

Rating: PG-13 [MPAA says one use of "one of the harsher sexually-derived words, though only as an expletive, shall initially require...at least a PG-13 rating" and the m/m contact in here is no more than would get a PG-13 in a het context]

Improv: #2 - deny - invent - white - shadow

Summary: Lex gives himself a snow day

Notes: I honestly have NO idea what they do at a fertilizer plant during bad weather days.

Snow Day

by Penemuel

Lex shifts slightly in his sleep, waking up enough to pull the comforter tighter around himself and settle more comfortably in the window seat. He starts to drift off again, but a gust of wind rattles the window and startles him completely awake.

He sits up and uses a corner of the comforter to wipe away the condensation his breath has fogged the window with, and looks out into a blast of swirling snowflakes. The sun must be somewhere near the horizon because the sky is beginning to lighten to the east, and the pale peach light diffuses through the clouds.

"It snowed..." Lex whispers, standing and grabbing his robe, shrugging it on and then wrapping the comforter back around himself for added warmth. He walks to the closet and rummages for his winter boots; finally finds them and shoves his bare feet into them, then hurries to the balcony door and flings it open.

Pulling the comforter closed against an icy gust of wind, he walks out onto the balcony and looks out across the transformed landscape. The entire grounds are coated in white, even the holiday decorations he and Clark had put up -- he can see a little bit of red still visible on one of the gargoyles, where the snow hasn't completely buried a Santa hat yet. Has to smirk as he remembers the look on Nell Potter's face when he told her he was decorating the castle himself this year, since he was actually living there now. He isn't about to tell anyone that he and Clark had rushed off to Mrs. Kent for hints...

Lex shivers and pulls the comforter up over his head, suddenly realizing just how much warmer winters are in Metropolis. All those big buildings generating their own heat and blocking the winds -- it's cold out here in Smallville, and he has a disadvantage when it comes to retaining heat...

But the snow is just so beautiful that he doesn't want to go back inside quite yet. Thinks about the winters of his childhood -- when his mother was still alive. When snowy mornings were full of magic and laughter, and joy.

He can't deny he misses it -- knows that he's lost something precious over the intervening years. Now snow is usually an annoyance; something that keeps work from getting done, that

costs money and keeps profits from being made. Decides that today won't be like that -- he's going to enjoy the snow, and the hell with what his father might say.

Looks up at the sky and laughs out loud as snowflakes fall on his face; sticks out his tongue to catch some of them. Laughs again and yells, "It's snowing!"

Half-frozen and shivering after fifteen more minutes on the balcony, Lex heads back indoors; kicks off his boots and climbs into his bed. The alarm will go off in another hour -- time enough to wrap himself deep in the blankets and warm up, maybe grab another few winks of sleep. When he wakes, he'll see what the news is saying; whether the schools are closed. It'll give him enough time to call the news himself and inform them that the plant is operating on liberal leave. He knows he'll have to check in there long enough to make sure the safety procedures are all covered by essential personnel, but it's only fair that he spend some time there when he's making them show up, too.

Later.

For now, sleep, and maybe dream of winter wonderlands where he's wrapped tight in his mother's arms and coat, whooshing along on a sleigh ride through the silent, snow-covered countryside...

--==**==--

Lex is no fool -- he's well aware that his driving style and sports cars just don't mix well with nine inches of snow. Hell -- the Ferrari wouldn't even clear the unplowed areas. Instead, he has his driver take him to the plant and wait for him while he takes care of his managerial duties. Once the necessary jobs are done, he sends everyone home for the day, feeling too good to care about what the corporate office might have to say.

Once he arrives home, heart pounding with adrenaline from a skid on the turn into the driveway, he climbs out of the car and hurries indoors to change out of his suit and into something a little warmer. Like about fifty layers of clothing...

A liberal application of sunblock, silk thermal underwear and long-sleeved t-shirt go underneath comfortable slacks (black) and a soft cashmere sweater (lavender). Then he slides on a pair of ski-pants -- they're custom tailored, black with lavender trim in stripes that run up his legs and accentuate the curve of his ass. They look damned good on him and he knows it.

When he shrugs the suspenders into place he realizes he actually has built up a little muscle since the last time he wore them; adjusts the length to keep them from cutting into his shoulders. The weight machines are finally paying off -- now, if only he could get his abs to look like Clark's...

Shakes himself slightly to get his mind back on track and out of the daydream. Thoughts of licking sweat from Clark's beautifully sculpted body are not going to help him get dressed...

The matching jacket is also custom tailored, and he knows he's going to have to buy a new one -- this one is just tight enough in the shoulders to restrict his arm movements slightly. Lex knows he'll put up with it, though -- it's too cold to keep the jacket unzipped, and it's not like he's

going to be skiing and need the full range of movement.

Next comes a polar fleece headband/earmuff (lavender, matching the sweater and the trim on the jacket and pants), and cap (black); hopefully enough to keep him from freezing too quickly. Smirks slightly, thinking that it's not like he's going to need to invent reasons to go back inside to thaw out...

And last, but definitely not least, he slides on the warm boots he'd worn out on the balcony that morning and pulls on black polar fleece gloves. Now he should be able to withstand a little while outside, at least -- as long as there isn't too much wind. Lex smiles, and wonders what beautiful, strong farm boys do when they have a snow day.

--==**==--

Lex is still mentally debating taking the truck when a familiar voice calls, "Hey! Lex!" He spins and looks out across the blazing expanse of white to see Clark jogging his way. The teen is dressed in blue jeans, his usual work boots, and a thick red wool jacket over what Lex hopes is a sweater over flannel shirt over white t-shirt. His only concessions to the fact that it's below freezing are a knitted scarf and gloves.

"Clark!" Lex answers, smiling as the teen comes to a stop in front of him and looks him up and down. "I was just trying to figure out if it was safe enough to come see you."

"Probably not a good idea, considering how you drive. There's a pretty good drift across the road down at the end of my street, and ice at the end of your driveway."

"Yes, we've met," Lex says drily. Then he smiles and asks, "So, why did you come out here on your snow day? I actually figured you'd be off with your friends from school."

"Mom heard the news say you'd shut the plant early, and I kinda wanted to make sure you were okay," Clark explains, sounding slightly embarrassed.

Lex said, "Yeah, I'm good, actually. It's been a long time since I enjoyed snow..." But he knows why Clark is concerned -- it hasn't been that long since both of them risked their lives in the hostage situation at the plant; and of course the unpleasant meeting with his father afterwards...

"How long?" Clark asks, and Lex frowns for an instant.

"I don't really know," Lex admits slowly. "It's kind of hard to place -- we didn't really get that much snow at school in England... It's been a while." Was it really that last winter his mother was alive?

And Clark frowns for a moment, now, studying his face. Takes the last step to him and threads an arm through his, then says, "So let's go have fun!" Lex has to smile as Clark tugs him to the side yard where there is no statuary to get in the way. Has to jog to keep up with Clark's long strides.

They hit a few of the irregularities in the ground, and nearly trip; hanging onto each other, they stagger to a stop and burst out laughing. Then Clark stoops and scoops up a handful of snow;

tries to make a snowball and realizes the snow is too dry and powdery. He finally gives up and flings the snow in Lex's direction.

"Hey!" Lex cries, grabbing up his own handful of snow. When he tries to throw it at Clark, the wind catches it and blows it into a swirling, sparkling cloud around their heads. Lex tilts his head back and laughs quietly, smiling at the beauty of it.

Clark smiles broadly and says, "I was gonna suggest a snowball fight, but it doesn't seem to be sticking at all..."

"Yeah -- won't make a good snowman, either," Lex responds, scooping up another handful and tossing it into the air. Looks up to see Clark watching him watch the swirling crystals, and cocks his head to one side. "What?"

"I've never seen you this happy," Clark explains, stepping closer again and tugging off one of his gloves to stroke Lex's cheek.

Lex leans into the amazing heat of Clark's hand, turns his head enough to gently kiss his thumb. "It may have been a while ago, but they're good memories. I used to love snow..."

"Now you can learn to love it all over again," Clark says softly. He leans close and gently kisses Lex -- the promise of more to come -- and then looks around the property and up towards the hill behind the house. Tugging the glove back on, he turns back to Lex and says, "You have to get a sled, Lex. That hill looks great for sledding..."

"I'll have to buy one for the next snow," Lex says softly. "You trust me driving a sled more than a car?"

"Maybe I should be the one to steer it," Clark answers with a smirk.

Lex smiles slyly and says, "Maybe you should just be prepared to protect me from the messy crash at the bottom of the hill..." Then he laughs again and darts away from Clark, jogging towards an area where the wind has blown the snow into a high drift. Clark laughs and runs after him, catching him easily as the deeper snow slows him. They fall into the snow, laughing helplessly until Lex lets out a yelp. "Fuck that's cold!"

"Went down your collar?" Clark asks, flopping back and tugging Lex out of the snow on top of him. When Lex nods vigorously and shivers, Clark says, "Sorry," and pulls him in for another kiss. Lex feels strong hands slide down and cup his ass. When they part again, Clark murmurs, "That outfit looks really good on you, Lex."

Lex smiles, pleased that the outfit has served its purpose. Thinks about how good Clark would look in a similar design... "Thanks," he whispers against Clark's lips, then he pushes himself upright and tries to dart away.

"Hey!" Clark protests, rolling to his feet and chasing after Lex. Soon they're laughing again, trying hard to keep on their feet as they chase each other around the property.

"Look, Lex!" Lex sees Clark pause at one point to make a snow angel; walks up to help him to his feet. As Clark leaps away from the impression and collides with him, he nonchalantly drops

a handful of snow down the back of Clark's jacket and runs for it as Clark squawks and jumps around.

He hears Clark yell, "I am so gonna get you!" and then the teen is running after him. Clark finds him hiding in the shadow of a large bush heavily laden with snow. Lex can see realization dawn in blue eyes just as he lets go of the branch, showering Clark with snow. And then they're off again, chasing each other around like children.

After another half hour of horseplay, Lex lets Clark catch him. Clenches his jaw in an attempt not to shiver, but Clark knows. Clark always reads him too well...

"You're freezing," Clark says, wrapping his scarf around Lex's head and neck. "Time to go inside."

Lex smiles and nods, leaning into Clark's warmth as they walk back to the house. He doesn't care that he's shivering now, looking forward to the nice hot bath they're going to share. Snowy days are once again filled with magic and laughter -- as long as he can spend them with Clark.

-end-