

Notes: Written for the LexSlash Valentine's Day contest



Rose Petals

by Penemuel

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The Valentine's Day Drag Party was a roaring success. Between the use of Lex's mansion for the location, and his ability to bring a hit alternative rock band there to play live music, the initial concerns most of the students had regarding Chloe's theme faded rapidly. The fact that the host himself joined in the dress-up, and did it better than nearly all of the other men there was probably part of it, and Lex knew he had been the subject of a number of discussions throughout the evening.

As the last stragglers left the party, Lex overheard Lana talking to Chloe and realized they were also talking about him. He smiled quietly to himself as Chloe said, "I finally figured out where I've seen that gown before..."

Lana answered, "I know -- I just remembered, myself. Do you think it's one of the ones she actually *wore* in the movie?" She reached out to straighten the collar of Chloe's tuxedo, brushed a bit of glitter off her shoulder, then glanced over at Whitney with a smile.

Lex saw Whitney struggling with his heels as he walked to Lana. He could tell how hard the boy had tried to follow Chloe's guidelines for the party -- he could have easily gone for laughs, but he honestly tried to find a dress that looked good on him. It wasn't Whitney's fault his athletic build went with dresses about as well as Janet Reno's did.

"Lana, are you ready?" Whitney asked quietly, and Lex could tell from his tone that the quarterback was glad everyone at the party had to fit into the theme. It was more than obvious that Whitney was not comfortable in drag and would never have agreed if there were any chance he'd be alone in his embarrassment.

Lana smiled and nodded, then saw Lex standing there. "Lex -- I'm sorry, we didn't see you..."

"That's all right, Lana. Whitney, Chloe -- thank you all for coming. Chloe, I'm glad things went so well..." Lex said, modulating his tone to make his voice soft. The look of discomfort that flitted across Whitney's face did not escape his notice.

"I couldn't have done it without your help, Lex," Chloe said honestly, unable to hide her awe at the way Lex seemed so comfortable in the gown. "I -- do you want some help getting things cleaned up? I hate to run off and abandon you with all of this mess in your home..."

"No, thank you. My staff is already cleaning up," Lex answered with a smile. The look of relief on Whitney's face was priceless, as was the sharp glance Lana gave him. "Oh, and Lana -- I couldn't help overhearing. I could never fit into something made for Nicole, but Catherine Martin *did* design this for me." He curtsied gracefully and smiled as her eyes went round.

"Wow..." she whispered, and Lex saw Whitney's confusion. Obviously, the quarterback wasn't as aware of current Oscar-eligible movies as the two girls were.

"It really looks good," Chloe added, and Lex remembered Clark's comment that she seemed to be turning into a 'fag-hag'.

He smiled and saw them out, gracious hostess to the last. And once the vehicles pulled out of the drive he shut the door and slumped against it. He couldn't help wondering why twice now he had let himself be talked into hosting a party for the high school class when he knew how crazy fifteen and sixteen year old teens could get.

Then his reason for going along with this second party entered the foyer, walking as carefully as he could to avoid tripping or stumbling or otherwise destroying the illusion of grace they spent days developing. "Was that Lana and Whitney leaving?" Clark asked, smiling as he saw Lex straighten up.

"And Chloe -- who told me I look good in the gown," Lex answered with a smile.

"See? I told you."

"She's just exhibiting good taste -- I *do* look good in this gown. That's the whole idea..." He winked at Clark and walked to him. "But I think we'd look better together if you were wearing the appropriate tuxedo," he murmured, wrapping his arms around Clark's waist.

"Tails and a top hat, too?" Clark asked, reaching up to stroke Lex's cheek.

"Of course," Lex answered, letting Clark pull him close; wrap strong arms around him. "Or, perhaps you'd look better dressed as a penniless poet..."

"More like a penniless farmer," Clark murmured against Lex's lips. Then he kissed Lex, careful not to dislodge the stylish wig, and sighed as he stroked his hands down to Lex's ass. "So," he said when they broke the kiss, "since your staff is cleaning and everyone else has gone, why don't we go upstairs?"

"Going to give me a poetry reading?" Lex asked with a wink, reaching up to clean a smudge of lipstick from Clark's face.

"I can think of something even better," Clark whispered, "Unless you'd like to give me a

serenade of 'Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend.'" At Lex's pout, he grinned and said, "Okay, no serenade. Let's go..."

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Clark sighed as Lex helped him out of the dress and accompanying undergarments. He was glad that he and Lex had managed to find him a dress that played down his shoulders -- unlike Lex, he was too tall, too broad, and too muscular to really be able to pull off drag convincingly. He didn't look as completely out of place as Whitney had; mainly due to the week or so Lex had spent teaching him how to walk, how to sit, how to hold a drink, how to dance...

On the other hand, Lex had the kind of slinky grace that made him look equally good in a beautiful gown or a designer suit. When wearing a gown, he knew how to move in such a way that no one saw how muscular his shoulders and arms were; knew how to walk to give the illusion of a slender waist and curvy hips. He knew he had a great ass, and, even dressed as a man he knew how to move it to get just the right reaction...

Standing to block Lex's view of the bed, Clark glanced back to make sure all of the things he'd prepared were just right. He smiled, then drew Lex into an embrace; leaned down to kiss him passionately. As Lex allowed the plundering kiss, Clark slid his hands to the fastenings of the gown and began to untie them. When he released Lex, Clark helped him step out of the gown, then slid the wig off his head and hooked it on the corner of a chair.

"Okay, Clark," Lex said, nuzzling against his lover's throat and trying to look over his shoulder; pouting when Clark wouldn't let him. "Are you going to let me see what you're trying to hide?"

"Get those panties off, first," Clark murmured, stroking up and down the smooth skin of Lex's back. "But leave the stockings on..." He blushed, then continued softly, "I want to take those off you myself..."

"Kinky boy," Lex whispered, sliding the silk underpants down and stepping out of them, leaving himself naked except for the dark, thigh-high, garterless stockings. Out of the gown, Lex's whole demeanor changed; the elegant hostess became sly and seductive. He was very aware of the effect the contrast between the dark lacy tops of the stockings and his pale skin was having on Clark, drawing the teen's attention right to his rapidly hardening cock.

Clark swallowed hard and licked his lips, then murmured, "God, Lex, you are so sexy..." And then Lex smiled, ran his hands down his sides and planted them on his hips, and Clark made a quiet, almost whimpering sound.

"So do something about it, Big Boy..." Lex purred, reaching out to run a finger lightly over Clark's muscular abdomen.

Clark smiled, then, and scooped Lex up in his arms with no effort. Then he turned and finally let Lex see the bed; smiled as Lex's eyebrows rose and his face lit up when he saw the rest of the room. Candles burned on the bedside tables and mantelpiece, and every inch of the bed was covered with rose petals. "Oh, Clark..." Lex whispered, as the teen set him down gently on the bed and the scent of roses filled the air.

Then Clark joined him on the bed, lying next to him and drawing him into a strong embrace. "Lex," he whispered, kissing him softly.

"You did all of this?" Lex asked, picking up a handful of petals and sprinkling them over the two of them. At Clark's nod, he said, "It's beautiful."

"I know it's still a few days off, but, happy Valentine's Day," Clark said, colour rising in his cheeks.

"I don't know how you managed to do all of this without my knowing," Lex murmured softly, burying his hands in Clark's hair and guiding him back down into a passionate kiss. He could feel Clark smiling against his mouth, and then the teen's tongue worked its way between his lips. By the time Clark let him go again he had forgotten the rest of his comment; instead panting and arching against his lover, hungry for his touch.

"Lex," Clark breathed, stroking his smooth skin; rolling them so that he lay on top, one of his legs between Lex's, pressing against his hardness. "You're so beautiful," he whispered, one hand stroking the smooth, soft skin of Lex's head; sliding under to press them together in another fierce kiss.

Lex moaned into the kiss, spreading his legs and arching up against Clark; cock aching and hard between them. He slid his hands down Clark's back to his buttocks, cupping the muscular globes and squeezing; sighing into Clark's mouth as his lover grunted and thrust against him. "Are you hot, Clark?" Lex whispered. "Do you want to fuck me?"

Clark pulled back enough to look at Lex, drinking in the sultry look of his lover. Without the wig, the makeup gave Lex an exotic, almost alien look that sent a shiver of lust through him.

The hunger he felt for Lex frightened him sometimes, making him far too aware that if he gave in completely to the urges coursing through him, he could seriously hurt his lover. And yet, Lex always seemed to be encouraging his wildness; *trying* to make him lose control... The thought of sinking his cock into Lex's heat and making his lover helpless with pleasure brought him up hard.

"Yeah," he breathed in response. "Yeah, I want to fuck you..."

The way Lex's eyes dilated, the reflexive swallow and soft gasp that followed told Clark all he needed to know. When Lex turned completely pliant beneath him, he growled quietly and rolled off to one side to retrieve the lube from the bedside table. "Sexy Lexy," Clark whispered, turning back to his lover and rubbing first one, then both hands over Lex's abdomen and up to his chest. Lex moaned and arched up into his strokes, trying to entice Clark to play with his nipples; gasping when fingers fastened on the small buds and pinched. "Oh yeah, that's good, isn't it Lex?"

Lex nodded as he writhed, panting hot and open-mouthed as Clark tormented him mercilessly. Finally finding his voice, he whispered, "God, Clark, *fuck* me!"

After one last pinch, Clark smiled and ordered, "On your stomach, Lex."

Lex complied, grabbing one of the pillows and shoving it under his hips and wrapping his arms

around another one; settling himself comfortably with his ass raised and his legs spread. "What about the stockings?" he asked, turning to look at Clark.

"I decided I like the way they look on you -- they're staying on," Clark purred, settling one hand possessively on Lex's ass and relishing the way Lex writhed into the pillow. He slid the hand up to the small of Lex's back and back down again, pressing firmly; letting Lex feel a hint of his strength. Lex moaned and pressed back against his hand, wordlessly begging for more.

Swallowing hard and trying to clamp down on the lust that burned through him, Clark gave Lex's ass a gentle swat. Lex gasped softly, then watched as Clark uncapped the lube and slicked his fingers. Once Clark was done, Lex smiled and closed his eyes, letting the anticipation build. Clark could do anything to him, and he wouldn't know it was coming -- he tried to hide the smirk as he thought about the potential fun they could have with a blindfold.

And then a warm, slick finger slid down between his asscheeks and circled his anus, pressing and massaging but not yet slipping inside. Clark's weight shifted on the bed, and then his other hand settled on Lex's ass, spreading his cheeks. Lex could feel him leaning in and knew that Clark was watching his reactions to the teasing; felt the minute squeeze when his muscles twitched in response to the stimulus. He could hear Clark starting to pant, knew that the teen had to be rock hard and desperately horny -- after all, *he* was.

And then Clark spread him even wider and changed the angle of his teasing finger, pressing over the puckered opening repeatedly but not allowing his fingertip to penetrate. After a little bit of this torment Lex was panting helplessly, bucking back into Clark's touch and trying desperately to impale himself. When he moaned, he heard Clark chuckle quietly, and then his lover let out an appreciative purr and used the hand on Lex's ass to hold him still.

Lex tried -- and failed -- to swallow a frustrated grunt as he struggled against Clark's strength, finally admitting defeat when he groaned, "Clark, *please...*"

"Please, what, Lex?" Clark asked innocently, continuing to tease. The raw *need* in Lex's voice sent lust thundering through him, leaving him trembling with the effort to control himself.

"I need -- *god*, Clark, need you *in* me..." Lex whispered, spreading his legs wantonly and smiling triumphantly as he felt Clark's fingertip beginning to press into him. "God -- *yes!*"

As he slid his finger deeper, Clark leaned back down next to Lex and whispered in his ear, "You want me to *fuck* you, Lex?" And then he forgot how to breathe when Lex's muscles clenched on his finger and he thought about how it would feel on his cock.

"Yeah..." Lex breathed, "Please..."

Clark swallowed and slid his finger out of Lex, the little whimper his lover made going straight to his cock. *Not yet, Lex*, he thought, sliding two fingers into him this time.

Lex groaned and bucked back into his stroke, impaling himself further on the slick fingers and trying to get them into *just* the right spot. "Clark -- please..." He opened his eyes in time to see Clark lick his lips and take a deep breath; realized that his lover was trying to rein in his lust as he thrust in and out. "Too close, Angel?" he asked softly.

"You look so hot like this, Lex," Clark murmured, tracing the tops of the stockings with his free hand.

"Somehow, I get the impression you'd really like me in chaps," Lex said with a smile. "Black suede chaps, and nothing underneath..."

"God!" Clark breathed, reflexively jabbing deeper into Lex.

"Yes!" Lex gasped, then he pouted as Clark gentled again, until the teen's fingers began stretching him in earnest. He sighed in pleasure as Clark slid a third finger into him and put more force behind his thrusts; knew that one of these days he'd manage to entice his lover into taking that last extra step and fisting him. For now, though, he was content to keep to relatively conventional sex -- he didn't want to rush things where Clark was concerned and risk scaring him off.

"Lex, I'm gonna take you now," Clark panted, sliding his fingers out of Lex and getting to his knees. He gathered up two large handfuls of rose petals and scattered them across Lex's back, smiling at Lex's quiet sigh, then retrieved the lube long enough to slick his cock. He could see Lex's eyes close again, knew his lover trusted him completely.

Licking his lips, he settled both hands on Lex's ass and spread him wide, lust shivering through him as he looked at the beautiful sight stretched out before him. Then he positioned his cock and slid into Lex's heat in one smooth, powerful thrust.

Lex moaned as Clark thrust deep, feeling the tension in his lover's body, the effort it was taking him to remain in control. He *knew* Clark was incredibly -- freakishly -- strong, but he also knew that Clark would never hurt him. Knew it with a certainty that went soul-deep. And right now, he wanted Clark's wildness; needed to feel him just lose himself in the pleasure...

He surged up into Clark's stroke, gasping at the heat and hardness spearing him. Clark's hands slid up his back, scattering rose petals and gently digging nails into his skin on the way up to his shoulders. Lex moaned and bucked back. Then Clark wrapped his hands around Lex's shoulders and began to thrust; long, deep strokes that slid against Lex's prostate and sent bright explosions of pleasure along his nerves.

"Ohgod," Lex hissed, bucking back to meet Clark's every stroke; forcing him in as deep as possible. "Yeah -- fuck me, Clark..." He squeezed his muscles around Clark's hardness, eliciting a moan that sounded more like a growl from his lover -- and Clark's strokes grew a little wilder as his iron control began to erode.

Clark heard the growl and realized it had come from him -- but Lex still seemed so hungry, and despite his apparent fragility Clark knew he was much stronger than he looked. He knew Lex worked out every morning in his weight room, and had his fencing lessons at least three times a week. Clark decided he could let himself go just a little...

Another growl sent shivers through Lex. Clark thrust again and again, and suddenly Lex felt the tension fade, felt his lover relax and allow the pleasure to drive his body. Every thrust had the force of Clark's strong thigh muscles behind it, driving his hard cock so deep -- Lex knew he would be sore the next morning, but it was the kind of ache he loved; that feeling of having

been very well fucked.

"Oh yeah, Clark -- that's so good -- god, don't stop!" he panted, squeezing his muscles on Clark's cock again. "So good--"

Clark growled again and gripped Lex's hips, fingers digging in hard enough that Lex knew he would leave bruises. However, instead of gasping in pain, Lex moaned in pleasure as Clark hauled him up to his knees by brute strength and then began slamming into him in earnest. With the change of angle, every stroke battered right into Lex's prostate. Pleasure exploded along his nerves, short-circuiting his motor control -- the only things holding him up were Clark's hands on his hips, and the glorious cock ploughing into him.

"God -- Lex!" Clark grunted, burying his cock deep and giving his hips an extra thrust forward on each stroke. Something about the way Lex's body gave before him, that slick-hot haven so hungry for his aching hardness; Lex's open-mouthed panting and moaning... It settled into the primitive lizard-brain part of Clark's mind and stoked his arousal to unbelievable heights, until he drove deep one last time and closed one hand around Lex's cock.

For an instant, it felt like the universe blinked out of existence, and then they were bucking and spasming in pleasure; Lex's cum splashing across his bed, his chest, and Clark's hand as Clark's shot deep into him.

They collapsed to the bed in a trembling, spasming, sweating heap and lay there; simply breathing as the world slowly reasserted itself. Clark was the first to recover, gently slipping from Lex's abused body and turning his lover carefully onto his back. The concern he felt as a result of his aggressiveness faded as he saw the blissful smile on Lex's face and heard the amazed moan when Lex tried to stretch out in the bed.

No longer worried about Lex's physical condition, Clark found a giggle trying to escape. Lex opened one eye and glowered balefully at him for a moment before the smile returned to his face. "What's so funny?"

"You got sweaty..." Clark said, closing his mouth firmly when he felt a chuckle rising up.

"I got fucked," Lex breathed. "Of course I got sweaty. What is with you? Come down here and enjoy the afterglow, damn it. I'm not *that* much older than you..." He smiled to remove the sting from his words.

Clark shook his head, then bounced off the bed in the direction of the bathroom, giggling again as a small trail of rose petals drifted after him in the wake of his movement. Lex frowned and propped himself up on an elbow, looking around at the bed again and realizing it was covered with far fewer petals than he remembered. And then, Clark returned with the mirror they had used to work on wigs and makeup, and held it up for Lex to look into.

Lex's eyes went wide as he saw his reflection. He appeared to be wearing a boldly polka-dotted bodystocking, his pale skin glowing in the candle light and showing off the red rose petals stuck to his skin. Everywhere.

Clark tried to look apologetic, but the grin kept returning -- especially when Lex ordered, "Put that mirror down and get your sexy butt over here. If I'm going to look like a float at the

Tournament of Roses Parade, you are too, Farm Boy."

And Lex gathered up every rose petal he could reach that wasn't already stuck to him, and showered Clark with them when he got back onto the bed...

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