

Title: Holidays Alone

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Pairing: Bruce Wayne/Lex Luthor

Spoilers: None -- set pre-Smallville

Author's notes: for the "A Dark Knight In Smallville 2002" Holiday contest

Rating: NC-17

Warnings: a couple of really teeny-tiny references to possible incest, a reference to drug use and a sex club, and this story contains sex between two over-14 teenagers. If you can't handle that, don't read it. They're both more mature than your average sixteen-year-old boys, anyway. TeenSlut!Lex alert.

Summary: It's the Christmas break at Excelsior Prep, but not everyone goes home for the holidays

Categories: Best Story, PWP

Holidays Alone

by Penemuel

1/3/03

I'm a little surprised that he doesn't look up as I enter the library -- I wasn't trying to be quiet, and to my own hearing my footsteps were quite loud. And yet, there he sits, his lean form folded into one of the large armchairs and his bald head buried in some old leatherbound volume.

I'm glad to see him here -- glad for some company over the holiday break. And yet, that's very selfish of me, since I know why he's here. It's the second Christmas since his mother died; the first he's spending alone. Last Christmas his father brought him home, claiming he needed to have what was left of his family near him during the holidays. Considering some of the things I've heard him whimpering in his sleep since then, maybe it's a good thing he's not with his father this time...

"Lex?"

He jumps, then looks up at me accusingly. "How long have you been watching me, Bruce?"

He closes the book and puts it down on the table -- I can see the title now: 'Leaves of Grass' -- and realize it's not one of the school's books. It's his -- a present his mother had left for him last year. Once again, we're competing for Most Morbid Boy... "Sorry. I was wondering if you wanted to join me in the gym, or go for a run outside. It's not that cold..."

"Is this my definition of 'not that cold', or yours?" he asks, picking up the book and hugging it to his chest.

"That's true -- you'll turn into a little ice cube," I acknowledge. "So, the gym?"

He stands up with an easy grace that sends a little shiver through me -- he's a year younger than I am, but he's got such a sensuality about him. It's a little unnerving to find a fifteen-year-old so seductive, but he knows how to drive me wild. Me, and a number of others, but I'm just not going to think about that right now...

"So, what did you have in mind?" he asks as he joins me. The little smirk he gives me tells me all I need to know about what *he's* thinking about.

"Well, if we wrestle or box, I'll kick your ass, so we'd better stick to something like gymnastics..."

"You know you only kick my ass because I let you," he whispers, leaning in close and rubbing against me.

One easy move and I have him pressed up against the wall. He's glowering up at me, fierce and defiant -- for all of a second. Then his body relaxes, warm and yielding, and I can't help getting hard. "Yeah, and you only let me because you like being pinned under me," I breathe against one of his delicate ears. This makes him moan softly and arch against me; panting open-mouthed and giving me the fuck-me eyes as only he can. *God* -- we may not even make it as far as the gym...

And then his eyes turn devilish and he shoves me away; takes off down the hall, laughing.

"You *tease!*" I growl, running after him.

I catch up with him outside the locker room -- he's laughing and it keeps him from being able to outrun me. When I grab his arm and spin him around, he melts into me and chuckles against my chest. Instead of saying anything, I just squeeze him against me and nuzzle at his neck until we take a couple of unsteady steps back and bump into the lockers. He gasps and arches against me as I trap him there.

"Bruce!" he hisses, spreading his legs as I press harder against him. So warm, so yielding -- his surrender sinks right into the primal lizard-brain part of my mind and suddenly the only thing I can think about is stripping him down to his creamy skin and doing whatever it takes to make him scream...

My hands are sliding up under the soft sweater he's wearing, sliding over flawless, soft skin; nails leaving red trails that I know will fade before anyone else will see him shirtless. He moans and writhes into me, wordlessly begging me for more stimulation -- but I can't allow that yet. If we don't slow down, we're both going to come in our pants like the teenagers we are. I push him back and he whimpers, clutching at me; kiss-swollen lips forming a pout that's nearly my undoing. *God*, he's a sexy creature...

"Bruce, why did you--" he asks, thinking I'm mad at him.

"Lex, it's okay," I soothe, gently squeezing his shoulder to reassure him. "I don't want it to be over so fast," I purr in explanation, and he smiles in response. "I want us to get hot and sweaty and then I want to fuck your tight ass until you scream..."

He moans in response to that, and runs a hand down his lean torso to the hard cock straining against his sweatpants. I'm not sure I can take much more of this.

"You gonna fuck me here on the mats?" he purrs, leaning in close again and pressing that cock against me. "Gonna throw me down under you and just ram your cock up me?"

"Jesus, Lex..." I'm shocked at the sound of my own voice; so husky I can barely recognize it. "Is this what you're like when you go out?"

"I don't know why you're even asking me, Bruce," he answers, his tone turning haughty. "I've

seen you following me and watching..."

Hmmn. Maybe I need to work on that a little bit more.

"You like to watch, don't you?" he whispers seductively. "You watch everything, everyone -- but I never see you watching anyone else and getting hard like you do when you're watching me..."

And I can see, in my mind's eye, an image from the past -- Spring Break in Amsterdam last year, when he was fourteen and legal for all the wrong things. I lost him in a crowd of bodies; found him again in one of the trendy clubs, higher than a kite and blatantly on display. Stark strobing image of his pale body strapped into a sling/harness; black leather an exquisite contrast against his creamy skin; legs splayed wide as a big leather Dom torments his ass with plundering fingers. Husky moaning cries that still go straight to my cock, even in memory...

It's not quite reflex yet, but I'm moving before he realizes it, bringing him down on the piled mats and pinning him beneath me. He lets out a soft cry and arches up into me, his body so enticing I just can't resist any more.

I snake one arm around his slender waist and lift him up enough to slide his sweater up, my other hand stroking up his side and around to his shoulder when he raises his arms to help me remove the sweater. Once that obstacle is gone, I kneel over him on the mats and caress his chest with heavy strokes, just the way I know he likes it. He arches and moans, spreads his legs wantonly, and reaches up to try and pull me down on top of him.

"I should have found some rope or something to restrain you," I whisper just before I lean in to kiss him roughly. He surges up into me, those amazingly dextrous hands sliding up under my sweater, nails gently raking my back. "You're so bad, Lex..."

"And you love it," he breathes against my lips. I can feel him smile against me, and then one of his legs wraps around me, pulling me in close as he grinds up against me. "C'mon, Bruce, if I'm so bad, punish me..." he coaxes, undulating against me until I can barely even think.

I manage to lever myself up enough to grab one of his wrists and pin his arm to the mat. He gasps and tries to struggle against me -- just for a moment -- and then he smiles up at me and asks, "What happened to getting hot and sweaty first, anyway?"

"I think you got me hot enough without working out, Lex," I murmur against his lips, then I grab his other hand and pin that one, too. My recent gymnastic training has been concentrated on building up my upper body strength to equal that of my legs, and I find it very easy to keep him pinned despite his wiry strength.

He writhes prettily beneath me, looking up at me with those fuck-me eyes and *daring* me to take him. He's much stronger than he looks -- he hides his body under loose clothing so that others will underestimate him, but I know there isn't a bit of fat on him. If he really tried to fight me, it would take a bit of an effort to subdue him -- but his struggling is all just intended to inflame me.

Exactly how did a boy his age become so adept at seduction, anyway?

I pin both his wrists with one hand and lift up enough to slide my other hand into his

sweatpants. If this were anything other than the winter holidays, I'd have much more difficulty dealing with a belt and zipper in his uniform slacks. Instead, the elastic waistband allows me easy access, and I discover he isn't wearing any underwear. "God, Lex, you are so bad..."

"You keep saying that, but you're not *doing* anything about it..." he says, thrusting up into my hand for emphasis.

When I close my hand around his cock, he hisses and goes rigid for a moment, then melts under me. I let go his erection, ignoring the whimper that he lets out, and slide his sweats down. His cock is wet with precum, the blunt head slick with it. I lean in and swipe my tongue over it, sending a shiver of hunger through both of us, and then look up at him with as stern an expression as I can manage.

"Lie still for a moment," I order, letting go of his wrists and smiling very slightly when he remains frozen in the position I had been holding him in. I back off the piled mats and tug his sweats off over his shoes, then vault up onto the mats and walk around to his head, still carrying the sweats. He looks up at me, and I can see the hunger warring with wariness in his eyes as he's wondering what I'm planning. I keep my expression steely and grab his wrists hard, barely managing to conceal my reaction when he moans and arches up.

I pull his wrists to overlap them above his head, and use the legs of his sweats to bind them that way. When he realizes what I'm doing, he lets out a low, hungry moan, and it's all I can do to keep from moaning in response. I've spent so long working on controlling both my body and my mind, but he knows how to undermine that control completely. I'm sure that part of his skill comes from his ongoing struggle to get his father's attention -- although I'm not entirely certain that acting the perfect slut is the best way to do that -- it may get him more attention than he really wants...

I viciously purge that thought from my mind and smile down at him, loving the way he arches, testing his bonds. I reach down to pinch his inviting nipples, watching his cock jump as he gasps in pleasure/pain. I know he wants me in him, and I want to sheathe my cock in his heat, but I need to make him squirm, first.

"You are so bad, Lex," I purr, pinching again before I release him and jump back down off the mats. "Lift up your legs and present your ass," I order, smiling as he obeys me instantly. He's so limber, immediately drawing his legs up as far as he can and exposing his tender, twitching ass to me -- I really should be concerned about how eager and easy he is, but my body is rapidly taking over control from my mind, and I *have* to taste him...

When I touch my tongue to his twitching muscles, he gasps and nearly brains me with a heel, his legs spasming and flopping back down towards me. I have to reach up and push his legs back out of the way myself, but that movement makes it easier to reach his hungry hole. Leaning on his thighs, I can pin him down, nearly immobilizing him as I flick my tongue over his opening, tormenting him with the very tip of it.

He cries out, his voice echoing in the empty gymnasium. Hopefully, all of the teachers who *are* still here are in the main buildings, far enough away that they won't hear us -- the last thing we need is for the Headmaster to come in and catch us with my tongue shoved as deep up Lex's

ass as I can get it...

Flicking, thrusting in an incredibly lewd dance across his heated flesh; he groans and surges up into me, making the sexiest whimpers; wordlessly begging me to fuck him deeper, harder... I plunge my tongue as deep as I can get it, feeling his muscles loosening with every thrust -- and the *sounds* he's making go straight to my cock, making me so achingly hard that I know I'm going to end up *pounding* him into the mats. The taste of him and the heady scent of his musk are intoxicating, weaving their way into my senses and waking up my own hunger. I've known for a long time that there's a darkness in me -- his submissiveness worms its way into that deep, primitive part of my brain until I have to draw back from his hole and nip at his beautifully sculpted buttocks.

He yelps as my teeth fasten on creamy flesh, moans as I nibble my way in towards his balls. Before I even realize it, I'm up on the mats, kneeling over him with my own sweatpants halfway down around my thighs and a condom on my aching erection. Part of my brain wonders just how the hell I managed that, but the rest of it is urging me on, goading me into shoving cruelly into his relaxed hole.

"Bruuuuuce!" he moans in a low, husky voice that shivers right through both of us. For all the relaxing, he's still so tight, and he squeezes me so wonderfully as I plunge deep. His legs wrap around me, pulling us as close together as we can get; he throws his head back and arches up, his entire body a display of pleasure. I brace myself with one arm and use my other hand to stroke his side and then stroke over the smooth, soft skin of his scalp.

He moans and rubs his head against my hand like a cat, then pouts up at me until I lean in to kiss him deeply. His body loves being my captive; craves a hard body pinning him down and pounding into him -- who am I to deny him what he wants, especially when it's something I want, too?

All conscious thought flees as I pound into him, battering his prostate and sending him into spasms of ecstasy -- I remember reaching down to wrap my hand tightly around his cock and the exquisite shiver that sends through him, and then he cries out with that husky, lust-filled voice and arches in helpless orgasm. I'm not far behind him, as his ass clamps down hard on my cock and squeezes me with every tremor that passes through him.

We collapse in a panting, sweaty heap, and lie there for nearly a full minute before either of us feels strong enough to move. My muscles feel like water, but I manage to climb off him and remove the used condom. Once I can tell he's dazed but still in the land of the living, I hurry to the locker room to dispose of it. I hurry back to him, but he's already dozing lightly.

I've already tucked myself away and returned my clothing to some semblance of neatness, but he's lying there completely naked except for his socks and sneakers -- and the sweatpants tied around his wrists. As I'm untying him, his eyes flicker open, and I catch him watching me. "You are so bad," he purrs, smiling lazily.

"Me?" I ask, wondering how he can be lying there looking completely debauched, and accuse *me* of being bad. "As much as I'm sure you'd love to walk back to your room like that, I think you'd better at least put your sweatpants back on..."

"Aww... And deprive you of the view?" he asks with a smirk. "Although if nothing else, it's fucking *cold* in the hallways. Where did you toss my sweater?"

I grab it and toss it at him, muttering, "Wuss," as he pulls it on and gives a little shiver. I allow the faintest of smiles to show, and the pout he was giving me turns into a grin against his will.

"Freak," he mutters in return -- from anyone else it would be an insult, but from Lex, it's almost a pet name. Then he slides to the edge of the mats and pulls his sweatpants on over his shoes. "Hey, Bruce, help me stand up?"

I leap down to the floor and help him down -- it's not that far, but his muscles are still watery. And, who am I to turn down the chance to have him fall against me when he leans too far to one side? I wrap one arm around his waist and he laughs quietly, then looks up at me and asks, "How did I *know* you wanted me to do that?"

"Get your sweats back on, so we can get back to my room," I purr, leaning in to nibble at his neck. I'm definitely starting to like spending holidays 'alone'...

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