

Now, As Before

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Rated: G

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Summary: One winter night, everything changes. Again. A 2007 Ficathon story.

Story Size: 1,353 words (7Kb as text)

See notes at the bottom.

The couple stood and stared at the Kansas sky. His arms wrapped around her.

“Merry Christmas, honey.”

“Merry Christmas.”

“I just love this time of year, don’t you?”

“Not as much as you do. I’m no Scrooge, but you definitely enjoy it a lot more than I do.”

The snow had stopped falling earlier in the day and the clouds had cleared out to leave a crisp, chilly evening.

The fire was roaring in the house and hot cocoa would be ready in a flash when they went back inside, but for the moment, they enjoyed the view.

And the feeling of being in each other’s arms.

She turned to face him. “I love you.”

“I love you, too. More than you’ll ever know.”

“Oh, I know. Everything we’ve been through over the years, it would be hard not to.”

“You know, I never believed in soul mates.”

“Me neither, until I met you.”

“We were destined to be together.”

“That we were.”

He lowered his face until his lips met hers. They hadn’t noticed the clouds roll back in. It started to snow, but neither of them noticed, lost in each other’s kiss.

They finally pulled back and she rested her head on his chest.

They were startled by a roaring sound and a streak of light that landed behind the barn.

“What on earth?” they said simultaneously.

They ran towards the barn and then through the large double doors and out one of the stalls. There, in the middle of the paddock, sat a spaceship. Tiny. Just like the one that had landed in Shuster’s Field so many years earlier.

“Oh, Martha. Look at that.” Jonathan stopped mid-pace as he realized what he was seeing.

“Jonathan, I’m having the strangest sense of déjà vu.”

Taking her hand, Jonathan led her slowly to the steaming pod. Just as they had once before, they each reached towards one side of the ship and the slightly egg shaped panels fell into their hands.

Inside lay two tiny babes. Each wrapped in a blanket — one Superman yellow and the other Superman red.

In the front, lay the twin to the globe Clark had found from his own ship.

Jonathan reached out and touched it, surprised when it leapt to life.

A hologram appeared before them.

“I am Jor-El of the planet New Krypton. If you are seeing this message, you are either my son, Kal-El, or his earthly parents. Because of what I know he has become, I will not use your names. If this falls into the wrong hands, it should not work, but

there can never be too many safety precautions. We know that only too well.”

Martha and Jonathan looked at one another — so this was Clark’s biological father.

“You may wonder how it is that I come to you and how it is I am sending you another ship. The planet of Krypton did explode, just as I showed Kal-El in his globe. What I was not able to show because I did not know, was that a rescue ship had been prepared. Lara and I were among the last to board.”

The hologram disappeared and they were enveloped in what seemed to be a large living room. It was cold and impersonal — like something normally shown on “Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous” — beautifully decorated, but rarely used. A fire burned brightly in a stone fireplace on the other side of the room and on a rug in front of it lay two tiny babies.

“It was ten Earth years before Lara and I were able to search for Kal-El. When we found him, we realized just how happy he was living on earth with parents who cared for him. The last thing we wanted to do was to disrupt his life and destroy what he would become.”

“We had discussed that endlessly on the trip to Earth. What would we do when we found our Kal-El? We decided that if he was happy, we would turn around and go home. If he was unhappy — in an abusive home perhaps or if he had fallen into government hands — we would remove him and take him home with us. However, we did leave behind a monitoring device, undetectable by humans, so that we could watch as he grew. Just to see what our son would become.”

“I have revealed this secret to you because I know we can trust you. You have done a wonderful job with Kal-El and so we are entrusting you with his siblings.”

Martha and Jonathan looked at the babies, sleeping contentedly in the ship. The one wrapped in yellow sucked contentedly on a fist.

“Our navigational capabilities have come far in the last 25 years and this ship should land in exactly the right spot. If it has, you will know it.”

A beautiful woman with long gray hair appeared at his side. “Thank you for raising our son. We are proud of him and of what he has become.” She looked imploringly into Martha’s eyes — how that could be Martha had no idea, but she did. “Please raise our other children as well.”

“For many years, we debated whether to use the birthing matrix to have more children and finally the time seemed right.” She shook her head sadly. “But civil war unlike any Krypton or New Krypton has ever seen has come and we fear not only for our safety but for the safety of our babes.”

Jor-El wrapped his arm around her. “We have trusted you before and so we do again. The monitoring device is still in place, able to be activated only by one of us so there is no fear of anyone else seeing where our children were sent.”

“We thank you again for caring for Kal-El. Please, tell him as well as his brother, Jon-El, and his sister, Mar, that we love them and wish we could have cared for them as you have and will.”

The hologram faded into the background.

Jonathan whistled, long and low. “Well, that was some secret.”

“Yes, it was.” Martha was already reaching for one of the tiny babies. “We took care of Clark, and, now, as before, we’ll take care of these little ones as well. And they’ll even have a big brother to show them how to use their powers.”

“Mom? Dad? What’s going on?” A figure in red, blue and yellow landed nearby.

Jonathan, who now held the other baby, spoke first. “Clark, we have something to tell you.”

THE END

Bottom dweller's notes:

This was written for Jessi/Cape Fetish. It does meet every one of her requirements:

Three things I want in my fic:

1. a kiss in the snow
2. a secret revealed
3. Smallville and/or Martha and Jonathan

Preferred season(s): S1, S2, S3

Three things I do not want in my fic:

1. an argument
2. songfic
3. Dan or Mayson

I would like to point out that nowhere did she mention that she actually wanted a fic ABOUT Lois and Clark... I would also like to point out that I *could* have written Lex and Mrs. Cox in Smallville with Jason Trask but I didn't so I can't be all evil right?! And I have no intention of writing a sequel to this.

Okay, okay, fine. I'll write another one where Clark plays a much more prominent role and Lois actually shows up. In the meantime, I'll have Lara post this so that I, the author's evil twin who took over momentarily, can keep my identity a secret just like a certain superhero we know...

Thanks to my BR/Brainstorming partner (who wanted Martha to be pregnant) — you know who you are!