

Futures (AFS #39)

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Rated: G

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Summary: With his relationship with Lois falling apart, Clark finds hope in a strange place.

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A future world.
A world without greed or hunger, without violence or hatred.
Utopia.
A world founded by the descendants of Lois Lane and Clark Kent.

I didn't believe the man claiming to be H.G. Wells at first. His story — a time travelling writer from the early part of the twentieth century — seemed too far-fetched even for Metropolis. We've dealt with some strange things — invisible men, people returning from the dead, atomic space rats, not to mention a man that can fly — but he seemed to take the cake.

When he told me he knew about my secret life, I had no choice but to listen. He knew about me. I had to find out how — and what, exactly, he intended to do with that knowledge.

It feels like I tumbled down the rabbit's hole.

And though now we're pursuing Tempus throughout history, and Lois is reacting even worse than I'd feared to the truth about me, and I have no idea how this is all going to turn out in the end, one thought keeps making me smile.

The descendants of Lois Lane and Clark Kent.

My family.

Our family.

I always wanted kids. Up until now, I didn't even know if it was possible. I've found out a lot more about myself in the last two years, and while knowing where I come from brought a certain amount of peace of mind, I thought it had also brought an end to this particular dream. After all, what are the odds that a Kryptonian and a human could have children? The word 'astronomical' is thrown around a lot, but in this case I think it truly applies.

And yet the odds are apparently in my favour. Tempus, as warped as he is, is proof.

And Lois... I thought, given everything that's been happening between us — Mayson's death and the guilt I feel, and the arrival of 'just call me Daniel' — I thought that I was losing her. Losing her after we'd barely begun.

As strange as this encounter is, meeting H. G. Wells gives me hope.

THE END