard in his shorts, a sweet ache that didn’t need anything else.

He relaxed like that enjoying his hands, enjoying his caress and that of the sun too until Bruce’s hands travelled lower, and then they entered his trunks, rubbing and caressing his groin, only stimulating his cock consequently. His breathing quickened, as he was stimulated. Then Bruce continued the massage over his chest and down to his groin, again and again. Clark spread his thighs, and arched into his strong hands and luxuriated in the pleasure.

His husband’s fingers ran over his belly and then his fingers pushed inside his trunks, and wrapped around his growing erection. Clark sighed, “Oh damn it.”

As Bruce’s hand tugged and cajoled his cock to attention, Clark couldn’t think of anymore.

Bruce tugged Clark’s trunks down and released his cock. Clark let out a moaning laugh in response.
As the pleasure coiled inside him, he felt the rays of the sun disappear, and the shadow of his husband’s body over him and then he felt hot breath against the head of his cock. Clark squirmed, and opened his eyes, between Bruce’s tanned legs, he saw the blue sky and the clouds, and then he heard a hedge trimmer working not too far away. He realised what a spectacle they were and Clark shook his head gasping, “You’ve got to stop, I heard something…”

“What?” Bruce asked as he pulled away.

Clark listened intently, and realised the hedge trimmer was further away than he thought. He shook his head again, and sighed, “Forget it.”

His husband tried to lay his hands on him again, but self-consciously, Clark said, “C’mon lets go see if Alfred has a snack for us.”

“But…” Bruce said disappointedly.

Bashfully, Clark glanced around, “Not out here okay.” Bruce raised an eyebrow and Clark deferred with a smile, “It’s getting on we can’t sunbathe all day…”

~*~

Later after cleaning service had done their jobs and left, he found his husband in the gymnasium, as he knew he would. He was stripped to the waist and doing his usual workout. Perspiring, Bruce saw him out the corner of his eyes. He stopped and came over. Clark checked him out in his tight black shorts.

His husband smiled smugly, and admired him in his own blue shorts, and then he approached him and kissed him. He knew Bruce had been disappointed earlier at poolside. Clark spoke into his mouth, “I thought we were training?”

Silently, Bruce took a step back and then led him over to the mats.

He saw a determined look appear in his training partner’s eyes, before he suddenly did a move that would’ve put someone else on their back. Clark grinned internally and let himself go down.

As Clark’s back hit the mat, Bruce gazed down at him wide-eyed that the attempt had worked, and Clark leered up at him from the mat.

He watched as Bruce took a ragged breath and Clark groaned with arousal. Bruce grinned wildly, and pounced.

Clark rolled them over on the mat and met his gaze. He grinned fiercely and then he bowed his head, and kissed and licked his muscled torso, tasting the saltiness of sweat.

His fingers hooked the waistband and he dragged down the black shorts, and then he stroked the very hard and gorgeous cock he found, and Bruce let out a chuckle that transformed into a deep rumble from his chest.

Clark breathed deeply and then he leaned in and let his lips envelope the glans. He hummed around the hard flesh and Bruce’s fingers threaded through his hair. Clark licked around the tip, he glanced up into his lover’s needy gaze, and then he licked the length once and then again. Their eyes were still locked on each other as Clark sucked one of his balls into mouth and played with it in there. Bruce’s face creased with need and his fingers tightened in Clark’s hair, he hummed around the flesh and then released it.
He pulled away his mouth wet with saliva, he returned his gaze to his lover’s and saw Bruce hungrily eyeing his hard length trapped in his shorts. He went into action and he pushed Clark back so he lay flat on the mat. Clark lied back, and shut his eyes. Bruce manoeuvred, and then there was nothing for a second but the weight against his chest, until Clark felt the smooth silky skin against his lips, then the heavy flesh teasing, and asking for entrance. Clark let out rumble from his throat, and he opened his mouth. He groaned as the smooth tip was played and rubbed over his tongue. He flicked his tongue at it. Blindly he reached up and cupped his Bruce’s muscular ass and he encouraged him.

Bruce took no encouraging, he pushed his hard length further into Clark’s mouth, moaning lowly when Clark closed his lips around it, “That’s right take it. That’s so good.”

Clark hummed around the girth. Then Bruce pulled away, and turned around, and then he braced himself over him, releasing him, he took hold of Clark’s cock and guided it into his wet and skilful mouth, and offered his erection for Clark.

He took the offering.

Then they were like one mass of limbs, sucking, and groaning and writhing together on the mat, begging each other not to stop, to take more and crying out when the other did, neither wanting to be the one who came first, trying to take each other over the edge.

With their focus so intense their orgasms hit them before either was ready for it to be over, but there was nothing they could do, it was too late. He tried to cry out but Bruce sucked him harder and thrust his girth into Clark’s mouth until it was over, blocking any words from uttering forth. Clark slapped his ass indignantly, and they gasped, and shook, and came for each other, and they laughed at themselves.

Bruce turned and flopped onto the mat beside him, and panted, and so did Clark. His husband taking his breath away was definitely the same, theoretically impossible but it didn’t stop him breathing heavy. Beside him, Bruce shook his head, “We should be ashamed.”

Clark chuckled and said, “As long as we both came who cares.” then he leaned over and kissed him.

He didn’t look convinced but he kissed him back readily.

He patted him on the thigh, “Let’s get cleaned up.”

Clark got up off mat, and Bruce followed him up. Then Bruce grasped his hand and Clark followed to him to the shower room adjacent to the training room so they could clean up.

~*~

After cleaning up in the shower, Clark slipped away to their dressing room upstairs in a blur and returned with his jeans on, with his t-shirt in his hand. Clark handed Bruce some sweat pants that he’s brought for him, and then ran his hand over Bruce’s shoulder affectionately and then left Bruce to it. He put his t-shirt on as he went back to the training room to collect their shorts.

Bruce returned wearing just the sweatpants, and Clark saw him smile contentedly to himself when he saw Clark was over by the scene of the crime. He walked over and watched as Clark checked the mat over. It had somehow managed to stay clean as if nothing had happened here. But Clark blurred and went to the kitchen. He found the disinfectant spray, returned, and sprayed the mat anyway.
As he did so, Bruce frowned at him. He commented, “And I thought I was obsessive.”

“You haven’t got micro-vision.”

Bruce was stunned but Clark just shrugged at him with nonchalance.

To be continued
Chapter 6

He finished up his notes for his latest article, across their desk, Lois asked, “So how’s Bruce doing these days?”

“Fine, good I think it’s still strange for him and Alfred to have me there but we’re doing really well.”

His friend replied, “That’s great.”

He glanced up and smiled at his friend’s concern for his other half.

A noise caught his attention, a low hum, and gyrating. He automatically followed the noise and looked up. He smiled, and he saved his work, and stood up and reached for his coat. He said, “Speaking of which the man in question is here to pick me up.”

She smirked at him, “I still can’t believe he bought a helicopter for you.”

He grinned back, “He’s very meticulous to detail.”

“I bet he is.”

“See you in a week.” He said.

“Are you throwing a sickie or something?” Lois inquired.

“Kind of, some friends of ours are coming to stay for a few days, and they will have to be chaperoned at all times.”

She frowned in question. Clark chuckled, “Bye.”

He jogged up the stairs, and opened the roof access out onto the helipad of the Daily Planet building. The pilot still had the rotor spinning so Clark walked over, and opened the door and got in. Once inside he patted down his windswept hair. The pilot told him, “You look so sexy windswept.”

Clark grinned in response.

Bruce grinned in return. Then he focused on flying the machine and they lifted off. As they rose up from the Planet’s rooftop Clark caught a glimpse of a figure at the window of the skyscraper across the street. Clark took a deep breath. Then he focused back on the important things. He glanced back to his husband, he called out, “Did you get those things I asked for?”
His husband nodded, “Yes.”

“Is everything at the Manor ready?”

Bruce pouted his lips and then grumbled, “As ready as they’ll ever be.”

“You worried about it?”

He was shot a glare.

Clark chuckled, “Entertaining some friends can’t be that tough.”

Then his husband harrumphed, “If you had just watched what you say I wouldn’t have had to arrange this visit.”

He smirked knowing that Bruce hadn’t been very happy that Clark had inadvertently made their friends think he wanted them to visit them on Earth. He replied, “Well it’s too late it’s done, they’ll be here soon.”

Bruce sighed loudly.

“Hush, they’re our friends, and we’ve got to be attentive hosts.”

Bruce narrowed his gaze at him. He understood because he felt the same way. He had never meant to invite their Anterian buddies to Earth. He knew Algo and Jodan were probably going to be shell-shocked by life on Earth, but it was in motion now, they couldn’t back out of it now without hurting their friends’ feelings. So he joked instead, “They might like it here so much they won’t want to leave.”

The pilot’s eyes darted back to him. Then his smile crept in at the edges. A soft laugh escaped his husband’s lips and then he warned, “Don’t you dare suggest that to them.”

He laughed along, “Don’t worry I won’t.”

~*~

They walked up to the house after his husband parked up the helicopter. They entered the house, and met up with Alfred. Straightaway, Clark asked him, “He said he did it…”

“I did.” Bruce interrupted.

Clark rolled his eyes, “I’m not disputing that, when you say you’re going to do something you do it, but…”

“But…?” he was questioned.

He asked Alfred, “He didn’t go overboard did he. Algo and Jodan don’t need thousand dollar shirts.”

The butler pinched his lips into a smile and replied, “You will be pleased to know he restrained himself, Master Clark.”

“At least there’s that.” He said relieved.

~*~
He went upstairs and changed into a light blue casual shirt and jeans. Bruce was already dressed casually; he usually was unless leaving the estate and going to be in public. He left his glasses in the bedroom; he wasn’t going to need them any time soon. They went down to the cave, and Bruce initiated the transporter, seconds later, they were aboard the Watchtower. They gave each other an encouraging smile. Then he headed for the docking bay, to welcome their Anterian friends.

As they walked, Bruce reminded him, “No mention of our alter egos or our other jobs, and keep the powers out of sight unless absolutely necessary.”

He knew their friends had never witnessed his powers, and wasn’t aware of the whole alter-ego thing, they only knew that they were warriors who protected Earth. He nodded, “I know we don’t want to complicated things needlessly.”

Bruce nodded satisfied.

They had timed it right, and they watched as Green Lantern piloted the galaxy flyer into dock. Hal was better experienced dealing with aliens and alien worlds. He’d been to Anteros II before so they’d been thankful that their teammate had agreed to help.

They watched the docking bay doors close. The bay decompressed. They watched the flyer power down and the door open. Bruce sighed gustily as their chiton clad friends left the ship looking like lost sheep. Clark nudged him, “Just think how weird it must be for them huh?”

Bruce nodded. Then they entered the docking bay to meet their friends. He noticed they were already wearing their universal translators clipped to the rounded collars of their chitons. As they entered, their friends spotted them instantly. Big smiles came to their faces and they met them halfway. Jodan crowed, “Hello my friends.”

His enthusiasm with infectious and Clark reflected his Anterian friend’s happy state and said, “Hello my friend.”

Then Jodan offered what was in his hands, “Here, Algo reminded me how much you like Anterian wine.”

Clark and Bruce glanced at each other and were a little bashful about their drunken debauchery in the tent on Anteros II even though it had always been in private. Clark reached for and took the gift from Jodan’s hands. “Thank you.”

As always, Algo was more reserved and he said, “Hello Clark, hello Bruce. We see your planet as we arrived here; it looks beautiful and serene.”

Clark chuckled, “Thanks, but when you get down there you will see it is not that quiet.”

Bruce replied, “But we do have some sights and many places of beauty here on Earth too.”

He glanced at his husband, almost surprised by his advocacy of his home planet but then again not that surprised really and concurred, “That’s true.” He glanced around and then motioned to the door, “Shall we get going?”

Their friends nodded. Bruce called over to Hal, “Thank you for playing chauffeur, we’re very grateful.”

Hal raised both eyebrows and joked, “Wow, I don’t think I’ve met this Mr Nice Guy before.” Bruce shook his head sternly and Hal nodded with a smile, “You’re welcome, Bruce.”
Bruce met Clark’s gaze and rolled his eyes. Then Clark smiled and motioned them along. “Come on.”

At the transporter room, Bruce stopped them and told their friends, “We’re going to travel to a place near our home, and then walk there. You’re going to stay with us in our house.”

Their friends seemed nervous but excited about visiting an alien world and they nodded their understanding.

They entered the transporter and seconds later, they appeared in the cave. Jodan and Algo looked around wide eyed. Clark caught Bruce’s look. They didn’t want to explain the function of the cave. So he sidestepped the issue and told them, “This is just a stop, come on let’s keep going.”

They continued up the stone stairs, and into the Manor proper. They led them towards the kitchen, with them looking around all the way, at the paintings and ornate architecture. Algo commented, “This is like the Council palace. How long is it until we get to your domicile, Clark?”

Clark grinned at the question, and said to Bruce, “Shall we take them and show them the outside in bit?”

Bruce squinted at him, and said, “We will soon. However Algo this place is our home.”

Algo and Jodan stopped dead in their tracks. Jodan asked in awe, “Are you the Presidents of your world. You did not tell us this.”

Clark laughed, and then from down the hall, Alfred said, “If they were this world might be a better place for it.”

They all turned and gazed at Alfred, and then Bruce motioned for everyone to keep walking. As they came closer to the older man, Bruce introduced, “Algo, Jodan, this is Alfred.”

Alfred greeted them politely, “It is a pleasure to make the acquaintance of two people who befriended my two charges.”

He offered his hand, but Jodan only nodded, “Thank you Alfred.”

But Algo understood the gesture and he took Alfred’s hand and shook it. He said, “It is with much respect we meet Bruce’s father.”

The butler’s brow creased in confusion, he said haltingly, “I am… not…”

Algo nodded and insisted, “Yes I remember our friend’s Tying ceremony. You were named among his parents.”

Jodan was reminded and agreed, “I remember too, son of Alfred was said.”

Alfred gazed questioningly at Bruce, and Bruce smiled bashfully. Then he explained to their Anterian friends, “Alfred has been my mentor and carer since I was a little boy, so I gave him the respect that he deserves.”

Both their friends smiled at the information, used to the idea of shared parenting, with their mothers having more than one husband. “See, yes we were correct.”

Clark met Alfred’s gaze. Clark could imagine what hearing that meant to the man who had selflessly taken on such responsibility. Bruce had told Clark about his gratefulness to Alfred but he
hadn’t been sure Alfred had heard the words spoken aloud until today. They shared a smile of affection and understanding between them.

Bruce was a little flustered sharing his feelings. He changed the subject and told their friends, “We have bought you Earth clothes for you to wear during your visit. If you come upstairs, we can show them to you in your bedroom.”

As they turned and walked away, Clark passed Alfred the canteen of Anterian wine, “Look after this please Alfred.”

“What is this?” Alfred asked eyeing the canteen.

He raised his eyebrows and joked, “Our vice Alfred our way to sin.”

Alfred winked at him. “I will keep it safe then.”

Then Clark grinned in return and then turned and rushed to catch up with his husband and their guests through the hallways.

~*~

Clark and Bruce walked ahead as Algo and Jodan followed behind. Proudly, Clark whispered to his husband, “You made Alfred’s year.”

His husband uttered back, “I should’ve said it before, a hundred times before.”

“You did it and that’s all that matters.” He comforted.

Behind them, they heard a little titter and they glanced back at their Anterian friends. Jodan smirked and he asked, “Do all Earth men wear these long loincloths you wear?”

Clark nodded, “Yes, but they do come in all colours and designs. The women here wear them too when they care to.”

Bruce chuckled and added, “Actually there are some men who like to wear dresses too.”

“Dresses?” they wondered.

“Like chitons but they too come in different designs.”

He nudged his husband and censured, “Don’t complicate things. That’s what you said.” He told there friends, “Generally men wear pants.”

Algo smiled at their bickering and wondered, “All men wear these little shirts like this?” pointing at Clark and Bruce’s button down shirts.

Clark shrugged, “They come in different designs too.”

They tittered again and Clark rolled his eyes, “Come on let’s go upstairs.”

~*~

Bruce led them into the bedroom that Alfred had picked out for them and gotten ready for their guests. Their friends were visually staggered. Clark remembered being at their small but cosy little house in the city complex on their planet. The difference was great. Although he was getting used to living in such opulence, he knew what it was like to feel a little out of your depth.
He asked gently, “Do you like your room?”

Algo nodded speechlessly. Jodan approached the bed and sat down on it. A glimmer of awe passed over his features and then he bounced up and down on the soft springy mattress. He groaned softly and then lay down, his blonde hair fanning out a little. He groaned with pleasure even more and then he said, “Algo come here, and try this.”

Jodan’s husband looked embarrassed for a moment. But Jodan insisted and so Algo went over and lay down next to him. They watched as surprise came to Algo’s face and then the two Anterians grinned at each other. Jodan chuckled, “We will sleep well tonight Algo.”

Clark glanced at his husband and saw he was looking at them with bemusement. Clark muttered, “They are really comfy beds here at the Manor.”

Bruce nodded, “I know, it’s just their childlike reactions are cute.”

He reached out, and gently grasped Bruce’s shoulder and said, “I think if you keep going this way, you won’t remember how to be scary soon.”

“Scary, were you ever scared of me?” the man behind the Bat asked.

He sniggered, and teased, “No, I was never scared of the big bad bat.”

His husband murmured, “Don’t start that now; we’ve got to entertain our guests.”

Clark returned his gaze to the pair on the bed that were both making it bounce with glee. He remarked, “I think they’ll be content for ages.”

Bruce joked, “I think Alfred made the right choice picking this bedroom, making it far enough away from our bedroom that is.”

He frowned in momentarily confusion until their friend’s movements began to make the bed squeak. He pinched his lips together to stop himself from laughing. His husband shook his head and then cleared his throat, “Algo.”

Their ex-recruit stopped bouncing and looked their way. Remembering his training, he stood up and waited for instructions. Jodan observed him and although he had never trained with them, he mirrored his husband. Bruce’s lips quirked in amusement, and then he said, “Let’s get you dressed in these Earth clothes.”

He went over to the shopping bags and brought them over to the bed. Then Bruce explained, “I had to guess your sizes.”

Clark complimented, “He’s very good at it though, and we thought with it being still warm outside your sandals will do.”

As Clark reached in and emptied the shopping bags, he explained, “We’ve got a couple of pairs of casual pants each like Bruce is wearing.” He put them on the bed, and continued, “We’ve got some ones like I’m wearing that we call jeans here as well.” he glanced up at Bruce and asked, “Did you buy underwear. Their loincloths might be a little uncomfortable to go under them?”

Bruce nodded, “Keep going.”

He did as he was told; he pulled out the next items which were some shirts. He put them on the bed. He reached for the other bag, and pulled out some t-shirts. He met Algo and Jodan’s gazes, he
smiled and said, “See these are other designs of shirts, more like your own but smaller to go with the jeans.”

Their Anterian friend’s nodded along but looked bemused by it all. Everything on Earth was more complicated than on their planet. Clark smiled, “You’ll get used to them. We had to get used to the loin cloths and chitons, didn’t we Bruce?”

“Yes.” Bruce answered simply.

His eyes locked with his husband’s and he wondered if Bruce was thinking the same thing, that the chitons, and loin cloths and being in that tent alone had helped get them together. Bruce’s lips curled at the edges and then he motioned with his eyes for Clark to continue with the shopping bags.

He smiled back and then reached for the next thing. He brought out some packs of boxer shorts. He snorted softly and then showed their friends. “These are instead of loin cloths.” He opened the pack, and got a pair out and showed them.

Jodan who spent his working days wearing only a loin cloth as he guarded his employer’s villa in the sun stared at the odd garment. He reached out and touched the elasticated waistband curiously. Bruce informed him, “No tying involved they hold themselves up.”

Algo and Jodan glanced at each other uncomprehending the strange material. Spontaneously, Bruce reached for his zipper and dropped his pants. He showed off his own boxer shorts. Clark gazed at him, a little mesmerised by the sight of his husband playing the part of an underwear model. Bruce tugged at his waistband and proved it held itself together. “See?” he said.

Algo commented, “That is very strange.”

Strange, it was downright extraordinary. Clark continued to stare at the toned tanned stomach and the tease of the trail of fine hairs leading downwards, his muscular thighs and his nice round ass. Bruce had been fond of him wearing his boxer shorts since they got back but Clark was beginning to see the appeal. It was a pity they had guests right now.

Bruce pulled his pants back up and refastened them. He said, “I’ll tell you what, Clark and I will leave you to settle in. You can try the clothes on in privacy. We’ll see you in a little while for our evening meal.”

Their friends nodded their acceptance.

Then Clark and Bruce headed for the door. However, Clark stopped and turned back, and he walked over to his friends and he hugged them and said earnestly, “It’s good to see you both.”

His friends’ returned his hugs and then Clark followed his husband out the bedroom door.

Once out in the hall, Clark asked, “All good?”

Bruce nodded, “So far so good.”

He checked his husband out, “That was quite the tease in there.”

“It wasn’t a tease; it was purely demonstrational purposes only.”

“Well you teased me.” He said coyly.
His husband replied huskily, “When you’re in the mood, you don’t need much of a come on.”

To be continued
Chapter 7

They were heading out, after a few days of hanging around the Manor and its grounds. Algo and Jodan were getting used to wearing human clothes. They were enjoying being here with their friends, although one or the other would ask every now and again if they were sure they were not the Presidents of Earth, especially when they had seen the outside façade of the Manor, which was bigger and more ostentatious than anything on Anteros II.

They enjoyed the yellow sun during the day, sunbathing next to the pool and felt more at home in the evening when the sun would set with the rosy hues of the Anterian sun. Clark and Bruce hadn’t had much alone time during their friends visit, it was kind of frustrating.

Their friends had noticed on the horizon the tall buildings of Gotham and wished to see the city complex. They knew it was coming. These men were here looking for an adventure and to see Earth, not just to hang out at their friends’ home. So with trepidation they were heading out to show them Gotham in the daylight. Luckily, Anterians were human in appearance so there was no problem fitting in.

They were waiting for Algo and Jodan to get ready at the bottom of the grand staircase; they’d suggested they wear their t-shirts and jeans today. Bruce grumbled softly as they waited. Clark laughed lightly, and kissed him to keep him occupied.

Since they first started sleeping together, they hadn’t gone long without making love to each other, it was kind of addicting really. He asked seductively, “Do you think we’ve got time to go back to our bedroom and…”

Bruce cleared his throat, breathed in deeply, and then said seriously, “No.”

He leaned in and kissed Bruce’s cheek, breathed against his ear, and asked, “Are you sure?” Bruce’s eyes closed and he hummed. Clark brushed his lips over the shell of his ear, “Huh?”

His husband opened his eyes slowly, he murmured, “That’s nice.”

Clark smiled softly, reached for his hand, and Bruce’s fingers tangled with his, but then Bruce led him away from the stairs instead of going up to their bedroom. Clark frowned, “We’re going in the wrong direction.”

With a smirk, Bruce denied, “No we’re not, I told you we don’t have time.”

He grumbled, “You said it was nice.”

“It was but there isn’t enough time.”
He smiled and bargained, “There’s time for a kiss isn’t there.”

Bruce rolled his eyes, and then regardless led Clark down the hallway, and towards the kitchen. Clark mumbled glumly as they went, “I thought I was more irresistible than that.”

At the kitchen doorway, Bruce said to Alfred, “Can you check on our friends in five minutes, and if they’re ready bring them to the living room.”

“Yes sir.” Alfred said with a soft look, still heartened from Bruce’s admission from days earlier.

Bruce mirrored that look but didn’t say more. Then Bruce led Clark into the living room. Clark asked, “What are we doing?”

His husband sat down on the comfortable couch and pulled at Clark’s hand and Clark joined him there. Then Bruce smiled, and revealed, “You said you wanted to kiss.”

Clark grinned delightedly and then leaned in and kissed his husband. His husband smiled into it. Clark smiled against his lips and then they melted into a series of long drawn out kisses. As he got lost in Bruce’s attentive mouth, Clark’s fingers threaded through Bruce’s dark hair. Bruce groaned and cupped his cheek. The kisses got deeper but there was no urgency just languid desire.

He sighed into his mouth, “Making out with you is the best thing ever.”

Bruce pulled away barely and gazed at him, he saw a gleam there in his eyes, he waited for a wisecrack, but then Bruce just nodded saying earnestly, “Yeah it is.” And then tilted his head and slowly took Clark’s lips again.

After about ten minutes, Algo and Jodan arrived downstairs, and entered the living room. They halted their kisses. They were both flushed faced and drowsy with gentle lust. Clark licked his lips slowly, and then turned towards their friends who looked on with bemusement. Anterian men didn’t seem as tactile with each other in public, and both their friends found their public displays of desire amusing and frustrating.

He smiled blushingly and then checked out their human clothes wearing friends. They suited human clothes very well. He nodded and complimented, “You two look great.”

Jodan grinned proudly, Algo more bashfully.

Clark and Bruce stood up from the couch, and Clark reached into his shirt pocket and put on his glasses ready to go out. He saw the odd confused looks appear on Algo and Jodan’s faces, never seeing him wear them before. He tried to explain, “They help me to see.”

They still looked puzzled. Bruce tried instead, “Has everyone on Anteros II got perfect sight?”

Algo shook his head, “No, we have people who use seeing glass to read but…” he motioned to Clark’s face, “Not on the face like this.”

He was thankful they at least understood the concept. He nodded, “Here on Earth we have them too, but we have these so you don’t have to hold the reading glass all the time.”

Jodan grinned and nodded, “Good idea… hey Algo when we go home, I invent these and become famous.”

Algo chuckled at his husband. Bruce and Clark smiled too. Clark quickly checked their friends had their translators securely hanging around their necks. It was Clark’s brilliant husband who had
come up with the idea of attaching the translator to a chain. That way the gadgets wouldn’t stand out to ordinary people just looking like pendants.

~*~

They took one of Bruce’s cars which was of the more modest variety, so they didn’t stand out. Although their world was simple and rustic, their friends didn’t question the car, after all they had arrived by spaceship, and they realised it was just another type of vehicle and were unafraid. As they drove towards Gotham’s city centre, Bruce reached into the glove box for something, and then he slipped his sunglasses onto his face. Jodan saw him and exclaimed, “You need seeing glass too?”

Bruce grinned into the rear view mirror and denied, “No, these ones are to stop the sun’s glare in my eyes.”

Jodan grinned joyously, “Another great idea.”

His husband glanced at Clark and he shrugged. Clark knew it was more about going under the radar in public. Gotham’s favourite playboy, king of the glitterati was always news. Hopefully with his change in status, and Brucie fading away in the future they wouldn’t have to worry about the opportunistic paparazzi.

As they drove between the towering glass, and steel skyscrapers and the older brick structures, their alien friends gazed out the car windows in awe. They commented on the width of the streets and the number of cars too.

Eventually Bruce found a parking space at the museum. Staying incognito, they stayed away from Wayne Enterprises, even though they knew there would have been a parking space there. As they got out, Clark asked, “Shall we go in, as part of our sightseeing tour?”

Bruce agreed, “It seems a shame not to while we’re here.”

~*~

They spent a couple of hours walking around the museum. Bruce played guide and explained to their friends what they were seeing. It made Clark proud to know his husband was clever in more subjects than what only added to and affected Batman’s mission. Bruce pointed out some Wayne and Kane ancestors along the way, the building itself paid for with Kane money. They came to the exhibition on the frontier times in the US and Bruce pointed out how people not so long ago where living in wooden cabins, and growing food for their own consumption similar to Anteros II. He explained how some parts of the world still lived even simpler lives than their friends did.

Bruce led them on to an exhibition about the Roman and Greek ages. Bruce pointed with a smile on his face to the displays of human men wearing tunics and chitons. “See we weren’t so different from your planet once.”

Jodan and Algo were amused by the display and Bruce’s exuberance. Then Jodan caught sight of a copy of a Greek male nude. He approached it, and gazed at the larger than life-sized young god. He smiled up, entranced, “He is beautiful, who is he?”

Bruce walked over, and gazed up and uttered, “That is Apollo, god of the sun, of light, of knowledge and poetry and writing, justice…” he glanced away from the nude and met Clark’s gaze, “…and manly beauty.”

Clark saw the look in his husband’s eyes and he shook his head and smiled bashfully at Bruce’s
implication. Then Bruce smirked and then turned back and added, “And many other things too.”

Oblivious to their moment, Algo came up behind his own husband wrapped his arms around him from behind and gazed up at Apollo too. He murmured, “He is very beautiful, it is most pleasing to know that the people of Earth celebrate such beauty.”

~*~

They left the museum and walked the streets of Gotham. It was then that Clark realised that he hadn’t really walked the streets of Gotham as a normal citizen either until now. As they were taking in the sights, and the atmosphere, Clark realised that in the daylight hours Gotham was a lot like Metropolis. This street with its bustling stores and cafes and normal citizens could be any street in his city.

His voice called to him through his musings, “What’re you thinking about?”

He glanced at him and smiled, and revealed, “I was thinking about your mission and what you do on these streets at night, it’s for this Gotham, for these people that you fight.”

Although, his eyes were shaded, Clark saw his lips purse and then Bruce nodded, “Most people don’t look beyond the latest crazy villain on the news when they think of Gotham.”

He glanced around the street again and back to his husband. “You do this, come here, and observe these people and places under the radar often don’t you?”

Bruce snorted softly and asked, “What makes you say that?”

Clark smiled softly, “Because I do it sometimes too.”

His husband reached for his hand, and then they continued strolling holding hands. As they walked, they watched their friend’s gazes dart this way and that, trying to take everything in, then Jodan hung back and commented to them, “There are many women here.”

“Yes, on Earth we are almost equal in numbers.” Bruce revealed.

Clark watched their fit, tanned, handsome Anterian friends; they were wearing jeans and t-shirts that Clark had suggested and they were filling them out remarkably well. He murmured to Bruce, “They could be models.”

His husband nodded over towards a store front window and Clark saw the four of them reflected back, Bruce murmured, “So could those two.”

He chuckled and teased, “I forgot how modest you are.”

Bruce grinned, “Just the facts.”

He shook his head, and grinned back and wrapped his arm around Bruce’s shoulder. Then Bruce slung his arm around Clark’s waist as they continued walking along the sidewalk.

~*~

Their friends were walking ahead of them through the streets of Gotham, until Algo slowed, and turned and pointed at a man eating a hamburger; “Clark, he knows how to make your hamburgers.”

They chuckled softly in response and Clark said, “They’re very popular here.”
Algo grinned with excitement, “Will we have one again?”

Jodan revealed, “Algo tell me about these I wish to try.”

Bruce warned, “Our dinner will be ready when we get home.”

Their friend asked, “Will Alfred let us have hamburgers do you think?”

His husband chortled at the thought of it, “I doubt it.”

Clark saw Algo’s disappointment, and suggested, “How about an ice cream instead?”

“They’re not kids.” Bruce mumbled.

He grinned at his husband, “Don’t you want one Bruce. You can have sprinkles.”

A fierce smile was shot his way, but Clark just grinned even brighter. He diverted and went across to the store. He contemplated the opinions. He glanced out the window and saw the three men watching and waiting. Clark smirked to himself and then made his order.

He returned carrying them carefully and offered Algo and Jodan theirs. He explained, “I thought for your first try I’d get you the classic soft vanilla, you’ve always got to start with the original one.”

Algo and Jodan took their cones, and stared at the whipped concoction. Then they shrugged at each other and tasted the ice cream. Their eyes widened in surprise and pleasure and then they got stuck in. Clark told them, “You eat the holder after the ice cream is gone.”

Their brows creased at the fact but it didn’t slow them down. Then Clark turned to Bruce, who pulled his sunglasses down to perch on his nose and waited with a pointed gaze at the other two cones. Clark grinned, and lifted the chocolate one to his own mouth and had a lick. He offered the other one to his husband. Bruce glowered at him. Clark teased, “The chocolate one’s mine, that’s for you.”

Bruce hissed at him and then took the other cone. He glared at the pink sprinkles covering his ice-cream. Clark goaded, “You’re a vanilla kind of guy aren’t you Bruce?”

His husband muttered, “Jerk.”

Then he licked into the ice cream. He jerked to a stop and gazed at the chocolate centre, and then returned his gaze to him. Clark smiled, and murmured, “I guessed we like the same in most things.”

Bruce’s eyes smiled at him, and he shook his head and uttered, “Actually I’d have been alright with a vanilla one, it was just the sprinkles.”

He nodded along and asked playfully, “You don’t want the chocolate.”

His husband shrugged and said, “Chocolate’s good.”

They smiled at each other a long moment, and then they turned and followed their Anterian friends down the street and enjoyed their treats in the sunshine.

~*~

A while later, after they’d ate their ice creams. Both their friends got excited, and pointed in a
direction before rushing off in that direction. Clark followed their pointing though the crowd, and groaned, “Oh shit.”

Bruce replied, “I’ll try to sort it out.”

Clark approached but stayed back, as Algo and Jodan flocked around a guy on the sidewalk wearing a Superman shield t-shirt just minding his own business drinking a soda. Algo was asking, “You just like me, you are student of…”

Bruce interrupted his question, “Algo, come on come away.”

Algo reached for Bruce’s arm and pointed, “He must be a student too?” he said to the worried citizen, “It is good to have a mentor like…”

Bruce grabbed Algo’s arm and pulled him away. He chuckled casually and said to the guy, “Forgive my friend he’s a foreign exchange student, but he’s just the greatest of Superman fans, gets excited when he sees other fans.”

The t-shirt wearing Gothamite nodding acceptingly, saying, “It’s cool.” He motioned at his chest to the S-shield and then to Algo. “It’s okay man, Superman rules.”

Baffled Algo nodded along, “Yes he does.”

The young man carried on his journey and their little group huddled together around Clark. Still confused, Algo asked him, “He’s one of your students, he wears your symbol that is on your battle dress, but he didn’t recognise you Clark?”

He cleared his throat and tried to answer, “He… um.”

His husband came to his aid again, “He is a supporter of Clark’s under his banner, but not trained personally.” He glanced at Clark archly, and continued, “He is like our friends on Anteros II. He will only fight when we need him to, until then he lives his life.”

Jodan asked, “You have many who support your banner, warriors who will come if you ask?”

He smiled nervously and shrugged, “I like to think so, those people who agree with what I stand for.”

“Like your friends Jodan and Algo?” Jodan asked.

Algo turned to his husband and told him off, “You are not student of Clark.”

Jodan scowled and claimed, “I am not a warrior but I come support Clark if he asks me to.”

Clark felt such affection for his friends, he reached out with both hands and patted them both on the shoulder, and he nodded with a smile, “Yeah like both of my good friends.”

To be continued
They returned to the Manor, and they had their dinner. Alfred refused point blank to cook them hamburgers although Algo asked, and Jodan pleaded wanting to taste what he had missed out on when Clark had made them for the training camp on Anteros II. Now they were in the living room relaxing. Jodan was sprawled on the comfy couch, and asked, “Have you drunk that wine we bring as gift yet?”

Clark and Bruce glanced at each other and Clark admitted bashfully, “No, it’s still in the kitchen.”

Jodan’s eyebrows rose and he asked, “Do you not like our gift?”

“It’s not that, we are saving it for a special occasion.” He shrugged.

“We are here to have a good time, this is special.” Jodan insisted.

Algo nudged his husband, “Don’t be rude, we give that to them as a gift.”

“But I would like wine now.” his friend wittered.

Bruce raised a challenging eyebrow. “Do you want to try some Earth wine?”

Jodan grinned meeting the challenge. “Is it stronger than Anterian wine?”

“Some is, some isn’t, but you’ll probably know about it in the morning.” Bruce revealed.

“In the morning?” Algo asked.

He explained, “It will make you feel happy now but tomorrow you will feel poorly maybe.”

Never experiencing a hangover Jodan puffed up his chest, “Let me see this strong wine.”

Clark shook his head but Bruce smirked in an adversarial way, and went to get some bottles. While he was gone Algo asked, “You drinking too Clark?”

He shook his head, “Earth wine doesn’t work for me.”

Algo aah’d at him, “Maybe you should drink our gift then.”

The thing was Clark wasn’t sure about the Anterian wine on Earth. It was still alien in origin so maybe it would still work. As he was musing, Bruce returned with an armful of bottles. He placed them on the coffee table next to Clark’s spectacles that he’d removed after returning to the Manor. Clark eyed the bottles, one was a red, another a white, but he also saw a bottle of brandy, a bottle of vodka and a bottle of whiskey. He scolded his husband, “You’re not being fair.”
Bruce asked, “Why?”

“You’re not supposed to mix your drinks.” He said.

“Who told you that?” he replied innocently.

He squinted at him. “Are you trying to make them regret it in the morning?”

His partner smiled wryly, “If they’re willing to try them what’s it to you?”

Jodan insisted, “We’d like to try all these Earth wines.”

He shook his head, “Tasting is different, if you want to drink all night choose one kind.”

Jodan grimaced at him but Algo studied Clark and then agreed with Clark, “Clark is a nice guy, he’s trying to help us Jodan, not want us to be sick.”

Algo’s husband shrugged, “Okay but which one.”

Bruce tutted and was annoyed by his plan being ruined. Clark shoved him gently, “I didn’t know you had a wicked streak.”

His husband leaned in and kissed him, “Spoilsport.”

He grinned and then asked, “So which do you think?”

Bruce reached for the spirits and the red wine and then took them back where he’d got them from and returned with more of the white wine and some glasses for their guests. Then he poured them a glass each. As they reached for their glasses, Jodan asked, “You not having some?”

His husband glanced at him and then deferred, “We’re not big drinkers, are we Clark?”

Algo asked again, “You not joining us Clark?”

Clark took a breath and met his husband’s gaze, he shrugged, “We could try the Anterian wine, see if it works here.”

He saw the questioning look in his husband’s eyes and Clark pulled a face and shrugged again.

Then Bruce said quietly, “If you want.”

Then he went to fetch the canteen from the kitchen. As he did, Algo and Jodan sipped their Earth wine, nodding and commenting, “Sweeter than our wine.”

He remembered their first day back, and finding that many things on Earth were sweeter than they remembered. He asked, “Do you like it?”

“Wine is wine, it is always good.” Jodan told him.

Apart from their time on Anteros II, Clark was never in a position to be overly enamoured of alcohol. He had enjoyed the effects but not particularly the Anterian wine itself. He knew if he wore blue Kryptonite, removing his powers, he could get drunk here on Earth, but the trade-off, not being on call if he was needed to help someone if he had to wasn’t worth it. Bruce returned with the canteen and two more glasses. He sat down on the couch next to Clark again.

As he poured Clark a glassful, Clark asked wonderingly, “Are you having some?”
Bruce nodded, “I’ll have just one.”

He nodded along, “I’ll have just one too, to try it.”

Bruce and Clark raised their glasses at same time and took a sip. He watched as Bruce cringed slightly at the first sip. Clark smiled remembering their first reaction to it. Clark licked the wine from his lips and asked, “It’s still too tangy?”

His husband nodded but took another sip before putting it down on the coffee table. Clark took another sip but kept it in his hand. Their friend’s glasses were already low and Bruce motioned to the Earth wine, “Help yourselves.”

Clark took another sip and waited to see if there was going to be an effect.

~*~

In the cosy lamp lit living room, Clark helped himself to another glassful of Anterian wine, smiling as Jodan told them his story.

“My uncle is one of our employer’s husbands. He gets me the job at the villa.” The Anterian guardsman chuckled, “I stand there every day keeping guard and I see this handsome man come to work, he walks past me every day and goes to work in the little field. I look at him but he never seemed to look at me…”

Algo rolled his eyes and smiled, and took another sip of white wine.

“I call to him and say, ‘My name is Jodan.’ But he does not say hello to me. Every day he goes by and I say hello, and all I get is a nod.”

Algo shrugged, and admitted, “I was shy to talk to him.”

Jodan continued wryly, “Anyways every day when I have my break I come to the archway while Algo is working and I watch him sweating with his shirt off. It is a very good sight. He still does not look at me.”

“He just never saw me looking.” Algo revealed.

Jodan grinned at his husband, “Anyways one day this other man comes to visit him in the little field. He starts coming every day to see Algo. This man not very handsome, skinny man, he called Brylin.”

Clark laughed out loud and asked, “Brian?”

Bruce shook his head, and corrected, “He said Brylin.”

He laughed and buried his face against Bruce’s shoulder, and gasped, “Brian.”

Jodan agreed, “Yes he was one to laugh at, and he thought he could be good enough for Algo, and Algo liked him, didn’t you?”

Algo shrugged, “He lived near my house, and he was nice to me.”

Algo’s husband narrowed his gaze, and continued, “He was not good enough, and I say this to Algo. I come to the little field and say ‘He is not good enough for you, you are nice and you are clever knowing about soil and vegetables and things and you are handsome.’ And Algo he just stare at me. I whisper ‘You are best thing I ever saw.’ And you know what Algo do after ignoring
me all this time?”

Algo revealed, “I kissed him.”

Jodan nodded with amusement, “He kissed me, and then he ran away.”

His husband appeared bashful.

Jodan continued, “The next day he comes to work and still he doesn’t say hello. But that day I see him looking at me. So when Algo go home, I follow.”

Clark gazed at him wide-eyed and asked, “You stalked him?”

Bruce nudged him and Clark frowned but Jodan shrugged the question off unoffended and said, “I do not know his house. At every corner, Algo look back to make sure I follow. When I reached his house, he leaves the door open, and when I enter, Algo he…”

Clark guessed, “He jumped you?”

Algo laughed and nodded, “I did. I grabbed him and kissed him again.”

Proudly, Jodan revealed, “Next day Brylin comes to see Algo, and I tell him to go away because Algo is mine now.”

Clark crooned, “And they lived happily ever after.”

Bruce glowered softly at him, and Clark leaned in and whispered, “I think Anterian wine works on Earth.”

Bruce whispered humorously, “I had no idea.”

He grinned and he closed the gap and kissed his husband.

Clark hummed into the kiss he was sharing with his husband. Bruce returned the kiss easily, used to showing his affection for Clark in front of Algo at the training camp. He pulled away from Clark’s lips when Algo spoke, “Today in your city I see many women. We see many men and women together but I think I only see us two pairs of men who share affection for each other.”

Feeling the mellow effects of the Anterian wine, he gazed softly entranced by his husband, as Bruce replied, “It’s true that women and men show their affection to each other more easily here on Earth. Gotham is a city of hundreds of thousands, and there are many cities like this on Earth. There are many men like us but most are discreet in public.”

Their Anterian friends frowned unsurely. Because of the rarity of women on Anteros II, men there saw no distinction between their relationships. Earth culture was slowly moving in that direction but these men were here to enjoy themselves not to get hung up on the politics of public behaviour on Earth.

Clark smiled feeling a little fuzzy from drinking the Anterian wine. He told their friends, “There are places some men go to where they can show their affections freely in public and let their hair down.”

Jodan asked puzzled, “Why let hair down?”

Clark chuckled, “Just an Earth saying, it means have a good time together.”
Their friends’ glanced at each other and then Algo said, “We would like to see such places.”

Beside him, Bruce groaned under his breath, and Clark returned his gaze to him. Bruce stared at him and Clark could see some annoyance there on his face. Clark leaned in and whispered, “What’s the matter baby?”

Bruce shook his head and then replied gently, “You’d know if you hadn’t drunk that wine.”

He stared at the canteen, he saw that there was a lot left in it so he denied, “I haven’t had that much.”

“You’ve had enough to suggest taking our alien friends to a gay club.”

He stared at him and then he laughed merrily, “Is that what I did. Are we going, Bruce. We don’t have to worry everyone already knows that we’re together.”

Jodan asked interestedly, “What is this happy stick?”

~*~

Clark and Bruce went upstairs to change into something nice. They both opted for black shirts and black jeans. Algo and Jodan were already wearing their most suitable clothes they had for going out to a club in, dark blue jeans and t-shirts, Algo wore a dark blue one and Jodan a red one. Alfred dropped them off on the sidewalk, and as they entered the club, Bruce pushed Clark’s glasses securely on his face and warned, “Keep them on.”

Clark chuckled and said secretly, “I know. It’s my disguise.”

They found a booth, and Bruce ordered some drinks for them. He glanced around the table at the beverages when they arrived, and then he sulked, “My wine is not here.”

His husband censured, “You’ve had enough.”

Clark stuck his bottom lip out and looked at the glassful of orange liquid in front of him, “What’s this?”

Bruce groaned exasperatedly, “Its orange juice.”

He stared at it and then picked it up and had a sip. The orange juiciness hit his tongue and he nodded, “I love orange juice.”

His husband stared at him, and then suddenly his whole face burst into a grin. Bruce shook his head with fondness, “You silly lovely man.”

Clark grinned in reaction and he leaned in and kissed him softly but lingeringly. Across the table, Jodan called, “This is an amazing place. All these men happy and loving each other.” He began nodding his head to the music.

Clark pulled away from Bruce’s lips with a smile and shouted to Jodan, “Why don’t you and Algo try dancing.”

Algo gazed over to the dancefloor, and Jodan followed his gaze. They saw a writhing mass of male bodies; he leaned in, and asked Algo, “You want to try?”

Algo nodded in reply and then Clark watched as they headed for the dancefloor. He leaned sideways and said to Bruce, “They really love each other.”
“I bet Brylin was devastated.”

He nodded smiling, remembering Jodan’s story. His mind returned to a few days ago when he saw the figure watching him from the window of Lexcorp. He pursed his lips and then he gazed at his husband. He reached out and he caressed Bruce’s face. Bruce met his gaze and Clark said earnestly, “I love you Bruce.”

His husband swallowed hard.

He nodded fuzzily, “I mean it, I love who you really are, I think I was waiting for you.” he smiled over-emotionally, “I think my soul knew you were out there and was looking for you.”

Bruce looked confused, and endeared and loving all at once.

Clark stroked his face so close, and revealed, “There used to be someone a long time ago, I thought he was everything you are, but I was so wrong. He wasn’t. He tried to be and when that didn’t work, he pretended to be to keep me close. But then he stopped trying and I realised he couldn’t be what I thought he was.”

His husband gazed at him, and asked roughly, “Why are you telling me this now?”

Clark smiled and shook his head and he said, “Wasn’t you listening, he couldn’t be the one because he wasn’t you. There’s only space for one person like you in this universe and I just realised I was just waiting for you all along.”

Bruce cupped Clark’s face and whispered, “There’s only one you too.”

He leaned in slowly and Bruce met him halfway and kissed him with so much feeling behind it. They pulled back and gazed at each other. They heard the music slow down to a slow sultry beat and Clark asked, “You want to dance with me?”

His husband glanced around the booth, looking uncertain almost shy and then met his gaze and nodded. Clark grinned and stood up and held his hand out. Bruce took it and Clark led him to the dancefloor. They moved into each other’s arms, their bodies pressed together, chest to chest, Bruce’s thigh between Clark’s legs and Clark’s between his and then they moved and swayed to the music.

The other dancers were like a wall of muscle and flesh around them and made them feel cocooned, and safe and close.

They danced together until the beat pumped up again. Bruce appeared uneasy and motioned to the booth. Clark nodded, he wasn’t feeling it at the moment, but he could understand feeling self-conscious dancing to a fast song.

When they returned to their booth, Clark noticed the discarded red t-shirt on the chair next to Algo who was taking a break too. He frowned and Bruce pointed. He followed the direction and his eyes found Jodan in the middle of the dance floor shirtless, his muscled torso shimmering with sweat and having a whale of a time. Clark snorted and then sat down next to his husband. He commented, “I guess Jodan isn’t used to wearing clothes.”

Algo smirked and nodded along. “No he’s not.”

~*~

They ordered another drink and watched Jodan enjoying himself, dancing in a group of men. The
blond haired handsome alien was having fun until another dancer tried to pull him into a kiss. Jodan pulled away fiercely. The other man grinned and tried again. Algo’s whole body tensed at the sight. Then he was off like a shot and rushing across to the scene. He stepped up to confront the man. Clark chuckled seeing it and cooed, “He’s gone to defend his honour.”

There was some cross words that Bruce couldn’t hear but Clark could. Jodan and Algo were insulted that a man would make presumptions with a stranger. Algo kept insisting, “He is tied to my fate, not yours.”

Clark cheered, “Go on you tell him Algo.”

Bruce shook his head, and then got up and went over there. Clark watched as Bruce tried to calm the scene. Jodan was complaining, “I do not want to kiss you, I am Algo’s.”

The drunken dancer pointed at Jodan, “Look at you, showing that hot body off, you fucking cocktease.”

Jodan glanced around unsurely, “I do not know what this mocker of birds is, but I am not one.”

The man sneered, but before he spoke again, Bruce pointed at him, “That’s enough.”

“Who the hell are you?” he demanded.

“Listen they’re married and they’re just here for some fun. Leave them alone.” Bruce said.

The guy smirked at him undisturbed, having no understanding of whom he was dealing with.

Bruce glanced at Jodan and Algo and said, “Come on let’s finish our drinks, he’s not worth it.” motioning with his hand back to the booth.

The rejected dancer followed his motion and glanced over at their booth, he saw Clark sitting there waiting with a haughty smile on his lips, proud of his husband. He leered over at Clark, and sneered at Bruce, “Maybe I’ll take a ride on yours...”

Before the guy had finished his sentence, Bruce had taken a swing and knocked him on his ass. The guy gazed up from the floor dazed and Bruce growled, “Have some respect.”

They returned to the booth and sat down. Clark cooed, “My hero.”

Bruce tensed his jaw as he calmed down, and shook his compliment off with an eye roll. Clark asked his friends “Are you ok?”

Jodan nodded and Algo said, “He deserved that punch.”

To be continued
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Coincidently, my posting day as fallen on Christmas day, so Merry Christmas to everyone who takes time to read this chapter today.

Enjoy :D

TITLE: Terra Incognita 9/10
PAIRING: Clark/Bruce
AUTHOR: Whiterose
RATING: Adult
WORD COUNT: 3,504
DISCLAIMER: I only own the story.
SUMMARY: Clark and Bruce enjoy the rest of their night, but they hit a bump in the road of married bliss.

~*~

The night was going great; their Anterian buddies were excited by the presence of men like them and the atmosphere and music of the Gotham club. Even after the upset with the guy interested in Jodan, his interest in Clark and Bruce handling the situation by punching the guy, Jodan and Algo returned to the dancefloor determined for their night not to be ruined.

Every slow song, Bruce and Clark danced, proud to be out in the public eye but enjoying the ambiguity of the dark club to be close. As Bruce and Clark began to return to their booth again, Jodan reached through the crowd and caught Clark’s arm. “Dance with me.” Their happy bouncing Anterian friend called through the music.

Clark glanced at Bruce, but he just nodded, and motioned that him and Algo was returning to their booth. Under normal circumstances, he would feel conspicuous dancing to the faster song but the Anterian wine earlier had dulled his embarrassment. So carefree he danced with his Anterian friend.

The blond guardsman pulled him closer and shouted in his ear, “This is a wonderful place, Clark.”

He nodded, and asked, “Having a good time?”

“The best.” He said grinning.

When the song changed again, he found Algo had re-joined them and Clark happily danced with his other friend. His eyes found the booth and he waved at his husband. Bruce shook his head and rolled his eyes with good humour.

He grinned and continued dancing. It was pretty cool letting loose.

However, his good time came crashing down around him. As he danced with Algo, he caught a glimpse of a spectre, at first, he thought it was his imagination but then he saw him again. He focused and then he stopped dancing and he made his way through the crowds away from Algo.
Algo and Jodan just carried on dancing together. Clark went up some steel stairs and found him on a balcony looking down at the dancefloor.

As Clark approached him, the good looking bald headed figure met his gaze. Clark swallowed hard and asked roughly, “Are you following me?”

Lex Luthor smiled and his brow twitched in amusement, “This is a public club isn’t it?”

He narrowed his eyes and nodded a little too much, “A club in Gotham what the hell are you doing here Lex?”

His ex-best friend, his ex-something more gazed at him with scrutiny and a raised brow again, “The question is what you are doing Clark.”

He chuckled and shook his head, “God you’re something else aren’t you. You come here, watching me, probably stalking me and you’ve got the nerve to question what I’m doing here.”

Lex commented archly, “You don’t seem to be yourself, if I didn’t know any better I’d say you were drunk.”

He snorted and said flippantly, “What if I am, it’s got nothing to do with you.”

“You are with those men?”

He groaned, and railed at him, “What has that got to do with you Lex.”

Lex tilted his head tolerantly.

Exasperated, Clark replied, “If you must know they’re friends of my husband and me.”

A nerve in Lex’s temple twitched, “Your husband?”

He mocked, “Don’t tell me you don’t read the Daily Planet.”

“Oh I read it Clark. I just didn’t want to believe it.” he said disdainfully.

“You wouldn’t.” he sneered.

“Why did you marry him Clark?”

He gazed pointedly at him, “Who should I have married, you?”

Lex winced and glanced away.

Clark leaned in and murmured, “You weren’t willing to be the kind of man I’d marry.”

Lex’s gaze darted back to him.

He nodded confirming his previous statement, “You know what he’s everything I thought you were, everything that I wanted you to be. Everything you weren’t.”

Lex stared at him coldly.

He stared right back, and then realised that his intoxicated state and Lex’s presence together was making him mean and spiteful. He sighed, “Forget it; I’m going back down there to my husband.”

He began to move away. However, Lex muttered, “Your husband…” Clark stopped in his tracks
and stared at him. Now he had Clark’s attention again, Lex smirked, “I did some research, and you know what I found?” - a long pause for dramatic affect - “Nothing.”

Clark frowned at him in intoxicated confusion.

Lex pursed his lips smugly, “There’s no record anywhere on Earth registering Clark Kent and Bruce Wayne’s nuptials.”

He stared at him stoically.

His archenemy said lightly, “Isn’t that something people should know, that you and your so-called husband are a couple of fucking liars.”

Clark laughed in surprise of the vehemence, and scorned, “Wow you came all the way to a gay club in Gotham to tell me that.” he smirked, “Thanks for the heads up.”

Then he walked away and down the stairs to re-join his husband and their friends. As he reached them, he realised that Bruce had followed his progress down from the balcony. Bruce quirked an eyebrow in question and Clark said, “I’ll tell you later.”

Bruce simply nodded.

Eventually, Clark joined his friends again for one of the faster dances, as Bruce went to use the restroom.

As he moved, and laughed, and enjoyed himself, he suddenly felt hands at his hips, and then a body pressed to his back. He almost stopped dancing, but the man behind him began moving, his hips grinding and his hands pulling Clark back against him. Clark groaned, as he felt the bulge against his ass, and he rolled his hips back onto it, reaching back for his hips to hold him close. He was feeling fuzzy, and he didn’t know what Bruce’s game was. He knew Bruce didn’t like dancing to the fast songs. Suddenly he considered another option and the possibility was awful.

Anxiously, he glanced around and he saw the dancer from before gazing at them intently. He found Lex on the balcony still but he had moved position, he was watching him inscrutably. He swallowed hard not knowing what to make of it. He saw his friend’s smiling at him. Then a hand came up and covered his throat and his head was tilted back and soft lips at the side of his neck. His eyes rolled back, as they attacked his sweet spot. He lolled his head to the side. Then the other hand snaked down and cupped his crotch.

Through the mist of alcohol and pleasure, he realised what was going on. He closed his eyes, and then turned around in his arms. He opened his eyes, and tensed his jaw against the emotions that he was feeling, and asked, “Finished marking your territory?”

His husband met his gaze searchingly, and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Overwrought he said, “You don’t need to prove anything, Bruce.”

He leaned in capturing his lips and he kissed his husband passionately.

Bruce pulled back lingeringly, licking at his lips; he nodded along, “Let’s go home then.”

~*~

They led their friends outside. They saw the limo down the street and they all went to get in.
Once they were all in the car, Alfred took them home, navigating the streets of Gotham. Algo and Jordan chatted between themselves talking about their night out. They thanked Clark and Bruce for bringing them, saying they had such a good time. Clark could only nod in response and then he gazed out the window, he saw the city streets give way to residential avenues.

Then Bruce said, “I don’t know about you but I’ve been sitting down for too long I’m a little stiff.”

He sighed and then met his husband’s gaze. Then he saw a gleam in his husband’s eye and Clark’s gaze fell to Bruce’s lap. He groaned under his breath when he saw the outline of a thick long length trapped at his husband’s crotch. He watched as Bruce discreetly reached for and held it. He ran his thumb over the length Clark had felt pressed against his ass not long ago.

Clark was turned on and he was a little bit pissed at him for unsettling him before. He mouthed, “Prick.”

Bruce smirked at him and squeezed his length again. Clark squirmed against the seat at what that smirk promised. He glanced at their Anterian friends and said, “I’m tired, I think we’ll go straight to bed when we get back.”

Obliviously their friends agreed, “We will too.”

~*~

Alfred dropped them off out in front of the Manor. It was late and after parking up in the garage, they knew Alfred would retire to his room. Once they were inside the house, they waved their friends off up to their room from the bottom of the grand staircase. When they were out of sight and earshot, Clark spun around and turned to his husband, “You son of a bitch. Do you know what I thought back there?”

Bruce tilted his head, “That there were three men there tonight in that club who wanted something from you.”

“Exactly.” he condemned.

“You knew it was me. I know you wouldn’t let someone else touch you like that.”

He narrowed his gaze, “You know I wouldn’t.”

“But you danced with me; you liked my hard cock against your ass.” He said in a goading murmur.

“Yes.”

“How did you know though when you didn’t see me?”

He let his eyes roam Bruce’s body, at the erection still trapped there waiting. Bruce’s restraint had always turned him on but this was ridiculous. He told him simply, “I know the hands of my husband.”

Bruce growled lowly then his husband grabbed him and pushed him against balustrade of the staircase, and kissed him hard and passionately. Clark’s cock sprang back to readiness. He felt the hardness of his husband’s trapped cock against his own. He licked into his mouth and then he pushed him away.

His husband stared at him dumbfounded at the denial.
Clark was still feeling the effects of the Anterian wine from earlier and he leered, he backed away slowly and headed for the staircase. He said seductively, “Bring the wine with you when you come up.”

Bruce’s chest heaved and Clark grinned, and then turned and climbed the stairs to their bedroom.

~*~

Once in their bedroom, Clark unbuttoned his black shirt excitedly. He tossed it over onto the chaise longue. He toed out of his shoes and pulled his socks off. He removed his glasses and put them on the nightstand. Then he lay on their king-size bed, shirtless with only his pants on. With his arm crooked and his head resting on his hand. He watched the door and waited for his husband.

Within minutes, the bedroom door opened, and Bruce entered. He carried the canteen of Anterian wine and two glasses. He paused for a moment and stared at him lying there waiting. The look in his eyes was intense. Clark returned his look and then he smiled. Bruce blinked slowly and then his smile showed itself. Bruce walked over to the king-size bed. He poured the wine into the two glasses and then left the canteen on the nightstand.

Then he offered Clark his glass. He accepted it. Bruce sat down on the edge of the bed. He brought his glass to his lips and took a sip. Clark held his gaze and sipped his own. Bruce reached out and caressed Clark’s lips gently. He kissed his fingertips. Then Bruce caressed his jaw with his thumb. Clark enjoyed the gentle touches. He took a long swig of his wine and then reached out and put his glass next to the canteen on the nightstand.

Bruce watched him.

Clark murmured, “Drink yours.”

His husband nodded silently, and then drank it down. Then he placed his glass on the nightstand. When Bruce met his gaze again, Clark reached out and he ran his fingers along the discernible trapped length in his husband’s - in his lover’s pants. Bruce hissed softly. Clark uttered, “You’ve been hard for me for a long time.”

His lover replied strained and husky, “Yeah.”

Clark groaned in response and he leaned in and pressed his face into his lover’s crotch, and-mouthed the length through the fabric. Bruce moaned, “Damn it Clark.” and his hand left Clark’s jaw and cupped the back of Clark’s head instead with his fingers threaded through his hair.

He turned his head sideways and glanced up at him, he purposefully used his teeth to nibble it and tease it. “Take me please. I need it in my ass now.”

His lover let out a strangled moan.

He gazed at him, and then lifted up straight, and stroked his jaw and asked, “What’s the matter baby?”

Bruce caressed his face and explained, “I’ve only had a couple of drinks. We’ve normally had the same amount when we do this…”

He frowned and he smiled in confusion. He reached out and ran his hand over Bruce’s hard chest, and then down to his hard cock and asked, “Do this…?”

Bruce moaned again and his caressing fingers on his jaw became a hold, and then he was kissing
him, groaning into his mouth, “Being so fucking unbridled and horny, and losing ourselves to drunken debauchery.”

Clark chuckled into his mouth and said secretly, “Have another drink then.”

Bruce breathed heavily and then he pulled away and stood up, and poured himself another glass of Anterian wine. He watched Clark on the bed as he drank it.

He watched eagerly as Bruce put the glass down, and then unbuttoned his shirt and then let it fall from his shoulders. Clark gazed lustfully at his athletically built lover. Bruce toed his shoes and socks off.

Clark’s own cock ached with unfulfilled need. He felt it trapped in his boxer shorts waistband. In response, Clark reached for his own zipper and pulled his pants and boxers down. He lay down to shimmy out of them. He tossed them across to the chaise longue where his shirt was.

He returned his eyes to his lover, and asked, “How do you want me?”

Instead of replying, Bruce poured another glassful.

Clark laid there on the bed gazing up at him waiting for a reply and stroked his own hard cock. Bruce growled softly under his breath but continued drinking slowly.

As Bruce drank, he began stroking his own cock with his spare hand. Clark leered at the hard gorgeous length and then he rolled over onto his front turned his head and looked at Bruce again. His lover continued to drink. Clark grinned lecherously and then gathered his knees under him and raised his ass into the air.

His lover raised a brow at him but had another sip.

Clark laughed and he pulled himself up onto his hands and knees.

Bruce murmured, “There.”

~*~

Clark awoke the next morning, disturbed by a groan from his bed mate. He remembered their night of drunken debauchery. He asked tiredly, “How are you feeling, still no hangover?”

His husband revealed, “Pretty good. Um yeah the Anterians are good at making some stuff.”

He knew what he was implying. He opened his eyes and leered playfully, “Maybe we could get them to send us some supplies.”

Bruce nodded and leaned in and kissed him ‘good morning’, “Good idea but the wine is better in moderation.”

“We’ll save it for special occasion…” he stopped midsentence and grimaced slightly. Bruce caught the look and asked, “What is it?”

He kissed him again and then leant up against the pillows. He reminded him, “I told you last night I had something to tell you.”

His husband nodded remembering too.

Clark revealed, “Last night when I saw Lex… I still can’t believe he followed us there.”
Bruce asked, “How do you know he followed us?”

He sighed heavily, “I know him too well.”

His husband gazed at him a long considering moment, and then asked, “He’s the one you were telling me about?”

Clark sighed again and nodded, “He turned out not to be what I needed, or even what I wanted in the end but it hasn’t stopped him from being a thorn in my side.”

His husband became his JLA teammate in that instant as he said, “We’ve fought Lex Luthor, and shut down his projects. I didn’t realise there was a personal reason for it.”

He nodded, “Lex makes it personal, just like last night.”

“I know what that's like, you’re fighting them because their actions put lives in danger but they latch on to you, get obsessed, they even claim to like you and they start do things just to get your attention.”

Clark gazed at Bruce, he wondered, “You’re talking about the Joker?”

Bruce nodded.

For a second he almost argued the point that Joker was a psychotic, and that his obsession was literally crazy, Lex wasn’t crazy he didn’t think. “Lex…”

“What did he want?” back to business.

He snorted and revealed, “To criticise my choices and to let me know he knows we didn’t get married on Earth.”

Bruce swallowed hard and nodded, “That means he knows who I am. Will he use the information?”

“Usually he keeps things hidden, he likes having that power. I don’t think he’d use it to expose you or reveal where we did get married. But he might use it as proof that we’re not legally married on Earth.”

His husband blew out a breath and pressed his head back into the pillow, while he thought things through. Clark lay there and watched him think, he played a fingertip over Bruce’s chest, and then he asked, “Don’t you want to ask questions about me and Lex?”

Bruce shook his head at the ceiling, “No.”

“No…?”

“No. I’m not saying that by the time we’re those two queer old guys that live at the Kent farm, we won’t have talked about him. I want to know everything about your past and your experiences but after what you told me at the nightclub last night, I don’t need to know about him. I know that last night while you were drunk, you were at your most vulnerable, and you used the opportunity to declare your love to me.”

Clark smiled with all his love and affection, “You’re right.”

Bruce nodded, “I am. I know you tied your fate to me and you love me Clark.” Then he smiled and he propped himself up on his elbow and said, “I’ve got a plan.”
They were on a road trip in the limousine, Clark, Bruce, Algo, Jodan, and Alfred was driving. Their friends were excited to see new places on Earth and Alfred was being stoically supportive as always.

The limo made the turn and drove down the driveway. Everyone got out of the car wearing his new suits, and then she appeared on the old wooden porch in a new dress. He smiled lovingly and met her halfway. He hugged her, saying, “You look beautiful Mom.”

She rubbed his shoulder and said, “You scrub up well yourself, Sweetheart.”

He guided her towards the limo and said, “You remember Alfred.”

Alfred smiled, and bowed slightly, “Hello Martha.”

Martha replied with warmth, “Hello Alfred.”

He motioned to their other companions, “Algo and Jodan this is my mother, Martha. Mom, these are the two friends I was telling you about, our good friends from Anteros II.”

Surprise swept over her face but as always Martha Kent handled it perfectly. She offered her hand, “Hello Algo… Jodan, how are you enjoying Earth?”

Jodan took her hand and shook it enthusiastically, “It is very good here, Clark’s beautiful mother.”

His mom grinned with amusement and then Algo shook her hand more sedately, “Martha it is an honour to meet such an important woman.”

His mom shook her head not understanding Algo’s reverence. Algo nodded, “Your sons are the best of men.”

Martha glanced over to Bruce, as Clark realised, he remembered how Algo had recalled Alfred’s name from the tying ceremony, and how the name Martha had been heard twice once for Clark, and again for Bruce. Algo must think she was important to both of them. Clark was just about to correct his friend, when Martha smiled at Bruce and said, “Hello Bruce.”

Bruce stepped forwards and he hugged her as Clark had done and he said, “Hello Mom.”

Mom smiled lovingly and Clark felt himself almost tear up. He tensed his jaw to stop himself. He smiled brightly and asked, “So did you talk to Judge Ross, Mom?”

She nodded, “I did, and that’s why I’m wearing my best dress.”

Bruce and Clark smiled happily at the news. He was so glad the Ross’ had decided to move back to Smallville.

To be continued
Chapter 10

They’d returned to the limo with their extra passenger and headed to the Smallville courthouse. They were shown into the judge’s chambers and waited. He whispered to his mom, “I’m sorry it couldn’t be a big fancy ceremony.”

She nudged him and admonished gently, “I’m just happy to be here to witness it this time.”

The door opened and Judge Ross entered, and his mom said “Hello Abby.”

Judge Ross replied with a “Hi Martha.” Then she smiled when she saw him and said, “Hello Clark it’s been a long time.”

He smiled in return, “Yes it has ma’am. How’s Pete doing?”

“Oh he’s fine, still trying to find a way to live up to the good example you always set.” Clark rolled his eyes, and Judge Ross laughed, “He could’ve had worse best friends to idolise.”

“I’ve not talked to him for a while.” He admitted.

His childhood friend’s mom eyed Bruce and uttered, “I guess you’ve been busy Clark.”

He felt a blush coming on as he replied, “Thank you for doing this, it turns out tying the knot at sunset in a distant land doesn’t count here.”

The woman who had known him most of his life, and who had taken his mom’s home baked cookies away from him and Pete and made them eat apples instead, chuckled; “Well what you’re doing wasn’t legal here until a couple years ago.”

Bruce nodded along knowing what she was implying. He said smoothly, “The world is definitely changing and becoming a better place for it.”

The Judge agreed, “Yes it is Mr Wayne.” Then she looked about and asked, “Have you got the rings.”

Clark sniggered and then he pulled his wedding ring off his finger and Bruce smiled at Martha and did the same. Bruce smiled as he handed Martha, Jonathan’s ring to hold for a minute and Clark smiled and passed Martha Wayne’s ring to Alfred. Then they lined up, just as they had done on Anteros II. Jodan and Algo either side of them but this time, the two most important people in their lives were there with them too. His mom stood with him and Alfred stood next to Bruce.

The afternoon sun shone in through the window as Judge Ross spoke the words and proclamations.
Then the woman with the power to do this important thing asked, “Do you Clark Joseph Kent take this man as your husband and partner for the rest of your lives?”

He nodded and said softly, no need for nerves, “I do.”

“And do you Bruce Thomas Wayne take this man as your husband and partner for the rest of your lives?”

His husband confirmed, “I do.”

Then they returned their rings to each other, saying, “Accept this ring as a token of our bond, a promise of our life together, a symbol of our lives together where there’s no end, whether in this life or the one after it.”

Judge Ross intoned, “Now with the power I’m invested with I now pronounced you are married in the eyes of the law.”

Bruce and Clark grinned at each other remembering their first ceremony, and then Judge Ross smiled knowingly and said, “You may now kiss your groom.”

They chuckled and together they both leaned in and kissed sweetly.

Beside them Jodan exclaimed, “They do this again but this time the priestess she tells them to do it.” Then he uttered, “Ouch.” as Alfred prodded him.

Judge Ross raised an amused brow about being called a priestess but didn’t ask about it. They stepped back and smiled at each other, and then Judge Ross held up a pen, “Now here’s the legal bit.”

They nodded, knowing this was the reason for this, so they could shoot Lex Luthor up the ass with a carefully crafted Batarang. They were married and they had the piece of paper to prove it in case he ever did try anything.

As they exited the courthouse, Mom revealed from her purse a small box of confetti, and proceeded to shower them with it, with Algo and Jodan looking perplexed at the tradition. Bruce and Clark laughed happily.

~*~

They returned to the Farm after their wedding ceremony. Clark was endeared and exasperated that his mom had prepared a small wedding buffet for them including a cake. Mom had hushed him telling him she’d had to do something.

The married couple were now sitting on the porch swing enjoying their day, and practising for when they were old men.

Algo and Jodan were pleased to see that Earth tradition and Anterian was close in regards to a feast after the ceremony. They ate cake and nibbles and they didn’t even mind that there was no wine, as they happily drank traditional lemonade. Bruce whispered to him, “It’s like non-alcoholic beer to them. It’s got the taste but not the buzz.”

He laughed and nodded, “Anterian wine does have that tang doesn’t it.”

Bruce laughed, “Maybe that’s what it’s made of.”
He leaned in and kissed his twice married husband, “Lemons… maybe that’s it.”

Jodan and Algo gazed out at the farm land growing crops far into the horizon, and Jodan glanced back at Clark and motioned with his hands, “Big fields, yes I remember.”

Clark grinned as he remembered his and Jodan’s first conversation at the villa on Anteros II. Jodan had told him Algo worked in the little field, the villa’s vegetable garden and Clark had told him that he worked in big fields. He grinned, “Told you.”

Jodan grinned fondly in return.

Mom and Alfred came over and leaned against the veranda across from them. Martha had brought them two pieces of cake on a plate. His mom eyed them and said, “Come on, it’s tradition.”

The happy couple rolled their eyes at each other, and then reached for a piece each. As they struggled to loop their arms together, they laughed at themselves and then fed each other some cake. They both caught a gleam in each other’s eyes and they both pulled away before either had the stupid idea of smacking each other in the faces with the cake.

They both began at the same time, “You’re not…”

They both frowned and said at the same time, “I wasn’t…”

They both laughed together.

Algo called, “You Earth people have strange ways.”

They smirked together, and Mom and Alfred chuckled. Clark smiled softly at his mom, and his mom came over and kissed his forehead as she did when he was a little boy. He met her gaze and asked, “Where did you put…?”

Martha nodded, “In the barn with Shelby.”

Clark grinned, and then he stood up, and offered his hand to his husband, who took it and then he led him over to the barn. Bruce gave him a puzzled look, and Clark revealed, “I got you a wedding present while I was getting the marriage licence.”

Bruce sighed, “You didn’t have to.”

He chuckled, eager to see Bruce’s face when he saw his present. He opened the barn door and led him in. As the barn door opened, Shelby rushed forward, forgetting his age for the moment, wagging his tail happy to see him. He stroked his rusty furred head, “Hello buddy.”

His husband smiled and stroked Shelby too, and then he asked, “What’re you doing in here?”

Clark whispered to Shelby, “Where is he, boy?”

Then out from behind the red tool box, a tiny fluffy head peered out, little chocolate eyes looking wary at the strangers. Bruce gasped, “Oh my god.”

Clark asked softly, “Do you like him?”

Bruce took an excited breath, and then he crouched down on one knee on the dirty barn floor, and he reached out his hand, and coaxed, “Here boy.”

The little German shepherd pricked up his ears, and gazed at Bruce inquisitively, and then
suddenly he came rushing over to him. Bruce laughed, and scooped him up and cuddled the chunky ball of fluff to his chest. A little pink tongue laved Bruce’s face, and even as he cringed, Bruce’s laughter was full of joy.

Clark said, “I thought he could keep you company down in the cave during the day, and when you go out running.”

His husband stood up with the pup in his arms still. He warned him, “Don’t you pee on me.” But the little dog only wagged his tail. Bruce met Clark’s gaze and smiled softly, “Thank you Sweetheart.”

Clark reached out and stroked the fluff ball, “What’re you going to call him?”

Bruce gazed at the bright eyes and black shiny button nose, and admitted, “I don’t know yet.”

~*~

They returned to the Manor as night fell. Their Anterian friends congratulated them again. Algo said, “I am proud to see you joined again. He glanced at Clark’s ring. He nodded, and he reached for his hand and lifted it, and then he did the same to Bruce and he brought the two rings together side by side touching, Algo said, “See the same symbol here, it is good to know we share many things with our friends from Earth.

Clark agreed, “It is and to think I was worried when I first arrived on Anteros II.” He glanced at Bruce, “I needed Bruce to calm me. I saw Jodan that day looking at me so fiercely and I just wanted to come home.”

Jodan looked bashful, “I did not know then that you were such a good man.”

He snickered, “I know, I didn’t know you were either. We thought Algo came to the tent with wine to poison us.”

Algo looked alarmed.

Bruce smirked and admitted, “That was me actually.”

Clark shrugged, “By the time we left, I didn’t want to leave Anteros II. I didn’t want us to leave our home there.”

Algo nodded with emotion in his eyes, “We did not want you to leave, which is why we were so eager to come and see you again. But we must part ways again. Jodan and I must go home.”

Jodan made a little sound of anguish and then he said, “Your planet is beautiful and noisy, fun and busy but would you want to come home with us. You could make your home on Anteros II?”

He was almost overwhelmed by his friends’ affection and fervent hope. He made eye contact with Bruce and he saw Bruce was feeling the same thing. Then Alfred walked by and reprimanded, “I have put newspaper down in the kitchen for the dog tonight, and don’t forget to hang your suits up when you take them off.”

Bruce nodded, “Yes Alfred.”

Then he glanced back at Clark, and Clark saw it there, he smiled reading his thoughts. He’d left Alfred alone waiting for him too often already. He felt the same way, there was nothing like being able to fly by and pop in and see his mom whenever he felt like it. He had good friends on Earth,
who he would miss, and they both had their missions, goals for Earth but it was Mom and Alfred that made that choice no choice at all.

He hugged his friends and told them, “Our place is on Earth.”

Their friends looked resigned, knowing already despite hoping for different. Clark told them, “You can come back some day and visit again, I’d… we’d like that.”

Bruce came forward and hugged them too. He said, “And we can visit Anteros II sometimes, like a vacation for us.”

Algo nodded, “Yes, that would be very good my mentor. You can stay at our house.”

Clark met Bruce’s gaze and then chuckled, “I think we’d prefer a tent outside the city.”

His husband smiled at him and Clark gazed knowingly back.

~*~

They entered their bedroom together. Clark joked, “Did you want me to carry you over the threshold?”

His husband shot him a glare. Clark chuckled merrily and Bruce said, “It’s been a strange day.”

“Because we got married?” he queried.

Bruce snorted, “No actually the strange bit was that we had to do it again.”

Clark smiled and shrugged, “It was strange, but I’m glad in a way. My mom got to be there for my big day like she wanted to be.”

His husband agreed, “I’m glad Alfred was there too. At least now nobody can say we’re not really married.”

Clark started removing his wedding suit. He slipped off his jacket and then started on his cufflinks. Bruce watched him for a moment and then mirrored him on his side of their bed. Clark teased coyly, “It’s our wedding night you know.”

As Bruce placed his own cufflinks on the nightstand and started on his shirt buttons, he said playfully, “You will be gentle my first time won’t you?”

He snorted in amusement. He dropped his shirt on the floor and reached for his belt. He replied, “Really I didn’t realise you had any virginity left.”

His husband pouted, and reached for his own zipper. As his pants hit the floor too, Clark remembered Alfred’s order. He told Bruce, “I’m just going to hang these suits up.”

Bruce stuck out his tongue, “Goody two shoes.”

He squinted playfully and then went to do his task.

When he returned to the bedroom, it was in darkness, except for the moonlight coming in through the French windows and Bruce was already in bed under the covers. Clark smiled and approached the bed. He let his boxer shorts drop to the carpet. He reached for the covers and slipped in under them.
He leaned over and he kissed his husband. Bruce pulled away and asked huffily, “What do you want?”

Clark grinned slyly and he moved over and braced himself over his husband. He leaned in and kissed his jaw and then his neck, and murmured, “I want my wedding night, and I’m not missing it.”

Bruce grumbled, “You expect one even after insulting your groom.”

He nodded against his throat, and sucked at the skin there. “I promise to be gentle.”

His husband’s performance cracked as he laughed softly. “I do like it slow.”

He murmured into his ear, “You like to fuck hard and be fucked slowly.”

Bruce kissed his cheek near his ear and said smugly, “My husband has incredible stamina.”

He lifted his head and leered down, “Are you talking about your first husband or your second husband?”

His husband grinned and played along, “Actually my first husband looked a lot like you but he didn’t wear glasses.”

He pursed his lips, “Is that right?”

“Huh-huh but no, my first husband and me we used to try to last all night but we could never manage it, too eager I guess, but you I think maybe you’ve got what it takes to go all night.”

His body was reacting to the playfulness and sex talk. He rolled his hips down and Bruce lifted his legs and cradled them around Clark’s hips. He told him, “I don’t know Mr Wayne you might be disappointed but I’ll try my best to satisfy you.”

Bruce caressed his back down to his naked ass and cupped it. He encouraged, “You always satisfy me.”

He leaned in and murmured, “So do you baby.”

His husband gazed up at him lovingly and the teasing was over. Clark leaned down and kissed him slowly, tenderly. Bruce returned the kiss just as slowly. Their tongues met and came together and danced slowly. His husband’s hands massaged his ass cheeks. Clark sighed softly into his welcoming pliant mouth. Then he slowly reached out to the nightstand, in the dark he found the little jar, opened it, got some slickness on his fingers, and dropped the jar back in the drawer. And then he pushed his hand between them, and down, and smeared the oil over Bruce’s centre.

Bruce was watching him through the darkness wordlessly.

Clark held his gaze, lined up and then pushed inside. Bruce’s breathing hitched. Clark continued to hold his lover’s gaze, and he pushed his cock in deeper. There was no urgency, this was no lust filled action, this was a connection, their hearts beat for one another, their fates were tied, and this here was their bodies connecting.

His lover blinked slowly, he didn’t need words, Clark knew and he leaned in and kissed his husband’s cheek tenderly. He lifted his head and met those loving eyes again. Then Bruce caressed his back and his ass again. Clark withdrew and thrust inside slowly again. Bruce clung to him, and his body trembled under his.
Clark gazed at him devotedly.

His husband wanted him to last all night. It was going to be a long night of trying. But for Bruce he would try his hardest.

~*~

Clark became aware; Bruce was saying his name softly but with some urgency. Clark hummed as he felt the light of day in the room energising him. He opened his eyes, and saw his husband and smiled. He asked, “Is it time to get up?”

Bruce raised an eyebrow and said wryly, “I think it’s time to get down.”

His brow creased, and then he glanced around, and saw the lightshade and curtain pelmet. He glanced down and saw the bed way down beneath them. He snorted, and glanced back at his husband. “Must’ve slept well.” he mumbled.

He floated them back down to the mattress.

Then he sighed, “I’ve got to get back in the skies soon, I haven’t been flying for over a week.”

He wondered, “Do you think your subconscious was trying to tell you something?”

He shrugged, “You mean the floating, maybe, but it has been known to happen when I’m happy.”

His husband held his gaze before his eyelashes fluttered and he glanced away. Clark smiled in response. He squeezed them together and whispered, “You big softy, I don’t even know where you drag Batman up from.”

Bruce met his gaze again seriously and told him, “The anger inside knowing there’s bad people out there hurting decent people and getting away with it.”

He nodded. He said, “Those decent people have hope because they know Batman is out there scaring the shit out of those bad guys.”

The man behind the Batman asked quietly, “Do they?”

He told him feeling proud, “Yes they do.” Bruce shook his head slightly, unaccepting the idea. He revealed, “I know they do, because I can hear them talking.”

His husband’s eyes darted to his. Clark nodded, “It’s true. I heard them before we even met. That’s one of the reasons I knew you were a good guy.”

Bruce’s eyes became soft, and he caressed his cheek and he told him, “I heard them talking about you too. Among other things it let me know you weren’t a threat.”

Clark raised both eyebrows at that nugget of information. “And what would you have done if you’d thought I was a threat, come, and tried to kick my ass?”

His husband snorted, “I wouldn’t have had much luck, would I?”

He smiled, “No, not if you were playing by your own rules, but then again I would never have hurt you either.”

Bruce smirked, “I know that, and the good citizens know that too so it never would’ve happened.” Clark nodded along, and then Bruce said softly, “When I heard them talking, I didn’t realise they
were talking about the love of my life.”

Now it was Clark’s turn to feel bashful. He ducked his head. He whispered, “Was you tempted by Algo and Jodan’s request, if it wasn’t for Alfred and Mom, would you have liked to leave and live a simple way of life on Anteros II?”

“It was tempting, but we both made a promise to this world, mine something that I promised myself and what in the end became me, yours because you’re simply a nice guy.”

He met his gaze and nodded, “It’s not our responsibility to fight for what’s right but it is who we are.”

Bruce smiled, “Besides one day we’ll have that simple life. The Farm will always be waiting for us.”

“Yes, it will.” He leaned in slowly and kissed his husband.

The end of Terra Incognita

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