

Lose your humanity!

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42735762) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42735762>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Superman & Lois (TV 2021)
Characters:	Jonathan "Jon" Kent (Superman & Lois TV 2021) , Clark Kent , Lois Lane , Jordan Kent , Timmy Tanner , Lara Lor-Van , Natalie Irons (Superman & Lois TV 2021) , Sarah Cushing , Timmy Ryan , Sean Smith (Superman & Lois TV 2021) , Coach Gaines (Superman & Lois TV 2021) , Sam Lane
Additional Tags:	Cross-Posted on FanFiction.Net , Kryptonian Biology (DCU) , Kryptonian Culture & Customs (DCU) , Secret Identity Fail , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Secret Identity , Jonathan Samuel Kent Needs a Hug , But the Tire Swing! , Hurt Jonathan Samuel Kent , Clark Kent Tries to Be a Good Parent , Jonathan "Jon" Kent Has Powers (Superman & Lois TV 2021)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Kent family issues!
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-30 Completed: 2022-11-27 Words: 30,976 Chapters: 8/8

Lose your humanity!

by [lemarq359](#)

Summary

Clark Kent, Lois Lane, Jordan and Sam are all determined to mend their relationship with Jonathan, who left Smallville to live with a friend in Metropolis. And Jonathan wants to solve their issues, too. But some unexpected events make everything more complicated.

Notes

Hello and welcome to this new part of the 'Kent family issues' series.

For those who haven't read the previous ones, a little recap: Jonathan still feels neglected and unloved by his parents for being powerless. After a fight with his family, he wanted to leave but got accidentally knocked out and got a Kryptonian amnesia that had to be treated in the fortress. After a lot of (for Jon) very embarrassing things, he left to live with his friend Timmy Tanner in Metropolis for the rest of spring-break after his memories returned. On the way to Metropolis he filled his friend in with the family secret. Also because there is an Instagram-post of his 'flying-lesson' with his father going viral. After watching the report together, several days have passed and here we are.

I wish you all, a lot of fun reading. At the end of the chapter, there is a little Halloween-scene. Enjoy! And Happy Halloween!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Clark knew that there was a lot to do to make up for his mistakes...

A few days ago, Jonathan left their house. He went to move in with a friend in Metropolis. After a terrible argument between him and Clark. That ended with Jonathan getting knocked out and temporarily losing his memories. A incident that almost killed Jon...

Things were said both regretted. And things were revealed both were not sure how to handle them...

Since Jonathan left the house, everything was so... different! So tense! And so moody!

It was such a tense in the air, it felt like one single spark could blow up the entire area. Nobody talked with each other anymore. Nobody even smiled anymore. I felt like with Jonathan leaving, the family lost their spirit.

Today is Friday. Jonathan was gone for six days now. Six days in which Jonathan never called. He just wrote messages over WhatsApp and never answered their calls. Six days in which Jonathan enjoyed Metropolis, reconnected with old friends, made new friends, got driving-lessons from his friend Timmy Tanner... thinking about it, Clark remembered his driving-lessons with Jonathan Sr. and how much both enjoyed the time together. It felt like Timmy stole him that father-son-activity. But that was Clark's own fault.

Jordan barely talked to them in the past six days. He missed Jonathan so terribly, Clark feared Jordan was falling in depressions again. Then there was the guilt and the revelation that Jonathan was afraid of him. Or that his brother even dared to think that he could had been switched at birth. His whole life Jordan was the one who often felt out of place, or like not fitting in. So he could rely on that feeling Jon must have.

Jordan and Clark were unaware of the fact that each other listened to Jonathan when he told Timmy Tanner everything and about his feelings. For that, Jordan got a better sense of Jonathan's feelings and what burden it must be for Jon to be the unpowered one. And that he couldn't expect that Jonathan's powers kicking in will solve their issues. Jordan spent a lot of time brooding and thinking about Jonathan's words and how to make up for all Jonathan gave up for him.

Lois meanwhile was busy to use all available resources to collect enough material to prevent Coach Gaines from ever getting a job at a school again. Using the Gazette to spread the news and the reveal that the former Coach knew about Timmy Ryan's X-K abuse the whole time and that everyone actually knew it and decided to turn Jonathan into the scapegoat despite his self-sacrificing attempt to limit the damage that turned him into the town's pariah.

Lois was pretty busy to confront all the parents who used to insult and verbally abuse Jonathan and face them with their own kids' mistakes. Before she left the house today, Clark could hear her murmuring about doing something 'she should have done long before'...

Sam, who was retired (again), hoped before the escalation a week ago, to reconnect with Jonathan again. But Sam was aware that his long-time reservations against Clark, that slowly expanded to Jordan had left scars, too. Thanks to Lara and her scan of Jonathan's brain, everyone figured out that he told Jonathan once that he 'has to be afraid of his father and Jordan'. That, and his insult that Jonathan is supposed to be saved all the time because he has no powers, led to his banishment from the farm. Again!

Sam, who knew that Jonathan was not a damsel in distress but a strong and determined fighter with a protective hero-instinct like his father, couldn't accept Jonathan's supposed giving-up. He was willing to fight for his grandson and for the rest of the family, too. At any cost... whatever it takes... And so, he spent the whole week with preparing a surprise...

And Clark meanwhile stood under the tree next to the tire swing looking back and forth between the tire swing and the little spot where he planted some flowers. The place where his father's crystal was buried.

He thought back to the moment they stood here all together. Jonathan's arm was in a cast. He gave the box he once got from Clark to carry around the crystal pieces. An empty box, as empty as his promises Clark realized. Jonathan was the only one present who never got to meet Jor-El. He does not even know what he looked like. But he attend to the 'funeral'. To show his respect. For a man he was afraid will reject him, because he is 'too human' to call himself an heir of their family. He didn't have to (Jon never met him), but he came. Maybe out of respect.

Clark looked on the tire swing again. Remembering how 7 years old Jonathan loved to play with it and even once throwing a football through the rope and tearing it. How happy and excited Jonathan was back then about his strength. Then he looked on the 'grave' again and the guilt overcame him again.

He had no clue if his plan will work. But Jonathan was worth to try...

Carefully, Clark used a shovel to open the ground and to get on the crystal pieces to put them into 'Jonathan's box' again. Then he closed the grave again to hide the fact that he opened it and flew to the family-fortress. A place, his mother Lara suggested for the whole family, but Clark reserved only for him and Jordan. Ignoring Jonathan's concerns that it is only for the family members who can fly.

Lara was mad. Mad and disappointed that her son, she thought became such an honorable and strong hero on Earth, neglected his son and preferred the one who got powers over him and treated the powerless one like he has no right to even meet his grandparents. And mad because her son ruined her attempt to give her other grandson a sense of his origin, too.

Clark knew that there was no apology and no reason for his mistakes. And that Jonathan's powers, Lara told were coming soon, were not the solution for the rift between them, that grew ever since the boys learned the truth and the family moved to Smallville.

Clark landed on the open terrace of the fortress and went inside. The box with his father's crystal inside in his hands, Clark went closer to the podium and activated his mother's crystal.

"Did you and your son reconcile?" was everything Lara said. No hello! No formal greeting. She began straight with the issue.

"Not yet! But I am working on it..." Clark began before he saw his mother turning away again. "... mother... please... listen! I am really on it! I swear by my soul. And I planned something! But I need to hear your experts opinion."

Lara faced him again and crossed her arms. Clark felt so scared like never before by his biological mother's holographic image. But she was right: She saw Jonathan's memories. She knew him better than anyone else in the entire universe. She knew better than anyone else what Jonathan wanted and what he needed. She saw all the moments Jonathan needed someone but was left alone because Clark preferred to train Jordan or bring him to the fortress while Jonathan felt more and more unloved and unwanted.

"What is it?"

"Well... you know I procrastinated to introduce Jonathan to his grandfather until it was too late..."

"And your reasons were absolutely unacceptable! Being Kryptonian has nothing to do with powers. No matter that humanity is convinced of that. If you would share more about our world with the humans, they may be less afraid or biased on our people."

"Yeah..." Clark's face became red. This was a matter for another time. "... but... ehm... what I meant to say, I hoped there would be a way to retrieve some data from Jor-El's crystal. I hoped, I would find a way to show him his grandfather at least."

Lara guessed it as a desperate and ridiculous attempt, but also as a well-meant gesture. Her son simply doesn't know better.

"I need to see the leftovers of your father's crystal. I see what I can do for Jonathan." She really wanted to help Jonathan.

She always wanted to meet both her grandsons. Ever since she was in the body of her son's friend and learned about their existence. And especially after everything she learned about her son's Tal's plan and how the boys got hurt. And she was happy when she met Jordan for the first time. Waiting for Jonathan to show up. And devastated to learn, how her son first did not introduce him to Jor-El, then never took him to meet her and then saw in his memories how much the boy felt left out. And that only because of powers.

Clark nodded at her respond and put the pieces on the examination table so Lara could see if there was anything left. Clark watched her closely and really hoped that there was a way to recover anything, so Jonathan would at least get a picture of his grandfather.

"The crystal itself can't be restored. But I can recover some of the data on it. I should be able to get enough and save it here. And maybe I will be able to create at least an image of your father for Jonathan." Lara explained. She was optimistic that Jon gets at least to know how his grandfather looked like.

"Thank you!" for the first time in almost a week, Clark smiled.

"Where is he?"

"He... is with a friend now. In Metropolis! He... was born there and grew up there until he learned who I am. He will return home tomorrow."

"Does his powers have been showing up?" Lara asked.

"Not that I know!" Clark said.

The powers were like a red trigger for Jonathan. It was Jonathan's fear that he only get's Clark's respect and his love if he has powers. Clark knew that and Lara knew that, too.

"If you would have taken your son Jonathan to your grandfather, too and if you would had involved him more and considered that being Kryptonian is more than having powers, he would be prepared better. You can't spare him from his origins!"

"It was not my purpose!"

"I talked to him, and I saw his memories. He was so fixed on being human and being normal. He thinks that he is not normal! But he is! This is the way he was born." Lara said. "If you want human children, you must adopt human children! But just like Jordan, Jonathan is of Kryptonian descent, too. And he needs to know about his origins, too. I've seen how much he is struggling with his identity and his place in the world. What would you say if the people on Earth would all say that you don't deserve to know anything about the world just because you are not like them?"

Clark thought about it. He didn't like it. "Jonathan... is a good boy. Strong, self-confident, stubborn like a Lane... pride like an El... supportive like a Kent... he deserves better. And... you are right mother! If I had taken him to the fortress, too and involved him better in anything or gave him a sense of it... it... aww..."

"When your son had no memories... and was only himself... he was so keen to know everything. How happy he was to learn about our family history, about Krypton and our language. This is what I and your father were hoping for when we send you to Earth. Not that you teach them to fly. To live on the legacy of our people. Our culture, our language, and our technology. You don't share anything of Krypton with the humans on Earth."

"Many humans fear me! No matter how many good things I do!" Clark explained. He sometimes thought about it. Giving humanity more information about Krypton, about himself or some technology. But in the wrong hands, this stuff could cause great chaos.

"And your own son fears you, too! And now he fears himself and his powers! He was so embarrassed for not knowing anything about Krypton when he faced me. But he is normal! He is what he is born as: The son of a Kryptonian! Just like his brother! I will help you with your plan. But I tell you Kal... I don't do it for you. I do it just for Jonathan!"

"Of course!" Clark agreed and was grateful for his mothers help.

Jonathan left a lasting impression on her! Clark realized it. In those few hours they spend together, Jonathan and Lara grew so close together. Even before she saw all his memories and realized how bad he got treated. She wanted to bring him on the same level as his brother. Clark understood that. He failed in it... that's why he decided to ask for help this time. And so, he assisted his mother in recovering as much as possible data from Jor-El's crystal...

Jonathan meanwhile stood in the bathroom of Timmy Tanner's house and prepared for the party he, Timmy and their friends would attend to tonight...

It was a great week. Jonathan hadn't sleep so well in months. And the Tanners were so kind and friendly to him. Finally Jonathan got a chance to feel like a teenager again. And not like a failed Kryptonian experiment that does not deserve anything.

But as much as Jon wanted this week to never end, he was forced to return to Smallville tomorrow...

School was going to start again on Monday. He missed Jordan. And there was an appointment with principal Balcomb again. And Jonathan wanted to face his haters, who all came up with lame apologies, hoping he could convince Timmy's parents to pull back the charges. But Timmy's parents were definitely not going to do that. Jonathan was determined to show everyone that he is not afraid of them and that they will regret that they hurt his friend who had nothing to do with anything.

This time they were not able to blame him for everything. This time they knew that they scored an own goal.

And he wanted to look into Mr. Gaines (the title coach he already lost for good) directly into his eyes and confront him with his own mistakes. The video of Mr. Gaines confession, that he knew about Timmy Ryan's doping all the time was still running threw the Internet and put a shame on the team, nobody couldn't ignore. And this time, nobody was able to blame Jonathan for it. A woman from Smallville tried to. But that brought her only trouble with the police and a terrible shitstorm in the Internet.

And there was of course the Instagram-post of that pilot who revealed to the world that Superman is giving flying-lessons to a boy, everyone was convinced is his son. The whole world demanded answers. The people, the politicians, the DOD...

Every time Jon thought about it, he felt that urge to vomit. But he had to go threw this. His parents really kept their promise this time. They didn't publish anything. Really waiting for his opinion and his statement. And the fact that they let billions of people wait only to respect him, felt actually good. Like they really care for him this time. And he was looking forward to meet Lara again. He really liked her, and she liked him.

But Jonathan didn't want to spend his last day in his real home-city with brooding about tomorrow. He wanted to have fun!

After dinner (Mrs. Tanner will going to make her awesome salmon-pasta) Jon and Timmy will go to a party of one of Timmy's friends. Jon wanted to have fun before his unavoidable powers will force him to pretend that he is normal. He wanted to laugh with others. Hang out

with others. Here in Metropolis he was able to be himself. In Smallville he was forced to hide on a farm from a town full of people who never let him feel welcomed.

Jon just finished to wash his face when he heard a knock on the bathroom door...

"Jon, Jay has called. He will pick us up at 7."

"Nakamura?" Jon asked back.

"Yes!"

"Good! I want to thank him for his support."

Jay Nakamura was a friend of Timmy who ran his own online paper, he called 'The Truth'! And he published the truth about Jonathan's former team. They already met and Jonathan needed to thank him again. The only thing that bothered him a bit was the way Jay was glaring at him. Like he had a crush on him...

Jon grabbed the towel next to the sink to dry his face when it suddenly happened...

It was like the towel in his hands suddenly grew so tall Jonathan was able to see every little fiber. With a loud shriek Jon dropped the towel, shut his eyes close and when he opened them again, he saw everything normal again...

"Jon, is everything all right?" Timmy asked from outside the bathroom.

"Ehm... yeah..." Jon murmured.

It was odd! The last time something like that happened was briefly after he took X-K for the first time. In shock Jon rubbed his eyes... He swore to himself to never ever touch that stuff. The only plausible reason for what happened was that... no! No, not now! He begged that it is not true!

Jon turned around to grab the body-spray from the shelf. But as soon as he held the spray-can in his hand it happened again...

His vision changed and the spray-can literally grew in his hand so big, that Jonathan was able to see every little unevenness on the normally polished spray-can. With a loud shriek, Jon dropped the spray-can and looked around. His vision slowly turned back to normal but suddenly Jon was able to see the corridor beyond the wall...

"Jon?! Jon, what's wrong?" Timmy asked. Now he was worried.

"No, no, no... Please... This is just imagination..." Jonathan wailed and rubbed his eyes. Hoping to turn off his sudden x-ray-vision by this...

"Jon, I come in now!" Timmy said much more worried.

"I am okay..." Jon wailed. But it was a lie.

When he turned around to the door, the wall to the corridor and the door were gone. All he saw was a skeleton approaching him.

"Is really everything all right?" the skeleton asked with Timmy's voice.

This time, Jon let out a terrified scream and stumbled backwards into the bathtub...

Please review and keep well!

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Jon deals with his first power and his parents deal with the CPS again.

Chapter Notes

This story will probably longer than first expected. I have thousands of ideas how this one develops so we start relatively calm.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jonathan's scream was so loud, the whole neighborhood was able to hear it. Just seeing that 'skeleton' approaching him let him let him stumble...

When he stumbled into the bathtub, his hand somehow turned on the handle for the water and hot water start to shower on him from above. Jonathan, still in shock rubbed his eyes while everything around him was suddenly filled with steam. The skeleton suddenly turned into Timmy, the walls appeared again, and his vision focused back to normal...

"OH MY GOD!" Timmy yelled shocked and tried to grab the handle of the tap. "Are you... AGGHHHHH..."

When Timmy's arm got under the water, the boy got start to scream in pain. As the water was way too hot for a human. Jonathan, who was still in shock, instinctively grabbed the handle of the tap and closed it to stop the water by himself. With tears in his eyes, Timmy ran over to the sink to pour cold water over his aching arm.

"Aww... Timmy, are you okay?" Jonathan asked shocked after he climbed out of the bathtub. Soaking wet with hot water that should normally cause someone to scream in pain.

"Okay? What about you? You scream like in a horror-movie! What happened?" Timmy asked.

"I... you... you were a skeleton! And things in my hands were suddenly so big!" Jon explained.

"Wow... you have x-ray-vision!" Timmy realized.

"NO! PLEASE... Why today?" Jonathan yelled and left.

Jonathan stormed out of the bathroom to leave the house and walk up and down in the garden. Timmy watched him through the window and thought about it...

Ever since Jonathan told him about the family-secret, he did his best to not bomb him with questions. The fact that his friend was actually Superman's son, and that Superman was not the perfect man he always imagined was a lot to deal with. Especially for a devoted Superman fan like him. But he understood why Jonathan was so upset...

His parents preferred his superpowered brother over him in the last two years. And after Jonathan's X-K abuse, their relationship even worsened. And after all the broken promises of his parents, Jonathan didn't want powers anymore. He feared that the powers will prove that his parents will only love him when he has them.

Jonathan walked up and down in the garden behind the house. The sun was shining bright today. Jon looked up to watch the sun and thought about Lara's words...

According to her, he was absorbing the sun's energy for his whole live and that his powers will come sooner or later anyway. Jonathan never bothered to think how it feels. For him, the sun was never as unpleasant or anything like that as it was for others. While many of his friends often complained about sunburn or about that the sun feels too hot, Jonathan just thought that the sun feels 'okay'. Till today, he never felt a difference. He expected a sudden change, but he mentally had already accepted that he was different. But that something like this happens today... a day before he returns to Smallville to face all his haters and his family and demand respect from them... he didn't need that.

Timmy arrived in the garden, too. A tube of moisturizing cream with him.

"Jon, are you okay? That was very hot water! You need some cream?" Timmy asked.

Jon looked on his friend. His arm was red from the too hot water. Jon felt guilty. The bandages, his friend had to wear after his former teammates almost kidnapped him were gone, but some injuries were still visible. And Jon was sure that scars will be left. Visible, but also mentally. Timmy went through a lot since he called him a week ago and desperately asked for a place to stay to get away from his family. And since he told his friend everything, he felt a lot better. While Timmy now had to wear the burden of that secret.

"Timmy, I am so sorry! I am so terribly sorry!" Jon cried.

"Hey, that's not your fault! But are you okay? Or do you have invulnerability, too?"

"What?"

"That was very hot water! And you didn't even bother!"

"Aww..." Jonathan was upset again.

He told Timmy everything. Everything what happened with his family, everything what bothered him about his alien-father and his alien brother and everything what happened while

he lost his memories. How embarrassed and humiliated he was. And how ridiculous he felt. He could tell Timmy, knowing that he wouldn't get any condemnation.

And so, Jon began to tell his friend about the sudden appearance of X-ray-vision a few minutes ago...

Meanwhile, somewhere over Kansas...

Clark flew back to Smallville, with the hope that his plan will show Jonathan that he cares for him. It was an awful week full of revelations, drama and other stuff, Clark ignored too long. Smallville was not the town he used to grow up anymore. Jonathan was right! But he would continue to work on it. And Lois, too. Lana offered her help as well as everyone else he knew. Lara was still mad on him but he was not surprised about that...

When he landed behind the barn and walked towards the house in human pace, he saw that Lois was back. And she was not alone...

A foreign car stood in the driveway and a woman, Clark recognized as the mother of one of the football-players, stood in front of Lois. Her face full of shame and guilt. And Lois was furious...

"You dare to ask this? After you insulted my son terribly that evening and even after you figured out that your son lied to you, you continued to try to give my son the blame for it..."

Lois was furious. That was evident. As soon as they saw Clark both stopped talking and looked on him.

"Mr. Kent!" the woman said with a weak bow to greet him.

"And where the heck have you been!" Lois snapped on him angrily.

Ever since Jonathan left, Lois was permanently upset. It was worse than after Natalie's arrival and mostly she let out her whole frustration on him. Clark ignored that, knowing that this was not the right moment, as they had a 'visitor'.

"What is going on here?" he asked.

"She is the woman I told you about. The woman was one of the two adults attacking Jonathan at the night of the election. Jon ran out humiliated and cried the whole night!" Lois said with tears in her eyes.

Ever since Jon left, she had that scene in her head again. How she just watched it happen and didn't even dare to defend Jon and instead 'agreed to them'. It was actual abuse! And Lois let it happen. She allowed others to verbally abuse her son. Lois felt like the world's worst mother. Clark remembered Jonathan telling it to his friend, too.

"Ba... Back that evening you were not that..." the woman tried to defend herself.

"BACK THEN MY SON DID AT LEAST EVERYTHING TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT HAPPENED! HE TOOK THE BLAME, SO YOUR SON DOES NOT GET PUNISHED,

TOO!" Lois yelled angrily.

"I had no clue that he bought X-K, too and knew all the time about Timmy Ryan. I am sorry that he was part of the intrigue to turn your son into..." she said with tears in her eyes, but Lois cut her off.

"And after everything what happened, you dare to come here and ask us to drop the charges. The parents of that boy they hurt instead would yell the shit out of you if they were here. At the next conference at school, you will face my son and apologize for everything you said to him. AND NOW LEAVE OUR PROPERTY. YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE!"

The woman left. After the kidnapping attempt and the revelation that Coach Gaines knew about the doping all the time, her own son confessed under tears that he knew about the X-K long before. She even found an empty inhaler in his bag. Most of the team took it. And after everyone figured out that it was planned to continue Jon to turn into a scapegoat and that they even wanted to use X-K while beating him up the team's reputation was ruined for good...

Full of shame, she walked to her car and tried to not to burst out in tears in front of the Kents. Aware that she made a terrible mistake and that it won't be easy to make up for it. The woman left while Lois stormed into the house. Clark followed her to talk to her.

"Lois... was it about..."

"YES!" she yelled angrily and burst out in tears. "Gosh... Clark...I was a terrible mother. I... I... I lied to you..."

"About what?"

"When I told you that I tried to have a conversation with him! Back that day when he got caught with the X-K." she replied. Clark could remember Jon telling his friend about it, but he pretended to be surprised. "He... tried to explain everything to me. And I only grabbed out keywords and ignored that he actually tried to give an explanation and I told you that he was not! And then you went into his room and yelled on him. And I didn't even dare to tell you that he tried to explain it to me."

Lois sank on the couch. Tears running down her face. Clark sat down next to her and tried to comfort her.

"It is not your fault! I made the mistake that I didn't listen to him when he tried to explain himself. I called him a lot of untrue things!" Clark said. "I am supposed to be the one who is keeping a cool head and I failed."

"He gave up!" Lois cried. "He gave us up because he thinks we gave up him! But what should I say... What we did to him was not normal! It was abuse! We abused him, Clark!"

Abused! The word echoed threw Clark's head like a too shrill ELT, or a supersonic weapon. He heard him crying in his room after he yelled on him. He could feel his son's pain and his guilt. And he treated him like a criminal. Like all the good things he did in his life never happened and as if he was not more than a criminal. Jon, who is the best son, they could wish

for. Jon who gave up everything for his brother and for his parents, to move here. To a town that only existed in his memory...

DING-DONG.

The sudden ringing of the doorbell distracted them. Over the past days, a lot of people came to their house with 'apology-cakes', with flowers or other stuff to say sorry for prejudging Jon. Clark, still full of sorrow, lift to open the door... just to see the last person he and Lois needed right now.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Kent!" the woman from the child-protection-service was back...

Jonathan meanwhile sat on the picnic-table in Timmy's garden and finished his explanation for his outburst. That he suddenly was able to see threw the bathroom-walls and threw Timmy's body.

"The only positive thing was that I can tell you that your bones look all okay and those guys don't break any of your bones!" Jon wailed.

"So at least something positive! And now? I mean... do you have it under control?"

"I think so!" Jon murmured. "I... when I took X-K... I... I was able to do it and I think I can control it!"

"You need to tell your dad!"

"No way!"

"Jon! You told me, the last time you and your brother hid a power from your dad, you got a broken arm!"

"But as soon as my father finds out that I have a power, Jordan does not have yet, he will start with his 'training-bonding-time' and I will never figure out if he was honest to me!"

"Honest?"

"Yes! Honest!" Jon wailed and turned his face away to hide his tears.

His father said, he loves him. He told him that so many times. But all the time, his father rather spent time with Jordan or was busy to train his brother or leave him behind alone to make flying lessons... that morning in the barn still bothered him so terribly. Every time he thought about his dad, he had to think about how he got left behind by his father, right after he told him how bad he feels. And for what: For flying-lessons! With this act, his father proved him that he only cares about powers and that he favors Jordan about him! And Jon was just an unimportant stockman! A fact Jon didn't want to accept.

He wanted a true prove this time and no empty promises again. He wanted his family's respect! He wanted his father to recognize him for who he really was! And not for suddenly being able look through walls.

"Ah... Understand!" Timmy said. Jon looked on Timmy again and suddenly realized that he said all this loudly, so Timmy heard everything. Jon's face turned deeply red, and he turned his face away again. "So... ehm... why not... I don't know... do you know what he did with your brother when he got it. You could repeat it and..."

"Jordan does not have supervision, yet!" Jonathan moaned. "At least I think so! He hid so many things from me, too... maybe he didn't tell me about that!"

"Hey, that means you are the first one this time!" Timmy said with an encouraging smile.

Jon looked on Timmy again and had to smile, too. For some reason, it felt good. Jon knew: Jordan had their father's ability to fly, he was strong, highly durable, had laser-vision, ice-breath, superspeed... as far as he knew supervision was not among his abilities...

"No... No... I can't tell him!" Jon said and lift from his chair to walk up and down. "Timmy... How does the sun feel to you?"

"The sun?"

"Yeah, when it... when it shines on you! How does it feel?"

"Hot! Unpleasant! I have a sun allergy, you know! Be happy that you don't know how a sunburn feels..." Timmy said. He understood that Jon was a walking solar battery and probably feels the sun different than everyone else. "Shall I call Jay and tell him we won't come to the party?"

"OH NO! I am going to that party! I will have fun! I will talk to others! Today is my last day in Metropolis! Tomorrow I will be forced to go back to that Podunk-town again..."

"But what if you start to look through walls again? You should at least be able to control it before we go there!"

Jon moaned. Timmy was right! He looked up to the sun again and shacked his head. He was a freak! A goddammed freak! A half-alien freak, who feels so terribly out of place. Lara said, his home is Earth and Krypton as well! For Jon it was Metropolis! For his father it was Smallville... Jon wanted to hide somewhere to brood about it. But for that was no time. Timmy's parents will be home in an hour. And the party is going to start in a few hours. He was not willing to let this stupid power to ruin his last day in his city...

"Okay... Okay..." Jon murmured and sat down again. "I... I must get control over this, before your parents come home! What should be so difficult about it? Just because my dad would spend a week with Jordan in the barn to master it, doesn't mean I can't learn it within an hour on my own..."

And so, Jonathan starts to practice a power, his brother doesn't have yet...

In Smallville, the woman from the child-protection-service was not pleased with the 'progress' in the Kent-family.

Clark didn't know that the woman knew his secret. That she was able to count two and two together and concluded that Clark 'preferred' the powered one over the unpowered one... She wasn't going to ruin the boy's life by spilling that secret. But in the past few days, after studying the Kent-family intensively, she was not sure. She wanted to help Jonathan. And at first, she thought that taking him out of his family would be the best... but after hearing how much afford the Kent's made to 'avenge' their son she was not sure anymore.

Clark led her to the dining-room. Lois ran into the kitchen to clean her face and to prepare coffee hastily. When they sat together at the dining-table Lois and Clark felt worse than the first time she came to their house. Clark felt very unpleasant by the way she was looking on him.

For the woman it was a bit weird. And it took her a lot of courage and self-committing to remain calm, knowing that Superman was sitting across the table. A man she never dared to believe would be a bad father. This man was an idol for hundreds of millions of kids... A man, many of the kids she cared for, adored, and looked up to. A man who was not better than many of the bad parents she faced in her twenty-three years in this job...

"Mr. Kent, Ms. Lane... I am here because there are some open questions! You know I had a talk to your son?"

"Yes!" Clark confirmed.

Three days ago, the woman went to Metropolis to talk to Jonathan. Clark didn't listen in. Jon just wrote a brief WhatsApp-message to let him know after.

"So... your son plans to come back to Smallville tomorrow?"

"Yes! School starts on Monday again. And... there is also... the hearing at school about that... incident!"

"Oh, I know! I was here!" she said. Remembering how several members of the football team planned to kidnap Jon to beat him up. "They will be all out of Smallville for a very long time. But I am here to talk about your son and what led to the other 'incident'. And about why you two lied to me about his whereabouts."

"We took him to treat his amnesia!" Lois said. At the thought that Jon almost died if Jordan hadn't insisted on bringing him to the fortress almost let her burst out in tears again in front of her. But that would be too suspicious.

"Yes! To a woman that does not exist! What was the name? Dr. Lara Lorvan?! Who is she really?"

"Ehm... this is... a long story..." Clark said.

"Mr. Kent, I spend the last week to study this case extensively. From the beginning! And you know... I found some... let's call it: inconsistencies!"

"And what do you mean with that?" Clark asked.

"Let's start with you, Mr. Kent!" the woman began and opened a file. "Most people I talked to about you all told me that you are a very mild-mannered man. So it is hard to believe that you are that kind of father who never listens to his children or forces them to a life they actually don't want!"

Clark lowered his head: "I know. I... I failed! My... my mother would be more than disappointed if she would see how much I failed."

"Tell me about!" the woman said.

"Aww... We were living in Metropolis all together. When... my mother died, I figured out that there was a reverse mortgage on the property. And... there were some developments within the family. Our son Jordan... he got diagnosed with a social anxiety disorder a few years ago. And there was an... ehm... Before my mother died, she suggested to move with the boys here on the farm. And I thought it would be good to grow together as a family. I was... often absent. Due to my job and other responsibilities."

The woman made some notes. She could imagine that this other 'responsibilities' were 'super' important.

"I am honest to you. I was so focused on Jordan and on other things that Jonathan got the feeling that we don't love him." Clark said, a tear running down his face. "And we made the mistake to not to realize that everything what happened had affected him, more than we agreed. I gave him the feeling that I care more about his brother, just because he... has this anxiety..."

Or powers, the woman thought.

"When I talked to your son, he made this ... embarrassed impression on me. I have seen this kind of behavior often in kids who feared to not to be able to fulfill the high expectations of their parents. But also... your son shows hints of PTSD. Can you explain that?"

"PTSD... Post traumatic stress disorder?" Lois asked shocked. But if they were honest it was plausible.

Jon went through a lot. Not only he was almost killed multiple times, he had to witness things, not even the strongest adult would be able to handle easily. Then there was the footage from John-Henry's RV. Both saw it after Jon left and they were shocked that Jon had to witness this. Clark realized that his son was right to be afraid of him. And he let it happen.

An hour later, the woman left with much more proves that Clark preferred the superpowered son over his unpowered. But also, with proves that he really regrets it and wanted to be a good father.

As soon as she was gone, Lois began to cry again. Clark filled her in with his plan and with his idea he had to surprise Jon tomorrow when he picks him up at Timmy's house...

Jonathan meanwhile continued practicing and realized how shockingly easy it was for him...

"Wow... I can do it!" Jon said euphoric.

He was able to control it! After only one hour of practicing, he was able to activate his x-ray-vision at command and to control his telescopic vision easily. Something his father needed days to get control over it and would force his brother to spend days at home while he must lie for him again.

"This is way better than it was with the X-K! This feels incredible." Jon said enthusiastically while looking over his and then over Timmy's arms. It was indeed much more incredible than it was when he got it while on X-K. This time it felt true and authentic. "I can see everything... and... ughh... Timmy you should go to the dermatologist with that mole!"

"Oh, really!" Timmy said embarrassed and put his hand over the mole on his right arm, Jon was talking about. "I knew it became darker..."

"I think I am ready!" Jon said self-confidently, stood up and walked head held high back into the house.

It was a wonderful evening...

The party was a huge fun. Jon felt as great as he hadn't in a long time. And he was able to forget all his stress for at least one evening... This boost of self-confidence didn't remain unnoticed, and everyone mentioned how much happier Jon seemed. But the next morning and his return to Smallville were unavoidable...

Please Review and keep well!

Chapter End Notes

In the next chapter, Clark will try to get through his son.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Clark comes to pick up his son from Timmy's house and tries to have a conversation with him.

Chapter Notes

I am back after a longer break than expected. The chapter became longer than expected and had to be rewritten. Some scenes, that were supposed to be published here, are now in the next one. I hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a week full of sorrow, nightmares and other things that reminded Clark, Lois and Jordan how much they need Jonathan and how bad they felt about his condition and the way he thinks about them.

When Clark was in the boy's age, he always feared that people could be afraid of him. Because of the fact that he has powers and that he is an alien. After learning about Krypton and becoming Superman he hoped that this fear will turn into trust and acceptance. Acceptance he always got from his parents and the people he loves. Including his sons. But that Jonathan feared him broke his heart...

Clark knew, if Martha would be still alive she would say that it is his own fault. Lara was convinced of that, too. Because he only cared about Jordan's powers and not about the family. Clark wished that Martha was still alive. She would had remembered him to care about both his sons equally. To show him about Krypton, too and giving him a feeling of his heritage, too.

Before Clark left, he visited his parents graves on the Smallville cemetery...

"I am sorry! I really appreciate your great suggestions. I wish I would had handled it better. I know... if you would had been around you would had remembered me to be there for both. I was alone with my powers for my whole life and it was great to finally have a way to bond with Jordan. The rift between me and Jonathan is my own fault. But I am not giving up. I will show him that I love him as much as everyone else in the family. I am not giving up. And I will do everything to give him his spirit back."

After these words, Clark put the flowers he bought on the grave and left. He had a little surprise for Jon...

In Metropolis, Jon slept his usual 3 and a half hours and woke up, knowing that it is over. The best week he had since years is over. Of course he knew that sooner or later this moment comes but he still wished it wouldn't be. But he knew he had a mission: He wanted go back and show everyone that he is not someone you can treat like trash without consequences. He wanted to force his parents to respect him, even if he has no powers. And he wanted to look into his father's eyes and confront him with his own mistakes...

As it was way to early and the rest of the house was still sleeping, Jon did what he always did and played on his smartphone or read a book. The German thriller-novel, he was reading was exciting. And according to Timmy, his German sound like that of someone who lived there his entire life. One more reminder of his own weirdness.

Just to check if it has nothing to do with his Kryptonian origins, Jonathan tried to teach Timmy a bit Kryptonese, the same way Lara taught him. He didn't care about the Kryptonians-only rule of his father. But Timmy's human brain obviously was not able to learn as fast as Jon's. After a week of lessons, Timmy was barely able to get a full sentence out. While Jon learned German within a day and Kryptonese within a couple of hours. He wondered how long Jordan will need. And which language he should try out next. He thought about Russian. Just to tease his patriot grandfather Sam.

It was around 9 o'clock, when Jon and the Tanners finished breakfast. Just in this moment someone rang the doorbell...

Everyone mentioned that Jon's good mood changed rapidly when the doorbell rang. Thinking that his family arrived. But after a quick check with his recently kicked in, and in record time controlled supervision, he zoomed his view to the front door to use his x-ray vision. Realizing that it was nobody from his family. It was Jay Nakamura. And Jon's mood raised rapidly...

Jay Nakamura was a friend of Timmy and attend to the same school as him. He was the one who spread the video of Coach Gaines' confession. A very ambitious and aspiring journalist whose biggest idol was actually Lois Lane. According to Timmy, Jay fled a few years ago from the dictatorial ruled island of Gomorrah and had therefore a very high sense for truth, justice and bringing down liars and those who abuse their power and their influence to gain what they don't deserve.

Jon and Jay met multiple times over the week and already became friends. Jon had no problem with Jay being gay. It was just a bit uncomfortably that Jay seemed to have a crush on him. Timmy opened the door to greet his friend. Jay's pink-dyed hair and his bright orange t-shirt were an eyecatcher, Jon wouldn't need supervision to find him in the mass.

"Good morning, Timmy. Is Jon still here?" Jon heard Jay saying, before he came around the corner and appeared in Jay's view. "Oh, hi Jon! Looking for something?"

After that question Jay presented him his sweater he forgot in Jay's car yesterday when he drove them back from the party.

"OH, thank you. I was looking for it." Jon said.

"You're leaving today?"

"Yeah." Jon said moody. "I need to go back and show them who is... you know... and..." Jon couldn't finish his sentence, as he suddenly spotted his truck coming around the corner and approaching them. "...gosh I can't believe it..."

"What?" Jay asked confused.

"My dad is coming! And that in my truck!" Jon moaned.

With his supervision he zoomed in, to see his father approaching. He was alone. With his own supervision, Clark was able to see that Jon was happily talking to the two other teenagers in front of the house until he realized that he was coming. Jon's mood changed rapidly. But Clark already expected it.

Clark could feel the glares of the three boys when he stopped with the truck in front of the house. Jon was moody, Jay marveled at the truck and Timmy, who knew that Clark is Superman, tried to not to freak out like an excited fanboy. He was on Jonathan's side and wouldn't make a scene, knowing Jon would be more embarrassed than he already was. And Clark couldn't drop the bomb that he knew that Timmy knows. Or Jonathan would realize that Clark spied on him.

Clark smiled innocently while he tried to find the parking-gear (he was so much used to a manual transmission that he forgot how to drive with automatic). Before he came, he read the manual but he used his typical Clark-Kent-clumsiness to need a second to find the knob (he was used to a lever) for the parking-break. After that he left to approach his son.

"Hello, Jonathan! How are you?"

Clark wanted to approach and hug his son. But Jon only crossed his arms and looked on him madly. Clark stopped and just bowed slightly to show his respect before he turned to Timmy and Jay to greet them, too.

"Timmy, nice to meet you again!" Clark said and offered his hand for a handshake.

Timmy's face turned deeply red. Clark could hear the boy's heartrate increasing rapidly and the blood in his veins start to move faster than it should be while he looked on Clark and tried to suppress so many things. Timmy knew that it was Superman who he is shaking hands with, right now! And he wanted to scream in excitement.

"H... H... H... o!" Timmy tried to say a calm 'Hello' but his voice failed.

"Ehm... Thank you that Jon could stay with you for the week! I really appreciate! And once again, I am very very sorry for what happened to you at our farm! Those guys and the coach will all get punished."

Timmy continued suppressing a loud scream and just nodded silently while his face turned even redder.

"Aww... you are still mad on me! I do not blame you!" Clark said before turning to Jay.
"Hello, ehm..."

"Jay Nakamura!" Jay introduced himself while he and Clark shook hands.

"Ah, right... The boy from 'The Truth'. Thanks for spreading it. The people in our town honestly needed that kind of news to realize things."

Jon was surprised to hear that. He expected his father to scold them for damaging the image of his beloved and precious Smallville. A second later Timmy's parents came out of the house.

"Kent!" Mr. Tanner said a bit harshly.

"Randy, Hellen... nice to meet you again!" Clark said.

"Yeah... Clark... would you come in for a moment, please. There is something we need to talk to you about!" Mr. Tanner said and Clark just obeyed and followed them inside.

"Timmy, are you all right?" Jay asked when seeing Timmy's face.

Knowing that his friend wanted to shriek in excitement that Superman just shook his hand, Jon asked him to 'get something from the garage'. There Timmy would be able to freak out without catching too much attention. Timmy was on Jonathan's side, but for him Superman was still a symbol of everything good. Separating those two personas made it easier for him to handle.

"And you? When do you come back to Metropolis?" Jay asked when they were alone.

"I hope as soon as possible." Jon answered. "Metropolis is my home-city. And Smallville... let's say that I wouldn't miss it if it blows up..."

Inside the house meanwhile, Clark was led to the dining table and ordered to take a seat. Jon, who came in to get his stuff remained hidden to eavesdrop on the adults. Thinking what his father can, he can do, too.

Jon was able to see from his spot that his father took a seat at the dining-table and that Timmy's parents looked on his father reproachful and partly angrily.

"Clark... we don't want to accuse you of anything. Your son said it was an accident and we believe him. But what was definitely not an accident, was the fact that someone tried to kidnap our son to beat him fueled with X-K." Mr. Tanner said, very close from bursting out in tears. "I... I don't want to imagine what could have happened if that woman hadn't been there to call the police. And... we don't care that this is your hometown, or how much you praise it as a wonderful place. Jonathan has told us how you think about the place. And no matter what, we will not pull back the charges. We throw the book on them!"

"I don't expect you to pull back the charges! And I won't ask for it! I... ehm... Jonathan, has a rough time behind him. I wanted my sons to have the same quiet and happy youth I had. I

realized too late that the town I used to grow up in, isn't actually anymore. So... don't pull back the charges. I wouldn't do that, too!" Clark explained.

"We could have lost him!" now Mrs. Tanner said. She didn't hold back her own tears. "It is a horrific thought that our son could be ... aww... how would you feel if Jonathan was home alone and got kidnapped just to get beaten up for something, someone else did?"

"I have nightmares!" Clark confessed. "Every time I close my eyes I see him there, alone and scared and left behind. I... I am scared okay! He means so much to us. And just thinking about that he could be..."

Clark was not able to finish that sentence. Because he was overwhelmed by his own emotions. He almost killed him. Not only by knocking him out, but also because he neglected him. The Tanner's watched Clark cautiously and Jon realized that his father seemed indeed to be able to put off his pink glasses about Smallville.

"...listen, I understand that you are mad. And I and Lois we will do everything to support you and Timmy during the trial and with everything. And I also, want to thank you! Jonathan really needed a break and we are so grateful that you took him for the week. And Timmy... I know everything seems to bother him pretty much..."

"Bother him? The boy is totally traumatized!" Mrs. Tanner cried. "I can hear him crying every night in his room! He acts weird... and whatever happened to him must be so terrible that it changed him. The poster is gone!"

"The poster?!" her husband realized shocked.

"Which one?" Clark asked.

"There is a big life size poster of Superman hanging in his room, ever since he is four!" Mrs. Tanner told. Clark, as usual was unimpressed, Jon just shrugged because he realized that Timmy put it off only because of him. "And it is gone! Nobody was ever allowed to touch it. It is his sanctuary! And suddenly it is gone?! So what ever happened, our son got a shock for life. So big that it even let him loose his faith on Superman..."

Jon felt bad about that again. He knew, Timmy could be dead, if they hadn't been stopped. If the woman from the child-protection hadn't been at their place, they wouldn't even had realized that they kidnapped the wrong guy and beaten Timmy up to death. Latter came back, after freaking out in the garage and joined Jay in examining Jon's truck. Jon, now knowing that his father was more on his side than he thought, joined his friends outside and showed them the truck.

While presenting Timmy and Jay his 'present from a distant uncle' (only Timmy knew that it was Uncle Tal, a.k.a. Morgan Edge) he mentioned that the truck was washed. He also mentioned that only six miles were added on the odometer. And that the fuel level was as low as before. The tank was pretty empty when the truck got delivered. And it hadn't been moved since his parents hid the trucks in the barn from the curious glares of others. But Jon used every free moment to care and to tend his new truck.

It was obvious: His father flew his truck to a safe place, landed, and then drove the short distance to Timmy's house to keep the 'new car scent' Jonathan loved so much.

With his brand new x-ray-vision (Jon began to love it) he checked his truck for any hidden surprises or other things, his father might try to buy his love. But luckily he saw nothing that was worth to start a fight about or what could be counted as an ridiculous attempt to start a conversation.

When Jonathan turned around, his x-ray-vision still active, something was odd...

He saw Timmy's bones again. A walking skeleton. But Jay looked weird. He saw only glimpses of his bones and Jay was way more translucent than Timmy was. Jon closed his eyes, shook his head and rubbed his eyes. Maybe he does not have as much control over it than he thought.

When Jay got a call and was distracted, Timmy went closer to Jon.

"Will you tell him about... you know?"

"I already said, I won't!" Jon hissed annoyed.

"I mean about me! And that I know about the thing!"

"Oh... Don't worry! He kept his secret from me for fourteen years... So, I am free to keep this for me until we turn 30!" Jon said before he saw his father leaving the house and approaching him.

Jon put on his annoyed face again and gave his father a stern look. Not willing to make a scene in front of the Tanners and Jay but willing to not to start another senseless fight. Clark said goodbye to the Tanners and helped Jon to lift load his suitcase into the truck. Jon said goodbye to his friends and went with his father into the car.

"Wrong side, Jonathan!" Clark said, handing his son, who wanted to enter on the passenger side, the keys. "You drive!"

"What?" Jon said without believing it.

"It's your truck, you need practice, and I promised you to give you driving lessons a long time before. It is more than overdue."

Jon was really about to drive his truck. For real this time and not only in his dreams. Carefully he took the keys and went to the other side. A careful smile appearing on his face. But he stopped it immediately. His heart said forgive him. But his head said no, it's too early to. And Jon trusted his head more than his heart today.

And so they left. Jon had this weird feeling. As if a part of him was going to vanish. Metropolis is his city. Here he was born and raised. In Smallville, everything what he had to except was hate and rejection. But he will not hide. He will fight back! Timmy approached him again.

"Alles Gute! Wir bleiben in Kontakt!" Timmy whispered in German. (All the best! We stay in touch!)

"Vielen Dank! Ich melde mich, wenn was passiert!" Jon responds also in German. (Thank you very much! I will contact you if something happens!)

Jon knew, it was useless to whisper. Not only his father had super hearing, but German was also only one of many languages his father spoke. But he was distracted by Timmy's parents and their angry demands to get the Smallville Crows punished.

"Timmy... Timmy, I am... once again... very very... very very sorry for what happened! And... if there is something bothering you... about... the incident, or... the thing..."

"Aww... I think I can handle it."

The way his friend said this sentence, was obviously beautified and Timmy tried to hide that he was really traumatized. Suddenly Jon was able to hear Timmy's heart beating faster. And his ears start to itch. Annoyed about that itching, Jon rubbed his ear and shake his head.

"Send me the bill for the psychologist you need!"

"I may join your sessions. You need them more than I!" Timmy said and after a final goodbye, Jon finally turned the keys of his truck. Feeling for the first time his truck's motor starting smoothly. This was nothing compared to his father's truck. It purr like a panther. Smoothly, the truck start to move and so they left...

As soon as they left Timmy's road and reached the main-street, an awkward silence filled the truck...

Jon didn't dare to listen to his father's 'instructions' and just did what Timmy taught him while they left the suburb and reached the bigger road that led directly to the freeway. And Clark was impressed by his son's good driving skills.

"You drive like a pro."

"Hmmp..."

"No, seriously! You drive very good."

"I drove with Timmy as much as possible." Jon said numb.

"I see it... really... you will be able to go to the test, soon." Clark said encouragingly.

"Hmmp..."

There was silence again. Clark tried to give instructions again but every time, Jon was faster and did what his father tried to say before he was even able to say it. Just a few minutes later, they entered the freeway and were on the direct way out of the city now.

"And... Had a nice week?"

"Yes!"

"Did you have fun?"

"Hmm..."

"You did something else than just driving-lessons?"

"I met with friends!"

Jon's answers were numb, short, and so unlike Jon.

Clark was well aware of the fact that his son was mad on him. He was not the easy handleably, never troublemaking, always yes-saying teenager, they were all so much used to. This was a traumatized, left behind boy, who felt unloved and forgotten and like someone who got switched at birth.

A boy who feared that Clark will only love him for his powers, that sooner or later will show up. And he couldn't expect that the powers will solve all their problems. A boy who didn't want powers, after the whole X-K mess, meeting Jon-El, and seeing firsthand how many bad things can come with those powers. A boy who got told by a dead evil Kryptonian that he is a failure and a shame for the Kryptonian race and who felt like a failure himself. And who witnessed what those powers can do to hurt others.

"And you? How are you?" Clark continued carefully.

"Fine!" Jon said with a shrug.

"Better? Does it... still hurt?" Clark asked making a gesture to show that he was talking about his head.

"Better!"

"That's good to hear!" Clark said and looked ahead again. "You drive so good! With automatic it is easier than with a manual transmission, right?"

"Yes!"

"Jonathan... ehm... as soon as we are home... I know you don't like it... but we need to talk about the photo that went viral."

"Yeah, sure... Jordan's public reveal was not planned to be like this, right!"

"This has nothing to do with your brother!" Clark said.

He and Lois talked about it. They knew, sooner or later it could happen that someone mentions the second Kryptonian flying around. And Clark knew that Jordan sooner or later will be part of bigger things, too and join him in the superhero business. And Clark was so flattered by the thought that Jordan puts on his own suit one day and fly side by side with him as Superboy. But what about Jonathan?

Jonathan was the one with the big heart and the one who selflessly jumps in to protect others. When he lost his memories, he was so proudly wearing his father's old suit and Clark already start to dream about flying with Jonathan around the world, too. Jonathan was so long pushed aside, that Clark was not surprised how ashamed and uncomfortable Jon felt about wearing a suit and flying with him.

"Jordan doesn't like capes! You need to explain the people that the suit will change!" Jon said nonchalant.

"As I said, this has nothing to do with your brother! And we discuss that all together. You got pulled into this and so, you will have the last word..."

Jon was about to say something condescending, before suddenly a loud beep sound up. The fuel level was on reserve...

"I need to refuel!" Jon said.

"Oh, I didn't refuel on purpose. I thought I could use the chance to show you how to refuel..."

"I know how to refuel!" Jon said bored while he already left the freeway to enter a rest area with a gas station. "I paid the gas for Timmy's car."

"Sure!" Clark murmured while watching his son maneuvering the car skillfully over the rest-area and into the gas station. "Now that we talk about Timmy, he made such a fearful expression before. Is everything all right with him?"

Jon left to get some gas without answering. Clark left the car, too and tried to keep on with the conversation. Of course, he hoped that Jon will tell him about Timmy and that he shared the family-secret with him on his own... knowing that he won't punish him for it.

"Jonathan, I want you to know that neither I, nor your mother, nor your brother or anyone else is blaming you for anything. The photo on Instagram was because of my own clumsiness." Clark began. Jon only rolled his eyes and tried to focus on something else while his father continued. "I was... honestly very very flattered by our flight and I was just happy that you were so happy..."

Jon wanted to ignore it. It was still so embarrassing for him. So, he tried to ignore his father and instead focused on other people... suddenly he saw that man...

A man, wearing all black, walking across the gas station at the other side of the freeway. He was suspicious. Jon focused his view and zoomed in on him, just to see that he had a gun hidden in the pocket of his hoodie...

"...and we only want you to be happy and that you know that we love you unconditionally..." Clark continued.

"Dad, the man there has a gun!"

"I... oh, is this a test! I know I always use to vanish and go away on rescues. Especially when we try to have a talk..."

"DAD! The man there wants to rob the gas station on the other side!" now Jonathan was mad. "I thought you want to listen to me better?"

Clark turned around to see the man, his son was talking about. Suddenly he saw him pulling a ski-mask over his head and pulling the gun out of his pocket.

"Oh, no..." Clark said. This was the worst timing ever.

"Go! I get the gas as long as you are gone!" Jon moaned and shoed his father away, so he could change into his suit and stop the robbery.

Clark ran away to go to an area without security cameras to change and to speed to the other gas station. Jon, who hoped that his father didn't mention that Jon had used supervision to see it, watched it from safe distance.

It were scenes like this, that always impressed him in the past. Superman in all his glory appearing to save the day. Bullets that bounce off his chest like nothing. Everything went so fast but suddenly everything seemed to be in time-lapse...

Normally he only saw a blur. But now he was able to see every single movement of his father. Every bullet that bounced off his chest and everyone else moved not, or at least so slow that it looked like they pose for a picture. Jon had no clue what just happened or how he did that but he just continued watching his father unarming the criminal, using the man's own hoodie to tie up his hands behind his back and locking him up in a broom closet. The around 10 people in the shop start to cheer and applauded. Jon saw his father asking if everyone is okay, before he start to move and then he was a blur again... the world around him turned back to normal speed.

Jon almost stumbled and rubbed his eyes again. Ignoring it as good as possible while his father changed back to his civilian attire and walked back to him.

"Oh, that was a close one. The robber wanted to shot the clerk. Good that you saw it!"

"Hmmpf..."

"Seriously, you just saved a life. How... how did you see it?"

Please review and keep well.

Chapter End Notes

Following up: The Kents have a family-meeting and Jon continues hiding stuff.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Clark tries to get through his son and Jon's return to Smallville goes different than expected.

Chapter Notes

I wanna thank all my loyal readers for giving me the motivation to write. A special thanks goes to 'Booklover3600' for his/hers story 'Jon Kent's Diary' which was the actual inspiration for the first chapter of 'Lose your mind!'. The first story of this series. I highly recommend that story. I once read it and while writing this story. Another author mentioned it in his story. I planned to mention the diary of my story earlier, but it somehow didn't happen. The other story (which is written like an actual diary) is written so well. It actually fits perfectly to Jon's mood in my story, too.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/39918360/chapters/99954084>

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"How... How did you see it?"

"He was playing with his gun openly. Every blind could see it!"

The lie came out of Jon so quickly that his father didn't mention that it was one. Jon just continued refueling the car as if nothing had happened. Luckily his father seems to believe it... but he continued praising him about his warning and how he saved the clerk's life...

Jon told his father to wait and went into the shop of their gas station to pay. His father never ever fulfilled this rescue in slow-mo on purpose. His father doesn't know that Jon was able to see everything. While waiting in the queue at the cashier desk to pay, Jon investigated the other gas-station again.

The robber was still tied up in the broom closet while other customers kept sure that the door remains closed until the police arrived. But the robber himself was weird. His body, like Jay's, his body was odd. And suddenly the human shaped person in the broom closet seemed to literally dissolve...

Jon zoomed in closer and could swear the robber his father just caught, is dissolving, and vanishing...

In shock, Jon closed his eyes, shook his head and rubbed his eyes.

"Are you okay?" the cashier asked.

"I am okay! A bit headache!" Jon said and paid for his gas. Realizing his supervision needed much more training than he thought and that it was not as perfect as he first guessed.

Clark, who would normally focus on the robber, was so focused on his son, that he didn't mention anything what happened at the other gas-station. Jon came out and they continued their ride.

"Are you hungry? We could stop by a Burger-restaurant on the way and..."

"I had breakfast!"

Clark tried to find a matter that Jon won't be ignoring and motivate him to engage in a real conversation. He knew that his son was fed up with excuses and would expect that Clark leaves him alone again. His son was mad. He was a boy who really believed that he could have been switched at birth or is going to be replaced with his inverse doppelganger because of powers.

"A nice sunny day, isn't it!" Clark said.

As if on cue, they passed the big 'You're now leaving Metropolis'-sign and the sun vanished behind dark clouds...

Lois meanwhile thought a lot about the phrase 'Extraordinary humans'! According to Lara, Lois just confirmed to Jonathan to deny his Kryptonian heritage. And if Lois was honest to herself, she believed so, too. And to make it worse, she didn't really keep her promise.

While she sat on the couch and browsed through Martha's old scrapbooks, she remembered that day they sat here together. After she yelled on him so terribly. And how he confessed to her that he was jealous on Jordan and Clark getting so close. How she promised to show him how to handle being powerless in a Kryptonian family.

She felt like she made the rift even wider. As if she told him to give up bonding with his Kryptonian father and just focus on her and on being human. To give up waiting for powers and being normal. She didn't properly support him. And she knew now too that Jon-El was the final warning. And now that she knew that he is going to develop powers, too she knew that 'extraordinary humans' were a bad choose of words. While looking through the scrapbooks she suddenly found an old coloring book...

It was a 'Superman-themed' coloring book, Martha bought for the boys when they were five. It was one of many 'incentives' of her to convince them to tell the boys about the family-secret sooner or later. Each of the boys got one and this was Jonathan's. Lois browsed through

it and smiled. Jon was always a fan. And it was a shame that he didn't get more attention since the reveal...

Martha had a lot of scrapbooks, old toys and other stuff from the boys. The attic was full of stuff, Martha collected over the years. Lois would do everything to be able to talk to her now. Knowing that she would have a perfect advice for her how to deal with the conflict with her son.

Lois put the coloring book on the coffee-table and looked into the box again where she found something else: an exercise book. Curiously she took the exercise book to look on it. It was a normal student's exercise book; children write in during school. Guessing it were some of Martha's notes, she opened the book to see that it was her son's notes... And without really mentioning she start to read her son's journal... and couldn't stop...

Jordan spent the week in a state, his parents guessed was sorrow and depression. Nobody remembered witnessing him using any powers in that time. It was like he stopped like them. Before the reveal, he always felt so much out of place. Every day in his life. Nobody dare to believe that it was because of his developing powers. But ever since the reveal, his life and everything what happened to him or what he felt made much more sense...

Ever since his powers manifested, he turned from the shy introvert to a brave fighter. Jon was the one who always saved him and who was there for him in the past. Today, the roles switched. Jordan was the one who saved Jon and Jon was the one who felt so terribly out of place, left out and worthless.

Jordan knew exactly what it means to feel like this. He could relate to this feeling. That's why it hurt him so much. Especially because he couldn't even say this to Jon, knowing he would be accusing him for being hypocritical.

Everyone who knew about his powers mentioned that Jordan didn't use them anymore. Not even to 'unload' how they used to call it. Instead of using his speed to get into town within seconds, like usual, he walked like his brother does. Instead of using his speed and his powers for chores, he did them as slow and as 'human' as Jon. He was on 'powers-strike'.

His brother, his brother's words and his bad mood didn't get out of his head. Everything his brother went through and gave up for him played in his mind over and over again. He didn't talk to his parents about it. Instead, he only talked with Sarah and Natalie about it...

Ever since Sarah found out and Jordan explained her everything weird that happened as detailed as possible, they had this easy-going relationship again that also felt like they got closer again. And they wanted to help. Jon was their friend, and they wouldn't let him down. But Jordan had no idea where to start. Eighter had one of the girls. And Jon was about to come back, today.

And so, they just sat in the old repair shop, Natalie and her father lived in and read her old Kryptonese notes.

"It took him only a couple of hours to learn it?" Sarah asked in unbelieve while reading the notes, unsure if she ever manages to learn at least one word.

"It took us months to even decrypt a single word!" Natalie added. "He learns with the speed of a Kryptonian, that for sure!"

"My grandma says, he speaks like a native speaker and with less accent like our father!" Jordan shrugged. "Kryptonian brains have such a high capacity. She says he will be able to handle the powers much easier than I did."

"Isn't that a good thing?" Sarah asked.

"Sure... but explain that to a boy who thinks that I am our parents' favorite child just because of those powers!" Jordan moaned. He told them the whole story, so they understood what he was talking about.

"Honestly, I am confused!" Sarah began to talk again. "You two found your father's spaceship at the same time, you learned about your father's secret the same day, but he waited two years to introduce him to your Kryptonian grandparents. Why... Why didn't he take both of you to the fortress that day?"

"Because Jon is right and my father only cares about powers! Aww... I should had mentioned it!"

"What?" Nat asked.

"That he is jealous!" Jordan responds. "The... the way he looked on me when I left with dad. Or his reaction when I... aww... I have the best brother I can wish for, but I failed him in the worst possible way! I wanted him to get powers, too so he does not feel left out. But now he thinks that our dad only loves him for them, and he does not know what is real and what not! I am not so sure about it, too anymore..."

"What do you mean?" now Sarah asked.

"Ever since Jon left, I am wondering. My dad said, when we moved to Smallville, that he wants to be more around. For us! But... I feel like... It is just weird. I start to wonder what would have happened if I didn't blew up the bonfire and my powers kicked in that day."

"Sean and the others would have beaten you and your brother death." Sarah remembered. "Tag wouldn't have powers. You would have never got in the football team..."

"Gosh, I am a bigger cheater than all the X-K takers together." Jordan moaned. "But what I mean is that... Dad wanted to be more around for both of us. And if we moved out here without anyone of us having powers... or if we hadn't found the spaceship down there... I... I think my dad and I would had never been able to become so close without my powers. It is... Yeah, if I wouldn't have them, everything would be still the same as it was before..."

"Or he had tried to be there for both of you?" Natalie suggested.

"And if Jonathan got the powers?" Sarah asked.

"I think he would have apologized to me like I did to him. And I think... I would have been jealous, too. But openly and I would have yelled and cried the shit out of them. I think when

Jon said that he was fine... it was more an act of self-protection. Denying it is easier than dealing with it without powers. But... I think if he had been taken to the fortress that day, he would have insisted on taking me there, too. At least to give me a chance to feel cared..."

Clark knew that, too. If he could turn back time, he would have taken Jon to the fortress, too. Prepared him better for all the changes. Given him a chance to accept that side of his heritage. Jon was right: Clark risked that his son is forced to deal with the powers alone. Like Jordan, he could hurt someone...

But Clark couldn't start to talk about this. Jon is mad enough because of the powers. Trying other matters instead...

"Your grandma told me you had some interesting ideas for the fortress!"

"Yes!" Jon's answers were still numb.

"Which one?"

"Just stuff!"

"She is looking forward to seeing you again soon. You deeply impressed her."

"Good!" Jon murmured. Clark saw a careful smile appearing on his son's face.

"What did you two came up with?"

Suddenly the smile vanished, and Jon's face turned deeply red...

In Smallville, Lois' face turned deeply red, too while she continued reading her son's diary. A diary he began to write after the reveal and that he hid for a while during the period where they were so mad on him. A journal full of his personal thoughts and his feelings. And about all the unfairness he had to endure since their move to Smallville.

Lois knew it was shabby. She knew it was not right. It was a violation of her son's private sphere and as bad as Clark listening in to his conversations. But she was not able to put the journal away. It was so gripping to her, like an exciting novel. Her son wrote with such a charm, she was sure he got his writing skills from her. But with every new page, more tears ran down her face and the images in her head got worse...

Suddenly she heard a car stopping right in front of the house. In shock she threw the journal into the box again and closed it. Knowing that if Jon figures out that she read it, it will be over for good. Hastily, she ran with the box out of the living room. Just seeing her with it could let Jon assume that she read it. But luckily it was just Jordan, who got dropped by Sarah, and he wouldn't know about it.

"Hey, you are back!"

"Yeah!" Jordan answered numb and went to the living-room.

"What did you Natalie and Sarah did together?" Lois asked, hoping to have a better conversation with her son than she had over the past week.

"Nothing important!" Jordan answered numb before he found the coloring-book on the coffee-table. "Oh, my god... where did you find this?"

Lois turned around to see Jordan holding the coloring-book. She forgot it there.

"In this box!" Lois responded. "I was looking through your grandmother's stuff and..."

"Wow... I remember this!" suddenly Jordan began to smile. For the first time in days. Lois got happy. She put the box on the stairs and sat next down next to her son to watch the coloring book again together with him.

On the way to Smallville, Clark mentioned that Jonathan was embarrassed by the question of what kind of projects he and Lara talked about. And Jonathan was too embarrassed to admit that, while he couldn't remember anything, that he so urgently wanted to find 'other Kryptonians' that he suggested a way to try to contact Argo City, to see if it survived the destruction of Krypton, like they hoped before the rest of the planet blew up. But he was not able to admit that. So, his father changed the topic.

"Your grandmother said, that your Kryptonese is so good!" Clark said before switching to Kryptonese. "Ve'hxe to sho?" (How good is it?)

"Zhim eshte?" (Who cares?)

"You seem to have a talent for languages! I could... teach you Spanish for your High School course?" Clark suggested.

"¡Lo siento papá!" Jon responded and told in perfect Spanish that he is top of his Spanish classes for years.

"Desde luego!" Clark said a bit embarrassed. Remembering how Jon's first Spanish-teacher once praised that Jon spoke better Spanish than every Latino in their class. But was happy, as this was the longest answer he got from his son since they departed. "Any... other languages you are interested in?"

"Timmy thought me a bit German!"

"Das klingt interessant! Wie viel?" (Sounds interesting! How much?)

„Nicht sehr viel!" (Not very much!) Jonathan spoke on purpose with a very thick accent although he was able to speak without (according to Timmy).

Clark hoped that their conversation would get a bit more relaxed. But instead, it became silent in the truck again. As Jonathan decided to continue punishing him with his silence. And the closer they got to Smallville, the worse the weather got.

When they departed in Metropolis, it was looking like it is going to be the perfect sunny day. But as soon as they left the metropolitan area, the first clouds came up. As soon as they

reached Rice County, it began to rain. And as soon as Smallville was in sight it became windy, too...

At the farm, Jordan and Lois had their first warm conversation in days. Seeing the old coloring book woke up so many happy memories in Jordan...

"Jon and I were so excited about these!" Jordan remembered. "Back then I didn't dare to think that this was an attempt of grandma to convince you and dad to tell us the super-secret. We loved those, so much... Back then I imagined Superman living in a cave with a lot of fancy high-tech equipment and Jon imagined him living in a stylish penthouse in Metropolis where he can see the whole city. And with a hinged roof he can open whenever he flies out!"

Jordan showed her the page, where Jon painted it. Remembering how they sat in the dining-room with Martha and how she encouraged them to just draw what they think.

"Oh, your father was so embarrassed!" Lois remembered.

"Yeah... He has no cave, the brownstone couldn't be count as a penthouse. But the hinged roof sounds useful!" Jordan said looking up towards the ceiling.

He told nobody that he listened to Jon, telling everything to Timmy. Knowing that Nat would tell Jon and that Sarah would be disappointed and scared.

"I miss him so much. My powers ruined everything."

"That's not true!" Lois told her son and gave him a tight hug.

"I wish I would have never got the powers."

"Don't say that! You helped so many people..."

"Yeah, but because of me Jonathan was harassed by Coach Gaines and the team, because me he broke his arm, because of me he lost everything... I... wish I never went flying with dad that day... I don't deserve to fly. Jon hates me for that. And he got the confirmation that that dad favors me..."

Jordan continued with more moments, that must have shown his brother that nobody cares for him...

"It not your fault. We all had our part in this" Lois said, becoming sad again, too.

With a tear running down his face, Jordan stood up to put the coloring-book back into the box. There he spotted the exercise book...

"What is that?" Jordan asked but his mother was already distracted.

Guessing that it was notes of his grandma, too, Jordan began to read the diary, too... and couldn't stop eighter. Crying waterfalls...

Clark meanwhile gave up engaging his son into a happy conversation and just continued praising him for his good driving skills. When they drove through Smallville, the weather got even worse.

The rain got harder, the wind stronger, and the atmosphere got more and more uninviting and deterrent. But the worst was, as soon as they reached the farm a lightning stroke threw the dark clouds over the property and gave the whole place this 'horror-movie-atmosphere'. Clark looked up into the sky and realized that it has to be a punishment from God...

As soon as Jon stopped the truck in front of the house, Jordan was scared to get caught with the diary. Lois, who witnessed him reading was not able to respond. Jordan just threw the diary into the box, hoping nobody mentioned, and start to dry his face. Not bothering his mother taking the box and carrying it upstairs, to bring it back to the attic where she found it before going down again to greet her son.

Jonathan was not sure how to react to the warm and heartfelt welcome his mother and his brother gave him when he left his truck. But it was obvious that his brother missed him terribly. And Jon missed Jordan, too. So he hugged him back.

Lois was so happy to see Jonathan again that she cried tears of joy. Clark meanwhile carried his son's luggage inside while Jon was led to the living-room. A fire cracking peacefully in the chimney to give some atmosphere. Jon was said to sit down on the couch and his family joined him.

"There is something that needs to be said. A apology!" Clark began.

"YEAH... I am sorry for becoming a Instagram-star and exposing to the world that Superman gives flying lessons." Jon moaned with crossed arms.

"No..." Clark said, knelt to face his son on eye level and looked him into the eyes. "...I am the one who needs to apologize!"

Jon looked on his father with big eyes.

"I... I was not there for you! I promised to you that I would be there for you more but I didn't. I was so distracted, by other things, your brother's powers and I should had think about you and the burden I put on you. Not only because of who I am, but also because of the move and everything you went through. There were so many moments, you must have felt like nobody cares for you."

Jon just looked on his father and continued giving him a death glare.

"And?!" Jon said annoyed.

"And... It was not right from me, to assume that that everything we decided was so simply accepted by you. This is your life. And you have the right to make your own decisions and at least get something back for everything you gave up only that I... I can't even say, for our move. You gave everything up just that I can play super-trainer for your brother. You, lost

way more than just a girlfriend or football. We were so focused on your brother and you being fine with everything that we didn't see that you have a burden, too."

"Hmm." was Jon's only respond

"But there is one question I need to ask?" Lois said. His voice was trembling. "Why you never told us about the footage in the van you saw? The footage in... in which I get killed?"

Jon looked on her. That images playing in his head again. His ... face turned a bit worried. Everyone could see that it was bothering him and that he tried to find the right words.

"I saw no need. Why I should had tell you, five seconds after you yelled on me, right next to the person who could incinerate me if I say something wrong."

Clark's heart dropped when he heard that. He saw the footage too after Jon left. And he was scared to use his powers on a person like that.

"It was terrible! I admit that! And it was not right from me to not listen to you better!" His father admit.

Jon just shrugged. "Anything else?"

This cold behavior made everyone sad. Jordan, who still had his brother's diary in mind and all the things that his brother was so pissed off, lift his hand carefully.

"I... I want to apologize, too. First of all for getting into the team and for cheating with my powers and for taking you the chance to prove to that asshole of Coach that you have real talent."

"AWW... I am over it." Jon moaned. "I convinced our father to let you play, and I see it helped you."

"But you had to run tracks just because you hid my secret, and it was not right. Then... I want to apologize for getting the only one who got taken to the fortress and meeting holograms. And for... complaining about him and his results and that all while you had to deal with my mistakes."

"I don't blame you for that." Jon moaned again.

"About that... I am the one to blame for it." Clark interfered. "It was a huge and unforgivable mistake. He was your grandfather, too. It was your heritage, too. And it was wrong to not at least show you that place or let you meet him. Or let him s..."

Clark bit on his tongue.

"What?" Jon asked, his voice much madder than before. "Scanned me? So, I figure out earlier that I am not the human one?"

That statement caused everyone to flinch. It was a matter they didn't want to bring up that fast.

"Jonathan you were right. With absolutely everything. I was an idiot and a bad father. I let you feel unloved and left out. And that was unacceptable from me. And I know saying you that I am sorry won't improve anything. Or your powers kicking in or if I... you know..."

No reaction from Jon.

"What I want to tell you is that: We love you, Jonathan! No matter what! No matter if you have powers or not. No matter what happened. And no matter what will happen. You are an as important member of this family as everyone else and you have all the rights everyone else has."

Jon looked on his father who held his hands to comfort him. Something he normally doesn't makes.

DING-DONG

The doorbell rang.

"Who is that, now?" Lois asked and went to the door to open it. It was Sam.

"Hello, Lois. I heard Jonathan is back and..."

Lois smashed the door close and turned away again.

"Let him in!" Jon said.

"Jonathan we..." his mother began.

"Let him in!" Jon said more harshly. "I want to hear what he has to say! Or do you want me to continue hiding behind you all?"

After that sentence Lois became pale again. Fighting against her tears. And so she turned around again to let her disgraced father in...

Please Review and keep well.

Chapter End Notes

While writing I realized something: I hate Clark and Lois! I hate the way they treat Jon. If they were my parents I would have run away and ghosted them already.

The story I mentioned was so inspiring! I had to read it again after 'Tireswing1476' mentioned it in 'He ain't heavy'. In the next chapter, more apologizes will be spoken, but Jon won't make it easy for his family.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

The family discusses the aftermath of the Instagram-post and Jon and Jordan have a heart to heart talk.

Chapter Notes

Welcome back to this new chapter.

I work hard to publish updates regulary. My story gets longer and longer than expected. So far I don't know if I continue that subplot around Jay Nakamura and the metahumans that will be mentioned in this chapter as they actually not helpful for the main-plot and only extend the story unnecessesarily.

My biggest 'hate moment' from the entire is indeed the moment, Clark leaves to fly with Jordan shortly after making promises to Jon and Jon is left behind to do all the chores alone. Clark just proved with this act that he favorizes Jordan. I really hate Clark and Jordan for this. No matter that Jordan learned to fly, but for his brother it was just one more reminder that nobody cares about him. This chapter is dealing with this moment.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sam was nervous. He knew that everyone was mad on him. At all, he was not the picture-perfect grandfather, he sometimes thought he was, or his grandson's needed.

There were his reservations against Clark as always as he knew about Clark's identity. Then there was his bad attitude to seek for Clark's help and his assistance always. Even in the most inappropriate situations. Like when Jordan's powers were out of control or like on the day of Martha's funeral.

His relationship with Jonathan was always better then with the others. Jonathan was the one who always came fishing with him. Jonathan was the one who trusted him most. And he knew, Jonathan would have come to him if there is any trouble with his parents or if he needs a place to stay.

When Sam got told that the boys will never have powers, or that it is unlikely, years ago, he was kind of relieved that they got the chance to have a normal life. Never needing to hold themselves back, going to the doctor without trouble, and always blend in perfectly as normal, average humans.

Their move to Smallville changed everything. Sam remembered very well when he told Clark that it is going to tear his family apart. And he realized that he was giving his part to it, too. When he told Jonathan that his father and brother have powers to be afraid of, he should had think better that these words affected him worse than expected. When Jordan got all his father's attention and Jon felt left out, he just guessed that it was not that bad. Jon is a strong and supportive boy. Things will calm down.

But then things became more difficult. People gaining powers, Jonathan feeling more and more left out, Morgan Edge, the sudden appearance of Lara (Jon doesn't get to meet, too), teammates taking X-K to have advantages they don't deserve... When Jordan asked him for training that evening, Sam was happy to get a chance to bond with him. Their relationship was always a bit rocky and Jordan always accused him for being reserved just because he is alien.

Sam didn't dare to believe that training Jordan would be another prove for Jonathan that everyone only cares for his brother's powers. He saw it in his face when he figured out: Jon was jealous! He was mad. He thought his retired grandfather comes and listen to him but he came only to train his powered brother. Sam knew, if his grandfather would had done that, he would had been hurt, too.

And today, after cautiously analyzing the whole story around the football team, the X-K, Jon's previous experience and Lara's accusations to see Clark and Jordan as useful weapons for the DOD, let him realize how much Jonathan must bothering about himself and his position in the family.

Lara said, Sam thinks like every human that being Kryptonian is only about having powers and that nothing else matters. And that Sam, as the father in law of a Kryptonian, should know better. He only supported the rift between Jon and his Kryptonian heritage.

"Hello!" Sam said with a calm voice when he stood in the living-room.

Jonathan looked on his grandfather and studied him cautiously. Sam was wearing civilian clothes, looked like a scared and lost elder man who aged a decade since last week and held a bag with sweets, Jon used to love when he was little, in his hands. Jon only crossed his arms and looked on his grandfather with a death glare, not even Lois was able to give.

"Speak!"

"I am here... to apologize. To all of you!" Sam said. Jon rolled his eyes in way Sam guessed was annoyance. He seemed not to be the first one who apologized today.

"For what?"

"For... for everything! First of all I want to apologize for letting you feel left out, Jonathan. I know, hiding my training of your brother must have been hurtful for you. Then I want to apologize to everyone for telling Jonathan to be afraid of you and Jordan, Clark. That was not okay and instead of denigrate everything I should have supported all of you better after the move. My reservations against Clark and his... ehm... different heritage should not affect you."

"You told me to hide behind my brother because he has powers, after you told me to be afraid of him!" Jon said annoyed.

"I know and that was not right from me." Sam continued. "And, that might sound now hypocritical but... I think I understand now why you were so mad about me training your brother! And why you said, I am training the wrong guy. You trusted me and I gave you the feeling that I care more about your brother's powers. I can't turn back time and reverse my mistakes. But I can only hope that you believe me this time and give me a chance to prove that I love you. I love you all! You are my family. And I hope you can forgive me."

Jon lifts up from the couch and walked a bit up and down. Obviously thinking about everything and trying to find the right words. Then he turned to his family to look on them angrily.

"Do you think I am that stupid?" Jon said reproachful. "Do you think I am coming back here, listen to the same apologies I use to hear for months and forget the past?"

"No, we understand that?" Clark said with lowered head.

"I tell you something: I know the whole X-K fiasco was the biggest mistake I ever made. I did everything in my power to make up for it. To you, to the team, to everyone. I did everything you wanted to show you that I am not the loser-junkie everyone saw in me."

Then he made a break. Nobody said a word.

"Normally now comes the moment you cut me off and don't listen to me to tell me something that I don't need." Jon said, again very reproachful.

"I will try to never let it happen again. That evening when you said..." Clark began, but this time it was Jon who didn't let him finish.

"Don't tell me anything about promises. I know how much your promises are worth!" Jon said, keeping his voice as calm as possible. "You made promises to me, my whole life. You made promises when we moved out here, after I had trouble to adapt here, after my scenes I made on the harvest Festival... by the way sorry for that again, Jordan!"

"I am not mad about it. And Sarah wasn't eighter." Jordan told, remembering that evening too and how mad and disappointed Jon was. It was just one of many cries for help, everyone ignored.

Jon continued: "You made promises to me over and over again! And every time I believed it. I know what comes after the next promise: You go and make your thing together! And I stay behind and do chores!"

Suddenly everyone remembered that day again. Everything else that happened that day was forgotten. The fact that Jordan learned to fly, that Ally merged, or that Clark and Sam almost died...

The most important event that day was when Clark and Jon talked in the barn, Jon told him about his feelings and Clark left him alone for hours only a minute later. Instead of proving his son that he will be there for him, too, he just proved him that he doesn't care for him. Leaving him alone, doing chores while having fun with Jordan. One of the biggest mistakes in his life! And something that will probably haunt him for the rest of his life and what Jon will use for a very long time to remember him about how terrible he feels.

He had terrible nightmares about that day. In his nightmares, he returns with Jordan only to find Jonathan dead in the barn with a suicide note. Apologizing that he is not able to fly. Or he dreams of the woman from the child protection, confronting them up there, after he and Jordan cheer. Telling him that Jonathan will be taken into foster care because Clark is not able to accept the fact that his 'second son' can not fly...

There were a lot of more nightmares, Clark doesn't even want to think about. But he was well aware that he made an unforgivable mistake that day and never really apologized to his son properly for it.

"Yes, Jon. That was more than crappy from me." Clark said. "And I am very sorry for..."

"I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE APOLOGIES!" Jon yelled. Then he took a deep breath to not freak out and keep control over his own feelings. "What did you say to Jon-El when you visited him? Bad support system or anything like that? Sounds so familiar!"

"Where do you know that?" Clark asked shocked. Jonathan asked him what he and his doppelganger talked about. But Clark never told him to 'don't bother' him. And now he understood the irony: Jon-El and Jonathan had both very bad support systems. He was a bad support to Jonathan and his inverse doppelganger was a bad support to Jon-El. And he pretended to be better. But he was just as bad as him.

"When he and bizzarro-Mrs. Cushing attacked you that memory swapped over." Jon moaned. "I go now, unpacking my things. And when I come back we talk about that stupid Instagram-post. Because I know that this is more important than anything else now."

After these words, Jon grabbed his suitcase and went upstairs to his room...

The rest of his family in the living-room looked on each other in sorrow.

"I expected that!" Jordan moaned and prepared to leave, too.

"Jordan, you know that I am..." Sam began to apologize again. But Jordan cut him off.

"I should normally say now that I regret that I ever asked you to train me in secret. But that would only be ridiculous. I am the one who lied to him and I am the one who got everything while he got nothing. He was right! I don't care about that he told it under the influence of X-K, but I agree that you have trained the wrong guy. Jon is the one, everyone wants to kill and we all let him feel like a useless bystander, ever since we moved out here!"

After that Jordan left the room to get into his room, too. Like his brother, he needed a moment to calm down.

"Oh, god... what did I do?" Sam asked devastated.

"What did we all do?" Clark wailed.

Lois looked up to the ceiling and was sad. "This issues will not be easy to get solved."

Jon opened the door to his room and was surprised that his door (Jordan broke a week ago) was repaired. Much more surprising was that all his old trophies, his posters and his stuff, he angrily put into a trash bag and threw out of the window before he got knocked out was all back. Everything was cleaned and back on it's place like nothing happened. As if his family tried to show him that he belongs here.

Jon threw the suitcase into the corner and let himself drop into bed. The bed was much more uncomfortable than his bed in Timmy's house in Metropolis. He took his smartphone to text his friend that they arrived. And Timmy answered quickly...

'News, gas-station. Super-fail!'

'Yeah! My father was so distracted that he almost missed it.' Jon wrote back before he added: 'Not on WhatsApp. We arranged that!'

'Robber escaped. It's in all news!' Timmy wrote back. 'Super-fail for Superman! All the best and good luck with your dad!'

Jon was confused. He opened a news-page and found a report about the robbery at the gas-station his dad prevent earlier. The robber somehow escaped out of the locked broom closet. Ten witnesses could confirm, that they saw nobody leaving. The only way out of the room was a water-drain on the floor or a narrow air-vent up at the ceiling, big enough to get a hand through.

Suddenly Jon remembered that he saw the robber 'dissolving'. Maybe a metahuman? Jon shacked his head, put the phone away and rubbed his eyes again. This was not the right moment to get distracted.

He was on a mission. He wanted to figure out if his father really means it. But if he liked it or not, first he had to discuss with his family how to deal with the world and their rumors since that Japanese man took a photo of him, while was wearing his father's old suit and had the greatest fun of his life.

With his new supervision, Jon checked the house. His father was sitting on the couch brooding. Obviously about Jon's accusations. Lois was collecting some documents in her office and was close from bursting out in tears. Sam was walking up and down the porch (no matter that there was still a storm outside). And Jordan was in his room, talking to someone over his phone. He guessed Sarah. Who else he would call to cry out his feelings.

Jon realized that his brother was very sad and full of guilt. He should talk to him later! He was not mad on his brother for 'motivating' him to try to fly by himself at the fortress. He knew, if Jordan lost his memories, he would have done the same. His brother wanted to make him happy. And true happiness was something Jon really needed, for a really long time.

Jon focused his vision back to normal after Jordan hang off and left his room to go downstairs again. Then he stood up, checked himself in his mirror. Putting on his most serious face. Took a deep breath and went downstairs.

Jon found his family in the dining room. Lois spread some documents across the table and Clark brought a jug of self-made ice-tea (a receipt from Martha). Everyone could feel the mood in the room being so weird and so mad, like never before. After everyone sat down, it remained silent for a couple seconds. Nobody dared to start. This was a matter, everyone knew will sooner or later be need to discussed...

"Okay!... Well... ehm... here we go..." Clark was stuttering in his common 'Clark-Kent-dorky-clumsiness' like a little child that was too shy to talk in front of the whole class. "Before we begin, I want to say that I am taking the whole responsibility for the picture. I was uncareful, distracted and too far away with my minds. So, if there is someone to blame for it, it's me."

"Faster and higher than a jet airliner! Jon, you have powers!" Jordan smiled. After getting another death glare from his brother his smile vanished. "Sorry, forgot that it is a matter you don't like."

Clark thought about it too and guessed that Jon was not as sensitive as he thought. Born to fly! Will make it a lot easier to go to the fortress with him. If he allows him to carry him ever again.

"Well... ehm... we all knew, sooner or later, something like this could happen."

"Just that you always guessed it will be Jordan who gets a billion likes on Instagram one day." Jon moaned with crossed arms.

"We... we are all in this together, Jonathan!" Clark said, his face blushing a bit. It was true, they never dared to think that it will be Jonathan who gets exposed to the public. But that was not the right moment. "Well... first of all we should talk about it. As we all saw it in the media, the public opinion is actually pretty good. The people... love the thought that Superman has a son."

"Superman needs to give a statement! It's a matter of fact. The people come up with the weirdest theories." Lois explained. "While I was pregnant with you two... I wrote this statement, just to be prepared one day."

Lois shoved a piece of paper with a brief statement to them, so Jon and Jordan could read it. Lois once wrote it with an old typewriter to never have it saved on a computer where it could have been stolen by hackers.

"I wrote this long before I knew that I get twins. So don't be surprised that it only mentions one." Lois added to keep sure that Jon doesn't feels offended or left out again.

Jon read his mother's prepared statement...

Superman confirmed to the Daily Planet in a brief statement that the boy/girl, spotted on (day) at (time) using (power) in (location) is his son/daughter. The boy/girl is the child of Superman and his long time human partner and was born on Earth. His/hers existence was never published by Superman because it was uncertain if he/she inherited powers and to make it possible for the child to have a normal childhood.

Superman and his family apologize kindly to everyone who get the feeling that the boy/girl is a threat and ensure that they just want to live a normal life without the public attention. Superman is willing to give further statement about his son/ daughter at a later moment.

"I know this is very outdated." Lois confessed. "What are your suggestions?"

Jordan pushed the paper to his brother to let him decide. And Jon took a red pen and made some corrections. Lois opened her laptop and start to type.

Sam, as the retired leader of the DOD, gave suggestions, too. Clark asked both his sons if they are fine with the reveal that they both exist.

"Why any more lies?" Jon moaned.

"I can imagine that it must be very confusing when everyone is talking about you."

"Why? Why shouldn't the people know everything?"

"I mean... I could cause a lot of public pressure!" Clark suggested. "Especially when they demand more information, or expect both of you to..."

"You going to tell me they expect from both of us to have powers and fly around to save lives?" Jon said.

"It just means... ehm... it..." Clark began. He actually feared that Jon might feel awkward if the people figure out that one child is powerless. With everyone knowing, it could be that he feels more stressed than he already does. "People can be mean and..."

"Meaner than the people in Smallville?" Jon moaned.

Clark sighed again. "Okay... I understand!"

Ever since Jon left and he was aware of his struggles, one of his nightmares was that the press reports about Jon's powerlessness and that he turns into the worlds laughingstock and turns into a villain. But now they had to discuss this matter first.

Clark wrote his own statement, while Lois began to write a report based on that statement...

Superman confesses the existence of two sons, he has with his long-term human partner. That both were developing differently and that the 'flying-lesson' the people are discussing was not planned to get spotted and that he only accidentally near that plane and that it was not planned to reveal their existence, as he always guessed that they were powerless and that they

would be able to live a normal life. For safety reasons Superman is not willing to publish further information yet, but assures that there is no danger coming from either of his sons.

Clark put everything into the red envelop he prepared, closed it, and left at super speed to drop it at the Daily Planet in the secret 'Superman-letterbox' that was there ever since Superman's first appearance. Tomorrow by this time, everyone will know that Superman has two sons. And that both will remain out of public for their own safety.

After that, Jon felt so relieved that he stood up and left to go to his room again.

"Would you like to..." Lois began. But before she could finish her question, Jon was already gone. Jordan lifts, too. "Jordan, would you like to..."

"No!" Jordan responds. Not even knowing that his mother only wanted to suggest texting their father to get some pizza on his way home. He just wanted to get to his brother.

"Jordan, I am really sorry!" Sam said again. "I never meant to create a rift between you and your brother!"

"That is only my fault. I would have been jealous, too. But let me tell you one thing: I never ever ask you for training again!"

"Accepted! But what if..."

"I have only two words for you: Golden Kryptonite!" Jordan said with a poisonous glare and left.

Golden Kryptonite! Nobody dared to believe that Jordan really considered destroying his powers, just to get to the same level as his brother again. Just to make everyone stop bothering about his powers and be normal like his father wanted them to be. And not 'better' than Jon.

Jordan left his stunned parents alone and followed his brother upstairs. Jon was in his room, texting Timmy again about the developments and what to expect tomorrow, or even tonight in the news. Jordan went to his own room, got a little box from under his bed and went to his brother's room.

"Jon, it's me!" Jordan said after he knocked.

"Okay! Come in!" Jon said. A sound of reluctance in his voice.

Jordan entered to find his brother had already unpacked everything and laid in his bed to stare on the ceiling. In truth Jon used his x-ray vision to watch the dark sky outside. It stopped raining, but it was still very unpleasant outside. When his brother entered, Jon turned it off to face his brother.

"Can we talk?"

"About?"

"About... ehm... everything!" Jordan said. It was a lot he wanted to talk about. Jordan went closer and sat down next to his brother. "But mostly, I want to say sorry again! I know you don't want to hear any more apologies but, I want to say sorry for everything what happened in the fortress!"

"You mean, when you lied to me that I have powers, that we use to fly together all the time, and that I love to be Kryptonian?"

Jon was mad. Jordan saw it.

"I never meant to fool you. Or to make fun about you. When I saw you in dad's old suit I... I had to think about that day again. When we learned the truth!"

"Why?" Jon was suddenly curious.

"I was... when I stormed away from everyone, after they guessed that you might have powers, I was disappointed. Disappointed that I don't have powers, that you will always be better than me... that they love you more than me..." Jordan told. "I ran upstairs and hid in my room. I wanted to yell the crap out of everyone. But suddenly I found this..."

Jordan opened the box. It was his private box, not even Jon was allowed to ever open. Taking out two old Superman-action-figure out of it.

"Remember those?"

"Yes. Grandma gave them to us when we were little."

"I found them in the closet. I was so mad. I start to imagine you, flying together with dad around the world, doing all that awesome stuff together. I feared to ever look anyone of you into the eyes again. Feeling like a fail... I... the reason I ran away that evening to meet Sarah at the party, was because I feared you!"

"Me?"

"Yes! I was afraid that. Everything changes. That... that suddenly everyone is not the same anymore. That we will drift apart or... that they love you more. I found that action figure and thought about that this is you one day! That you fly with dad away and leave me alone to deal with my problems. I ran away... went to the party to get it out of my head."

"You could had at least told me you are leaving!"

"I know. That was stupid! When I turned out to be the powered one and you were so... understanding and fine with everything I was so relieved. You... you gave up everything for me and you helped me to deal with all that mess so well. I... was so glad to have you. I wouldn't have come so far without your help and your support. That's why I... I... regret a lot of things you had to endure. Your broken arm... your lost friends... or... that I and dad spend so much time together while you..."

Suddenly Jon went closer and gave him a hug. Jordan, who was so close from crying was more than confused. Jon realized that the sun came out right in the moment he hugged his

brother. It had to be a sign: That the storm passed and that it really gets better with everything...

"I am not mad on you! It is not your fault that you can fly, while I must do farm-chores. I admit it... I am jealous on you. And I was so furious on you when you learned to fly! I was alone! And you got everything you wanted! I wanted to yell on you when you two returned that day I wanted to tell you an asshole, and our father an son-of-a-bitch. Our father told me to be there for me more, but he left to teach you to fly. I don't blame you... You not only destroyed my life, but you also saved it."

"Oh, Jon..." Jordan starts to cry. "I was always jealous on you, for being able to get along so well with others. For having so many friends and for being able to be good. I never wanted you to get jealous on me. I know how shitty that is! When we were in the fortress I... I only wanted to see you smile again. You were so happy! I really want it: I really want to fly side-by-side with you! I am sorry that you feel so embarrassed by it! And I feel like the biggest idiot!"

"You're not an idiot! I am the idiot! I should have open up with my feelings much earlier. Or run away to live with Timmy much earlier!"

"Timmy... I understand that he is mad on me! Those idiots from the team scared the shit out of him, I guess. How is Timmy? He seemed so... traumatized when I talked to him?"

"Well... about Timmy... ehm... honestly... I think I am fault for his bad mood. You know... when I..." Jon began.

But suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

Clark, who was back, entered the room. And right in this moment, Jon's smile vanished again and the sun outside hid behind a dark cloud again...

"What?" Jon asked annoyed. Jordan let out an loud frustrated groan. He was so close from getting the truth about Timmy from his brother. So he could stop pretending he doesn't know that Jon told him everything.

"Ehm... Jonathan, now that everything is arranged... there is something that I need to talk to you about."

"Don't you need to fly somewhere?" Jon asked condescendingly.

"No!" Clark could hear the frustration and the scornful sound in Jonathan's voice. "About something else!"

"I don't have any powers, now!" Jon said annoyed. It was a lie, but in his eyes a necessary one.

"Not that! Just... talk to me when you are ready to." Clark wouldn't be surprised if Jonathan hides them from him just to test him. He knew it from Jon's conversation with Timmy. "About... something that I should had done with you long before. Jordan could you..."

"He can stay!" Jon moaned.

"Okay... ehm... I thought a lot about that day, when I flew your brother to the fortress for the first time and... that you never got a chance to know your grandfather."

"Suddenly?" Jon moaned again. "Why I should had been mad? Being Kryptonian is only about having powers. Every human knows that!"

Clark sighed. It was untrue! It was a human bias, but Jonathan was right to be mad.

"But it isn't true! There is so much more. I shouldn't have waited for any powers to appear. And when it was too late, I didn't even asked you if you are fine. But... It's time to make up for it!"

After that sentence, Clark opened the little box he carried with him and presented him a crystal.

"What is that?" Jon had a clue but didn't dare to say it.

"Your grandfather!"

Please review and keep well!

Chapter End Notes

Jon and Jordan have such a great bond. Of course there was no other way than giving them a reconciliation. In the next chapter Clark and the others will continue to try to make amends with Jon, but there will be a terrible mistake happen that might destroy everything.

My personal hate moments from the series (chronologically)

1. The bonfire-brawl, nobody got punished for
2. Clark only taking Jordan to the fortress
3. Jimmy Cutter and his bullying he never got punished for
4. Zeta-Rho's abusive behaviour against Tal
5. Clark only taking Jordan to his grandmother
6. Clark's coldness towards Jon after the X-K fiasco
7. Lois not helping Jon when he got attacked on election-night and a lot of more!

But most of all: Clark leaving Jon alone after the barn-scene to fly with Jordan instead of helping his son to deal with the hate!

Shame on you, Clark! You don't deserve Jon! You deserve a Timmy Ryan, or a Jimmy Cutter as your powerless son! Let's see how you deal with them!

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Clark makes one more attempt to show his son that he loves him. And it looks like there is going to be an improvement. But a terrible mistake is going to happen...

Chapter Notes

Welcome back! Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jon mentioned the hopeful sparkle in his father's eyes when he presented him that crystal, telling him that it is his grandfather. His grandfather whom he was never allowed to meet, just because he didn't have an 'ocular outburst'.

A man that only existed in his imagination. A man that he always wondered, which unmotivating and unpleasant things he will tell him, after everything he told to Jordan. A man, he never knew anything about. Everything he knew about Jor-El he knew from Lara. If he had known earlier what great things his grandfather did, he would have had more respect for the man.

"My what?" was everything Jon was able to say.

"I took the leftovers of his crystal to your grandmother, and she was able to restore at least a bit of him." Clark explained. "I know it is... by far too late! And it was still not okay from me to not introduce him to you! But I hope that it gives you a better feeling for it!"

Thousands of questions ran threw Jon's head... but only one (the most important one) made it out of his mouth...

"Does he even know about me?" Jon asked. In truth he wanted to yell on his father that this comes two years too late. That this is ridiculous and just pity...

"Of course, he knew about you!" Clark said. He understood the concerns. "We... ehm... I want to fly with you to my old fortress. It is long overdue!"

"To show me what?" Jon asked mad. "A destroyed ice-cave where is nothing to see anymore?"

Clark knew it was too late. And he knew it is ridiculous. If he had apologized to Jonathan a day or two after his first trip with Jordan to the fortress it would be different. But two years and after everything his son went through it was just ridiculous.

"We don't need to go there today if you don't want! Tomorrow is also okay!"

"Or next year, or next decade..." Jon moaned. "Get out of my room! Jordan, you too please! I need to think about it!"

Jonathan turned away. Clark just nodded silently, closed the box, and left the room again. Jordan, who was so close from getting the truth about Timmy Tanner from Jon, was mad again. But on his father, because he ruined Jon's improving mood. As soon as he was alone again, Jon dropped himself on his bed again to brood...

The rest of the day was extremely quiet in the house. Too quiet! Jordan still didn't talk to his parents, Lois walked up and down in her office, mentally preparing for the meeting with principal Balcomb on Monday and Sam and Clark sat on the porch where Sam apologized to his son-in-law again and told him about his motives and about what he said to Jon...

"I am so sorry that your son is afraid of you and of his own brother! This is only my fault!"

"I am not mad on you, Sam! You were right! You told me that it is going to tear my family apart! And I let it happen! I... I told you that I was alone and didn't know where I came from when I was young. I didn't know about Krypton; I didn't know why I had powers... My parents were always there for me when I needed them. They couldn't tell me where I came from, but they helped me to accept myself and how to deal with my differences. I wish they would be hear to help me through this crisis."

"Oh, yeah... Martha was an angel! She would know what to do now!" Sam said.

"She wouldn't have let it happen in the first place!" Clark added and looked up into the cloudy sky. Imagining his mother looking on them with her angel-wings and shaking her head in disappointment.

"I understand why everyone is mad on me!" Sam continued. "Jonathan, Jordan, Lois, you, your mother... I must think about Lara's words repeatedly, and she is right: I am biased!"

"No... I could had offered you to show you the fortress and tell you more about my family's past and about Krypton! It's more than just having powers, eradicators, and warriors taking over human bodies."

"And I would have rejected that offer because I would had feared a conflict of interests in my position. Aww... I should never had feared that the boys get powers. Because I know they are in good hands Clark! Your boys are great. Powers or not! You did great!"

"Not always!" Clark wailed. "Aww... Jon saved a life today, you know! And he didn't even smiled after."

"Wait... The robbery at the gas-station. I heard about it in the radio on the way here!"

"Yeah, I was so distracted by Jonathan and my attempts to engage him into a conversation that I almost missed it. We were at the other side of the freeway and... Jonathan saw the man handling with his gun and if he hadn't been, the clerk would be dead!"

"The robber escaped!"

"What?"

"I heard it in the radio! After you locked him up in the broom closet, he somehow escaped from there!" Sam explained.

"Aww..." Clark moaned. "Jonathan was so moody the whole ride. He is still ashamed for everything what happened in the fortress! And he does not even want to meet his grandfather anymore!"

Clark told him about his plan and the surprise he prepared with Lara and about Jon's negative reaction.

"Give him some time. He was patient with you for two years. Now we must be patient with him!"

"He gave up, Sam!" Clark wailed, remembering how Jon told it to his friend in Metropolis. "He gave up me and everyone else. I can't just be patient now. Because I have the feeling that the longer, I wait, the more it takes him away from me."

After that Clark left and went inside to discuss with Lois everything for the meeting in school on Monday...

All in all, the day was quiet and unspectacular...

Jonathan spent most of the day brooding in his room and punishing his family with his silence. Using his new x-ray-vision, he knew he will keep for himself as long as possible, to look through the ceiling and thought about everything...

About his powers, his position in the family, his parents' efforts, and his future.

His father's guilt seemed to be true. His worries and his efforts to make it right, too. Otherwise, he knew that he will never figure out if his father really means it if he reveals his powers to him. He had to keep it for himself until he could be sure. There was a lot to think about.

He knew that Jordan was already with one step in his father's suit and already had his own heroic profile. Like small scale rescues and of course his great help during the world-merging-crisis. And Jonathan... every time he was only a useless bystander watching everyone he loves gotten beaten up or being heroic.

Jon closed his eyes to relax a little bit. Ever since he was a little kid, he dreamed of being a hero like Superman. Well, every kid on Earth has this dream. Everyone always called him a little hero when he defeated a bully in school. Or when he did anything else great. But those times were over...

He thought about Jon-El again. And how he became what he became. He saw it in the memories that swapped over... He was not Jon-El! And his father was not Jon-El's father! At least he hoped so. Jon tried to relax more, laying on his bed and instead focusing more on other things. Threw the slightly open window, a fresh breeze came in. He could hear the birds outside. He tried to focus on that sound and was jealous on their freedom... but suddenly he also heard voices...

"Jon-El was the final warning!" his mother's voice said.

"I know that! And I honestly regret that we didn't let him see Jon-El, so that they could talk about their 'shared memories'!" his father's voice said.

Jon opened his eyes in shock and sat upright in his bed. He could hear his parents' voices! And a lot of other things...

In shock Jon rubbed his ears. Praying that no super hearing starts. It would be a very bad timing! And considering how much Jordan suffered under it, he won't be able to hide it anymore. Jon took a deep breath, hoping to be able to switch it off as long as possible. Still hearing so many things. His ears began to hurt. A headache was starting. It felt like an intense migraine! And if he is not able to turn it off before they call him for dinner, he is busted, and his plan fails before it really begins.

Jon laid down on his bed again and tried to focus on one sound. That's how his brother described it. He could hear the voices of his parents again...

"I waited too long! Now he does not even want to see his grandfather anymore!"

"If my dad had waited so long to introduce me to my grandfather, I would have reacted the same way! Jon has definitely the Lane-stubbornness! Mixing it with the El-pride you get him!"

"I don't give up! No! He is our son! I love him!"

"I am more afraid that his stubbornness will cause him to not to tell you if his powers appear!"

"I can't even start to talk about the powers with him! He is so mad on me! But what should I say. That is all our fault! We treated him like being 100 % human and didn't even consider the possibility that his powers show up sooner or later!"

Jon thought about it. His father was at least able to admit his mistakes. And he had to admit that being always so deniable hindered him to be free, too. He was so fixed on his humanity and on being normal that he never thought about that he just gets the powers a bit later.

"If I had taken him to my father, too that day we would have been prepared better! I hope so much he agrees to the trip to my old fortress! I... want to show him that place at least. I don't want him to think that I didn't want to introduce him to my father because I was ashamed of his powerlessness..."

Jon rubbed his ears again and tried to turn it off again. The headache became worse. And he didn't need another reminder of how screwed up he felt when his father didn't take him there. He took another deep breath and tried to focus on other things again... until it suddenly stopped. The voices the sounds and the only thing he heard again was the chirping of the birds outside threw the open window. The headache became better again, and his ears stopped itching...

"Okay... it's over!" Jon murmured. "It's over..."

For now...

An hour later, his parents called him for dinner. They ordered pizza. To 'celebrate his return'! But Jon was still not very pleased to sit with them on the same table. His father asked him again for the trip to his old fortress. Reluctantly, Jon agreed! But was able to postpone it to the next day, as he guessed that it was already dark up there and it would be better at daylight. Clark was so happy, that he didn't complain when Jon asked to leave and went straight to his room again.

Back in his room, Jon texted a bit with Timmy and Jay in Metropolis...

'Are you okay?' Timmy asked.

'I do my best! My father seems to really try to!'

'You have it under control?'

'Yes! But I need to hope that nothing else happens!'

'Good luck!'

'Thank you!'

Jon put his phone away and tried to relax again and looked around. His trophies and all the other stuff still on its place. But still not knowing what to do. He had no clue what to do with his life. Should he risk it: Should he do what his father does one day and fly around the world to save people? Jordan would do that. And Lara said that he has the ambitions to be a greater hero than his father and Jordan.

When he was a little boy, he wanted to fly with Superman! He dreamed of it. Superman was not his father back then, he was a symbol for bravery, goodness, and justice. But at which cost? He knew for a long time now that he would never make it to a professional football-player, due to his heritage. He was a smart guy and Lara said that he would be a great scientist, physician, or engineer. But what about becoming the next Superboy? Or the next Superman? Does it mean he has to wear fake glasses from now?

Why is he even thinking about this? He should ask himself how to survive Smallville High first? Just because his records are cleared and his reputation rehabilitated, doesn't mean that the unforgiving and backward people of Smallville will forget it. The whole incident last week with the football team brought a shame over the town, the people realized their own

failures. But it doesn't mean that there would be people who don't care and show him their hate anyway...

While turning around in his bed, Jon found the Superman-action-figure, his brother brought in before...

When Jon got it from his grandma, he was so happy. He could look on it for hours and hours just admiring Superman. His powers, his bravery, his suit... He had so many questions to Superman. Questions he never dared to ask his father...

More and more hours passed. At some point his mother came to his room, asking if everything is okay. Jon send her away. A few minutes later, Jordan came.

"You wanted to tell me something about Timmy?" Jordan asked, still hoping his brother trusts him.

"Nothing!" Jon answered numb while glaring at the action figure in his hand the whole time. "I was just thinking. He was pretty shocked about what happened."

Jon really hoped that he didn't traumatized his friend for good.

"What did you two talk about?"

"Just stuff." Jon moaned.

Jordan nodded and left the room hiding that he was extremely disappointed.

Jon really thought about telling Jordan about Timmy, and that he is able to look through walls. He knew, the super hearing will be painful and unpleasant. Not able to be hidden.

Jon spend the rest of the evening alone in his room, trying to find some rest...

Clark meanwhile thought that the nightmares will stop as soon as Jon is back on the farm. But he was wrong...

And this nightmare, Clark was sure, he will never ever forget...

He was with Jordan in the Arctic. Jumping happily after Jordan's flight. Before suddenly they heard a scream. And they saw Jonathan. Full with blood. Green Kryptonite-chains around his feet and his arms while being tied up on a metal-chair. Jon cried.

"Please, I don't know anything about Krypton. I am not allowed to know anything. I can't fly!"

"LIE!" multiple voices jelled when suddenly someone, Clark was not able to see who, start to beat Jon with a baseball bat.

"You are Superman's son, and you really think we believe you that you don't know anything about Krypton?" an angry voice asked.

"Please, I don't know where the fortress is. He never took me there. I don't know my grandfather. I don't know my grandmother. I don't even know how they look like. Please let me go... my father will not come and save me. I have no powers. He thinks I am worthless."

"WORTHLESS! WORTHLESS! WORTHLESS!" the voices screamed.

Desperately Clark tried to run to his son.

"Jon..." Clark yelled, but his voice failed.

He tried to get closer but Jon was drifting away more and more. Suddenly Jon stood on the edge of a volcano-crater. Covered in blood. His body terribly mangled. He was crying.

"Jonathan!"

"Don't dare to apologize, again! I am so sick of it! Ever since you figured out that I have no powers, you didn't love me anymore. Except you wanted me to give up everything! I gave up! I give you up!"

"As if I would give you a chance?" suddenly Coach Gaines stood in the background with a floating Jordan in full football equipment and Timmy Ryan with glowing eyes and a heavy barbell he held over his head. "No powers, no chance human boy!"

"The human one!" Jon moaned. "What else I should expect?"

With this words Jon let himself drop backwards into the volcano to commit suicide.

"NO! Jonathan..."

"He is a failure Kal-El!" suddenly Zeta-Rho said when he appeared next to him. "It's overdue that he kills himself..."

Terrified and with a racing heart, Clark woke up and start to cry again. Carefully using his supervision to check Jon in his room to keep sure that he was okay. He thought that the nightmares will stop. Something was still going on.

Jon woke up as soon as it began to become bright outside. As usual he avoided leaving his bed, to prevent anyone from figuring out that he needed as less sleep as any other male person in this household. Not knowing that Jordan and Clark were aware of this but let him feel cared and didn't mention it in the morning when everyone came together for breakfast.

Sam, who stayed overnight in the guestroom, still tried to get into a happy conversation with Jon. But Jon was still not ready to forgive him that easy.

Jordan left after breakfast, claiming to get to Sarah. But Jon realized that it was only to avoid joining them on their upcoming trip to the fortress. When Jon saw Jordan walking to town like a normal human, he was surprised. But his 'power-and-training-strike' they mentioned seemed to be true. Jon had no clue if he should be flattered or offended. Otherwise, it felt like his brother really meant it.

Then came the moment of their departure.

Both were dressed in warm winter-clothes. Clark smiled. Jon recognized that smile. It was the same one, his father had when he took Jordan to the fortress for the first time. Jon remembered how pissed and fooled he felt when his father only took Jordan to the fortress. And Clark could see in Jon's face that he remembered. It was the same disappointed expression he briefly glimpsed when he sent Jon to school that day.

"I should have done this with you long ago!" Clark apologized again before they departed.

Clark expected his son to be as thrilled about flying as he was. But Jonathan continued with his offended expression. Clark hoped his son would be thrilled again. Stretching out his arms, like Jordan did on his first flight. Or like when they flew together.

"Relax!" Clark said. Hoping his son would stretch out his arms.

"Watch out for planes!" Jon moaned back to his father. Waiting for the landing. His arms crossed the whole time.

They arrived only a few minutes later in a wide snowy landscape. Jon was able to see a little opening to a cave. And traces of that someone used heat-vision to clear the entrance.

"Come in... no need to be nervous!" Clark said.

Jon wanted to see it. He always wanted. But the more time passed, the more afraid he was of meeting Jor-El. And now he was not excited to see a destroyed ice-cave, his father had to dig out before. Clark could see it! His son was ambiguous! He knew Jon wanted to meet Jor-El but was also afraid of it.

Jon was astonished about what he got to see...

The fortress itself was still destroyed. But there was some kind of simulation in progress. Jon was able to see that it was artificial, but it was obviously supposed to show him how the place used to look like.

"This is beautiful!" Jon said. And then he saw him!

Jor-El, or at least his holograph, stood there, looking on them with the same serious glare, Jordan described. He didn't move and didn't say anything. Jon said hello, but the holograph didn't respond. He was just a holograph. Not able to communicate anymore.

"What would he say?" Jon asked.

"He would say: Welcome! He would say that you look great and that he is glad to see you!"

"Really?"

"Really! I wish you two could have a conversation now. He would tell you a lot about or family-history. About our ancestors. You must have a lot of questions!"

"I do!" Jon responds. "But... Lara filled me in a lot. So, I have only one question! But to you! Why?"

Clark looked on Jon in worry.

"Why you never took me up here to meet him? Tell me the truth!"

"You were mad! I feared... when Jordan got powers and yours weren't showing up that I would cause you to become even madder on me. You were so mad me! For whom and for what I am! I... thought you didn't want to come here because you were so glad about being the human one! I know now better that I should have taken you up here, too."

"I had a terrible day, while you two had fun up here! I was so jealous!" Jon confessed. "I... I had no clue what is going to happen with me? I was so mad on you, two! I thought, you would at least check me? If I get powers, too! I had given the powers up long ago. Since the X-K, I know that I am not made for them!"

"Who says that?" Clark asked.

"My behavior! Jon-El! You after you never asked me why I took it!" Jon answered.

Clark gave Jon a tight hug.

"I am sorry, Jonathan! I know this all comes two years too late!" Clark said, fighting his own tears. "And I know you said no more apologies. But please believe me, if I could turn back time, I would reverse my mistakes. Most of all... not taking you here! This is your past, too. You are an heir of the house-of-El, too! You deserved to see his simulation, too. I am sure you would have liked it!"

"Can you... show me the place?"

"Which one?"

"Where Jordan learned to fly!"

"Why?" Clark asked shocked. He knew that Jon was furious when he left him alone that day.

"I need to see it with my own eyes!"

Clark realized that Jon needed it to draw the line. And so, he brought him to the nearby canyon where he Jordan learned how to handle his flying powers. Apologizing again, but Jon didn't listen anymore.

The boy looked around and thought, this is the place! This is the place his brother learned to fly while he was cleaning the barn... The canyon was deep. He imagined his father standing up here and watching Jordan fall. And how Jordan, like he told him full of joy, managed to raise in the last second to fly around.

For some reason, he wondered what would happen if he jumped down there? Would his father catch him? Would he miraculously be able to fly like Jordan? Or would his father don't

prevent his suicide?

"You are ready?" Clark asked preparing to fly them home.

"Yeah! I think so!" Jon said and after a last look down into the canyon, walked to his father to let him fly them home.

The flight home was short. Jon was more relaxed than on the way to north. His father could feel it. Back on the farm, Clark placed them safely on the ground.

"That was nice, wasn't it?"

"Hmm... yeah, it was nice!" Jon said in agreement. It was true that flying was nice. And finally he knew at least how Jor-El looked like.

"When you learn to fly, you will be able to go to the fortress whenever you want! And until then, I will always bring you there. No matter when and no matter how often! You only need to tell me!"

Jon was only able to shrug. "Sounds nice!"

"Yeah... Don't hesitate to ask! Or don't think it would bother me or your brother to carry you." Clark said while they opened the door to the house to enter. Lois and Jordan were already waiting for them. "I mean, don't think I would let you drop into a volcano just because you can't fly yet!"

Suddenly Jon dropped his things and stopped. His face suddenly having this shocked and terrified expression.

"What did you say?" Jonathan asked shocked, turned around, and looked on his father with big eyes.

"I said..." Clark began, but suddenly saw Jonathan's terrified expression. "...oh..."

Clark was busted: There was only one way he could know about this certain thing! And Jon knew that! His conversation with Timmy... he told his friend about that nightmare he had. A nightmare in which his father throws him into a volcano to prevent him from going to the fortress. Timmy Tanner was the only person in the world who knows about this... except someone who listened in to the whole conversation...

"YOU! YOU SPIED ON ME AGAIN!"

Please review and keep well!

Today I reread a story on fanfiction.net that was very inspirable:
<https://www.fanfiction.net/s/14100058/1/Time-to-heal>

I read it once and thought, I want to write something like this. And of course, Clark fails in the end of this chapter. Now that Jon knows that his father spied on him again, things take a dramatic turn in the Lane-Kent house.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Things take a dramatic turn in the Lane-Kent household.

Chapter Notes

Welcome back!

I am surprised that this chapter got finished by me so quickly. Sometimes I am barely able to write a hundred words per day. But this chapter is so important, I used every free moment to write on it. I hope I didn't forget anything.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Suddenly a death silence was laying over the house after Jonathan's scream.

Clark was not able to hide his shame and his guilt. He knew that he was busted. But instead of doing the right thing and confessing it, what would calm down the situation, Clark worsened it.

"What do you mean?" Clark bit on his tongue after that sentence.

"YOU LIE! I only told that to... Oh... OH MY GOD... OH MY GOD..." Jonathan screamed. His face turning red.

"What happened?" Lois asked. Jordan meanwhile tried to not to freak out. He knew the reason, too.

"Okay, Jon... I know that sounds bad but..." Clark began.

"BAD! HOW MUCH DID YOU HEAR?" Jon screamed. "AWW... OH MY GOD... YOU HEARD EVERYTHING!"

"I swear I didn't do it on purpose. But you were so mad, and then I heard you puke! And Timmy was so..."

"He has nothing to do with this! But at least he listened to me when I needed to talk to someone." Jon cried.

"Wait... Timmy?" now Lois was shocked. "Timmy as in Timmy Tanner? What about him?"

"Ask your husband, as he knows everything already!" Jon yelled.

"Jon, please let me explain. I know it was wrong..."

"But you did it anyway!" Jon yelled.

"I was so worried about you and when you told everything to Timmy, I only wanted to..."

"To know how to handle me! Is that the reason I suddenly got driving-lessons and got to see Jor-El. To appease me? Is anything I got even true?"

"You told everything to Timmy?" Lois asked. "The family-secret?"

"Lois, please! And Jonathan let us talk about it..."

"WHAT IS THERE TO TALK ABOUT? YOU DID IT AGAIN!" Jon said walking up and down in pure fury.

"Clark, you listened again?" Lois asked shocked. Clark lowered his head ashamed and nodded. "And you Jonathan, you told Timmy that your father is Superman..."

"I told him everything yeah! That he is an alien, that he is proud of my alien brother, that I gave up everything so he and Jordan can play Superman and Superboy, that I had to endure everything just for you guys to do your thing and watch myself getting beaten up, standing worthless on the sideline and watching everyone being brave and strong. And I! AS SOON AS LARA TOLD YOU THAT I GET POWERS YOU PRETENDED AGAIN THAT EVERYTHING IS OKAY BETWEEN US!"

"Jonathan, listen I know this sounds bad but..." Lois began.

"YOU KNEW HOW I FELT, MOM!" Jon yelled. "When they flew away, you just said that we have at least a radio! I asked you why I don't get to meet my own grandfather. I told you that I fear that Jor-El does not want to see a human. But you always said... it's good for your brother! It's good for your brother!"

"Bad choice of words!" Lois confessed.

"Extraordinary humans! That is the most stupid thing I ever heard! You agreed to those people who attacked me on election-night. The day I got caught with the X-K you told dad that I didn't try to explain myself. Every time I tried to help you told me to hide behind Jordan! When I needed something all of you never cared..."

"We cared about you! I swear..." Lois cried. "You're a good son! You have always been a good son! I am sorry that I lied to your father that evening. I am sorry that I tried to soothe you with a radio when your father didn't want to take you your grandfather. I just didn't expect that your father is ashamed of a human..."

"MOM, SHUT UP!" Jordan yelled. Lois realized that it was a terrible sentence. "It's worse enough that he thought he got switched at birth! And you don't make it better."

"YOU... YOU SPIED ON ME, TOO!" Jon yelled shocked.

"What... oh... ehm..." suddenly Jordan remembered that the only person Jon ever talked about this matter was Timmy. "I... I was worried and when I heard you puke..."

"Aww... you selfish bastard! Every time you screwed me up, you got flying lessons and time with dad. When I told you how bad I feel, you came up with 'I think I can fly'! After you broke my arm and Eliza left me, you spied on me..."

"I never wanted to use my powers against you! I never wanted those powers anyway! You said you were fine with me having powers..."

"I HATE YOUR POWERS! I HATED THEM FROM THE FIRST DAY!" Jonathan yelled his brother directly into the face and pushed him away violently, so Jordan stumbled onto the couch.

Jordan looked on his brother and was shocked about the revelation. Jonathan, who always supported him and encouraged him in his development. Who helped him and who... who was humiliated by his powerlessness. Who was reminded every day how it is to be weak... Jordan realized he was not better than his parents.

"You were wailing all the time about being only 1 % like dad and about telling Sarah. But you got everything you wanted since we moved here! You got a father! You got flights And I got? What did I get? A flat mate! Nothing else! You two always left to do your thing while I lied for you, I gave up everything for you and got every time another reminder of how unimportant I am!"

Tears ran down Jonathan's face when he yelled.

"I am sorry!"

"Safe your sorrrys. I have heard enough of that!"

Clark went closer, trying to comfort him.

"Jonathan, I know it was not right from me to treat you differently. I never meant to give you the feeling that I prefer one of you! I am not mad about that you told Timmy. I understand that you needed someone to talk. I told Lana, your brother told Sarah, your mom told it Crissy... you were right. We will find a solution..."

"Every time you say that you prove me that you don't care. The last time you left for hours to go flying with Jordan. Just because Mrs. Cushing was mad." Jon said before turning to Jordan and scream on him. "AWWW... I WISH YOU WOULD HAD CRASHED ON THE GROUND THAT DAY!"

Jordan began to cry after that sentence. He really wished he never went flying with their father. He really wished he had remembered Clark about Jon who was home alone and

waiting for them. He really wished that he had seen it before.

"Jonathan, please... I made a mistake, yes! I was a terrible father to you. Please tell me what I can do to make it up..."

"STOP IT! I CAN'T HEAR IT ANYMORE! My whole life I am hearing your promises. Do you have any clue how it is? How it is to have you as a father? How it is to feel alone? ALL ALONE!"

Clark was shocked. He knew that feeling very well! He knew how it is to be alone! He was alone with his secret and his powers his whole life. His parents tried everything to fill the void, but it was not that he knew about where he came from or what his powers meant, or how to control them correctly. Clark could feel the tears running down his face.

"Alone!" was everything Clark was able to murmur. Jon was able to see that he said something that really upset his father. But he was still too furious to forget that his father listened in to the whole conversation.

"YES! Alone! Ever since we moved out here you left me alone with my problems. Every time Jordan's powers were more important for you! So sorry that I am a genetic failure like Zeta-Rho said. Sorry that I couldn't fly or shoot out lasers. So, stop pretending that I mean something to you and just tell me in my face that you don't actually want me!"

Jonathan cried even harder after yelling these words into his father's face. Clark cried, too.

"That burden you must feel has to be terrible. I... really don't know it. And after Jon-El and... ehm..."

"I stood out there on the porch, watching him and Jordan fight, while I stood uselessly on the side. And after that you even cared more about him! You visited him in his cell! You gave him pep-talks! You spent more time with him than with me!"

"Jonathan, please... your father was only looking for a way to convince him to change sides. We never planned to replace you with him!"

"Wait a sec... I only... wrote it... You... You read it!" Jon accused her.

Lois only became pale. Now she was busted. She read it in Jon's diary and Jon realized that.

"NO! NO NO NO..." Jon yelled and looked up to the ceiling, using his vision to check the attic. There were so many boxes. Jon was not able to see which one was the one he hid his diary in.

In fear he ran upstairs to look for himself.

"Jonathan, wait..." Lois yelled, pushing Clark and Jordan aside to follow Jon. Knowing what he was going to check in the attic. "...please..."

But it was too late. She could already hear the squeaking of the ladder when Jon opened the hatch to the attic and was already upstairs when she arrived. And when she climbed upstairs,

she found him kneeling in front of the box.

When she brought the box upstairs again she didn't put it back on the place where she found it. And Jordan only threw the diary in in panic. Jonathan could see that it was opened. It was laying on the top of the other stuff and not below it, where he hid it three days before he got knocked out. Lois came up and went closer to Jon.

"Jonathan... I..."

"You read it! YOU READ IT, DIDN'T YOU!" Jon screamed angrily and found a long brown hair in the diary. "This is too long too be from Jordan. So he listened to me... AND YOU READ IT!"

A hair. Lois held her head in shock. Jonathan is a smart guy. He always had an eye for the details and was good in recognize connections. Obviously, a trait he got from her, too. It was without doubt a hair from her, that he found in his diary.

"Jonathan, I swear it was an accident..."

"An accident? AN ACCIDENT?" Jon starts to scream again. "Your hair got accidentally on this page... Oh my god... not this page... why this page..."

Jon was embarrassed. This was a very embarrassing entry for him. And to worse everything, his father and his brother came floating up threw the hatch watching him now...

In shame and fear, Jon shied away and into a corner.

"So, this is it... This my life! No respect, no own will, no privacy, parents that need to spy me out to know what I really need and a brother who first got everything and pretends to know how I feel but in truth is not better."

"Jon please, I know it sounds bad but..."

"LIARS!" Jon yelled angrily. And then it happened...

He felt the heat raging up in his head and wandering to his eyes. It was the same he felt when his eyes glowed when Jordan confronted him. And now it happened again. In front of everyone... his eyes glowed...

His family looked on him with big eyes. While Jon rubbed his eyes in shock, trying to turn it off again he realized that he was busted.

"You have powers!" his brother said. A smile appearing.

"You didn't want to tell us, right! You feared that we only..." Clark realized. He knew about Jonathan's fear that they only love him if he has powers or that they would accuse him of taking X-K again.

"LEAVE ME ALONE!" Jon yelled, before it got really nasty.

Suddenly his eyes start to glow again. Clark speeded towards his son. He suddenly realized that Jon's heat-vision was going to burst out and Jon was not able to keep it in anymore.

"Let it out! Into my hand..." Clark said shocked when he tried to convince his son to open his eyes. "Don't let it in... let it out... let it..."

"BE!" Jon yelled when he opened his eyes and lasered his father directly into the chest...

Clark roared in pain and surprise when his son's laser-vision hit him at full force and threw him down through the open hatch, where he got caught by Jordan. Lois screamed in horror when everything around her seemed to light up in flames and a heavy gust of wind broke the shelves next to her and threw boxes and other stuff wildly around.

"WHY I EVEN RETURNED TO THIS FUCKING PLACE?" Jon screamed in pain.

"Jon!" Jordan's voice yelled in fear. But it was over.

Lois could feel the heat raging around her. Fire! The attic was on fire! But suddenly it became cold...

Jordan acted quick-witted and used his ice-breath to extinguish the flames before they could cause any serious damage. But was not able to prevent Jon from jumping out threw the hatch and running away...

Jonathan just ran! He ran and ran and ran! Away from the farm. Away from those awful people, he is forced to call his family. He only wanted to get away...

The world seemed to be a blur. Jon had no clue where he was, or how fast he was. Everything just passed him in a blur while he cried waterfalls and thought about never ever going back to his awful family. He runs away, ghosts them... he rather lives in foster care, or in an orphanage, or under a bridge than with them in the same house...

But suddenly something happened...

His ears began to burn as if they were on fire. A terrible pain shoot in his head like a bullet. In shock Jonathan held his ears while suddenly a loud terrible noise mix of voices, sounds, music, traffic-noise, and other stuff shoot in his ears like a tidal wave. His super hearing suddenly broke through like yesterday...

Jon let out a loud scream, he starts to stumble. His head felt as if it is going to blow up again. And then everything became black...

The last thing Jon remembered was that he fell. He stumbled over his own feet and must have hit something. Something hard! But also, something that shattered when his body hit it. Jon had no time to react or to realize what happened with him. But whatever it was, Jon knew it was terrible.

When he opened his eyes, everything was white. He was alone... and definitely not in Kansas anymore!

"Hello!" Jon yelled. His voice echoing threw the big white void.

Suddenly he was in a room. Their old living-room in Metropolis.

"How did I get here?" Jon asked confused.

"You are where you want to be!" suddenly a warm, familiar voice said. A voice, Jonathan thought he will never ever hear again.

"Oh, my poor grandson!" another very familiar voice said.

In shock he turned to the couch. And there they sat: Martha and Lara. Smiling warmly to him.

"Grandma? Noe'mys?" Jon asked shocked in English and Kryptonese.

"Come, sit with us!" Martha said, putting her hand on the free space between them.

"Let's talk!" Lara added.

Jon wanted to jump towards them and hug them. Instead he was carefully floating towards them and was suddenly sitting between them. Both leaned towards him.

Something was not correct. Martha wore a white Kryptonian dress and Lara was dressed like a human, but also all in white... both leaned closer to him and comforted him. Jon was so sad.

"I am the greatest fool on Earth. Everyone just continues lying to me!"

"They are worried about you!" Martha said. "Your father made mistakes. Some of them are not easy to be forgiven. And believe me, I am very disappointed in your father, too. But he is willing to do everything to make up for it."

"Everything is just shitty since you're gone. Nobody even asked me how I am when you passed away. Nobody ever cared for me since we moved. And if I am honest to myself, you were the only person in the world caring for me my entire life."

"Come to me..." Martha said and hugged Jon. "You are wonderful, Jon. Yes, your parents made mistakes. But they are also worried about you. You need to be more open, too. You always think about others first. And not about you. That is a habit you definitely got from your father. And like your father you need to learn to seek for help when you are alone and in need."

"You are not alone, Jon-El my dear grandson." Lara added and joined the hug. "I am on your side to guide you! Tell your parents when you feel miserable and when you think that they treat you poorly. Only you can make a change."

"I am alone ever since we moved to Smallville. I feel so lost... so out of place..."

"I am so sorry. Smallville isn't the same place I helped to flourish once." Martha said. "You gave up so much and I wish I would had been there to help you adapting better. And to remember your father to involve you better in everything."

"But the past is something nobody, not even your father with all his powers, can change. All we can do is look forward and make the best of being alive." Lara explained warmly.

"Now that we talk about it: Am I dead?" Jon realized that he was talking to two dead grandmothers.

"No. But you will be soon if you don't stop bottling up everything negative and allow yourself to be more open. You want your parents to love you for who you are. And not for putting off your humanity and becoming Kryptonian. I understand that!" Lara said. "But believe me: You're not losing your humanity just because you develop powers. Your father should have prepared you better for it. You were born the way you were born. This is you... and no matter if you are human or Kryptonian, we accept you just the way you are."

"She is right, Jonathan! Your fears that your family does not accept you for being human are terrible. And they did nothing to help you with your issues. But you have the power to make a change." Martha said giving him another hug. "Can you do me a favor!"

"Everything!" Jon responded.

"I want you tell your father, that he should think about the day he yelled on you for taking X-K and then on the morning of May 3rd, 1991!"

"What happened back then?"

"Something that will remind your father what kind of idiot he was!" Martha said. "Oh, Jonathan... you shouldn't be here... your time hasn't come yet... wake up please!"

"Yes!" Lara continued. "Wake up!"

"Wake up?" Jon asked.

"Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" Lara and Martha both said in unison while everything around him became white again. His grandmother's faded away and suddenly everything was black again...

"What? I don't..." Jon said but suddenly he heard his father's voice.

"Wake up! Wake up! Oh, I am begging you... wake up!"

Jonathan opened his eyes and could see the sky. His face and his whole body were aching terribly. And he was in someone's arms. Then he realized that his father held him tightly. He was crying and totally devastated. Jon was barely able to see anything. Or to say. His face... it felt odd. Like it was swollen terribly and full of dirt. Blood! His face was covered in blood. And it was definitely looking very terrible.

"Jonathan!" his father whispered in despair and relieve at the same time when he saw that he opened his eyes. "I am here! Everything will be okay! I am sorry! I am so so sorry!"

"What... happened..." Jon was able to wail out, but it hurt in his throat when he talked.

"All is good... all is good... nobody got hurt!" his father said and lift him from the ground.

That was the moment Jonathan could see that they were in a populated area. People were around them. One filmed them with his smartphone. The sirens of police cars and other emergency vehicles got closer. Jon tried to turn his head to see a building. A building with a big hole in the wall...

"Wha... where..."

"Sssshhh... Everything will be okay!" Clark cried, holding his son tightly and departed into the air. "I get you to your grandma. I'll be there for you! I am so sorry! I don't have a favorite child. I love you both equally. And I am so terribly sorry that you felt alone. I was alone, too. I know how it is. Please believe me. Everything will be okay! Nobody is mad on you!"

"How... is mom?" Jon suddenly remembered that he light up the attic.

"Nobody got hurt!" Clark lied. In truth, Jonathan burned Clark's chest terribly, Lois got a terrible shock and Jordan had a strained shoulder. Jonathan had terrible injuries in his face, which was the reason none of the many witnesses here, 21 miles away from Smallville, would ever be able to recognize his face. But even Clark was terrified when he saw his son's terribly deformed face. "I bring you to your grandmother..."

Jon could indeed feel that they were flying. He couldn't see where they were but they where already high and fast.

"Grandma... Grandma told me... remember... the day... you yelled on me for taking X-K and... remember May 3rd... 1991!"

Clark shrieked... he remembered that day very well... it woke up so many emotions. And let him burst out in tears. Nobody knew about it. He never told anyone. Not even Lois. And Martha took it into the grave...

"Oh, Jonathan... forgive me! Forgive me, please..."

Jonathan had no clue what happened that day. But somehow it breaks his father. And so, Jonathan closed his eyes again, and lost his consciousness again...

Please review and keep well!

I realized Jon's life became bad after Martha died. She was more important to Jonathan than the series shows. Loosing her, let him loose his luck, his spirit and his self-confidence. So, I hope Lara fills that void and is a great guardian for Jon in the next season. And in the following seasons, too. I hope they don't cancel after season 3! Don't dare TheCW!

Following up: the Epilogue!

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Jonathan wakes up and

Chapter Notes

Welcome to the Epilogue!

I planned this story to be actually longer and more complex. But some subplot would have made it too long.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Jonathan opened his eyes again, he realized that his face didn't hurt anymore. He was laying on a comfy and soft mattress, wrapped in the softest blanket he ever felt with his head resting on the comfiest pillow he ever put his head on...

Looking up, he realized that he was in the fortress again. A colorful mix of floating lights surrounded him and gave him the feeling of being in space right now. The lighting was cozy and relaxing. Like one of those night lights for little kids.

Jon felt so weird. So... relaxed. He wondered what happened. He turned his head to the right, to see that he was in the separate room with his father's old spaceship. He was alone. Well, almost...

"My dear grandson, how are you?"

Jon looked to the left to see Lara smiling on him.

"What happened?" Jon asked confused. "How did I get here? I... I ran away... I... there was a hole in a wall..."

"Everything is okay! Your father told me everything and confessed. You had an accident! You ran into a house with super speed!" Lara explained.

"A house... super speed..." Jon looked up to the ceiling again and the floating stars over him. "So, I am officially not human anymore!"

"Don't say that. Your father confessed me what happened and why you were so mad, again. You are still you! You are just overwhelmed. Your father didn't prepared you properly."

"It's my fault, too." Jon confessed. "Ever since the reveal, I was so stiffen on being human. For me, being Kryptonian was only about having powers. That's why I feel so out of place. Here, at the farm... everywhere. I was not able to get used to that whole being half-alien thing. It always seemed to be more Jordan's and dad's thing. I mean... it is weird..."

"I am so sad to hear that. But your family really cares about you. And ever since I met you, you proved to me that you are just as Kryptonian as your father and brother. You are strong and selfless. You went through a lot. And even the strongest person needs sometimes a helping hand."

Jon smiled.

"May I ask you something?"

"You know you can ask me everything!" Lara said. Believing Jon was still thinking that he is excluded from certain matters. "You are allowed to know everything!"

"When did you figure out about my existence?" Jon needed certainty. "Did my father ever tell you about me before he brought me to you?"

"I knew about you all the time..." Lara began and told him how she briefly was in the body of Lana and how his father told her proudly of their existence. "...ever since that day, I wanted to meet you two. The legacy of our people and the future of the house of El."

"I was always afraid of meeting you. I feared I am too human."

"And that fear was not justified! Your brother might got his powers earlier, but you are of Kryptonian decent, too. You have all the rights and privileges your brother has."

"Thank you, grandmother! For everything! You listened to me! You understand me! I can talk to you without getting a frown." Jonathan said, taking his grandmother's holographic hand. "I was afraid to tell my family about my powers. I thought... that... aww..."

"I understand!" Lara said, allowing Jon to safe his words. "You wanted a proof. A proof that they love you even without powers. I checked you while you were sleeping and your face was healing..."

"My face?" Jon put a hand on his face in reflex. "What about my face?"

"Your face has healed." Lara said. "Don't worry! What I wanted to say is, that I checked you and your powers have indeed kicked in."

Jon finally lift from his bed, looking for a mirror. Right of his bed was a table full with Get-well-soon-cards, a vase with flowers, presents and a Superman-foil-balloon that was wrapped around a 'congratulations-card'. Before looking on the card, Jonathan found his mother's purse on the ground under the table. Knowing that she had a little make-up mirror in it. Jon took the mirror to check his face. Suddenly fearing to see an entirely different person. But what he saw was just himself...

"Aww... What did my face look like?"

"Are you sure you want to know that?" Lara asked worried.

"The way you ask me, I am not sure anymore!" Jon said and put the mirror back into the purse.

Jonathan found a newspaper from Kansas under the purse...

'Superman's son crashes at training! House destroyed.'

Jon looked on the photo of the house he hit and hoped that he didn't hurt anyone. Shocked about the big hole he left. He read the article and figured out that the inhabitants were not at home and that nobody got hurt. But countless of witnesses saw it and a second photo showed his father crying waterfalls over his unconscious body. On another photo, Jon was finally able to see his terribly disfigured face.

"Oh my god! Is that me?" Jon said shocked and took the mirror out of his mother's purse again. "Well done with my face! How... how long I was gone?"

"Three days!"

"Three days!?" Jon yelled. "How did I heal that... awww... powers, right! Forget it! I... I missed the meeting in school. Dammed! And ... what the heck is that?"

Jon took the Superman-themed congratulations-card, that was laying on the table. He wasn't surprised that it came from his brother...

"Jon-El my dear brother, I don't care about how much you will dislike this card, or your situation, but congratulations to your very first ocular energy boost. You made it better: You didn't hurt anyone or turned anyone into a metahuman. ;) You helped me through it, so I will help you through it. Your always supporting and loving brother, Jordan."

Jon had to smile. At some point his brother was right: He did everything to support him when his powers were unstable. And even if Jordan was lying to him in the past and Jon was mad, jealous and hurt by Jordan's heroics and for being left out, he knew that he could rely on him and Jordan will always support him.

"Are they here?" Jon asked his grandmother.

Lara let the wall to the main chamber become translucent to show him that his family was indeed present. Lois was sleeping on a blanket, Jordan was sleeping next to her and his father was walking up and down the room in sorrow.

"They haven't left since your father brought you here." Lara explained. "They only left the day after they brought you in here, for a couple of hours. They said, they needed to arrange something in your school."

"Yeah... maybe they couldn't postpone the meeting. I wanted to show everyone on that meeting that I am not accepting the bad way they are treating me."

"Your parents told me that. You will get your chance! And your parents said, everyone is very sorry for the lies and your records are all cleared."

"I wanted to prove myself."

"You needed to recover first!"

"Do they know that I am awake?"

"Not yet! I knew you would want to have a few moments before."

"Did you scan me again?"

"Yes!"

"So, you know about my... ocular outburst?"

"Yes! And about your vision, your hearing and your speed. Don't worry, your body is well suited for those powers. Your friend Timmy told me about how easily you handled your vision by yourself that quickly."

"Timmy? You talked to Timmy?"

"Well, when your father brought you to me, I ... how do they call it on Earth? I grilled your father! He told me about your friend you spend the last days with and I called him. He fainted when my holographic appearance appeared over his personal communication device. But when he woke up a few seconds later, we had a long interesting conversation. And he told me about how proud he is on you for handling that power so fast. I like him. He is very interested in Kryptonian matters, too. I am surprised that your father shares nothing about our people and our planet with the people on Earth."

"He always said that he wanted to keep us safe and make it possible for us to have a normal life. But nothing is normal."

"You are confused, right! But I promise to you, my dear grandson that you are normal. You are Kryptonian. But you are also human. You always have been and you always will be."

Lara hugged him while telling him that. And Jon was hugging her back. He was so grateful to finally have someone again he could talk to without that the topic changed to Jordan's powers, or to how wonderful Smallville is. Some might think it is scary that she knew him so well because she scanned and analyzed his whole memory and knew therefor about all his fears, the disappointment and the injustice he went through. But Jon didn't care! For now, he was just glad to have her.

"Let him in! I think I am ready."

"Okay." Lara said and vanished to appear in the other room.

Jon could see her telling something to his father, who was extremely relieved. Then the 'peephole' closed and the wall opened to allow his father to enter the room.

Then he stood in front of him again. Jon, who was sitting on the bed again, saw in his father's face that he cried. His eyes were irritated, he looked extremely tired, and it was evident that he was really sorry for everything. They just looked on each other for a couple of seconds before his father finally approached him to hug him. And this time Jon didn't flinch away...

"Oh, Jonathan..." his father said with tears in his eyes. "...how are you? Does anything hurt? Are you okay?"

"I think so." Jon said.

"Oh, I'm so so sorry! For everything. You were right. Everything you said was right..."

"Are the inhabitants of the house okay?" Jon changed the topic.

"They're fine. But what about you?"

"Tell me how those people are!" Jon insisted.

"Aww, this is typical for you: Always thinking about others first!" Clark said with a warm smile. "They are okay! They were not at home. And the house has no structural damage. They are actually really proud on the fact that their house was the first house ever to get damaged by Superman's son..."

Jon had to laugh at that thought.

"No? Really?"

"Really! And anyway, many people have Superman-clauses in their insurance contracts these days... After Jordan destroyed the school, the town got the money faster than everyone expected."

"I am sorry!"

"No need to! I am the one who let you feel left out! I am the one who never took you to the fortress! I am the one who didn't introduce you to your grandfather and gave you a feeling of your own heritage. Please tell me... what were you thinking?"

"A lot... but... I don't know!"

"You can tell me! Please!"

"Only if you answer me one question: What happened on May 3rd 1991?"

"Aww... Something I am not proud off. The probably worst day of my life! And something that should have reminded me to listen to you that evening, instead of letting out all my frustration about Anderson, my capture and the death of my inverse doppelganger on you!" Clark said, more tears running down his face.

Jon shrugged. "There were moments I really wished I had powers. Moments I was ashamed of not having them. And moments I was glad to be spared from being Kryptonian."

Clark sighed. "Being Kryptonian is more than having powers! Sorry that I let you feel like being out of place! And... what were does moments, you wished you had powers?"

"Aww... when Jon-El attacked and I was not able to defend myself! When Uncle Tal's subjects attacked, and I wanted to protect mom! When you and Jordan... ehm..." Jon start to struggle.

"When I and Jordan left, right?" Clark asked full of despair.

"I... I was so mad; you can't imagine it! I... never felt so humiliated. So... so unimportant and so useless! I really wished that I would have been able to fly, just that you listen to me! You and Jordan... you always were so happy and so careless together. You had so much fun together, while I was alone... I just wished that I could be so happy and careless, too. You... you were so proud on me when I got to play in that game. I should have never taken it..."

"I should had listened to you better!" Clark said. "I should had never leave you alone that day! I... I made a lot of mistakes. Asking you to forgive me again, is a lot to ask... But... I want you to know... that we all love you! We never meant to let you feel less worth, unwanted, unimportant or what else you must think... We... love you Jonathan! And that will never change! Please forgive me!"

Clark embraced his son in a tight hug...

"Some things need time!" Lara said to break the following silence. "Some things take more, some less time to heal... But I hope you will find a way to handle your issues..."

"I am willing to do everything for it!" Clark said.

"Thank you!" Jon said, a tear running down his face. "Thank you..."

One week later...

"...so, and this is the whole story, regarding our problems!" Clark finished.

"Ehm... wow... I... mean... This is... a very incredible story..." the doctor said.

They were at the DOD again. Sitting there with Dr. Wiles in this office. It's been a while since Lois attended to her the last time. But when Lois called her, over a week ago, asking for an 'emergency-meeting' she didn't hesitate to offer her help again. Just to get a call that something happened to her son, two days later and the meeting is postponed to today.

And now they sat here with Dr. Wiles, after telling her everything. Hoping that she will be able to help them a bit with their issues...

The woman was pale. She looked like she got a heart-attack and looked on the Kent's with big eyes.

"I... have to admit that this is a lot to process." Dr. Wiles said. The first shock seemed to finally set, and she was able to process that it was indeed Superman who was sitting in front

of her. Wearing casual normal clothes and glasses. And his wife, her former patient Lois. As well as two teenagers.

"Well... we... had no idea who else we could ask for advice..." Lois confessed.

"I just hope this does not end like my therapy when I had to attend to my final appointments alone!" Jordan said.

"And I am here because I really want to give my family a chance!" Jonathan added before he added a bit awkwardly: "And could you recommend a good therapist for my friend Timmy. I am afraid I broke him worse than expected.

Dr. Wiles, still a bit shocked, leaned forward to grab her phone from the table.

"One second please..." she said while calling someone. "...Norma... please cancel all my appointments for the rest of the day. This is taking a while..."

And so, the Kents began with their long overdue family-therapy...

The End!

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked it!

Some might wanted to read more about the Jay-subplot or more Timmy. I planned more chapters. Like the meeting at school, where Jon had proved what a badass he is and proved everyone how great he actually is! Or another scene with the CPS-lady where Clark figures out that she knows it. But maybe in a sequel if I am writing it.

Looking forward to see you all again in my next story! Until then, keep well!

End Notes

I hope you enjoy it. Comments and constructive critics are always appreciated.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!