

Title: Experimentation

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Pairing: CLex, established relationship

Rating: NC-17

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

Summary and/or challenge: What if Clark wanted to be a lab rat, so that he could determine exactly what his capabilities and limitations are. He can't do it alone and wouldn't subject his parents to something like that, so he goes to Lex for help. (Elizabeth) -- 15000 words in 30 days (light challenge level 2) Started 12/1/02 for deadline 12/30/02 (15,368 words)

Betareader: Leviathan

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

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

Spoilers: none really, but set before Duplicity and ignores that specific part of show canon. So there.

Warnings: *consensual* BDSM and use of sex toys

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## Experimentation

by Penemuel

Clark slowly drew himself up to his hands and knees, gasping for breath and trying to fight down nausea. The aches and weakness gradually faded and his head ceased spinning -- it was then that he saw Lex lying crumpled against the low stone wall.

"Lex!" he cried, lurching to his feet and hurrying to his friend's side. With only a fading twinge of pain, he managed to switch over to x-ray vision and scan Lex's form quickly. Once he was satisfied that there were no breaks, he carefully moved Lex, pulling him away from the wall and partially into his lap. With Lex leaning back against his chest, he wrapped his arms protectively around him and gently whispered, "Lex? Can you hear me?"

Lex groaned quietly, his eyelids fluttering open slowly. "Clark?" he whispered, tilting his head back slightly to look up at him. "Oh *god* I ache... What the hell happened?"

"It was Mrs. Gulch -- Ella -- she went insane. Something about your father's company firing her. She attacked you..."

"Why can't the mutants just go after my dad if they're pissed at him?" Lex grumbled, reaching up to probe at the rapidly swelling bruise on the back of his head.

"Are you okay?" Clark asked, concerned that Lex might have sustained yet another concussion. "Let me see your eyes..."

"I'm okay, Clark," Lex murmured. Then his gaze focused and he looked back up at his friend. "But I'm worried about you -- I remember her picking you up over her head, and you kind of

crumpled -- it looked like her touch *hurt* you..."

"Uh..."

"What *happened*, Clark?" Lex pressed, curiosity warring with concern for his friend. "I've seen you fighting mutants before, and they don't usually hurt you themselves -- it always seems like nothing hurts you... The only time I remember something like this was... Earl Jenkins!"

"I don't--"

"Don't bullshit me, Clark -- I saw how much it hurt you to touch Earl, and the way you reacted to Ella seemed really similar to that... Just what did Ella do for my dad, anyway?"

"She said she worked in research and development," Clark answered, uncomfortably aware that Lex was smart enough to figure it out and know that he was lying about things.

"By any chance, was she in some kind of accident like Earl was? Meteor fragments under her skin?" Lex pressed, getting to his knees to stare at Clark. "And that's what hurt you, just like it did when you had to touch Earl..."

"No, Lex, I--"

"Stop *lying to me!*" Lex blurted. Clark drew back, startled by his vehemence and very afraid of losing what they had. Lex frowned at him for a moment, then calmed slightly. "Stop lying to me, Clark -- it's getting pretty obvious that the meteors hurt you. I'm not blind, and I'm not an idiot -- I remember the way you reacted when I tried to give you back Lana's necklace. You were *afraid* of it until I closed it in the lead box... God, Clark, were you afraid I'd use it against you if I knew?"

"My parents..." Clark said softly, unable to meet Lex's eyes for fear of what he'd see in them. "They taught me I could never tell *anyone*..."

"Clark... God, Clark, I thought you trusted me..." Lex said softly, sagging back to the ground. "I've let you see all of my weaknesses..."

"I'm sorry, Lex -- *please!* I just-- they told me, over and over: 'You have to keep this secret, you can't let anyone know.' What was I supposed to do?" Clark explained desperately. "I never wanted to keep any secrets from you, but..."

"But your parents just drove it home over and over again. You're always so good, Clark -- you always do what your parents want," Lex said softly, a note of bitterness creeping into his voice. "Aren't you glad I don't always do what my father tells me to?"

"Lex, I--"

"After all, then I'd be a good son, but I wouldn't be a very good person, would I?"

"Lex, I'm sorry."

"You have to learn when to listen to your parents, and when to go your own way, Clark. I guess it's something you'll figure out as you grow up," Lex said, slowly getting to his feet. He looked around, squinting when the sun sent a stab of pain through his head. "What the hell happened to Ella?"

"Uh... I think..."

"What?" Lex pushed, turning back to frown at Clark as he got to his own feet.

"I think she melted..."

"Ew."

"She started shaking like Earl did, and she just kind of... dissolved..."

"Where?" Lex asked, stopping in mid-step.

"About three feet to your left," Clark said softly, pointing. "I don't want to get near it, just in case..."

"I'll have to have the area marked off and get an EPA inspector in here as soon as possible," Lex murmured. Then he looked back at Clark and asked, "You sure you don't want to step a bit closer?"

"That was mean, Lex," Clark said quietly.

"It was, wasn't it? My father always tells me I shouldn't let myself care about anyone -- it's a weakness; a liability..." He smiled sadly and asked, "Do you realize *how much* power I've given you over me, Clark? *Can* you understand it?"

"I... I try to, Lex. But it doesn't make sense to me how caring about someone is a weakness... if you care about someone, then their strengths can be your strengths..." Clark said softly, walking to Lex's side.

"That's... pretty eloquent, Clark," Lex said, smiling sadly. "You don't know how much I'd like to believe that myself..."

"Can we go inside and talk?" Clark asked, looking over at the place where Ella had dissolved. "If nothing else, I want to get some ice on your head before it gets worse."

"Yeah, it kind of hurts," Lex agreed, trying to take a step and stumbling as a wave of dizziness washed over him.

"Lex!" Clark yelled, at his side in an instant. When Lex's knees buckled, he swept him up in his arms and ran back to the mansion, keeping to normal human speed so that he didn't hurt Lex further.

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"Ow!" Lex grumbled as Clark shifted the ice pack on his head.

"Sorry..." Clark whispered, gently rubbing Lex's forehead, trying to smooth away the frown. "How do you feel?"

"Head hurts..." Lex answered softly, realizing he was lying on the couch with his head in Clark's lap, smiling for a moment, until he remembered the argument they had had outside.

"You passed out -- I think you might have another concussion," Clark said softly. "Not a bad one, though -- your pupils seem to be reacting pretty normally."

"Great. If this keeps up, by the time I'm thirty, I'm going to have mush for brains..." Lex muttered, trying to sit up and giving that up quickly when Clark rested a large hand on his chest and pushed gently.

"Lex, please listen to me," Clark began nervously. "I never wanted to lie to you, but my parents told me I had to lie to *everyone* -- no one knows about how the meteors affect me, except my family. Not you, not Lana, not Chloe, not even Pete. It's not that I didn't trust you, it's that they taught me I couldn't trust anyone..." He took a deep breath and continued, "Do you have *any* idea how much it's been killing me that I can't tell anyone? That I have to lie to people I really care about?"

"No one knows?"

"Just my mom and dad," Clark explained. "No one else, no matter how long I've known them or how much I wanted to tell them..."

"Did you want to tell me?"

"I've wanted to tell you every day, Lex. Every single day..." Clark answered sadly. "You're my lover -- it's been killing me to lie to you..."

"So. Did I hit you on the bridge?" Lex asked slowly, staring up at Clark to watch his expression.

Clark smiled ruefully and nodded. "Yes, you did. You hit me, and beyond surprising me, it did no damage at all..."

"That's amazing, you realize," Lex said, managing to sit up before Clark could stop him again. "The meteors did something to my immune system, healing my asthma and changing my metabolism enough that I don't get sick and heal from injuries faster, but you -- I've never seen anything like it."

Clark swallowed, realizing Lex had automatically assumed that he was a mutant, just like so many others they had encountered over the past year. Despite his yearning to give Lex the complete truth, his parents had managed to drill it into him that some things just should *not* be shared... "Yeah. I'm... really strong. And I don't think anything can penetrate my skin..."

"Nothing?"

"I've-- I've been shot at, and all it did was bruise me..."

"Shot at... *God*, Clark! Did you know you'd be safe?" Lex asked, suddenly more worried than curious. Someone shooting at his lover?

"Not really... the first time I managed to dodge it, the second time I-- couldn't. And the third time, it was my dad under the influence of those damned flowers..." He wasn't about to tell his lover that the second time *he* had tried to kill him with a sub-machine gun.

"Jesus, Clark, your dad? That must have been awful..." Lex said, wrapping his arms around Clark. "I'm so sorry..."

"Wasn't his fault -- he was out of his mind, and I grabbed the muzzle of the shotgun," Clark explained, murmuring against Lex's cheek. "Lex, please tell me you don't hate me. *Please*..."

"Love, I don't hate you. I wish you'd told me earlier, but I can see why you didn't... I just have one question -- what on earth happened to you when that high school punk beat you up and I met you in the hospital? You were *hurt* -- you had a cut on your forehead. If bullets can't even penetrate your skin, how did you get hurt?"

"Something happened when lightning hit us -- my abilities got transferred into him for a bit, and I lost them. I could be a totally normal teenager, and the meteors didn't hurt me..." Clark explained. "It was the first time I was completely *normal*..."

"Do you miss it?"

"I... not really. I guess I'm used to being this way, even though it's hell on friendships." Clark said quietly.

"Yeah, well, I guess if it's what you grew up with..." Lex responded. He stroked Clark's hair gently and settled against his warmth. "So... the meteors hurt you. How badly?"

"I'm not really sure -- they make me weak; make me feel sick..." Clark answered. "I don't know how bad it really is, though -- if there are meteor rocks near me and someone shoots me, I have no idea if it'll kill me or not..."

"If you insist on playing hero, Clark, that's something you're going to need to find out..." Lex whispered, concerned that Clark might do something that could get him killed -- that Clark *could* do something that could get him killed. "You have to know exactly *how* vulnerable you are to those things..."

"How can I do that? They hurt me..."

"I could help you -- we could do a number of controlled experiments, to find out how much exposure is dangerous to you; what proximity is life-threatening, etc." Lex smiled, knowing he was perhaps on the edge of seeming too eager. "Since I know what your weakness is, now, and I know a little bit about the scientific method, I could help you..."

"Would you?" Clark asked, restraining the urge to ask if Lex would trust him if he put his life in his hands like that. "I... I really need to know..."

"I'd be glad to help, Clark -- I don't want some crazed mutant or dirty cop to be able to hurt you. You know that despite what I said about weaknesses, I *do* love you..."

"I love you, Lex -- more than you could possibly imagine," Clark breathed, pulling Lex hard against him and kissing him. Once Lex had his surprise under control, he responded in kind, his headache and minor concussion completely forgotten.

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"Lex, where are you?" Clark called, striding through Lex's office to the room where the exercise

machines were set up. There was an empty Ty Nant bottle on the table near the treadmill, but no other sign of his lover. "Lex?"

"Just getting dressed, Clark," Lex's voice came from upstairs, and a moment later Lex hurried down the stairs to join Clark. "I was showering after my workout."

"Pity -- I like the way you smell after you've been working out," Clark murmured, leaning in close and kissing Lex on the cheek. "But I like the way you smell after you've showered, too -- that lotion smells so good on you..."

"You're so bad," Lex purred, giving Clark a quick kiss. "So, when do you have to be home?"

"I finished up all of my chores, and I told my parents you were helping me with a chemistry project. I can stay for dinner, if that's okay..." Clark answered.

"Dinner's great," Lex said with a grin. "But, you know, biology project would probably be more appropriate..."

"That's true -- but I'm taking chemistry this year, so..."

"We'll brew up some invisible ink later, or something like that. Maybe a chemical barometer..." Lex mused, wrapping his arm around Clark's shoulders. "So, are you *ready* for this? You know you don't have to do it."

"I'm ready -- You're right, I *do* need to know how much the rocks can affect me," Clark said quietly. He felt as nervous as he had the first time he had admitted his feelings to Lex, but he felt the same resolve he did then. He could *do* this.

"Okay," Lex said, nodding. "I want you to know, if this hurts you in any way, I'm sorry. I don't *want* to hurt you, and I'm afraid I might..."

"I know you won't hurt me on purpose, Lex. If it happens, it's an accident. We're both in uncharted territory, here. But -- can I ask you one question?"

"Yeah." Lex led Clark down the stairs, heading for the lab he had set up for their experiments.

"Where did you get the rocks you're using?"

"They're scattered all over the town, Clark. I actually got one of them a while back, from Dr. Hamilton, and found a couple more in one of the outlying fields on the mansion grounds. They're a beautiful colour -- if they weren't so dangerous to you, I'd love to have some cut as

gems."

"I'm not sure that would be safe -- after all of the things we've seen them do to people..."

"I know. I'd need to have them tested a LOT before I'd ever do that -- we still don't know what causes the mutations they seem to be responsible for. I've seen them in collections and the owners seem to be perfectly safe, but I *know* it was exposure to the meteors that changed me. I've been developing a theory about that -- I suspect that they need some kind of catalyst to trigger the mutagenic effect. Some kind of expenditure of energy to trigger the change -- the cases I know the most about, some kind of heat or explosion was involved..." They stopped at a heavy metal door, and Lex pulled out a set of keys.

"That doesn't hold true for all of the cases, though," Clark said, running through a mental list of the weird things he'd dealt with over the past year. "In some of them, the kids were affected by the meteors at a young age, and grew up with the abilities -- like Tina, the shape-changer."

"Ah, yes -- my temporary double," Lex said, unlocking the door and turning on the light, then motioning for Clark to step into the room.

"Wow -- Lex, this looks like... Wow," Clark said, stopping short just inside the door. The room had a large counter full of glassware and other items, gas jets and a bunsen burner, a sizeable sink, and shelves full of carefully labelled bottles, jars, and cans; a desk with computer equipment including a scanner, a printer, a separate photograph printer; two wheeled office chairs, a large hospital-style bed complete with padded leather restraints. Most of one wall was a large write-on/wipe-off board, surrounded by posters including an anatomical chart of a male human, a periodic table, and an astronomical chart of the Kansas sky. Along another wall, there was a small refrigerator, an autoclave, and a microwave oven. In one corner, there was a drain in the floor and a shower directly over it with a pull-chain to activate it, and in easy reach from the large counter there was a glass wall case with a fire blanket and an alcove holding a fire extinguisher. Very modern looking air vents were located at regular intervals in the ceiling, and the sprinkler system looked just as up-to-date.

Clark was relieved to see the safety precautions, but he found his attention repeatedly returning to the bed. He finally took a deep breath and turned back to face Lex. "Uh... you know, my parents would have a *fit* if they find out about this -- they're afraid people are going to try to experiment on me. They're especially afraid that *you're* going to experiment on me..."

"Yes, I'm the man your parents warned you about," Lex said, only half joking. He watched Clark as he walked further into the room and wandered around, looking at things. When Clark stopped in front of the posters and stared at the astronomical chart, which was actually a photo of the Kansas sky, he couldn't help smiling.



"October 24, 1989?" he asked, peering at the legend in the corner of the poster. "This is a picture of the sky the night before the meteor strike? Where'd you get it?"

"The Metropolis Science Museum's observatory," Lex answered. "Flip that one up, and there's one of the next night under it."

Clark followed his instructions, then flipped back and forth between the two of them a couple of times. "Whoa -- those aren't stars, they're the meteors!" he breathed, looking back at Lex. "That's... cool."

"I thought so -- I know that *somewhere* there must be some data on their trajectory; some shots of them coming into the atmosphere... something. I just haven't managed to track them down yet..." Lex said, walking to Clark's side. "I had some basic tests done on the rocks themselves -- do you want to see the results before we get started?"

"I'm not sure I'd understand them -- how 'bout you give me the basics?" Clark asked, smiling at the expression on Lex's face as he looked at the star chart. *Observing the wild Lex Luthor in his natural habitat*, Clark thought fondly.

"Okay, let's see. The rocks themselves consist of a granite-like matrix containing quartz-like crystals. The chemical makeup of both kinds of rocks isn't identical to their Earth equivalents, which prove pretty convincingly that they did not come from here. The radiation seems to be the remnant from a catastrophic event -- perhaps a huge explosion or some kind of impact event," Lex said, walking over to the computer desk and looking through some print-outs in a folder. "When you consider the kind of damage an explosion or impact of that magnitude could cause, it's likely that whatever world they came from is either destroyed or devastated -- it would have been *at least* as serious as the event that caused the extinction of the dinosaurs..."

Clark swallowed hard, fighting off a sudden wave of dizziness caused by Lex's words. He knew it was just speculation, but if he came from the same place the meteors did, then it was possible his entire *world* was gone -- he could be the last of his kind. Trying to work up enough saliva to swallow, he turned to see Lex studying him.

"Are you okay?" Lex asked softly, putting the folder down and hurrying to his side. "You're white as a sheet..."

"I'm... I dunno," Clark said, taking a deep, shaky breath. "Maybe I'm a little more scared than I thought..."

"It's the bed, isn't it," Lex said, glancing back at it.

"I-- uh-- yeah." Clark took another deep breath, then asked, "Okay, what the heck is with the

restraints?"

"Three reasons, actually," Lex said, helping Clark over to the chair at the computer desk. "Here, sit down before you fall down, and I have to treat you for a concuss-- oh." He smiled wryly and continued, "Sit down anyway. First, the bed came with them. Second, strength tests against the chains -- and third, in case you panic and try to move when we're testing how impenetrable your skin is -- I don't want to accidentally puncture something vital."

"You're going to strap me down?" Clark asked, trying not to hyperventilate.

"I was only going to do that if you said okay, Clark -- I'm not forcing you to do any of this, and I'm not going to do anything you don't agree to. I *promise*."

"Sorry -- I'm just..."

"It's okay, Clark. I'm sure this whole thing is terrifying. Just... please believe me that I'm doing this to help you..."

"You're not just going all mad-scientisty on me?"

"I promise I'll restrain myself," Lex answered with a grin.

"After you restrain me?" Clark asked.

"Something like that," Lex said, trying not to chuckle. "You feel better?"

Another deep breath, then Clark nodded. "I think so."

"Good." He leaned in and gently kissed Clark's forehead, then glanced back at the folder. "You know, there are some other gemstones that come from meteors -- moldavite is a green crystal that comes from the Czech Republic, from an impact in Central Europe. It doesn't seem to have any of the properties of our meteors, though -- well, beyond what the New Age sellers try to attribute to it..."

"I never heard of it," Clark admitted. "I'd like to see some, though -- just out of curiosity."

"I figured you might -- I ordered a couple of pieces -- one rough and one cut gem. They should be here on Monday," Lex said. Then he walked to the counter and opened one of the drawers, and took out an electronic thermometer and blood-pressure kit. "Okay, first, I want to take some baseline vital sign readings -- just blood pressure, heart and respiration rate, and temperature. Sound okay?"

"Sure -- I've done this before -- it's injections I have trouble with..."

Lex smiled, imagining the elaborate excuses the Kents must have come up with to avoid getting Clark his necessary vaccinations for school. "Have you ever had any shots, or anything? Has your skin always been impenetrable?"

"I'm not really sure," Clark said, allowing Lex to put the automatic cuff on his arm. "I don't remember any kinds of doctor visits when I was younger -- I think my folks probably had to fake my medical records for school."

"That must have bugged them -- they're so honest, usually..." Lex mused. "Okay, sit still and take nice regular breaths -- don't move suddenly because this thing gets confused pretty easily," he warned, then he hit the button on the machine.

Clark remained statue still as the cuff automatically inflated and slowly deflated again. He was aware of his pulse thumping in his elbow, but didn't register any real discomfort while the cuff squeezed his arm. After a short period of time, the machine beeped and a readout appeared.

"Wow -- if you had a doctor, he'd be pretty pleased. Textbook normal, Clark," Lex said, undoing the cuff. "Let me take a reading on the other side, too."

Lex repeated the procedure, and again smiled and said, "Perfect." This time, he didn't loosen the cuff, instead turned back to the counter and pulled a tray containing a number of grey metal boxes closer. "I had these boxes custom-made -- they're lead-lined," he explained, picking one up and surreptitiously thumbing the catch open. Making sure Clark could see the box, he popped the lid open, making it seem as accidental as possible. Clark's eyes grew huge and he jerked back in fear, and Lex hit the button on the blood pressure machine again.

By the time Clark realized he wasn't feeling the usual symptoms, Lex was jotting down another reading. "Lex-- what the *hell?*"

"I'm sorry, Clark -- I wanted to get a reading of you under stress, and since you're not going to be afraid of -- or even startled by most normal things, this was the best I could think of. Kind of a placebo effect... I'm just glad it worked, because you're ready for it, now."

"That really wasn't fair," Clark grumbled as Lex loosened the cuff. "So, was there any kind of change?"

"Definite spike in heart rate and breathing; barely a blip on the blood pressure -- I'm *impressed*. Makes me wonder how much of your fear response is actually just psychological. You think you *should* act that way because you've seen it in others, so you do..."

"What, it's all in my head?" Clark asked, looking at the rock Lex used as a fake meteor. "You painted this to look like a meteor -- you're devious."

"I'll take that as a compliment," Lex said with a smirk. "It worked, didn't it? I just wish I could draw some of your blood; see how much of your fear response is physical and how much is just psychological. The increase in respiration and heart rate indicate there *should* be an adrenaline spike, but we can't know for sure." He picked up the thermometer and gently stuck the probe in Clark's ear, then waited for the beep. A short time later, he said, "Hmmn -- 99.1 degrees. Just the high side of normal. I'll try again when you're calm and see if that's the normal for you, or if it's a little elevated because of my little surprise."

"Not sure," Clark said with a shrug. "I don't think I've ever been sick, and I don't remember anyone making comments about it being abnormal."

"Okay. Well, I'll check again later, anyway," Lex said, turning back to the counter for a moment and picking up a metal implement. He ran it lightly over his palm and smiled slightly, then turned back to show it to Clark. "This is a medical device that's used to test responses in spinal injury cases -- it's called a Wurtenberg wheel, or sometimes a neuro wheel." As he spoke, he ran it lightly across his palm again, letting Clark see what it did.

"Looks like a pizza cutter crossed with an old-fashioned spur," Clark said, watching as Lex pushed up his sleeve and then ran the wheel up his arm. "Can it cut you?" he asked as a line of tiny red dots appeared on Lex's arm.

"Actually, if you press hard enough it can break skin, but usually you press light enough to just cause a light prickly feeling," Lex answered with a smile, running the wheel back down his arm again and shivering slightly.

Clark frowned at his reaction, watching goosebumps rise on Lex's exposed skin. "Why do you have that thing, Lex?"

"I... kind of like the way it feels," Lex said quietly.

"Lex? You're a pervert," Clark said with a laugh. "So, you want to try that on me, see how much of it I feel?"

"Yeah, that's what I was planning. Hold out your hand, palm up," Lex instructed. When Clark did, Lex ran the wheel lightly across his palm. "Well?"

"I can feel that you're doing it, but it doesn't really... I can't feel the little spikes, and it definitely doesn't hurt. Try a little harder." When Lex did, he shook his head. "No pain, and I still don't feel

it as little pinpricks or anything."

"Hmmn..." Lex murmured, "Want me to try the inside of your elbow? Thinner skin, there."

"Sure," Clark said, shrugging off his flannel shirt and holding out his arm. "I don't think it's going to make any real difference, though..."

"I don't get it," Lex murmured as he ran the wheel over Clark's skin, lightly at first and then with increasing pressure when the skin didn't even show a line. He finally gave up, putting the wheel back on the counter and rubbing his finger lightly over Clark's skin. "You feel when I touch you; you react to my nails scraping over your back, to me teasing your foreskin -- how do you not feel that?"

"Different nerves?" Clark asked, peering closely at his skin to see if there was any change. "I don't know, Lex."

Lex sighed, then turned back to the table and picked up a small cardboard box. "Okay, I want to try one more thing, and then we're going to have to move on." He opened the box and let Clark see the contents.

"Hypodermic needles? Lex, what on earth do you have *those* for?" Clark asked, not entirely sure he wanted an answer.

"Do you *really* want to know, Clark?" Lex asked with a smirk. "It could be drugs, or it could be that I'm *really* a pervert... Or, of course, it could be both."

"Uh... yeah." Clark swallowed, then looked up at Lex and asked, "How would you use needles as sex toys?" He could feel heat flood his face and knew he was blushing fiercely, but didn't duck his gaze.

"Piercing," Lex said with a smile. "I guess you didn't get to research too much of the more extreme BDSM practices, yet..."

Clark cleared his throat and answered, "Uh... no. Not yet. Guess I should?"

"You don't have to," Lex said softly, taking one of the needles from the box and holding it firmly. "This isn't going to be erotic piercing of any kind -- I just want to know if something this sharp and fine can get through your skin, since we already know bullets can't." When Clark nodded, he continued, "There's a possibility that it's the impact velocity that keeps bullets from penetrating your skin, so I'm going to try this slowly, first."

"Um... Where are you going to do it?" Clark asked, eyeing the needle uncomfortably.

"Well, where do you want? I was just thinking about your upper arm -- standard injection site. They say shots in the butt hurt less, though. Want to drop your pants?" Lex asked, wiggling his eyebrows at Clark.

"Are you getting turned on by all this testing stuff, Lex?" Clark asked as he stood and unbuckled his belt.

"Not by the testing, Clark. But I'll admit, it's brought up some fond memories... We may not want to do all of this in one day -- you'll need a chance to rest and recover if the meteors do hurt you. There's a chance that we could put some of their effects on you to good use..."

Clark stopped short half-way through stepping out of his jeans, and looked back up at Lex. "Just *what* are you thinking?"

Lex smiled, determined to ignore the heat he felt in his own face. Luthor's didn't blush, no matter *what* kind of thoughts they were caught having... "Finish getting undressed, before you trip, Clark," he instructed. "I was just thinking that if we can find a happy medium -- if we can find a way for the meteors to weaken you but not sicken you -- then perhaps I can introduce you to some of the more esoteric practices I'm familiar with."

"You *are* a pervert," Clark concluded, although Lex noticed he did strip off his jeans and underwear with no further delays.

"Just the way you like me," Lex purred. "Get on the bed, Clark, face down. Make sure you're comfortable."

Clark obeyed, settling on the bed and pulling the pillow closer so he could wrap one arm around it and rest as comfortably as possible while still keeping an eye on what Lex might be doing on the counter. He noticed that Lex had donned surgical gloves and was once again holding the needle. "Okay, I think I'm ready," he said, hoping he sounded more certain than he felt.

"Just relax, Clark -- this really is a tiny needle -- if it *does* go through your skin, it's not going to feel *that* bad," Lex reassured him, placing one hand on his butt cheek and looking at him to see whether he was watching. "I'm going to lean on you so that my hands are completely steady, okay?"

"Yeah," Clark said, watching him bring the needle closer. Finally, he had to turn away, nerves getting the better of him.

And then he felt Lex pushing at his butt, at first gently, then with increasing force, until Lex muttered a curse under his breath and suddenly slipped, his hand hitting Clark's butt cheek. "I

don't believe it," Lex said, straightening and holding the needle up in front of his face. "Did it at least feel *sharp*?" he asked, walking towards the head of the bed and showing Clark the bent needle.

"Uh... not really," Clark admitted, staring at the needle and then looking up at Lex's frustrated expression. "Sorry..."

"What? Oh -- Clark, I'm not mad -- I just realized that I'm not going to be able to give you that nipple ring I'd been thinking about getting for you when you turn eighteen... I'm going to try one more -- I'll jab you this time, instead of pushing, okay?"

Clark shrugged and said, "Yeah, I guess so," but he was really thinking about what Lex had said about the nipple ring, and trying to keep his body from reacting too much to the thought. As usual, it wasn't really listening to him.

A moment later, he felt a sudden poke on one butt cheek, and then Lex muttering something about wasting two sharps. "Any luck?"

"No, Mr. Skin-of-steel, you bent this one, too. I'm totally amazed by this, you realize -- I heal fast, yeah, but you can't even be *hurt*!" He put the bent needles in a special container and put the rest of the box back away, then stripped off the gloves and tossed them in the trash.

"Well, maybe not like that, but I can still be hurt, Lex. You've got the means to hurt me -- maybe even *kill* me -- right there in those lead boxes," Clark said uncomfortably.

"You're right, of course. I'm sorry -- I guess I get a little focused..."

"Obsessed, Lex. The word is obsessed," Clark said with a laugh. This wasn't the first time they had had this conversation.

Lex smiled, then took a deep breath and said, "That's the end of the simple stuff, Clark."

"Yeah..."

"I'm going to open one of the boxes with the real meteors in it. First, you're going to tell me *exactly* how you feel, then I'm going to take the readings one more time, if you're not too bad off," Lex explained. "If that goes okay, would you be willing to try holding a piece while I take the readings again?"

"Why don't we try one step at a time?" Clark asked, swallowing nervously.

"No problem," Lex said, gently stroking his hair. "Take a deep breath, Clark, it's okay..."

"It's hard to just sit here and *let* yourself get hurt," Clark said quietly, taking a deep but shaky breath.

"Yeah -- but if it gets bad, you know I'll stop -- the boxes are easier to shut than open. Why don't you roll over on your back and get comfortable. Put the sheet over yourself so you're not cold or anything. I'll get the blood pressure cuff ready so that we can get the readings quickly, and this'll be over before it gets too bad," Lex suggested, wishing he could reassure Clark more.

"Maybe I should just sit up?" Clark asked, turning over and starting to sit upright.

"No," Lex urged, interrupting him with a hand on his shoulder. "I want you lying down in case you pass out -- if you're vulnerable and you fall off the bed, you could hurt yourself worse, and you're really a bit too big for me to carry you out of here. The last thing we need is to have to bring paramedics down here -- God knows what they would think I'm doing to you..."

"Oh -- I hadn't thought about that," Clark admitted, settling back down in the bed. Lex really was trying to keep him as safe as possible -- he wasn't going to hurt him or do anything he didn't ask him to do. His parents would throw a fit if they ever found out, but he knew Lex was the only one he could trust to do this. "Okay, I'm ready," he said, once he was covered up to the waist.

Lex adjusted the blood pressure cuff, moving the machine onto the bed so that it wouldn't be jostled during the experiment. Then he picked up one of the boxes and opened the catch, but kept the lid closed for a moment. "Clark? Remember, first I just want you to tell me what you feel."

"Yeah. I'm ready," Clark said nervously. "Let's get this over with..."

Lex nodded and picked up one of the boxes, making sure Clark saw his every move. Popping the catch, he took a deep breath, then flipped the box lid up. His eyes widened as the crystals in the meteor glowed the instant the box was no longer protecting Clark from it; immediately he looked up to see Clark grimace in pain.

Clark groaned as he felt the influence of the meteors -- weakness swept over him and he was suddenly very glad to be lying down. Despite his stable position, vertigo still made him feel as if he were lurching to and fro; nausea churned his stomach, making him feel as if he were going to be ill any second. "...Clark?" Lex's voice finally filtered through the pounding in his ears, but he couldn't remember how to speak.

Lex stared in horror as Clark's veins stood out in his hands and arms as if the blood in them



was curdling -- when he tried to ask his lover if he was okay, Clark opened and closed his mouth, but no words came out. Instead, a frighteningly inarticulate gurgle was the only response as Clark's eyes widened in fear. Lex stomped firmly on the urge to just slam the box closed again, and took a step back.

He could see Clark relaxing slightly, his breathing coming easier. Another step back, and Clark was gasping for breath but sounding much less distressed. "God -- Clark, are you--?"

"Try... one more... step," Clark panted, feeling the nausea fade as Lex complied.

"How's that?"

"Tolerable," Clark whispered hoarsely. "God -- usually, I'm fighting or trying to save someone, and I don't have time to *notice* how awful it really is..."

"You just scared the *hell* out of me, Clark -- it was like your blood was--" He shook his head and put the box down on the floor directly behind where he had been standing, and returned to Clark's side. "Did it *hurt*?"

"Yeah -- it always feels like my blood is bubbling in my veins -- it's really painful, and really *gross*..." Clark said, looking up at his lover and still shuddering slightly. "Can you just make your notes, and we call it quits for the day?"

"Yeah," Lex said, stroking his hair gently. He grabbed his notepad from the counter and began writing down his observations. "Okay -- did the weakness hit you the instant the box was opened? What about the nausea?" When Clark nodded, he scribbled that down, then looked at him again. "And it kept going until I backed away to that distance -- how do you feel now?"

"Weak, still, but the nausea's pretty much gone."

"Good. Here, let me see your hand," Lex requested, taking Clark's hand and probing gently at his veins. They had returned to normal once the meteor was far enough away, but when he pressed, Clark winced. "Did that hurt?"

"Yeah..." Clark answered, nearly as surprised as Lex.

"Hang on a moment," Lex said, grabbing the neuro wheel from the counter. "Let me try this now..."

Clark swallowed hard, but held out his arm for Lex to run the wheel across his skin. This time, a row of tiny red dots appeared, although they faded almost instantly. "Ow..." Clark whispered as Lex ran it over his wrist. "I can feel it, now."

"Hmmn..." Lex mused. "We're going to have to do some really extensive testing -- some other day. I want to make sure there are some more safety measures set up before we get into anything more, though. Just let me get one more reading of your vitals, and that'll be it for today."

"You sure, Lex?" Clark asked, looking at the wheel. "After all, I can *feel* that now..."

Lex looked at him, raising an eyebrow and fighting a losing battle with the smirk that was trying to take over. "I thought I was a pervert?"

"I never said that was a *bad* thing..."

Lex laughed and gently stroked his hair. "Okay, if you're willing to let me indulge my kinks, who am I to turn you down? Just let me get the readings while the meteor is a tiny bit closer -- I want it *just* close enough that it's making your blood do-- whatever the hell it is it does."

"Okay, I guess. I can tough it out for a short time," Clark said, taking a deep breath and trying to keep from shivering.

Lex turned the machine on again, then walked back to the box. "Okay, I'm going to move it closer -- the moment you feel the reaction, tell me to stop."

Clark nodded, and watched as Lex slid the box forward. Because it was on the floor instead of being carried on the same level as the bed he was lying on, it had to be moved about a foot closer than it had been before his veins began distending. "Stop!" he gasped, just before Lex moved it again.

"Okay, Clark -- it'll be over soon," Lex said, hurrying to his side and pushing the button on the blood pressure machine. Then he walked back to the box and knelt by it, and said, "Tell me the instant it gives a reading, and I'll move this thing back out of range."

Clark grunted in pain, gritting his teeth and concentrating on breathing, until the blood pressure machine beeped, indicating that it was done. "Now!" he gasped, trembling with the pain.

Lex snapped the box closed, knowing Clark needed a break from the exposure; needed time to regain his strength. Then he stood and hurried to his lover's side and gently stroked his hair, sliding a hand down to caress his cheek. "Let me write down these readings, then I'll get that thing off you," he said softly, frowning at the readings. "Damn..."

"What's wrong, Lex?" Clark asked, his body slowly relaxing now that the pain was gone and the

weakness was fading.

"These readings -- your blood pressure went dangerously high, and your heart was trying to beat its way out of your chest..." He shook his head again, then gently laid his hand over Clark's heart and stroked softly. "We're going to need to figure out how to get a sample of your blood sometime soon -- I want to see what those things do to it when it's outside your body, before I risk you like that again. God, Clark -- these damned things are all over the town -- we need to collect them and lock them away somewhere. Maybe melt down some lead and encase them in it -- something. I've got to remove this risk to you before something terrible happens..."

"Lex, calm down," Clark whispered, reaching up and covering Lex's hand with his own. "We'll deal with it -- I've been dealing with it since I was a kid. We can't do it all at once..."

"No, you're right. If we do it all at once, it'll attract attention, and we don't want to do that..." Lex said distractedly. Clark could see his mind still working, pondering the situation, and knew he had to take action if he was going to rein him in.

"Lex, how 'bout you put that blood pressure machine away for now, and maybe we can try your pizza cutter..."

"My-- wha?"

Clark chuckled softly at the confused look Lex gave him, then moved Lex's hand to the blood pressure cuff. "Take this off me and put it away, Lex. Then, you can move that box back another few feet, open it up, and play with your pizza cutter, while I can *feel* it..."

"Oh..." Lex tugged the cuff off Clark's arm, folded it up, and put it away in its case. Then he returned to stroking Clark's chest, slowly working his way over to a nipple, where he gently teased it with first his palm, then his fingertips. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Actually, yeah, I do," Clark admitted. "It's weird, being able to feel pain like that -- it's not like the pain from the meteors... It's completely different, and it's... I just like being able to *feel*..."

"New sensations like that have a way of getting to you," Lex said, pinching the hardening nipple, then moving his attention to the neglected one. He was starting to pant, growing excited at the thought of being able to make Clark helpless. Helpless in a *good* way, that is. "I need you to come up with a way to tell me to stop, Clark. In your internet research, did you ever come across the term 'safeword'?"

"Yeah -- not entirely sure I understand the reason for it, though," Clark admitted, feeling heat flood his face again. Lex's asking him about his research had a way of making him very self-conscious.

"Say I'm pinching your nipples mercilessly, and you're getting so hot you're about to come," Lex said, demonstrating by attacking Clark's nipples. As Clark began panting and arching up into his torment, he continued, "But the feeling is so intense you gasp out 'stop!' -- and I do."

Clark gasped, dismayed at the sudden lack of stimulus, and tried to pull Lex's hands back down to the rosy buds. "Okay, you win -- I get it now," he hissed, whimpering as Lex laughed and stepped back out of range. "Lex, *please*..."

"Safeword, Clark," Lex said, stepping away from him and heading for the box again.

"Meteor," Clark blurted, unable to think of anything else. "My safeword is 'meteor!'"

"Good boy," Lex purred, moving the box further away and then judging the distance before he flipped the box back open. "Is this a good distance? Weak, but no pain or nausea?"

Clark groaned, the odd heavy feeling he now associated with weakness washing over him. It was somewhat similar to the wonderful lassitude that crept through his limbs after he and Lex fucked, but without that warm afterglow -- and it just felt *strange* to him. "Yeah," he breathed. "I feel like I couldn't sit up now if my life depended on it..."

"But no pain or nausea, right? No freaky veins?" Lex asked, walking back to his side.

"No, all of that's fine," Clark answered once he managed to lift his hand and peer at it. "Are you going to restrain me, too?"

Lex swallowed hard, staring at Clark for a long moment. Then he moved, suddenly, unbuckling one of the restraints. Grabbing Clark's wrist in a surprisingly strong grip, he wrapped the soft padded leather cuff around it, then buckled it snugly. With now shaking hands, he repeated his action with Clark's other hand, then looked down at his handiwork. "God..." he breathed, seeing the sheet beginning to tent over Clark's groin. "Do you like that, Clark?"

"I-- uh... yeah, I kinda do..." Clark answered, swallowing as he tried to tug against the restraints and realized that he really was too weak to free himself. "Oh god..." It was strange, a sensation he was completely unaccustomed to -- and the unfamiliarity of it both frightened and excited him. But it was the way Lex looked at him that excited him the most.

And then Lex ran his hands down his sides and grasped the sheet, then stripped it away. "Very nice," Lex purred, his gaze zeroing in on Clark's erection. "So, Clark, do you think you're ready for some new sensations?" He stroked down Clark's hip with one hand, then trailed across his upper thigh with gentle, teasing fingertips. As he skirted Clark's cock and balls, he smiled at the quiet whimper and the way his lover tried to buck up into his hand. "Uh uh," Lex warned,

moving his hand out of reach. "Be a good boy, and you get more..."

"God, Lex..." Clark breathed, stretching out on the bed and spreading his legs. "Please..."

"Let's see how you like this, now that you're helpless," Lex murmured, reaching for the neuro wheel and smiling as Clark's cock twitched. Very gently, he ran the wheel up Clark's thigh and across the tender skin there, watching the tiny trail of dots vanish almost immediately. He sucked in a breath and bit his lip as a shiver ran through Clark's body and his cock twitched again. "Oh yeah..."

With a light touch, he ran the wheel closer and closer to Clark's balls, watching as his lover's body tensed under the unfamiliar sensations. "Relax, Clark -- you can stop this any time you want to..."

"I know," Clark breathed, his gaze locked on Lex's expression. "I'm just not sure I-- oh!" he gasped, his body going rigid for a moment as the wheel rolled over the tender skin of his balls. Lex rolled it back, pressing just a tiny bit harder, and Clark moaned, spreading his legs as far as he could.

"Ohh..." Lex breathed, seeing Clark's gaze go hazy. He was aching himself, the power he was exerting over his lover going straight to his cock.

"Lex," Clark hissed, before Lex could move the wheel again. "Lex, we can't do this here... We need more room -- we need to be in your bed..."

"My bed?" Lex asked, for a moment having trouble comprehending what Clark was saying. Then it filtered through the lust fogging his brain, and heat surged through him. "In my room, with the meteor, and restraints?"

"God, yes," Clark breathed in response. "Now..."

"Yeah..."

Lex turned away from the bed long enough to close the lead-lined box and make certain the catch was secure, then he picked it up and put it on the counter with the neuro wheel. Turning back to the bed, he said, "Okay, Clark. I'm going to undo the restraints, and you're going to march your way back up to my bedroom, lie down on the bed, and wait for me."

"Naked?" Clark asked softly.

"Yes, Lover," Lex purred, gently stroking Clark's cheek. "This is still part of the scene -- unless you want to use your safeword and put your clothes back on..."

Clark studied Lex's expression, seeing how dilated his eyes were, how hungry he looked. "No -- no, that's fine. No one will see me, will they?"

"I don't know, Clark," Lex answered honestly. "That's part of the fun, isn't it?"

"God..." Clark breathed, nodding slowly in response. Then he blinked and swallowed, and asked, "You won't take too long, will you?"

"No, Clark, I won't. I just want to make sure everything's stored properly, and then I'll be in. I expect you to be lying on my bed, ready for me to make you helpless again. Although you should probably stop in the bathroom if you think you might need to go in the next couple of hours -- I don't intend to let you up again until we're done... *experimenting*..."

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Lex closed and locked the door, then leaned back against it and looked at the display on his bed. Clark lay there, spread-eagle, watching his every move. His semi-erect cock was flopped against one thigh, but as Lex smiled he could see it begin to grow harder and rise. "So, did anyone see you?" he asked as he looked from the bed to one of the bookshelves, judging the distance.

"Not that I could tell," Clark answered, his eyes widening as he saw Lex place the lead-lined box on the shelf and then flip it open. Weakness washed over him again, and he let out a quiet moan as the vertigo returned.

"Too close?" Lex asked, frowning with worry.

"No -- it just... feel a little dizzy..." Clark murmured. Lex moved the box to the next shelf up, and the vertigo receded a little. "That's better," he said.

"Good," Lex purred. He opened a small panel in one of the bookshelves and took out a key, then walked to his wardrobe and pulled out a small polished wooden chest. Clark watched his every move, wondering what was in the chest, and then thinking that he wasn't *entirely* sure he wanted to know.

Lex unlocked the chest and opened it so that Clark couldn't see into it, then drew out a pair of well-crafted soft leather restraints and a strong chain. "You're such a good boy, Clark. Left wrist first," he instructed, walking to the bed and holding out one of the restraints so that Clark could put his wrist in the right place. He didn't miss the soft moan as he buckled the restraint around his lover's wrist, or the gasp as he snapped the chain onto the D-ring. He pushed the pillows out of the way for a moment and passed the chain through a special ring on the bed frame,

then moved the pillows back to hide it. "And now your right wrist," he ordered.

"What did you put the chain through?" Clark asked as he allowed Lex to bind his other wrist and snap the chain onto it. "Is it actually part of your bed?"

"Is this another time where you're going to accuse me of being a pervert?" Lex asked with a smile. "I welded it onto the frame, for just this kind of activity..."

"You're right -- you are a pervert."

"Naughty boy," Lex purred, "After all, you let me chain you..."

"Can't fight you -- the met-- the rock makes me too weak..." Clark said, stopping himself before he said the safeword and ended the scene before he wanted it to end.

"Of course," Lex responded with a smirk. "So, now that you're my helpless captive, what should I do to you?"

He walked back to the chest and looked in it for a long moment, thinking about what Clark had said about not being able to feel various sensations. His newfound sensitivity called for toys which pinched or pricked. He wanted to avoid more extreme practices such as cutting or electricity until he had completed more tests on Clark's vulnerabilities -- there were just too many variables; too many things that could go very wrong...

"First," he began, kneeling and picking up two items and comparing their size and heft, "I think you should be nice and full while we're playing..."

"Full?" Clark asked, confused at first, until Lex stood up brandishing a large dildo. "Oh..." And then he blushed fiercely as he got a good look at it, seeing the stylized sculpting and pearlized blue colour.

Lex walked to the bed and let Clark see the dildo closer, turning it so that he could see the sculpted veins and foreskin ridges, then pulling it back out of Clark's line of sight. He slicked it with lube, then laid a gentle hand on Clark's thigh. "Spread your legs, Lover. Bend one of them at the knee so you're nice and open for me," he instructed calmly.

Clark swallowed hard, but obeyed Lex's instructions, opening his legs to give Lex easier access. Suddenly, he felt something hard and very insistent, pressing mercilessly into him. Moaning, helpless, his legs spread wide as the dildo slid deep, stopping only when the sculpted balls rested against his ass. "Oh *god* -- Lex..." he whispered, his hips undulating helplessly as his body struggled to accept the sudden bulk inside him. "It's so large..."

"Yes, it is," Lex murmured. "You can feel every inch of it, every ridge and every bump, can't you?" He pressed insistently on the base and Clark cried out as it nudged his prostate; a hoarse, lusty cry that sent a shock of arousal through Lex as he realized how much power he held at the moment. "Yeah, that's good..."

Lex stood back, studying the sight before him. Clark lay on his bed, beautifully muscled arms spread wide by the chain attached to the soft red and black leather restraints. One of his long legs was drawn up, bent at the knee and flopped out to the side, while the other leg was stretched out straight; his hard cock stood straight up, throbbing with every beat of his pulse. But the thing that drove Lex the most insane was the sight of that big dildo stretching Clark's asshole and the way he kept moving his hips to try and nudge it against his prostate. It was absolutely beautiful, and it was all his...

"Hmmn... So, what should I do next?" Lex mused, walking back to the chest and kneeling to look in it. He knew the neuro wheel he had slid into the pocket of his lab coat was still going to be one of the best toys to use on Clark at the moment, but there were other things he knew could be very useful. He picked up a number of cock rings and straps, looked through them and settled on the plain black leather one. It was soft, and gentle to the skin, but sturdy enough to serve its purpose well -- and Clark was giving him such an excellent chance to put it on him...

He returned to the bed and smiled down at Clark, then asked, "How are you doing?"

"Okay," Clark panted, realizing what he was doing and stilling his movements while Lex studied him. "A little... um..."

"Hot? Hungry? Yeah, I got that," Lex purred, reaching out to stroke his cock and sliding down the shaft to gently toy with his heavy balls. "Looks a little bit like you really want to come."

"Yeah," Clark breathed, trying to thrust into Lex's grip. Instead, the warm hand was moving away, fastening a leather band tightly around the base of his cock and his balls. As Lex stood back and studied his handiwork again, Clark wiggled his hips and whimpered softly, then asked "What's going on?"

"It's a cock strap, Clark. It traps the blood that's already there in your cock and keeps you hard longer. It also looks *darned* sexy on you. I should have tried something like this a while ago..."

"God..." Clark breathed, seeing the hunger in Lex's expression. He didn't know what part of this turned him on more, the way things felt, or the way his reactions affected Lex.

Lex took a deep breath and finally turned back to the chest, taking the time to get his body back under control. Clark's golden skin looked so good marked with the black leather that he knew he had a new favourite image for masturbation material -- it was all he could do at the moment



to keep his hands off his own aching cock. "Hmmn..." he murmured, picking up an assortment of clamps and selecting a number of adjustable ones that had gentler rubber-covered tips. He put them in the pocket of his lab coat, then placed the others back in their container and turned back to Clark.

"Okay," he said quietly, forcibly restraining the urge to lick his lips as he looked Clark up and down. His lover was still moving his hips slightly, obviously enjoying the feel of the dildo, and it made his trapped cock and balls bounce very appealingly. The head of his cock was already slick and glistening with precum, and the whole shaft and head were dark with trapped blood. "How do you feel?"

"I want-- *need* something, Lex. Please?" Clark whispered, trying to sit up and falling back when the restraints and chain stopped him. A shudder went through him and his cock twitched hard, and Lex made a mental note about that reaction to discovering that he really was trapped. This had to be a first for Clark, and it was turning him on fiercely...

"You like when I play with your nipples, don't you?" he asked, already knowing the answer. Clark loved when Lex pinched and nibbled on his nipples, and now he knew why Clark seemed to be able to handle a surprising amount of rough play. He wondered how much he could handle now that he was more sensitive.

"Yeah..." Clark whispered, arching up to display them. "God, Lex, *please*..."

"I'm going to put some nipple clamps on you -- they're adjustable, but you're able to feel more now so you'll have to let me know if it's too much. I want you to keep in mind that unlike biting or nibbling on them, the clamps are going to be pinching your nipples constantly -- what might feel good for a moment may be too much pain over a few minutes," Lex explained, stroking up and down Clark's abdomen and straying closer to his nipples on each pass. When Clark nodded, he began circling a fingertip around Clark's left nipple, drawing closer and closer until he was brushing over the rosey nub and smiling as it hardened instantly into a tight peak. "That's so sexy, Clark. Have I mentioned today how I love your skin tone and your sexy dark nipples?"

"Oh!" Clark gasped as Lex began to pinch. "Not today..."

"Well, believe me, I do," Lex murmured, pulling the erect nub up higher with each pinch and finally sliding the clamp on behind the tip. "Okay so far?"

"Yeah -- doesn't feel very tight," Clark answered, savouring the new sensations.

"I'm tightening it now," Lex explained, sliding the little bar that adjusted the clamp closer to its tip. He kept a careful eye on Clark's face, worried that Clark might not actually tell him when it

became unpleasantly tight. As it tightened, Clark's eyes grew wider, and Lex could see how dilated and unfocused they were.

After a moment, Clark whispered, "Okay, that's good; like that, Lex..."

Lex stopped tightening the clamp and brushed his finger over it gently, making it move slightly. Clark's reaction was instantaneous and electric -- he gasped "Oh *fuck!*" and jerked nearly upright; pulled sharply at the chain, trying to free his hands to reach for his cock. Then he fell back again and writhed in the bed, begging, "Lex, *please* stop teasing me!"

"So, you really like that?" Lex asked with an evil grin, and then he repeated the procedure up to adjusting the clamp on Clark's other nipple. "Is that okay? Sometimes there's a difference in sensitivity from one side to the other."

"No, that's good," Clark panted, and Lex had to smile at the desperation he could hear underlying his tone. He had already seen that Clark relaxed once the clamps were on -- a sure sign that they were *not* too tight on him, and he found the pain quite erotic.

"Good," Lex purred, stepping away for a moment. Clark let out a whimper and sat up as far as he could to keep an eye on Lex.

"Lex?"

"I'm not going far, Lover. I'll be back in just a moment," he answered, selecting a tube from the chest.

Clark could tell he was squeezing something out onto his palm and prayed it was lube -- the teasing was driving him mad, and all of the new sensations only served to drive his hunger to another level altogether. And then Lex was back, and his hand wrapped around Clark's aching cock and began to pump. Clark sighed and thrust gratefully into the slick tightness, his thrusts growing more and more erratic. Pleasure was building to an almost unbearable level, and then suddenly the hand was gone, and exquisite pleasure/pain arced through him as both nipple clamps were twisted and wiggled. Clark choked back a scream and arched as a brutal orgasm tore through him, cum splattering both him and Lex as his trapped cock thrashed wildly.

Clark's head spun as his body shuddered in the aftershock of intense pleasure -- if this was how it felt, no *wonder* Lex had all those toys, he realized -- once his mind would work again. It seemed that every twinge of pain translated into pleasure, and he didn't know if it was just the unfamiliarity of the sensations, or if there was something wrong with him. He didn't really care, though, because it just felt so *good*.

"You still with me?" Lex's voice finally filtered through the roaring in his ears. He looked up to

see his lover peering down at him with a pleased expression. "Clark?"

"Yeah," Clark answered, surprised to hear how breathy his voice sounded. "That was -- *god*, Lex, is it always like that?"

"Endorphins are wonderful, Clark. Endorphins are your friend..." Lex answered with a smile. "How do your nipples feel?"

"They're warm," Clark answered, shifting on the bed from one side to the other to try and make the clamps move. "They still don't hurt, though."

"Good," Lex purred, smiling down at him. "I think we can build up to something a little more intense now, if you're up to it."

"*More* intense?" Clark asked, wondering if that were possible.

"I still have the neuro wheel, and there are more clamps..."

"Where would you put them?!" Clark asked, wracking his mind to figure it out, and beginning to worry when Lex chuckled. "What?"

"Oh, Clark -- there are so many places..." Lex purred with a predatory grin. "However, there's one specific place I have in mind. The only problem is that I can't warn you in advance how it might feel..."

Clark's eyes widened as Lex reached down to stroke his cock again, fingers gently pulling his foreskin back down over his swollen glans as far as he could get it. "Oh god, Lex -- you're *not*--"

"From what I've read, it's quite intense..." Lex purred with a smirk. "If it hurts, you can stop me -- all you have to do is tell me it's too much, and I won't do it."

Clark took a deep breath and swallowed hard, then nodded. "Okay -- I guess..."

"Good. Don't worry, I'll be gentle at first, and I'll make sure the clamps don't scrape anything *too* sensitive. Remember, they have rubber covered tips to protect delicate skin." Lex smiled and drew one of the adjustable clamps out of his pocket, then very, very carefully slid it onto Clark's foreskin. "How's that?" he asked, before tightening it at all.

"I'm not sure," Clark answered, trying to sort out the sensations. "It kind of... tickles."

"Then I'll tighten it just a little bit at a time -- if it's too much, *tell* me," Lex instructed, sliding the

adjusting band very slowly towards the tip of the clamp and the skin trapped there. He saw Clark try to *make* himself relax and gently laid a hand on his lover's thigh as he ceased tightening the clamp. "It's okay, Clark. I'm not doing this to hurt you -- I'm doing this to make you feel good. If it hurts, I'll stop. I *promise*." He rubbed gently, feeling the tension gradually leave his lover's body. "How does it feel at this point?"

"It's kind of strange, but it doesn't hurt. It's kind of like when you nibble," Clark answered, blushing fiercely.

"And I *know* you like that," Lex purred, thinking about how hard Clark could get when he gave him that kind of attention. "You like when I bite, too..."

"Yeah... go on, tighten it a little more," Clark finally said, taking a deep breath and then letting it out slowly, the rest of the tension leaving his body. This time, as Lex tightened the clamp a little more, he gasped quietly and let out a quiet moan, his cock twitching against his leg. "Oh!"

"I'll leave it there," Lex said softly, letting go of the clamp and making sure he didn't nudge or bump it. Then he reached into his pocket and drew out another one. "Second one, now, Clark," he warned, sliding it onto the other side of Clark's foreskin. "How are the nipples doing?"

"Feeling neglected," Clark pouted, and Lex had to smile at his response.

"That's okay -- I'm going to stop after this one and give you some more attention, Lover," Lex said, slowly tightening the clamp until Clark groaned and writhed into his hand. "Easy, Love, easy..." he soothed, although from the way Clark's cock was throbbing once more, Lex knew he didn't want to take it *that* easy. "Is it good?" he asked, moving his hand from the head of Clark's cock to trace along the shaft, teasing along the trapped skin.

"Yeah," Clark breathed, beginning to thrust again. He moaned as Lex teased him, spreading his legs as far as he could and trying to move the dildo deeper, then smiled as Lex reached between his legs with his other hand and wiggled it into just the right position. "Ohgodyeah!"

"Such a bad boy, Clark," Lex murmured, sliding the teasing hand down to *very* gently brush against the clamps while his other hand moved the dildo so it rubbed back and forth against Clark's prostate.

"Holy *fuck*!" Clark gasped, shuddering and jerking upward into Lex's one hand, making him put much more pressure on the clamps. "God, Lex! Do it -- please -- harder! It's good!" he moaned, twisting to move his cock against Lex's hand.

"Are you sure?" Lex asked, trying not to moan himself as he watched Clark's sensuous writhing. When Clark nodded vigorously in answer, he swallowed hard and closed his hand

over the head of Clark's cock, squeezing with increasing force as Clark bucked up into his grip. And then Clark let out a long, hoarse cry and came again, shooting just a tiny bit of cum out but shuddering long and hard as his body spasmed in pleasure.

Lex bit his lip, nearly coming himself just from the sight of Clark's pleasure. As Clark gradually came back to himself, Lex gently stroked him, soothing and calming and grounding him. When he could see intelligence returning to Clark's eyes, he asked, "How do you feel?"

"Wow..." Clark sighed. "I feel good, but I'm kind of..."

"Tender?" Lex asked, very carefully grasping Clark's cock and holding it still so that he could loosen and remove the clamps. "That's okay, Clark. I'm going to remove the two clamps on your foreskin now, then the cock strap. You might feel some intense discomfort for a short time, but it'll fade once the blood flow returns to normal. Okay?"

Clark took a deep breath, then nodded. "Yeah, okay."

With a very gentle touch, Lex removed both of the clamps from Clark's foreskin, mentally berating himself for not thinking about the fact that the meteors obviously caused a circulatory problem. Using clamps and a cock strap on someone with circulatory problems was not a good thing to do, and he *should* have thought of it beforehand. He was relieved to see the blood flow returning to normal without causing Clark too much discomfort. "How's that?"

"It feels... strange. Kind of like pins and needles, but not completely. Doesn't hurt, though."

"Good -- I'm sorry. I hadn't thought about the fact that with the way the meteors affect you, I could have damaged you. We really need to do more tests before I do this again," Lex explained softly, waiting another thirty seconds or so and then very carefully probing Clark's foreskin. "There doesn't seem to be any actual damage, though."

"That's good. I'm not sure I should admit this, but what you're doing feels pretty good..." Clark said quietly, blushing slightly.

"That's good, Clark," Lex said, moving his hands to Clark's thighs and continuing to stroke. "I think, instead of taking the cock strap off you now, I'm going to take the nipple clamps off you."

"Do you have to?" Clark asked, pouting slightly. He arched his back and wiggled, making the nipple clamps bounce slightly as he moved, then smiled at Lex. "See -- I'm not hurt, I'm not damaged, and you promised they'd get more attention..."

"You're such a bad boy, Clark," Lex purred, shaking his head. "If you insist, I'll leave the nipple clamps on you, but I *am* going to take the cock strap off you, then. I just don't want to push

things."

"Okay," Clark reluctantly agreed. He sighed as Lex continued stroking his thighs, teasing fingers sliding up the inside of his thighs and behind his balls; one hand continuing to rub back there while the other closed around his trapped cock. "Oh... that's good..."

Lex smiled, beginning to gently stroke his cock. The cock strap had kept Clark from softening completely, and as Lex continued his stroking, it filled and lifted again in a very short time. Lex knew a good part of the fast recovery time was due to the fact that Clark was sixteen, but wondered if his invulnerability contributed to it at all. He added it to the list of things to test -- later.

Soon, Clark was panting again, and eagerly thrusting up into his hand. He continued to stroke behind Clark's balls with his other hand, gently kneading his perenium and sliding forward again to stroke his tight balls, then back to manipulate the dildo. He repeated this until he had Clark nearly insane with pleasure, the pleas for attention and release turning into incoherent whimpers and moans. "Yes, Clark," he purred, moving the hand from around Clark's cock to slide up his abdomen and gently tease his clamped nipples. "That's good, isn't it," he murmured, watching Clark's expression grow more and more hazy as pleasure flooded him. "So good..."

Lex loved watching Clark arch and writhe -- he had to wonder if his lover had *any* idea how beautiful his body was, or how completely *hot* he looked sprawled out on the bed so helplessly. He could tell Clark was close, especially the way his cock twitched with every touch of his clamped nipples -- on the next move forward to stroke Clark's balls, Lex unsnapped the cock strap and watched as Clark arched up off the bed, screaming and coming so hard for a third time in a row.

When the spasms stopped this time, Clark lay semi-conscious and completely limp. Lex carefully examined his cock to make sure there was no damage from the constriction, and was relieved to find none. Then he carefully loosened and removed one of the nipple clamps, not surprised when Clark yelped and came back to himself. "Sorry," he murmured, gently stroking Clark's shoulder and arm, but avoiding the abused nipple until his lover calmed -- it took less time than Lex was used to, and again he suspected Clark's invulnerability had something to do with it. "Ready for the other one?"

Clark took a deep breath, then nodded; Lex repeated the careful removal on the other side and grimaced apologetically as Clark gritted his teeth as the blood rushed back into the abused flesh. "Ow..."

"Sorry, Love," Lex said softly, waiting a little while before resting his palms over both of Clark's nipples to soothe and warm them. "So, how do you feel now?"

"Amazing, Lex -- it was *amazing*. I don't think I've ever come that hard before..." Clark answered, smiling up at him. "I feel so weird, though. Kind of like I'm floating..."

"It's the endorphins -- you know the state they call a 'runner's high'? This is somewhat similar to that. I think perhaps we've had enough for the day, though," Lex said, continuing to stroke very gently over Clark's chest.

"But you haven't come at all," Clark protested, looking at Lex's straining erection. He tried to reach for Lex and was stopped by the restraints, then pouted. "You have to come, too..."

"You nearly made me come just watching you, Clark," Lex said softly, smiling down at him. "You are simply the sexiest creature on the face of this planet..."

"Really?" Clark asked, studying Lex carefully. "Just watching me?"

"Yeah -- when you were helpless and writhing, and moaning incoherently from the abuse I was giving you, it was all I could do to control myself..."

"So why did you?" Clark asked, trying to understand why Lex would hold himself back from enjoying their session to the fullest.

"Sometimes it's about the process, not the end result, Clark. This was about controlling you, Lover. I got quite a lot of pleasure from that without having to come," Lex explained, leaning in to kiss him.

"You didn't get to play with your pizza cutter, either," Clark protested when Lex pulled back. "And you still have the dildo in me..."

"That's true," Lex said, wondering if he should really allow himself to be that greedy. "Although I think the neuro wheel can wait until next time -- instead, I think I'm going to take complete advantage of your helpless condition and sit on that beautiful cock of yours." He stripped off the lab coat and draped it on the bed for a moment, taking the clamps out of his pocket and returning them to the chest. Then he selected a tube of lubricant and put it down with the jacket. Next, he stripped off the rest of his clothes, smiling as he caught Clark watching him and licking his lips. "Now, to make sure you remember who's in control here," he said with a sly grin, and then he picked up the lube and put the lab coat back on.

"God, Lex..." Clark whispered as his lover climbed onto the bed with him.

"You still feel weaker than usual, don't you?" Lex asked with an enigmatic smile.

"Yeah," Clark answered, wondering what he was thinking about.

Lex's hands were all over him; long, hot, heavy-handed strokes over his torso and sides and the parts of his back he could reach when Clark arched up. He straddled one of Clark's legs and squirted some lube out into his hand, then grabbed Clark's cock and slathered it with lube as roughly as he could without either hurting or making Clark come.

"Oh god, Lex -- yeah... that feels..." Clark gasped, growing hard once again under his lover's rough attentions. He arched up, thrusting towards Lex and trying to get him to pump his cock. "Lex..."

"Naughty, naughty boy," Lex purred, sliding forward until he knelt over Clark's hips. Clark tried to thrust up, and Lex held him still, then grasped his cock and sat down on it, sighing as it slid into him. "Oh..."

Clark grunted and tried to thrust up into Lex, but his lover held him as still as he could. "Uh uh, Clark. Be a good boy and lie still." He rose slightly over Clark's hips, then settled back down again, grinding down against Clark's groin and letting his cock slide deep. "Aah... that's good, Lover..." Up, and back down again and again, until Clark groaned and tried to thrust up, no longer able to restrain himself.

Suddenly, Lex lifted up and off his cock, and Clark whimpered. "I told you to lie still, Clark. This is all for me, Lover," Lex explained with a smirk. "Are you sure you still want me to have my turn?"

"Yeah," Clark said, suddenly understanding what Lex was doing. "I'll be good -- I promise."

"Good boy," Lex purred, settling back down on Clark's cock. This time, Clark remained still while Lex fucked himself on him, although he trembled and groaned as Lex's muscles squeezed him relentlessly. Lex arched back and moaned, grinding down against Clark to drive his cock as deep as possible. "Ohh... so good, Clark," he moaned, raising up and slamming himself back down again. He increased his pace, fucking himself on Clark's cock as deep and as fast as he could -- it didn't quite measure up to having his lover's strong body driving into him and pressing him into the bed, but it was still glorious. Clark's cock was thick and long -- nicely proportioned to his tall, leanly muscled body -- and filled Lex as if it had been made for him.

He knew it would be so easy to release Clark and have his eager lover ravish him, but this was all about control. It wouldn't do to give up his own control at this point. Instead, this was yet another way to show that he was in charge -- that this was for his pleasure, which he would *take* as he pleased. If Clark came a fourth time (Lex tried to ignore the flare of envy -- three times, already, and his lover really did not seem that tender at all. Invulnerability sounded very, very nice...), that would be fine, but Lex wasn't making any effort to get him off.



Lex focused his thoughts as well as he could, concentrating on keeping his rhythm going so that he rose up and slid back down hard, repeating that movement to regularly pound his prostate on Clark's erection. Once he was sure he had that movement correct every time, he brought one hand up to pinch his own nipples into hardness, making sure he continued the up and down movements and could balance well on the bed. One slip of concentration and he pinched his nipple hard enough to make it *almost* hurt -- he arched and shuddered, and let out a moan that shivered through both of them. He heard Clark moan in response and his lover trembled fiercely, struggling to keep from thrusting into him.

Finally, it was time for the last part of the puzzle -- Lex continued his movements on Clark's cock, continued the attention to his nipples, and then grasped his cock with his other hand. And somehow managed to continue doing all three, even though he saw the amazed and overwhelmed look on Clark's face just before he felt orgasm crash down on both of them. He arched up one last time and slammed down on Clark's spasming cock, ramming it hard into his prostate. Clark groaned -- nearly growled -- and went rigid, still managing to avoid thrusting although at that point Lex really wouldn't have complained if he had, and flooded Lex with a rush of hot cum. Lex let loose all over him with a lusty cry, pumping his cock mercilessly until he was completely spent.

Clark sighed as he felt Lex tip forward and his softening cock slid free. His lover collapsed atop him, panting for breath, and he realized he was just as winded. Just when he thought Lex had passed out and was trying to figure out how on earth he was going to get out of the restraints or wake him up, the hazy eyes opened and Lex smiled at him.

"God, that was good," Lex sighed, then he struggled to a sitting position. "How do you feel, Clark?"

"I feel amazing -- I *never* thought it would feel like that..." Clark answered. "There were some points where I wondered what was wrong with me because it felt so good, but there's really nothing wrong, is there -- it's just *different*..."

"Exactly," Lex answered softly, smiling. "There are so many things I want to show you, Clark -- and so many things I want to teach you to do to me... But for now, I think we both need a good warm bath, and then we should see about dinner. There's a lot of testing we need to do on you to find out your weaknesses, and there's a lot of kinky stuff we can do, too. *Later*."

He rolled unsteadily off the bed and walked to the bookshelf, then closed and latched the box with the meteor in it. Then he put it in the chest, making sure Clark saw him do so. Returning to the bed, he unsnapped the restraints from the chain and said, "Roll onto your side -- I've got to get the dildo out of you before you can sit up." He helped Clark onto his side, then grasped the base of the dildo with one hand while he rested his other hand on Clark's hip. "Easy," he soothed, sliding the dildo carefully out of his lover. "Okay, roll onto your back while I put this in

the sink," he instructed.

As Clark rolled onto his back he whispered, "Feel so empty..."

Lex returned to his side and gently stroked his hair, then said, "One of these days, I'll give you a butt plug to wear all day long." He smiled as Clark blushed, then continued, "Okay, Clark, you better sit up first, and let me take those off, then stand up *slowly*. You may not be as steady as you think you are."

Clark tried to sit up and fell back, slightly surprised that he had not immediately bounced back once the meteor was shielded. "Whoa..."

"Dizzy? I think that proves that at least some of your brain chemicals work the same way mine do -- invulnerability doesn't seem to mean squat when your brain's been swimming in endorphins," Lex said with a fond smile.

"Yeah..." Clark answered, a grin splitting his face despite his attempts to restrain it.

"Oh yeah, I think we need to help you come down gently, Clark," Lex said, helping him sit up and holding him steady with a hand on each shoulder. "Here, let me take the restraints off." He took one of Clark's hands and unbuckled the soft leather, then gently rubbed the indentation where the restraint had been. The restraints were lined and so well constructed that there were no chafing marks on Clark's wrists, and Lex knew there would be no bruising. Setting that restraint aside, he removed the other one and again gently rubbed Clark's wrist, until Clark seemed to steady slightly. "Feeling a little bit better?"

"Yeah. Still a little dizzy, but I don't feel as shaky as I did a little bit ago."

"Good. Let me put these away, and then I'll get a bath started for both of us. You just keep sitting there -- I don't want you walking around until I'm ready to help you, just in case."

"Okay," Clark said, about to protest that he was fine now that the meteor was shielded until he realized that Lex was just being concerned. It was actually kind of sweet, even though it wasn't necessary.

He watched as Lex rolled the restraints up and put them away, then walked into the bathroom to wash and dry the dildo. Lex returned it to the chest, which he then closed and locked. He put it back in the wardrobe and then returned the key to the panel in the bookshelf, then turned back to smile at him. "I'm going to get the bath started, and then we'll go in there. Sit tight and I'll be back in just a moment."

Clark sat on the bed, feeling himself starting to drift while Lex started the bath running. A few

moments later, a warm, spicy scent wafted out to him, and Lex was there at his side, gently shaking him awake. "Clark?"

"Yeah -- I'm here... sorry. Kind of drifting..." Clark admitted, looking up at him and blinking. Lex had taken off the lab coat and was now standing before him completely naked. He held out a hand to help Clark stand, and had to steady him when he made it to his feet. "Whoa -- guess I *am* kind of out of it..."

"That's okay, Clark. We're going to do nice, normal things now. A nice warm bath, and then a good meal, and then I'm going to drive you home because I want to make sure you get there safely."

"So you're going to drive?" Clark asked with a grin.

"Get in the tub, brat," Lex snarked, smiling to take the sting out of his words. Clark smiled in response and climbed into the tub, smiling as the warm scented water enveloped him.

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"Hi Mom, Dad," Clark said, bouncing into the kitchen and smiling at his parents. They looked up from their meal as he sat down at the table and plucked a piece of bread from the loaf.

"Didn't you have dinner at Lex's?" his mother asked, watching as he devoured the bread in moments. *Teenagers...* she thought with a rueful smile.

"Yeah, but you know me -- I'm hungry again," he answered with a grin.

"So, did you get your project finished, Clark?" his father asked, watching his expression carefully. He didn't want to see any of those odd smiles or blushes that Clark always seemed to have when he asked about Lex -- it made him worry about what, *exactly* was going on over at the Luthor mansion.

"Almost -- we made up a bunch of different kinds of invisible inks. Some of them are visible after you heat them, like lemon and onion juice, and some of them have various chemical activators, like those pens they sell on TV that change colour when you write over them with another pen. Some of them need to cool overnight, so we kept them over there in his lab," Clark said with a grin. *Crap -- please don't focus on the lab thing, Dad,* he thought, hoping he didn't look as desperate as he felt.

"His *lab*?" Jonathan asked, focusing on Clark and frowning. "Lex has his own lab?"

"Yeah, Dad. He majored in biochemical engineering at Princeton," Clark explained, hoping his

father would buy the explanation. After all, it *was* the truth... "He's working on developing his own organic fertilizers so that he doesn't have to worry about paying any royalties -- or whatever you call them -- to LuthorCorp. I think it's good -- it means he can be even more independent from his dad..." Clark said pointedly, praying, *Please just let it drop, Dad -- please!* Again, it *was* the truth...

"Well, yeah, I guess that is good," Jonathan admitted reluctantly. "Just be careful, okay, Son?"

"I always am, Dad," Clark said with a big grin. Then he added, "I'm going to go up to my room and write up the stuff on the inks, before I forget them, okay?"

"Yeah, that sounds good, Son," Jonathan answered.

Clark stood up and walked to his mother, then leaned in and gave her a hug. "Love you. I'm probably gonna crash in a bit. I'll see you in the morning."

"Okay, Clark," she said softly, hugging him back with one arm while she gave Jonathan a questioning look. "Love you, too."

"G'night," Clark said, heading upstairs as quickly as he could go without using his abilities. He had to get online and do some research, so he'd be a little more prepared for the next time Lex decided to experiment...

--end--