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Disclaimer: I don't own any of them, damn it!

Summary and/or challenge: a future/au fic -- Clark & President Luthor get away from it all.

Betareader: Leviathan

NOTE: Part of the ClexFest at: <http://www.kardasi.com/Lexclusive/ClexFest>

Also at Club Zero once they're released: <http://www.squidge.org/~penemuel/clubzero.html>

Author's notes: This does not resemble real world presidential security situations or anything like that -- I was too lazy to do the research into what might happen in this situation, and too worried that it might lead to Clark being arrested or something along those lines.



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**Paradise**  
by Penemuel

Mercy stormed into the Chief of Staff's office and demanded, "What do you *mean* we can't contact him?"

The man looked up and said, "From what we could tell before the clouds blocked the satellite transmissions, the plane took some damage when they skirted the storm system. They had to make an emergency landing on an island in the Caribbean."

"They didn't *crash* then?"

"No, it was definitely a semi-controlled landing, but the plane is too damaged to take off again."

Mercy frowned and muttered, "He did this on purpose..."

"What?"

"Whose idea was it, anyway, allowing him to take a plane out by himself with only a *reporter* as company? Why wasn't I consulted? Why wasn't there at least one agent with them?" she demanded, her voice low and dangerous.

"You *know* how he gets -- he's worse than Bartlett or Seaborn ever were, and they taught him most of their tricks in person..."

Mercy let out a heavy sigh and nodded. If President Luthor was going to go somewhere without his security detail, he was going to, all common sense and protocol be damned. If only it weren't *Kent* who had gone with him...

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President Lex Luthor climbed out of the cockpit and shielded his eyes before he scanned the horizon. Spotting the dark storm clouds, he frowned and glanced back at his companion. "You realize that Mercy, Hope, and my entire official security detail will have our balls for this one," he called.

"I'm not willing to part with those particular body parts, or allow you to do so," came the muffled answer from the plane. A moment later, a tall, broad-shouldered man wearing a well-tailored suit came into view, shouldering a heavy duffel bag. "After all, I'm a little fond of them..."

"Clark, get your ass down here," Lex urged, looking around to make sure they were all alone. "We don't want to waste any time -- who knows how soon they're going to get a damned rescue plane out here..."

"Not that soon -- the storm stretches across a great deal of the area. They'll have to either go around it, or wait for it to clear," Clark said, looking out to sea and squinting slightly.

"It's not threatening inhabited land at all, is it?"

"No, and I can handle it if it does," Clark answered, joining Lex and wrapping a strong arm around his shoulder. "Although--" he cut himself off for a moment, listening intently, then shook his head.

"Trouble?"

"A freighter, but it sounds like they're going to be okay."

"Good -- I'd hate to end up having to sit here *waiting* while Superman actually *is* out rescuing boaters," Lex muttered, knowing full well that Clark's sensitive hearing picked it up.

"You are such a brat," Clark said with a smile, sweeping Lex up into his arms and kissing him gently on the temple. "So, which way to the honeymoon hideaway?"

"Well, it's not exactly a five-star," Lex hedged, thinking back on the time he spent trapped on this island with no memory of who he was or of the life he'd left behind in Smallville. "As a matter of fact, it may have fallen down in the meantime."

"Okay, then you stay here for a few minutes and I'll check it out, then I'll come back for you. If it's not in the best shape, that's okay. I brought everything we could need, including your sunblock, which you should put on now," Clark said, setting Lex gently back on his feet and pulling a plastic tube out of the duffel. "Here. I'll be back in just a few minutes."

As Lex sighed and took the sunblock, Clark hefted the duffel again and flew off in the direction Lex indicated. By the time Lex had finished applying the sunblock to his exposed skin, a brief gust of wind past him heralded Clark's return. An instant later, Clark swept him up in his arms again and flew them towards the small bungalow.

When they were nearly there, with only a small stretch of vegetation hiding the bungalow from sight, Clark landed and set Lex on his feet. "Okay, you have to promise to close your eyes," he murmured, leaning in and kissing his lover gently.

"Why? What did you do? Have you been sneaking off here to set something up?" Lex asked, smirking up at him. "And just when *did* you learn to be so sneaky, anyway?"

"I had a good teacher," Clark answered with a smile. "So, do I have to use my tie as a blindfold?"

"That would..." Lex breathed, feeling a surge of heat through his body at the thought. "Yeah..."

Clark loosened his tie and slid it off, then slid it on over Lex's head. Settling it over Lex's eyes, he tightened it until it was snug. "Can you see anything?"

"Can't see a thing," Lex whispered, trying to control his reaction. The warmth of Clark's body near him made his head spin, his body hum with arousal. "So, now what?"

"You walk forward, and I'll guide you. When it's time for you to look, I'll stop you," Clark said, placing his hands on Lex's shoulders. Lex walked forward, allowing Clark to gently steer him, until he was standing in full view of the bungalow and Clark stopped him.

"Okay, take off the blindfold," Clark murmured, leaning in close so that Lex felt his lips brush his ear. "You can put it back on later if you want," he added, smiling at the soft gasp he heard Lex make.

Lex reached up to slide off the tie, then stared in awe at the bungalow. The once-bare walls had been painted a soft blue with lavender shutters and trim, and the roof had been entirely refinished. The door that never quite closed properly had been removed, and a new, correctly seated door took its place. The walk up to the door had been set with stepping stones in a rainbow of pastel shades, and a riot of colourful flowers had been planted along both sides of the path. Through the windows, Lex could see curtains of soft lavender with accents of peach and blue that made them look like a Maxfield Parrish sunset.

"So, what do you think?" Clark asked softly, slightly worried that Lex wouldn't like it.

"It's--" His voice cracked and he had to clear his throat before he could continue, "it's *beautiful*, Clark -- did you do all of this?"

"I've been working on it a little at a time," he answered, smiling at the look of awe on Lex's face. "You really like it?"

"It's amazing -- the colours, the flowers... It's just so beautiful!" He turned and wrapped his arms around Clark, then stretched to kiss him. "Thank you!"

Clark smiled and swept Lex up into his arms again, then walked down the path. "Wait 'till you see the inside."

"You're too good to me," Lex said softly, wrapping his arms around Clark's neck and leaning in close.

As Clark carried him into the bungalow, Lex looked around in amazement. The interior had been as transformed as the exterior of the house; the walls had been painted a pale, pale blue with trim in soft lavender and peach. What Lex could see of the kitchen was clean and sparkling, but then Clark turned and he saw the low table in the center of the living room area, surrounded by pillows made of variegated purple and blue batik.

The table was set with a light lunch consisting of salads topped with tropical fruits, and a bowl of chocolate-dipped strawberries; Lex recognized the unmistakable shape of a champagne cork sitting on the peach tablecloth between two delicate flutes. "Oh, Clark..."

"Happy Anniversary, Mr. President," Clark whispered in his ear, kissing him gently. Then he carefully put Lex down on the cushions in front of one of the salads and pulled the champagne bottle out of the ice bucket it had been chilling in and poured some for each of them.

He knelt on the pillows next to Lex and raised one of the glasses, waiting as Lex did the same. "To the man I love; the one who

keeps me sane and reminds me to take time for myself when the world is too demanding; to the one who always challenges me. I love you, Lex Luthor-Kent."

Lex's lips curved with an uncharacteristically shy smile as he responded, "To the man I love; the one who keeps me honest, and really should take me up on the offer to become first husband. I love you, Clark Luthor-Kent." They gently clinked their glasses together, then sipped the champagne which Lex recognized as an extremely expensive limited edition.

After another sip, Lex smiled broadly and asked, "So, are you going to let me go public with it now, and you'll move into the Residence with me?"

"I've been working on my resignation article," Clark admitted with a smile. "The *Planet* will just have to do without their favourite White House correspondent..."

"You realize that Lane will hate you for scooping her on the story of the year," Lex said with a smirk. The competition between the two reporters was legendary, and he could imagine the look on her face even now.

"I know -- but she can have the first exclusive interview -- if that's okay with you?"

"Of course -- *after* our official honeymoon trip."

"Of course," Clark agreed with a broad grin. "Now, let's eat lunch so I can show you the rest of the place," he suggested, leaning in to kiss Lex gently before settling back on his own cushion to eat. Lex picked up his fork and dug in, discovering that the salad was as fresh and tasty as it looked. He began to wonder just how Clark had fit all of the food and other things in the duffel bag.

When they finished the salads, Clark poured more champagne and settled on the cushions next to Lex, then pulled the bowl of strawberries closer and picked one up to feed to Lex.

"You even got my favourite chocolate for it," Lex purred after he finished the first one. "God, that's *good*..." He leaned against Clark and together they finished off the entire bowl and the rest of the champagne. Seeing some melted chocolate on Clark's fingers, Lex grabbed his hand and pulled it to his mouth, then licked and sucked until they were clean and Clark was panting. "So, you wanted to show me the bedroom?" Lex purred, smiling up at him and pressing back against his erection.

"Yeah -- bedroom," Clark murmured, picking Lex up with ease as he stood. "Bedroom's a good idea," he purred, sliding his hand into Lex's pocket where he had stuffed the tie, then pulling it out and sliding it back onto Lex's head and down over his eyes. "You need to keep your eyes closed again," he instructed, kissing Lex, then settling him comfortably in his arms and walking into the bedroom.

Once he was certain everything was exactly the way he wanted it, Clark nuzzled Lex and murmured, "Okay, you can look now."

Lex reached up to pull the tie off, then looked around the room. The walls had been decorated in the same manner as the living/dining room had been, and the sun gleaming through the windows made the soft colour of the walls glow.

The bed was much larger than Lex remembered, surrounded by soft netting -- Lex knew it was mosquito netting, but it had been dyed in a soft combination of blue, peach, and purple that again echoed a Maxfield Parrish sky; the sun's rays caught it and made it glow. The bed linens were soft lavender with peach accents, the white painted bedside tables held lamps with shades made of capis shells dyed a soft blue. One of them held a fine glass vase of magenta orchids, which also glowed gently in the sun's rays.

"God, Clark -- it's... it's beautiful. The whole house is *beautiful*... I... I love it..." He swallowed hard, then turned to look at Clark. "You know, I wasn't really happy when I was stuck here and didn't remember my life in Smallville -- I think I *hated* this place, because it symbolized the fact that I couldn't remember. But now, you've made it so absolutely beautiful that I love it -- instead of symbolizing being trapped here, it symbolizes *us*."

Clark smiled broadly, then purred, "I had a feeling you might have changed your mind on how you felt about this place. Did you know I bought the entire island?"

"You bought--"

Clark smiled again, then set Lex gently down in front of the bed. "I bought the island," he confirmed. "In *our* name."

Lex stared at him, dumbfounded, while Clark deftly stripped him of his clothes. When Clark picked him up again and settled him on the fluffy feather bed, he realized they were both nude. For a brief moment, he wondered how he had gotten that way, then he moaned as Clark pressed him down into the softness and covered him with his strength.

"God, Clark," he moaned, yielding as he always did to his lover's superior strength and weight. He arched up into Clark's arms, spreading his legs and wrapping his arms around Clark's muscular form. "I love you so much," he murmured against Clark's lips before kissing him.

Clark rapidly took control of the kiss, moaning as Lex caressed his back, fingernails teasingly scraping up his back and sides as he allowed the plundering kiss. When they broke the kiss, Lex shot him a sultry look and purred, "Want me to get you nice and wet so you don't need to get out the lube?"

Clark moaned softly and rolled off Lex, settling comfortably against the pillows. "You're so naughty, Mr. President..."

"That's what you love about me," Lex answered, sitting up and positioning himself so he would be comfortable while sucking Clark's cock. Then he leaned in and teased at Clark's foreskin with his tongue -- it was one of his favourite parts of Clark's cock, and he knew how to make his lover insane with lust by teasing and nibbling it just right. The grunt Clark let out as he began to nibble told him everything he needed to know -- he had the most powerful man in the world completely helpless. With a slight smile, he took pity on Clark and returned to licking, lapping up the precum that was freely leaking from Clark's erection.

Clark moaned as that knowing tongue tip wiggled into the slit, teasing forth more precum and sending shivers through his entire body. He wanted, so badly, to grab Lex and ram right into him, but he knew Lex had other plans. Sheathing his throbbing cock in Lex's eager body was something they'd get to *after* his lover was finished making him incoherent and helpless.

The tongue returned to his foreskin, this time teasing it back away from the head of his cock so that Lex could lave over the sensitive skin there; wonderful warm wetness followed by a shock of cold air as he pulled back and blew across it. Clark gasped in reaction, but Lex was already closing his mouth around his cock again and that wonderful heat was back.

Lex used his tongue to slick Clark's shaft, dancing teasingly along the veins and watching his lover's reactions. Deciding that it would be cruel to stop now, Lex smiled around his mouthful and then deep-throated it with little effort. Clark groaned and instinctively thrust, knowing that he'd lost control of the situation. Lex may prefer to surrender to superior strength when he was being fucked, but he could rule even the wildest soul when his mouth was on his cock.

Lex tightened his throat muscles around Clark's cock and undulated his tongue against the shaft, then hummed his pleasure as he felt Clark relinquish the last of his control. Over their years together, Clark had learned the limits of his lover's body, had discovered Lex was much more sturdy than he looked. He groaned helplessly and thrust up into Lex's mouth, one large hand settling on the back of his bald head as he lost it and began fucking his mouth like a wild thing.

Within moments, Clark cried out and came, jets of hot cum spurting down Lex's throat. Lex swallowed eagerly, unwilling to lose a single drop. When the tremors finally faded, Lex gently licked Clark's softening cock clean, then scooted back up the bed to lie beside his panting lover. "You're beautiful when you're helpless," he purred, looking down at Clark's flushed cheeks.

"Thought you were just slicking me up," Clark murmured, rolling to wrap a strong arm around Lex's shoulders.

"Yeah, well... you were so hot I couldn't help it. Now you'll have to get me ready yourself, while you get hard again. Not that it'll take you long, anyway," Lex added, somewhat jealously thinking about Clark's alien physiology.

The next thing he knew, Clark was flipping him onto his stomach atop the covers, then sliding down in the bed so that he could easily reach Lex's ass. Lex gasped as warm wetness probed between his cheeks, then moaned as Clark's tongue circled his anus. He loved being rimmed by Clark; loved the way it felt when the tip teased its way into him, the way that strong, warm tongue forced its way in... It could render him helpless in an instant the way nothing else could. And he knew Clark loved the way he became so wanton, squirming in pleasure and wordlessly begging for more.

Lex whined with protest when Clark drew back, but sighed in pleasure when he felt the head of Clark's cock nudge at his hole. "You're so ready for me," Clark purred, covering Lex with his body and shoving all the way into him in one easy thrust. Lex cried out, but there was no pain or outrage in his tone, only pure, raw pleasure. "God -- Lex -- you're so hot," Clark panted against his lover's neck as he lay there for a moment, allowing Lex to grow accustomed to the bulk inside him.

"Fuck me *now*," Lex growled a moment later, bucking back against him and driving his cock that much deeper. Clark smiled and obliged, pulling back nearly all the way and then slamming back in again. Lex moaned hungrily and he repeated the motion, knowing that he was hitting all the right places by the way Lex's body undulated beneath him.

"So hot," Clark panted again, settling into a rhythm they knew by heart. He worked a hand under Lex to wrap it around his aching cock, and smiled as Lex moaned again. Trapped between his plundering cock and squeezing hand, it wouldn't take Lex long to reach the point of no return -- Clark knew instinctively that Lex didn't want any gentleness this first time -- there would be plenty of time for that later. The first time it was always hot and rough, with Clark buried as deep as he could get in that amazingly tight heat.

"God -- Clark -- so good!" Lex gasped as Clark pounded into him. Stars were exploding behind his eyes on every thrust, and pleasure sparked through his body so sharply it almost hurt. "Yeah -- harder," he hissed after one particularly brutal thrust, and Clark released his cock to use both hands on his hips to pull him in closer on each stroke. "Fuck, yeah!" Lex gasped, reaching down to fist his own cock, jacking it mercilessly as Clark pistoned into him. "Just like that -- just like that..."

He knew there would be bruises on his hips the next day, but they would fade rapidly as they always did -- the pleasure was worth it every time. As Clark battered into him, he could feel the rhythm beginning to slip, signaling that Clark was close. He knew he was, too, and a moment later both of them were crying out in pleasure as they came, his body clamping down on Clark's jerking cock and squeezing the cum from it as he spasmed helplessly in the bed.

By the time the tremors faded, Lex found himself wrapped in Clark's strong arms, his lover smiling down at him as they lay panting. "You are so sexy," Clark murmured, smiling as Lex blinked a few times and then leaned in to kiss him.

"Me? What about you?" Lex responded once he could remember how to talk. "Hot alien stud..."

"Better watch out, Mr. President -- I could easily take over your world..." Clark purred, grabbing Lex's wrists in one powerful hand.

Lex gasped, feigning helplessness, and felt the spark of arousal arrow right to his balls. Round two, coming up...

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Clark returned to the bungalow after making a few post-storm trips to neighboring areas and making sure no serious damage had been done. He had spent a short while clearing debris and fallen trees from a few of the more populated areas, and made sure no one was seriously injured or unable to care for themselves. After all, if Superman was too busy helping people out in the storm to find the plane the President and Clark Kent went down in, he'd have to actually be seen helping out, wouldn't he?

He stripped out of the Suit and folded it away at the bottom of the duffel bag, then padded back into the bedroom to slide into bed with Lex. Lex, on the other hand, wasn't even thinking about waking up until the sun had at least risen enough to shine down on him -- he lay bundled in the soft blankets, sleeping the sleep of the extremely sated. Clark leaned in to nuzzle him gently, then smiled as Lex moulded himself against Clark's body and purred. "Heat vampire," Clark murmured fondly, snuggling in next to his lover and allowing himself to drift.

Approximately an hour later, the unmistakable sound of helicopter rotors woke Clark from a very pleasant dream. As he listened carefully, he identified the chopper as Marine One, the helicopter reserved for Presidential use. The had found the plane, and were circling in for a landing. "Lex, wake up. Honeymoon's over, for now..."

"Crap," Lex grunted, burrowing deeper into the feather bed and pulling the covers over his head. "If we're going public, stay in bed with me. I'm not getting up till I have to..."

"You're such a sweetheart in the morning," Clark said with a laugh, although he did settle back next to Lex and relax again. After all, Lex was right -- anyone aboard that chopper would soon know about their relationship, so what the hell. Showing was easier

than telling, anyway. He just hoped Mercy wasn't feeling trigger-happy today, because it would be harder to explain why naked Clark Kent had Superman's bullet-proof body...

"They've landed," Clark said a short time later. "They'll be here soon..."

"Let 'em," Lex murmured, snuggling against him. "Not getting out of bed."

"I'm going to have to wrap you in the blanket and carry you with me onto the chopper, aren't I?" Clark asked with a smile. "Or, I could always leave you to Mercy -- she'll probably shove you out of the bed and then toss you over her shoulder completely naked..."

"Sadist," Lex muttered. "Wake me when they get here."

But Lex didn't actually go back to sleep -- he lay comfortably dozing, his head pillowed on Clark's shoulder with Clark's arm wrapped around him. After a short wait, voices and the sounds of booted footsteps neared the bungalow, and a woman's voice called out, "Mr. President?"

A moment later, the bungalow was full of armed agents, the first few bursting into the bedroom and stopping short in surprise. "Mr. President?" Mercy asked, her tone full of surprise. Then she looked over at Clark and her voice flattened, "Kent..."

"Ah, Mercy -- here to rescue us from our storm-tossed fate?" Lex asked, smiling up at her and noting the very slight blush spreading across her cheeks.

"Sir," she answered, nodding curtly. "The chopper's waiting to take you back to the mainland. Apparently, Superman heard about your plane going down, but because you weren't hurt, he dealt with storm damage and stranded boaters first. He contacted us to provide your location."

"Well, that was nice of him," Lex said, looking up at Clark. "Wasn't it nice of him?"

"Yes, very." Clark answered, knowing Lex was thinking very bad words at him just then.

A moment later, Mercy was joined by the lead secret service agent, who illustrated all too well why Clark had given them the location. "Mr. President, you can *not* simply run off any time you please, *especially* in the middle of a hurricane. It's our *job* to keep you safe, and if something happens to you, we're the ones who will get blamed, even if it is your own willfulness that causes it!"

"Yes, George, I know," Lex said, sitting up slightly and leaning back against Clark. "I'm sorry about that -- we... had to get away for a little while. We had something very important and personal to discuss."

"Apparently," Mercy groused, glaring daggers at Clark.

"We'll come back now, and I promise I'll behave myself. Just give us a few minutes to get dressed, would you?"

"Yes, Mr. President," the agent answered. He turned to walk out of the room, aware that Mercy wasn't following him.

"Mercy, I'm fine," Lex reassured her, unable to hide his smile. "Go wait with George, okay?"

"Sir," she answered, nodding once, turning crisply on her heel and walking out. Clark could hear her muttering under her breath about how bad an influence he was on Lex, and had to smile. He was probably one of the best influences on Lex he knew.

Once they were alone in the bedroom, Clark turned to Lex and asked, "Does she spank you when you're a really bad boy, Lex?"

"If you're not careful, I'll spank *you*..." Lex answered with a smirk. "Come on, we'd better get dressed -- the agents don't have much patience."

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From the White House press secretary, for immediate release:

President Lex Luthor announces on this, the first anniversary of his wedding to longtime friend Clark Kent, formerly lead reporter for the *Daily Planet*, that he and Mr. Kent will be living together as Misters Lex and Clark Luthor-Kent. Clark Luthor-Kent has moved into the presidential residence and is considering a more active role in politics as First Husband.

The happy couple will be spending their official honeymoon in an undisclosed location that the President assures us will suit them both quite well. He did let slip that he has plenty of sun block, just in case.

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