

WARNING: This story contains *graphic* depictions of *Luthorcest* along with the CLexy goodness, and one brief scene of non-sexual violence -- 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: This was written for the LexSlash Crossover Contest, and is a crossover between Smallville, Brimstone, and Penemuel's own Grigori/Fallen Angels universe. There **will** be a sequel...

Brimstone and Angel Wings

by Penemuel
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Some part of Lex's brain knows he's dreaming, and that when he wakes up he'll have that horrible feeling that he was *this* close to learning the secret of the universe. But still, the feeling of soaring above the clouds is so exhilarating he can't keep his subconscious reined in.

It's similar to the feeling he had after the accident, except that this time it's the great feathered wings sprouting from his back that buoy him up. Instinct allows him to soar on the updrafts until he comes to a clearing in the clouds. Then he folds his wings like a falcon and swoops down, opening them at the last moment to brake and land gently outside the Kent barn.

He can feel Clark there, inside the barn, sleeping on the couch in his 'Fortress of Solitude'; can feel the tendrils of Clark's dreaming mind reaching out to him. Can feel the aching need for completeness that he knows Clark can satisfy, if they could just be honest with each other...

"Clark," he whispers, the sound travelling away from him on a gentle breeze and drifting in to fall like soft rain on his lover's sleeping form.

He folds his wings in tight and walks into the barn, reaching out with some sense that is not sight or hearing, but has always allowed him to *know* when Clark is there. "Clark..." he whispers again, feeling a response.

"Lex?"

Lex hears him stirring, hears the creak of the couch as Clark sits up. A sudden sense of urgency propels Lex up the stairs to find Clark standing there in all his glory, staring wide-eyed at the wings which are once again ignoring Lex's wishes and beginning to unfold. "Clark..."

"Lex..." Clark breathes, still staring at Lex. "You've got..."

"Wings. Yeah, I know. It seems I'm even more of a freak than I originally thought I was..." Lex answers softly, suddenly afraid that Clark wasn't ready for this revelation.

"Not a freak," Clark murmurs, and Lex can see him starting to grow hard as the blue eyes look him up and down. "Lex, you're *beautiful*..."

And just as Lex thinks it's going to be okay, he feels something *dark* approaching. Something that brings with it a horrible feeling of desperate clawing hunger. Lex looks back over his shoulder, and knows Clark can see the fear in his expression now. "Clark, I know we've been

hiding things from each other--"

"Lex, don't," Clark interrupts. "I know you did things in your past -- I don't need to know about them. It's okay."

Instead of comforted, though, Lex is more agitated. "No! That's not it!" Another quick glance back, and he can see it coming for him now. Darkness gathers in the corner of the barn, multiple sets of shadowy wings mantling like a bird of prey; tendrils of darkness reaching out towards him bringing an unmistakable sense of menace. "You have to know, Clark! I'm not hu--"

And the darkness grabs him from behind, cutting his words off and pulling him away from Clark. It wraps around him with lewd familiarity, caressing his body as it flees the barn with him. He shakes his head and tries to struggle, sees Clark trying to run after him even as the darkness pulls him further and further away.

Feels a brief, irrational spark of anger as part of him *knows* Clark can run faster than that; that he's just afraid of letting Lex see. And then the darkness overwhelms him, coiling around him and stroking him; sending pleasure arcing through him as it engulfs him and penetrates him. His last coherent thought is that he and Clark *have* to be truthful to each other, or everything is at risk. *Everything*.

And then he arches back into the darkness and moans as it fucks him; screams as an orgasm tears through him like a bolt of electricity...

...and bolts awake in his bed, gasping for breath and trembling; drenched in sweat. It's more than a minute before he can finally get enough air to speak, at which time he mutters, "What the *fuck* was that?!"

"Indeed," a familiar voice answers from the shadows of his room.

Lex shivers with discomfort -- and a disturbing flash of excitement -- and says, "Dad. I wasn't *expecting* a visit from you..."

"I find that a little hard to believe," his father answers, taking a step closer. Lex frowns up at him, seeing his face appear out of the shadows even though the rest of him is still hidden by the darkness. A chill skitters down Lex's spine as images from the dream replay themselves in his mind's eye. Then his father smiles, and purrs, "Yes, Lex. That's what I thought..."

"What--" Lex stops himself, disturbed by the uncertainty in his voice.

"Your dream," his father explains softly.

Lex shakes his head, not wanting to hear it aloud; not wanting that tiny spark of fear that flickers in his heart to flare into the terror he knows he'll feel if his father confirms it. "No..."

"Look inside yourself, Lex. You *know* the truth..." Another step closer, and Lex sees the darkness pulling back from his father's naked, aroused body.

"No--" Almost pleading, this time. Begging the universe to make it all go away, to make this be the dream; the nightmare. And yet something in him responds to what he sees, what he feels.

Heat flares in his loins and travels up his spine like flames licking along his nerves. When his father climbs onto the bed with him he simply spreads his legs and lies back, unable to protest even though he knows he *should*.

"Oh Lex, stop being such a *wuss*," his father murmurs against his throat as nails rake cruelly up his sides. "You *know* what you are -- in your heart you have always known what you are. Stop denying it and embrace it as you so desperately want to embrace me!"

Lex moans and arches up into his father's cruelty, cries out as his body is speared on the hot hardness of his father's cock. Part of his mind thinks that he *must* still be in the dream; that no one should be able to enter him *that* easily no matter how much of a slut he is -- even as he wraps his legs around his father and pulls him as close as he can get.

Lex moans as his father fucks him, the strong thrusts forcing his breath out in harsh pants. Pleasure sparks behind his eyes with every cruel plunge, but it doesn't seem to come close to satisfying the hunger that burns in him. Lex knows he's felt this before, and it scares him -- it's so much bigger than he can contain; so much more than any human can satisfy.

"Daddy -- *please!*" he begs, shifting so that his father can plunge that much deeper on each stroke. "Fuck me harder -- please just *FUCK* me!"

"It gets closer to the surface every day, doesn't it, Lex?" his father grunts between savage thrusts. "The hunger -- the *need*..."

"Yes!" Lex cries desperately, arching up into his father and stroking hands all over his back -- until he runs into something his mind refuses to understand at first. "What?"

His father shudders as he continues to stroke, can't hold back a moan as Lex's fingers tease. "Do you understand yet, Lex?"

Lex shakes his head, whispers, "No." But it's hard to deny the truth when his eyes and touch confirm it. Another curious stroke, and his father growls. Buries teeth into the muscle of his shoulder and begins slamming into him like a wild thing -- like a demon...

Lex cries out, nearly screaming as the pain/pleasure burns through him; as his father's hot cum spurts deep into him and his wings tremble in time with each spasm.

And then his father pulls roughly out of him and wet heat engulfs his aching cock. His father's beard and moustache scratch at him and his mane of hair tickles, but pleasure floods him as his father licks and sucks at him.

Lex shoves aside the flash of fear as he realizes his father has *never* sucked him off before, and just allows the pleasure to rule him. Heat and pleasure build, centered in his balls but trailing off through all of his nerves; up through his spine and flooding his entire body. He can almost see it as some kind of energy flaring inside him; pulsing brighter with each beat of his heart, each throb of his cock. And then his father deep-throats him, and he screams in pleasure as orgasm takes him. In his mind's eye, he sees the energy coursing out of his body and down his father's throat -- but he can't stop it now even if he wanted to. It just feels too good...

The next thing he knows, his father is sitting on the side of the bed, gently stroking his lips and

playing absently with the small scar there. His eyes flicker open, and he sees his father's naked body, wrapped in his great feathered wings. Wings just like those Lex had in his dream -- except that these are black as raven feathers, and there are more than one pair. Lex thinks if he can just make himself stop hallucinating, it must be some black silk robe his father has borrowed from the closet.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, Lex?"

"What the hell is going on?"

"It's so interesting the way you phrase these things," his father answers. Lex can't help arching into his stroke as his father slides his hand up to caress his scalp, the back of his head, his neck... He laughs softly, then stands and looks down at Lex. "You're a smart boy, Lex. Tell me what you think it is..."

"You're the Devil," Lex says boldly. "I always used to think so because of how I felt about you, but you're *really* the Devil." Inwardly, though, he's cringing, *praying* his father will deny it.

"And you're my son, Lex." Lex shivers under the look his father gives him -- one he usually saves for business acquisitions he's been after for a while.

"I'm Lionel Luthor's son," Lex hisses, sitting up and not even caring that the sheet falls to reveal his semi-erect cock. "I'm just a man."

"You're just a *boy*," his father snarls, and Lex swallows convulsively as he can no longer deny the fact that there are three magnificent pairs of black feathered wings spreading from his father's-- from this being's back. "And yes, you are Lionel Luthor's son -- but you're also my son. We made a business arrangement, and together we fathered you..."

"Did my--" and suddenly Lex has to stop. His mouth has gone completely dry and he can hear his blood pounding in his ears. He swallows hard, but it doesn't help much. The next time he speaks, his voice cracks. "Did my mother know?"

And the being that wears his father's face smiles down at him -- for a moment terror grips him and it seems like everything he's known and believed is about to crash down around his ears.

"No, she didn't."

He knows it's the truth -- feels it in his heart. The roaring of his blood retreats a little, and he breathes a bit easier. But, there are more answers he needs -- he just isn't sure if he's brave enough to find out.

"Come now, Lex, I would have expected you to assault me with questions. For this one night, you get honest answers, so don't waste the chance," his father purrs, climbing back onto the bed again and towering over him.

"You haven't always been part of my-- of Lionel -- are you always with him now?" Lex asks, even as hands stroke up his thighs, homing in on his hardening cock.

"He's been giving up more and more control to me over the years. Your mother kept him from losing himself while she lived, but once she was gone, his hunger for power let me in easily." Hands close around hot flesh and Lex arches up into his grip. Now that he looks closely, he can see that little lines he expected are gone; his father glows with the vitality he had years ago, when Lex was a child and his father towered over him like some god-like presence...

He feels like that child now, awed and terrified at the same time; afraid of doing something that will incur his father's wrath. And he's starting to realize, now, just how devastating that wrath might be, even though part of him is still desperately hoping that this actually is some product of his twisted subconscious.

And then his father's hands are doing their best to distract him, one sliding back between his legs while the other continues to stroke his cock. It's so hard to think like this, and Lex gets the feeling there's something important he has to remember to ask. "What--"

And then his father's fingers are pressing inside him, trapping him with pleasure and dragging a ragged moan from him. He writhes back on the invading digits, driving them as deep as he can get, and then thrusting forward into the tight grip. His body aches with it; an unholy hunger burning so deep inside. And it just doesn't make sense because his father is finger-fucking him mercilessly and pumping his cock cruelly and he's going to cum soon but there's still something that just *needs*.

Lex is arching helplessly, now, and spreading his legs; begging wordlessly for something he doesn't even know. And even when he screams and comes all over himself and his father, he can still feel this alien *urge*. "I need-- *IN* me--" he snarls, sitting up and pulling his father down on top of him.

He's writhing against his father's heat, legs spread wide and hips canted up towards him, offering -- begging... And his father simply smiles down at him and grinds his hard cock into Lex's cum-slicked skin.

"Goddamn it, Daddy, what is *wrong* with me -- what the fuck *am* I?!"

And his father leans in close and whispers, "You're half-angel, Lex. Technically, you're a Nephilim; the son of an angel and a human woman. Or, to be more accurate, a Seraphim and a human woman."

Lex is whimpering, moving his hips against his father's hardness, desperate for penetration -- and suddenly his father is ripped from him by a blur; *thrown* across the room. It's Clark's voice that he hears growling, "Get *away* from him!"

And then Clark is wrapping him in strong arms and trying to calm him. Lex is vaguely aware of a man skidding to a stop just inside the room; dropping to one knee to aid his father where he still lies stunned against the wall. The man isn't one of his staff, and he knows he's seen him with his father before -- thought that he was some kind of bodyguard or another bought cop. At least, that's the way he carries himself, although Lex has been aware that there's just something not *right* about him. He hears the man say, "I never even saw him -- there was this whoosh and then I heard--"

Lex hears his father growl something softly. It sounds like, "It's not your fault, Zeke. He can't help being what he is." There's a surprising amount of affection in his tone -- for some reason, Lex finds himself equating it with the way one would speak to a pet.

But then Clark leans in close and nuzzles his neck, and he's distracted for a moment. It's the sudden harshness in his father's tone that draws his attention back to them when he hears, "Separate them *now*, Ezekiel, before the boy manages to open him!"

And Clark looks back at them, fixing Zeke with a challenging stare. Lex sees the scruffy man shake his head and glare back at his father; strains to hear him grumble, "He's not one of yours. I can't exactly shoot him in the fucking eyes and make him go away. I'm *not* helping you do this."

The withering stare his father levels at Zeke sends a shiver through Lex, and then the man is walking out of the room and down the stairs. There's something very odd going on, but Lex just can't wrap his mind around it to figure it out. He can't, actually, put a coherent thought together as the hunger overwhelms him once more.

Clark's nuzzling him again; big, strong hands stroking all over, soft lips kissing down his throat and to his nipples. And then Lex gasps as Clark growls softly and shoves his nose right into Lex's armpit, takes a deep breath. And Lex can feel Clark grow rock hard in an instant, moans at the sheer primitiveness of it as Clark continues breathing in his scent.

"God-- Clark!" Lex gasps as Clark begins rubbing against him.

"Mine..." Clark murmurs, lifting his head and looking right at Lex. "All mine..."

Lex is about to agree enthusiastically when there's a flash of *power* and Clark is thrown into the wall so hard Lex swears he can feel the house shake. But that would be impossible, since he knows the house is far too solid.

Lex yells, "Clark!" as his lover crashes to the floor with a surprised grunt of pain. Doesn't really register his father darting towards the bed until Clark lurches up from the floor to tackle him.

"Bastard!" his father growls as he hits the ground.

"Keep your hands off him!" Clark snarls at his father, and Lex sees him grab the main joint of one of the top wings and dig his fingers in. His father gasps in pain and rolls away in the direction Clark is shoving him.

"You're not going to have him," Lex hears his father growl, and then Clark shakes his head.

"Why don't you let him decide?"

Lex can tell his father is struggling against Clark's freakish strength, and with a chill he realizes it's a fairly even fight. "He's mine, and he's always been mine," his father purrs. Lex sees him gesture, and suddenly Clark gasps in pain. Another gesture, and Clark is flung straight upwards into the ceiling.

"No!" Lex screams, and concern finally overwhelms his sense of self-preservation. "Leave him alone!" he growls, launching himself at his father. His father spins to face him, the index finger

of his other hand pointing straight at his heart.

"Stop."

Lex shakes his head and takes another step. It feels like walking against the strongest wind he's ever faced, but he refuses to stop. "Daddy, get the hell out of here..." he hisses, taking another step.

"Very good, Lex," his father says with a humourless smile. "You feel the power in you, don't you..."

He refuses to admit it out loud, but he *can* feel it. It seems to be connected to that strange hunger, which has abated but has not disappeared; even flares again as he looks up at Clark where he's pinned, struggling against the ceiling. Instead, he returns the smile, and takes another step. "You can't stand that I'm actually *becoming* the kind of heir you wanted me to be, can you..."

"Lex, be careful!" Clark gasps, drawing his father's attention again.

"I always am," Lex whispers, closing the distance and grabbing his father's balls. "Daddy, *let him go.*"

"Whoa!" Clark yelps, and crashes to the floor as Lionel hisses in pain. Lex glances over to make sure Clark isn't hurt, and that's when his father wraps him in frighteningly strong arms.

"You're mine, Lex," he murmurs in Lex's ear, continuing to hold him with one arm and sliding the other hand down to squeeze Lex's butt cheek.

Lex moans, shocked as the hunger comes surging back. For a horrified moment, he's not sure he won't just lie down right there and beg his father to fuck him -- and then Clark is *there*, wrapping his arms around Lionel from behind and pulling him away.

"Leave. Him. *Alone!*" Clark growls.

Clark flings Lionel into the wall, and Lex stares as his father crumples to the floor, unconscious. And then Clark turns to Lex and grabs his hand, tugs him back towards the bed. Lex finds himself asking, "Is he dead?" even as he thinks how absurd a question that is. His father is *the devil* -- how can he be dead just because he slammed into the wall...

The look Clark gives him sends a shiver through him, followed by a flare of heat arrowing straight to his groin. "God..." Lex murmurs, and suddenly he's the one tugging Clark to the bed. "Need you--" he gasps, pulling Clark down on top of him on the bed. "*Now!*"

"Lex, what's going on?" Clark asks. It seems to Lex that Clark has only just realized he barged into the house and beat up his father -- and how exactly did he get in, anyway? And how did Clark *know* he needed help?

"Doesn't matter -- you're here, now. Worry about it later!" Lex pants, desperately fumbling with the button on Clark's jeans. "Get out of these pants, Clark -- please!"

"Lex, calm down -- I don't wanna hurt you!" Clark gasps.

"Please..." Lex whispers, frantic fingers grabbing for Clark as he backs away for a moment.

"Calm down, Lex. You're starting to scare me..." Clark says softly, glancing back at Lionel's unconscious form. "This whole thing is starting to scare me, and I'm kind of freaked out with him still in the room."

"Don't be scared, Clark -- I'm just the son of Satan," Lex says with a shrug. "Can't we talk about this later, and you fuck me now?"

"Just the-- Are we dreaming?" Clark asks, still staring at the crumpled, black-winged form.

"I don't know," Lex finds himself answering as he watches Clark frown and lean down to drag his father from the room and dump him in the hall. When Clark comes back in, Lex hears a metallic crunch that he realizes, with a shock, is Clark bending the doorknob to keep the door from being easily opened. Then Clark toes off his shoes and strips off his jeans and briefs. Lex watches as the flannel shirt follows; smiles as Clark returns to the bed. When Clark takes him in strong arms, he continues, "If we are, I want it to be a good dream now."

Clark nods, nuzzling Lex's throat again. "Much better without him in here," he murmurs, and Lex moans as Clark licks his way down his throat to nibble along a collarbone.

Lex arches up into him and gasps as Clark shoves his nose into his armpit again and takes a deep breath. "Damn, Clark, that is so fucking hot!"

"Can't help it -- you smell *good*," Clark growls, and Lex gets the distinct impression that he's rapidly reverting to instinct. His suspicion is confirmed a moment later when Clark slides down Lex's body and buries his nose in his crotch.

"Mmmine," Clark murmurs, and suddenly Lex is helpless, the hunger surging over him like a tidal wave.

"Oh *fuck*," Lex gasps, as Clark flips him over and covers him, sliding into him with one forceful thrust. "God, Clark!" he moans, pressing back onto Clark's heat and hardness.

And then Clark is growling and pumping into him, a large hand wrapping around his wrists and pinning his hands to the bed. Lex knows Clark is still holding back, but he's never been this rough before. The pleasure is overwhelming -- Lex knows he's losing himself in it, melting under Clark and letting himself become so pliant; so receptive.

Something about that sends a rush of arousal through Lex so intense that he cries out. That cry sharpens into a scream and suddenly Clark is out of him and off the bed, and he's trying to get to his knees and claw at his back. Clark is staring at him with his eyes round in panic, and he wants desperately to reach out to him and feel Clark's strength supporting him. Then the pain lancing through his back bends him nearly double. As he screams again, great feathered wings rip their way out of his back.

Shivering with the pain, Lex collapses back to the bed, curling into a tiny ball and somehow instinctively wrapping the wings around himself for protection. Through the shuddering of his own breath, he hears Clark take a step back towards him, and then the bed dips as his lover sits down and hauls him into his lap.

"Lex! Ohmygod, Lex -- what--" Clark's voice is breathy with fear and shock, and Lex finds himself starting to laugh.

"All the weird things that happen around here, and you're rendered speechless by this," he whispers. Clark's trembling hands are smoothing the skin at the base of his wings, and the pain is fading moment by moment.

He sees Clark pause and stare at one of his hands, then he grabs it and pulls it closer to look at it himself. "Blood?" he asks, seeing the red smears on Clark's fingers. Before Clark has time to answer him, he licks one of the red fingers and looks up at Clark's shocked expression. "Tastes like blood -- guess I'm still partly human..."

Clark pulls his hand away and Lex can feel the gentle fingers on his back again. "It's healing up, Lex -- you're not bleeding now..."

"Doesn't hurt anymore, either," Lex answers, seeing Clark tentatively lick some of the blood himself. The blue eyes go dark, pupils dilated, and Lex starts to form a theory. "Clark, do I still smell good?"

Clark bends down to sniff at him again, and this time he feels a tentative lick; realizes Clark is lapping up what's left of the blood on his back. Suddenly the pain is completely gone, and arousal comes rushing back all at once.

Warm wetness pushes hard for a moment, and arousal arcs through Lex like an electric shock. Lex gasps and pants, suddenly stretching out in Clark's lap. It feels like the hot tongue is probing deep into the most intimate part of his body, and Lex moans, realizing that Clark is tonguing the area where his wings join his back. "Oh *fuck*, Clark -- do that again!"

"It's hot..." Clark murmurs, before running his tongue back along the crease of flesh the wings protrude from.

"*God!*" Lex gasps, spreading his legs helplessly as arousal washes over him in waves. The only time he can think of that he's felt this helpless and this overwhelmed by lust is when Clark fucked him with his tongue. This feels so much like that that it makes his head spin.

"I can't--" Clark starts, pausing to jab at Lex's back with his tongue again, "--believe how good you *taste!*"

"Clark!" Lex is rapidly realizing that there's no way he can stop this -- it has him in its grip, and it's refusing to let go.

"*Need to taste you...*" Clark murmurs, sliding out from under him. He lies Lex down on the bed, face down, then climbs up behind him. Lex finds himself stretching his wings up and back, nearly embracing Clark with them. They move of their own volition, but every movement feels so right.

And then Clark's tongue dips between his ass cheeks, and although he groans at first, he rapidly realizes that's not what he *needs...* "No, Clark -- not there... lower. God -- please-- *lower!*" Lex moans hungrily, bucking back into Clark.

Still not entirely comprehending the change that has come over him, Lex somehow tucks a wing out of the way and rolls over, spreading his legs and offering himself to Clark. Part of his mind registers the irony -- an angelic being making an offering of sex like some pagan ritual, an almost holy offering made on a bed of sinful debauchery...

And this time, Clark buries his nose between his legs, then comes up panting; gasps, "Lex -- you're..." And Lex pulls him down close, feels his rock-hard cock slide deep into a place nothing has ever penetrated before. Into a place that nothing *should* be able to penetrate...

Wiry legs wrap around Clark's strength, pulling him in as deep as he can go, and then lust explodes through both of them. And yet, even as Lex allows himself to become a slave to the vulgar pleasure, he begins to feel something so pure, so beautiful that he and Clark both freeze and stare at each other.

"Lex, what's happening?" Clark whispers, wide blue eyes staring at Lex with all the wonder he can hold.

Lex feels tears beginning to well in his eyes, even as Clark shifts and his cock moves deep inside him. "Clark -- I've... I've never..." He gulps in air and pulls Clark close, hands stroking and soothing everywhere he can reach. "You wouldn't believe how this feels -- I've never..." Chokes back the tears and whispers, "Perfect..."

Clark gentles his thrusts, and at first Lex thinks his lover might be afraid of hurting him. Then he realizes that an expression of pure *bliss* has transformed Clark into a beautiful being of light -- light that instead of burning him away is bringing him, gently, to heights he has never known.

"Oh *God*, Clark -- don't stop now -- no matter what--" he gasps, shifting to tilt his hips to let Clark's cock slide that much deeper. Pleasure is building inside him now, a growing surge that he knows, somehow, could destroy everything in its path -- if he had any idea how to harness it.

Even as he's arching into Clark's strokes, he hears the door burst open and knows his father has finally managed to rejoin them. And then he feels a wave of *fury* burst forth from his father as he sees what Clark is doing. Lex can't help smiling smugly as he hears Clark's grunt that signifies he's past the point of no return.

And even as part of Lex's mind registers his father ordering Zeke to 'get his ass in there' and break them apart, he feels the wave of pleasure that has been rising and rising, break and wash over him like a tsunami. Lex gasps as Clark thrusts deep one more time and comes. The tiny bit of Lex's mind that is still rational catches Zeke telling his father that he's just too late, and there's no way in hell -- so to speak -- that he's going to try to get between them. And then the pleasure pushes all thought from his mind as he and Clark ride out the waves of an orgasm so intense his outstretched wings are quivering.

As the tremors fade, Lex pants out, "God -- Clark-- I saw... I nearly felt--" Shakes his head, unable to find the words, and pulls Clark down into an urgent kiss. A final shudder runs through his body and he can't hold back a soft cry before collapsing beneath his lover in a boneless sprawl.

Reluctantly, Lex lets Clark withdraw. It's then that the strangeness of the situation strikes him,

and he looks up at his lover in shock. "How...?"

"You're asking me?" Clark asks, and Lex can see him glancing back over his shoulder to see where his father is now; keeping part of his attention on him just in case... "You're the one who sprouted wings and suddenly has a-- is a--"

"You're the son of an angel, Lex, and you're an intelligent boy. You can work it out, I'm sure," Lionel growls, and Lex *stares* at him around Clark. It amazes him that he can sense that much anger from the man who accused *him* of being too emotional -- there's obviously something he had wanted to do and--

It suddenly hits him, and he can't keep from smiling. "He beat you to it, Dad," he says, and knows he's scored a point when his father's eyes narrow and his lips press into a thin, hard line.

"Lex," his father briefly acknowledges, reaching out to grab Zeke's arm. "This *isn't* over."

Lex watches as his father turns and stalks from the room, tugging Zeke along with him. Just before he's out of sight, Zeke mouths something and Lex's eyes go wide with shock. He doesn't say anything until he actually hears the front door slam, and then he turns to Clark. "Love, if we're going to do that again, I think we're going to have to invest in some rubbers after all..."

--end-- for now...--