

110 Kisses: Can I Join You?

By [Sara Kraft](#) <skfolc@gmail.com>

Rated: PG

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Summary: A little in-between scene from “Ultra Woman” and also a self-imposed challenge to write 110 ficlets with kisses based on a list of 110 prompts on tumblr.

Story Size: 1,203 words (6 kB as text)

Author’s Note: So, I saw 90sfangirl79 on AO3 post an awesome one shot based on a <[url=https://www.tumblr.com/ksarasara/729187962325254144/angstfluff-prompt-list-part-2](https://www.tumblr.com/ksarasara/729187962325254144/angstfluff-prompt-list-part-2)>prompt from this list</url>, and she has a whole collection of them (and I’m way behind on my fic reading). And then I had this idea that I should write a kiss for every dang 110 prompts on this list. So . . . we’ll see if that works out. Here’s number 4. “Can I join you?”

Well, this one veers away from the fluff a bit, but . . . I still like it! Hopefully you do too! And this note is going to be short and sweet because it’s late, and there’s only a bit of time left to post before Ficlet Friday is officially over. So here it is! Thank you to SuperBek for helping me with more than a few lines here! And extra thanks for GEing for the archive. :D

I’m overwhelmed, and I feel so different. It’s not just the tights and the cape and the mask—I look over to the pile of mauve-pink and teal fabric next to me as I sit with my back against the wall in Clark’s little treehouse, wearing an old T-shirt and pair of sweats I stole from the stash he keeps here at his parents’ house. I run my fingers through my hair again, wondering how Clark manages to rid himself of the gel so quickly when he changes. I’ll have to ask him, along with where exactly he puts his boots and his cape when he’s not wearing them.

But yeah, I don’t want to be wearing the suit just now, and I don’t want to be home, either, not in my empty apartment and . . . though it breaks my heart to even think it, not with Clark in his apartment. I feel like I stole something from him, stole a part of who he is. I know I should talk to him, and soon. But I think I just need some time alone. Some solitude.

Something pulled me this direction—south and east after an avalanche somewhere in Alaska—and I caught sight of the treehouse. Clark’s not mentioned it to me before, but it seems such a sad and lonely part of his past that I’m not surprised it hasn’t come up in conversation yet in the few months it’s been since finding out his secret.

His “Fortress of Solitude,” the sign hanging outside the door reads. I wonder if he made it with his laser vision, if he even had it then. A part of me also wonders if at least some of what I’m feeling right now is a remnant of how he must have felt when he came up here—lost and alone. There’s so much I don’t know about him, so much we’ve yet to talk about.

I hear the old screen door of the farmhouse open—the night is so still and quiet that I can hear this even without my new power. Listening closer, as Clark tried to teach me best to control it, I focus and can hear footsteps on grass and dirt. It’s such a weird sensation, hearing something like that. I try and fail to adjust my hearing so that it stays at an even volume as Martha approaches. I wonder how long it took Clark to get used to his superhearing. He mentioned it earlier, but I was . . . too overwhelmed by everything, especially all these new senses, to really pay attention. God, no wonder it seems like he’s daydreaming so often.

Martha’s climbing the ladder now, and there’s the sound of something crinkling in her hand, like a plastic bag, maybe. I feel guilty, thinking I should fly her up here, save her the climb, but I’m feeling a little stuck to the spot. Besides, she’d probably wave me off anyway.

There’s this flood of relief inside my chest when I see her crouched at the small doorway, that warm smile on her face. “Can I join you?” she asks.

I nod, unable to talk because I’m feeling a bit choked up for some reason. She’s not my mother, but she’s . . . Martha. And she knows. And she understands. And oh god, she brought my favorite cookies.

I take the bag from her greedily when she offers it, and I’m already half a cookie in when she sits down next to me on the treehouse floor. “Thank you,” I manage to say around a mouthful of chocolate chocolate chip cookie.

She just sits and smiles at me as I devour two more cookies. She doesn’t lecture or admonish, though I know well she’s capable of both. She just sits there patiently, and

I'm reminded again exactly where Clark gets his patience from.

"I didn't mean to wake you, sorry," I say. "I thought I was quiet, fast."

She smiles that Martha smile at me and says, "Oh, honey, I've spent more than a decade honing my ability to hear those whooshes."

"Nothing gets past Martha Kent," I say with a smile.

"Damn straight," she says, and my mouth falls open. "Don't you tell Clark I said that. He gets all bent out of shape when he hears his mom curse." She wags a finger at me even as she laughs, and I can't help but laugh with her.

I'm waiting for her to ask me what's wrong, to ask why I'm here so late at night with the wonderful costume she made for me just yesterday sitting next to me in a heap. She doesn't, though, and it's almost as unnerving as it is comforting, sitting in this silence with her.

Eventually, she puts her arm around my shoulders and hugs me from the side, pressing a kiss against my temple that just . . . it feels like . . . something I don't know how to describe other than the fact that I feel both so safe and so fragile here in her embrace.

"Everything's going to be okay, honey," she tells me when I turn, falling more fully into her arms as she wraps them both around me.

"I know," I mumble into her shoulder, and the tears that I've been fighting finally fall. "I'm just . . . I feel so lost, and . . ."

She brushes another kiss against my hair and hugs me tightly. "You're not alone in this," she says. "You never were. We're all here for you, with you."

And there it is again, that feeling of safety, of knowing she's right. Everything will be okay. I nod into her but don't let go, needing to feel this for just a little longer because something else nags at me too.

Finally, I ease back, sitting up straight, and I sniffle as I swipe at my face with my hands. "I guess . . . I should probably head back to Metropolis. Maybe . . . check on Clark . . ."

"Can I join you?" she asks softly, leaning in a little to catch my eye. "Me and Jonathan—you could fly us out to stay with Clark. Then . . . maybe *both* of you might feel less alone?"

I nod, again overwhelmed with emotion—she knew, of course she knew the other worry tugging at my soul, that Clark would feel more lost and alone than ever without his powers.

"I don't have to share the cookies, though, do I?"

The End