

# I'm Here If You Need to Talk

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Summary: Alt-Clark and HG Wells spend an awkward night at Lois and Clark's after Clark is rescued from the time rip.

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Notes: Another prompt fic from <https://hellsdemonictrinity.tumblr.com/post/162834261565/angstfluff-prompt-list-part-2>

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Clark lay on the Kent's sofa, shifting against the cushions, casting his eyes towards the living room ceiling. He could hear them up there, in their bedroom... reuniting with each other. Closing his eyes, he pinched the bridge of his nose and took his glasses off, setting them on the coffee table beside him. He pulled the pillow tight around his ears as if that would somehow block out the intimate sounds he could hear coming from the upstairs bedroom.

He really should go out for another patrol, he thought, or for a swim, somewhere really, really cold...

If she made that sound again, one more time, he would definitely have to try drowning himself in the Arctic.

He had noticed the first night he had spent here that his superhearing was tuned into her, like they were linked somehow. They had almost kissed, and she had run upstairs to her bedroom, and he had listened to her cry softly for hours. Not over him, of course, but over... *him*. Her husband, the Clark Kent of this world. He'd heard her heart racing, her soft sobs, and her gasps for breath as she'd pleaded for her Clark to return.

Unable to go up and comfort her, he had fled the brownstone in shame for several hours.

But now... what he was hearing, amplified by his superhearing, in full surround sound in his ears, was far, far worse.

*And he couldn't turn it off.*

Gasps of pleasure, soft moans, and throaty laughter. The way she begged him to touch her, calling his name over and over again.

*His name. But not for him.*

Lightning bolts of pleasure rushed through his body every time he heard her gasp his name.

He had never felt so turned on and so ashamed at the same time. Why couldn't he turn it off?

"Why am I still here?" he muttered to himself. A sudden noise behind him made him jump, and he sat up, panicked,

his heart racing, wondering if it was her Clark coming down to beat him to death for listening in on them.

*Listening in on her.*

No, his counterpart was far too preoccupied to be concerned with what was happening outside of his bedroom walls.

It was HG Wells, trudging down the stairs. He was wearing an oversized pair of pajamas that belonged to the Clark of this world, and he held a pillow under one arm and a blanket in the other.

He shuffled into the room. "Mind if I join you?"

"Can't sleep?" Clark gave him a knowing look, wondering how Wells had lasted so long upstairs, staying in the guest room directly across the hall from the couple. Of course, he didn't have superhearing to contend with.

"They are quite... amorous, aren't they?" Wells gave a small, awkward chuckle, looking up at the ceiling.

Clark grimaced, looking down at his hands. "Yeah, I've gone out on four patrols, and they're still going strong."

"It's been hours." Wells yawned. "I fear they're going to fall through the ceiling here or... um, go through the roof..." He chuckled again, sitting down heavily in an armchair.

"He'd never let that happen." Clark fidgeted. "They were only apart a couple of days," he mused more to himself than to Wells. "They're acting like it's been years." His brow furrowed as his expression darkened, fists clenching. "That could've been me up there with her." He blushed and looked at his hands as he realized he'd spoken out loud. "I mean..."

"She belongs with him, my boy. I'm sorry," Wells said, sounding sympathetic.

"Yeah, I know. She made that pretty clear the other night," Clark mumbled to himself. She wasn't his, could never be his. He knew that.

Wells raised his eyebrows but didn't comment.

"It's just not fair." Clark tried not to sound like he was whining. "He gets to live the life I've always wanted. He gets the secret identity. He gets his parents and the woman of his dreams! What do I get?"

"You need to have hope, Clark."

Clark rolled his eyes. "Hope, ha." He stood up and started pacing, frustrated now. "Lana left me. Everyone in my world knows who I am, and my Lois is dead! I don't have anyone. What hope is there?" He sighed. "You know, it's easier being there alone than it is here... with her. Seeing her with him... it's worse." He looked towards the ceiling again, kicking the carpet lightly. He turned back to Wells. "Maybe we should just leave now? Slip out while they're... occupied."

"I thought Clark wanted you at the press conference tomorrow?"

"I'm sure *he* can figure out something else." Clark narrowed his eyes, his expression dark again.

Wells cleared his throat nervously. "You sound like you resent him. The Clark of this world is a great man, just like you."

Clark sighed, remorseful. He didn't hate him, not really. He glanced up at the ceiling. Maybe he hated him a little right at this moment. "It's just... I thought I had a perfectly decent life before you and Lois turned up in my world and showed me what I was missing out on."

"Yes, I understand. It's hard not to envy what he has." Wells sounded wistful. Then, his eyes brightened as he looked towards the ceiling once again. "Hey, it's quiet... looks like they have finished!" He cleared his throat, his face turning red. "Uh, gone to sleep, I mean."

"Finally!" Clark let out a breath, settling himself down on the sofa again. He closed his eyes, breathing deeply. Lois's heart rate was slowing in his ear, her breathing even and steady. Go to sleep now, Lois, he begged her silently. Tell him that's enough.

The pipes upstairs groaned, the sound intensified in Clark's ears. He could hear the shower start and Lois's soft moan of approval as her husband chuckled.

He imagined his counterpart scooping her up into his arms. Carrying her into the shower and pressing her against the tiles while the warm water rained down on them, her long legs wrapping around him...

"God...!" Clark let out a pained breath, shaking his head to clear his lewd thoughts. "Nope. They're not done. They've just changed locations!" He laughed bitterly, standing up antsy now. His hands covered his ears like a toddler would when they heard a noise they didn't like.

"I've got to get out of here! Every sound she makes, *EVERY* sound..." he emphasized. "I can hear her... with him. I'll go insane if I stay here a minute longer!"

Wells cleared his throat as the couple's shower activities seemed to intensify. Loud laughter floated down the stairs into the living room. "Perhaps I'll go for a wander too. Warm up the time machine."

"Great." Clark gave one last look at the ceiling, wincing as Lois let out a deep moan in his ear. "See you later." He spun into his Superman suit.

"Clark?" Wells stopped him. "I'm here, if you need to talk. Anytime."

Clark nodded and smiled tightly. "I've gotta go." He patted Wells on the shoulder.

"Right. Good, then."

The End