

2nd in the 'Unwanted' series [set after Jitters]

Feedback: Yes, please! Onlist is fine, but offlist also accepted at arkadi\_1@yahoo.com

Pairing: Lionel/Lex, some Clark/Lex

Warnings: Incest; language, reference to drug use, graphic depictions of m/m sex -- I mean it, if you're squicked by semi-consensual m/m incest, AVOID this story. If you read it anyway after reading this warning, and are offended by what you read, too fucking bad.

Spoilers: for Jitters, since this is set after it. This series could possibly be taken as a Smallville/Brimstone crossover -- interpret it as you will :)

# Unwanted Attention

## by Penemuel

2/18/03

Lex breathes a sigh of relief as the police finally break up the gaggle of reporters and tell his father that they still need Lex's statement. Lex looks over at the happy Kent family again, sees the police interrupt them, too. He draws a deep, shuddering breath and thanks whatever power seems to be watching over him that night.

Tries to step back from his father's embrace. Tries not to shudder as he feels the last caress against the back of his neck and knows no one else sees it for what it truly is.

"Dad. Go back to Metropolis -- I don't know how long this is going to take." Lex tries to convince him, *knowing* what he's in for if he goes back to the mansion with his father tonight.

"I'll wait for you at the mansion, Lex. Just to make sure everything's okay."

"You mean just to make sure you don't need to bury any more evidence, don't you?" Lex asks pointedly, knowing his father won't strike him while the police -- or the Kents -- are there. And exactly *what* was that between him and Jonathan, anyway?

"Lex, you wound me," his father says with mock disappointment.

*Not yet...*

"I'm really not sure I'll be home tonight," Lex says, trying again.

"Well, then I'll see you in the morning." His tone brooks no argument, and Lex knows he's only managed to buy himself a few hours.

Lex steps away from his father, nearing the Kents. Respects their privacy enough to let them

finish their conversation.

Clark looks his way, smiles. "Lex -- sounds like we're going to be here for a bit. I guess we could pretend we're in an episode of 'Law and Order'..."

*Been there, done that, burned the mug shot...*

"I can assure you, it won't be anywhere near that dramatic," Lex says with a smirk. And then Jonathan approaches him and he tries to swallow a flash of nervousness.

"Lex, I know I've been... a little prejudiced in the past, but I wanted to thank you for what you did..."

Lex stares at the outstretched hand, slowly reaches out to shake it. Glances back to see his father walking away. "Someone had to do something, Mr. Kent. It was obvious my father wasn't willing to..."

"No surprise there," Jonathan mutters, then realizes with horror that he said it aloud.

"Jonathan!" Martha chides, looking as shocked as Clark does.

Lex lets go Jonathan's hand and rubs at the back of his head; winces slightly. "No, Mrs. Kent, he's right. My father doesn't believe in taking risks like that. I'm due for quite a... talking to when I get home."

"He's waiting at the castle?" Clark asks, stepping closer and putting a hand on Lex's shoulder.

Lex sees the concerned glance that passes between the elder Kents, then turns to nod at Clark.

"Well, then -- you *can't* go back there tonight!" Clark urges, squeezing his shoulder slightly. "Mom, Dad, we have to-- can he--?"

"No, Clark," Lex answers. "It's okay. It would just be postponing the inevitable..."

Lex sees Jonathan frowning now, aware that Lex and his son are talking about something more than their words indicate. But Martha's the one who intervenes. "Lex, I'm sure you won't be done with the police at a decent hour, and I'm sure they won't feed you, either. You're welcome to come back to our place for dinner, *whenever* you're done."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Kent," Lex says, darting a look at Clark, who nods. "I'd like that

very much."

"Good. Clark, we're going to need to get home -- we left things in the middle when we heard..."

"That's okay, Mom. Lex's car is here -- he can drive me home."

"I don't know," Jonathan starts to protest, then sees the look Martha shoots him. "Okay -- just be careful."

"Yes, Sir, I will," Lex says seriously. And then Lex and Clark are led off by the police, and the Kents go off to their perfect happy family home. Lex thinks about what's waiting for him in that drafty gothic mansion he calls his home. Thinks that Clark definitely has the better deal and wonders if he can find a lawyer who could go toe-to-toe with the Luthor lawyers, help him divorce his family, and get adopted by the Kents...

Probably not. His best lawyer supposedly left the firm to go work with a business rival. The details are sketchy, but Lex knows one of the senior partners used the phrase 'shacking up with' instead of 'working with' in an unguarded moment...

*There are worse things*, Lex thinks, and then has to admit to himself that being *adopted* by the Kents really wouldn't accomplish what he *really* wants... And then it's time to go tell the police about his wonderful experience as a hostage.

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Three hours later, Lex meets up with Clark again, stretches and winces as his head throbs. The police forced him to let the paramedics look at him, and he isn't concussed, but he's still very sore. He just wants to lie down and sleep and make it all go away.

And Clark's face is pale, worried. Lex tries to reassure him, and he's not really sure *what* comes out, but it's apparently not very reassuring.

Next thing he knows, he's swept up in Clark's arms and carried to his car. Gives up trying to protest and simply curls into Clark's warmth and strength. Actually whimpers when Clark gently deposits him in the passenger seat of his car.

"Lex?" Clark asks, and he can hear the near-panic in his voice.

"I'm okay -- just cold, and my head hurts..."

"Gimme your keys," Clark demands, and Lex hands them over obediently, painfully aware that

he's just not in any state to drive. He sits, dazed, in the seat as Clark starts the car. Then Clark sighs and looks at him, and says, "Lex, seatbelt."

"Sorry." Fumbles it, then sighs as Clark's warmth leans across him and fastens him in. "Thanks..."

After a few tense moments where Clark is obviously acclimating himself to a vehicle far more responsive than anything he's ever driven before, Lex lets himself lean back in the seat and relax. By the time they arrive at the Kent farm, Lex is fast asleep.

There's something jostling him, and he can't hold in a yelp as he jerks awake, lingering threads of the nightmare fading as he opens his eyes and sees Clark's worried face looking down at him. "Lex, you okay?"

"Bad dream," he mumbles, climbing out of the car and stumbling into Clark's tall form. "Fuck," he grumbles as Clark steadies him. "And things are decidedly leaning to the left..."

"I can carry you into the house if you want," Clark offers, but Lex can see the silhouette of Jonathan Kent in the window, watching the two of them.

"Your dad's watching us -- might not be the best idea," Lex answers, motioning towards the house with a jerk of his chin -- and wincing as his head throbs in response to the move. "But I'll gladly lean on you for support."

"Your head bad?" Clark asks as they make their way to the house.

Lex sighs and breathes, "Yeah." Then he smiles as Martha opens the door just before they reach it. "Thank you, Mrs. Kent."

"Come in, Lex. You don't look too well," she says softly, stepping aside as Clark helps him inside.

"It's just my head -- I'm sorry. It's been a long, unpleasant day..."

"Come on and sit down, Son," Jonathan encourages, and Lex sees a mix of emotions pass over his face when Clark helps him to the couch. Lex is relieved to see concern and kindness as the final expression he seems to settle on. It makes him feel much more at ease to have Clark's father accept him -- or, at least, accept him for the moment.

"Dad, we're really hungry -- the police didn't give us anything," Clark explains, while Lex leans back against the comfortable couch.

"Good, because your mother decided to go all out. We've got pot roast with new potatoes, carrots, and mushrooms; green bean casserole; and pudding for dessert," Jonathan answers.

Lex smiles, finding his mouth suddenly watering. "That sounds excellent, Mr. Kent."

"Good."

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After dinner, which Lex has to admit is delicious and every bit as good as the meals cooked for him by his kitchen staff, Clark hovers over him until he safely makes his way back to the couch. "Lex, you really look like you could do with a hot bath," he comments. When Lex looks up at him, he sees no hint of seduction or hidden agendas. Clark is truly concerned for his well-being.

"I'll be okay, Clark. I don't have a change of clothes with me," Lex explains.

"Mom, do you still have those old pajamas I grew out of?" Clark calls to his mother, who is finishing up in the kitchen.

"Clark, don't worry..." Lex tries to protest.

"Yeah, Sweetie," Clark's mother answers, walking to the doorway and leaning against the frame. "Lex, I'm guessing they're for you, since my beanpole here won't fit into them anymore. Are you okay with worn flannel? They've been washed, and have been put up in a plastic sweater box."

"Mrs. Kent, really, it's okay..." Lex tries to protest, but the puppy-dog look Clark shoots him and the honest, open, *caring* look Martha gives him weaken his resolve. "No mothballs?"

"No mothballs," Martha answers with a smile. "I'll go get them."

Lex smiles helplessly as she hurries off, then turns to fix Clark with a baleful stare. "These had better not be powder blue with footies," he threatens.

"Nah -- I grew so fast they couldn't find any that fit me after I was six..." Clark answers with a grin.

"So, where am I going to sleep?" Lex asks quietly, glancing over at Jonathan, who seems to be taking a few moments to check the local news on television. He grimaces as he realizes he's watching the footage of his father using his ordeal as an excuse to turn the reporters away. He's actually grateful that his father did it, but hates the fact that he put on that *show* of caring...

"You get my bed; I'll sleep on the couch here," Clark answers, equally quietly. "Wish we could both--" His mouth closes so hard Lex can hear his teeth click together, as Martha returns with the pajamas.

"Here you go, Lex. They *should* fit..."

Lex eyes them uncertainly, but takes them before his hesitation can be taken as an insult. "Thank you, Mrs. Kent," he says softly, not realizing until after he's done so that he has folded the bundle of worn plaid flannel against his chest. Everything is really beginning to *hurt*, and he's not entirely sure he's going to be able to get up again after a bath.

And Clark seems to read his mind once again, asking, "Lex, do you want some help? You really look kind of--"

"Yes, please..."

Lex can feel Clark's worried gaze on him, and wants so much to reassure him -- except that it's getting hard to even keep his eyes open. He hears Clark telling his parents he's going to be helping with the bath -- just to make sure Lex doesn't fall and hurt himself even more -- and then Clark is helping him stand and helping him walk up the stairs, and the two of them are shut inside the small, homey bathroom.

Clark turns on the water and lets it run for a moment, then turns to him and says, "You should get the water to the right temperature, Lex. I dunno how hot you like it."

"Bullshit," Lex whispers fondly, seating himself on the covered toilet seat and testing the temperature of the water pouring out of the tap. Once the water is adjusted to the perfect steaming temperature, Lex looks up at Clark and smiles wanly. "Are you going to stay in here and make sure I don't pass out and drown?"

"I'll even soap your back," Clark offers with a smile that isn't as innocent as Lex knows he's pretending it is.

"Thanks. Head's really starting to pound, and I'm just so *tired*..." Lex whispers, stripping his clothes off and stepping gingerly into the tub. As he sinks down into the steaming water, he lets out a hiss. As they watch, his skin turns from pale to nearly boiled-lobster red in moments.

"Is it too hot?" Clark asks, and Lex wonders if he's actually going to scoop him out of the water if he says yes.

"Tub's a little smaller than I'm used to -- I think I ran it just a tiny bit too warm. I'll be okay,

though -- as long as the towels are soft..."

"Mom just washed them," Clark says, taking a deep blue towel off the rack and folding it on the edge of the sink.

"Then everything's perfect," Lex says, leaning back and closing his eyes.

What seems like a moment later, Clark is shaking him awake and holding out a washcloth full of soap-suds. "Time for your back, Lex," his lover says softly, and Lex can't help blinking at him stupidly.

"I fell asleep?"

"Yeah. We need to finish this up so you can really rest," Clark says as Lex leans forward and lets him gently scrub his back. "Wow, you're *pink*..."

"Wonderful..." Lex murmurs, leaning on his knees as Clark massages tense muscles and works some of the strain out of his back. Can't help smiling as Clark's hand dips below the water for a few moments to brush over the small of his back. All this warmth *and* Clark -- Lex can't help purring with pleasure.

"Is that good, Lex?" Clark asks him.

Lex tries to answer, and ends up simply nodding because it's just too much effort to speak. Then Clark is very gently probing at the tender spot where Earl hit him. He whimpers quietly, and Clark jerks his hand away; tentatively returns to rinsing him with the washcloth.

"It's okay, Clark," Lex murmurs. "It's just sore -- I'll be okay after a good night's sleep." Then he takes a deep breath and looks up into worried blue eyes. "God -- I'm just so *tired*. I'll just snooze here, okay?"

"Lex, come on, we've got to get you out of the tub and dried off," Clark encourages, and Lex grunts as he tries to stand. Strong arms wrap around him and pull him up, and he carefully steps out of the tub and stands unsteadily on the bathmat while Clark grabs the towel. Then warm arms and soft terrycloth wrap around him, and he leans into Clark's heat as his lover gently pats his skin dry.

"Is there some lotion or something...?" Lex murmurs against Clark's shoulder. He can feel Clark look around the bathroom, then snag something off a shelf.

"How's this?"

Lex pulls back enough to look at the label on the bottle of yellow liquid. "Baby Bee apricot baby oil?"

"Yeah -- it's my mom's. It should be gentle enough for your skin..." Lex watches as Clark opens the bottle, then takes a tentative sniff when it's presented to him. "Is that okay?"

"That smells pretty good, actually," Lex murmurs sleepily, looking at the label and blinking when his vision blurs again.

"I'll rub it into your skin if you want -- give you a nice rubdown," Clark offers, and it's all he can do to hold in a soft moan. Clark's warm, large hands, rubbing gentle oil into his skin... The image it brings is definitely *not* domestic.

"You sure that's a good idea?" Lex asks, tugging the towel closer around him as the remaining moisture on his skin begins to evaporate. "In your bedroom, with your parents here?"

"You were tossed around and nearly killed tonight, Lex. You're all tense and you need some pampering..."

"Okay, you win," Lex surrenders to the inevitable. He's too tired to argue, and it's just too appealing.

"Good. Put the pajama bottoms on, or they *will* wonder, though." Lex obeys Clark, leaning on him heavily when he nearly overbalances. Finally he has the pajama bottoms on, and they're a little short for him, too. But they're soft and warm, and they used to be Clark's, and that's good enough for now. He ends up putting the top on, too, but doesn't button it yet, knowing it's going to be off again in a few minutes.

Lex lets Clark lead him to the bedroom, pretending he doesn't know the way there on his own. It's really quite a blur once the rubdown starts, and he knows at least twice Clark has to wake him up to get him to change positions or take off more clothing. Once, he hears the door open, and Martha's quiet voice -- he's sure Clark answers her with a good explanation, because Jonathan doesn't come storming in with a shotgun afterwards.

And then Clark is gently shaking him awake again, and helping him roll onto his side. Warm, apricot-oil scented fingers button the pajama top for him, then a thick, soft quilt is tugged up and tucked around him. "Lex, you need to sleep now. I'll see you tomorrow," Clark whispers, and then he leans in and kisses Lex's forehead.

"Clark?" Lex asks softly; hears the footsteps pause in the doorway.



"Yeah?"

"Thanks..."

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Sometime during the night Lex wakes from a nightmare, memories of a terrifying fall through darkness and fog fading as he bolts upright. Manages to smother his scream, hoping that he hasn't woken Clark or his parents.

He settles back into the bed, rolling over and pulling one of the pillows to rest against the back of his head, relishing the feel of the cool cotton against the bruise and swelling he knows is there. He pulls the other pillow down to cushion his head, and jumps when something fuzzy falls against his arm.

Realizing it isn't alive, he pulls it closer and peers at it; discovers it's an old, much-loved teddy bear. It's *Clark's* teddy bear. In the dark, he can't really see it, but he can feel the fur is worn and one of the button eyes is hanging loose on a thread. He can't hold in a quiet whisper of "Awww..." as he pulls the bear against his chest and curls up to go back to sleep.

It's not as comforting as spending the night wrapped in Clark's strong, warm arms, but Lex spends the rest of the night in a deep, dreamless sleep...

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"Lex, it's morning." Martha's gentle voice filters through the haze of sleep, and Lex slowly opens his eyes, squinting against the sunlight barely restrained by the curtains.

"Mrs. Kent?" he murmurs, sitting up and slowly realizing he's sleeping in Clark's bed, dressed in plaid flannel pajamas and clutching a teddy bear to his chest. "I -- uh..."

"Mom, is he awake?" Clark's voice comes from the hallway, and then Lex sees him bop into view behind his mother. Blue eyes go wide when Clark sees him holding the teddy bear. "That's Teddy..."

"Teddy?" Lex is still sleepy enough that his mouth seems to be working independently of his brain.

"You two boys come down soon -- I've got breakfast nearly ready," Martha says, smiling at Lex and patting Clark on the shoulder before she heads back down the hall.

Lex sees the broad grin spread across Clark's face, and he realizes his own face is hot. *Oh God -- please tell me I'm not blushing!* Lex thinks as Clark walks into the room and closes the door behind him.

"You slept with Teddy?" Clark asks, sitting on the side of the bed and reaching out to gently squeeze Lex's hand.

"I found him when I moved the pillows around," Lex whispers, leaning closer and brushing a soft kiss on his cheek. "Needed a Clark-substitute," he admits quietly, feeling his face heat again. "So, tell me about Teddy. How old is he?"

"My mom made him for me," Clark says quietly. "I've had him for years..." Clark reaches out to touch Teddy's head, then gently brushes Lex's hand. "Don't tell me you never had a teddy bear..."

Lex smiles sadly and shakes his head. "I didn't. My mother bought me *one* stuffed toy -- a Steiff horse -- I think he cost about two hundred dollars. And then my father found out about him and nearly exploded. He accused her of trying to turn me back into a baby -- the only way I could keep my dad from throwing him on the fire was to claim that she bought him to be my Bucephalus until I was old enough to handle a real horse."

Lex takes a deep breath, then looks up to see the sadness in Clark's eyes. "The next morning, he took me out to the stable and gave me my first riding lesson..."

"What happened to the stuffed toy?" Clark asks softly, and Lex knows he's afraid to hear the answer.

"Don't worry, Clark. My mother won that battle -- she refused to let him sleep in their bed until he relented..."

"Boys -- breakfast!" Martha's voice floats up the stairs.

"Oh shit--" Clark mutters, then yells, "Okay, Mom! We're coming!"

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Lex glances back at the Kent house as he and Clark stop next to his car, sees Jonathan watching them again from the window. "Your dad's watching us again, Clark -- do they have any idea?"

"I'm not sure..." Clark answers, following Lex's gaze and waving to his father.

"Thank your mother for me again -- breakfast was wonderful, and your parents have been way too kind to me," Lex says. He swallows, then adds, "I've got to get back home, before Dad gets more angry with me..."

"I can go with you," Clark says. "I'll protect you."

"No," Lex whispers, shaking his head. "I want you to stay away from him, Clark. Don't want him touching you -- don't want you exposed to-- to *that*."

"And I don't want you exposed to it, either, Lex," Clark whispers almost desperately.

It's so hard to turn him down -- so hard not to cling to the protection he offers. Except that Lex knows it could never last -- nothing will keep his father away from him forever, not even Clark's strength. And the longer he delays returning to the mansion, the worse his welcome home will be.

Then there's the part of him that he doesn't want to acknowledge -- the part of him that shivers in anticipation at the very thought of the welcome he'll receive...

"I'll be okay, Clark," Lex whispers, wishing he could reach out and touch his lover's face, smooth away the worry. "I promise. He won't do any permanent damage to me -- I'm his only heir."

"I wish you'd stop doing that," Clark says quietly, looking away for a moment. "Stop pretending that it's nothing..."

"I-- I have to, Clark," Lex whispers, ducking his gaze. "I've gotta go." And then he climbs into his car and starts the engine before he looks back up to see sad understanding in his lover's eyes. "I'll call you."

"Yeah," Clark whispers in response. "If there's anything you need--"

"Okay."

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Lex slips quietly into the house, wondering if perhaps the early hour is a little *too* early for his father. A part of him hopes desperately that he can make it to his room without the man finding out that he's back. The Kents wake up a little too early for his taste, even though they apparently let him sleep in; he's looking forward to crashing for another few hours of sleep.

But, a part of him knows he'll never be that lucky. Even though he passes no one on the way to the bedrooms, he *knows* his father is waiting for him -- he can *feel* it. A shiver passes through him, and he can feel his body betraying him; his chest tightens and he can feel his pulse pounding in anticipation as he walks into his bedroom.

And finds his father standing before the bed, waiting for him. Wearing a silk robe that Lex *knows* isn't anything from his own closet -- it's black brocade with delicate trceries in a blood red thread that almost seems to glow. The robe is open, and Lex sees his father's rampant erection twitch the moment his eyes focus on it.

He swallows hard and drags his attention back to his father's face. "Dad."

And his father smiles darkly at him and beckons. Lex doesn't remember telling his feet to move, but suddenly he's standing right in front of his father, staring into his burning eyes, unable to look away. Then his father's eyes turn hard and he whispers, "On your knees..."

The speed at which Lex obeys worries him a little -- part of him is screaming that he could stop this now; could just walk away and refuse to take part in this obscenity. It alarms him how small that part of him actually is...

And now he's kneeling before his father's magnificent body, staring at the heavy cock and balls in front of him -- and nearly drooling. *Hypocrite*, he accuses himself as he licks his lips and then leans closer to take a gentle first lick at his father's leaking cock. He can see a shudder run through his father's wiry frame, and smiles with a pride he knows he should *not* be feeling.

With skillful lips and tongue, he teases his father's foreskin back until the slick glans is fully exposed. A quick glance up as he laves the head and sucks it into his mouth, and he can see his father's eyes close and hear a quiet purr of pleasure. He can't help moaning in response; his father's scent, taste, the feel of his heavy cock and velvety skin weaving into and through his senses.

It's like a drug, intoxicating and overwhelming. Lust and hunger thunder through his body and suddenly he has to taste his father's cum. His rational mind can't grasp the reason for this *need*, but his rational mind is already fleeing in the face of this, leaving behind nothing but the hunger.

He smiles around his father's cock and swallows it down, working skillful throat muscles and tongue around it until the man moans and begins to thrust. Lex knows he can give a *damned* good blowjob -- he can make his father nearly as helpless as the man makes him...

Wonders for half a moment if he should back away and tease his father, before that thought is overwhelmed again by the need to *taste* him. To swallow down his seed; a servant grateful for

the gift his master gives him... He looks up again, shocked by the beauty and strength that his father exudes. He knows he must be seeing things, but the dark robe almost seems to be wings folded around his father's body, and an unholy light burns in the man's eyes.

Power. The man is pure power, and it's all Lex can do to keep from being burned away by it.

Lex moans as his father fucks his mouth -- somehow Lionel has wrested control of this from him, although that shouldn't really surprise him at all, he knows. And part of him thrills to the thought of his father, *controlling* him. That heavy-handed caress, that frighteningly strong body pressing him into the bed and *taking* him...

And his father's warm hands slide down over the smooth skin of his head, *holding* him as he rams down his throat and comes with a roar. Lex swallows it all down; licks up any stray droplets, desperate to keep from losing any of it.

By the time he's done licking his father clean, gently laving his spent cock and then nuzzling his balls, Lex is panting and achingly hard. After burying his nose in crisp curls and breathing in his father's musk, he looks up again and whispers, "Daddy, please..."

"What is it, Lex?" his father asks almost gently, giving his head one last caress and then stepping back. "Stand up, Son."

Lex obeys instantly, his gaze trapped by his father's burning eyes. He swallows hard, then whispers, "Please..."

"Oh, don't worry, Lex. You'll get everything you want -- you've been a good boy this morning," his father purrs softly. And then his voice turns harder, angry, and he says, "*Unlike* last night..."

"Dad, can we just not--" Lex starts, although he knows he shouldn't. His father's eyes are hard now; flinty -- he almost expects sparks to jump from them as they focus fully on him.

'Billionaire's son burns to death, spontaneous combustion suspected.' Yeah, that would make a wonderful headline -- he can picture Roger Nixon and Chloe fighting over access to photograph the scorched remains in the bedroom.

"Lex," his father growls, aggravation and some odd kind of affection warring in his tone. "I don't remember your mind wandering so much during our discussions before -- this town isn't improving you much."

"But I'm improving it," Lex mutters, before he realizes he's spoken aloud. Shit.

"Strip," his father orders, and there's no arguing with that tone. And part of him wants to know

why the hell he would argue anyway, since this is what he wanted all along -- it's what he wanted even during the drive back home. It's the reason he was trembling and breathing hard when he walked up to the house...

The reason he's fumbling at buttons now and tossing aside the suit from the day before.

"Such a good boy," his father purrs as he watches Lex struggle with a shirt-sleeve. Lex shivers as icy fingernails skitter their way up and down his spine, and he can see his father's gaze lock onto his nipples as they stiffen in the sudden chill. "Are you cold, Lex? Don't worry, you'll be quite warm, soon..."

And he can't get his pants off fast enough, hunger surging through him as his father circles him, watching him strip. Then he's finally naked, standing there in the middle of the room completely *exposed*, wondering if he'd feel less naked if he had some hair to hide his skin from his father's piercing gaze.

"Yes, that's quite nice," Lionel purrs, walking around him; studying him. It reminds him -- and he's not comfortable with the shiver that courses through him as he realizes this -- of the last time he and his father bought a horse. Remembers the appraising look, the circling to study from all angles...

"Quite nice indeed," his father whispers, reaching out to stroke down his back; over his buttocks, almost exactly the way someone would when inspecting an expensive thoroughbred...

"Daddy..." he whispers, swallowing hard as he feels his father's eyes on him; feels the intensity of his gaze.

"Get on the bed, Lex. Get on the bed, and prepare yourself for me."

It's an imperious command, and Lex obeys unquestioningly. As he's settling himself on his bed and reaching into the drawer for the lube, he looks up to see his father watching hungrily, and he realizes he *needs* this. His mouth goes dry and he has to swallow twice before he can work up enough moisture to lick his lips.

As his father stalks back to the bed, he finds himself wondering exactly when he stopped fighting this and started welcoming it, instead. He distinctly remembers he *used* to fight it at some point.

And yet, now, he has the lube smeared on his fingers and has three of them jammed up his own ass; straining and moaning and *needing* his father there instead of his own pathetic attempts to fill the emptiness. A whimper of hunger escapes, and he knows his father heard it.

The silk robe flutters to the floor; Lex sees it in slow motion, the red threads reflecting the light from the fireplace and looking like flames themselves. And then his father is on the bed, one hand on each ankle, pulling his legs wide apart and smiling darkly down at him.

"So hungry for me, Lex," his father purrs, knowingly. "It's just not enough, is it?"

"No..." Lex whimpers, withdrawing his fingers and writhing on the bed; spreading his legs wider and canting his hips up towards his father's body. "God -- Daddy, *please!*"

It shocks him to hear how needy he sounds -- does he ever sound like that with Clark, or is it just his father who can make him this desperate? He *knows* it's wrong, but it doesn't matter any more -- if he has to deny himself this, he'll shatter into a million pieces and nothing will be able to save him. Even though part of him knows that to crave this -- to give in to this -- will burn his soul to ashes.

He's lost, either way.

"Tell me what you need, Son," his father purrs, and Lex moans. His father's voice is pure sex; he can feel it wrap around his body and caress him. It's almost like that time he dropped acid and thought the music itself was fucking him -- of course, with Nine Inch Nails' 'Closer' playing at 110 decibels, you never know...

"I need-- I need you," Lex moans. He's never been shy talking about sex, not even to his father, but now he feels heat flood his face as he's forced to admit the depths of his corruption. "I need to feel your hard cock in me, filling me. Need you pinning me down and *fucking* me, Daddy!" he breathes.

And then his father's hot, dry hands are sliding up his thighs, up to his waist and part way up his back as he arches up from the bed; a heavy-handed caress that promises cruelty, promises brutality -- promises *exactly* what Lex craves. His father slides forward on the bed and *lifts* his hips, slides his thighs beneath Lex's and positions his rampant erection at Lex's twitching hole. And *thrusts*.

Lex can't help arching into his cruel penetration -- pleasure spears him as his father's cock forces its way into him, sliding deep and possessing his body. He raises his legs, wrapping them around his father's wiry frame to pull him in as deep as he can; wraps his arms around his father's shoulders and buries a hand in his magnificent mane of hair. As his father plunges deep, he cries out and surges up into the savage thrust, surrendering utterly.

His father makes a sound halfway between a growl and a moan, then withdraws slightly to savagely thrust in again. The pleasure sparks deep inside him and sears along his nerves; as damning as it is, as much as he hates to admit it to himself, this is what he wanted since the

drive home earlier that morning.

His father leans in and kisses him roughly, and he can't help submitting to the kiss and letting the man rule him completely. Hands stroke heavily over his sides and arms, and then one slides behind his head and forces them even closer together. A soft gasp escapes him, and his father draws back enough to bite his lower lip, then thrusts his tongue deep again in a lewd echo of their fucking. He moans around the plundering tongue, then daringly sucks on it, making his father growl and fuck him all the harder.

When they finally break the kiss, he nuzzles against his father's jaw and whispers, "God -- Daddy, please! Fuck me *harder!*"

He can feel the growl his father gives him in response, low in his throat and not a sound that a human throat should be able to make -- it sets his blood on fire and sends a surge of arousal through him. The next time his father drives deep, he hears a low, keening sound and it's a moment before he realizes he's making it. His father smiles darkly and purrs, "Oh, Lex," then begins fucking him even harder. He knows it's his surrender that drives his father wild -- something about the fact that he becomes so pliant and receptive just sinks into the animal part of his father's brain. Lex thinks that he might not be able to live without this.

The pleasure builds, and he wonders: if someone looked at him right then, would they be able to see the fire glowing inside him; pulsing deep within and growing with every beat of his heart, expanding to consume his entire body. He writhes helplessly beneath his father, a slave to the pleasure burning through him; moving on instinct now, he doesn't even realize he's clawing at Lionel's back until his father's hand closes around his throat.

"That's enough of that, Lex," Lionel purrs, and Lex feels the pleasure surge even higher. He can't contain it anymore -- knows that it will destroy him if he tries to keep it inside. Dizziness sweeps over him and his vision blurs, and he can see the power swirling around his father's lithe form. Can feel it spearing through him with every thrust, plunging deep into the heart of him and sparking an answering darkness in his own soul.

"God -- yes, Daddy! More!" he begs desperately, his voice little more than a hiss of breath as his father's hand tightens further. The other hand pinches his nipples savagely, and each little spark of pain shoots straight to his throbbing cock.

"My beautiful Whore," Lionel purrs, smiling darkly at him. Lex can feel his father's hips pistoning savagely into him, the rhythm breaking down as he gets closer and closer. Blackness creeps in around the edge of his vision, bright flashes sparking behind his eyes in time with his father's battering strokes, and then suddenly his father slams deep one last time and roars as orgasm tears through him. Helpless in the face of it, Lex arches and screams, his own body responding in kind as searing pleasure explodes through him and burns the world away...



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When Lex comes to, he's lying on the bed face down, with his father sitting next to him, lounging back against the pillows. He's once again wrapped in his black and red robe, and is sipping brandy from Lex's favourite snifter. Lex swallows carefully, trying to assess whether his throat has actually been damaged. He finally decides it's only bruised, and will probably be sore for a day or so, but he's not seriously injured.

"Dad?" he asks, rolling over enough to look up at his father.

His father merely looks down at him for a long moment, then returns his attention to the brandy until it's finished. Lex lies there waiting obediently, knowing that his muscles are too watery for anything more. Finally, his father places the empty snifter on the nightstand and looks down at him again. Lex can feel his father looking right *through* him, and a sudden feeling of nervousness grips him. It increases when he tries to pull the covers over his naked body and his father grabs his hand to stop him with frightening ease.

Then his father pulls him back onto his stomach and slides his free hand down Lex's back to his buttocks; squeezes hard. "Lex, are you fucking the Kent boy?"

Fingers slide between Lex's buttocks and force their way into his already relaxed hole, and Lex can't help moaning and spreading his legs again.

"Well, are you?" his father presses, smiling as he withdraws those two fingers and replaces them with all four.

Lex moans brokenly and whispers, "Come on, Daddy, you know me better than that."

"Okay, then he's fucking you," his father responds with a smirk, and Lex can feel heat flood his face again as his body responds to the cruelty so eagerly.

He isn't sure if his father is going to take the last step, and part of him is terrified that he will. He's already such a slave to his body's impulses -- if his father is willing to fulfill this kink, Lex knows he'll never be able to free himself again. "We switch."

And immediately Lex knows he has made a mistake. His father roughly withdraws his fingers, and growls, "He's a *teenager*, Lex!" Lex tries to control his reaction, but he can't contain the whimper of disappointment.

Then he swallows hard and takes a deep breath. With a frightening amount of effort, he reins in his libido and answers, "He's sixteen, Daddy. He's above the age of consent."

The hand that still holds his tightens until he can feel his bones grind together, and his father growls, "There are still Kansas sodomy laws to worry about, Lex. You should know better than that! I'm *not* going to help you out if you get caught fucking Jonathan Kent's son!"

Anger sparks through him -- how *dare* his father lecture him on Kansas laws and what is proper? If his father is the Devil himself, then he is the son of the Devil -- he must have *some* power of his own. Boldly, he asks, "What do you care about sodomy laws, Daddy? After what happened yesterday at the plant, I'd say you've just shown me laws were made to be stretched to the breaking point! And besides, I don't see you worrying about the sodomy laws, or the ones about statutory rape, child abuse, or any other fucking law!"

His father laughs quietly and purrs, "Fucking law. That's amusing, Lex."

"I thought so," Lex answers, wondering whether the fact that his father doesn't seem angry is a good sign or not.

"Have you ever thought about why people think incest is wrong, Lex? If there's no chance of offspring, why should it be so terrible? I'll bet you none of these good, honest Christians have ever thought about the fact that their Bible proves that *every one* of them is descended from incestuous relationships..."

Lex blinks in response to the sudden change of direction. He's never thought of it that way, but now that his father has pointed it out... With a smirk, he says, "I don't think Smallville is ready for that kind of theological discussion, Dad."

"I'm sure they're not... Actually, the ones who are the least inbred are the descendents of the Nephilim," his father comments offhandedly. He smiles down at Lex and gently strokes his head, then leans in and kisses him.

"Nephilim?" Lex asks when his father pulls back. He knows he's heard the word before, but fuzzy memory tells him that time it had something to do with a Goth band.

"Go to sleep, Lex," his father orders, standing up and pulling the covers up to his chin. "I'll expect you to be back at the plant tomorrow, but I'll let Gabe know you're taking today off to recover."

"Why would you--?" Lex asks, cutting himself off before he can ask why his father cares. After all, he knows the man doesn't.

"Because you look pathetic, and I don't want any follow-up news stories catching you looking like that," his father answers, pausing in the doorway. "And watch yourself with the Kent boy,

Lex. Remember what I've taught you..."

With that threat hanging in the air, his father leaves, and Lex can't help wondering exactly what part of his father's lessons he's supposed to remember. He really doesn't want to think about his father's odd segue into theology, but as he finds himself falling asleep, the dreams come on black feathered wings...

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