

Rating: PG-13

Improv: #3 - plastic - calendar - gloss - end

Summary: Lex wants to go home

Life's Little Ironies

by Penemuel

Lex sighs, slouches in his seat. He's glad he managed to find a table in a dark corner of the club; hopes his paleness doesn't stand out too much in the flashing lights from the dance floor.

All the beautiful boys and men, moving and shaking out on the dance floor; bumping and grinding in barely disguised simulations of sex -- all the plastic people, living their fake lives...

Takes a sip of his single malt and wonders what's wrong with him. When, exactly, did he grow out of the club scene? It's not like this new club is that different from Club Zero, although he thinks perhaps it's trying just a little too hard. A little too much gloss and flash, and not enough of the real flavour Club Zero had.

Sighs and takes another sip. Perhaps two percent of the people with their perfect, hard bodies gyrating out on the floor understand the basis for the name of this club. Figures even if the owner had spelled out the cities' names instead of using 'Club S&G' that half of them wouldn't get it.

A tall, lanky boy with a shock of dark, curling hair wraps himself around a shorter, heavier blond, and for a second Lex's heart squeezes in his chest. Then the pair turns and he sees the dark boy's asian heritage in the shape of his face, the slant of his eyes.

Has to remind himself to *breathe* and gulps down the rest of the scotch, then pulls his PDA out of his jacket pocket and checks his calendar. One more New Year's party he has to attend if there's even a chance he can maintain the reputation he had before his exile to Smallville. On the other hand, the celebration his father planned is something he can miss -- something he *wants* to miss.

Composes a quick e-mail to LuthorCorp reserving use of one of the helicopters for a flight back home after the party, and another to Clark to let him know he'll be back early enough to spend at least some time with him before midnight on the 31st. Smiles, and adds that he'll even share a little champagne, as long as the news doesn't get back to Clark's parents.

Then he connects wirelessly to the internet and sends the e-mails, disconnects, and slides the PDA back into his pocket.

Lex Luthor, eager to return to Smallville...

He wonders if it's a sign of the Apocalypse, or if it's just one of life's little ironies. Just about two months ago, being sent to Smallville was a fate worse than death; an exile from his adoring

public and the complete ruin of his social life.

If someone had told him at the beginning of October that he would find Ivory soap and soft, worn flannel more appealing than the latest designer colognes and Italian shirts, he would have declared them insane and probably seen to it that they were locked away where they couldn't hurt themselves.

Now, he can't wait to get back there -- he's even begun to think of it as *home*. He's developing a fondness for the odd little town; has actually risked his father's ire to defend its inhabitants...

He shakes his head again and looks out across the dance floor, spotting the tall, dark-haired boy once more.

Lex thinks maybe he's the one who's insane.

Maybe it's just the lure of the beautiful, mysterious farm boy he had initially mistaken this boy for... For one tiny moment, he lets himself think that maybe it really is love. But that truly would be a sign of the apocalypse: a Luthor falling in love...

He stands and strolls out of Club S&G, a slight smile curving his lips. If a Luthor falling in love brings the end of the world, he'll face the earthquakes, the sun black as sackcloth and moon of blood, the rains of blood, fire and hail and *all* the rest of it if the prize is that certain beautiful, mysterious farm boy.

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