

Title: Christmas in the Coatroom

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RATING: hard R

Pairing: Clark/Lex, established relationship

Fandom: Smallville

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Disclaimer: None of the characters belong to me -- I'm just playing with them and will give them back when I'm done. They may be a little sticky, though

Note: Part of the Slash Advent Calendar Challenge situated at: <http://www.kardasi.com/Advent>

Archived: also at [my site](#) once the stories are released

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Warnings: none

Spoilers: none, really

Summary: Lex hides out at another LuthorCorp holiday party

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## Christmas in the Coatroom

by Penemuel

"So, it's true," Clark said, grinning broadly and stepping into the coatroom, then closing the door behind him.

Lex looked up from the book he was reading, scowling because of the interruption until he saw the expression lighting up Clark's face. "What's true?"

"That you hide out in the coatroom during the LuthorCorp holiday parties," Clark explained. "Lana let it slip one day."

"Ah," Lex said, nodding sagely. It was a good thing he never thought to share any *real* secrets with the girl. "So, you look a little frazzled, Clark -- not enjoying the party yourself?" Lex tilted his head slightly, watching as colour flooded Clark's cheeks.

"Lots of young women who think I clean up nicely," Clark explained.

Lex nodded, well familiar with that problem, and answered, "And now you see why I'm in here. At least they're after you for your looks. They're just after me for my money -- they couldn't care if I looked like Sir Harry..."

Clark grimaced, then folded his lanky form into the space next to Lex. "You know, there's one way we could keep them from bugging us for good," he suggested, leaning in close and nuzzling Lex's cheek. "We go out there, make a few public displays of affection, and they'll take us off the eligible bachelor list..."

"As much as I'd *love* to do that, Clark, there are too many reasons not to," Lex answered, marking his place and putting the book aside. Turning to Clark, he continued, "First, it will make

the rest of your high school career a real challenge."

"I can live with that," Clark answered, nibbling on Lex's earlobe. "I'm tired of hiding..."

"Second, Kansas *still* has those damned sodomy laws..."

"When you're governor, you'll take care of that," Clark whispered, reaching up to start unbuttoning Lex's shirt and sliding a hand inside to caress his lover's lean torso.

"I'm not governor yet... And third, it wouldn't work anyway. With my money, a gay lover isn't a very strong deterrent."

"Not even if I fuck you out on the buffet table?" Clark asked with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"You don't know *how* appealing that sounds, Clark," Lex sighed, stretching his legs out and leaning against his lover's strong form. "But I'm afraid we have to behave ourselves..." His disappointment was obvious, until his lips curved in a sly smile and he added "...out there."

The grin Clark gave him in response was bright enough to outshine the Christmas tree in the banquet hall. "That's more like it," he murmured, practically picking Lex up and settling him astride his lap.

When Lex smiled and melted against him, he chuckled and said, "So, tell Santa what you want for Christmas..."

"Jesus, Clark," Lex hissed, instantly hard. "But I don't think I'm going to get anything from Santa -- I've been too naughty..."

"Oh, I don't know," Clark purred. "I think you've been nice. *Really* nice..." And then his large hands slid down to Lex's hips and pulled him in close. Lex moaned softly as he felt how hard Clark was, then writhed against him, grinding their cocks together.

"You're right, this is nice," he whispered, then leaned in to lewdly kiss Clark. "Even if I'm never going to be able to look at a mall Santa the same way again."

Clark chuckled and asked, "Do you ever go to malls, Lex?"

"Well...no."

"There -- no worries, then."

"Just don't try to come down the chimney -- I've got fires going in all the fireplaces."

"I'll keep that in mind," Clark murmured, returning his attention to unbuttoning Lex's shirt.

"Besides," Lex whispered huskily as Clark ran his hands over Lex's rapidly hardening nipples. "Your shoulders are too broad and you'll get stuck."

"And that would be... really annoying," Clark chuckled.

"And frustrating, too... God, Clark, I want you to fuck me raw, but we have to walk back through that party before we can make good our escape. We'd better just--"

"Suck me, Lex," Clark commanded, effectively silencing him.

"Yeah," Lex breathed, eagerly getting to his knees and backing down Clark's long legs until he could lie between them and be in *just* the right place. In moments, he had Clark's pants open and his cock down his throat.

"Oh yeah, Lex -- that's so *good*..." Clark moaned, unable to keep from thrusting up into Lex's mouth. "So good."

Lex smiled around his mouthful and intensified his attentions, starting to hum quietly as he sucked.

Clark groaned and thrust deep, relishing the vibrations the humming sent through his cock. Pleasure settled in his balls and flared up his spine, Lex's skilled tongue quickly making him helpless.

"God -- Lex -- I'm gonna--" and then he was arching up into Lex's amazing mouth, coming hard.

Lex swallowed eagerly, licking up every drop of Clark's offering. As the tremors faded, he gently laved Clark's softening cock, soothing his lover with tongue and hands.

"That was incredible," Clark breathed when Lex tenderly kissed his cock and tucked it back away. "You're amazing, Lex."

"Amazing and horny, Clark," Lex murmured, climbing back up to sit next to him. "Give me a chance to get this back under control," he whispered, motioning towards his own straining erection. "And then we're getting out of here. There's a bed in the penthouse that's waiting for us, and I'm definitely bored with this party..."