

## Decor

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# Decor

by [Paige242](#)

## Summary

Now that they're old enough to pick out decorations for their own rooms, Lois takes the six-year-old twins shopping...and has to deal with their slightly uncomfortable choices.

Eight years later, Jon thinks about the hidden significance.

## Notes

A fluff piece I've slowly been plugging away at during this very busy week.

Hope you enjoy!

Now that they'd arrived at their destination Lois wasn't sure what had compelled her to take the boys along on the shopping trip.

Sure, they were six— which meant they could both be pretty stubborn about asserting their individual styles— but surely they were still young enough for her to pick out room decor for them?

She knew her boys and she knew what they liked.

This particular 'family outing' probably wasn't necessary.

As she started down the second aisle of Bed, Bath & Beyond with her two squirming children in tow she silently wished that she'd asked Mrs. Johnson next door to pop over for an hour while she made a quick trip on her own.

But it was too late for that now. And a promise was a promise.

The boys were finally getting their own separate rooms and she'd told them they could each pick out their new duvets and a few decorative items for their personalized spaces (Jordan was staying in the room they'd both shared since birth, and Jon was taking the guest room down the hall).

Separating them felt like a big step and she'd wanted to make it a momentous occasion. But that was before an unseasonably early snow flurry had hit and Clark had been called away on unexpected DOD business. When the boys had come home from school she'd wanted to suggest postponing, but their excited faces had made her relent. She'd told them they would go that day and they'd both been happily discussing what they were going to pick out for their 'cool big kid rooms.' Plus she was used to rolling with her husband's unpredictable absences.

It had been nice to see them so bubbly and enthusiastic, so she'd bundled them into the car and made the painfully slow drive across the city in the slush.

By the time they'd arrived, however, Jon had started complaining that he was hungry and Jordan had decided that his socks weren't comfortable. The stream of whining in the parking lot wasn't what she'd been hoping for but she'd still forged ahead.

If she could brave supervillains and mob bosses, then surely she could brave a half hour in a store with two six year olds. No matter how many directions the boys were pulling her in.

"Look mom! They sell snacks! I want chips!" Jon tugged on her arm, gesturing towards the small display near the checkout. "Please please please please please?"

"We'll have dinner as soon as we get home."

"Can we have chips for dinner?" he asked immediately, bouncing with overtired energy, "I know where daddy keeps his secret snacks! There is lots in there!"

Lois pressed her lips into a thin line, feeling something between amusement and exasperation. She knew about Clark's secret stash too, and it wasn't a surprise that the boys had figured it out. It was harder and harder to sneak things by them nowadays. They both seemed to have incredibly good memories and neither one missed a beat.

(It did make her wonder how much longer they'd be able to keep a secret that was far bigger than her husband's junk-food addiction...)

"We're having lasagne," she answered simply, doing her best to ignore the disappointed groan as they rounded the corner past the kitchen mixers.

She could finally see the kids bedroom section across the the large big-box store and she couldn't wait to finally get what they'd come for.

Though with the way Jordan was currently walking she had to wonder if they'd ever actually arrive. He was doing some sort of strange wiggly step that involved twisting his feet inwards and grinding his heels in to the ground. Her right arm was beginning to feel the strain from being yanked around every two seconds and she couldn't hold in a wary sigh.

"Sweetie, can you please take regular steps? We just have a bit further to go," she said with as much patience as she could muster.

"But mommy! My socks still hurt!" he complained loudly, drawing the eyes of an older couple that was browsing through a selection of waffle makers nearby, "you didn't help me fix it!"

Even though she didn't want to care about the judgemental gaze of a few strangers she found herself feeling a pang of guilt and annoyance. Steadying herself, she let go of Jon's hand and knelt in front of Jordan.

"We fixed them three times in the car," she reminded him, putting on her best 'calm mom' voice, "I can try one more time and you can take them off at home."

Jordan grumbled something about all winter clothes being itchy as she reached into his boots and pulled the socks as high as she could. Hopefully, the readjustment would be enough to get him through. She just needed fifteen minutes of compliance.

Maybe twenty, at most.

"Mommy! Mommy! Look! Footballs!"

Lois snapped her head around just in time to see Jonathan dart off across the floor, his eyes (apparently) fixed on something she couldn't yet see. In less than a second he'd disappeared behind a tall shelf.

"Jon!"

She hurried to her feet and, despite the grunt of protest and loud proclamation that he was a “big boy now” she scooped Jordan up and went in that direction.

Sometimes, Jonathan seemed to be bursting with boundless energy and it was getting harder and harder to keep up (she had a theory that it was worse on sunny days, but Clark always brushed off the suggestion).

“Jonathan, slow down!”

“Put me down! I wanna run too!”

“Mommy, over here!”

They were attracting stares again, but Lois was relieved to have her speedy son back in her line of sight, at least.

He’d finally stopped at the end of one of the aisles and, annoyed as she was that he’d darted off, it was good to see that he’d at least led them in the right direction.

Jon was standing in front of an end display of a child’s bedroom setup, complete with football adorned blankets and a framed picture of a Metropolis Meteors player she couldn’t name.

“Mom, it’s Jackson Grant!” her son exclaimed, pointing at the picture of one of his idols. She probably should have known— he’d been talking about the guy constantly ever since his grandfather had taken him to a game that fall.

She let out a breath as she placed a squirming Jordan back on the ground. It seemed that making a choice would be easy for at least one of her sons.

“Jon, you need to stay where I can see you,” Lois lectured first, getting the necessary reprimand out of the way.

The boy bounced excitedly on his feet. “Yeah, ‘kay,” he said agreeably but without much indication that he was really listening. “Can I get this stuff for my new room mom?” he asked, turning to her with those wide blue eyes she found hard to resist, “it’s super cool!”

Lois took a quick glance at the price list. It was reasonable enough and within budget.

“Sure, if that’s what you want,” she agreed.

It was at that moment that she realized she hadn’t actually taken a cart at the entrance. The chorus of complaints had led to the oversight.

Thankfully, there was an abandoned basket nearby and she helped Jon place a copy of the picture, a football shaped throw pillow and a matching lamp into it before taking one of the comforter sets off the display. It was already an awkward amount to carry (and she was already feeling overheated in her down jacket), but she did her best to grin and bear it.

Hopefully Jordan would make an equally quick choice and she could compel both of them to stay at her side as they ambled towards the checkout.

“This stuff is ugly. Sports is dumb,” Jordan grumbled unhelpfully, eliciting an instant glare from his twin.

It had been a frequent refrain for him— ever since the summer when he’d had to tag along to Jon’s pee-wee football practices. They’d offered to sign both of them up but Jordan had no interest. That was fine, though it meant hours of sitting in the stands and waiting instead. With Clark’s duties and unreliable schedule, leaving him at home with his dad wasn’t an option.

Jordan had come to dread the practices quite quickly, and often complained that sitting in the sun made him feel funny (Lois was pretty sure that didn't mean anything— she wasn't particularly fond of long hot days in the sun either).

There had been countless arguments between the boys on the topic that summer and fall.

Sure enough, this was no exception.

“Sports aren't dumb. Your face is dumb,” Jon replied, sticking out his tongue.

Jordan let out a low growl, opening his mouth to retort. But Lois quickly jumped in, the various room decor objects balancing precariously at her sides as she took a step forward.

“Boys. Enough,” she said firmly. Luckily, it seemed to stop them both in their tracks. “You don't have to like each other's choices,” she began in a slightly softer tone, “you're getting your own rooms now and that means you can each pick whatever you want. That's why we're here.”

She didn't miss the fact that her boys exchanged a small glance, each falling more serious as she reminded them of that fact. As much as they were excited (and as much as they could fight), she knew there was also a certain wariness hanging over the looming change. They'd always been together. And, when it came down to it, she knew how deeply attached they were.

They'd both quietly expressed a few sheepish fears about going to sleep all by themselves.

It was sweet— despite their increasingly frequent shouting matches.

“Let's keep walking,” she suggested, nodding towards the next aisle. “When you see something you like, Jordan, we'll get that too.”



That seemed to placate him and he led the way (still with his odd twisty steps but without complaint).

They passed by a safari themed set-up that sparked no interest and a gaudy rockstar themed area that she was secretly glad he didn't like.

It was a long aisle and by the time they neared the end she'd started to worry that nothing would catch his eye.

A moment later, however, Jordan rounded the next corner and let out a gasp of delight.

Lois felt a swell of hope (maybe they'd be done soon!)...but as she and Jon caught up her eyes widened in surprise.

"Mommy! I want this!"

She'd predicted the words before they'd left his mouth and her mind was already racing to find a gentle but effective way to divert him to something else.

Jordan was as stubborn as she was and she knew it wouldn't be an easy feat.

She really should have checked the online catalogue before bringing them here.

Apparently, the store now carried an entire line of Superman merchandise for kids...

"I LOVE Superman! He's the coolest!" her son exclaimed, eyes flashing with excitement.

His interest in the hero was nothing new. Like many children his age, he was enamoured with Superman's heroic feats and there had been many uncomfortable moments when he'd raised

the topic at home. Usually, she was mildly amused to see her husband squirm when the boys shared ‘awesome’ Superman facts or the latest Superman news.

But there was also no way she was going to let him deck out his new room in items that were FAR more personal than he knew. That crossed a line of weirdness and she certainly wasn’t going to subject Clark to it.

Jordan ran his hands across the duvet cover that was adorned with a cartoonish version of her husband’s alter-ego before pointing towards a neon sign shaped like the iconic symbol on his suit.

“I want the big S on my wall,” he proclaimed, dashing forward to touch the light next.

Lois swallowed. It was probably a good thing that she was doing this trip solo after all. Seeing Jordan stand next to the family symbol probably would have filled Clark with that mixture of guilt and yearning he seemed to feel whenever they discussed telling the boys the truth.

She knew that part of him wanted to share this unique history with them. But she also knew that he never wanted them to feel different. Since neither one was likely to develop powers, they’d agreed to hold off for a while.

Sometimes, she wasn’t sure if it was for the best but she’d defaulted to his lead on this one. She didn’t know what it was like to grow up with those feelings of otherness, and if he felt it would be detrimental to them at this age she was willing to go along with it. Though she did hope the “right time” would come along sooner rather than later.

The secrets could be exhausting. And they could also lead to weird moments like this.

“I like the big S too,” Jonathan proclaimed, agreeing with his brother for once.

That was certainly unusual, and she couldn't help but wonder if some small part of them felt drawn to the family symbol that was technically theirs as much as Clark's.

"It's..." she faltered, shifting the increasingly heavy basket on her arms as she struggled to come up with a response. "It's very nice, guys. But it's also really expensive."

Lois strategically stepped into front of the poster displaying the various prices before they could notice it. They were getting far too good with math and numbers. (Did that have anything to do with their genetic links to the family who once bore that iconic symbol on a distant place?)

"We need to find something within our budget," she lied with as much conviction as she could.

Jordan's face instantly fell and she almost wanted to relent. He'd been more and more withdrawn lately and it truly was good to see him excited about something.

It was just a too bad it happened to be this.

She braced herself for the inevitable tantrum, mind already thinking up more excuses she could use.

But, surprisingly, it didn't come.

Instead, his shoulders slumped forward and he let out a defeated sigh. The sight caused a pang of guilt in her chest but she could also tell that this would be easier than anticipated.

"I guess it's extra expensive because Superman is really, really awesome," he reasoned, a disappointed pout forming on his lips.

Lois liked the logic, and she was pretty sure Clark wouldn't have been able to resist a small smile at that one.

(She also knew that her husband's decision not to copyright his image in any way actually meant that these sorts of items were usually cheaper than most).

She continued with a white lie, rolling with her son's proclamation.

"Yeah, sorry sweetie," she paused before adding, "but at least you guys have your action figures from your birthday, right? You can display that in your new room somewhere."

Jordan nodded, and she could tell that Jon was happy about that thought too. It had become impossible to keep absolutely all Superman merchandise out of their house over the years, and Clark had relented with the action figures they'd been begging for for months. Their delighted smiles when they'd opened up the packages that summer had been heartwarming and she'd squeezed Clark's hand reassuringly as they'd watched their sons play with a toy version of their father's alter ego.

It had definitely been strange. Though it also seemed to provide some reassurance that, when the time came, they'd be excited to learn the truth. As she often told Clark, the admiration was a good thing.

(As long as they didn't wait too long, it would probably be beneficial).

"Hey Jordan, look over there," Jon's voice snapped her away from her thoughts and she looked down to see her son pointing down the aisle on their left.

"It's not Superman stuff, but it's kinda awesome too. Because Superman is from space."

Lois couldn't help but smile at Jonathan's attempt to find his brother a good alternative. Their fights really did pale in comparison to their love for each other.

Jordan's face instantly lit back up and Lois followed his gaze towards another nearby display.

This one had an outer space theme. The model bed was covered in a dark blanket adorned with planets and stars and the area was accented with planet shaped pillows and a rocket-ship lamp.

Lois bit her lip, wondering if this was still a bit too on the nose. But she followed the boys towards it anyway. Warmed by the resurgence of enthusiasm and already knowing that she wasn't going to say no.

It was less weird than filling his room with unlicensed pictures of his dad, at least.

"Wow! I love space stuff!" Jordan proclaimed, flicking the rocket ship lamp on and off a couple of times.

Beside him, Jonathan nodded. And she noticed that his eyes were bouncing back and forth between this display, and the football themed items in Lois' arms.

"I like it too," he said quietly, poking at one of the planets on the bedspread.

Lois smiled reassuringly, perfectly happy to let him change his mind (even if this choice was going to get a raised brow from Clark).

She'd successfully diverted them from the Superman section. As far as she was concerned, she'd done her part.

"Look, they even have glow in the dark stars!" Jordan proclaimed, moving towards a bin containing boxes of stickers. "I wanna put those on my ceiling!"

“Can I have star stickers too?”

“We can get all the same stuff. Then maybe having our own rooms will be less weird. Because they’ll still be the same.”

“Oh yeah, that’s a really good idea,” Jon agreed with a nod.

Lois couldn’t help but be amused by their sweet discussion. Their bond could be so lovely and, even though she’d thought some of the point of having their own rooms was to arrange them however they wanted, it was nice to see that they still wanted to share a link.

(She tried to not dwell too much on the fact that a connection to this particular theme was something unique that would always tie them together...)

“So you both want this now?” she asked, setting down the football bed set and gesturing towards the display.

“Yeah,” came a reply in perfect unison.

“Expect I want the football lamp, and the picture of Jackson Grant,” Jonathan amended, clearly willing to blend the two themes together.

Much to her relief, Lois spied an abandoned cart nearby and quickly rolled it over.

“Alright, sounds good guys,” she said agreeably as she helped them load up their choices.

She directed Jordan to pick a poster of an astronaut rather than the one of three cartoonish green aliens (that was definitely too weird)— but other than that, she was happy to go along with what they’d picked.

She was tired and hot and more than ready for dinner. Frankly, it was a huge relief that they'd actually picked something. She'd deal with Clark's slight discomfort later if she had to. But she didn't really think this crossed any sort of line.

Lots of kids loved outer space. It was another topic her sons pursued with excitement.

Yes, they happened to have a secret heritage amongst the stars, but in her opinion that just made their natural interest in this sort of thing even more meaningful.

"Alright, let's get to the checkout," she said, directing them to hold onto the side of the cart as they began the final leg of their harrowing trek.

All things considered, it had been a success. The task was complete and, that weekend, they'd be able to start the big transition.

She smiled at her sons, suddenly caring a little bit less about Jordan's wiggly steps and Jon's renewed instance that he needed chips NOW.

They were growing up so fast and it was probably best to enjoy the time together as much as she could.

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By Sunday evening, the furniture had been rearranged and both boys had helped her and Clark set up their new "big boy" rooms.

Jonathan's space and football themed room came together first, then they'd moved on to establishing Jordan's more uniform decor.

They both seemed happy with the choices they'd made a few days earlier and had reiterated that they liked the fact that their rooms were both "the same and different."

They also spent a significant amount of time sharing ‘epic’ astronomy facts, and Jordan had proclaimed that he was going to fly to space one day.

Clark, as predicted, had looked at their choices with slightly widened eyes. He’d rolled with it, though (especially after Lois had told him about Jordan’s initial choice).

It was nice that he hadn’t been called away on their chosen decorating day and she’d enjoyed staying back and watching as he’d helped them with the set up. (She’d done her part, and it was time for him to do his).

Putting the star stickers on their ceilings had been a particular highlight. She’d chuckled as Clark had hopped up on to their beds and held each boy in turn so that they could apply the decorations themselves, much to their delight.

(She couldn’t help but wonder how much more fun it would have been if he’d done the same without anything beneath his feet...)

By the evening, they’d both been thrilled with the results and had insisted on giving their parents “tours” of their new spaces (even though they’d been there every step of the way).

It had been hard to convince them to come downstairs for dinner but the lure of pizza had eventually won out. They’d they’d remembered that their favourite show was on and had settled into the living room together— snuggled up a little bit closer than usual as the first night in the separate rooms loomed.

Lois hoped they weren’t pushing this on them too soon. But the time felt right, and she was pretty sure that they’d be grateful for their own independent spaces as time went on.

After checking in on them, she made her way upstairs.



She was a bit surprised to see that the light was on in Jordan's room but, as she took a step past the doorway to turn it off, she realized that it was currently occupied.

Clark was there, and she arrived just in time to see his feet touch down on the ground.

He smiled at her, though she could sense a heavier emotion behind his eyes even then.

“What are you doing babe?” she couldn't help but ask.

Clark looked up towards the ceiling of stars— and that was when she saw that he'd made one slight but noticeable modification.

There, amongst the sea of yellow, there was now a single red star.

“I...maybe I shouldn't, but I wanted to make it special,” he explained softly, clearing his throat as he strode across the room to her side.

They looked up together for a moment longer before he continued.

“At first I was a bit uncomfortable that they'd picked out this stuff. But it also got me thinking— and I can see how enthralled by it they are,” Lois nodded and he continued, “I know they don't realize how meaningful it is right now, but it felt right to put that there.” He pointed up towards the red star.

The one that was clearly a symbol of his first home.

She wrapped her around his back, her head leaning naturally against his shoulder as it often did in quiet thoughtful moments.

“I guess...even though it’s too dangerous for them to know the truth, I want them to feel connected. Even in a small way. They’re—“ he stopped, unable to label them in a way he never had before. “They’re our sons,” he said instead, settling on that. “Part of them comes from me.”

Lois smiled, pulling him tighter. She could feel the vulnerability, and she knew the guilt he often felt. She hoped her support was the reassurance he needed in that moment.

“It’s a gift, Clark. They’re connected to something very special. And one day, you’ll share that with them.”

Her husband nodded, letting out a small breath as his gaze remained fixed on the speck of red.

It all felt so distant right now.

But maybe one day, it wouldn’t.

They stood quietly for a moment longer, holding each other close— perhaps both thinking about how fitting it was for their special boys to drift to sleep amongst the stars.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Eight Years Later

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

“Hey man. Almost done?”

Jonathan leaned against the door to his brother’s room, surveying the stacks of boxes and empty furniture scattered throughout.

The whole house felt so strange right now. So different and eerily wrong. Perhaps it was a fitting symbol of how their lives would never been the same again.

It had been just over a week since they'd learned the shocking truth and now, somehow, everything that had once been familiar was packed away. Ready to be transported to a new place.

So that they could start their new lives.

It had happened so fast that Jonathan's brain had barely had time to catch up. Frankly, he was still numb. And laced with so many worried thoughts about what lay ahead.

His dad was Superman.

His brother had powers.

(Would he get powers too? It felt impossible, even if it wasn't).

They were leaving Metropolis behind and everything he'd envisioned when he'd started High school was rapidly slipping away. It felt like being in quicksand, but the only way he knew how to cope was to plaster on a brace face and forge ahead.

He was trying his best.

"Yeah, pretty much," Jordan replied, putting down the packing tape he'd just used to seal one of the last boxes.

Their entire childhoods were contained in cardboard now. As he'd packed up his own room he'd been filled with a surreal feeling that everything he'd thought he'd known now belonged to another lifetime. He wondered if he'd even want to attempt to unpack when they arrived—maybe it was all just going to feel like a lie now.

A big part of him wished he could go back to his blissful ignorance, but that had become impossible the moment his father had lifted a pickup truck off the lawn.

“I can’t believe we’re actually going tomorrow,” his brother commented, looking around the barren space. “It’s happening so fast.”

Jon shrugged, a pit of anxiety welling up within. He tried to suppress it— that was supposed to be Jordan’s thing, not his.

“It is what it is, I guess,” he replied inspiringly.

Jordan nodded then, after a beat, Jon watched in surprise as he suddenly climbed onto the old bed and stood up, reaching towards the ceiling.

“What are you doing?”

“I guess it’s silly, but I kinda want to take this one,” his bother replied, wedging his fingers under one of the stars that he hadn’t bothered to remove before.

Jon remembered picking them out, way back when they’d moved into their own rooms. It had felt like a daunting change then, but he’d taken comfort in starting up at the glowing specs as he’d settled into his new space.

In retrospect, it suddenly seemed kind of weird (and maybe unsettling?) that he’d spent the latter part of his childhood sleeping beneath a blanket adorned with other planets as a scattering of stars shone down.

That realization brought a wave of increasingly familiar discomfort.

He watched as Jordan peeled the solitary red star off the ceiling before plopping back down and swinging his legs over the side of the bed.

His brother looked down at it for a long moment, seemingly deep in thought.

“I guess this was a hint,” he muttered, shaking his head slightly before looking back up at Jon. “I wonder if dad put it there.”

Jon’s room had had a single red star too before he’d peeled all of them off a couple of years ago. He remembered fixating on it.

Though it had never felt significant before. And he wasn’t entirely sure why Jordan was suddenly so focused on it.

“Why would dad put it there?”

Jordan snorted, slight frown crossing his face before he let out a quiet sigh.

“Because Krypton orbited a red star,” he answered, jogging Jon’s hazy memory. He probably should have remembered that from one of the many Superman books he and Jordan had memorized back in the day, but it had fallen to the wayside over the years.

He’d certainly never expected it to be so personal. It had just been one of many facts he’d once found fascinating about the Man of Steel (his dad, he silently reminded himself...)

“Oh. Right.” He replied, stomach fluttering with discomfort at the thought. “So you think dad...”

He trailed off but his brother quickly picked up.

“Wanted to subject his half-Kryptonain kids to some subliminal messaging?” he finished, annoyance filtering in at the thought. “Yep. I definitely think that.”

Jon immediately opened his mouth, wanting to protest that he wasn’t...that. But something about the expression on Jordan’s face made him hold off.

There was definitely some lingering anger about all of the secrecy. But there was something else too. A sadness— maybe even a yearning. Weird as it was to let the comment slide, Jon stood back and watched as Jordan opened the notebook on his bedside table and fastened the only red sticker to the inside cover before closing it once more.

Apparently, he was going to keep it.

Apparently, he felt a connection.

Did Jon?

He didn’t think so.

(Though as he thought about the red star he realized that part of him wished he still had his as well).

“This is all so weird,” his brother mused with a long breath, glancing at the notebook before looking back towards the door. “It’s crazy to think that we could have had another home. That we’re just as connected to that star as we are to the one here,” he shook his head in disbelief before adding, “maybe that one would have made me feel normal.”

Jon swallowed, finding all of those thoughts far too uncomfortable to dwell on.

This was Jordan’s thing, right?

He was the one who was changing. And he'd always been way more into this sort of thing.

(Then again, they'd both chosen to surround themselves with images of the vast universe many years ago— was there some sort of strange inherent appeal to him too? He couldn't count the number of nights he'd fallen asleep looking at the red star. He quickly brushed the thought away).

“Well, we'll have a new home tomorrow,” he noted uncomfortably, shifting on his feet. “Speaking of, I should probably finish up in my room. See you downstairs for pizza?”

Jordan nodded, shooting him a long long before flopping wordlessly onto his bed.

Eyes now gazing towards the ceiling.

Jon took that as his cue and made his way back down the hall.

He didn't really want to think about any of it.

It was too much.

It was too weird and overwhelming.

And yet he suddenly couldn't get that red speck out of his mind's eye.

For whatever reason, he realized, there was a comforting familiarity to it.

Like it or not, he knew it was something that would always make him think of home.





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