

Title: Invisible Fantasies

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Pairing: CLex

Rating: NC-17 - language; explicit m/m sex; mild kink

Disclaimer: I don't own any of them, damn it!

Summary and/or challenge: After Shimmer, Lex finds an amount of the substance that made Jeff invisible. What does he use it for? (kira-nerys)

Betareader: Leviathan

NOTE: Part of the [ClexFest](http://www.kardasi.com/Lexclusive/ClexFest) at: <http://www.kardasi.com/Lexclusive/ClexFest>

Also at [Club Zero](http://www.squidge.org/~penemuel/clubzero.html) once they're released: <http://www.squidge.org/~penemuel/clubzero.html>

Invisible Fantasies

by Penemuel

9/29/02

Lex knew that his plan to search the Palmers' quarters to make sure they hadn't left any of their belongings behind was really just a good excuse. After all, Jeff hadn't planned to leave as precipitously as he had two nights before, being hauled away in an ambulance with a police escort. Instead, the disturbed teen most likely had stashed some things behind. Including, hopefully, a supply of whatever the hell it was he used to turn himself invisible...

After an extensive search, Lex found nothing more than a bundle of Jeff's clothing stuffed down behind the toilet tank, and a number of cleaning supplies in a cabinet. Sighing with frustration, he pulled all of the jars and bottles out and looked at each one in the light. As he did so, he cast his mind back to the previous night, trying to remember any details that might help him identify the substance he was looking for.

The only thing he could really remember was a surprisingly strong scent of roses...

Bottle after bottle turned out to be normal, easily recognizable household cleaner, including the ammonia that burned his nose when he sniffed at it. Frustrated and more than a little annoyed, he picked up the last jar and swirled the liquid in it around, then peered at it. *What the--*

At first glance, the small jar appeared to be about half-full of a viscous pale green liquid. However, when Lex swirled the liquid around again, it seemed to evaporate instantly from the side of the jar -- it almost looked as if the sides of the jar vanished, although he could still feel them. And when he carefully unscrewed the lid, it smelled strongly of rose oil.

Ah hah!

He carefully dipped the very tip of his index finger into the liquid, then smeared it between his finger and thumb until a very thin layer covered up to the first knuckle of his index finger. Which shimmered in the light for a moment, and then *vanished*.

Lex's eyes widened in amazement as he stared at his finger. "That's just too cool," he whispered, standing up and turning his hand in different directions, then peering closely at it under stronger light. *Must have some bizarre reflective properties to bend light around things*, he thought, rubbing the oil already on his finger further down it until the effect began to fade as

the coating became too thin.

Oh, this is going to be very useful...

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Lex eased into the Kent barn as carefully as possible. It had been a somewhat disconcerting realization that to be completely invisible and have any of the oil left over to study, he would have to be totally *naked*. But he wasn't the type to let something like that stop him -- he just parked his car as close as he could to the Kent property without being noticed, then stripped down under a blanket and began to coat himself with *just enough* oil to vanish.

As much as he wanted to discover what Clark's secret was, he knew that using this method to learn it would be viewed as far too great a betrayal. However, there were other things he wanted to know about Clark, and being invisible, naked, and oiled up might just be the best way to discover the answer to those particular questions.

Such as did the beautiful teen really *mean* those flirty looks and warm touches the way he *hoped* he meant them, or was he just reading too much into it?

So here he was, risking splinters in sensitive places and terminal embarrassment if he was mistaken, sneaking into Clark's 'Fortress of Solitude' to spy on him...

He was relieved to hear music playing -- it would make it easier for him to sneak up the stairs without alerting Clark. Now all he had to worry about was whether Clark could smell the rose oil on him.

As he drew closer to the top of the stairs, he heard a sound that sent a thrill through him: the sound of jeans being unzipped, just before the couch creaked as Clark shifted his weight. Keeping his breathing under careful control to stay as quiet as possible, Lex stepped into the 'Fortress' and looked over at the couch.

Where Clark was sprawled with his jeans open and his hardening cock in hand, looking every inch like Lex's favourite fantasy these days. He had stripped off his white t-shirt, revealing a broad, sun-bronzed chest and coppery nipples. It was the first time Lex had seen him shirtless, and the reality was even better than his fantasy.

Lex wondered what Clark would do if he walked up to him and licked one of those inviting nipples. And then his attention was drawn to the long, denim-clad legs splayed wide, and the generous cock and heavy balls tugged free of Clark's pale blue boxers.

This might be more difficult than I thought... Lex thought as he watched Clark play with his foreskin for a few moments until the teen let out a soft whimper and bit his full lower lip. *Fuck.*

It was all Lex could do to remember not to lick his lips -- he had done enough preliminary testing of the oil to determine that it wasn't toxic, but he still wasn't about to ingest any of it. And then Clark wrapped a large, strong hand around his cock and began to stroke, and it was Lex's turn to bite his lip.

With his eyes unfocused and face flushed with arousal, Clark looked like some Pre-Raphaelite fallen angel; dark hair curling around his face in a soft halo Lex longed to run his fingers

through. When he leaned his head against the back of the couch and closed his eyes, Lex nearly groaned. Clark's lush, dark lashes fluttered against his cheeks as he let out a throaty moan, and then whispered something Lex didn't hear.

Clark's free hand slid down over his chest, pausing to circle each nipple with teasing fingertips before sliding down to cup his balls. Lex saw him arch as he began gently squeezing them, and then heard him whisper, "Yes, please..."

Oh god -- please what, Clark? Please who? I'll do whatever you want, you incredibly sexy boy... Lex thought hungrily. His own cock was achingly hard, and he was beginning to worry about how much he could leak before precum negated the effects of the oil. Of course, a hand could always block his cock from Clark's sight if it got too bad... *Fuck, Clark -- you're even more beautiful than I imagined.*

Clark was pumping his cock harder, now, but Lex could tell he was trying to make it last. The hand on his balls was driving Lex mad as he imagined it on his own. Big hand cupping and rolling and stroking his balls, strong fingers sliding back behind them to press and tease...

"Oh yeah," Clark gasped softly, and Lex nearly whimpered himself as Clark's pink tongue darted out to wet parted lips. He could see Clark pressing harder, massaging his perenium as he varied pumping with squeezing his cock, and then Clark moaned, "Ohgod -- yes -- please! In me--"

In you. Jesus, Clark, you're fantasizing about a guy! Lex thought, barely daring to allow himself to hope. But he had to know...

Clark shifted on the couch and Lex saw the hand on his balls slide back further. He knew what Clark was doing, could imagine how it felt to have one of those big, blunt fingers pressing at his own anus; working its way into him...

"Oh god yeah," Clark gasped, and started pumping his cock harder, curling up slightly so the strain on his other arm wasn't too much. Lex knew that position was not the best one for the things Clark was doing to himself, but also knew the teen was too far gone to care at the moment. Wondered if Clark had a finger all the way inside himself, or if he was just teasing the opening--

"Oh god -- *Lex!*" Clark groaned as he came all over himself.

Lex realized he had his hand on his own cock an instant too late as Clark's cry sent him over the edge, too -- and *nothing* was going to be able to hide that...

Clark had his hands out of his pants and his cock and balls tucked away in lightning speed. Lex could see him looking around and sniffing, and knew he'd given himself away. Clark stared in his direction for a moment, then his eyes narrowed angrily. "Jeff? Is that you? You shouldn't have come back!"

Shit, Lex thought, backing away slightly. Clark stood up and followed him, and he was sure any second the teen would rush and tackle him. "Clark," he said softly, praying Clark would recognize his voice before he punched his face in. "It's me, Clark; not Jeff."

"Lex?!" Clark asked, stopping dead in his tracks and blushing scarlet as he realized what Lex had just seen. "You're -- you're spying on me!"

"Clark--" Lex started, taking a step closer to Clark and then stopping, alarmed, when Clark flinched back and paled. "Clark? What's wrong?"

"I-- that stuff makes me nauseous..." Clark answered, taking one step back. Lex noticed that he seemed to recover almost instantly.

"I don't get it -- your mom grows flowers, they're all over the place," Lex murmured, looking down at the splashes of cum on his otherwise invisible form. *Okay, this is just weird. What the hell was I thinking...* Then he looked back up as Clark walked back to the couch and grabbed up his t-shirt. "It must be either the concentration of it, or the substance that makes it bend light. I'm sorry, Clark -- I didn't know it made you sick..."

"Lex, you were *spying* on me," Clark said with a frown, tugging his t-shirt back on.

"I-- I wanted to know if you really felt the way you seemed to be indicating, or if I was reading too much into it," Lex confessed. "And then I couldn't help watching, because you were just so incredibly... *hot*."

"You've got --uh..." Clark whispered.

"Yeah, I know. Um... I'd been thinking that it would be kind of sexy if I snuck up on you and started licking and touching you, but if this stuff makes you sick that wouldn't really go too well."

"No, not really," Clark answered with a little smile. "Uh. Lex? Are you really naked?"

"Completely."

"Huh. Where are your clothes?"

"In my car, parked down the street..." Lex answered, beginning to wonder what Clark was thinking. The teen was staring *intensely* at him -- which didn't make much sense considering he was still mostly invisible.

"You need to wash that stuff off, Lex..."

"Your parents'll catch me, Clark. Your father will do me gross bodily harm if I'm sneaking around your house naked."

"I can't *touch* you if you're covered with that stuff, Lex."

"Oh *god*," Lex whispered, watching as Clark's expression turned sly and he licked his lips.

"And since you're invisible, I'll have to say I'm the one taking a shower -- which means I'll have to be in the bathroom with you..."

Lex swallowed hard, trying not to moan as Clark's gaze returned to his cock and his grin broadened. "Clark?"

"You're hard again," Clark said. "You *do* want me, don't you?"

"Fuck, yeah..."

"I meant it, you know -- you weren't reading too much into it."

Lex smiled, then realized Clark couldn't see him do it. "I'm glad. You know, there's something we could do that would have the same basic effect..." he purred, wondering why he hadn't thought of it before. "A way to keep you from being able to see what I'm about to do..."

"Ohgod--" Clark whispered, and Lex could tell he was starting to get hard again, too.

"I'm sure you have *something* we could use as a blindfold -- perhaps that t-shirt?"

Clark swallowed hard, then cleared his throat and said, "Shower. *Now.*"

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"Mom, I'm gonna take a shower and then crash for a bit," Clark said, pausing in the kitchen doorway while Lex tiptoed unseen behind him and headed up the stairs. He didn't hear her answer, but a moment later Clark bounded after him and whispered, "Okay, get in there, fast."

Once in the bathroom, Lex turned back to see Clark close the door and lean back against it to put as much room between them as possible. "You okay?"

"Yeah, but it's not good if I get much closer. You'd better get into the shower and start washing that stuff off, and I'll join you once I can see you again..."

"Clark, you know we don't have to do anything if you don't want to -- I don't want to push you into something just because--"

"Jesus, Lex, if you knew how much I want to touch you right now... You're not pushing, okay?" Clark whispered. Then he pressed one hand over his erection straining against his jeans and said, "Does this look like I don't want to?"

"It was just something that had to be said, Clark. Believe me, I'm glad you're this... eager," Lex said with a smirk he knew Clark couldn't see. Then he turned back to the tub and hurriedly started the water running. Once the temperature was a happy medium, he pulled the shower curtain out of the way and stepped into the tub, letting the curtain fall back. Peering out through it, he saw Clark staring intently at him again, and wondered just how the teen seemed to be able to follow his movements. Perhaps some odd distortion of things behind him due to the bending of the light -- something that would definitely need to be studied. Later.

Right now, it was time to scrub the oil off as quickly as possible without seeming like an overeager boy himself.

"Clark?" he asked quietly. "I'm going to need lotion or something if I use the Ivory soap -- it'll dry my skin out too much."

"That's okay -- I --uh-- I've got something in my room," Clark answered, and Lex saw him blush.

Hmmn...

As Lex turned his attention to soaping up and scrubbing the oil off his skin, Clark leaned down

to tug off his boots. His clothes came next, until he stood there in the bathroom in his boxers. When he looked up again, he could see Lex in the shower, first as a Lex-shaped mass of soap suds, then reappearing normally as he rinsed them off. Safe, finally.

Clark tugged off his boxers, then took a steadying breath and joined Lex in the shower, accidentally brushing against him as he climbed in. "Hi..."

"Hi yourself," Lex answered, blinking water out of his eyes and looking Clark up and down. "God, you're beautiful..."

Clark smiled and Lex saw the colour creeping back into his cheeks again. "Lex? There's something I've been wanting to do since that afternoon when I rescued you..."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Clark breathed, leaning forward and drawing Lex into a kiss as the water splashed down on both of them. After an instant of surprise, Lex actively responded, hands stroking every inch of him that they could reach; tongue tangling with his own in a playful, teasing struggle to dominate the kiss. Knowing Lex had more experience, Clark let Lex take control; found himself pushed back against the wall of the shower.

When they broke the kiss, Lex breathed, "Since you rescued me?"

"Yeah," Clark answered, blushing again. "Wanted to know what it would be like to kiss you without being worried you were dying..."

"So what do you think?" Lex asked, reaching up to stroke dripping hair out of Clark's face.

"I think... I think I shouldn't have waited so long..."

Lex smiled and carefully turned them so that Clark's back was to the spray of water. "That's a good answer, Clark," he purred, picking up the soap again and working up a thick lather. He dropped the soap back in the dish, then massaged the suds over Clark's chest and shoulders, smiling as Clark let out a contented groan.

And then Lex lathered up his hands again and gently began washing Clark's lean hips, watching his expression as his hands strayed lower and began to soap up Clark's cock and balls. The beautiful eyes went hazy with pleasure as Lex's skillful fingers began to tease as much as clean; long lashes now spiky with water, fluttering against golden skin as he arched forward into the touch. "God -- Lex..."

"Yeah... that's *very* nice, Clark," Lex murmured, reluctantly continuing on to the powerful thighs. "Turn around and I'll wash your back, and then we should get out of the shower..."

"You *tease*," Clark hissed, reaching up to grab Lex and keep him from backing away. "Are you trying to drive me crazy?"

"Don't worry, Clark," Lex whispered. "I just want to get us into your bedroom faster..."

"Oh," Clark breathed, smiling broadly and nodding. "Okay -- that works for me."

"Thought so," Lex said with an answering smile. Then Clark turned around to let him wash his back, and Lex got his first really good look at Clark's butt. "Very nice..." he murmured, soapy hands zeroing in on Clark's butt-cheeks; stroking, massaging, gently teasing between them.

"Lex!" Clark hissed, spreading his legs and bracing himself against the shower wall. "God, Lex, I'm gonna have a really hard time getting out of this tub if you keep doing that..."

"Sorry," Lex whispered, tearing his attention away from Clark's butt and soaping his hands again. This time he forced his attention to the muscular shoulders, scrubbing Clark's back hurriedly. "Okay, rinse, and then we'll get out and dry and figure out how the hell to get safely to your room..."

When Clark turned his back to the spray of water to rinse, Lex's attention went straight to the erection that bobbed with his every movement. "That's very, very nice..." he whispered, licking his lips. "Is that for me?"

"Oh yeah," Clark murmured. "You know, you could do something about it now..."

"Yeah, I might just have to. It's hard to sneak around when you're that hard," Lex whispered, his hands sliding down Clark's abdomen to the straining cock. One hand encircled the shaft and began pumping, while the other cupped his balls and gently squeezed.

"God -- Lex!" Clark hissed, trying to stay as quiet as possible.

Lex smiled up at him and varied his strokes, watching Clark's face to see what had the best effect; sticking with the angle that made Clark's eyes snap open to show how dilated his pupils were. "Oh yeah, that's it, Clark," he purred, intensifying the attention to his balls as Clark's lips parted and he bucked forward into the strokes. "Come for me, Clark..."

"God!" Clark gasped. "I'm gonna--" and then he bucked hard into Lex's stroke and came all over him, biting his lip to keep from crying out and still making a strangled moan that made Lex pray his mother was doing something loud in the kitchen.

Lex smiled and leaned in close to kiss Clark as he stood there, trembling and panting. "Okay, Clark -- get cleaned up again and let me wash off, then we've got to get out of here," he instructed, realizing that Clark's brain hadn't come back on-line yet. "That's a good boy," he coaxed as Clark turned back into the spray and rinsed his cock. Then Clark climbed out of the tub and grabbed a towel to begin drying himself with, and Lex rinsed the splashes of cum off himself.

After he shut off the water, Lex joined Clark on the bathmat and welcomed the towel Clark wrapped around him. He scrubbed himself dry as quickly as possible, glad that he didn't have to worry about drying wet hair, too. Clark had towelled his hair briskly, and was now trying to drag a comb through the damp, tangled curls.

"Does that hurt?" Lex asked, watching him fight with a particularly tough tangle.

"Not really," Clark answered, smiling back at Lex.

"I remember when I was a boy and I got tangles -- my mother would comb my hair out. She'd

try to be so gentle but it still hurt, and I'd end up crying. She'd hold me and tell me how brave I was..." Lex murmured. Then he stopped and looked up at Clark. "I didn't feel very brave, but it was nice to have her holding me... and we made sure my dad was never around when she brushed my hair."

Clark nodded, imagining what Lex's father would do if he knew his son was crying over knots in his hair. "Yeah, I can see where that would be a good idea."

Lex shrugged and said, "Now I think hair is more trouble than it's worth -- it's nice to just be able to wash your head, towel dry, and be ready to go."

"Except you're usually not ready to go after that, because you have to put on sunblock and all the rest of it, right?" Clark asked, turning his attention to drying his back and legs.

"Yeah, well..." Lex said with a grin. "Have to keep my skin in good shape so sexy farmboys want to *touch* it..."

"It's working," Clark responded with an answering grin. "You need me to dry your back?" he asked, turning to face Lex.

"Thanks," Lex said, handing Clark the towel and turning so that Clark could gently scrub his back dry. He couldn't hold in the quiet moan as Clark slid his hands and the towel down the small of his back and onto his buttocks; nice warm, large hands gently stroking and drying him. "God, Clark -- if we don't get into your room soon..." he whispered, turning back around and letting Clark see how hard he was getting.

"Oh. Yeah, I guess we'd better, huh?" Clark murmured, *staring* at his erection, only now realizing that Lex really *was* bald everywhere except his eyebrows and lashes. "That's... *really hot*..."

And this time it was Lex who blushed. "Thanks..."

Clark swallowed and picked up his clothes, bundling them up and holding them in front of his crotch, then turned back to Lex. "Let me see if the coast is clear. Then you go first -- stay wrapped in the towel and just go as quickly and quietly as possible. It's the first door on your right."

"Got it," Lex said with a slight smirk. "Have you tried this before?"

"No... I have no idea if it's gonna work -- for all I know, my dad's standing on the other side of the door," Clark answered, turning back to see an instant of fear flash in Lex's eyes. "So *shh* and let me listen!"

Lex nodded silently, and prayed while Clark pressed his ear against the door. When the teen smiled, he let out the breath he hadn't realized he was still holding. "Okay, hurry!" he hissed, opening the door and letting Lex slide past him. Lex walked as quietly as possible, bare feet soundless on the wooden floor, and slipped unnoticed into Clark's room. A moment later, Clark joined him and closed the door behind them. "*Whew!*"

"Does that door lock?" Lex asked quietly.

"Yeah," Clark whispered, turning back and locking the door. Then he dumped the bundle of clothes on the floor and walked to his dresser; opened the top drawer and pulled out a white squeeze bottle with a yellow-orange cap. "Here -- I-- uh... I bought this for you, in case you were ever over here and--" He swallowed hard and blushed fiercely, then continued, "In case you ever needed a moisturizer for --uh-- whatever reason. It's the closest thing I could find to the scent of that fancy stuff you have..."

"You've been snooping around my bathroom?" Lex asked, raising an eyebrow. "That 'fancy stuff' I have is custom scented, Clark..."

"I've got a pretty good sense of smell, Lex -- this is pretty close to it. Here, try some," Clark said, squirting a little bit of the thick lotion on a hand and then putting the bottle down. He rubbed his palms together, then reached out to smooth the lotion over Lex's chest and shoulders.

"That... that feels pretty good," Lex murmured, leaning into Clark's strokes. "And you're right -- it does smell pretty close. Maybe a little more sandalwood than mine..."

"It's 'Sandalwood and Amber' scent," Clark said softly, picking up the bottle and walking Lex back towards his bed. "Why don't I rub it all over you, and then we can get back to your idea from the barn..."

"I love the fact that you can suggest that, and still blush to your hairline, Clark," Lex purred, smiling up at him. "It's sweet."

"Uhh... thanks?"

Lex smiled up at him, then leaned in to gently kiss his cheek. "Get your t-shirt out of the dirty clothes -- are your parents going to miss it if it gets torn up?"

"It's just a plain white t-shirt -- shouldn't be any problem. That is, as long as no one finds the scraps," Clark answered, masking the return of his blush by bending down to pick up the shirt. "I -- uh..."

"If you don't want to do this, Clark, believe me, I won't force you," Lex whispered, waiting for Clark to look up before he moved further.

"That's the thing -- I *do* want to do this. I *really* want to do this..."

"Just how long have you been fantasizing about me?" Lex asked, stretching out on the bed so that Clark could rub the moisturizer on his back.

"Since... pretty much since the first time we met. Definitely since I saved you in the plant..." Clark answered, squeezing some lotion onto his hands. As he gently rubbed the lotion onto Lex's back, Lex grabbed onto the pillow and groaned. "Is-- is that good?"

"You have no idea..." Lex murmured, restraining the urge to have Clark fuck him. He had wanted to do something specific when this evening began, and he still wanted to -- he just had to stop thinking about those large warm, slick fingers sliding further down his back; rubbing lotion into the skin of his thighs and buttocks... "God -- *Clark!*"

"Sorry!" Clark whispered, jerking his hands away from Lex's buttocks as if burned.

"No -- don't be sorry -- it felt *wonderful*... It's just that if you keep up with that, there's no way I'm going to be able to think about doing anything more than lying under you *begging* you to fuck me..." Lex answered honestly, rolling onto his back to look up at Clark. "God, you're beautiful..."

"Me? Do you have *any* idea how you look?" Clark countered, swallowing hard and reaching out to gently rub Lex's erection. "You're *beautiful*..." he breathed.

"Ooh... that's good, Clark. But I'm serious -- if you keep doing that..."

"Yeah. You know, it's tempting..."

"Bad boy," Lex whispered. "Here, give me the lotion and let me finish up, and you get comfortable on the bed." When Clark handed over the bottle, Lex squeezed a small amount out and rubbed it over the delicate skin of his scalp, face, and throat. Then he sat up and applied some to his feet, calves, and knees and put the bottle on the small table next to Clark's bed.

"You like it?"

"Yeah -- not quite as light as my 'fancy stuff', but it still feels good. And it smells good, too..."

"I like the way you smell," Clark whispered, blushing again as Lex looked down at him.

Lex smiled, and purred, "Do you have any idea how hot that makes me?"

"Some..."

Lex turned on the bed to face Clark, then looked him up and down. The teen was in perfect physical condition: arms and legs that were muscular but not too bulky; beautifully defined abs and pecs -- and an absolutely glorious uncut erection. "Beautiful..."

"Ohgod..."

"So, are you ready for this, Clark?" He paused until Clark nodded. "I'm going to tear a piece out of your t-shirt and make a blindfold out of it. The effect will be the same as if I were still invisible -- you won't be able to see what I'm about to do to you... If it's too much, or you feel uncomfortable for any reason, we need to have a way for you to tell me you want me to stop," Lex explained softly, rubbing a hand gently over Clark's torso the whole time.

"Why not just ask you to stop?" Clark asked, sounding slightly confused.

"Because in situations like this, there may be times when you say you want me to stop when you really don't -- if I stop at that point, it would lead to a big letdown, if you follow my meaning," Lex answered with a slight smile. "Instead, we need what is called a 'safeword' -- something you're not likely to say in a moment of passion..."

"A 'safeword' -- like in S&M?" Clark whispered, feeling his face flush as Lex studied him more closely.

"Yes, like in S&M. Clark, you never cease to amaze me -- do I want to know where you know about this from?"

"Uh... Pete and I found a video tape one of his brothers rented... It was pretty kinky," Clark answered very quietly, feeling the heat in his face as Lex licked his lips and continued to stare at him.

"Ah... I see," Lex said, finally allowing himself to smile broadly. "Naughty. Very naughty..." He gently stroked Clark's face, then asked, "So, do you have any word in mind?"

"Something I'd never say in a moment of passion? How about 'meteor'?" Clark asked with a grin.

"That sounds like it would work fine," Lex answered, picking up the t-shirt and trying to rip it up one of the side seams. "Hmnm... got a pair of scissors or a knife?"

"Here, let me," Clark offered, reaching up to take the shirt. He tore it effortlessly, and once again Lex had to force his mind back to the plan he had started out with. With luck, they would have many chances to test Clark's strength. In his bed. In the castle; where he could scream his lungs out if he wanted to...

Clark nudged him with his hand, then plopped the torn material into his lap. "Daydreaming?"

Lex cleared his throat and picked up the material, then admitted, "Maybe a little..." He began folding the material lengthwise into a strip wide enough to comfortably cover Clark's eyes, then held it up for Clark to see. "Ready?"

"I think so."

"Nervous? I'm not going to do *anything* you don't want me to -- you use that safeword if you want me to stop. Do you remember what it is?" Lex asked as he knelt on the bed and met Clark's gaze. He could see nervousness in the wide eyes, but Clark's pupils were so dilated and his cock was still quite hard.

"It's 'meteor'," Clark answered, swallowing hard. He nodded and sat up so that Lex could tie the blindfold on him. "Just remember that my parents are here and I'm supposedly taking a nap -- if we get caught--"

"If we get caught, your father will shoot me, and I'll end up fertilizing your mother's sunflowers," Lex said with a rueful grin. "But right now, it's a price I'm willing to pay..."

"God -- we're crazy..." Clark breathed as Lex gently settled the strip of stretchy cotton over his eyes, then tied it behind his head. He knew he could see through it if he absolutely had to, but it sent a thrill through him knowing that as long as he didn't cheat, he wouldn't know *what* Lex was doing until he did it.

"Are you okay? You just got goosebumps," Lex's voice came from right next to his ear; close enough that he could feel the warm breath.

"Yeah," Clark answered, and it surprised him how breathy his voice sounded.

"Good. Lie down now, Clark," Lex instructed, and he could feel Lex's hand gently guiding him down so that he didn't hit anything. "Get as comfortable as you can. I should warn you that I

won't be saying too much from this point on -- it would be too easy to judge where I am by listening to my voice. The purpose of the game is for me to be invisible to you."

"Yeah," Clark breathed, feeling his cock jump in response. It wasn't often that he was helpless -- usually pain and sickness brought on by the meteors accompanied it. This was *different*, exciting, and most definitely arousing.

He felt Lex's weight shift on the bed, moving closer to the foot of it, and his cock twitched again. Was his friend -- he swallowed hard and allowed himself to think of Lex as his *lover* -- going to suck him? Did Lex even *do* that kind of thing?

And suddenly something warm and wet dipped into his navel and he yelped before he could stop himself. "Sorry!" he whispered nervously.

"Maybe I should gag you, too..." The amused purr came from somewhere around his hips.

"Lex!" he hissed sharply. "Let's not *try* to get you killed, okay? I promise I'll be good."

"You'd better, or I'll be spanking you the next time you come to the castle..."

"Oh. My. God."

"Hmmn... I'll have to make a note of that response..." Clark could hear the smile in Lex's tone and shivered as it sent a surge of arousal through him -- and then the next thing he knew, delicious wet heat engulfed his aching cock.

He groaned, helpless in the face of the pleasure that burned through him; thrusting into the warm, wet haven he was offered -- until surprisingly strong hands grasped his hips and held him still, and the warm wetness was gone. "No!" he whimpered pleadingly, reaching out to try and bring Lex's mouth back to his erection.

"No'?" Lex asked smugly, and Clark felt him shifting his weight on the bed, moving away from where he had been and turning slightly. Gentle fingertips brushed along one of his thighs, teasingly close to his balls, and then Lex climbed off the bed.

"Lex? Where are you *going*?" Clark hissed, frightened, for a moment, that Lex had actually tricked him and was trying to escape. And then the warm, wet tongue swirled around one of his nipples and pulled back to flick over the tip as it hardened. Clark groaned and arched up into the sweet torment, until it suddenly disappeared.

An instant later, teasing fingertips stroked down his sides, and the tongue was back; tracing teasing, wet lines all over his chest. He couldn't restrain the urge to reach out and try to pull Lex in, but the instant he moved, Lex pulled back again. "You *tease!*" he hissed, but he learned his lesson quickly, digging his hands into the bedspread and trying his best to just let things happen.

"Very good," Lex purred, and the warm tongue laved his other nipple while teasing fingertips plucked at the one his tongue had teased earlier -- a reward for Clark's good behaviour. Clark groaned and clutched at the bedspread, but the only other move he made was to spread his legs. This time, Lex leaned in to gently kiss his chest, then murmured, "Good boy..."

Clark groaned as Lex kissed his way down towards his aching cock, holding his body as still as he could in an attempt to keep the wonderful stimulus going; afraid that Lex would stop at any moment. Lips, tongue, fingers -- even the occasional nip; all along his inner thighs and up towards, but not touching his cock. Every time he thought Lex was about to move to finally touch his aching erection, the next teasing touch would come from someplace entirely different.

"God, Lex... *please...*" he moaned, remaining still even though he desperately wanted to move; to grab Lex's hand and pull it to his aching cock. "I need--"

But all he heard was a quiet chuckle, and then the teasing continued. He whimpered in response, and goosebumps suddenly broke out all over his body -- an instant later, wet heat once again engulfed his straining erection.

Unable to control his reaction, Clark's hips came up off the bed, his cock thrusting eagerly into the warm wetness. The instant he moved, though, Lex backed off again and Clark heard a *sound* he couldn't identify. A moment later, he felt a weight settle on the bed near his shoulder, and Lex's hands smoothed his cheeks. "Clark, it's okay -- do you want me to stop?"

"No -- please... I just *need...*"

"You sounded like I was killing you," Lex whispered, leaning down to gently kiss him.

That was me? Clark wondered, but out loud he only said, "You're driving me crazy..."

And then Lex laughed softly and whispered, "That's the idea." He stood again, and Clark gasped as he felt the teasing licks and nibbles return to his thighs. A moment later, though, Lex's tongue was on the head of his cock, flicking across the opening. Clark's body trembled with the effort it took him to keep from moving, and as a reward, Lex gently nibbled his foreskin.

He instinctively understood the lesson Lex was giving him -- move and get nothing; stay still and get pleased. *Let* it happen, instead of actively reaching for it. And he trusted Lex enough to know that he *would* get what his body so desperately craved -- it was just so *hard* to lie there and let it happen.

The teasing mouth backed away for a moment, and he panted but continued to lie there, still except for the bobbing of his cock with every thump of his heart. Then he heard Lex whisper, "Yes, that's it. Relax, Clark -- just relax..." The quiet purr was as arousing as it was soothing, and Clark shivered, but remained still. An instant later, Lex's amazingly dextrous tongue returned to his cock.

Clark moaned as Lex probed the slit again, then whimpered as gently teasing fingers returned to his thighs, stroking and pinching up to his heavy balls. The combination of Lex's tongue pushing his foreskin back and fingernails ever-so-gently scraping along the underside of his balls had him nearly insane, but somehow he managed to relax and let the pleasure take him.

The instant he felt Clark's surrender, Lex deep-throated the straining erection, swallowing it down with ease until his nose was buried in the crisp curls of Clark's pubic hair. This time, when Clark moved he allowed it, knowing how hard it would be for the teen to keep from reacting. He was impressed, though, to note that Clark quickly halted his thrusting motions and settled, instead, for spreading his legs wider.

"Mmmmn..." he purred, the vibrations around Clark's cock sending a shiver through his lover and making him moan in response. Then he resumed the teasing strokes and gentle scratches on Clark's balls, working his way back a little further each time until he was teasing Clark's perineum.

Clark couldn't hold back the shudder and twitch of his hips that the new stimulus brought, but thankfully Lex didn't stop this time. Instead, he intensified both his sucking and the gentle external massage of Clark's prostate, smiling around his mouthful when the moans and whimpers turned desperate and needy.

He knew Clark was ready -- *more* than ready, judging by the way his legs were spreading and his cock was throbbing in Lex's throat. Reaching back with one finger, he rubbed over Clark's anus, pressing just hard enough to massage the ring of muscle but not actually penetrate. There would be time enough for that another day...

Trapped between Lex's probing fingers and amazingly skilled mouth, Clark couldn't do anything more than react, pleasure coalescing into an intense, throbbing heat centered in and behind his balls. He whimpered and moaned, and then before he could even warn Lex, his body was arching in orgasm and he had to let go the bedspread with one hand to jam his knuckles into his mouth in an attempt to stifle his surprised cry.

Lex swallowed Clark's cum greedily, finally pulling back enough to tenderly lick his cock clean. Clark lay sprawled, boneless and sated; panting for breath with a dazed smile on his face. "Wow..." he murmured, reaching out to Lex and trying to tug him into a one-armed hug.

Lex purred as he moulded himself along Clark's side, then reached up to slide the blindfold off Clark's eyes and over his head. Turning to face his lover completely, Lex smiled as he saw the hazy look of pleasure and awe in Clark's face. He leaned in close for a kiss, and couldn't help pressing his own aching cock against Clark's hip.

"You're still hard," Clark whispered, turning onto his side to face Lex and wrapping him closely in one strong arm. "Want me to--"

"God, yes," Lex hissed, bucking slightly against Clark even as he reached for him.

"That was--"

"Intense?" Lex asked, gasping when Clark's strong hand closed around his straining cock. Those hands were magnificent, and he was *definitely* going to look into ways to put them to very good use... "It's the teasing -- the longer you wait for it, the more intense it tends to be. If you don't go crazy first," he explained with a smirk.

"I never... wait for it," Clark explained, blushing again.

"You're sixteen, Clark," Lex said as he thrust into the tight grip. "I'd be really surprised if you did..."

"Is that good, Lex? Do you want me to do anything else?" Clark asked, leaning closer and beginning to push Lex over onto his back. He kissed Lex on the lips, then moved to nibble his

ear and down his neck, then followed that trail with his tongue; trying to remember all of the things that Lex did to him.

"Not gonna last long enough -- that's good just like -- Oh *god* just like that!" Lex groaned, bucking into his stroke and coming all over his hand and hip. "So good..." he murmured as the spasms gradually faded.

"You're really hot when you come, Lex," Clark whispered, blushing again.

"So are you. Next time I want to see your eyes..."

"Next time..."

"Yeah -- at the mansion, where we don't need to worry about keeping quiet," Lex whispered, burrowing in close against Clark's chest. After a long moment, he looked up and asked, "So, how do I get out of here without getting caught?"

"You're going to have to wear some of my clothes -- if you try to sneak out visible and naked, we'll get *killed*..." Clark murmured with a slight grin. "Unless you want to hide under my bed all night..."

"Think I'll pass on that one," Lex answered with a smile.

"Okay -- let's find you something to wear, and then I'll help you climb out the window."

"Out the window, Clark? I guess it's only fair -- I give you a new experience, you give me one in return. Somehow, I think you got the better end of the bargain," Lex responded with a smile, watching appreciatively as Clark stood and walked to the dresser. "Just please, no plaid..."

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