

Spandex III

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Clark gets a shock when he flies home to see his parents.

Notes:

This is the final story in the 'Spandex' trilogy. Thank you to CarolM for BR-ing this.

Standard disclaimers apply.

The events of the rescue had been playing on Clark's mind. Unable to get any rest he slipped into his Superman costume and flew out the window towards Kansas. He needed to talk to someone and the only people he had to choose from were his parents and Lois. As Clark grew closer to Lois, he made an effort to limit her contact with Superman. He wasn't real but Clark was, and he hoped that if he managed to get her to see that, then he might stand a chance of becoming more to her than just a friend. So Lois was off the list. Which left him with little resembling a choice.

The last glow of dusk was just visible on the horizon as Clark dropped down in the backyard of his childhood home. There were no lights on inside the house. It wasn't unheard of for them to be in bed before dark, although it was unusual. He felt a twinge of guilt that he would be waking them up from the sleep he knew they needed but he knew his parents well enough to know that cared enough about his emotional well-being to not hold it against him. And they knew that it would have to be as bad as it was for him to need to speak with them so desperately.

The familiarity of his setting immediately put Clark at ease. He all but switched off his senses as his feet followed the most well-worn path they had ever taken, the one that took him away from the outside world into the comfort of home and the safety of his parents. So he almost didn't notice the figure lurking in the darkness of the sitting room.

As soon as he registered that he wasn't alone, Clark tensed. He was still in his Superman suit, although having Clark suddenly turn up in Smallville when he wasn't supposed to be in the state wasn't much easier to explain away. Still, he wasn't about to leave an intruder in his parents' house however he was dressed.

Quick as a flash he moved, unsure as to whether he ran or flew. Before a word could be uttered he had lifted the person off the floor by the front of their spandex top. Spandex? Clark belatedly pondered why there was another person in the farmhouse wearing the same material as him.

The man reached out and managed to turn on the lamp on the table beside the pair. As the light penetrated the darkness, Clark realised that he was staring into the mask of Batman. He raised an eyebrow and lowered Batman to the ground. Two eyebrows raced to the top of his head as the released Batman took off his cowl to reveal the face of Jonathan Kent.

"Clark! Don't scare me like that!"

"Dad?!?!?" was the only comment the real superhero could make.

Jonathan glanced down at his outfit and bit his lip in embarrassment. "It was your mother's idea."

Clark backed steadily away from his spandex-covered father. "I really don't want to know."

Trying to affect normality, Jonathan shifted his position into one that looked like he was trying too hard to appear comfortable. "So... What brings you here? What's the problem?"

"I, er..." Clark stammered, unable to deal with the shock. "There was an incident. It was bad."

"Bad, huh? D'you want to talk about it?"

Clark shook his head with conviction. "No. I, erm, I'm fine. I mean, I'm not fine, but I've seen worse. I just couldn't sleep so I went for a flight and ended up here. I didn't mean to disturb you."

Jonathan's face was sympathetic. "Why don't you go and fix yourself a hot drink while I, um, get changed and we can talk about it."

"It's fine. I mean, you were obviously in the middle of... something... and I've got to get up for work soon. I really should just go home."

"If you're sure? But you know that if you ever need to talk, and whenever, your mom and I'll drop whatever we're doing to be there for you."

"I know!" Clark exclaimed, wishing his voice didn't sound an octave higher than normal. "But I'm not a child anymore, I shouldn't be running to my parents for comfort all the time. And if I need to talk, I know I can always go to Lois. Even if she is only interested in the man in the spandex suit."

Jonathan fought a grin. "Well, I'm sure she's just as interested in the man out of the suit. I mean..."

"She likes Clark, too," Clark finished for him. "I know, but not in the same way. Besides, Lois isn't stupid. If Clark goes crying on her shoulder over a Superman rescue, she'll soon work out why."

Jonathan nodded and an uneasy silence settled upon the pair. "Are you sure you don't want to talk?"

"Yeah," Clark nodded over-enthusiastically. "I'm sure. I'd best be flying back to Metropolis."

"OK, well, come back whenever you want, son."

Clark nodded and left, followed moments later by a sonic boom. Jonathan let out a deep sigh as the main light was turned on. He turned his attention to the doorway where Catwoman was standing, giving him a curious glance. "Did I hear Clark's voice?"

THE END