

Warnings: Incest; language, graphic depictions of m/m sex -- I mean it, if you're squicked by semi-consensual m/m incest, AVOID this story. If you read it anyway after reading this warning, and are offended by what you read, too fucking bad.

Spoilers: for Shimmer, since this is set during it. Also very minor spoilers for Leech. This series could possibly be taken as a Smallville/Brimstone crossover -- interpret it as you will :)

# Unwanted Alliance

by Penemuel

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Lex remains on the couch as Lionel tells Victoria to leave. "My son and I are going to have a little chat about family loyalty," he says, and Lex wonders if Victoria is still standing outside the door, listening in and about to get a real earful.

His father continues to lecture and Lex listens, to some extent. He knows what's coming, and his father is just delaying the inevitable now. "Lex, I've told you this. Smallville is your test, and right now you're failing." He doesn't stop until he's standing very close, and Lex finds himself smiling at him. He wonders if the smile looks as fake as it feels.

"Thanks for the update, but I know exactly what I'm doing."

"No, you don't." And his father turns and walks away, then stops and turns back to him. "She is playing the only card she's got and you're falling for it hook, line, and sinker."

Lex feels a flare of anger -- surely his father can't think that he's that stupid! "My personal life is my business," he tells his father, turning and walking away with his hands in his pockets.

"Not when it affects my company. Then it's *my* business," Lionel says, his tone forceful and just the slightest bit angry.

Lex stops short. Of course, what was he thinking? How could he ever expect his father to view his personal life as only *his* business.

"Lex, listen to this..." Lex hears his father's voice growing closer -- he glances back without turning his head, knowing when his father is directly behind him not from the feel of his breath on the back of his neck, but from the heat radiating from the man. "If you sell out your family," his father continues, bringing up the brandy snifter he's holding, his arm wrapped around Lex at shoulder level, "then you will truly be alone in the world."

Lex looks down at the snifter, then takes a deep breath and pulls his hands out of his pockets. "I'm not selling out the family, Dad," he says quietly, trying to take the drink. His father closes the rest of the distance between them, the raised arm suddenly tight around his chest.

Lex can feel the coarse hair of his father's beard against his neck and jaw as he leans in and murmurs, "Oh?" Tries not to move but can't restrain the shiver -- almost an involuntary ripple of muscles across the surface of his skull; skin prickling in goosebumps. And suddenly he *wants*

the brandy, desperate for a way to excuse what he knows is going to happen now...

His father lets him take the snifter, and as soon as his hand is free it's on Lex's nipple, pinching him through the ribbed pullover. Lex bites down on the moan trying to fight its way out, and gulps down the brandy. By then, his father's other hand is on him, too; pulling him back hard against his body.

Lex reaches out blindly, trying to put the empty glass down. Hears it crash on the floor, doesn't think it's broken. One of his father's arms is up around his arm, across his throat; strong hand gripping his opposite shoulder. The other hand slides up underneath his shirt, rough fingers pinching first one nipple, then the other.

Rolling his head back against his father's shoulder, Lex can't silence the moan as his body responds. Since his experience after the hostage incident, Lex has convinced himself that his father really *is* Satan -- it's the only way to explain the power the man holds over him. The only way to explain the hunger that burns through Lex's body at his father's touch...

"That's my boy," his father whispers against his ear, just before he nibbles and bites his way along Lex's jawline. A vicious pinch to Lex's right nipple, nails digging into tender skin sending a shock of arousal through him. Lex gasps; feels his knees begin to buckle. It's the arm across his throat that keeps him from falling.

"Daddy," he hisses, turning his head to the side in an attempt to relieve the pressure on his throat. Realizes his mistake when the move allows him to see his father's expression. Strong hands turn him until they're face-to-face, and his father pulls him into a brutal kiss.

So overwhelmed, Lex can't help himself. He grows pliant, allowing the plundering kiss; moulding himself against his father's body. Some irrational part of his imagination equates his father's coat with heavy feathered wings, wrapping around both of them. By the time his father draws back, Lex is lightheaded and panting. Meets his father's eyes and finds himself trapped. If he concentrates hard enough, he thinks, he can see the fires of hell burning in the hazel depths.

"Tell me how you're not betraying the family, Lex," his father orders.

He swallows, feeling like his father is looking right down inside him. "She thinks I'm going along with her plan," he answers quietly, hoping that she isn't listening at the door anymore. "I've set a trap for them..." There's a brief flash of hope that she won't take the bait, but the realist in him knows it's useless.

Then he tilts his head slightly and frowns up at his father. "Why, did you think I was actually stupid enough to *trust* them?"

And his father frowns at him for a moment, then shakes his head. "Although I did worry that she had managed to convince you she was more than a good fuck," he whispers, stroking warm hands over Lex's scalp and smiling as Lex sighs in pleasure.

Crooked smile in response, and then Lex answers, "Don't worry -- I trust her less than I trust you..."

Instantly realizes it's the wrong thing to say, as his father's expression darkens. "You should trust me, Lex. I've made you what you are..."

And his damned mouth just keeps moving before his brain gives it permission. Lex leans in close and whispers, "What's that, Daddy; a completely fucked-up rich brat?"

His father glares down at him for a long moment, one strong hand gripping the back of his skull and the other coming forward to gently stroke Lex's lips, lingering to trace the scar on his upper lip. Then he smiles cruelly and gives a tiny shake of his head. "No, Lex. *Mine*," he whispers, and Lex wonders how someone can compress so much threat into a whisper.

Has to protest it, has to try to deny the response -- the fact that he's been hard since his father trapped him; that he's now opening his mouth and sucking on his father's fingers. And yet, he can't seem to shake his head. Can't do anything other than look at the man seductively and play suggestively at the tip of his middle finger with the tip of his tongue.

Knows this is the last thing he should be encouraging, but the heat in his father's eyes burns away his resistance; sparks a fire that sears him down to his blackened soul. Lex curses himself for a hypocrite -- how can he complain about this to Clark when his body is so *fucking* hungry for it; when his cock is rock hard and leaking in his pants and his father's scent is making him dizzy?

When his father growls softly and pulls his hand away, Lex almost whimpers. It's cut short by another brutal kiss, his father's strength overwhelming him easily; plundering tongue a lewd promise of what's to come. When his father releases him the man leans in and asks, "I assume you and Miss *Hardwick* have been *safe*?"

"God, yeah," Lex answers, thinking about the fact that there are only two people in the entire world he'll bareback. Beside the obvious potential complications unprotected sex with a woman could lead to, he doesn't want to think about the people Victoria might have been with prior to her return...

"Good boy," his father purrs, sliding his hands down Lex's chest to the hem of his soft shirt. Hands slide under it to stroke over soft, silken skin; Lex groans and arches into his touch, and hears a quiet sigh from his father in response.

More saddened than horrified that he wants this so much; that he gives in without a fight *every damned time* -- that he can whore himself to his own father for one little word of praise...

And yet his hands are coming up, now. Loosening his father's tie and trying to unbutton his crisp shirt; wanting so badly to feel the heat of his skin. Wishing that they dared go up to a bedroom and strip everything off.

His father has the soft ribbed pullover tugged halfway up his chest, baring his taut nipples. Lex can't help leaning into his heavy-handed strokes; wants those strong hands mauling him, those nails raking his sensitive skin. *Needs* it, his body blazing with hunger and desperate for defiling.

Gasps when his father leans down and nibbles on one of his nipples, when his father bites down hard and pain/pleasure arcs through him. He can't help reaching up and burying his hand in the lion-like mane of hair as he arches into the sweet torment; tries to keep his father from

pulling away.

His father growls and pulls back with ease, his strength once more supporting Lex's suspicions. Then hands dive down to his pants and practically tear them open; slide into his boxer-briefs and roughly grab his cock. "You're so ready for me, aren't you, Lex?" his father purrs, watching Lex's expression; smiling at the dilated pupils and arousal-flushed skin. "I don't even need any lube, do I? My lovely, lovely whore of a son..."

Lex gasps as his father cruelly squeezes his cock; moans and shakes his head. "Daddy--"

"Get on the couch, Lex."

Lex strips off his pants, knowing his eagerness damns him; knows intellectually that no *normal* father shows his love like this. No *normal* son would be so desperate for his father's hot cock rammed up him... But his body stopped listening to his mind so long ago that he can't even remember a time when it did. And now he's on the couch, kneeling on it with his ass in the air; knows that his father's right, he's already so relaxed and so hot that pre-cum will be all the lube they'll need.

Makes him even hotter to know that his father hasn't done more than unzip his elegant trousers and pull out his erection. And then there's a weight on the couch behind him and his father's fingers dig cruelly into his hips. He can't hold back the moan as he feels his father press into him; whimpers softly as the thick cock forces its way in past unprepared muscles.

Sweet, sweet pain coils up his spine as his father's cock slides home. He can feel the fabric of his father's pants against his skin, the teeth of his zipper scraping at him. He can feel the throb of his father's cock deep inside him and moans at the heat burning through him.

He needs this -- the only thing that can quench this desperate hunger inside him is his father's heat and cruelty. And he knows how to get what he needs -- has always known how to get what he needs...

Groans and presses back, relishing the *sound* his father makes as he digs strong fingers into his hips and thrusts forward; animal lust, hunger -- even a little pain as his own skin protests the friction. Long, slow withdrawal, and then a savage plunge back in, jabbing harshly into his prostate. Lex jerks and cries out, moans as pleasure arcs through him like electric current.

"Such a good boy, Lex," his father grinds out, and Lex can feel him moving easily now; slamming in and pulling nearly all of the way out just to drive deep again. "Amazing to think that a hole as well-used as yours can still be so tight..."

"*Fuck* you, Daddy," Lex growls into the couch-arm, desperate to deny the shiver of arousal his father's words bring. And then his father snarls and pulls out; smacks his ass hard enough to bring stinging tears to his eyes.

"On your back, whore," his father growls, and Lex obeys before he realizes what he's doing. When he looks up at his father, he's struck dumb by the power the man exudes. Stares up at him, gaze trapped by the burning eyes that strip away every layer of protection he's tried to build up.

His father doesn't even need to say anything -- he's already spreading his legs and raising his hips up for him; hot and panting and needing to be speared on his father's magnificent cock. And then it's battering its way back inside him, brutally filling him and sliding home. His father's hands maul his torso, pinching his nipples and scratching tender skin; then one closes around his throat and he moans helplessly, arching into the pounding strokes.

It's so right and so good -- and the most terribly wrong thing in the world. And Lex can't stop it -- can't even make himself *want* to stop it.

This is the darkness in him that he doesn't dare let Clark touch -- that he doesn't dare let touch Clark. As much as he wants to -- as much as he so *desperately* wants to beg Clark to fuck him like this.

Realizes he's pleading with his father, begging him to fuck him harder. Begging him to make him feel it all the way to the depths of his soul. Wanting to feel the flames lick at him and burn him away to ashes once more...

And his father laughs at him and smiles down, the hand around his throat moving to stroke his bald head. His vision is swimming from the lack of oxygen, blurry from the tears in his eyes, but he can see the wings now. Can see the terrible beauty of the being that is bent over him and pounding mercilessly into his body. Can feel, just around the edges of his consciousness, the incredible power that thunders through their blood as the pleasure spirals higher and higher.

Something beautiful and terrifying and oh, so powerful. He screams as orgasm tears through him; hips thrashing helplessly as his father's cum burns him deep inside...

Entangled, panting, they lie there for a moment as the tremors fade. Then Lex whimpers when his father slips out of him and gets off the couch; tucks himself away and straightens his clothes. Lex looks up to see him smiling down at his debauched body splayed across the couch. Lex can almost hear the possessive tone of his thoughts. *Mine...*

And then the smile fades slightly and his father leans down to collect his trousers and underwear. "Put them back on," he orders as Lex struggles to sit upright and gasps at the ache in his ass.

"Daddy," Lex whispers, once he's clothed again and pouring himself another drink with shaking hands. "I'll call you when the deal is finalized."

"Of course you will," his father says confidently. Then he strides out of the room, leaving Lex standing there, alone.

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