Masquerading

by AlexisLuthor

Summary

Clark...er...Superman...has to attend a fancy Metropolis function. And although he dreads the pomp and glitz, he soon finds that it can be incredibly empowering to masquerade as someone else. It's easy enough until Lex enters the picture, and Clark has to decide exactly who he'll be for the night.
Chapter 1

The night was humid. It had finished raining as the sun set and the moisture hung in the air, clung to Clark's lungs. It was a lucky thing that he didn't sweat because his finely tailored black suit, black and white cape, and full mask on his face would have made the 75 degree air feel like 85 degrees to a human.

Men and women stepped out of limos and into the Natural Science Museum. Metropolitan celebrities paused and had their photos taken outside the ball, some kept their masks on, while others took them off and held them close to show them off.

The papparazzi even snapped photos of Clark, unsure if his thinly veiled muscles and broad shoulders denoted that he was perhaps an athlete or actor. He simply smiled under his mask and made his way inside.

This was the most exclusive event of spring in Metropolis - The Masquerade ball.

Although he followed the flow of foot traffic towards the Space Wing of the museum with confidence, Clark had actually been dreading this event. He begged Bruce Wayne to go instead, but the bat had a previous engagement in Gotham...and further argued that Superman's superior hearing and vision would be required during the event. It was Superman's job to sniff out a jewelry smuggler that the league had been after for a month.

Trepidation slid down Clark's spine as he thought about the event the night before. He knew that everyone who was anyone in Metropolis would be there. He had a mission, but was recently severely overworked and desperately wanted to just...enjoy a Saturday night for once. Not to mention, he would have to strain to hear hundreds of conversations, filtering out the nonsense to identify something of importance. It would be exhausting.

And because the event was so...formal and opulent...Clark knew that Lex would be there. The thought both thrilled and chilled him, which he found, in itself, odd. He was always so thrown off when it came to the bald billionaire. He was always posing threats to Superman, yet, when Clark had gone long periods of time without facing off against him, or seeing him, he grew uneasy. He actually looked forward to seeing the glimmer in Lex's gray eyes, the sweet scar that split his upper lip, the silhouette of his lithe and muscular form.

"Would you like to dance?" Clark's thoughts were violently halted by a beautiful woman at the ball...asking him to dance. He blushed beneath the mask and turned her down as politely as possible. He did have a job to do after all. She smiled at him over her shoulder as she disappeared and Clark sighed in relief.

He took a sip of champagne from a glass that he hardly remembered picking up and scanned the room.

Kent's eyes were to the left of the observatory that the ball was being held in, sliding over groups of men and women. Intricate costumes, glittering jewelry dripping off of slim necks and wrists, obscuring masks and flowing gowns - this was not Clark's scene. At. All.

He took another sip of champagne and cursed the fact that he would never get drunk.

Suddenly, the entire atmosphere of the room shifted, and whispers picked up. Clark turned in the direction that everyone else was turned, and saw a bald headed man that he didn't need to use his x-
ray vision to identify.

It was Lex.

His heart skipped.

A gorgeous woman was draped on his arm in a black and gold gown. But Lex clearly was the showstopper - not her.

He was dressed in a rich red wine jacket with an intricate velvet pattern. He didn't have a cape like Clark, but rather, his jacket was synched at his waist and hung low in the back...almost like having tails. And his mask was black with...with horns.

Okay, maybe Clark could actually feel heat...maybe he could sweat.

Luckily, Clark's mask wasn't a half mask, it mostly covered his face, stopping just above his mouth.

Typically, Clark would look away as soon as he felt the blush creep up his neck to grace his cheeks and ears. But he was safe behind his mask, so he allowed himself to stare, to let his green eyes bore into the sight of Lex and drink him in. It was as if he couldn't slide his gaze away and apparently...it was the same for Lex...

Luthor spotted him, shit.

He whipped around and focused on hors d'ouvres as if they held the secret of life.

Having this third identity was too much. It was hard enough separating Clark Kent from Superman. And now he was supposed to be some debonair Metropolitan upper-class...something? He was so tired of having to fit into some mould - clumsy Clark Kent or heroic Kal-El. Sometimes he just lay awake at night wondering who the hell he actually is.

After focusing on 'work' for 'long enough' Clark allowed his eyes to seek out his former friend.

Lex was on the dance floor with his arm candy, except...his eyes were glued to Clark. It sent a blistering heat roiling through his electric skin. Shit...Lex's eyes felt like an actual caress over his body. His lips parted and a gasp escaped them. He tried to clear his throat, avert his gaze and get back to listening - get back to work, but the night was a loss as far as the JLA was concerned.

As badly as Clark wanted to abandon listening in and working, he could hear Batman's growl threatening him in the future, so he begrudgingly persisted. He cased the museum, walked around the perimeter, sampled hundreds of conversations, and watched time tick by. Every now and then he'd look over at Lex and Luthor always seemed to catch him.

After three more glasses of champagne and way too many hors d'ouvres, Clark considered leaving.

He didn't get the chance to escape though.

"Hello," he heard a familiar silk voice behind him and whipped around. How did Lex manage to surprise him?

Clark glimpsed just how much he had to use control when his brain filtered through responses and came up with...reply as Clark or reply as Superman?

He chose neither. He chose both.
"Hello," he tried not to panic.

"Lex Luthor," his former friend held out his hand.

"I think you just defeated the purpose of the masquerade," he smiled and grasped Lex's hand before he withdrew it. The touch of Lex's soft pale porcelain skin sent a buzz straight up Clark's arm.

"I figured the baldness would give it away whether I introduced myself or not."

"Good point."

"What's your name?" he asked, reluctantly taking back his hand after the shake.

Holy shit...this was a blank slate. This was a massive opportunity. A chance to not be hated by Lex, to not be his enemy, to have that history of Smallville, of lies, of run ins with Superman erased. A chance to get close to Lex, to satisfy some deep and primal need that he had yet rarely acknowledged.

"I'd rather not say at the moment."

Lex smirked. "A man of mystery. Are we in a Cinderella remake?"

"Shouldn't you be asking your date that question?"

"She's just my date mystery man, we're not dating. Certainly not exclusive. In fact, I think she rather fancies that stock market tycoon with a lusciously full head of hair," Lex looked off in her direction.

Clark couldn't help the chuckle at hearing Lex say "lusiciously."

Shit, he was in serious trouble. Luthor radiated confidence, intelligence, sex, power, the mix was heady and intoxicating. His cologne was potently pulling Kent in, who had taken a few steps towards Lex. The older man looked up at Clark then, his eyes boring into Clark's. He was just an inch or two shorter and this thought made Clark wonder what it would be like to snuggle with him.

God, how desperately he wanted to say, 'I've missed you.' 'I'm sorry we're all fucked up.' 'I never meant to lie or betray you.' The turmoil must have reflected on his face, because Lex tilted his head slightly, and Clark could almost feel Lex trying to solve him like a puzzle - trying to figure out what he was thinking.

This time, Lex stepped closer, his breath ghosting over Clark's lips and down his chin. Despite Lex being the one with horns, Clark looked imposing. His broad shoulders made to look even more expansive by the cape. The black coat and vest, the silk white tie, he looked like a shadow beneath a sliver of light. And Lex had a look in his eye that said, 'surrender to your desire.'

They were standing so close, the proximity without touching was unbearable. The tension between them was wrought so tight that it felt as if the very around them hummed.

"Would you like to dance mystery man?" Lex asked, his hand out.

Clark couldn't get the word "yes" past his clenched throat, so he just took Lex's hand, a sighed groan of desire barely audible coming from somewhere in his chest. But Lex heard it and his eyes grew dark.
The song was a slow one, and although Lex had tried to lead, Clark maneuvered them differently, and took the lead himself. Something Clark would never do. But tonight he wasn't Clark. He wasn't Kal-El. He was just himself.
Chapter 2

Obviously alcohol didn't affect him, but the close proximity to Lex, the lighting, the music, the heady rush of his clean slate - all of it made Clark tingle all over and feel woozy. If he were human, well, maybe that's how humans felt when they drank. If so, he certainly understood why they did it.

Lex was so close to him, slotted in his arms as if that's where he belonged. And all the while, Clark just prayed that Lex wouldn't brush against his growing erection or feel the heat radiating off of his very aroused body.

Given this very rare opportunity to be himself, he found himself questioning just who that was...

Was he domineering and take-charge like Superman? Was he submissive and withdrawn like Clark Kent? He honestly didn't know the answer anymore. The last time he had, "been himself," was perhaps in high school, and even then, he was constantly lying and trying to protect his secret. Was who he was on Red K his 'real' self?

All these questions were starting to make his head hurt.

"Am I boring you, stranger?" Lex said, suddenly ripping Clark right out of his dazed state.

"No," he said firmly - a bit too firmly. "No, not at all." He swallowed and felt as if every pair of eyes in the room was on he and Lex...probably because they were. There was an awkward beat after Clark's too hasty answer, but the awkwardness dissipated with the steps they took. Clark swallowed, looking around. "I'm sorry...I'm just not used to so many people looking my way," he admitted weakly.

"Really?" Lex mused, a quirk in his lips. "I would think that with a body like yours you'd be more than used to attracting attention." There was that sharp smile that made Clark's stomach do flips.

"I never dress like this...I usually just...uh..."

"What? Wear camouflage?"

Clark chuckled. "Not quite, but I do put effort into blending in."

"You shouldn't. You'd be wasting quite a gift."

Lex's words sent an electric tingle up Clark's spine.

"You on the other hand, never get a chance to blend in," Clark surmised.

"I'm afraid that the baldness makes blending in impossible," Lex was still smiling. "It does open the door for a variety of halloween costumes though." "Oh, it does?" laughter was laced into his tone.

"Oh sure...I can be Mr. Clean, Thanos, Dr. Evil, Gollum...the list goes on."

Clark's smile was wide and white and brilliant. It made Lex buzz with desire and it also nagged at him. He'd seen this smile before. Where though?

"Does it ever become too much for you? All the eyes? All the expectations?" the stranger's voice cut into Lex's thoughts.
"If it did, do you think I'd be running for president?"

"I suppose not," Clark answered in a whisper. His face was so close to Lex's...he wanted to kiss the older man so desperately and the realization of that...well, it was really a brain fuck. Lex was his...er...Superman's enemy. Right?

"Tell me about yourself," Lex whispered back.

Panic flooded through Clark and he hoped that he didn't wear it on his face. Lex hated both Clark and Superman...he couldn't give away who he was, not if he wanted a shot... Lex's expression was open and waiting. Clark cleared his throat, "I grew up in a rural area," he started, wary of giving too much away. "I love to read novels. I'm a writer."

"Tell me more," Lex prodded after a too long pause.

Clark kept them moving fluidly along the dance floor, mentally thanking his mom for insisting that he take that ballroom dance class. His mind raced to find acceptable answers for Lex.

"You're thinking too much. Answer without thinking."

Clark ducked his head, swallowed, then looked back up into Lex's eyes. They looked such a sparkling shade of gray and gave him the same feeling of peace after a deep snowfall.

"My new favorite color is gray," he answered with a glittering smile. "I'm an only child. I love dogs. I'm addicted to coffee." Lex was disappointed that he was only getting surface information, but perhaps the man of mystery wanted to stay mysterious.

"I'm sure you're expecting me to ask about you now..." Clark had to break the heavy silence. "But I think I know all about you already."

A look of disappointment flashed across Lex's face. Was this a ruse? Had he been set up? Was this a reporter or a spy? But that didn't make sense considering how honest this mystery man appeared to be, so he thought he'd give him the benefit of finishing his thoughts.

"Yes, well, the media keeps close tabs," Lex said, a sour note in his voice.

"No...not the media..." Clark added too quickly.

One of Lex's pale eyebrows quirked up. "Then please, tell me about me..." The skepticism and quick look of disappointment disappeared and genuine curiosity took its place.

Clark knew that figuring out mysteries was Lex's bread and butter. He felt an overwhelming desire to gain Lex's attentions and hold on to them forever. He wanted this to last as long as possible.

"I know that it does, in fact, get overwhelming having the whole world's eyes upon you. You play it cool, but you're overwhelmed at times. Set apart because of your brilliance. Lonely."

Lex swallowed, the smile wavering on his lips. "Perhaps I need a distraction from all of my responsibilities," he eyed Clark hungrily. "Someone to help me be less...lonely."

"Sounds like an enjoyable position. Maybe I could apply?"

Lex's grip tightened and his eyes sparkled.

They floated along the dance floor, the envy of everyone at the party. Moments passed, but time was operating oddly now.
"There is one more thing I'd like to ask," Lex added, his smile turning wry.

Clark's heart picked up and he wondered if his enjoyable time was about to come crashing to an abrupt end. "What's that?"

"I feel like I know you already."

Clark remained silent, hoping his face was unreadable, yet knowing it wasn't.

"So tell me...in the past...did we fuck?"

Clark's face heated and turned the shade of a tomato under his mask. His eyebrows shot up and his brain sputtered. "Wh...uh...no..." he was tripping over himself, trying to recover without imagining what Lex had just suggested.

"Well have we met then at least?"

Shit. Now what would he say.

"Yes, but I doubt you'd remember. You interact with a lot of people."

"Oh no, I wouldn't forget you."

Clark felt his pulse quicken yet again and his mind reverted back to the plethora of daydreams that he rarely let himself indulge in. His breath sped up and his lips parted as he struggled to dance and remain sane.

Though they were slowing, Lex had pulled his body even closer to the mystery man's. Lex could feel his arousal now - sense the heat beneath his hands - maybe even feel his heart thrumming against his chest.

"I want to know everything" Lex prodded, but Clark didn't get the chance.

A deep voice cleared behind Clark's left shoulder and he spun around.

"Sorry to interrupt, but I need to speak with you."

Clark didn't swear often but his thoughts were brimming over with expletives at this intrusion. Bruce. Of course it was fucking Bruce Wayne.

"Weren't you supposed to be in Gotham," Clark seethed through his teeth.

"It's about work," Bruce stated coolly.

Clark looked over at Lex who - somehow - looked even angrier than he himself felt. He wondered if Lex could recognize the tenor of Bruce's voice. If not, his face was well hidden behind a black mask that only revealed his piercing blue eyes and rigid lips.

"Now's not a good time," Clark practically hissed.

"It never is. Now let's go."

Clark looked between Bruce and Lex helplessly, his eyes filled with dismay.

"He can't leave at the moment," Lex stepped forward, in between Bruce and his mystery man. He wasn't about to let the mystery man get away. "He's otherwise engaged," Lex said coldly. He
glared angrily at the slick black haired man with piercing iceberg eyes.

"I'm afraid this isn't negotiable," Bruce deadpanned.

"How much will it cost to make it negotiable?"

"Money can't buy everything, Luthor," he retorted, grabbing Clark by the bicep.

Lex was past furious. Not only was his mystery man being swept away but he had a distinct disadvantage of being recognized by everyone - while he couldn't tell who was who at all.

"Who the hell do you think you are Mr...?"

"I'm C -"

Clark's hand shot up and he covered Bruce's mouth before his name could escape it.

Bruce just lifted a hand and peeled away the offending object having received the message that Clark didn't want to be outed. "Don't want your identity revealed my colleague?"

The tips of Clark's ears heated and burned bright red. He could even feel Lex staring at them.

"Tonight I get to pick who I am," Clark responded.

"Well, who you are is going to be in serious trouble if you don't get your ass to work. Now."

The commanding tone sent a pleasurable lick of heat to his already straining groin and he prayed neither Bruce nor Lex would notice.

"Will you at least return him when he's done with his...work?" Lex asked.

"Of course...he's...free after he completes his assignment. I guess whether or not he comes to you...or comes to me...afterwards, is his choice."

Clark looked at Lex.

"You know where my penthouse is?"

"Yes."

"Then come. No matter the time."

"I will," Clark agreed much to Bruce's chagrin.

"Let's go boy scout," Bruce held a hand out to lead the way and Clark began walking.
"What the fuck are you doing?" Clark snapped, the expletive feeling foreign on his tongue. It was so shocking that Bruce stopped dead in his tracks and stared at him as if he'd morphed into someone else.

Bruce turned and walked right up to Clark's nose. "I could ask you the same thing," he growled. "What the fuck are you thinking getting so close to Luthor?"

Clark's heart was beating angrily in his chest and the rosy flush in his cheeks and ears refused to die down.

"Who I get close to is none of your business."

"If we were two normal people, you'd be right. But you're fucking Superman," he seethed, "and Lex Luthor is your enemy."

"Yeah, well, you know what they say," Clark crossed his arms, "keep your friends close and your enemies closer."

"Close is one thing, fucking is another."

Even with the mask, Clark looked like a kid who was caught with his hand in the cookie jar before dinner. "I...I've never..."

"No, but you would. You want to. You're hard right now."

Kent's mouth opened then closed, then opened, but no words came out.

The pair was in an alley four blocks away from the gala, and Bruce was backing Clark up against a brick wall. Wayne's leg was wedged between Clark's and he shifted so that his body slotted into Kent's. A moan ghosted past Clark's lips.

"Why do you want to fuck him Clark? Is it revenge? Do you want to shove your cock up his ass with him not knowing that his enemy is fucking him? Is that it?"

"No," Clark's voice threatened to split on anything longer than one syllable.

"If it's not revenge...is it attraction? I personally don't see it," Bruce continued. "If you want a quick fuck, if you want to feel a man pour his come inside of you, you could have just come to me."

"Wh...you...hate me. You've tried to kill me," Clark mumbled. Bruce's crude language was making him so hard that it hurt. He also found it embarrassing and humiliating, which is exactly what Bruce was going for no doubt. He wanted to rattle him. It was working.

"That was when we first met, and it's because I think you're too powerful."

"You barely speak three whole sentences to me every week. You're always telling me what I do wrong, never what I do right. All you do is glare at me. Are you even...gay?"

"Are you?" Bruce shot back.

Clark squirmed and felt Bruce's erection slide against his own. Suddenly it felt quite hard to breathe.
"I care for you Bruce...deeply..."

"But not like you do for Lex."

Kent looked guilty. "It's not as if I want you less...I want you differently..."

Bruce brought his mouth to Clark's neck and kissed him brutally over his pulse point. He knew this was Superman, and that the alien was unable to be hurt, so he was brutal.

Clark had always known that he and Bruce had a thing. There was a spark between them...but he had no idea that Wayne returned the...feeling? He'd fantasized about Bruce but had contented himself with the idea that nothing would ever happen. "You...you don't even like me Bruce," he tried and failed, feeling Batman's huge hands wander his body.

"You just want to fuck me so that I won't fuck him."

Bruce pulled back, his eyes narrowed.

"You think of me as...as a science experiment...as a nuclear missile that needs disarmed. I'm the opposite of everything you are. We're total opposites."

"Make no mistake, I agree that you are a weapon that ought to be disarmed. But me wanting to fuck you has nothing to do with Luthor."

"Okay well...then...I think you just want to hate fuck me. You hate me."

"You have no idea how I feel."

"Before tonight I didn't even know you HAD feelings," Clark squeaked. Bruce just smiled.

"You saw me with Lex and you got jealous."

"Batman doesn't get jealous."

"Maybe not, but Bruce does," Clark said, barely getting the words out before Bruce had delivered a slap to his face.

Clark was shocked. His eyes wide. Mask skewed a little from the blow. But he felt no pain, only a tingle of pleasure that jolted his cock.

"I...I want Lex..."

"Fine. But I want you," Bruce said, voice a mix of gravel and cut glass. "Pull out your cock."

More arousal swept through Clark.

"Is that a command or an option...?"

"Of course you have an option. I put away criminals...I'm not one."

"I think that could be debated," Clark shot back, mischief in his eyes. "Before I do this...assuming I do... how is this a good idea? We're coworkers. Not to mention, you hate Lex and you know that I want to..."

"Fuck him," he supplanted.
"And you strike me as the jealous type. I can't imagine you sharing anything with Lex."

"Do I strike you as the relationship type Clark?"

"Uh, no."

"I don't want a relationship with you...I want to fuck you."

"What if that changes?"

"It won't. Take out your cock."

Clark could barely comprehend that this was happening.

"I feel...dirty...like a sicko...for wanting you AND him," Clark's head lowered. "You're perfectly normal Clark," Bruce kissed the other side of his neck and continued rubbing their cocks through their clothes. "You want two different things from two different people. I'll never understand the Lex thing, but I get Superman."

"What if I say no?"

"Then I disappear into the night and this never happened."

Instead of saying 'no' as Bruce had anticipated, Clark reached down and undid his fly, pulling his cock out through his boxers. A flash of surprise flitted across Bruce's face before he too reached for his cock. He stroked his cock, eyeing Clark's hungrily, before taking it in his large hand as well and pumping them together.

Clark made noises that Bruce instantly catalogued in his memory bank. His cock felt smoother than Bruce's and watching his face was delightful. His nearly poreless skin had a beautiful red flush and his teeth-bitten lips were cherry red.

"B-Bruce..." he whined. He could barely take how hot this was...Batman, pushing him against a brick wall in an alley way...both of them fully clothed except for their exposed cocks in Bruce's massive hand. He pumped them together and Clark leaked so much precum that they slid together effortlessly.

"Who knew you were such a slut," Bruce growled in his ear.

Clark dug his hands into the brick wall behind him so that he wouldn't break Bruce.

"I'm...going to...but I can't...not on our costumes."

"Then on mine," Bruce said, breathless. He angled their cocks towards him.

Seeing Wayne coming undone was painfully erotic. "You're jus...just a jealous...bastard..." Clark croaked, feeling his orgasm barrel towards him.

"Damn right I am," Bruce agreed. "I'd say fuck Luthor, but I'm sure you'll take that as an order. Forget Luthor right now. Right now...you come."

Clark began to come on command, ropes of white shooting onto Bruce's jet black costume.

Seeing Superman blow his load on command, like a good little sub who'd been starved for a dom, made Bruce come as well. He came soundlessly, with Superman's eyes glued to his spouting cock,
and it satisfied something deep within him. He bent, and licked Clark clean. When he stood again, Superman was wearing a blissed out expression of disbelief.

Bruce tucked Clark back in, then himself. A Jackson Pollock of cum was all over his expensive suit, and he didn't care at all. "Tonight, you'll go to Luthor if you want. Fuck him if you want. But he would never fuck the real you and you know it...neither as Clark nor as Superman. You don't have to tell him who you are, but you do have to tell him that you came in my hands first. It's only fair."

Clark's color blanched. Bruce left him in the alley. "Goodnight Clark." He began to walk away and then stopped and turned around.

"Oh, and if you do fuck him...I want to hear all about it the next time we do this."

Superman's mouth hung agape.

What the fuck just happened?
Chapter 4

Clark felt horrendously guilty, as if he had cheated...but he and Lex weren't even a thing...were they?

He trudged through the city for a few hours, then decided that he'd show up at Lex's at around 1 a.m. During his walk, he considered not even going to Lex's. He felt dirty and ashamed.

But...he'd told Lex that he would come, and he had to keep his word. He deserved that.

The city continued on, unaware of it's greatest hero's inner turmoil. The lights changed, the cars sped by, the clouds gathered overhead, the world would go on. But Clark honestly didn't know if he could handle Lex's inevitable rejection. There'd be no way that Lex would...pursue him...knowing that another man had...done things with him, on this very night. And in what light did that paint him?

Whore. The word lit like a neon sign flashed on and off in Clark's mind.

He worked with Bruce...he never should have...and yet, he didn't regret it either. It was a most confusing mix of emotions.

Finally, he arrived at Lexcorp towers. Breathing in a big breath, he opened the doors and strode inside. The lights were too bright, too revealing, and he wondered if he had the words: JUST HAD SEX, written all over his chest for everyone to see like his Superman "S."

"You are the stranger, I presume," a man materialized out of thin air and made Clark jump. He gulped. "Y-yes...from the gala."

"Excellent," the man said extending an arm. "Lex did a very good job describing what you'd look like. Please, follow me this way. I will escort you to the penthouse."

Clark just nodded silently and wished that his mouth wasn't so dry.

Apparently the greeting man could read minds, because he handed Clark a little mini water bottle. Kent thanked him and swallowed the whole thing down.

The ride up seemed an eternity. It was a massive building, a fortress really, but Clark couldn't wait for the doors to slide open. Finally, they did. The man motioned him inside but stayed in the elevator. The doors slid shut behind Clark who had stepped out onto the hard wood floor, and despite being Superman, he felt a bit trapped.

The penthouse was immaculate and ethereal. It was masculine and spattered with fine art famous enough to hang in museums. It was both warm and imposing and smelled of wood and pine and scotch.

"There you are," a familiar voice said as Lex emerged from a hallway and walked into the living room where Clark stood.

Clark tried a smile and came up with something half genuine. "Lex..." he said, the word feeling too pure on his dirty tongue.

The lights were dimmed, the fireplace on, and Lex had a crystal tumbler of scotch in his hand. Luthor came right up to Kent, setting his drink down on a slim table behind a leather sofa. His
hands came to Clark's chest and slid upwards. Kent's mouth parted and his eyes glittered such a brilliant green that Lex's new favorite thing was emeralds.

Luthor didn't hesitate, he simply leaned in and kissed the stranger.

Kent's brain immediately shorted. Every nerve in his body lit up like a Christmas tree and he moaned into Lex's mouth. Lex's hands were at the back of his head, tugging his hair, his mouth angling for more, his tongue lapping him up like a fine whiskey.

Lex had kissed half of Metropolis. His first fuck was at 13. He grew up fast beneath the thumb of the brilliant nut-job that was Lionel Luthor. He'd experienced a lot - including death. But nothing touched this. Nothing touched kissing this stranger. This stranger who's large hands were roaming all over his back and ass as he ferociously kissed him back.

The kiss was like flying and falling all at once. It was taking off in the jump seat of an F-22 and punching out at the same time. Ice cold and wicked hot, your senses so overwhelmed that down is up and up is down.

All Lex had expected was a fuck. A kiss to start it off...but what he got - instead - chilled him down to his bones. Something was here, something big. The kiss wasn't a kiss...it was...the world clicking into place, the chaos of brilliance in his head finally aligning and quieting. It was a star exploding and becoming a black hole. Everything would circle towards this until there was nothing left.

Finally, they broke apart, and what Lex saw when they did so, shocked him.

The stranger was...crying?

"I'm sorry," the stranger said, wiping away the tear that was traveling down his mask. "Can we sit? Talk?"

"Sure," Lex said, his lips still tingling from the brain searing kiss.

The duo walked over to the sofas. Clark sat on a sofa and Lex sat on an ottoman facing him. Their knees bumped.

"Something's wrong," Lex said, matter-of-fact, dread settling in his stomach like food poisoning.

"I did something," the stranger said, his voice cracking. He rubbed his hands on his knees in a self-soothing gesture, and even with the mask on, Lex could see the anguish twisting behind it.

"What? What's wrong?"

"That guy who got me at the gala..."

"Your coworker."

"Yes..." Clark went on, his eyes downcast. "Well...I...I've known you longer than him."

Lex's brow furrowed. "Okay..."

"I've wanted you for so long Lex," he said in a whisper so faint. "And I blew it. You'd never want me if you knew who I was regardless...but it was nice to think...just for a night..."

"You and he...you've fucked," Lex said plainly.

Clark's eyes snapped up and his cheeks heated. Lex used to hate blushing, saw it as a sign of
weakness...but not with this stranger. He loved it. Wanted to paint a room that color.

"We'd never done anything before. Then he saw me with you...I...I've ruined everything..." Clark's head lowered and more tears trickled down his mask.

"So you two fucked tonight," Lex probed.

"He...we...he, uh..."

"Just tell me, I can take it."

"He jerked us off together, he kissed me. I always thought he hated me." Clark shook his head, confused at his own internalization of the events. "I'd thought about doing things with him before...but I always thought he...was too cold, hated me too much. I don't even know why I..."

"...like him."

"But how I want him and how I want you are so different," his voice was riddled with conflict. "I couldn't come here and just...with you...I had to tell you."

This level of pure sincerity made something sharp hurt in Lex's chest. He could see how much turmoil this stranger was in. Clearly, the stranger thought that they were more than just a fuck opportunity too - or else he wouldn't have told.

"I want things with you Lex...things I could never have. If you knew who I was..." he reached for his mask, but Lex's hand stopped him.

"Normally, I don't share," Lex said. "And I would like to know who you are...eventually...but for now, I just want this. You."

"And if he still wants to...fuck...me?"

"Do you want to fuck him?"

"Not if it costs me you," Clark said honestly. He took a deep, shuddering breath in. "But if you knew who I was...you wouldn't want me regardless."

Lex lowered Clark's hands back to his lap, keeping the mask on.

"I'm no saint either," Lex countered. "I've done..." he shook his head, "questionable things." His steel cut gaze cut right through Clark. "I doubt you'd want me if you knew about them. I don't know how to be a different person. I don't know how to deal with my jealousy of your 'coworker.' But I know that I don't want to lose whatever this is. There's something between us."

"I agree," Clark leaned forward, his eyes seeing into Lex's soul.

"You're attracted to him, yes?"

"Yes."

"And you're attracted to me?"

"God, yesss."

"Then I see no issue," Lex concluded. Internally, he wondered if he'd finally lost it. Lex Luthor didn't share shit with anyone. He was no one's second. However...the man who had come to get
this stranger at the Gala was gorgeous himself - and Lex now knew who he was.

"Are we anything alike? Your coworker and I?" He had to ask, had to hear it.

"No," Clark shook his head.

"Good. And besides this hand job, you've never had sexual contact with him before?"

"No."

Lex nodded.

"If I asked you to never sleep with him again, would you comply?"

"Yes."

Lex's gears were turning.

"How did you feel after it was over? After you came in his hands?"

Clark sighed..."relieved. Like...a lot of the tension between us was depressurized."

Lex nodded once more. "And you have to work with him?"

"Yes. We'll be coworkers pretty much forever."

"It was Bruce Wayne," Lex said suddenly.

Even under the disguise, Clark's face flip booked through at least five emotions.

"It took me a few hours to realize it, but I know it is. We grew up together. His eyes, that voice, the thousand dollar cologne, I'd know him anywhere."

Clark's mouth opened, closed, opened, closed. Finally, he simply said, "yes."

"Hmmm." Lex had always had a tricky relationship with Bruce. The latest level of that relationship was rivalry. He considered whether this stranger was worth it. He considered, briefly, having Wayne assassinated. It was ridiculous, just a fancied daydream. The reality now, was how should he proceed?

"I wouldn't blame you if you wanted to kick me out. Punch me. Exile me." Clark said sullenly.

"You still came here. You were honest with me. It would appear that you desire me more than him - is that a correct statement?"

"Yes."

"Well, it sounds like you needed that with him. You got it. Now...what do you need with me?"

Clark's head raised and his heart fluttered. "Everything."

"Then let's go to bed," Lex said, standing, stretching out his hand. Clark took it.