

The Bedtime Story

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Rated G

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Summary: Clark tells his son a bedtime story about Superman.

I do not own anything in the Lois & Clark universe except little Jonathan and this story idea. I am just borrowing some characters from D.C. Comics and Warner Brothers for a little not-for-profit fun.

As always, my thanks to Female Hawk (Corrina) for beta reading this story. It always amazes me how much her input improves my stories; this one is no exception.

"Oh, Clark. I'm beat. Would you put little Jonathan to bed tonight?"

"Sure, honey." Clark turned to his young son. "All right, Champ. Time for bed."

"Can I have a piggy back ride upstairs?"

Clark laughed. "Of course. Up you go."

Clark tucked Jonathan into bed and then asked him, "So what story do you want tonight? The Three Little Pigs, perhaps?"

"No, Daddy, that one's silly. Everyone knows that pigs can't talk. Tell me the story you told me last night! The one about Superman!"

"All right. Now that you're a big boy, you know that not all people are nice, and that's why you should never talk to or go anywhere with strangers. But there is a special man named Superman who keeps the good people safe from the bad ones." By the time Clark had detailed Superman's powers and described how Superman could stop the bad people without hurting them, Jonathan was sound asleep.

Clark had barely reached the bottom of the stairs of his Hyperion Drive townhouse before his wife started complaining. "Honestly, Clark. Why must you fill our son's head with such notions? What if he grows up to be odd like you and wants to start acting like your 'Superman'? Do you *want* our son to be taken from us and made into a lab experiment?"

Clark bowed his head and sighed, wistfully wondering what it would be like to *be* Superman. Perhaps in another universe... But all he said was, "You're right. No more Superman stories for Jonathan. I'm sorry, Lana."

THE END