

## Supergirl-in Waiting

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# **Supergirl-in Waiting**

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## Summary

For Lara Kent, having her dad be Superman was amazing. For Clark Kent and Lois Lane she was the sunshine after their daughter Natalie died. Sadly none of them knew that where she came from would complicate the family 14 years later when Morgan Edge comes on the scene and something they never figured would happen, happens.

# Adoption

Tina Edge lay in the bed feeling as if the labor was going to rip her apart. Morgan hadn't told her that giving birth to a hybrid from his home was going to feel like this. Of course after getting pregnant he, for the most part, ignored her and the child she carried. He didn't even have the courtesy to be here for the birth. The only thing he seemed to do was name their daughter. After finding out it was a girl she carried, he insisted she be named Lara after his mother. Tina felt another painful contraction and bore down hard.

The infant's screams filled the cubicle and the nurse cleaned her before bringing her to Tina. "Lara. Her name is Lara," Tina said as they laid the soft pink bundle in her arms.

"Should we notify Mr. Edge that the child is here?" The doctor asked in his precise British voice.

"No. If he cared, he would have been here. No. He doesn't deserve to be a father. I wish for her to be put in an orphanage," Tina said, her heart nearly breaking as she caressed her daughter's face gently with her fingers.

"Mr. Edge is going to wonder about the baby, Mum," the doctor said doubtfully.

"I'm sure he is, but he is never to know. Tell him me and the baby died. She deserves a better father than him and I can't stand another minute with him," Tina said. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she kissed Lara's head softly and let her go.

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Clark Kent and his wife Lois had entered the orphanage in Metropolis five months later. When Lois had lost their baby, adoption had never entered their thinking, but after finding out that she would never have another baby after their twins, Jordan and Jonathan, Lois was willing to consider it. Of course, the baby would be a girl, but Lois and Clark agreed that they wouldn't name it Natalie as that was the name of the daughter they had lost. Clark said he was thinking of his mom Martha's name or his mother Lara from Krypton. Lois had wisely said that Martha isn't too common of a name and she might get teased unless they called her Marty. But she did say she liked Lara just fine. They had already named the boys after Jonathan Kent and Jor-el. Clark had agreed that Lara would be perfect and Martha had said she had never wanted a granddaughter with her name. Jor-el at the fortress had backed it, saying Lara would be pleased to have her granddaughter named after her as well.

Mrs. Cavendish, who ran the orphanage came out to meet them. "Mr. Kent, Mrs. Kent, it's a pleasure to meet you. Now is there any particular orphan you have in mind? We have recently brought in British orphans of all ages," the woman said.

"We are wanting a girl and an infant is preferable," Clark said.

"We have five infant girls. There is Jane, Guinevere, Miranda, Louisa, and Lara. Lara is the youngest at five months old," Mrs. Cavendish said, not noticing the surprise in Clark's and Lois's eyes.

"Lara is the one we would want We said if we adopt that we would adopt a girl and name her Lara after Clark's birth mother," Lois said.

"Very well, come with me to the nursery," Mrs. Cavendish said and they followed her down the hall to a room full of crying infants. They stopped in front of a crib with the name Lara Edge on it. Clark then noticed that she wasn't crying.

Lois then spied the nameplate on the crib. "Edge?" Lois asked.

"Yes. Her father is the millionaire, Morgan Edge. From what I heard from the doctors in England, his wife says that he isn't fit to be a father and she wanted their child to have the best chance at being loved," Mrs. Cavendish said as Lois picked the little girl up. The little girl made soft baby noises and curled into Lois's chest.

"She's perfect," Clark said, laying his hand on her head gently.

"So, she's the one you want?" Mrs. Cavendish asked.

"Yes. She should be able to fit into our family and she has two brothers at home," Lois said.

"Well, we need to run a background check and she needs to go to the doctor. After that she should be able to go home with you as all that is just formality," Mrs. Cavendish said as Lois handed the baby to the nurse and they went to the office.

# Dysfunctional and Breakfast

## Chapter Summary

13 years after Lara is adopted, she is close to her "Father" Clark Kent and welcomes him home after a night of him being Superman. She has typical spat with her brothers, Jonathan and Jordan as they prepare to go to school and has no idea that her real father knows all about her and is watching her.

13 years later...

Lara Kent yawned as she put her book down on the night table in her bedroom. The door to her room opened and her father, Clark Kent, came in. He looked a little tired, but not so tired he couldn't kiss her as soon as she went to hug him. Her father wrapped his arms around her shoulders and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"So how was Wichita, Dad?" Lara asked as he sat down on the chair in front of her desk. Lara went to him and sat down on his lap.

"Long plane trip, sweetheart. Your mom's on assignment and where's Jonathan and Jordan?" Clark asked.

"In their rooms. Jonathan is talking to his girlfriend and Jordan is playing some game where he gets a kick out of beating up Superman. I'd rather play Lego Star Wars, Kingdom Hearts, or Burnout Revenge," Lara said, rolling her eyes.

Yeah. Your mom told me that Jordan's mad at me for missing his session," Clark said, lifting his glasses slightly to rub his eyes.

"That's an understatement. He's attacking Superman as violently as I crash cars or use the keyblade to attack Heartless," Lara said as they walked down the hallway to Jonathan's room first. Clark knocked on the door.

"Come in," Jonathan said.

"Hey!" Clark said excitedly as he and Lara entered Jonathan's room

"Hey!" Jonathan said back to his father and Lara.

"What's up? Mom said you had news," Clark said.

"Eliza, one second," Jonathan said.

"Hi, Eliza!" Lara said.

"Hey, Lara! How's the eighth grade?" Eliza asked.

"Okay. I really liked meeting my history teacher. My teacher, Mrs. Couch really likes me," Lara said.

"Mrs. Couch likes everyone at Metropolis High. She's the cookie-baking grandma everyone ever wanted," Eliza said/

"I do have the cookie-baking grandma in Smallville," Lara said.

"Oh, right. Out in the boonies," Eliza said.

"So, what's the news, Jonathan?" Clark asked, changing the subject.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm actually starting QB," Jonathan said.

"For varsity?" Clark asked, sounding excited again.

"Yep. Yeah. I think I'm the first Freshman to ever do it. And some of the upper classmen are pretty ticked off," Jonathan said, apparently deciding modesty wasn't something he wanted to do.

"Don't worry about them," Clark said.

"Dad's right. They might get over it once they see how good you are," Lara said.

"Worry? No. It's awesome. You should have seen their faces. Um...Dad, Lara," Jonathan indicated the screen where Eliza was waiting.

"Oh. Right. Yeah. Okay, okay. Hi, Eliza!" Clark waved as he went out the door.

"Hi," they heard Eliza say.

"Hey, congrats," Clark said as he closed the door.

"Thanks, Dad," Jonathan said as he turned back to his computer.

"Proud of you," Clark said, sticking his head back in the room.

"Okay, thanks," Jonathan said.

"Okay, I'm outta here," Clark said, closing the door again.

"Thanks. All right," Jonathan said as they went down the hallway to Jordan's room. The music was earth-shattering loud.

"We really need to buy him headphones for Christmas, Dad," Lara said under her breath.

Clark knocked and when there was no answer, opened the door.

"Hey!" Clark tried to call Jordan over the music.

At no answer, Clark turned the music down and looked at the screen. Superman was fighting someone who looked like Cad Bane from "Star Wars: The Clone Wars."

"Wow. You make a pretty good Superman," Clark said, watching the screen.

"Superman's boring. I'm Raiden," Jordan said.

"Huh. Um... I'm sorry I, uh, missed our therapy today, um...I was in Wichita for a story," Clark said.

"You couldn't catch a flight back. Mom said," Jordan said, shaking his head.

"So, uh, high school starts tomorrow. You nervous? Because, you know, it's okay if you're nervous. I know Freshman year was pretty tough for me. Did I ever tell you about the time I was the team manager of the-" Clark started to say.

"And everyone duct taped you to a tractor, yeah. Life's a little different in Smallville than it is in Metropolis," Jordan said as Raiden electrocuted Superman.

"Okay, well, you know, if you...if you need anything, if you want to talk, I'm here," Clark said as Superman got tossed to the ground with electricity. If it was possible Lara saw her father wince as he turned to leave the room.

"Hey, Dad?" Jordan asked, turning to face his father and sister.

"Yeah?" Clark asked.

"The music?" Jordan said and turned back to his game.

"Right," Clark said as he turned the music up and closed Jonathan's door.

"Well, I'm gonna go back to my book, Dad. See you in the morning," Lara said as she left his side and went back to her room.

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Lara rubbed her eyes as she entered the kitchen. Her mother couldn't cook to save her life, so the meals fell to Clark. Martha Kent and home ec had taught her father how to cook. The closest Lois ever got to cooking was picking up the phone and ordering pizza or Chinese takeout. The strong smell of coffee filled the room. "Lara, sit down. I'll have your meal in a minute," Clark said from his place by the stove.

Lara sat next to her brothers and poured a glass of orange juice. "One day I'm gonna ask how he knows when I'm in the room and he is turned so he can't see me," Lara muttered under her breath as she heard the toast pop up.

"Get 'em while they're hot," Clark said, putting scrambled eggs in front of Jonathan and fried eggs in front of Lara.

"Thanks," Jonathan and Lara said.

"More juice?" Clark asked as Lois came in, trying to fasten the top button on the back of her blouse.

"I think I'm good. Thank you," Jonathan said as he put the football team playbook in his backpack.

"Dad, can I have the apple butter, please?" Lara asked. While her mother and Jordan liked grape or strawberry jam on their toast, Lara and Clark preferred apple butter from the Cracker Barrel restaurant an hour from Smallville. Clark pulled out the jar and set it by Lara's plate.

"There you go," Clark said.

"Thank you," Lara said as she scooped out some butter with a spoon and slathered it all over her toast.

"A little help?" Lois asked, indicating the button. "Your mom called while you were in the shower about a visit," Lois said.

"Are we going to Grandma's?" Jonathan asked around a mouthful of eggs.

"I think we're overdue," Clark said, going back to the stove.

"Great. Smallville," Jonathan said in a voice that said he didn't look forward to Smallville.

"Sounds great to me. I like Smallville," Lara said, taking a sip of juice.

"It's not that I hate Smallville, Lar. It's a place where you can spend a full year in one afternoon," Jonathan said.

"It's not that bad," Lois said, picking up her jacket and case that carried her laptop.

"Wow. Is that how you're going dressed today?" Jonathan asked as Jordan entered the kitchen with his books and backpack. Jordan gave Jonathan a stony look. "Somebody got the punch-me-in-the-face memo," Jonathan said as a car horn honked. '

"I should dress like you? Like some sort of human participation trophy?" Jordan asked.

"No, but you could watch a, like, how-to basic video on style," Jonathan said with a teasing smirk.

"Wow. You can act like such an obnoxious pain before first period," Lara said, rolling her eyes.

"Enough. All of you, go, your ride's here," Lois said. She started to hug them. "Bye. I love you, guys," Lois said as she hugged and kissed all three of them.

"Love you," Jonathan said as the three of them went to the front door.

"Good luck today, guys," Clark said.

"Thanks, Dad," Lara said as Jonathan opened the front door and they left the brownstone.

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Morgan Edge stood across the street in front of his limousine as three children left the house; two boys and a girl. "Hey, Lara, you gonna try out for the literary club?" The blond boy asked.

"I'm not quite sure yet, Jon. I'm thinking either history or literary. I loved the Renaissance festivals that Grandpa took me to," Lara said. Morgan's eyes took in the girl. She had blue eyes like her grandmother and namesake. A closer look at her face and she looked like everyone on her grandmother's side. Morgan wondered if she had gotten the other gift that made her special. His father said she wouldn't when he said he had found her. She would be like everyone else here.

"Do both," the other boy with curly long hair said.

"I don't know if I have time for that, Jordan," Lara said as they got into the car and drove away.

"Tal-Rho?" Leslie Larr asked.

"It's her. She has my mother's eyes and her name. Keep her safe," Morgan said as the car went around a curve.

"Of course, Tal," Leslie said in deference as she followed the car to the school.

# Death in the Family

## Chapter Summary

Lara gets the news that Martha has died when her grandfather and brothers come to pick her up to take her to Smallville. Morgan Edge watches from a distance.

Lara sat in her history class as the teacher talked about what they would be learning. Mrs. Couch had just gotten to history following the Civil War. It would be from the Reconstruction to 9/11 and history from other parts of the world. Lara looked forward to studying the Roaring 20's and World War II. Grandpa Lane had told her stories that his father had told him about Pearl Harbor and the secret missions he had gone on in Africa after they had watched "Casablanca" one night. Lara loved old movies from before she was born and Grandpa could usually rope her into watching them with him as Jordan and Jonathan weren't interested. They had planned to watch "Gone with the Wind" at an old movie theater. The theater did a different movie every week. Last week was "Marie Antoinette" with Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power.

Lara looked up to the door at the sight of her grandfather in his army fatigues. "Is there a problem, Miss Kent?" Mrs. Couch asked crisply. Mrs. Couch called everyone by their last names. Jordan and Jonathan had told her that when they had her.

"My grandfather is at the door, Ma'am," Lara said.

"I see," Mrs. Couch went to the door and opened it and Sam Lane, Jonathan, and Jordan came into the room.

"Grandpa, what is it?" Lara asked, standing up.

"Lara, your mother and father asked me to get you and the boys. Something has happened to your Grandma Kent," Sam said. Lara felt the blood drain out of her face.

"Oh, no. Is Grandma-?" Lara started to ask before her voice went out. Lara had talked to her grandmother the other day and Martha had complained about her chest hurting. Her heart had been bothering her greatly, even though she tried to hide it and had asked Lara not to tell her father as she didn't want him to spend all his time worrying about her.

"Yes," Sam said as she went to him and he hugged her tightly.

"Dad and Mom?" Lara asked.

"They are already in Smallville. I'm to take you and the boys there. You might want to get your things. Ma'am," Sam acknowledged Mrs. Couch with a nod.

"Of course. Miss Kent, you have my condolences," Mrs. Couch said, her voice getting soft.

"Thank you, Mrs. Couch," Lara said as she picked up her backpack and schoolbooks on her desk.

Tal-Rho watched as Lara left the building with an older man and the two boys that were her adopted brothers. "Grandpa, when is the funeral going to be?" Lara asked, her voice shaking slightly with tears.

"In two or three days. Your father is making the preparations and we need to go by the brownstone to pick up you and your brothers' best clothes," the man said.

"I should have said something. I had talked to her the other day and Grandma told me her chest was hurting. She told me not to tell Dad," Lara said, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"There was nothing you could have done, Lara. Your father couldn't have stopped a heart attack," the man said.

"I still should have said something. Dad might have been able to get her to a hospital. Or asked Superman to take her to the hospital," Lara said as she got into the car.

"Probably right, Lara, but I don't think your father will blame you for not saying when she asked you not to say anything," the man said as he got into the car.

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Tal looked at the car. His girl's human grandmother had died and she had felt bad about it. The girl dearly loved her. He couldn't see her loving Zeta, his father, when he brought her to see him. And if Lara Lor-Van had ever loved him and had seen her namesake, she might have loved her. He had seen her with Kal after he was born, shortly before Krypton was destroyed. His mother had loved Kal. It was clearly obvious. He then was jolted by what Lara had just said. She could have asked Kal to help her human grandmother but hadn't either asked him or the human who was masquerading as her father. He wondered if she even knew that she had been adopted and that Kal was her uncle. But then again, Kal hadn't acted like he was even aware that he had a half-brother.

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Lara stood by the grave as the minister read the words over Martha Kent. Lara and her mother had gone shopping for black dresses as neither one owned any. Lara hated wearing just plain black. She usually put it with other colors, but the other colors with it didn't feel appropriate. Lara knew that as soon as the service was over, she was going to put this dress in the attic. The material was fake velvet, but it made the circles under her eyes more pronounced, her eyes looked dull blue, and her skin looked a sickly shade of yellow. Unrelieved mourning black wasn't her color.



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