

Encounter -- Mission: Action

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Mission: Action

He remembered the darkness, being flung away as if he were of no use, never mind the numbers of missions he'd Captained and the lives he'd saved. There, stuck away, until someone, something, had brought him into the light. Clark rolled over and flattened his hand on a warm, bare chest. The light furring tickled his fingers, and he grinned. He was discarded no more.

Delighted to find the man sleeping next to him, Clark shoved off the blankets, sending them to the floor with a whoosh. The slightly parted curtains allowed enough moonlight into the bedroom to illuminate the handsome man sleeping on his back. One arm flung out, as if to hold Clark to him even in sleep, James murmured something and his fingers flexed.

"I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere," Clark whispered. He crept down the bed, careful not to disturb his sleeping lover. And only when his lips grazed the other edge of James' hips, did he pause. He smiled.

James's semi-erect cock lay against his thigh, growing harder by the moment. Clark savored the sight, the way it looked against James' softly furred legs. Leaning forward, James drew the musky aroma of aroused male into his nose. With gentle touches, he reached out and stroked James' cock to full hardness.

James moaned. His eyes remained closed, lips parted. His breathing deepened, though he did not wake.

Cupping his hand along the underside of James' shaft, Clark began to stroke. Long, firm pulls of his fingers soon had James' hips rising off the bed. God he loved doing this, jacking off his lover before rolling over and taking him from behind. With a devilish grin, Clark dipped his head and sucked the head of James' cock.

The low moans his sleeping lover made encouraged Clark, until he drew James deep into his mouth. Ignoring his own arousal, Clark resisted the urge to reach down and touch himself. There'd be plenty of time for that later, and maybe, once awakened, it'd be James' hand instead of his own. He hollowed out his cheeks and sucked.

"Clark!" James jackknifed up in bed, fingers reaching for Clark's head. Fisting his hands in the short, dark waves of Clark's head, James bucked his hips as much as he could, fucking Clark's mouth. The sensation of fingers tugging on his hair just another reminder of his new life, his shoulder length waves so different from the buzz cut he'd worn for most of his existence.

Muscles bunched in James' legs as Clark reached between them. Fondling James' balls, Clark worked his lips and tongue. The desire to make his lover come only added to Clark's arousal, and he wasn't disappointed when moments later James gave a harsh shout and waves of salty, sticky cum poured down his throat. Clark swallowed every drop.

Leaning back he grinned and cupped his own hard cock. "Wanna roll over?"

James gave a satiated, half, strangled noise that sounded like, "Fuck, yeah," then flopped over onto his belly.

Straddling his hips, Clark crawled up to James' tight buttocks and gave one a pinch.

James moaned and fumbled for the top drawer of the night stand. He tossed the bottle of lube back at him, and Clark poured a generous amount around James' asshole. He fisted his cock, making sure he was good and slick, then used a finger to circle James' opening.

His lover clutched the pillow and made inarticulate noises.

A second finger joined the first, and he worked gently with his lover, testing and spreading, until he had two fingers deep inside and curved to hit James' prostate with each stroke. Oh yeah, this was what he liked, the tanned expanse of James' broad back facing him, hair tousled, and a light sheen of sweat on his lover's skin. To know he made the big man beg only made it all the better, so much so that he positioned the head of his cock at James' entrance.

"Do it," James growled.

"Do what?" Clark reached between man and mattress to cup James' hardening cock. "You want me inside you?"

"You know I do," James snarled.

"Say it." Clark punctuated his word with a squeeze of James' cock.

"Fuck me."

Clark leaned forward and licked James' spine. "You got to do better than that." Though his balls tightened, and his cock craved the feel of James' tight tunnel surrounding him, he kept only the tip touching his lover. Teasing them both always made it so much better. He stroked James again.

"Damn it," James snarled. He looked over his shoulder. "I want your cock inside me. Fuck my ass. There, that better?"

"Immensely." With a single, long shove, he filled his lover. Both men let out low groans, and when their bodies were flush, Clark braced his hand on the mattress. "You feel so damn good." He slid his other hand from beneath James' body, and stretched it alongside James. Skin against skin, from sternum to calves, Clark savored the moment.

When he could take no more, he pulled back and setup a slow, leisurely rhythm that soon left him panting for release. The only sounds filling the bedroom were the slap of skin against skin and the pants of two very aroused men. Clark savored every moment.

Finally, he could hold back no more. He came hard and fast, burying his face against James' back and his cock deep inside James' body. His shaft twitched, and

spilling himself, he cried James' name aloud. Then, he slumped against his lover, panting, sweat cooling on his skin.

"Mmm, that was good," James murmured already reaching for the box of tissues on the night stand. "What a nice way to wake up. Even if it's..." He turned to look at the clock radio. "Three in the morning. You are so insatiable."

"And that's why you love me." Pressing a kiss to James' spine, he rolled off his lover and cleaned up. Then, he snuggled against him. "Besides, I got to make up for lost time." He nuzzled James' shoulder.

James turned to face Clark. "Yeah, it'd be pretty bad if an action figure couldn't get any action."

Clark slapped James' ass. "Yeah, it would. But I don't think I ever have to worry about that again."

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