

Shared Sorrow

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Rating: K+

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A/N: Written for my prompt table at 10_hurt_comfort on LJ. Prompt: Graveyard.

"Are you my Grandma Martha?" Jason asked softly, standing before the one woman who would never have dreamed being called that.

"I am," She replied and without further ado, Jason ran into her arms and hugged her tightly.

"Be careful," Lois called, not wanting to ruin the moment but not wanting Martha to get hurt by her son's increasing strength.

Martha laughed, "Don't worry, dear," She assured her, "I can look after myself, now who wants to help me make some cookies?" She asked, grinning as Jason's face lit up with excitement and the two vanished into the kitchen.

Lois sighed and leaned back into Clark's arms. "Something wrong?" he asked her.

She shook her head, "No, something's very right about this," she told him, turning around to face him. "I just." She bit her lip and looked up into his eyes. "I just never expected it to be like this," she admitted. "Meeting your mother... you should have seen me when Richard first introduced me to his parents."

"They live in New York, don't they?" Clark asked, frowning as he tried to recall Jason telling him about his other grandparents.

"Upper East Side," Lois confirmed with a frown. "Their apartment practically overlooked Central Park."

Clark let out a low whistle. "Wow, I didn't realise they were so well off."

"Perry's brother married well," Lois said with a shrug.

Before Clark could comment further Jason appeared at their side. "Look what Grandma showed me." He grinned, holding up a framed photo for them both to see, "Look, it's Daddy when he was little like me." He pointed to the small boy in the picture, perched on the shoulders of a grinning man.

Clark smiled at the sight of himself and his father. He remembered the photo being taken, he had been pretending to fly. Back then no one would have imagined that one day he wouldn't need to pretend.

"Dad?" Jason asked, and Clark felt a familiar warm feeling rush through his body at the word, he still couldn't believe how lucky he was to have a son. "Is that my grandad?"

"Yup," Clark nodded, leaning down so he was level with Jason. "That's Jonathan Kent, my father."

"Oh," Jason looked up at Clark. "He's not here anymore is he?"

"No," Clark told him. "He's not."

Jason looked sad for a moment before Martha called from the kitchen and his face lit up. He grabbed both of his parents by the hand and proceeded to drag them into the kitchen. "Grandma Martha's teaching me how to bake cookies, wanna see?"

Lois and Clark shared a grin at Jason's enthusiasm, ever since his allergies had cleared up he had been trying every food under the sun. Which was helped by the fact that his father could get him any type of food under the sun at a moment's notice. And, of course, Jason having said father wrapped around his little finger helped immensely.

However, it wasn't long before the cookies were ready to go in the oven and Jason needed something else to entertain him for 45 minutes.

Fortunately (or unfortunately in Clark's opinion) Martha had an idea. "Would you like to see some photos of your Dad when he was young?"

"Mom-" Clark started but before he could complain he was interrupted by Jason.

"Yes!" The little boy yelled, leaping up on the couch beside his grandmother. Lois grinned at Clark as she settled down on the other side of Martha.

The day had been a definite success, Clark thought as he lay down on the couch later that night. Martha had been completely taken by Jason the instant she saw him and Jason in turn had been won over by her cooking.

Clark sighed as the springs dug into his back and he allowed himself to raise a few inches above the couch. Martha didn't mind what they did in their own house but under her roof Lois and Clark wouldn't be sleeping in the same bed until they were married. So Lois was sleeping in the bedroom and Jason had been given Clark's old room.

But, if the creaking on the stairs was any indication, he wasn't there right now. "Dad?" Jason whispered, tiptoeing into the living room, "Are you awake?"

Clark sat up in response and opened his arms. Jason wasted no time in crawling onto his lap, "What's up?" Clark asked, slightly concerned by how serious his son's face was.

"What was Grandpa Jonathan like?" he asked quietly. Clark blinked in surprise, he hadn't been expecting that.

"Um, he was my father," he said in all honesty. "He taught me to be a good person and only use my powers to help people," he explained.

Jason sat quietly for a moment then asked, "Did he tell you to how to be Superman?"

"I guess he did," Clark nodded.

They sat in silence for a few minutes before Jason spoke again, "Daddy?" he asked hesitantly.

"Yes?"

"Can you take me to see him?" Jason looked up at him hopefully.

"Right now?" Clark asked in surprise, looking out the dark window and thinking about how the old mangled trees in Smallville cemetery would look to a six year old boy.

Jason nodded. "I won't be scared, I promise."

"Okay, then," Clark agreed. He stood up and wrapped the blanket around both of them before walking to the door. "Ready?" he asked Jason, who nodded eagerly before the two of them shot up silently into the air.

He landed in front of Jonathan Kent's tombstone a few seconds later, placing Jason on the ground so he could see. "Hey, Dad," he smiled at Jason then addressed the stone again. "I'd like you to meet Jason, your grandson."

"Hi, Grandpa Jonathan," Jason said quietly before he looked up at Clark. "Do you miss him?" he asked.

Clark swallowed the lump in his throat. "Every day," he said, holding his son close. "Every day."

Jason didn't say anything. He just held Clark's hand and helped him remember.