

Missing

by Deborah Rorabaugh (SHADO Librarian)

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Rating: K

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"Clark Kent's not a bad looking fellow," Lois Lane said to the tall dark-haired man with old-fashioned glasses sitting across the table from her. "And he has a better track record for sticking around than Superman has."

"But what will the children say?" His tone was light.

"Well, the eldest thinks it's about time his parents got their heads screwed on straight," Jason Samuel White Kent announced, walking up to them. "Go get a room. Just make sure you're back at the church in time for my wedding ceremony, okay?"

They were going to be late. After he'd warned them last night to be on time to his wedding, his parents were going to be late. He knew there were no Superman caliber emergencies afoot, so that wasn't an excuse. He'd already checked his dad's high-rise apartment in Metropolis. A quick check with X-ray vision showed that the flat was empty. Except for Jon's room, none of the beds had been slept in. It looked like Dad hadn't even gone home last night. *Where were they?*

In exasperation Jason switched into his Kryptonian uniform with its dark red cape - it was much like his father's, including the iconic sigil of the Kryptonian House of El on the chest, only in slightly darker hues. As Ler-El, son of Kal-El AKA Superman, he sped into the sky, keeping ear open for where his father and mother might have taken off to, especially since they could be anywhere on the planet. Literally.

He didn't hear them. They weren't at the Kent compound in Illinois, or at Lois's apartment in Los Angeles. *Where the devil were they?*

Jason set down to earth back at the church where his bride, Amanda McKinney, was getting ready and switched back into his regular clothes.

"Sam, Lo," Jason yelled for his two half-sisters - one from each of his parents. Sam was Samantha Ellen White, Lois Lane's daughter by Richard White. Lo was Laura Elizabeth Kent, daughter of Clark Kent and his late wife Esther. Both had dark hair and blue eyes. Both were a tall shapely nineteen, and were mistaken for sisters - twins at that - by nearly everyone who met them.

"Have either of you heard from Lois or Clark?" he asked.

"Have you checked the nearest no-tell motel?" Sam asked with a cheeky grin.

Jason glared at her.

"Just a suggestion, Jase." Lo laughed. "You worry too much, you know. They're both over eighteen."

"Waaay over eighteen," Sam agreed. "And your dad is hot. You know that, don't you?"
"You're talking about my dad and your mom," Jason reminded her. "Besides, he's your boss."

She shrugged eloquently. "Your point?"

Jason's step-brother Matthew stuck his head in. "Dad and Aunt Lois have gone missing, right?"

"How did you know?" Jason asked. "No, don't tell me. They were picked up on EPRAD's satellite scans, right?"

At twenty-three, Matthew Stephen Kent was a data analyst for EPRAD. One of his jobs was helping keep track of the nearly half-million non-terrestrials living on Earth - including one full-blooded Kryptonian, one Kryptonian/human, and two Kryptonian/Danaen.

Matthew nodded. "Vegas, then north." His eyes went unfocused momentarily and Jason knew his Danaen step-brother was listening to frequencies that Jason could not tap into. "There is something extremely disturbing about people their age taking off to Vegas."

"I think it's romantic," Sam announced. "Waiting all this time to get back together."

"You would," the youngest of the kids, Jonathan Jordan Kent complained. "Besides, they just showed up."

"And?" Lo prompted.

"She's got a new wedding band and they both look like they got caught snogging behind the bleachers," Jon told them.

Jason just shook his head. "Sam, I think it's now official. You are now Lo's sister."

"They're talking about us. They know we went to Vegas," Clark murmured to Lois as they approached the pew where the groom's parents were to sit.

"Naturally," Lois said. "They're the children of two of the top journalists in the country, if not the world."

"Not to mention that three of them are super-powered. I think Sam's thinking of changing her name to Kent."

"She **is** awfully mad at her father," she said. "You know it wasn't really his fault, don't you?"

"I know. Trying to keep a relationship going when on opposite ends of a continent isn't easy, especially when neither of you have superpowers."

"And I was a piece of work through menopause," she added. "The word bitch doesn't half describe it."

He grinned at her. "I figure I'll find out for myself in about twenty, thirty years or so."

"How are we going to explain it?" she asked.

"Explain what?"

"That we **both** look thirty-something," she said. "I mean, even with the gray in, you don't look much over forty. And now I look like I'm Jason's sister, not his middle-aged mother."

"I knew Kryptonian technology was good for something," he said with a kiss. "It's given us a chance to be together, after everything."

"The kids are going to kill us," she said with a giggle. "And how are we going to explain it to everybody else?"

"We'll figure out something," he said as a bubble of laughter burst from him.

The rest of the pews were filling up and the organist began playing. Jason and Matthew, his best man, had come in and were standing, waiting for the bride and the rest of the wedding

party. The Wedding March started, filling the room, and the wedding began.

Their son was getting married. And they were beginning their life together this day as well.

Be happy, a quiet voice whispered in the music. Be good to each other.