

Love Found a Way

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Summary: This story follows the characters and premise of my story "Love Will Find a Way," a look 15 years into the future.

Story Size: 3,006 words (16Kb as text)

Read the previous story, [Love Will Find a Way](#).

I would like to thank Morgana for her help beta reading this story.

Erica Kent rose from her bed excited to start her day. Her son was graduating from college today! As she passed the chest of drawers on her way to the bathroom, her eyes fell on the pictures that stood there. There were pictures of her and her family, of course, but also in pride of place was a picture of Lois Lane. She stopped and picked up the picture of her husband's first wife.

"Well Lois, Jon graduates from college today," she said reverently. "I hope, if you're looking down on us, that you're pleased with how our son turned out." Ever since Clark had proposed fifteen years ago and six-year-old Jon had asked if he could call her mum, he'd been her son too even though they shared no blood. Lois had left a letter for Clark's new wife if she should ever die, and it was that letter that had meant so much to her. Lois had asked the woman Clark married to love her husband and her child as she would have done. Erica would have loved them without the letter of course, but getting that letter had removed any doubt she might have had as to how Lois would have wanted things to go.

"Clark and I told Jon about you almost every day. Every time there was a family gathering, thoughts of you and how we all wished you were with us were foremost in our minds. Every birthday, every anniversary was an opportunity to remember you and the good times you had with Jonathan, Martha, and your parents.

"We also remembered you when Jonathan and then later that same year Sam passed and now you had company in heaven and how the three of you were watching over us. Today is going to be a happy day, but there will be a tinge of sadness too, wishing all of you were here."

Just then she felt her husband's hand rest lightly on her shoulder and she turned to see his smiling face.

"Talking to Lois again?" he said softly. "I was thinking about her too."

"I was just thinking how Jon has grown into the kind man any mother would be proud of."

"And a lot of that is your doing, you know," Clark said as he wrapped his arms around her, holding her close.

"Thank you, sweetheart," Erica said humbly. "I've tried to be the best mother I could be, for all our children, but especially for Jon."

"You've done an excellent job; you know that right?" When she nodded, he continued. "We have three wonderful children, and most of that was due to your love and guidance."

"Speaking of which, are Abby and Joe up yet?"

"They've been up for at least an hour." Clark tilted his head, listening. "Abby's reading downstairs, and Joe is in the kitchen eating breakfast."

"Good, now how about you kiss me so I can get going too?"

Clark's head lowered, claiming her lips in a sensuous kiss that made her knees go weak. When he drew back, his eyes were shining with mischief.

"Do you want me to wash your back?" he asked, raising his eyebrows hopefully.

"Yes," she said breathlessly, and then she shook her head. "But no, as much fun as that would be. I need to get going or we're going to be late. Besides, wasn't last night enough to slake your appetite?" she said, her eyes twinkling.

"You're never enough for me," Clark said huskily, his eyes dark with desire.

"Clark Kent, you stop that right now!" she said, mock indignant. "You know I can't resist that tone in your voice." She pulled out of his embrace and gently pushed him out the door. "Now get out of here and no peeking!"

Her shower complete, she returned to the bedroom to dress for the day's festivities. She took the brand-new emerald green dress she'd bought for the occasion out of the closet and laid it on the bed. Dropping her towel, she put on her underwear, panty hose, and then the dress. As she sat at the makeup table, she thought about the two children she still had at home. While she missed having Jon around every day, she understood his desire for some independence, so she'd supported him when he'd decided to live on campus ever since his freshman year.

Her daughter, Abigail Lois, now fourteen, had been born ten months after their honeymoon. As Bernie had predicted, Kryptonian pregnancies were a month longer than normal, but other than that, there had been no other issues. She hadn't expected any since Lois had had no trouble with Jon, but she still worried, at least a little bit. A

young woman now, Abby was turning into a real beauty, taking after her mother, but she also had her father's eyes and chin. She was also tall, already a few inches taller than her mom.

Her son, Joseph Samuel, now almost thirteen, had been named after her father and Lois's. He took after Clark, his features reminding her of her husband more and more each day. And like their father, all three children had super powers to varying degrees.

Jon, being the eldest at twenty-one, had all the powers of his father, and, as she knew, he could hardly wait until he was allowed to join the family business when he turned twenty-two in a few weeks. Her thoughts turned back to the day she realized Jon had inherited his father's powers.

Erica and Jon were in the living room, while Abby and Joey were upstairs asleep, Clark having left earlier for an emergency. Erica was reading a book, and Jon was coloring, lying on the floor a few feet away. All of a sudden, Jon looked up from his coloring book.

"Mum? Do you hear that? I think Joey's crying," he said, getting up to stand in front of her.

Erica listened but heard nothing. "Are you sure, sweetheart? I don't hear anything."

"Yes, Mum, I'm sure. I hear him crying. We should check on him, please?" Jon took her hand and practically tugged her towards the stairs. It wasn't until they arrived at Joey's door that Erica finally heard the baby fussing, though the sound was very low. She opened the door to find her son in his crib fussing softly.

"Come here, sweetie, let's see what's bothering you." Erica checked the little boy's diaper and found it wet. "Let's get you changed, huh?"

After a quick diaper change, Joey settled down and in moments fell back to sleep. On her way down to the living room, Erica realized that either Jon had very sensitive hearing or he was exhibiting superhearing, like his dad.

When Clark returned from his emergency, Jon was already in bed, and after he looked in on his son, he headed downstairs, peeking in to check on Abby and Joey as he passed their bedrooms.

"Everything okay?" Erica asked. She rose from the couch as Clark came down the stairs.

"Yep. There was a three-car accident on the Metropolis Bridge, but thankfully, there were no injuries, though traffic was backed up for two miles. How are the kids?"

"Jon went to bed a little while ago. Abby and Joey fell asleep not long after you left. I did have to change Joey though, and that's something I need to talk to you about."

"Oh, is something wrong?" Clark asked, concerned.

"No, nothing's wrong," she said calmly. "When did you first start hearing things you shouldn't have been able

to?"

Clark pondered the question for a moment and then said, "Around nine. I heard Dad outside in the barn when he whacked his thumb with a hammer. I thought he'd really hurt himself, so I dragged my mother out to the barn to check on him. By the time we got there, we realized he was okay. But Mom asked me how I knew he'd hurt himself, and I told her I'd heard him. Why do you ask?"

"Jon and I were down here. I was reading and he was coloring when he told me he heard Joey crying. I couldn't hear anything, but he was insistent, so we went up to check. I didn't hear anything until I got up to the door, and that's when I heard him even though his crying was still very soft. It turned out he was wet, so I changed him and we went back down stairs. But that got me thinking. Do you think Jon might be developing superhearing?"

"It's certainly possible. Bernie said there was a chance the kids could get some or all of my powers," Clark said thoughtfully. "How about we talk to him after work tomorrow?"

As it turned out, Jon did have superhearing, and as he and his siblings got older, they too developed Clark's powers. She smiled to herself as she remembered how Clark, with help from Jon, had patiently taught Abby and Joey how to control their powers. She remembered their trips to the mountains after Joey had learned the secret; the three children had practiced and practiced until they could control their powers without even thinking. She'd been so proud when Jon would work with his siblings, showing them how the powers worked and then encouraging them as they mastered each power. Now Abby and Joey were chomping at the bit, impatiently waiting until they too could fly like their dad and older brother.

Erica's reverie was interrupted when Abby knocked on the doorjamb.

"You about ready, Mom? Dad said we need to get going soon if we're gonna pick up Grandma Martha and Grandma Ellen on time."

Erica turned, and her lips curled into a smile. Her daughter was a beautiful young lady, a perfect combination of her and her father.

"Yes, honey, I'm almost ready. Tell Dad I'll be down in five minutes."

"Okay!" she said as she disappeared.

"Abby, no running in the house, especially at superspeed," Erica said, chuckling. After she ran her brush through her hair one more time and put on her lipstick, she headed downstairs.

"Wow, you look beautiful, honey," Clark said appreciatively.

“Thank you, sweetheart,” Erica replied, giving him a quick kiss. “I love that suit on you.”

“I know; that’s why I wore it!” Clark said with a grin. “Abby, Joey, we’re ready to go.”

Just then, Abby and Joey walked through the kitchen door, meeting their parents in the living room. Abby wore her favorite yellow dress with matching shoes, while Joey wore a new suit, its unfamiliarity causing him to fuss constantly with his tie. Leaving the house, they piled into the minivan, the kids taking the third row so their grandmothers could have the middle row. After two quick stops to pick up Martha and Ellen, the family headed to Metropolis University.

The commencement ceremony was very touching as each graduate crossed the stage to receive their diploma to the applause of their families. When Jon crossed the stage, the whole family clapped as Erica, Martha, and Ellen wiped tears from their eyes.

“Don’t cry, Grandma Ellen. This is a happy day,” Abby said as she hugged her grandmother supportively.

“I know, dear,” she said through her tears. “I’m just sad because Sam and Lois can’t be here to see him all grown up and how handsome he is in his cap and gown.”

“They’re watching, Grandma Ellen. I know they are,” Joey whispered supportively.

At the other end of their group, Martha was also fighting tears as she gazed up at her son.

“I know, Mom,” Clark whispered, his throat tight. “I wish Dad and Lois were here too.”

“He’s so handsome,” Martha sighed. “I can’t believe he’s finished with college already. It seems like just yesterday that I took him to kindergarten.”

“Yeah, time flies by so quickly. I remember when he developed superhearing, and now he’s going to be joining me on patrol in a few weeks,” he whispered.

After the ceremony, Jon hurried over to where his family was waiting for him, his diploma held proudly in one hand. As soon as he got there, his family surrounded him, hugging, kissing, and congratulating him.

“Thanks, everyone!” Jon exclaimed. “Can we go home now?”

“You bet, Son,” Clark said as he directed the family back to the minivan.

Before they’d left, Clark had made up food and drinks in the kitchen; so as soon as they got home, the party started. Jim Olsen and his wife Penny arrived not long after they got home along with a number of their friends from the *Planet*. Jon’s friends from the neighborhood arrived as well, and then the party really got into full swing.

Many hours later, the party had wound down until only

the Kent family was left. After he took Ellen home, Clark, with the help of Abby and Joey, cleaned the house and put away any leftovers in a matter of seconds. It was then that Jon and his grandmother told the family about their surprise.

“Mum, Dad, everyone,” Jon said once everyone was seated. “Grandma has been helping me with something and I’d like to show it to you.” He disappeared upstairs to his old room, reappearing a second later.

“Well, what is it?” Erica asked when he reappeared still wearing the shirt and tie he’d worn all day.

“Watch!” he said as he began to spin in place. “Tada!”

Where Jon Kent had stood, in his place now stood a new superhero. His suit was black with electric blue boots, briefs, and cape. He also wore a black mask outlined in lavender.

“What do you think?” he said proudly. “Grandma helped me design the suit, and I helped her sew it.”

Clark was speechless as he took in the sight of his son in his new suit. Erica’s eyes grew moist as she smiled happily. “I think you look every bit a superhero, just like your dad.” She paused to swallow the lump in her throat before she could continue. “Your mother would be so proud!”

Jon walked over to her, leaning down to kiss her cheek. “Thanks Mum, I think she would be too.”

“Son... uh, I do have one question. Why is your mask outlined in lavender? It doesn’t really go with your suit,” Clark asked curiously.

“That was Grandma’s idea. She told me the story of how your powers got transferred to Mom one time, so I decided to add the lavender accent in her honor.”

Clark’s eyes welled up, and tears slid down his cheeks. “Did you find her old costume?”

“Yeah, but you didn’t make it easy,” Jon said. “It’s lucky I have X-ray vision or I’d never have found it among all those boxes in the attic!”

“What are you gonna call yourself? Have you decided on a name?” Abby asked.

“I’ve been thinking, and I like Avenger. What do you think?” Jon said, soliciting ideas.

“Hmmm,” Clark said thoughtfully. “I don’t know. That name makes it seem like you want to punish wrongdoers. What do you think, honey?”

“I agree,” Erica said. “The black outfit could be intimidating, and you don’t want people to be afraid of you.” A smile lit up her face as an idea came to her. “I know! How about Defender? After all, that’s what you’ll be doing: defending the weak against the criminal element.”

“Defender...” Jon said, pondering her suggestion. “Yeah, I like it! Defender it is!”

Since it was getting late, Clark walked his mother home, and upon his return, he had a suggestion for his son.

“How about you go on patrol with me tonight? I don’t want you involved with anything quite yet, but I think it would be good for you to see the old man in action!” Clark said, chuckling.

“You mean it, Dad? You said I couldn’t work with you until I turned twenty-two,” Jon replied.

“That’s why I said all you can do is watch. With your uniform, you’ll blend in well enough that no one should see you. Besides, we’ll fly high enough that only birds could see you anyway.”

“Works for me! Are we leaving now?” Jon said excitedly.

Clark spun into his uniform and kissed his wife, and then father and son disappeared, the kitchen door slamming behind them.

A few minutes after midnight, Clark opened the window to his bedroom and was surprised to see his wife still awake.

“You didn’t have to wait up, you know,” he said as he spun into his sleep shorts.

“I know, but I wanted to find out how Jon did on his first patrol,” Erica replied eyeing her husband’s body as he climbed under the sheets.

“He did fine. It was a very quiet night; that’s why I’m home early. Since it was so quiet, we spent the time going over techniques for disarming shooters, how to catch bullets so bystanders don’t get hurt, and things to look for when patrolling so he can intervene before things get out of hand. And most of all, we just talked; about anything and everything. It was nice to have someone to talk to up there.”

Snuggling up to his side, she laid her head on his chest, drawing circles on his six-pack abs with the tip of her finger.

“So, Superman, what are you going to do with all the free time you’ll have when Defender takes to the skies?” Erica said huskily.

Clark drew her up onto his chest until their eyes met. “Oh, I’m sure I can think of something,” he said as he claimed her lips.

THE END