

Brothers

By NostalgiaKick <feli290412@gmail.com>

Rated G

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Summary: The clone gave Clark something that no one else could.

Story Size: 353 words (2Kb as text)

Disclaimer: All recognisable characters etc. are property of DC Comics, Warner Bros and December 3rd Productions.

Author's note: Set at the end of Vatman, this is #18 in the At First Sight series. It hasn't been beta-read, so sorry for any mistakes or typos that sneaked in.

This story is part of a series that includes "[At First Sight](#)," "[Evil Lurks](#)," "[A Matter of Time](#)," "[Invisible](#)," "[Gratitude](#)," "[Unprofessional Behaviour](#)," "[But For the Grace of God](#)," "[Vulnerable](#)," "[Decisions](#)," "[A Terrible Mistake](#)," "[Facets](#)," "[Terrified](#)," "[A Remarkable Woman](#)," "[The Aftermath of Illusion](#)," "[Black, White and Shades of Grey](#)," "[Tainted](#)," "[Betrayal](#)," "[Brothers](#)," "[Saving the Enemy](#)," "[Aching](#)" and "[Healing](#)."

Is it possible to be essentially good? Or essentially evil?
I always thought that your morals, your principles (or lack of them) were learned. That someone had to teach you, to instil those beliefs in you.
Maybe I was wrong.

I don't know who his father was, but the clone — my brother — definitely wasn't raised as I was. Whoever raised him inculcated him with a peculiar blend of amorality and ruthlessness.

The whole thing smacks of Luthor.
Who else has the money to be able to fund Leek's research?
Who else hates me that much?
Who else would deliberately poison a child's mind that badly?

Because for all that he looked to be as old as I am, he was essentially still a child.
His father didn't succeed. When it mattered, my brother did do the right thing.

I wish there could've been a way to save him. To get him away from his father's influence. There was so much good in him, so much he could've been.
He wasn't perfect. But he was my brother.

The one thing that I can never have is someone who truly knows what it's like to be... me. There is no one else like me, no one else that can do what I can do, and at times I feel so isolated. So apart. For an incredibly brief time, there was someone else, someone who could truly understand how hard it can be to be me. And I didn't feel quite so alone.

I grieve for what could have been.
Someone to talk to. Someone to share my experiences with.
Someone to commiserate with when things get to be too much.
More than a friend.
A brother.

THE END