

Haven't Met You Yet

by repmetsyrrah

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Rating: K

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A/N:saavikam77 is quite possibly the most amazing person in the world for giving this a last-minute beta even as she's busy organising the Movieverse awards. *giant hugs* I didn't think this was going to happen but I got a late burst of inspiration and ended up throwing out my other half-baked idea and writing this. Hope you like.

Written for the 12daysofclois 'Sounds of Summer' challenge, prompt #14- Haven't Met You Yet.

Lois Lane reacted as most mothers would to hearing another person in her sleeping child's room.

She quietly eased her small handgun out of the pocket holster she'd kept it in since Jason and her had gotten on the wrong side of Lex Luthor a week ago, and silently crept up the stairs.

By the time she reached the door, though, she had put the safety back on and re-holstered the small weapon. Jason was awake and chatting animatedly to the other person and when she heard the deep voice reply she knew that not only was there no danger but her bullets wouldn't have done anything, anyway.

Jason's door was open slightly and she could see the bright red of his biological father's cape as he sat on the bed. There was a lull in their conversation, then a small voice called, "Mom, you can come in."

She raised her eyebrows as she joined the two of them in the room. "Did you hear me out there?" she asked, wondering how far his rapidly progressing powers had come.

"Yes, I could hear you coming up the stairs," he replied innocently, unaware of the real implications of what he was saying, "you walk really loud."

Lois couldn't help glancing at Superman, who had an odd mixture of pride and regret in his face.

"Mr. Superman was just telling me about where he grew up. Did you know he was smaller than me when he came to Earth?" Jason asked excitedly.

"No," Lois said, trying not to let her shock show on her face as she sent a sharp look towards the still-silent man. "I didn't."

What else was he keeping from her?

But before she was given the chance to ask, his head twitched ever so slightly in the direction of the city. "I have to go," he regretfully informed them.

"Of course you do," Lois muttered under her breath, knowing he could hear her.

She didn't doubt that there was some sort of emergency occurring that he could help with,

but she did wonder if his help was really *needed*, or he was just leaving again to avoid her inevitable questions about the startling new information Jason had let slip.

He grew up here, on Earth? Did he also have a family here? Another life? What if he still had parents here? Did Jason have another set of grandparents?

"Lois," his voice called her out of her thoughts once he'd said his goodbyes to his son, "I'm sorry. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

Then he was gone.

"Mom?" Jason looked at her in confusion. "Why is Superman sorry?"

"Don't worry about that, sweetie," she told him, forcing a smile, "That's just boring adult stuff. Now, come on, get some sleep. You've got school tomorrow."

She tucked him in and kissed him goodnight for the second time that evening before going downstairs to pour herself a glass of wine, looking out into the darkened sky where the man she loved had once again disappeared to.

As if her life wasn't complicated enough already, she thought bitterly, taking a sip, how was she supposed to make this family work when she'd apparently never even met the man who'd fathered her child before?

"Next time," she said firmly, knowing he'd be listening wherever he was, "you come to me first. I don't like having strangers talking to my son."