

WARNING: This story contains *graphic* depictions of m/m *INCEST* -- if this bothers you, don't read it. If you read this warning and read the story anyway, *don't* come complaining to me about the content!

Notes: There are some implications in this story that could make it a crossover with Brimstone -- interpret it as you will.

# Unwanted Accolade

by Penemuel

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Even as Lex smiles -- a humourless, perfect, *Luthor* smile -- and asks Dominic if he's enjoying his drink, his mind is reeling back~~

~~Vague glimpses of memory; a flash here, a spark there, and he can almost remember. Or is it that Kasitch's explanation to Toby (that he shouldn't even have been conscious to hear) was so detailed that he only *thinks* he does?

Panting and sweaty from dancing *hard* with two older men--

--and Lex refuses to allow himself to think about the one wiry man in black leather, bearded and with long tawny hair caught back in a sloppy tail. Forces his mind away from what he knows he had been looking for *there*--

--he lurches to the bar and perches on a stool, the sudden motion causing him to spin halfway around. Comes to a stop facing the man to his left, and has to grab onto the side of the bar to keep from falling. "Whoa..." Grins at the man and asks, "Hey, Dom, isn't Club Zero a little wild for you?"

"Lex," the man acknowledges with a disapproving glower. "Aren't *you* a little young for Club Zero?"

"*Fuck* you, Dom," he says with a sharp bark of laughter. "Did Daddy send you here to keep me from embarrassing him?" Spins the stool around again, relishing the sick-dizzy feeling that washes over him as the room blurs around him. "Couldn't be bothered to come himself, could he..."

And when he comes to a stop facing the bar again, Lex finds a drink in front of him; smiles as he recognizes the acid green liquid. "Gee, thanks, Dom. I didn't know you paid enough attention to know what my favourite drink is."

"What's that, Lex, whatever's in front of you?" Dominic asks with a sneer, sipping his own drink and watching with a smirk as Lex downs half of the apple martini in a gulp.

"Hah. Hah," Lex says, turning back to sneer down his nose at Dominic. "You're so witty, Dom..." He tosses down the rest of the drink and puts the glass down hard on the bar. Slides off the stool to stand close enough to purr in Dominic's ear. "I'm going back out on the dance floor, Dom. Thanks for the drink, but you're just not my type..."

Lex stifles a giggle as he sashays back out to the floor and starts moving to the thumping beat, ignoring the stares of those around him as he throws himself vigorously into the dance. The sick-dizzy feeling is worse, but he knows if he dances long enough he'll work some of the alcohol off and be ready for more. Feels a hot body come up behind him; a strong, wiry arm wraps around his waist. Presses back against the hard cock he can feel rubbing against his ass as they move together to the loud music.

He thinks it must be the crowd, or the man behind him, but the room is suddenly so hot. He moans as the scene blurs before him, worries for a moment that he's going to be ill -- and then things seem to lurch sideways.

"Easy, Lex," an accented voice purrs in his ear, and he feels the other arm wrap around him, pinning him against the man he now realizes is Dominic. "Why don't you come with me and lie down for a few minutes -- you look like you've had a bit too much."

"L'me go," Lex slurs, kicking ineffectually back at Dominic's leg and moaning as a hot thigh presses hard between his legs from behind. Somehow, the dance floor is gone; they're in the hall leading to the private rooms and he can't figure out how he got there.

"Oh, come *on*, Lex -- why get picky now?" Dominic hisses in his ear. There are hands groping and pawing and he tries to push them away, starting to struggle as he realizes they're in a room now, and he doesn't think anyone knows this wasn't his idea.

Somehow he's on the bed and fingers are stretching him, teasing and probing deep inside, and he can't help humping against the rough cotton sheets beneath him; can't help moaning inarticulately as his muscles twitch around the cruel fingers in him, begging for more. Overwhelming need thunders through him, but he feels oddly detached from it. Knows he never gave permission for this, but his body is so desperate for it he'll never be able to accuse his attacker -- and knows Dominic has engineered it this way.

And suddenly there's something thick and hot and hard inside him, and he cries out as Dominic rides him savagely. His body ignores every instruction he gives it, instead opens to Dominic's cruel penetration; welcomes his defiling as if he deserves this in some way. As Dominic's latex-clad cock plunges deep into him, he wails and moans helplessly, unable to control his reactions in even the most basic ways. And he knows his helplessness is exciting his attacker -- knows that Dominic is harder than he's ever been with him before; more forceful and vicious. And it's so good, getting fucked by someone who doesn't give a damn.

Dominic is saying something, and Lex realizes he can't make out all of it -- he can't hear over his own pleading and begging; can't hear over the roar of his blood in his ears. There's something about punishment and something about his father, and he's just so hard and so helpless now that all he can do is surge back into the cruel fucking and whimper until he finally screams and comes...

...And then Kasitch is there, muttering darkly under his breath and wrapping a filthy sheet around him. There's blood on the sheet -- blood and cum, and he knows they're both his. Knows this beyond the shadow of a doubt, even though he has no idea what time or even what day it is. But it's dark in the club when Kasitch carries him up the stairs to his own room, which

means it's either very, very late, or very early...

Kasitch is shaking him awake, and Lex can tell he's asking him *something*, but the words just don't make sense -- sound is all jumbled and all he can do is frown and try desperately to focus on the concerned face looking down at him. He remembers Kasitch turning away and picking up the phone, and then he fades out again.

The next time he wakes up, he's face down and someone is *touching* him. He hears a quiet voice talking to someone, realizes there are two people in the room -- whoever has his hands on him, and Kasitch. The hands are cool, and oddly soothing, until a finger probes gently inside him and pain shoots through him. "Whoa, easy there," the quiet voice soothes, and the finger withdraws. He tries to turn his head back to see who it is, and everything swings wildly until he closes his eyes again. He hears Kasitch ask the stranger, "How bad is it?"

"Son of a bitch tore him up a little, but he's so drugged he was pretty relaxed. I hate to think what condition he'd be in if he hadn't been..."

Drugged. Dominic!

"I don't know who got him," Kasitch answers quietly. "I saw him dancing with half a dozen different people during the night -- at least."

"Who was he dancing with last -- before he disappeared?" the stranger asks quietly, and those fingers are on him and in him again, although this time there's no pain at all, just soothing coolness.

"I don't know," Kasitch says, and Lex can hear the anger in his voice now. He's almost willing to give Dominic up and let the big bouncer take care of him -- except that he wants to take his own revenge. Sometime when Dominic least expects it...

"There, that should help. Most of the damage isn't actual tearing, but you'll have to make sure he knows to take it easy the next week or so. I'm leaving this cream for him, and I'll bring the results of the blood test back here when it's ready. Looks like his attacker used a rubber, but with the scratches I want to play it safe."

"Yeah," Kasitch says, taking the cream and walking the stranger out. Lex wants to stay awake and talk to him when he comes back, but the wonderful numbness is creeping through him now, and he falls into the blackness too easily~~

~~Lex forcibly drags his mind back to the present and smiles darkly at Dominic. The flunkie is staring at him, eyes wide with fear; open-mouthed gasping for air and desperately clutching at the arm of the chair as if he's going to fall out of it. "Something wrong, Dom? Perhaps the drink's a little much for you?"

Lex stands and walks to the chair, then leans down to trap Dominic in the chair, one hand planted on either side of him. "Gee, Dom -- I guess it's too much for you when the boys aren't drugged into submission..." he breathes, leaning close enough that his lips brush Dominic's as he speaks.

"No, Lex--" Dominic gasps, pulling back and shaking his head. "It's-- it's not like that -- I never--"

"Dom, please," Lex says archly, looking down at the trembling wreck. "Let's pretend you're not insulting my intelligence, shall we? Don't you want to come clean before it's too late?"

"God, Lex! You don't want to do this!" Dominic gasps. "*Please!*"

"Dom, you have *no idea* what I want," Lex purrs menacingly.

"Lex, *please!*"

Lex smiles, and Dominic is practically whimpering now, feeling his eyes closing against his will as his body grows more and more sluggish. Even the adrenaline rush of Dominic's panic doesn't help him fight it, and Lex idly wonders just how many attempts to drug him failed because of his body's unpredictable reactions. So much nicer to deal with someone who reacts the way he's supposed to...

"Oh God -- I'm going to die..." Dominic moans.

Lex chuckles quietly and leans down again to kiss Dominic gently on the forehead. "Haven't you ever wondered where the phrase 'don't kill the messenger' came from, Dom?"

Dominic whimpers something unintelligible in response, and then faints dead away, leaving Lex looking down at him with a sly smile.

"Don't fuck with me. Ever," he whispers, stepping back from Dominic's unmoving form and taking his glass from the table where he left it. He takes a long sip of the undoctored single malt and sighs, then wonders if the fact that he's enjoying his revenge says bad things about him. Clark would be so upset...

And then he has to push Clark out of his mind, because the thought of his lover's goodness is just *not* going to let him finish what he has planned.

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Lex lounges against the car, watching his father get out of his. Lionel is wearing all black, with his trademark three-quarter length coat -- and the top button of his shirt undone. Lex refuses to acknowledge the jolt of reaction that arcs through him. Refuses to admit that he just thought about how *good* his father looks...

"Interesting choice of location for a meeting, Lex," his father says, beginning to approach. "Why didn't you just come up to the penthouse?"

As Lionel draws closer, he takes off his sunglasses, and Lex ignores the shiver that skitters down his spine. The penthouse -- right. As if he'd be stupid enough to put himself right in the middle of his father's territory...

He makes himself walk around the car to stand between it and his father, his hands thrust into his pockets. Part of his mind registers the fact that with the exception of his pale shirt, he and his father are dressed almost identically. He finally answers, "I was making a garbage delivery. I didn't want to tarnish the marble."

"I'm not in the mood to joust today," his father responds.

Lex can hear the annoyance in his tone, but decides to hell with it, he's just as annoyed. "I was hoping you might explain Dominic's visit."

And, just as he suspected he would, his father answers, "My auditors discovered a number of unaccounted expenditures coming out of the Smallville plant. I thought it prudent to investigate."

*Hah. Prudent*, Lex thinks. "C'mon, Dad. I squandered more on a weekend in Hong Kong, you didn't sic your adding machines on me then." Somehow manages to restrain the smile as he thinks, *And what a weekend it was, too!*

"We're talking corporate finances, Lex, not your pocket money."

And his father's actually right, but Lex isn't about to give him the satisfaction of saying so. Instead, he smiles and asks, "It bothers you, doesn't it?" When his father shoots him a questioning look, he elaborates, "That I'm not dependent on you anymore...that I've made friends in Smallville -- people I can trust?"

And yet, his father smiles slightly and answers, "Don't be ridiculous, Lex. I'm *happy* you're doing well."

Lex's expression turns sly, and he says, "No you're not. You're afraid I won't need you anymore."

His father walks closer -- *much* closer -- and leans in to purr, "You'll always be my son..."

Lex feels heat flash through him; has to swallow hard to keep from saying or doing anything as his father adds, "...and you will *always* need me, Lex."

*Need*, Lex thinks uncomfortably as his father turns and starts to walk away. But he's not about to give in to it, no matter how much his body seems to want to. Instead, he asks, "Aren't you going to ask about Dominic?"

His father stops short, and looks back at him expectantly.

"He hasn't checked in for hours, has he? Unusual for a man of his tediously predictable nature," Lex continues, pulling the keys out of his pocket. The look of concern on his father's face gives him a tiny thrill. Then he tosses the keys to his father and says, "Go ahead -- pop the trunk."

His father sighs harshly and heads back towards the car. Lex can hear the aggravation in his tone as he says, "Lex..." The car chirps as his father presses the button on the keychain, and then he hears his father ask, "What has he done? What has he done?"

Lex smiles, now; unable to hide his amusement as the trunk opens, revealing Dominic trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey. He's grunting, because the tape over his mouth is keeping him from yelling...

And his father smiles, although Lex is certain he saw him try to conceal it for a moment. He can't help smiling himself as he walks over to the trunk and rips the tape off Dominic's mouth.

The sound Dominic makes as he does so nearly makes Lex laugh out loud, and he can't help wondering how long Dominic had been lying there alternating between relief that he hadn't been poisoned and the overwhelming fear that the other shoe was soon to drop...

But just as suddenly, the humour is gone and Lex turns to his father. "You want to ask an accounting question, Dad, call me. And the next time one of your drones bothers the Kents, he'll be lucky to catch a ride home with the spare." It's probably the closest he's come to threatening his father in a *long* time...

His father gives him an appraising look, then looks back down at Dominic. His tone is sharp at first, as he calls, "Lex..."

Lex reluctantly turns back, and his father smiles. Much more gently, he adds, "...well done."

*Well done.*

How many times has Lex *ached* to hear those words from his father's lips? How many times has he subjected himself to the worst kinds of humiliation, *just* for a word or two of praise? And now, his father is praising him for terrorizing a man -- okay, not completely a man, after all, it *is* Dominic... But it's only now that Lex realizes if something had gone wrong, Dominic *could* have died -- and his father is *proud* of the way he handled the situation.

There's something just so *wrong* with that...

He swallows against the rising nausea and starts walking away -- desperately wants to get back to Smallville *now* and feel Clark's gentle influence on him. Wants to stop thinking about the fact that taking revenge on the man who drugged and took advantage of him wasn't as satisfying as he thought it would be, and he no longer can tell if that's a good thing or a bad thing. He's got to get *away* from his father before it's too late!

He's far enough away that he doesn't see his father look back down at Dominic, or the frightened, pleading look his father gets in return. Only vaguely registers the fact that his father has shut the trunk on Dominic without freeing him...

It's not until he hears the confident stride catching up to him that he realizes his father has followed him, and he wishes he had run instead of just walking away. "Get in the car, Lex," his father orders, grabbing him by the left arm and tugging him back around towards the car he arrived in. "*Now.*"

"Dad!" he gasps, unable to regain his balance before he falls forward against his father. "I need to get back to Smallville--"

"Get in the *car*, Lex," his father repeats firmly, and after a short struggle Lex finds himself shoved harshly into the car, sprawled across the seat. "We'll make this fast, if you're so eager to return to your exile," his father growls as he climbs in on top of him, pinning him in the back seat. "But you'd be much more comfortable if you came back to the penthouse..."

Lex shoots an uncomfortable glance at the driver, sitting in the front seat and studiously ignoring the spectacle going on right behind him. Going to the penthouse would afford him some privacy, instead of getting fucked in the back seat of a luxury sedan, *on the street* where

anyone passing by can see -- but it would also give his father the full advantage. He would be in Lionel's territory, and the price paid for that little bit of privacy would be far too high...

"No, Dad," he murmurs softly, "I think we'll just do this here." After all, they're both risking being seen, this way, and it's not like either one of them isn't easily recognized...

"Very well," his father growls, and then a strong hand slides down to grope his crotch. He can't hold back a moan as he feels the heat of his father's hand through the material of his slacks; strong grip around already-hardening cock. Groans and arches up into his father's heat, a part of him disappointed that the confines of the back seat won't allow the kind of activity he knows his father had planned for the penthouse; it's almost enough to make him change his mind...

And then his father licks his way down his throat, beard and moustache tickling and scratching as he goes. Lex can't hold back a whimper as his father fastens his teeth on the tender skin of his throat, nibbling and biting until he's panting and arching up into the torment.

Wants to feel that torment on a nipple or on the soft skin of his inner thigh -- almost asks for it but chokes back the whisper before he can say more than, "Daddy, *please*--"

Settles, instead, for arching up into his father's cruelty and moaning as he feels the hand unbuckling his belt and opening his trousers. "Get them off," his father growls in his ear, and then he leans back against the car door and watches as Lex strips off his pants and underwear. Lex takes enough time to unbutton his shirt the rest of the way, baring his pale chest; lightly brushes fingertips over one erect nipple, groaning at the pleasure that sparks through him. He knows he's lost -- he just wants it too much to even try to deny it.

And then his father is back on him, one hand sliding back between Lex's legs and probing his tightness while he leans in to lick and nibble at his chest.

It's just so wrong to lie in the back seat of his father's car and beg the man to fuck him while the driver sits in the front seat having to listen to it all. And Lex can't help wondering if the man's disgusted, or if he wants to join in -- Lex can see the tension in his jaw, but little else from his less-than-ideal position. Although he *can* see the man's broad shoulders, and estimate his height from the lack of clearance between his head and the car's ceiling.

The part of Lex that his father has been carefully cultivating over these past years thinks that perhaps they should let him join in...

And his father's teeth fasten hard on a nipple just as Lex imagines himself bent over the hood of the car, his cock pressed hard between hot metal and his own belly as his father pulls out and steps aside for the driver to sheathe his huge cock in him. He gasps and cries out, and snaps back to reality as his father jabs a second finger inside him and growls, "Lex, pay *attention*."

"Oh god--" Lex gasps, arching into his father's strokes, trying to drive his fingers deeper and deeper. He wants so badly to lose himself in the lust and the pleasure; wants to drown in it, be consumed by it. He knows it's so wrong, but it's always that wrongness that drives the intensity so high.

As his father fucks him cruelly with his fingers, he bites and licks his way from one nipple to the

other, trailing hair and beard across Lex's sensitive skin as he does so. Lex gasps and whimpers in reaction, then cries out sharply as his father nips him and then releases the tender nub.

It's then that he hears the driver make a sound -- a quiet, quickly swallowed sound, but Lex recognizes it as a moan. Heat flares in his groin, a tongue of fire licking at his center as he returns to his lewd daydream. It's alarmingly easy to imagine himself lying beneath the strange man, getting fucked brutally by someone he doesn't even know -- after all, there's not much difference between that and some of the risky behaviour he regularly participated in during his clubbing days.

His father jabs a third finger into him and cruelly rubs his beard over one pink nipple, then growls, "Lex, if you really *want*, we can go back to the penthouse now, and Richard can have you when I'm finished. But if not, I'd advise you to *pay attention*."

Lex gasps, his aching cock begging for attention as his father jabs savagely at his prostate. The coarse hair of his father's beard feels like sandpaper on his sensitive skin, but he aches for it; wants to pull him back down and rub himself raw with it.

"Daddy -- oh god-- Daddy, *please!*" Lex whispers, and then he hears the driver -- Richard -- groan again; knows the man has just come. And then his father's hand closes around his aching cock and pumps him hard.

"Beg me again, Lex," his father purrs, pressing inwards with uncanny strength. "You want to get fucked so badly, don't you... My beautiful whore... Your body aches for a nice big, hard cock -- and a big, strong body pinning you down, doesn't it?"

Lex moans, the very thought of it driving his arousal higher. Knows he shouldn't be giving in to the lust his father brings out in him; shouldn't be wallowing in the darkness that he's tried so hard to distance himself from -- but it feels so damned good...

"Daddy. *Please*, fuck me!" he hisses, meeting his father's burning gaze; surrendering, once again. "Please--" Louder, this time, his body pleading along with his voice; legs spreading and body undulating against his father's.

"Big, strong hands on you, pressing and rubbing and *holding* you while someone rams up that nice tight hole of yours..." his father growls softly, leaning down over him and pressing relentlessly against his prostate with one hand while the other lets go his swollen cock and he hears the quiet sound of a zipper. "You've always liked big, strong hands on you, Lex," he murmurs, and then the savage fingers withdraw and a hot, hard cock takes their place. Lex can't hold back a whimper as his father forces his way in, a thin film of pre-cum the only lubricant he's used. It burns and sears Lex, but the pain is so sweet.

By the time his father is all the way in, Lex can feel tears streaming down the sides of his face -- he knows he's going to hurt for at least a day after this, and every movement is going to bring back the memory of his father ramming home.

And then his father begins to fuck him, and he groans, surging up into the cruel strokes. The pleasure/pain is overwhelming, spiralling around them until he and his father are the only things



in the world -- even Richard fades into the background. It's almost as if his father is weaving some spell around them; he feels it tie them more tightly together every time he allows this -- and while they're together he can't even *think* of fighting it.

Instead, all he can do is encourage it; arch into the strokes and pull his father down against him, kiss him lewdly and whisper desperate pleas against his lips. He wraps one leg around his father's waist, now hungrily wishing he'd taken the offer and moved this to the penthouse where he could be lying in his father's huge bed, perhaps bound and blindfolded with his ass burning from the strokes of a heavy flogger expertly wielded.

"God -- Daddy, fuck me," he whispers as he stares helplessly up into hazel depths. His father's eyes trap him and he cannot look away. And there it is again, that unholy power that his father wields over him -- the fire that burns deep inside and always flares brightly when they're together; when he's under this man who can *rule* him so completely.

It frightens him sometimes, that this man can control him better than he can control himself -- that this man can make him so needy and desperate, and yet so proud of his sexual skills; can turn him into the whore he accuses him of being with as little as a heated glance. When his father smiles down at him and calls him a good boy, it brings such joy to his heart. And that's the saddest part of it, because deep down he knows it's wrong to be pleased with these things -- it's wrong to be proud that he can turn his father into a savage fucking animal just by twisting and arching his body the right way; just by squeezing his ass tight around his father's plundering cock.

But it doesn't really seem to matter when his father slides a hand between them to pinch a nipple sharply, nails digging in and sending an arrow of sweet, sweet pain straight to his balls. He arches and bites his lip to keep from crying out as orgasm tears through him, muscles clamping tightly on his father's cock.

Lionel groans in reaction and plows harder into Lex; hips pistoning brutally as he growls and comes, filling Lex with his hot seed.

As the shudders fade, Lex groans softly, knowing he needs to get out of there soon, or he *will* give in to his father's request. His father is looking down at him, smiling darkly, his hair wild about his face -- his burning gaze still holds Lex captive.

"Such a good boy, Lex," his father purrs, drawing two fingers through the spatters of Lex's cum and trailing them up his chest; back down to dip into the cum again and this time paints Lex's lips with it. When Lex's tongue darts out to lick them clean, he smiles broadly and purrs, "A very good boy..."

"God--" Lex whispers, wanting nothing more at that moment than to give himself to his father; to be his slave, his whore... And then his father pulls out of him and tucks himself away; zips up his trousers and opens the car door.

"Get dressed, and get out of here, Lex," his father orders harshly as he climbs out of the car. "And stop messing with corporate funds -- I'm not going to bail you out if the SEC stumbles over anything..."

Lex can feel his face burning as shame floods him; can feel Richard watching him in the rear-view mirror as he struggles to sit upright and find his clothes. He wipes at the remaining cum splattered across his abdomen, then realizes he has nothing to clean his hand with except his own clothing. Dresses as quickly as his watery muscles will allow, unable to shake the feeling that anyone who sees him will know what he's been doing. First torturing and endangering a man just for petty revenge, then allowing his father to *fuck* him in the back seat of a car -- with an audience!

And, as if that weren't already enough to damn him, he nearly gave in to the basest urge of all: to follow his father home and be his lapdog...

Again.

*I've got to get out of here -- got to get back to Smallville. NOW.*

--end--