Finding His Wings

by Merfilly

Summary

Clark realizes Dick isn't a kid anymore

Clark picked up the young man from the roof and headed north. As he did, Dick folded tight to him, as he had so many times in the past. This time, though, Clark was all too aware that the young man in his arms was no longer a child. Not in a legal or physical sense, and he was noticing far too well that Dick had matured into a man that was very desirable.

Maybe it was that realization, that Dick was finally old enough to make his choices for himself that led Clark to brush his hand low, in the guise of helping him to stand once they were in the Fortress. It certainly preyed on his mind when he felt the reactionary quiver in Dick's flank, made him listen to Dick's body more intently. He heard the pulse speed up, smelled the fresh break of sweat threaded with masculine pheromones. It was almost enough to push Clark, to make him test if the hero worship Dick had always given him extended to a more personal level.

His conscience beat him back, made him remember the boy…no, young man…was going through a crisis of who he was. All because Bruce was being an asshole again. Clark latched onto the first thing he could think of, the legends and myths of his native people, both to distract himself, and to offer Dick an example not steeped in shadows. If he stood closer to Dick than properly necessary, at least the young man was not complaining.

It seemed all too soon that Dick was steady with the opinions Clark had offered, and there came the moment that was both joy and sorrow. It was joy to pick the acrobat up, to feel him press close, but it meant that they were leaving the one place he felt safe enough to possibly press if that quiver had meant anything.

The flight back is quiet, but Clark is lost in thoughts of how it would be so perfect to just stop somewhere and ask, point blank if it means anything, the way Dick rests his forehead on his neck as they fly. He holds back again, unwilling to damage the image of himself in the younger man's
eyes. When they land, he refrains from another accidental brush…but Dick slides down his torso in
a way that could not be anything but intentional.

Blue eyes meet blue, with a look of invitation on one side, and a luck of guarded curiosity on the
other.

Clark's mouth opens to put the question of the hour to his young friend…just before he hears the
scream for him from someone in terror.

"Someone needs me," he says, leaping away, knowing Dick will understand.

"Yes, they do," comes the soft, hopeful reply, and Clark knows the question doesn't need to be
asked.

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