

## Alien

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42985464) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42985464>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Superman &amp; Lois (TV 2021)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Clark Kent/Lois Lane</a> , <a href="#">Jonathan "Jon" Kent (Superman &amp; Lois TV 2021) &amp; Jordan Kent</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Jordan Kent</a> , <a href="#">Jonathan "Jon" Kent (Superman &amp; Lois TV 2021)</a> , <a href="#">Clark Kent</a> , <a href="#">Lois Lane</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Identity Issues</a> , <a href="#">Aliens</a> , <a href="#">Alien Biology</a> , <a href="#">Middle School</a> , <a href="#">Brothers</a> , <a href="#">Pre-Canon</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">Tire Swing</a> , <a href="#">what about the tire swing</a> , <a href="#">Kryptonite (DCU)</a> , <a href="#">Identity Reveal</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-10 Completed: 2022-11-20 Words: 12,646 Chapters: 4/4

# Alien

by [Jerseygrl](#)

## Summary

Jordan Kent finds his life frustrating and monotonous— but then during an experiment in biology class he makes a startling discovery about himself that makes him question who he is and how he can possibly be what he realizes he has to be— an alien. He promptly gets Jonathan involved, embarking on a journey to uncover the truth, knowing that his life will never be the same...

This is a preseries AU that takes place about a year before the pilot.

## Notes

Just something random I thought up. There are like an infinite number of ways Clark's decision not to tell the boys could have blown up, and this is one of them. Thanks for reading!

# Alien, chapter 1

## Alien, chapter 1

The morning had started like any other.

Jordan trudged into the kitchen at 7 AM to find Dad standing by the stove, expertly mixing up a pan of scrambled eggs.

Again. Just like he did the morning before. Just like he always did, really...

Jordan pulled a box of Cinnamon Toast Crunch out of the pantry instead, but as he started pouring it into a bowl Dad spun around, a confused expression on his face.

"Morning, Bud," Dad said as his glasses fell slightly down the bridge of his nose. He rapidly pushed them back against his face, fidgeting with the arm to get it to sit right. He raised his eyebrows. "Eggs will be ready in a minute—you don't need to take out the cereal—"

"Maybe I WANT cereal," Jordan argued as he sat at the counter with his bowl. He picked up a spoon, starting to shovel the tiny, dry sugary squares into his mouth.

But Dad shook his head, pursing his lips. "Bud, you know there is almost no nutritional value in sugary cereal. It's just empty calories... just wait for the eggs. Two eggs will give you a whopping twelve grams of protein— try to match that with that stuff and you'll be eating all day trying to catch up..." He laughed to himself, as if he had told some kind of joke.

Jordan rolled his eyes, sighing, and then he spooned another mouthful of cereal into his mouth.

Dad was so boring, so normal, so mind-numbingly mundane. It was sometimes hard to believe he was really Jordan's Dad at all (though his uncanny resemblance made it impossible to deny). Nobody else's fathers recited nutrition facts as they stirred eggs...

"And Bud, you're a teenager now, and teenage boys need upwards of 52 grams of protein every day. It's just not enough to start your day with that..."

Jordan rolled his eyes again.

Mom came flying into the kitchen a moment later, her hands frantically scrambling in her hair as she reached for the coffee. Dad looked up from the eggs, calmly taking her arm as she spun around to look him in the eye with a stern expression plastered on her face.

"Babe, I love you, but I don't have time right now. I have to be in city hall in... oh crap, five minutes ago. Oh no, I'm going to miss the press conference entirely..."

“Lois, let me help,” Dad said, matching her stern expression. “And I’m not worried, I’m sure you’re going to nail the article as always.”

His hands were then in her hair, twisting it expertly into the updo she preferred for situations like these.

“I’m glad you have such undying confidence in me, but trust me, I’m going to end up missing this entire shebang and Foswell is going to run me through the wringer—“

She reached up, trying to swat him away, but he was already pinning her hair perfectly into place.

She raised her eyebrows, then grinning wryly as she met his eyes. “You never cease to amaze me, Smallville.”

Dad smiled back at her like a lovesick teenager, and as always his infatuation with her couldn’t be clearer. Jordan rubbed his eyes, sighing dramatically.

“Need a lift?” Dad asked her. For some reason Jordan couldn’t explain he always asked her this, even though Dad was a pretty slow and unconfident driver, contrasting to Mom, who got behind the wheel and darted around the streets. Mom always declined, probably for this reason...

“You have to bring the boys to school, I’ll be fine—“

“They’re teenagers now, they can walk,” Dad argued. “School is only a few blocks away, anyway... Let me help you, Lois—“

Mom glanced at the clock on the cable box under the TV, her eyes only getting wider as she noted the time. And then she looked up at him, meeting his eyes as she grabbed his hand. And then she sighed dramatically. “All right,” she said, “let’s go...”

Mom quickly pecked a kiss on Jordan’s head, and Dad threw him an awkward wave as she pulled him towards the door.

“Have a good day at school, Jordan!” Dad shouted as they pummeled into the hallway.

The door clicked shut behind them just as Jonathan waltzed into the kitchen, looking immensely confused.

“Um... it IS a school day— right?” Jonathan asked, taking note of the empty kitchen. “Is it like, some kind of holiday I didn’t remember about or something, because if it is and I could have slept in I’m going to be REALLY pissed—“

“No, it is,” Jordan replied, heaving his backpack onto his shoulder. “Mom and Dad had to leave— we’re walking.”

“What? They had to leave at the same time?”

“Yeah.” Jordan shrugged as he scooped his cereal bowl off the table, dumping the remainder in the garbage and tossing it into the sink. “I don’t know, Dad offered to give Mom a ride somewhere. She was running late or something—”

“Are you serious? Does she not remember how slow Dad drives? If she was late before, imagine how late she’ll be now...”

Jonathan grabbed his own bag off the floor, elbow-checking Jordan as he reached for a fork, and then Jonathan started inhaling the finished scrambled eggs right out of the pan on the stove.

“Um, Dude, that’s disgusting,” Jordan said.

“Fastest way, Jordan, and neither of us can afford another late on our records...”

Jonathan wasn’t wrong about that. Mom and Dad were so busy that they were late to school more often than not, and had been for their entire childhoods. It drove Jordan just as crazy as Jonathan, since their report cards reflected it; but every time Jordan tried to bring it up over the years, both of his parents would throw out lame excuses that didn’t even really make sense. It seemed like a losing battle, frankly.

Jonathan shoveled the rest of the eggs into his mouth, and then he dropped his fork into the empty pan, leaving it there. He tossed his backpack onto his back, then turning to look at Jordan.

“Ready?” Jordan asked.

“Lead the way, dumbass,” Jonathan replied, gesturing to the door.

Jordan pursed his lips. “Real classy...” he said, the door finally slamming closed behind them.

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The day passed in a blur of monotony, just as always. Jordan found himself slumping from one class to the next, sitting at one nondescript, beige desk after another, bracing his chin in his hand and struggling to get through it all. It wasn’t easy, but his life never was, especially because he didn’t even have friends to brighten up the whole miserable experience that middle school was.

Jonathan, on the other hand, swept through the day with a smile, always surrounded by other kids and chatting and bitching around in every spare second of the day. It was amazing that they managed to have such contrasting middle school experiences despite being twins— but after thirteen years, Jordan was pretty used to it.

The bell rang at the end of English class and Jordan leapt to his feet, then trudging back out to the hallway, his impossibly heavy backpack digging into his shoulder. He shuffled down the hallway, finally reaching his locker. But then, as he opened it, once again faced with his

messy array of textbooks, he felt his will to continue through this endless monotony drain away entirely—

And then he was suddenly shoved against his locker, smacking right into his textbooks. He jumped, ready to face one of the many bullies who loved to go after him—

But it was just Jonathan.

Jordan sighed, rolling his eyes. “What do you want, Jon—“

He looked up at Jonathan, surprised to see a clear look of concern on his face. “Um— nothing really. Just checking up on you.”

Jordan sighed again. “Look. You’re busy. With your friends and stuff— I’m fine. You don’t need to do that—“

But Jonathan just stared at him with wide eyes. “Um, yes, bro, I do.”

There was a pause as Jordan just stared right back at him. “I don’t get how you do that—“

Jonathan grinned, shoving his shoulder playfully. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Jordan...”

They chatted for a while, just about nothing at all. It didn’t even matter what they talked about— it never did. Just having Jonathan here, listening to whatever bullshit Jordan had to say— it meant more to Jordan than Jonathan would ever know...

“Dude, just stop being a dork for like thirty seconds,” Jonathan said, shoulder bumping Jordan in the process.

Jordan slammed his locker shut, throwing his backpack over one shoulder. “Impossible, Jon. Then I would be denying my true nature.”

Jonathan groaned. “Fine, so act like you don’t know me or something.”

Jordan rolled his eyes. “Bro, we look way too similar for that. I’m basically you in a dark, floppy wig—“

“Um, sure,” Jonathan said, patting him on his shoulder, “whatever you want to believe...”

And then the bell rang. Third period was starting at Metropolis Middle School PS 34, and Jordan knew that today, of all days, he didn’t want to be late. Science was Jordan’s favorite class (and probably the only class he actually enjoyed, if he were to be honest), and his honors science teacher had hinted that they would be doing some kind of exciting experiment that day. Jordan knew that he wouldn’t want to miss a single minute of it.

“Look,” Jordan said. “Enjoy yourself in remedial science or whatever, I still don’t know why you failed that exam on purpose—“

“It... wasn’t on purpose—”.

“—but I’ll catch up with you later. You’ll be at the football field after school, right? I’ll swing by there on my way out.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Jonathan said. “Just leave your dorkiness behind in honors science, the football field doesn’t have any room for that crap—“

But Jordan stuck his hand into the air, parting it between his middle fingers. And then he grinned slyly. “Live long and prosper, Jon—“

Jonathan let out a dramatic sigh as he pursed his lips, shaking his head slowly. “For god’s sake— you’re hopeless, Jordan...”

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As Jordan entered into the science lab a few minutes later, he glanced at the microscopes set up at each station and finally felt a grin sneaking onto his face.

Biology was probably his favorite subject of all, and even more so when it was a lab day. He always found himself completely engrossed in the assigned experiment, as if the entire world had melted away around him and left only Jordan and his microscope, equipped and ready for the day’s discovery.

Jordan looked around the room, trying to catch someone’s eye— anyone’s eye— to pair up for the experiment.

But of course, as always, every single person couldn’t have looked away faster.

Jordan sighed. It was probably a good thing that he found the experiment itself so satisfying — because social interactions were definitely not.

But the class had an even number of students, and so, before he knew it, Joe Shuster was trudging over to his lab table, a reluctant sneer plastered on his face. Joe was on the football team with Jonathan, and, as the only jock, he considered himself way cooler than everyone else in the class.

Jordan sighed again, and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Kent,” Joe said as he slid into his chair, “let’s just get this over with so we can go back to pretending we don’t know each other.”

Jordan shrugged. “Sounds good to me.”

“How you and your brother were produced by the same parents will never fail to amaze me...”

“Yeah, Jon and I say the same thing,” Jordan replied, even though they never had.

They had been learning about human cells over the past few weeks, and Jordan wasn’t surprised when they were instructed to swab their cheeks with a q-tip, and then they were supposed to prepare a slide as per the directions written out on the whiteboard. Jordan looked

around, not surprised to see many of his classmates having trouble with this step, including Joe.

Meanwhile, Jordan found it easy. He found most of the work in school easy, actually, and he knew Jonathan did, too—which is why he couldn't have been more confident that Jonathan had pushed himself into the lower science track intentionally.

It wasn't long before Jordan's slide was ready. He knew there wasn't much to look for in cheek epithelial cells, but that there would be a distinct, dark nucleus smack in the middle of each one. He was getting excited now as he secured his slide to the stage, and then he peered inside...

And his forehead immediately scrunched in confusion.

At his side, Joe was finally getting the hang of preparing a slide, and soon he too had secured his sample to the microscope's stage.

"What are we supposed to do again? Identify the nucleus?" Joe asked, stifling a yawn. "Well... that's easy. It's just those dark spots in the middle of each one. Check. Cell membrane? Check. Mitochondria? Check. Cytoplasm? I guess that's the crap in the middle?"

Jordan rubbed his eyes. He knew that he hadn't made a mistake in preparing his slide—he knew what he was doing. And yet—

His slide had none of those things.

He cleared his throat. "Um... can I take a look at yours? You know, for comparison's sake..."

Joe scoffed. "Um. Sure, dude. What— do you think it'll look any different?" He raised his eyebrows. "Actually, there's no way we're the same species, Kent— so maybe you're right..."

Normally Jordan would have sighed dramatically, making sure to throw in a very obvious eye roll—but now he was way too focused. He was way too fixated. He just had to know...

But with one glance into Joe's microscope his heart suddenly launched into a gallop.

Joe was right. In Joe's sample he was able to identify the organelles quite easily...

"Can I look in yours?" Joe asked, reaching for Jordan's microscope.

"No!!" Jordan suddenly exclaimed, grabbing the slide off the stage.

"Um..."

"I think I messed mine up," Jordan covered. "I guess I'll prepare another one..."

Starting to fall into a bit of a frenzy, Jordan reached for the container of q-tips, prying one out and shoving it into his mouth, where he skimmed it along the inside of his cheek.



He was moving quickly but carefully, double and triple checking every step of the slide preparation to ensure he didn't make a mistake this time—

Because that's all it was, clearly. A mistake. He had made a mistake.

This time his slide would look just like Joe's...

He clamped his finished slide onto the stage, taking a deep breath before he pressed his eyes against the eyepieces, and then he turned the knobs to focus...

And he swallowed heavily.

This slide looked exactly like his last one had.

The slide wasn't empty— it did have cells. But they were pointy, and with a thick, triple layered membrane. And instead of there being one dark nucleus in the center— there were TWO.

Two nuclei, in each and every cell on the slide.

Jordan had never seen anything like this in his life. He didn't even know something like this existed. It was completely crazy, almost like it was otherworldly...

"Can I see?" Joe asked, nudging Jordan with his elbow as he pulled the microscope towards him.

But just as Joe pressed his nose against the microscope Jordan snatched the slide right out of the clamps on the stage.

"Bro! What the hell!" Joe exclaimed.

"I...uh... I think I messed it up again," Jordan lied.

Joe narrowed his eyes. "Dude, it's really not so hard..."

But Jordan just shrugged, pretending to act casual. He had to act casual, at least as long as he was around people...

But inside he was screaming.

Screaming, thrashing, and his panic was leaping to bounds he didn't even know he could muster.

Finally he couldn't sit still any longer, and he suddenly leapt to his feet, trampling over to the door of the classroom.

"Mr. Kent! Sit back down immediately!" the teacher exclaimed.

"I have to go to the bathroom," he lied easily.

He didn't even wait for a response, slipping right through the door and launching into a run as he hit the hallway.

He couldn't understand it. It didn't make any sense. He had made the same strange slide—  
TWICE.

TWICE.

And he knew how to prepare slides. He knew what he was doing. Science was his best subject, by far, and he was pretty decent at the rest of the subjects, too...

He didn't even want to let his brain wander to the next step in the logic train. Because the next step was just way too insane...

He finally reached Jonathan's classroom, and he pressed his nose against the window of the door, waiting for Jonathan to catch his eye.

It didn't take long.

Jonathan sighed as he emerged through the door, his brow furrowed in frustration.

"Bro, I don't have time for your stupidity right now," Jonathan said. "Can we deal with whatever you're panicking about later..."

But Jordan's eyes were intensely wide and focused. He grabbed Jonathan's arm, dragging him down the hall towards the bathroom.

Jonathan sighed. "Bro, seriously, if this can wait—"

But Jordan just shook his head. "It really can't..."

Jordan pushed the bathroom door open with his elbow, then immediately searching for occupants as soon as they entered. He dropped to his knees, making sure he didn't see any feet through the bottoms of the stalls...

"What the hell are you doing??" Jonathan asked.

But Jordan didn't answer. Satisfied, he hopped to his feet, then scampering back over to the bathroom door and turning the lock.

"What the hell is going on, Jordan??"

And then he swiveled around, meeting Jonathan's eyes. "I need to talk to you," he said. "And no one can overhear what I have to say..." He trailed off, almost afraid to go further, as if saying it out loud would actually make this crazy situation real.

"Um... ok..."

"I think," Jordan said, taking a deep breath. "I think there's something wrong with me."

Jonathan stared at him for a moment, blinking several times...

And then he suddenly burst into laughter.

“Um, yes, there’s definitely something wrong with you,” Jonathan spit out, clutching his stomach. “You’re not going to hear any arguments about that from me—“

Jordan narrowed his eyes, feeling anger starting to boil under his skin. “It’s not funny, Jon. I’m serious—“

“Sure, sure, I know you are. So tell me, Jordan. What’s wrong with you? Other than like—you know— everything.”

Jordan narrowed his eyes even more... but then he just sighed, slumping on the edge of the bathroom sink as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I think,” Jordan started. He paused, taking a deep breath and trying to find the courage to continue. He glanced at Jonathan, who was watching him with wide eyes. “I mean— it’s all because of bio class. Those stupid slides we had to make—“

“Um,” Jonathan interrupted as he leaned against the sink next to him, “what are you talking about, bruh—“

“Like, if we didn’t have this experiment, when would I even have discovered this? In a year? Five years? Never??”

“Jordan, you’re not making any sense—“

“I mean, maybe I NEVER would have found out about this. And then I would have just continued living my life, blissfully unaware, just assuming I’m as regular as I ever was. Or I guess— as I never was.”

“Um,” Jonathan said, “what the hell are you talking about??”

“I don’t get it. How did this even happen?? It doesn’t make any sense. And seriously— do you think Mom and Dad even know??”

Jonathan jumped forward, grabbing Jordan by his forearms. “Jordan, back up for a second,” he said. Jordan’s head snapped up, his eyes meeting Jonathan’s. “Just back up. Start from the beginning. Know what? What are you—“

“Jon—“ Jordan said, his eyes getting impossibly wide. “I think— I think I might be— an alien.”

# Alien, chapter 2

## Chapter Notes

Thanks again for reading!!

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

## Alien, chapter 2

“I think I might be— an alien.”

There was a long, weighted pause as Jonathan stared at him, almost as if he didn’t quite believe what Jordan had actually uttered. Frankly, Jordan could barely believe it, either.

“Um... I’m sorry... what did you say?” Jonathan asked.

Jordan sighed, scrunching his eyes shut as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “I know what it sounds like, but I’m telling you, Jon—“

“What? What are you telling me?” Jonathan replied. “That you’ve completely lost your mind?”

Jordan opened his eyes, peeking through the narrow slits at Jonathan, who was inadvertently squeezing his fists into tight balls. “Jon—“

Jonathan hopped off the edge of the sink. “No, I’m sorry, Jordan. I put up with a LOT. Like— a LOT—“

“I know, I get it—“

“No, I really don’t think you do.”

Jordan took a deep breath. “Jon—“

“I mean, I don’t need this. I don’t need any of this! Jordan, I’m popular. I have friends. I have a LIFE! Why do I even do this to myself? Why do I always get involved in your bullshit? Why do I—“

“Because you’re my brother,” Jordan interrupted. He stared at Jonathan, meeting his wide blue eyes. “You’re my brother. And trust me, Jon, not a day goes by where I’m not absurdly aware of all of that. I drag you down— always have. And I’m sorry—“

“You don’t drag me down, Jordan,” Jonathan replied, sighing heavily. There was a heavy pause as Jonathan stared at Jordan wordlessly. And then, finally, he continued. “At least,” he said, “not usually. But I’m sorry, I’m not sure what you think you’re playing right now. I think you might be losing it—“

Jordan shook his head. “Trust me, I’m not losing it. I’ve never been more lucid, actually. Well, until I realized what it all meant and started to panic, of course...”

Jordan then slid the slides out of his pocket, holding them up to the light.

“What is that?” Jonathan asked, his interest suddenly piqued.

“Um, they’re slides, Bro. I know you’re in remedial science now but seriously—“

Jonathan huffed. “You’re such a jackass.”

“We were doing a cheek scraping. You know, to look at cells under a microscope. I didn’t think anything of it— until I actually did it. Jon— my cells. They weren’t...” He swallowed, taking a deep breath. “They weren’t normal.”

Jonathan stared at him again, then shaking his head. “So you messed it up—“

“I DIDN’T mess it up. I did it TWICE, Jon!! And I know what I’m doing, I’m not an idiot...”

Jonathan blinked several times. “I don’t even get what you’re playing at, Jordan. We’re twins.”

There was a heavy pause.

Jordan raised his eyebrows. “Yes. Exactly.”

And then Jonathan’s eyes suddenly became impossibly wide as he shook his head emphatically. “Um, dude, don’t even TRY to go there—“

But Jordan already grabbed Jonathan by the wrist. “Come on. We’ll use one of the spare microscopes in the supply closet—“

“Um, no we won’t—“

“Seriously? Don’t you want to know??”

Jonathan quickly yanked his arm away from Jordan. “Yeah, no, I’ll pass. Besides, there’s nothing TO know... I know who I am, Jordan, always did...”

Jordan pursed his lips. “Uh huh. Fine, whatever helps you sleep at night...”

Jonathan refused to hear anything further. But when they finally emerged from the bathroom several minutes later, Jordan could tell that Jonathan’s mind was on another planet entirely, as if thoughts of an alien origin had completely taken over his brain. Jordan couldn’t even imagine going back to class at that point, but soon Jonathan was pushing him right back to

bio class, where Jordan spotted the rows of microscopes still looming tauntingly, almost like rows of soldiers lined up with rifles, ready and aiming to shoot him straight through the heart.

Jordan could barely see straight when he sat back into his chair at the table, and had no trouble ignoring Joe Schuster's disgusted glares.

"You know, Kent, you're just going to fail the assignment," Joe finally said as Jordan made absolutely no attempt to repeat the experiment.

Honestly, Jordan couldn't care less.

The rest of the day passed in even more of a blur than the beginning had. Jordan couldn't get himself to focus on anything at all, and when Mrs. Jurgens called on him during American History class, he responded with a barely coherent mumble.

And then, finally, the bell rang at the end of the day. Jordan couldn't have leapt to his feet any faster, scrambling right through the front door of the building and out to the courtyard. He spotted the football team already gathered together on the other end, right by the uprights, and then he realized that Jonathan wasn't among them.

His eyes darted around the field, searching frantically for Jonathan, when suddenly he heard a raucous cheer all around him. He jumped, looking around him and watching as each and every kid looked up towards the sky—

Where he saw a very familiar red and blue blur streak gracefully across the sky.

It wasn't an unfamiliar sight in Metropolis, which was one of the amazing things about living in this city, and then, despite how anxious he was feeling, he felt a smile creep onto the corner of his face, as it always did when he saw him up in the sky.

"Go Superman!!"

"Superman!! Hi!! It's me, Joe Shuster!"

"Superman, Superman!!"

"Woohoo!!"

The red and blue blur continued into the distance, finally disappearing behind the Daily Planet building—

And then he finally spotted Jonathan.

He was standing alone on the other end of the field, staring at an old, tattered football that he held protectively in his hands. Jordan flung his backpack over his shoulder, and then he trotted across the field and right over to him.

But as he reached Jonathan, Jonathan didn't even look up at him. Instead, he just continued to stare at the football, as if trying to search for some hidden meaning inside the laces— and then Jordan suddenly realized that the football was partially deflated...

Jordan cleared his throat, trying to catch Jonathan's attention— and yet, he still didn't look up.

So Jordan cleared his throat again. "Did you see Superman?" Jordan asked.

But Jonathan still didn't respond. Jordan noticed that he was gently squeezing the football repeatedly— squeeze, release, squeeze, release...

"Um, I think you need a new football..." Jordan said.

And then, finally, Jonathan's head shot up, his eyes sharply catching Jordan's like a fishhook catching a carp. "No shit," Jonathan replied. "Once again your brilliance never ceases to astound..."

Jordan's eyebrows drifted upwards, inching towards his hairline. "Um... what happened to it?"

Jonathan glanced back down at the football. "Nothing. Nothing happened to it." He peered back up at Jordan. "Except, you knew, getting slammed directly at a metal pole by an alien, apparently..."

Jordan let a breath out through his pursed lips. "Jon—"

Jonathan continued peering down at the football, but then he sighed, dropping it into the grass. "Honestly Jordan," he said as he looked back up at him, meeting his eye. "My only question is, how didn't we suspect anything sooner?"

"Huh?" Jordan replied. "What are you talking about?"

"I snapped the rope, Jordan," Jonathan said, his eyes severe and unblinking.

"Again, Bro, what the hell are you—"

But Jonathan just shook his head, laughing under his breath. "No, of course you don't remember, why would you—"

"Jon, seriously—"

"I mean, eight year olds don't throw so hard like that that they just snap a rope. That rope wasn't even frayed before—"

"Um, dude, I have no idea what you're—"

And then Jonathan grabbed Jordan's wrist, his eyes blazing. "Don't you get it, Jordan?? We're not just aliens." He swallowed, then looking up towards the clouds... "We're—"

But Jordan just shook his head. "Don't even say it. It's not possible—"

"It isn't?" Jonathan replied. "Really? Because you just discovered you have some kind of weird alien cells or whatever. And it's not like the world doesn't have any aliens. It has one, a

very prominent one, and hey, look at that— Mom actually knows him!”

Jordan let out a baited breath, still shaking his head. “It’s not possible— it just isn’t—“

“Well— why the hell not, Jordan?” Jonathan snapped. “Because honestly— I don’t really have another explanation for any of this.”

Jordan paused as he glanced at the flat football just laying on the grass next to their feet. “Because,” he said, “it just isn’t. Mom and Dad are obsessed with each other. Mom just wouldn’t do that—“

“We’re talking fourteen years ago, asshole. Who the hell knows what she would have done —“

But Jordan continued to shake his head vigorously. “No. She just wouldn’t.”

Jonathan stared at him wordlessly for a moment; and then he glanced at the ground, kicking the sorry excuse for a football with the edge of his foot. “Well... I guess you’ll have to find a way to explain that one to the pigskin.”

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They walked home from school in silence.

Jordan was so consumed with thoughts about the shocking discoveries of the day that he couldn’t even see straight. The events of the day were so beyond overwhelming that it was hard to believe they had even happened at all.

He had woken up that morning frustrated about his life being so ridiculously normal and boring— and now he found himself wishing he could just crawl right back into that cocoon...

Because he didn’t want this. He didn’t want any of this. He already felt alien enough before any of this was on the table...

They usually walked home straight past the Daily Planet and through Centennial Park, where a large Superman statue loomed high above the grassy fields—

And Jordan couldn’t have been less surprised when Jonathan suddenly veered around the other side of the Planet building, avoiding the park all together.

Though part of him needed to see the statue...

Because was it possible that Jonathan was right?

Superman was such a mysterious figure, even after his nineteen year tenure as a superhero. No one really knew him, apart from cheering as they watched him perform his glorious deeds from the sidelines—

But was it possible that his Mom actually... did?



Jordan swallowed heavily at the thought...

But then he thought of his Dad. His Dad who thought about him enough to make sure he had the exact amount of protein he needed each and every day... his Dad who never failed to be there when he needed to talk, and never failed to ask him about his day... his Dad who actually took the time to make him a fresh breakfast every morning, even though he would have been happy enough with cereal. His Dad who loved him...

His Dad... who wasn't really his Dad at all...

Jordan felt a tear escape down the side of his cheek, and then he quickly wiped it away with his sleeve, hoping Jonathan wouldn't notice.

But then he glanced over at Jonathan, startled to discover that Jonathan had several streaks of dry tears covering his own cheeks...

This was a mess. An absolute, hot mess.

When they finally reached their brownstone, Jordan's brain was spinning so fast he was convinced it would burst straight out of his skull. Jonathan unlocked the door and they entered into the living room, and Jordan heard Jonathan sigh heavily as they walked into their quiet, empty house.

Jonathan dropped his backpack on the floor next to the front door, sliding into a chair at the island and slumping his face in his hands.

Jordan tossed his backpack next to Jonathan's, and then he settled into the chair next to him. "Jon," he said tentatively as he carefully placed his hand on Jonathan's shoulder. Jonathan didn't react, as if he hadn't even noticed. "Jon— listen. We're going to figure this out."

"There's nothing to figure out, Jordan," Jonathan replied. "This is an absolute shit-show. I think—"

And then their heads both shot up as they heard the key clattering in the lock at the front door.

"Oh, hi, boys," Mom said nonchalantly as she kicked the door closed with her heel— as if everything were as normal as it ever was, as if Jordan's world hadn't completely been turned on its head... "How was school?"

"Grmph," Jonathan grunted, as if he were unable to form actual, coherent words.

Jordan's eyes shot open wide, a little alarmed by his transparency—

But Mom just rolled her eyes. "Ok then. I guess I should get used to this— right? Now that you're teenagers..."

Jordan's head snapped towards her and he opened his mouth, trying to find some kind of words that he could possibly say in response...

But then Jonathan just grunted loudly yet again.

Mom cocked an eyebrow. “Ok, got the message, loud and clear...”

She disappeared into the back hallway a moment later, clearly distracted and thinking about something else entirely— maybe her press conference from the morning, which she had probably been hopelessly late for.

Jordan huffed. “Smooth, Bro.”

“Where do you think Dad is?” Jonathan segued.

“You mean— our ‘fake Dad—“

Jonathan rolled his eyes in earnest.

Jordan shrugged, then reaching for the remote and flicking on the small TV in the corner of the kitchen. It immediately turned on to CNN, and of course, there was Superman, front and center, dealing with some kind of insane typhoon in the Far East...

Jordan raised his eyebrows. “Well— I know where our ‘REAL’ Dad is...”

And then, at that, Jonathan whacked him right in the face.

---

Jordan spent the entire night just staring at his ceiling.

When he was little he went through a phase where he had been obsessed with outer space. He ended up with a space-themed comforter on his bed, decorated with all the different planets, and then he insisted on decorating his ceiling with glow-in-the-dark star stickers. He remembered when Dad had surprised him and had come home one evening with the package of stickers, and then they subsequently spent hours arranging the stars on the ceiling so they would mimic the real constellations in the real night sky.

Jordan blinked, staring at the Big Dipper that loomed overhead, suddenly wondering if he had a much stronger connection to these stars than just mere fascination...

Though all of this had been a huge shock, part of him wondered if Jonathan was right— maybe he should have seen this coming a long time ago. Because hadn’t he always felt like an alien to some degree? He had grown up as an outcast; he was the kid everyone “forgot” to invite to parties, he was the one who was always last to be picked for a team in gym class. Really, in some ways, he had always felt like an alien.

And apparently, to Jordan’s surprise, so had Jonathan. After Jonathan’s outburst on the football field, Jordan struggled to remember what Jonathan could have possibly been referring to, but he really has absolutely no clue. What rope had he snapped? When? Once everything calmed down a bit he knew he would have to press him for details, because there was a large piece of this that he knew he was missing...

At some point in the middle of the night, Jordan suddenly heard the sound of feet shuffling down the hallway outside his room. He continued staring at the stars on his ceiling for another moment— but then he sighed, shifting out from under his covers and over to his bedroom door. He opened it slowly, peeking out into the dark hallway—

But it was just Dad. Dad jumped at Jordan's sudden appearance, hastily slapping his glasses against his face as if the idea had slipped his mind before then.

"Bud! It's the middle of the night! Everything ok?"

Jordan blinked, and then he glanced at Dad again. Dad adjusted his glasses on the edge of his nose awkwardly, and then he looked straight into Jordan's eyes—

And as Dad's bright blue eyes pierced his it suddenly struck Jordan how exhausted he looked, how worn down, as if he had been somewhere far more dire than a newspaper assignment—

Speaking of which, why HAD Dad been out in the middle of the night?

"Where were you?" Jordan found himself asking.

Dad blinked several times, seemingly startled by the question.

"I... I was on assignment. You know how it is, Jordan..."

And then Jordan realized— Dad was lying. It was so painfully obvious that Jordan wondered how he had never realized it before...

Dad was lying— and he was ALWAYS lying.

Mom was the most celebrated reporter in the world and she didn't even come close to Dad's random disappearances, his absences, and his transparently fake excuses.

"Assignment," Jordan pressed. "Really. At two am. Where?"

Jordan really wanted Dad to come up with a real, believable explanation. Honestly, it would make all of this a thousand times easier if he did...

"I... you know, I can't really discuss that with you, Bud, it's confidential as long as it's an ongoing investigation..."

It always was. Until it finally culminated in Dad's brilliant and world-altering articles about... dog shows. Award ceremonies. Graduations.

Jordan felt his jaw fall as Dad fell into the endless train of lying, yet again...

"I'm going to head to bed," Dad said. "You should probably do the same— it's REALLY late..."

Jordan trudged back into his room, closing his door with a click and collapsing back onto his bed.

He was missing something. Something REALLY big. Something he probably couldn't even begin to anticipate. Because nothing was making any sense at all...

It was almost like his father was living a double life... almost like he had another existence all together...

And then Jordan felt an overwhelming sense of dread as he started wondering if Jonathan was right.

What if Dad... had another family?? What if Dad wasn't even their Dad at all??

Jordan shivered at the thought as he pulled his solar system comforter over his head, retreating into his warm, fluffy cocoon...

And a little while later, as sleep somehow finally overcame him, he immediately launched into a dream.

His dream was one he had had dozens of times before, maybe hundreds. The dream was always the same— he was flying, his arms outstretched ahead of him, the air beating past his cheeks and flattening his clothes against his body. He was flying gracefully, straight through the night sky, streaking right past all the bright, twinkling stars—

And he realized he had never felt less foreign—less alien— than he did in that moment.

It was as if he was born for this. It was as if this was his destiny...

And maybe, he realized, it really was.

## Chapter End Notes

I didn't put a tire swing tag in this story because I wanted it to be a surprise! I really do think that tire swing was the first sign that something was amiss with those boys— and in this version of the reveal it would rear its ugly head yet again. Still waiting for the show to do it but I might as well make the leap in the meanwhile!

# Alien, chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

I wasn't going to write today but peer pressure really is something else...

Thank you, Beth!!

## Alien, chapter 3

Clark loved coming home to his little brownstone, smack in the middle of Metropolis. There was nowhere else where he could retreat into just being Clark Kent— husband, father, and expert breakfast maker. Though he never regretted being Superman and using his abilities to help people, whenever he was in the suit he couldn't help feeling different— foreign— and utterly alien. And it wasn't just his powers that made him feel this way— it was primarily the way that people looked at him. Not that there was anything bad about it— they were usually nothing short of astonished, reverential, and filled with an immense level of awe— but they definitely didn't treat him as a normal human being, either.

He knew it was late when he finally got home that day, but unfortunately that couldn't be helped. After the typhoon, he had been called right back over to the US, and in the process of stopping one of Luthor's latest escapades he had naturally uncovered a massive compound of kryptonite. As always, it was the last thing he needed— and although he managed to escape, he was completely drained from the experience. Drained— and just in desperate need of some sleep.

But then, on his way down the dark hallway, he ran into Jordan—

And he KNEW that something just wasn't right.

Sure, Jordan had tried to cover up his feelings, and he probably thought Clark didn't notice... but of course, Clark had seen his desperation, his confusion, and his urgency, even as he was clearly trying to suppress his emotions like those aliens with pointy ears on his favorite TV show.

As Clark finally approached his bedroom he yawned, stretching his arms over his head.

Tomorrow. He would think about all of this tomorrow.

For now— he just needed to sleep.

Clark pushed his bedroom door open slowly, trying to minimize the inevitable screech of the old hinges, but, as always, it let out a nice, loud, piercing screech anyway. He flinched, leaving the door open as he advanced forward. He felt the old floorboards start to creak under his feet so he let his body drift upwards, and then he was floating an inch or so above the floor, slowly and silently approaching the bed.

He reached the edge of the mattress, then carefully pivoting his legs onto it. He then slowly slid his legs under the blanket, silently placing his glasses onto the side table. He pulled the blanket up and under his chin and he sighed, relieved that he managed to do all of this without waking up Lois. He stared at her, watching her chest rise and fall in the slow rhythm of sleep...

But then he felt a slim arm snake around his abdomen as she started to slither across the bed towards him.

He responded in kind, wrapping his arms around her back, and then he felt her nestle her soft head under his chin and he leaned down, landing a kiss in her hair.

“Hello, stranger,” she breathed. “I missed you today.”

He felt her running the palms of her hands up and down his forearms, and then she slid her arms around him again and shimmied even further into his embrace.

“I thought you would be asleep,” Clark replied.

“Oh, no,” Lois said, stifling a yawn. “I was waiting up for you.”

Clark raised an eyebrow. “Were you?”

“Of course,” she said. She started running her fingers over his arms absentmindedly. “Look—Clark—there’s something I need to talk to you about—“

Clark sighed. “I know. Foswell noticed my absence today, didn’t he. Ok, don’t worry, I have the article about the dog show ready to go. Well—almost. But I’ll have it done by the morning meeting, I have all the quotes I need—“

But Lois’s finger flew up to his lips. “Clark! No, that’s not what it is. Though you’re right, he did notice—and maybe send in the article a little early for bonus points because you’re right, he’s not going to be happy with you—“

Clark sighed again.

“But anyway—no, it’s about the boys.”

Somehow Clark didn’t expect this. “The boys? Are they all right?”

There was a brief pause as Lois continued stroking his arms. “I... yes. Of course. I mean... ugh, I don’t know, Clark.” Her hands suddenly stopped running up and down his arms. “I just—I mean, I know they’re supposed to be rude and self-centered and all of that, they’re

teenagers— but earlier I couldn't help thinking that there was more to it. Something seemed off..."

"What do you mean?"

"I... I mean... oh, I don't know. I'm probably just being a first-time mom of teenagers, I'm sure it's nothing..."

"I would never call your intuition 'nothing,'" Clark said. "But anyway— I ran into Jordan earlier in the hall and truthfully— I got the same impression."

"You did??"

"Something's definitely off," Clark concluded. "And I really wanted to delve into it, but the truth is I could barely stand on my two feet—"

Lois jumped at that. "What?? What happened?"

Clark wrapped his arms around himself absentmindedly. "Nothing. It's nothing— I'm just tired. I'll be fine—"

"No," Lois said, stubbornly sliding her arms around his shoulders. "Superman doesn't just get 'tired.' Clark— what happened? Are you ok??"

"It was just kryptonite," he admitted. "But it's fine. I'll be fine..." He drifted off, then letting his eyes drift closed.

"'Just' kryptonite..." Lois repeated. She took a deep breath, then sighing heavily. "Come here, Smallville..."

Her arms tightened around him, pulling him close against her body. He heard her heart beating steadily under her ribs, just as it always did— and he let his head collapse against her chest, feeling her fingers reach up behind his neck, stroking his hair softly.

"You don't have to be Superman all the time— and especially not here." Clark didn't respond, letting his eyes remain closed, just reveling in the feel of her all around him as she continued to stroke his hair. "I'm here for you, Clark. Always."

"I know you are. Thank you for that."

They fell into a comfortable silence after that, and before long Clark started to doze off, drifting into a serene and dreamless sleep—

"Something's wrong."

Clark's eyes popped open with a start.

Clark suddenly realized that Lois was shaking his shoulder, attempting to nudge him awake.

Clark rubbed his eyes. "What—"

“It’s the boys. Clark— now that I said it out loud I can’t get it out of my mind.” She squeezed his arm. “Clark— I really think something’s wrong. Very wrong.”

Clark sighed as he pushed himself up to sit against the wooden headboard. Lois immediately popped up right next to him, reaching for the bedside lamp and flicking it on.

“It was Jon,” Lois continued. “He’s usually so talkative after school. But he couldn’t even look me in the eye. It almost felt accusatory, in a way...”

Clark reached for his glasses, pushing them back onto his nose. “Accusatory,” he said, his voice veiled in confusion. “What could he possibly be accusing you of?”

“Well that’s just it— I have no idea...” Clark cocked an eyebrow, flashing her a wry grin. “Oh, stop, Clark,” Lois said, slapping his shoulder. “I know what I’m talking about—“

“Did I say otherwise?”

“Of course not— but you didn’t have to say it—“

Clark felt a yawn emerging from deep within his body, realizing yet again how immensely worn out he was.

“Lois— trust me, I think everything you’re saying right now is valid, and probably even more significant than I can begin to anticipate— but... I’m REALLY exhausted. So how about we discuss this in the morning...”

She glanced at him, an intensely worried expression suddenly appearing on her face. “That kryptonite really did you in today...” She paused, taking a deep breath when he didn’t respond. “Clark...” She reached for him with her fingers, grazing the rough stubble at the edge of his jaw.

Clark lowered his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose. “No— I’ll really be ok, I promise—“

And then, suddenly, they heard a loud crash coming from downstairs. Clark’s eyes shot open wide just as Lois leapt to her feet.

“Well,” Lois said, “I guess this won’t have to wait till morning... were you able to tell where that came from?”

“Uh... it came from the kitchen,” Clark replied. He then heaved himself up and onto his feet, bracing himself against the headboard. He realized that he was doing a terrible job at covering up his weakness so he glanced at Lois, wondering how quickly she would start to flip out in response—

But she was narrowly focused, having leapt straight into the zone, and she was already stepping into the hall.

He shook his head, forcing himself ahead, and then he started to shuffle after her, following behind her as they traipsed down the hall and descended the creaky staircase.



They emerged from the bottom of the stairs and Clark glanced at the wall clock above the mantle, which told him that it was almost 3 AM. He shook his head. 3 AM, and on a school night... He really hoped the boys would have a good explanation for this...

Lois ran ahead of him as Clark struggled to keep up, and then he heard her voice as she entered the kitchen.

“Jon!” she exclaimed. “What are you doing??”

Clark paused by the edge of the staircase, holding onto the banister for support and listening in as he let his vision pass straight through the walls so he could see inside...

Jonathan was sitting at the island, surrounded by piles and piles of photo books, thrown haphazardly on top of each other. They were all open to random points, seemingly with no rhyme or reason... and then there were folders and papers of all kinds scattered around him in a huge mess. It was almost as if he were looking for something... or even investigating something...

Jonathan glanced up at her from amongst the messy piles— and Clark saw how forlorn he looked, the corners of his eyes drooping impossibly low...

Lois was right. Something was VERY wrong.

“Jon,” Lois continued, “it’s 3 AM—“

“I had to know,” Jonathan said.

Clark started to push himself down the hall, the lights of the kitchen finally emanating into his eyes.

“Know??” Lois asked. “Know what?”

Clark pushed forward, finally entering the kitchen and catching Jonathan’s eye as he stopped by Lois’s side.

“Everything,” Jonathan said, swallowing heavily. “I had to know everything.”

Clark’s eyes widened as he stared at Jonathan wordlessly.

He didn’t know what to say. He didn’t even know what to think. He couldn’t begin to imagine what Jonathan had managed to uncover, or what conclusions he could possibly be coming to as a result. But one thing was clear—

Jonathan knew something.

He knew something— and now he would likely need to know... everything.

Clark’s head started spinning from this revelation. This was a colossal moment— one he had been dreading from the minute that the boys were born, and part of him had always hoped

that this moment would never come at all— and he couldn't possibly be in worse shape to tackle it than he was...

Clark heard someone clear his throat behind him and he turned, spotting Jordan looming at the edge of the staircase, the moonlight casting in from the living room windows casting a shadow over his face.

"What's going on down here?" Jordan asked, his voice cracking in the process. He cleared his throat again. "I heard a crash..."

Jonathan looked past Clark and Lois, peering down the dark hallway. "It was just me, asshole. Some of us had more important things to do than floating into dreamland..."

"Oh, shut the hell up," Jordan replied, as he pushed past Clark and into the kitchen. And then his eyes suddenly widened as he spotted the mess. "What the HELL?? What are you even doing?"

"I'm trying to find him," Jonathan said cryptically. Jordan's eyes immediately widened, as if he knew exactly what Jonathan was referring to. "He has to be here. He wouldn't just abandon us... unless he doesn't even know..."

"What are you talking about??" Lois exclaimed.

"Mom," Jonathan said, his head snapping towards her. "DOES he even know?? Or did you keep this a secret from even more people than I realized??"

He narrowed his eyes, staring her down, his eyes shooting daggers straight at her. Clark blinked, taken aback. Lois was absolutely right all along, just as she always was— Jonathan was clearly accusing her of something... though he couldn't even begin to imagine what it possibly could be...

"Jon—"

Suddenly, Clark felt his head spinning yet again. He flinched, bracing against the wall, as he watched the fluorescent lights on the ceiling spin around him...

"I don't understand why you kept this from us," Jonathan continued. "From both of us. How could you do this?? You didn't think we should probably— you know— know about this?? Like— did you think we would just never figure it out? Do you think we're THAT stupid? And then there's Dad— does Dad even know??"

"Jon," Lois said, "back up for a second. What are you talking about—"

The room was spinning even faster now. Clark took a deep breath, collapsing against the wall and closing his eyes tightly.

"Dad's keeping something from us, too," Jordan chimed in. "He lied to me about where he was last night— I could see it in his eyes. He lied to me last night— and he lies to us every night."

“Your father doesn’t lie to you,” Lois replied, turning towards Jordan. “Of course he doesn’t —“

Jordan’s eyes widened. “And now YOU’RE lying to us!”

But the room just continued to spin, faster and faster around him until it was going so fast it was just a blur of motion... and then, out of nowhere, Clark’s legs suddenly buckled under him, and then he toppled roughly to the floor.

“Dad!!” Jonathan exclaimed. He leapt to his feet, clearly eager to help—

But Lois was already on her knees beside him. Clark felt her warm hand cupping his jaw.

“Oh, Clark,” she said, her hands migrating to his cheek. Clark opened his eyes, immediately catching her gaze as she watched him with concern. “You’re covered in sweat... here, let me help you up—“

Clark felt her hands shift under his arms, and then she pushed upwards, trying to hoist him to his feet.

“Mom— let us help,” Jonathan said as he suddenly appeared next to her.

Soon Jonathan and Jordan were by his side, and together they slowly shuffled Clark into the living room, where the threadbare, overstuffed couch awaited. They dropped him on the couch, and Clark immediately let his head fall back against the cushion.

“Mom...” Jordan said. “He really doesn’t look good. Maybe we should call 9-1-1 or something—“

But Lois just shook her head. “No— I know it doesn’t look great, but I promise you, he’s going to be fine.”

Jonathan’s eyes widened. “But Mom— look at him! He looks awful, he—“

“Trust me, he will be fine,” Lois repeated. “Dad has a lot of experience with this. Actually, so do I. By morning the sun will come up, and he’ll be back to normal.” She paused, her eyes flicking back and forth between Jonathan and Clark. And then she spoke again— “That’s just how it goes with kryptonite...”

The silence that followed was so thick that it could have been cut straight through with a butter knife.

Jonathan and Jordan just stared at her, as if they were trying to discern if she had actually said the word that they had thought they heard...

Until, finally, Jonathan found the courage to break the silence. “Kryptonite. You said... kryptonite.”

Clark swallowed.

“I did,” Lois said.

“So you’re saying,” Jonathan continued, “Dad is sick. Because of— kryptonite.”

“That’s...” Lois replied, taking a deep breath. “That’s EXACTLY what I’m saying—“

Jordan pushed past Jonathan, his eyes wider than Clark had ever seen them. “But humans don’t react to Kryptonite.”

“No,” Lois said, a solitary tear escaping from the corner of her eye. “Humans don’t.”

“But Dad did,” Jordan pressed.

Clark realized he had to make one last ditch effort to stop this runaway train, though he was pretty sure it was far too late... “Lois...”

“No, Clark.” Lois settled onto the couch next to him, taking his hand in hers and giving it a squeeze. “We both know— it’s time.”

Lois squeezed his hand again— and then, this time, he squeezed hers right back.

“Time for WHAT??” Jonathan exclaimed.

“The truth,” Jordan replied. “That’s what you mean, right? You’re going to tell us the truth? FINALLY?”

Clark sighed. He closed his eyes again, lowering his glasses to pinch the bridge of his nose.

“Yes,” he finally said. “Yes. We are.”

He cleared his throat. He could do this. He had to do this.

“So what is it?” Jordan said. “I’m ready. We’re ready. Lay it on us.”

Jordan said he was ready— but he had no way of knowing if that was actually true.

Was Clark even ready? Some way, somehow, he would have to find a way.

Clark definitely wasn’t actually ready— he didn’t feel even CLOSE to ready— but somehow that didn’t even matter anymore.

Clark took a deep breath as his hand drifted up to his face...

And then he closed his fingers around the arm of his glasses and peeled them right off...

And as his blue eyes shined directly into Jonathan and Jordan’s, his thick lenses no longer acting as an impenetrable barrier between them— Clark knew their world would never be the same again.

# Alien, chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for reading!!!

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

### Alien, chapter 4

Jordan knew it was going to be big. There was really no other alternative.

Not after he had already figured out the horrible, unsettling truth—

That he was actually an alien.

An ALIEN.

That word sounded so uncomfortable, so biting, so sharp— and yet he couldn't get it to stop running through his mind...

This whole situation was crazy. Absolutely, batshit crazy.

And then his realization that Dad was lying to them about something, on top of everything else...

And for some reason he had a nagging suspicion that whatever it was would end up being just as huge...

When he finally came downstairs, he found Dad standing at the bottom of the staircase, bracing against it feverishly as if he were using it as a crutch, as if he would just collapse right onto the floor otherwise...

But then Dad trudged down the dark hall and towards the brightly lit kitchen, where Jordan could hear Mom and Jonathan exchanging some muffled words. He followed Dad tentatively, almost afraid of what was going to happen next...

But that was ridiculous. He already knew far more than Dad could probably even anticipate, since Dad probably didn't even know about Jordan's parentage at all—

Nor did he know that he probably wasn't actually Jordan's Dad at all...

When they emerged in the kitchen, they found Jonathan deep in his search for his REAL father, who he was convinced was someone the entire world knew far too well. He was clearly convinced he would find him lurking in a corner of a photo, or hiding in the background, or even hovering in the sky above.

But he was being ridiculous. Even if Jonathan was right, and their Dad wasn't actually their Dad, it would never be that obvious. Jordan and Jonathan had remained in the dark about all of this for a reason. And their parents had been lying.

Now he was starting to be convinced that they were BOTH lying, and that they lied to them every single day. He even said as much— and yet, after Dad suddenly collapsed and they helped him up onto the couch, then leading Mom to say that shocking word— somehow Jordan hadn't seen it coming. At all.

“By morning the sun will come up, and he'll be back to normal. That's just how it goes with kryptonite.”

Kryptonite. She said the word... kryptonite.

It was like the world had come to a complete stop, and had suddenly stopped spinning on its axis.

Jonathan seemed just as shocked as Jordan, but somehow he managed to utter some kind of a response.

But Jordan could barely think. He could barely even breathe.

Until, finally, the images of those strange cells started floating through his brain— and Jordan suddenly realized the horrible truth—

Jonathan was wrong. Their Dad really was their Dad, after all.

Because Jordan and Jonathan weren't the only aliens living under this roof.

“But humans don't react to kryptonite,” Jordan somehow spit out.

“No,” Mom replied. “Humans don't.”

Jordan's eyes widened. “But Dad did.”

Dad finally lifted his head off of the back of the couch, opening his eyes. “Lois...”

But Mom sat down next to him, giving his arm a squeeze—

And then Dad squeezed her arm back. Dad was on board. Whatever it was, whatever secret he had— it was all about to be revealed.

Jordan felt his stomach swimming anxiously, his heart beating faster and faster by the second.

“You're going to tell us the truth? Finally?” Jordan asked.

“Yes,” Dad replied simply, “we are.”

Jordan pressed on. He had to know. “So what is it? I’m ready. We’re ready. Lay it on us.”

But Jordan already knew what he was going to say. Dad didn’t have a secret family. Dad was just their Dad, just as Jordan had always known, just as had always been blatantly apparent by Jordan’s uncanny resemblance— but he was their Dad, who also happened to not be human.

It was simple, really. And it all finally made sense. Jordan had alien cells simply because his father did.

But there was a piece of this that was still missing— none of this explained Dad’s weird absences...

Kryptonite. He had reacted to... kryptonite...

And then his head started spinning, completely blown away, as it suddenly hit him like a ton of bricks—

Just as Dad reached up to the arm of his glasses, peeling them right off of his face.

And then Superman’s unmistakable bright, blue eyes shined right into his.

“Holy shit,” Jonathan muttered under his breath.

“You’re... Superman,” Jordan said. It wasn’t a question. Dad blinked, staring directly into his eyes.

“I was born on Krypton,” Dad said. “When my parents discovered the planet was dying they sent me here—“

“I know that story,” Jordan interrupted. “The whole world knows that story. That’s Superman’s story...”

And apparently, it was also their Dad’s.

Dad nodded, and then he continued. “When I got here your grandparents were the ones who found me— I crashed right in the middle of their cornfields—“

“Wait,” Jonathan said, “your spaceship or whatever— it crashed right smack in the middle of Grandma and Grandpa’s yard. That’s what you’re saying.”

Dad nodded again, slowly and tentatively.

“But I don’t get it,” Jonathan continued. “So you like— pretended to be normal. You pretended to be human. All this time. To everyone around you. And even— even to us...”

“You’ve been lying to us,” Jordan added. “All this time— you’ve been lying. Over and over and over again—“

Mom sighed. “Jordan...”

“Why would you do this?” Jonathan asked. “You didn’t think we should maybe know this information? And what was your plan, anyway— did you EVER plan to tell us? Or were you just going to lie, and keep lying...”

Dad flinched and pinched the bridge of his nose. Mom noticed immediately, draping her hand around to his back and stroking it in gentle, comforting circles.

“Dad just wanted to give you a chance at a normal life,” she said. “That’s all he ever dreamed for you— for both of you. Trust me, I’ve brought it up now and then throughout the years, especially lately as the two of you started getting a little older, and that was always his response—“

“Wait— you actually wanted to tell us?” Jonathan replied. “But Dad was the one who said no?? Why would he do that? Why didn’t you PUSH him??”

“Oh Jon, it wasn’t my call. It wasn’t my secret to tell—“

“But it involves your kids,” Jonathan argued. “So yeah, it is your call. Just as much as it’s Dad’s.”

“Look,” Dad finally said. He opened his eyes, looking straight at Jonathan and Jordan. “My powers started coming in when I was four years old...” Jordan raised his eyebrows at that. “So anyway— a normal life... that’s something I could only dream of. But that’s never how it was with the two of you. For the two of you— a normal life was within your reach. So how could I deny that for you? How could I ruin any chance of that with all of this?”

Jordan stared at Dad for a moment— but then he just sighed, shaking his head. “Dad— that was just never going to happen. I mean— we have alien cells—“

Mom’s eyes shot open wide. “You have WHAT??”

“Yeah— you can imagine how it felt to discover that one,” Jordan elaborated. “I mean, how was I even supposed to see that coming?? A little heads up would have been more than appreciated, trust me, you don’t even want to know what a panicked mess I was—“

“I can vouch for that,” Jonathan interjected.

“What are you talking about??” Mom asked.

“We’re learning about cells in school,” Jordan replied. “It was nothing— just a cheek swab, a stupid experiment where we were supposed to look at our cells under a microscope. So you can imagine my surprise when mine looked absolutely nothing like Joe Shuster’s... but I guess you would know all about all of that, wouldn’t you...”

But Mom’s eyes continued to be just as wide. “No, we wouldn’t,” she said.

Jonathan’s forehead scrunched in confusion. “What do you mean, you wouldn’t?”



“Oh, Jon, you know we have no way of getting a cheek swab from your father...”

Dad pinched the bridge of his nose again.

Honestly, the thought hadn't even occurred to Jordan— but at this point, by accidentally making that slide in biology class, he probably knew more about Kryptonian biology than his father could even dream of...

And that knowledge was horribly unsettling.

“Shit,” Jonathan said. “That’s insane.”

“You can’t get a cheek swab,” Jordan said. “You mean— because you’re invincible. Because — you really are Superman.” He swallowed heavily. “Seriously— I can’t believe this, any of this— this is so unreal...”

“So you like— have like— powers,” Jonathan said, stating the obvious.

“You’re such a dumbass, Jon, of course he has powers...”

“Can you like— show us or whatever?” Jonathan asked. His eyes were wide in anticipation...

But meanwhile, in contrast, Jordan’s stomach started swimming anxiously...

Mom was still stroking Dad’s back. “I’m sure he will be happy to tomorrow— he’s just been through a lot today, he needs to recover a bit...”

Right. The kryptonite.

Jordan’s heart fell as he thought about that, and as he started picturing that famous, green meteorite.

He knew all about kryptonite, of course— everyone did. Everyone knew that it was the only thing in the entire world that could hurt Superman— and he had seen YouTube clips of it doing that very thing. Hurting Superman... hurting his Dad...

“I’ll be fine,” Dad said again.

“He will be,” Mom reiterated. “And trust me, I’m not one to take these kinds of things lightly —“

Dad scoffed. “No, you’re definitely not.”

“But the sun will be up in no time. And trust me, the effect that it has on Dad is pretty instantaneous.”

Jordan knew all about that, too. He actually knew quite a bit about Superman, since he had gone through a bit of an obsessive Superman phase when he was younger.

Of course, he had no idea how relevant that would end up being...

The clock over the mantle continued to tick, time gradually marching on as the late night slowly shifted into the early morning, but still they continued sitting together in the living room, just talking through all of this as ideas and questions popped into Jordan and Jonathan's minds.

Before long Jordan could see a faint yellow light shining through the window, emerging from behind the tall buildings of the Metropolis skyline.

And Dad clearly noticed it as well; his eyes drifted towards the window, watching as the dim light slowly brightened, and the dark silhouettes of the buildings became more defined, the details of the sharp corners and edges becoming more and more distinct.

And then Jordan noticed Mom give Dad's arm a slight squeeze.

"Babe... just go ahead," Mom whispered.

"It's ok, the boys still have questions," he said. "It's fine— I can wait—"

"No, Dad, it's ok," Jordan said. "Go. You need it. And besides— we'll still be here when you get back..."

"Yeah, go soak up the sun in a way only an alien can," Jonathan said.

"It's not just aliens, bro, plants do it too—"

"Ok, Jordan, on what planet do you think your geeking out will do anything to make any of this less weird?"

"Um, ok, just because I'm using my brain for like a second and not acting like a complete dumbass like some people in this family..."

And then he trailed off as they watched Dad push himself to his feet. He traipsed across the room slowly, almost as if the light streaming in from the window was drawing him towards it...

And then the sun peeked around the edge of the nearby building, suddenly streaking right onto Dad's face...

And Dad shivered in response. Jordan drew in a sudden breath, shocked to see how Dad's skin almost seemed to glisten in response, as Dad suddenly squeezed his hands into tight fists

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And then Jordan noticed his posture straighten, his strength returning quite ostensibly, as if he were being hoisted up by an invisible hook.

Dad opened his eyes, and when the sun shined right into them they looked brighter than Jordan had ever seen. They were such a bright blue that they almost didn't look real—

But as the sun continued to cast its light across the room, now hitting Jonathan, who was standing solemnly at Jordan's side, Jordan suddenly realized that Jonathan's eyes were the exact same shade, so bright they almost seemed otherworldly...

Or even alien.

Dad finally turned back towards them, peering into their eyes. A small smile crept onto his face, the corners of his eyes wrinkling in the process—

And then, although he still wasn't wearing his glasses, suddenly it couldn't be more clear—

He was completely and wholeheartedly Dad.

He was Dad, through and through. The same Dad who made them breakfast every morning, the same Dad who spouted boring history lessons when no one wanted to hear it, the same Dad who made sure they had the exact amount of protein they needed.

He was Dad— even if he was an alien, too.

And Jordan realized then that whatever resulted from their weird, shared background— they would work through it together—

And maybe even cherish it...

One day.

Dad continued to watch them quietly, his smile widening, even as they just stared at him in response.

And then he spoke.

"I know you both probably still have a lot of questions," Dad said.

"Dozens," Jordan replied.

Jonathan huffed. "How about hundreds. Or even thousands. I mean— we just found out our Dad is freaking SUPERMAN—"

Dad nodded in response. "And I promise, I'll get to all of them. But is it ok if I ask the two of you a question first?"

Jordan's attention piqued as Jonathan raised his eyebrows. "Um..." Jonathan said.

"You asked if you could see my powers. So how about— would the two of you like to go for a short flight?" Jordan and Jonathan didn't respond, both taken by surprise by this request. "I mean, it wouldn't be anything major, just a short thing above the skyline, maybe a few minutes or so..."

He trailed off, clearly feeling awkward and uncomfortable as he was met with silence. The silence was palpable and thick— and Jordan felt his jaw fall open in shock.

“I mean— it’s ok if you don’t want to, obviously. I know you’re probably completely overwhelmed right now about all of this, and I’m sure you need time to digest it all. You know what, forget I said anything—“

“Wait a minute,” Jonathan interrupted. “Dad, are you kidding right now? Because if this is a joke it’s not very funny—“

“What Jonathan is trying and failing miserably to say,” Jordan said, “is— Dad, are you kidding?” Dad clearly didn’t know how to interpret Jordan’s response at first, his wrinkled brow displaying his obvious confusion. But then Jordan quickly added, “let’s get the hell out of here.”

Dad stared at him in response, blinking several times—

And then his face spread into the widest grin that Jordan had ever seen.

It was almost as if Dad had been waiting his entire life for this moment—

Which, Jordan supposed, in a way he really had.

Dad had spent his entire life alone, an alien from another planet living among a world of humans. He had been hiding, he had been pretending— and although he had Grandma and Grandpa, and he had Mom, all of whom never let him wallow in his loneliness, all of whom did everything they could to make him feel like he belonged— in the end the reality didn’t change—

He was still the only one. The only one like himself, the only alien in an entire planet of over seven billion human beings...

That is— until now.

And then Jordan knew that somehow, despite the shocking revelation about himself and about his family, everything would be all right.

Because Jordan wasn’t alone— and never would be.

Dad held his arms out wide, reaching for his sons—

And then, with one shared glance, they sidled right up to him.

He wrapped his arms around them, holding them close against his body. Jordan could feel Dad’s heart beating under his ribs, and then Dad’s arm tightened around him, bringing him in even more securely.

“Um, Dad, don’t you have to, like, change?” Jonathan asked as he peered down at Dad’s flannel shirt.

“There will be plenty of time for that,” Dad replied. “An entire lifetime, really. Today I just want to be myself. I want to be Clark— your Dad.”

“Who just so happens to fly,” Jonathan added.

And then Jordan felt a small laugh bubbling from inside his lips. He felt a laugh threatening to come out, despite everything—

So he decided to let it.

Dad cocked an eyebrow in response, not saying a word.

“Should we get going?” Jordan asked. “You know, some of us have actual places to be today. Like... school.”

“See, I told you you’re a geek—“

“Oh shut up, Jon—“

And then, still holding them close, Dad started floating above the floor. Though Jordan knew it was coming it was still a shocking feeling, as his toes left the Earth and gravity seemed to completely cease to exist—

But that was nothing compared to what was to come...

Dad shot through the front door of their brownstone like a cannon—

And suddenly they were in the sky.

They were flying through the air, straight through the fluffy white clouds, high above the tall, familiar buildings of Metropolis. They were familiar but they also weren’t— it almost felt like another world from up here—

Another world, that could really only be their world...

And then, as Jordan felt the air rush past his face, blowing his dark curls back and flattening his hoodie against his body, he suddenly felt— free.

He felt more free than he had ever felt in his entire life. He felt like he was born for this— like this was his home, far more familiar than anything terrestrial he had ever encountered before.

His place was in the sky, his place was in the clouds—

Because he really was an alien.

And maybe, that wasn’t such a bad thing.

And then he felt a laugh bubbling under his skin yet again. But this time it was real, it was earnest, and it was genuine—

And when he let it out, loud and real and completely carefree...

He realized that he finally knew who he really was...

And that with these people, snuggled against him as they flew together through the sky, he would never wonder about his place ever again...

## Chapter End Notes

While I was writing this story I spent a bunch of time perusing the Ellis Island website. I actually found ship manifests from when my grandparents came over to the US from Europe— and on the manifests they are listed as “aliens.” It is pretty shocking to see that word used like that, but it made me think about what the word “alien” means. It means a lot more than from another planet, and certainly more than anything relating to powers. It refers to an otherness that only “aliens” can really understand (both otherworldly types and immigrants)... It was interesting to explore this concept in this context— and also to understand that the Superman story is partially based on the immigrant experience. I actually also found Jerry Siegel’s father’s ship’s manifest, where he, too is listed as an alien...

Anyway, thanks again for reading! And for putting up with my musings, too 😊.

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