

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 Alibi

by Penemuel

10/9/01

Lex glances at Jonathan Kent; thinks he actually seems to be developing a little bit of a sense of humour over how he reacts to him. Not *much* of one, but still, it's better than nothing. Lex figures Clark probably hates how overprotective his father is. Don't all teenage boys?

But Lex envies him -- to have a father who truly does *love* him, instead of wanting to mould him into the perfect successor...

Or--

And he has to repress the urge to shudder...

Even worse, the sick urge to control every single aspect of his life. *Every* one.

God -- is it any wonder I turned out the way I did?

Is it any wonder I only gave Clark part of my alibi?

The exercise in near-terminal boredom that was the conference is something Clark would understand with little trouble. On the other hand, why would anyone *want* to share the humiliation that was his evening at the Luthor home afterwards?

~~Lex, since you're in Metropolis, I thought it would be a good time for you to have dinner with me. The helicopter will take you back to Smallville *tomorrow*...~~

Lex swallows hard, the memory too real, too recent. He knows he should have rented a car -- it's not *that* long a drive...

But instead, Lex knows he caved again and handed the control over to his father...

That's in the past, though. He's here now, in Clark's house, and it's actually quite charming. Clark's father decides it's easier to flee and do farm work than face the fact that Lex doesn't care that he hates him.

I'm not going away, and he'll just have to learn to deal with it.

~~I understand you went to *that club* again, Lex...~~

~~So the fuck what? I'm 21. I'm legal now, and I can go anywhere I damn well please...~~

Mouth dry, now; Lex squashes the memories and smiles at Clark. They're kidding around about

his future as a criminal mastermind, and inside he's wondering who the hell was *stupid* enough to masquerade as him to try to rob the bank. Of course, considering Jonathan Kent's feelings towards him, Lex is sure there are plenty of people in this bizarre little town who'd do it because they think they're carrying a grudge against him.

Too bad they don't know the truth -- that they're carrying a grudge against the Emperor, not his 'insolent, arrogant, irresponsible failure' of a son... Lex can't be sure he'd stop them if they tried to act against his father, either.

Clark and Lex head outside and walk over to his Ferarri. He's sure Clark's father is watching -- must be some kind of parental instinct; at least for those parents who allow themselves to actually *be* parents... Always able to tell when their children are around a bad influence...

He knows he shouldn't expose Clark to this, but he finds himself needing to be near him. It's frightening, but it's exhilarating, too -- like some kind of addictive drug... Or maybe some desperate hope that Clark's goodness will rub off on him...

"So, what happened when you got back here, anyway?" Clark asks as they lean against the Ferrari.

"I spent an entertaining time being questioned by the Sheriff, waiting for confirmation calls to air traffic and my dad -- that kind of thing," Lex answers. Clark's eyes are round with surprise, and he looks back at the barn for a moment, then looks at Lex again.

"Did they handcuff you?"

It's almost like he's afraid, he asks it so quietly. Lex has to smile. "No, they didn't. They were quite polite about the whole thing -- they already knew the fingerprints didn't match, but they had to question me about my whereabouts, anyway. It's standard procedure, of course." He's not about to tell Clark why they could check his prints -- let him think it's some kind of 'rich folk' insurance thing or something...

"So, I probably have a ton of phone messages I'll have to call back, and work I have to get done -- you coming by later? I know it's getting towards busy farm season..."

"It's called 'harvest', Lex," Clark says with a laugh.

"Harvest. I knew that, you know. And next you have to winterize everything, make sure the fences are all in good repair, the heated troughs are all working, etc. etc. So, maybe we'll run into each other later? Hopefully not the same way you and my double did earlier, of course..."

"Yeah," Clark murmurs. Then he turns to look at Lex again, and asks, "You *don't* have a twin, do you?"

"Nah -- I'm unique."

"Looked just like you... That's so strange."

"Yeah, it is..." They both fall silent again, and he knows they're both poring over it, trying desperately to figure out what the *hell* is going on here. How can someone impersonate him well enough that Clark would say it looked exactly like him? Clark's probably the one who's

seen him the closest of any of the people here -- when he saved Lex's life, he was right... *there*.

Lex glances over at him again, feeling that familiar tingle in his belly that threatens to spread lower. Damn. "I gotta go, and your dad's probably out getting the shotgun right now..."

"He is not," Clark says, but he looks towards the barn anyway. Sees his dad working on some piece of machinery and glancing their way.

Busted.

Clark steps away from the Ferrari and turns to face Lex -- turns his back on his dad. Lex can see Jonathan over Clark's shoulder (if he tries hard, that is...) -- he's not happy.

"I'll come by -- later." The smile Clark gives him sends heat through his entire body, and he has to duck his gaze for a moment before Clark reads it in him.

"Okay -- I'll see you." Lex climbs into the car and starts it up, then drives off, paying strict attention to the traffic laws. He can see Clark waving, and then he's around a curve in the road and Clark's out of sight...

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The car's put away, phone calls and messages are caught up, and Lex is sitting in the study waiting for Clark to call, or show up, or e-mail -- or *anything*. He's not in the mood for the news on TV -- too many chances for a mention of 'his' escapades. He finally sighs with frustration and propels himself out of the chair and over to the bar, where he pours a glass of expensive single-malt and tosses it back like cheap whiskey. There is no burn as it goes down -- Lex can't remember which one this is, but he *does* know it's older than he is. He pours another and sips it this time, enjoying the smooth smokiness of it on his tongue, the earthy hint tickling his palate.

He walks over to the couch and places the glass carefully on the table next to it, then sprawls on the buttery soft leather and closes his eyes...

~~I've told you before, Lex. Only one chance to defy me, and you've used that up. You'll obey me from now on, no matter *what* it is I tell you to do.~~

His father's so damned imperious -- Lex knows the man *hates* that he grew up with his own backbone. But isn't that what Lionel forced him to be? Isn't that what he wanted?

~~You just hate the fact that I *am* going to succeed you, don't you! I'm what you made me, Father, and don't you forget it!~~

That was his mistake, Lex realizes now, as the memories force their way through. He should have just kept quiet, maybe nodded silently. Instead, he challenged Lionel; reminded him that he wasn't going to be around forever and that Lex was waiting in the wings. And his father had to prove that he was still the one in control...

~~

~~You ungrateful little whore!~~

This slap stronger than most of the ones his father dishes out; startling Lex and sending him to his knees, where Lionel has even more of an advantage... Lex knows he should drop his gaze, but instead he glares up at him, thinking hateful thoughts he knows his father can read in his eyes...

The next slap makes Lex see stars, and when his vision clears he knows he's in trouble. Looking straight ahead instead of up at his father's face, Lex can see how hard he is.

This time when Lex glances up, he knows his father reads the fear in his eyes, because he smiles...

~~Why do you waste money on those clubs, Lex? I can give you all the pain and humiliation you could possibly want...~~

His voice is a silky purr, but the threat in it is plain as day...

~~Don't you ever, *ever* disobey me again, Lex. You are *mine* to do with as I please...~~

Lionel digs fingers into Lex's jaw and through that pain alone brings him to his feet. Then his free hand homes in on Lex's nipples. When he pinches and twists, Lex gasps in pain and dismay -- as usual, his body betrays him and begins to respond. Lionel knows he's won; smiles darkly at Lex and moves in close; whispers to him...

~~The sooner your intellect accepts what your body already knows, the better off you'll be, Lex...~~

But Lex can't allow himself to accept it, he has to struggle. Has to fight. Lionel pulls him in and kisses him hard, and Lex shudders in reaction. Lionel's fingers pinch and twist and Lex cries out; tries to swallow a moan and pull back from the plundering tongue. Strong hand behind his bald head pushes them tighter together and Lionel's easily getting the better of him.

Lex tries to back away, gasps as he backs hard into the wall; nowhere left to run. His mind screams that this should not be -- that this is so wrong.

But he knows it's the wrongness of it that always makes it feel the way it does; makes it feel so good. Something broken inside him that makes him *need* this wrongness because he knows it's all he's ever going to get.

~~Daddy, no!~~

And it's humiliating to hear himself use that tone; frightened child when he should be a man, when he should be fighting and kicking instead of surrendering like he is. When it makes his father growl and pin him harder against the wall, hands fumbling desperately at the fastening of his pants, tearing at his shirt; teeth fastening on his pale throat and marking him; claiming him...

Lex moans and arches into the pain; wanting it because it's his father paying attention to him instead of sending an assistant or a lawyer or some other lackey to deal with him. Wrongness compounded by another wrongness, and now his father's mouth is back on his; kissing him brutally and hungrily. One hand now pinning Lex's wrists to the wall above their heads. Lex arching into him, slender hips straining as the other hand dives into his silk boxer-briefs and

squeezes.

Lex knows he'd allow anything; again, knows how wrong this is but so desperate for it. Pain, pleasure -- the line has long since blurred between them. Not like this with anyone else, but with his father he's never really been able to tell the difference.

Not quite true, but pain is what he feels when his father turns away; when the lackeys are the ones to clean up his messes, to handle his disasters.

That's pain.

This. This is different.

This is sharp, and intense -- this is *need* that burns him from the inside out. Threatens to brand him. Lex wonders sometimes if others can see it -- if it's marked him in some way that's invisible to him, but out there for everyone else.

He moans, helpless in the face of it. His father still has him pinned, but gives his cock one last squeeze then slides his hand out of his pants. Tightens his grip on Lex's wrists and tugs him forward, away from the wall.

~~Get upstairs, Lex.~~

So imperious, Lex starts to obey before he even realizes what he's doing. Turns back to refuse and gasps as he sees the look on his father's face. Complete control, no sign of the lust that's obviously burning in him -- except that the moment Lex meets his eyes he sees it. Lust, hunger, fury -- and some unnamable quality that Lex knows he's seen before. Almost an unholy power that burns in his father, and he's helpless before it.

Always has been. Always will be...

The protest dies on his tongue and Lex turns back to walk up the stairs, willing participant in his own desecration. He can feel his father right behind him, heat projecting against the chill of his own body. He wonders if this is part of it; if his need for warmth makes him seek out this fire that burns him away to ashes...

Knows he should be fighting. Knows how wrong it is to allow this; how badly he wants to scream for Clark and have him rescue him from this. Rescue him from himself.

Thinks all of this even as he's stripping off his jacket and his ruined shirt. Even as he hears the door close behind him and the lock slide home with a solid click. His hands tremble so badly he's having trouble getting his shirt off, cuffs still buttoned around his wrists. He doesn't realize until too late that his father has moved closer.

Lionel smiles darkly at him and shoves him down onto the bed, the shirt trapped beneath him now and his hands effectively bound. Lex gasps -- it sounds like 'No!' but is quickly swallowed. He watches -- knowing he could still get up, could still run away -- as his father strips off his own jacket and shirt. Deceptively slender build, much like his own but more muscular; more obviously powerful.

And, at least superficially, more masculine with his hair, beard, and normal body hair...

Lex gasps then, as his father tugs off his shoes and then manhandles his pants off. Those strong hands, hot against his skin, and now they're stroking up his thighs and mauling his cock through his boxer-briefs; heavy-handed touch that he knows he shouldn't be responding to. Shouldn't be so eager for...

~~That's my boy...~~

Lex cringes inwardly, knowing this is the biggest wrongness -- how good it makes him feel to have his father pleased with him for something -- *anything*... And still he can't help arching up into the touch.

Can't help moaning when the boxer-briefs are tugged down and the strong, warm hands touch sensitive skin. Panting, desperate hitch in his breath when one hand pinches his nipples to hardness and the other slides down between his legs.

His own hands opening and closing convulsively clutching at the fabric beneath them; trapped by his own shirt, bound and helpless, and Lex is so hungry for it.

Lex knows how to get what he needs, knows the moves by heart; misspent youth in sex clubs trying so desperately to get his father to *notice* him and just pay him some fucking attention...

Be careful what you wish for.

Body moving in the bed now, legs spreading wantonly and hips tilted at a seductive angle, his cock jutting out defiantly. Strange flash of memory and Lex knows the last time he saw someone moving like this it was a woman in some excruciatingly boring porno; knows that he's more alluring and seductive than she was. Far more pride than there should be in this knowledge...

The one hand continues to pinch his nipples while the other slides a warm and dry finger back behind his balls and strokes the sensitive skin there. Lex moans, hungry with the teasing and definitely wanting more -- and then the hands are gone.

~~No---~~

It's out before Lex realizes, and he feels his face burning as he hears his father's laugh. And that's a crime in its own right -- Luthors don't blush.

~~Oh, don't worry, Lex. You'll get what you want so badly...~~

And then there's a weight on the bed with him, his father kneeling and then looming over him.

When did he have time to take off the rest of his clothes? Lex wonders, feeling his gaze drawn to his father's hard cock. Lionel Luthor was born overseas, and unlike Lex, he's uncut. Intact. Hard cock jutting out of crisp pubic hair, looking perfectly normal.

Masculine.

Not girlishly hairless like Lex.

For much of his life, Lex has been told he doesn't walk like a Luthor -- he knows that's not the

case. What his father has always meant is that he doesn't walk like a man. And he knows he can swish like the biggest queen in Metropolis when he wants to, but he doesn't do it all of the time. His father just can't stand the grace he moves with -- a Luthor should be powerful...

Lex has always been secretly proud that he inherited his mother's grace -- he's always hoped that it means he won't end up like his father... But right now, it just serves to remind him of his differentness.

~~Suck me, Lex.~~

It's a quiet growl, but Lex can hear the lust in his tone. Shudders with it as his father straddles him and forces his leaking cock into his face. Looks up at his father's face for a moment; knows it was a mistake when he sees that unholy fire in his eyes.

It could burn him away in an instant, but he still craves the flames.

Lex swallows hard, licks his lips. It would be easier if he weren't lying on his back, but somewhere in his mind he knows this isn't going to last long. Knows it's more for lubrication than anything else. Tries to ignore the rush of arousal that follows that knowledge...

And then his father's cock is in his face again, smearing precum across his lips.

~~Do it, Lex...~~

Threatening tone, now, and Lex's gaze darts up to his face again. Swallows once more and then darts his tongue out to clean his lips. Hot, slick cock thrusting against his tongue. The taste of it makes his mouth water; the sound his father makes sends a shiver of hunger through him. Lex knows he's good at this -- he could have his father whimpering and begging in moments.

But then he wouldn't get what he wants. What he needs...

Lex smirks up at his father, then opens his mouth and takes him in. Swirls his tongue around the shaft and head, all the while keeping their eyes locked. This kind of brazen attitude was always a hit at Club Zero. Lex thinks about the men he goaded into fucking him savagely, and the ones he reduced to begging, pleading slaves. Knows which way this will go, despite his father's eager thrusts into his mouth.

~~My son, the whore...~~

This time the tone is complex -- Lex can hear the disgust, but there's almost a hint of accomplishment in it. Pleasure that some intricate plan has worked out right.

Lex flashes briefly on something he studied in an ancient civilizations class about the interpretations of the Book of Revelations: various scholars had equated Babylon with Rome, and the seven-headed Beast the Whore rides with the Emperor. With a creeping unease, he wonders if there might be some deeper meaning behind his father's obsession with the Caesars -- he's made joking references to his father as Satan before...

And then his father is pulling back and a hand is closing hard around his throat. He struggles to draw in breath, heat flaring in his face when he feels arousal settling heavily in his balls even as

he's starting to panic.

~~I don't care *where* your mind was, Lex -- don't you *ever* do that again when you're with me!~~

Angry growl this time -- his father is furious. Lex knows he allowed his mind to wander -- wonders if by any chance he bit him. Decides he can't have, or his father wouldn't be grabbing one of his legs and forcing it back towards his chest, opening him. Black spots are starting to dance in his vision, but he's just so damned hard. If only--

And his father lets him go for a moment to gasp great lungfuls of air.

Lex has always had a fear about not being able to breathe -- first the asthma, and then more recently the drowning. This is the only time he reacts this way to the fear, and he knows it's the most dangerous time.

Lex shivers as he feels the slick cock bump into him, pressing against his unprepared anus. He's still panting, but starting to sound less panicked, when the hand that was so recently choking him gently caresses his face and then settles back on his throat again. His father looks the question at him, and he can't help himself.

He nods.

The hand tightens around his throat again, and at the same instant, his father shoves. Hard.

Lex arches into the brutal penetration and cries out -- wails -- at the sweet, sweet pain that fills him. He realizes after a moment that the hand has moved, trailing down to savagely twist a nipple before moving to grab his other leg and open him further.

His father is buried to the root. Thick, hot cock splitting him open and he can feel the flames now, licking at him; burning him. He knows he's damned, but the need is all-consuming. He needs this like he needs oxygen...

And then his father begins to fuck him; brutal, hard strokes that batter at him. His muscles are still trying to adapt to the bulk inside him, and the pain is so good. He tilts his hips slightly for better penetration, and cries out as the hot, hard cock slides against his prostate. It's just too good -- it's just so wrong...

~~Daddy, stop! Please -- oh god, don't do this!~~

He's begging now, because he feels the flames consuming him, feels them burning him away. Knows that Clark can never save him from this, because his soul was already lost long before. He's a slave to his own twisted desires, and nothing can save him...

And even as he begs his father to stop, he's arching up, wrapping his legs around his father's waist, making him drive in deeper and harder.

Lex isn't even sure what he's begging for anymore -- just as long as the fire and the pleasure and the pain continue.

~~Daddy please!~~

~~Please what, Lex? Fuck you harder?~~

His father's voice mesmerizes him. Lex meets his gaze and the lust in it is overwhelming. He can't look away, even if he wanted to. He's moving seductively again, driving his father into a frenzy with his body, even as the thrusts pound into him so savagely he knows he won't be comfortable sitting tomorrow.

~~Oh god -- yes. Yes, damn it, *fuck me!*~~

Gasping, desperate, his eyes and his body begging for this brutality; craving the intensity of it, *needing* it.

~~Fuck me *hard!*~~

And his father breaks their stare with a snarl, lust pouring off him in waves; drives into Lex like an animal, hot and savage and cruel. And Lex submits to his father's mastery, arching into him and moaning. His cock is trapped between them, swollen and leaking, and he can't free a hand to grab it. The friction of his father's body against it is almost enough -- almost--

And his father's pounding in and in, hands now all over him, clawing him with sharp nails and tweaking hard nipples. Then one hand is around his throat again, squeezing slightly, sending an extra surge of lust through both of them. Lex is whimpering almost constantly as his father lets out another snarl and grabs his weeping cock and

thrusts

~~Oh fuck oh god yeah Daddy fuck -- *fuck!!*~~

Lex cries out as he comes *hard*. His father's cum is shooting into him; searing him, marking him...

Pleasure overwhelming as muscles spasm and they surge together, trembling, shuddering, growling, moaning...

~~

"Fuck!" Lex gasps as he hits the floor, startling awake. Then he scrambles to all fours, panting as if he just ran a marathon, and trembling violently. His pants are sticky, but it still takes him a moment to realize he was dreaming; he's not there anymore, not pinned beneath his father, not being fucked...

He laughs quietly, hearing the edge of hysteria in it; curls in on himself, not even realizing when the tears begin...

--end--