

New Year's Eve Season 30

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Rated: PG

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Summary: It has been thirty years since *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman* premiered on our screens. So in honor of that, I am writing this to celebrate. Thank you to all of you that have loved these characters just as much as I have.

Story Size: 1,337 words (8 kB as text)

The dark-haired woman looked out to the skyline of Metropolis. She was ecstatic to have all of her family with her tonight. It was strange to realize through the years how much her family had changed—how much she had changed—and to remember how she used to celebrate this night alone or with a few co-workers. Now she spent it with her husband, her children, and her co-workers. Some of those co-workers were part of her family.

Turning around, she noticed one of those co-workers dancing with his wife, his head tilted back as he laughed. Jimmy Olsen was a changed man. James, as he'd been known for some years now, had been married to Melinda, a school teacher, for the past twenty years. The two of them had connected over computers and had been attached at the hip ever since. They had four children. Sometimes Lois had to laugh, remembering where everything had started. She'd watched Jimmy fall in love, become a father, and be promoted to editor-in-chief of the *Daily Planet*. James Bartholomew Olsen had brought the *Daily Planet* into the digital world—one of the first newspapers to do it. He even sometimes brought his teenage son into the office to show him a few things. She wouldn't have thought this was where he would end up.

"Mom, where's Dad?" Natalie Kent asked, coming out onto the terrace.

Natalie had her dad's kind heart but Lois's tenacity and stubborn streak. Yet, Natalie loved figuring out things, taking computers apart and putting them back together with even more power.

"He should be here soon," Lois replied, putting her arm around her daughter. "Now where is PJ? I saw the two of you dancing earlier."

Natalie was three years older than James's oldest son, PJ or Perry James. PJ had always followed Natalie around, and as they got older, it had been obvious to everyone except Natalie that PJ was in love with her. At twenty-two years old, Natalie could be oblivious when it came to matters of the heart, just like her mother had been so long ago.

"Mom, please, don't start," Natalie responded as the two went back into the ballroom. "Don't you have some mayoral things to do?"

"I'm your mother first, Mayor of Metropolis is down on the list to maybe third or fifth," Lois commented.

Yes, Lois Lane Kent had won by a landslide last year. Something Lois never thought she would do—become involved in politics. Clark had dared her to run when she was complaining about how the education system in Metropolis hadn't changed in over twenty years. Because of her background at the *Daily Planet* and the way she had caused change throughout the years, she had won.

"Just third or fifth. Mom, what's second?" Natalie wondered.

"Your father, of course. I just wish he would get here," Lois stated as she looked toward the entryway. "He called about two hours ago and said he would get here before midnight."

"Another forest fire," Natalie whispered to her mom. "I told him I could help with some of them. I made a couple of new gadgets that could help him on some of the fires."

"You know your dad, he likes to make sure you and your brothers stay clear of that type of work until Grandma Martha can make you an actual costume. We want you kids to have a normal childhood as much as possible."

"Yeah, not everyone can say their dad flies around in tights," Natalie joked before walking away.

Lois shook her head at the idea of her children telling their friends what their dad does in his spare time.

"What's so funny," a man whispered in her ear, his strong arms wrapping around her waist.

"Your daughter. I'm so glad you got here before midnight. It's getting difficult to explain to the press where my husband always disappears too," Lois answered, leaning back into his arms.

"I know. But if you think about it, we used to be those annoying press people who would bother the politicians and celebrities," Clark explained as he twirled his wife around to get a look at her. "Breathtaking as usual."

Lois was wearing a long blue dress that was covered in sparkles and hung over one shoulder. She blushed as she always did when he looked at her like that. Even after twenty-six years of marriage, Clark still made her feel loved and cherished. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. His dark-blue suit matched easily with her dress, and his bow tie even sparkled like her dress.

"How did everything go?" she asked softly with her mouth so close to his.

"I was able to get most of the fire out. These fires are getting harder for me to handle on my own and extinguish without putting the firemen in danger. I should really try Nat's inventions next time," he explained as he tilted his head toward their daughter.

Lois followed his line of sight and realized he must have heard the last bit of her conversation with Natalie.

"I thought we talked about this. Having Nat out there or even Jordan could put them in danger," Lois retorted, pulling away from him.

Natalie had noticed her powers start coming in at the age of fifteen. And as her powers started coming in, like flight and speed, she started experimenting with more technology to help. Jordan, on the other hand, wanted to go full force and try to help save everyone's life. The twins, Jordan and Jonathan, were seventeen, and Jordan had noticed his invulnerability at a party one night. Jonathan was the only one who didn't seem to have inherited his father's powers. But Lois had reminded Jon that like her, he had the power of the mind, and he could still choose to do good in other ways.

"I'm not saying they should be out there with me. I'm saying the gadgets she created could come in handy. Remember, I was in my late twenties when we created Superman. I don't want them to have to go through what I did. The media is even crazier and has more access than ever before. At times, I wonder when our bubble will burst, and my secret identity be revealed."

"And remember how many times we had to figure out how to hide that secret identity. How many times has your secret *almost* been revealed?" Lois asked. "I don't know if I can go through that with our children."

"I don't want them to either, but can we stop them? If they want to help, we can't tell them 'no,' especially Natalie."

"What about Jon?" Lois said. Clark knew Jon wasn't really at peace with the fact that he didn't have powers.

At times, Jon would work with Natalie, but other times, he liked investigating, like his mom. Clark hugged his wife while he tuned into the sounds of the room. He could hear his three children laughing and talking to their friends. Through the years, he had fine-tuned his ability to tune into just the sounds of family. Clark used to tune into Lois's heartbeat, and now he could hear her voice from miles away, even if she wasn't screaming for help.

"What are you thinking about?" Lois asked.

"How our first New Year's together was thirty years ago. We made it Lois. We have a loving family with friends who help us live normal lives, even when we are far from normal," Clark explained.

A few minutes later, Natalie, Jordan, and Jonathan surrounded their parents as the countdown began.

"Happy New Year," Lois beamed as the streamers, confetti, and champagne came out. Clark cupped Lois's cheek and kissed her lightly.

"Happy New Year to my wonderful bride and the Mayor of Metropolis," Clark responded. "I hope the next thirty years are as spectacular as the last thirty years have been."

"With my 'super' husband around, I can't see why it won't be," she beamed.

THE END