

# The Press Conference

By Folc4evernaday (folc4evernaday@gmail.com)

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Summary: Jon Kent reflects on how the world has changed after his father's revelation to the world. This story picks up after "Throne of Lies."

Story Size: 1,172 words (6Kb as text)

This story continues on from the story "[Throne of Lies](#)."

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"I am Superman," the confession escaped his father's lips from the handheld screen in Jon Kent's hand. A smile spread across his face as he watched his dad disappear into a blur of red, blue and yellow.

*It's out,* he thought to himself, staring at the screen in awe. After so many years of hiding, his family's biggest secret was finally out.

He ran a hand through his dark hair, letting out a shaky breath. He and his sisters had spent the last ten years trying to convince their dad it was time for Superman to step out from behind the glasses and cape and tell the world the truth, but the fear that had been ingrained in him for so many years kept him from making that final leap of faith.

A lot had changed in the past eighty years. There were no longer any super-villains bent on taking over the world out there to test Superman and those he cared about. There was actually a lot less for Superman to do around the world outside of his nightly patrols and the occasional natural disaster and international politics.

A smile spread across his face when he recalled the day his Uncle Perry had been sworn in as president. No one expected him to win. He'd gone against some of the sleaziest politicians and corrupt individuals and won the presidency by a landslide. Just as he had with Mayor and Governor. After retiring from the Planet he and his wife, Alice, had decided they wanted to do more than just write about the corruption in the world but to find a way to fix it.

In a way, many of his parents' friends had done something to help fight the corruption that had plagued the world for so long. Uncle Jimmy had become Editor-in-Chief of the Daily Planet and continued to fight against political corruption that often forced the media to take sides on issues instead of reporting on the truth. The Daily Planet was still one of the top-selling newspapers in the world thanks to Jimmy's ability to get the paper published online and branching it out into a news network as well.

His parents had worked tirelessly to fight against the corruption for years. It seemed like once one corrupt philanthropist was exposed, then another would pop up. That was until Uncle Perry's first run as mayor. Many laws were put in place to give the power back to the people of Metropolis and keep corruption out of City Hall. With it came the official dismantling of Intergang.

That had been a family effort. How Mindy Church had continued to run the criminal organization from Switzerland of all places he still wasn't sure, but her face when Superboy and Superman escorted her into the Metropolis P.D. had been priceless. It was one of his favorite memories.

There had been the debate when he was first developing powers on whether he should don the cape and 's' or not. Understandably his parents had both been apprehensive at the idea of him, and eventually both his sisters, fighting criminals the way their father had for so many years. Eventually, he'd talked them

into it with the stipulation of school being the focus.

Granny Kent had been so excited to create a new costume for him. Unlike his father, his suit didn't have the bright primary colors but instead the darker tones he favored with the familiar 'S' emblem in red sewn across the chest. When Lara had begun her crime-fighting, she'd taken on their mother's former alias of Ultrawoman, changing the color scheme to red and blue.

Their younger sister, Hannah, hadn't inherited the gift of flight but had inherited the unique ability of telekinesis. She had yet to don an official super alias but was always around to help when needed.

"Jon?" He looked up, seeing his wife, Rachel, with their sleeping three-year-old son in her arms. "Your dad's here." She gestured to the window where his dad was standing in a button-down shirt and jeans.

"No cape?" he teased, looking at his dad's attire. It was rare he saw him like this without the glasses and without the cape - outside of his own home anyway.

"Didn't see the point," his dad remarked with a wry expression.

Jon looked at his front door and gave a smirk, "Well, so far Lex Luthor hasn't come back from the dead, Intergang is still gone, and I haven't seen as much as a paparazzi show up here."

"It helps that you live somewhere reclusive and no one knows where to find you," his dad retorted.

"Lara hasn't called," Jon grinned. "You know if they showed up there she'd be all over me about it."

"I might have threatened the press," his dad looked down sheepishly.

"Of course you did," Jon smirked. There was a silent lull between them before he turned and asked him, "How are you?"

"I knew it would happen eventually but I just never imagined I'd be around to see it." His father's response hung in the air and Jon recalled the stories his mother had told him of H.G. Wells and time travel.

"Utopia," Jon reasoned aloud.

"Not exactly how I imagined it."

"It never is," Jon placed a hand on his dad's shoulder. "How's mom?"

"You know your mother. She's worried about you three." His dad's face cracked into a half smile. "But given this was your idea there's not much to worry about is there?"

"It was time, Dad," Jon reminded him gently. "It was time everyone knew the man behind the cape and glasses."

"New beginnings," his dad let out a shaky breath.

"Should prove to make things interesting," Jon added. "Now you don't have to traipse around in that ridiculous costume. You can just be yourself. No more hiding."

"A world that knows Superman and Clark Kent are one and the same. I'm not sure if I'm ready for that yet."

"Well look on the bright side," Jon reasoned aloud, sharing a grin with his dad.

"What's that?"

"They took it a lot better than mom did when she figured it out."

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From a distance a man in a bowler hat stood on the street, staring at the coverage of the recent news that was splashed across every paper in the local newsstand. The news circuit had picked up the revelation and run with it over and over again.

"I am Superman."

The words were the mark of something new and exciting for the world that was being formed. It had been worth the wait to see the birth of a world that would become known as Utopia.

He pulled out his watch and looked at the time. "Right on time," he said to himself.

THE END