

Rating: NC-17

Improv: #16 - hood - exit - damp - trace

Summary: Club Zero just doesn't have "it" tonight, so Lex calls someone who does.

Ship: Phelan/Lex; pre-Smallville

Warnings: some rough sex, and tiny implications of unpleasant goings on in the Luthor household

Excessive Force

by Penemuel

He's leaning against the wall, limned in the flickering red of the neon 'exit' sign as I drive into the alley and stop in the shadows; standard meeting procedure for non-emergency situations. Obviously, poor little rich boy didn't find what he was after tonight.

Instead, he's looking for something raw, something that no one in that club is willing to risk the wrath of Lionel Luthor for. What a pity -- guess that means it's up to me.

I can see his head snap around to look in my direction when he hears the door shut. For an instant, I can see uncertainty flash across his face. God, the little freak's wearing makeup again: mascara accentuates his normally pale eyelashes, and eyeliner gives an exotic look to his almond-shaped eyes; smudges of some kind of dark powder narrow his face, and something light and pearly further heightens his cheekbones. His lips sparkle with some kind of deep, almost-black plum lipstick that alternately makes me want to bite them and smack the smug look right off his face.

"What's wrong, Lex?" I ask, walking towards him. He's wearing tight black leather pants and the kind of heavy black boots the punk rock crowd favours -- at least he's not in those ridiculous stiletto heels this time... A ragged purple mesh shirt that would be illegal on a woman is tucked into the pants, and a leather and chain belt is draped artfully around his narrow hips. The whole ensemble is topped off by thick black leather wristbands and a choker -- there's a metallic gleam that looks like some kind of accent, until I get closer and see that they're D-rings. Just the kind of thing to snap a leash onto and lead my pretty little freak around with... "No one willing to abuse you tonight?"

"Fuck you, Phelan," he snaps, trying so hard to sound like a man and still coming off like a rebellious boy. God, I'm such a sick fuck -- although from what I hear, not as sick as some...

"No, Lex, I don't think *that's* why you called for me," I purr, stopping right in front of him and looking him up and down. Damn -- he's starting to get hard already. I reach out and grab his left wrist and pull him away from the wall. He gasps as I squeeze harder and spin him around, tugging his arm up behind his back before I shove him back against the wall, face-first. I hear him groan as I twist his arm a little harder, and then I kick his legs apart.

"Ohgod--" he breathes, nearly too quiet to hear.

I lean close enough to growl against his ear, "You're under arrest for being a spoiled little queer."

"Ffuck!" he hisses, struggling suddenly. He's surprisingly strong, and I don't really want to *hurt* him -- then *I* would be facing the wrath of Lionel Luthor... I have to let him go before he dislocates his shoulder, and he bolts from me, heading for my car.

Unless he plans on stealing my car, he's not actually trying to get away at all, the smug little slut. He knows I'll chase him; knows I'll catch him -- knows that I'll be even more worked up when I grab his little narrow ass and bend him over the hood of my car. And god, I'm getting worked up, all right. The thrill of the chase works better than any little blue pill...

I sprint after him and catch up; manage to get behind him and shove him against the car with a hip-check, then plant a hand in the middle of his back and roughly press him down; face and chest to the warm metal of the hood. God *damn* those leather pants are tight -- and the little slut isn't even wearing a thong. I can imagine the creamy white flesh under sleek black leather... Makes me want to *bite* him.

The chase has done the trick -- I'm hard now, and as I grind my hips into his ass I can feel a damp spot in my shorts where my cock is leaking precum. "Is this how you act in the club, too?" I growl, stepping back just enough to let him up for a moment and turn him around.

"What do you *care* Phelan?" he snarls in my face, leaning back against the car and letting me do all of the work. Little *bitch*. I'm fumbling with the belt buckle and the fastening of his pants -- fuck. They lace up, not zipper -- and he's *smirking* at me the whole damned time!

"You just don't want me getting into something it'll take you too much *effort* to clean up," he whispers, leaning closer while I'm still fighting with the fucking laces.

He smells good; smells like he wants this -- like he *wants* some guy to bend him over a car and fuck his tight little ass in a dark alley behind that fuckin' overpriced club. Damn it, he's gonna end up dead one of these days, and I'm the one who's going to end up paying for it with his dad...

And yet, here I am, with his pants finally open and his thrusting cock in my hand; his body pressing against mine as he turns his attention to my own belt and fly. And Jesus his fingers are nimble -- he's got my cock out and is doing some *very* nice things before I even manage to pull my wallet out of my pocket. I have to let go of his cock to get the little packet out, and he whimpers against me.

God -- it's so damned wrong to want to fuck this boy through the ground, but I want to pin him down and ram into him and make him *scream*. The urge to cause him pain surges through me and settles in my balls like fire.

I take a half step back from him and order, "Get on your knees, slut."

I can feel my cock leap as he obeys me without question, and then warm, wet heat is engulfing me. Oh god, yeah. His tongue is so damned talented -- he's tracing the big vein and flicking the

tip of it across the eye and teasing me until I just can't take it anymore. I push him back, and I can see the lipstick smeared across that scar on his upper lip. God -- I want to *bite* it...

He's panting and his eyes are burning, *staring* at my cock so hungrily. He knows what he's in for, and for an instant anger flashes through me as I realize he had this planned from the start. His entire look was calculated to inflame me; to get me angry enough to want to abuse the hell out of him and not even care that I was doing so. And it worked -- the little freak has manipulated me so handily that I'm doing exactly what he wants me to without even realizing it until too late.

I know he'd hate me for saying it, but there's no doubt whose son he is...

And with all of that, I'm still not stopping this. Instead, I toss the condom packet to him and order, "Put it on me, and then stand up." And he obeys so eagerly, those nimble fingers rolling the slightly-lubricated latex up my cock while those burning eyes stare at me, drawing me in. He licks his lips when he's done, glancing down at my cock for just an instant and swallowing hard. God, the little queer is trying not to *drool*...

He stands up gracefully, and then turns his back to me again with a smirk. Yeah, such a good little boy... He thinks he's ready, but he still gasps in surprise when I shove him down on the car again. I can hear a soft cry when his head hits the metal, but I don't care. I grab the open waistband of those leather pants and yank them down to bare the creamy skin of his ass, then smack across those perfect cheeks. He moans and spreads his legs as wide as he can with the restricting leather, and I smack his ass again.

No preparation, no gentleness -- he wants it rough, and goddamn it, I want to give it to him rough. I want to fuck that smug smile right off his face and leave him whimpering -- I want to teach him a lesson he's gonna remember, so maybe I won't have to scrape his remains out of this alley some other time. I want to make him scream.

My balls are on fire and my cock aches. One hand on each perfect white cheek, spreading him open and *fuck* his asshole is twitching as I'm lining my cock up with it. He's such a whore he's ready for me without even *touching* him...

One perfect, brutal stroke, and I'm sheathed in his tight heat. He grunts as I shove him forward with the force of my thrust, and tries to brace himself with his hands on the hood of the car. Perfect!

I grab his wrists and pull his arms back, careful to make sure I don't do any real damage; grab the cuffs from my belt and slap them on him. He groans and jerks back onto my cock as he feels the locks click into place, and lust blazes through me at the sight of him under me. Pull out, *ram* back in, out again, *in* again -- I'm pretty sure his cock is hurting from the punishment it's taking against the car, but he's so fuckin' hot around my aching cock and I need to give it to him as hard as I can stand it.

He's moaning as I fuck him, now; little whimpering sounds of helpless lust. Little 'fuck me harder' pleading cries and I'm pounding him like I'm trying to batter through him to the car underneath. Jesus, his ass is clutching at me, like it's trying to keep my cock buried in there for all of eternity. And still, he's not really sounding like any of this hurts him...

Little *bitch*... I grab his cuffed hands and shove them a little higher on his back, and finally I hear his voice hitch in pain. Arousal shoots through me and that's just what I needed -- I'm slamming into him and he's gasping on each thrust, little pained gasps and moans, and he's still as fucking hot as I am, but squirming under me now as I piston into his ass.

"You're just a sick little *whore*, Lex," I growl at him as I'm ramming deep. "A little queer *freak* who'll take anything up his ass as long as it's big and hard; sick queer *fuck!*" and my free hand is grabbing his balls and pulling; squeezing; grabbing his cock and squeezing it against the car so it rubs back and forth over the metal of the grille as I pound into his tightness.

"God -- fuck -- *yeah*," he gasps, jerking back against me and then grinding forward. And I can feel it building, now. Jesus -- like a dam about to burst -- and I'm ramming him and fucking and *goddamn*.

Growling as I come so hard; still pounding into his tightness and his cock is jerking as I scrape it against the car and he *screams* and comes too. Squeezing, milking my cock with that amazing tight hole and *fuck yeah!*

I collapse atop him, my legs trembling like I've been chasing a perp for miles; we're both gasping for air, until he snarls, "Get the fuck off me, Phelan!" and bucks under me. I can feel my heart trying to pound its way out of my chest, but he's right; we've got to get out of here before someone decides to investigate that scream. I slide my cock out of him carefully, remove the rubber and waste the few seconds to tie it before I tuck myself away and zipper up.

Then I un-cuff him and back away. When he stays bent over the car I growl, "Get the fuck up and make yourself presentable -- we're getting out of here before someone gets nosy." He's moving slowly, although I can see him clench his asscheeks and the sick little *bitch sighs* when it hurts, like it's a good thing. "Jesus, Lex, lace 'em up and get in the fucking *car*..."

While he's doing that, I keep an eye out but don't see anyone -- the music in the club must be so loud no one heard him. Thank god...

He's finally laced up and walking gingerly to the back door while I inspect my car and decide it might be a good idea to hit a 24-hour carwash. Then we both climb into the car, and I drive out of there as fast as I can without making too much more noise. The used rubber goes in the trash *in* the car, and will get thrown out at home where it won't be out of place -- *just* in case...

And when I glance at Lex in the rear-view, I can see him pressing a hand against his cock in his pants -- at first, I think maybe I hurt him too much, but then I can see his lips part and hear him moan softly, and *god*, hasn't he had enough for the night?

"Where do you want to go, Lex? It's kinda late..." I ask, although I'm wondering why the *hell* I really care.

"Dunno," he answers, looking at my reflection in the rear-view.

"I'm taking you home, then," I tell him, and I don't want to think about what that look that flickers across his face for a moment means. It's gone before I can really tell if it was fear or desperation or *what*, and he's back to the mask he was wearing at the beginning of this whole

Excessive Force

disastrous night.

"Yeah, whatever."

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