

# A Special Son

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Summary: Lois and Clark's son is special in ways they never would have imagined.

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## Chapter 1

The sweet sounds of birds chirping filled the air as Lois walked through the park on a beautiful Sunday morning. Just as it was every weekend, the park was filled with mothers and their children. Some children were running around and laughing, while others were being pushed by their mothers in strollers.

It was the children that ran around the park which caught Lois' eye most often even though she had more in common with the mothers who were pushing strollers. Lois had brought her own son to the park and was pushing him along the path that circled it and passed many of those mothers who were traveling along the same pathway she was. However, little Oliver Kent was not in a stroller. At six years old he had long outgrown his stroller and was instead in a wheelchair.

Seeing the other kids Oliver's age running and jumping around while their mothers ran around with them reminded Lois that it was an experience her son would never get to have. He never even got to take his first steps. Oliver had transitioned from a stroller straight to a wheelchair.

For a long time Lois and Clark believed they wouldn't ever be able to have a child, so when Lois got pregnant they had been overjoyed. But that feeling hadn't lasted very long. Throughout the pregnancy Lois experienced many complications, including almost losing the baby as well as her own life more than once. Things became so dire during one of those instances that Lois had insisted that her doctors and Clark promise that if only one life could be saved it would be that of her baby.

During her difficult pregnancy Lois and Clark had also been informed that if their child survived he would likely have a whole host of medical problems. The fact that other than the issue with his legs which left him unable to walk Oliver was a completely normal and healthy child was miraculous. With all that could have gone wrong, their son spending his life in a wheelchair had been relatively easy to accept. He truly was their miracle baby.

Though she had come to terms with her son's disability there were occasions where Lois became wistful when she saw other children doing things her son couldn't, but one look at Oliver's smile was all it took to wash those feelings away.

Oliver's condition had been harder for Clark to deal with. As Superman he was used to having amazing powers and saving people. His own son being disabled made him feel like a failure. But with Lois' help Clark too had been able to come to terms with their son's disability and accept that he wasn't at fault for it. It just took him a little longer to get there.

When Lois found a nice grassy spot under a shade tree she wheeled her son in that direction. Once she made sure his chair was secure and wouldn't roll away Lois knelt in the grass and looked up at her son. "What do you want to do while we wait for Daddy?"

"Swing! Swing, Mommy. I want to go on the swing."

Though he couldn't operate the swing on his own Oliver was strong enough to sit up and support himself on the swing and it was one of his favorite places to play. Getting to her feet, Lois reached into Oliver's wheelchair and picked him up. Shifting his weight around so that he was more comfortable in her arms, Lois carried him over to the swings.

Upon reaching the playground Lois carefully placed her son in the swing, and when he was ready, started pushing. As she pushed and Oliver swung through the air he giggled with delight. It was one of the most beautiful sounds to Lois' ears. Those sounds traveled across the wind until they reached the ears of someone who found them just as beautiful. Moments later he landed in a secluded area of the park and adjusted his glasses.

Now that he was in the park Clark no longer needed to use his super hearing to pick up on the voices of his wife and son. Able to tell that the sound was coming from the vicinity of the playground Clark guessed he would find his family over by the swings. Clark's assumption was proven correct shortly thereafter when the swing set came into view and he saw Oliver happily swinging back and forth.

Lois and Oliver were so engrossed in their play that neither of them noticed Clark until he was right beside them. When Lois did finally notice her husband next to her she stopped pushing her son in the swing and turned her attention to Clark.

"Hey Lois, I'm sorry I couldn't come to the park with you and Oliver, but I took care of that little problem. I'm all yours now."

After giving Clark a quick kiss Lois turned her attention back to her son. "Oliver, look who's here!"

"Daddy!" the child squealed when he saw his father.

The swing came to a stop and Clark gingerly took his young son into his arms. "Hey buddy. Were you and Mommy having fun?"

"Yes. Mommy is lots of fun. She pushes real good."

"That's great. What else do you want to do?"

Oliver looked around and pointed to the slide.

Lois and Clark didn't tell their son he couldn't do something just because he didn't have use of his legs. They taught him that he could do almost anything that he wanted to, even if he had to do it in a different way. Clark grew up feeling different from everyone else and knew how hard it could be. He wanted his son feel like he belonged, even if he was a little different.

Oliver didn't know that his dad was unlike other fathers, however. Clark and Lois had decided not to tell their son that his dad was Superman until he was older. Having Superman as your father was a very cool thing for a kid, so Lois and Clark wanted to wait until Oliver was old enough to understand why he couldn't tell anyone who his father really was. They were very careful to limit their son's interactions with Clark's superhero side as much as possible to keep him from discovering the truth for himself.

So when Oliver indicated he wanted to play on the slide his parents didn't tell him that it wasn't possible due to his disability. Instead they simply said okay and carried him over there.

Clark set Oliver at the top of the slide and gently held him until Lois got into place at the bottom of the slide to catch him. Oliver wiggled with excitement as he sat on the slide, hence Clark's reason for holding him. He didn't want his son inadvertently sliding down before Lois was in position to catch him. Once Lois was ready Clark released his hold and Oliver pushed off with his arms and slid down into his mother's waiting, open arms. Immediately Oliver said he wanted to go again, so Lois carried him back to the top of the slide and passed him off to Clark who got him situated for another round.

Lois, Clark and Oliver continued to play at the park for the next half-hour, playing on everything from the swing, to the slide, to the monkey bars. They'd had a lot of fun, but now it was time

to go. Gathering his son in his arms, Clark followed Lois to the nearby shade tree where she'd parked Oliver's wheelchair earlier. After getting him back into his chair they headed out of the park to return home.

Back at home Clark began preparing lunch for the family, while Lois and Oliver sat around the kitchen table playing Chutes and Ladders. Normally Lois' competitive streak would have her do whatever it took to win, but now she didn't need to win. She was just enjoying the time spent with her son. Lois never would have believed there would be a time when she wouldn't mind losing. But then she had changed in many ways she never would have imagined before Oliver was born.

Lois never thought she would enjoy spending her weekends at the playground or watching cartoons. Most surprising was that her career was no longer the most important thing in her life. She still loved being a reporter, but she didn't stay at the office all hours of the night anymore. She didn't always get there first nor have the best story every time. Instead she kept more normal hours so that either she or Clark could drop Oliver off at school and pick him up after. She allowed others to take potentially prize winning stories when she felt it would take too much time away from her son. Winning a Pulitzer Prize was no longer her ultimate goal, although she had received one of those illustrious awards four years ago and knew how amazing it felt to win one. Now her ultimate goal was the health and happiness of Oliver. If she never won another award in her life that would be okay with her as long as her child was healthy and happy.

As they were finishing up their game Clark announced that lunch was ready. Lois and Oliver quickly completed the last few rolls of the die until one of them emerged victorious. After winning Oliver helped his mother put the game back in its box to clear the table so they could eat.

Shortly after lunch Clark's super hearing picked up trouble regarding a massive fire at a retirement home. The out-of-control fire was big news, so Lois was watching the events unfold on TV as firefighters and Superman fought to put the fire out and free all of the trapped elderly residents. While she was watching Oliver wheeled himself into the room.

"Where's Daddy?" Oliver asked upon seeing Lois sitting on the couch alone.

"He had to go to work. There's a big fire. Daddy's going to write about it for the newspaper."

"Is Superman there?"

"Yes, he's helping the firemen put out the fire and rescue all the people," Lois answered without fear that her son might recognize the superhero as his father. With lives still in danger there was no time for interviews, so the occasional flash of Superman on TV appeared as not much more than a small blue blur in the distance.

Oliver sat by the couch and watched the news story with his mother and didn't leave until it was over. When he returned about twenty minutes later he had a piece of paper with him. "Look Mommy. I'm a reporter, just like you and Daddy," Oliver said as he showed her the paper.

Written in crayon were three sentences. *Superman stopped the fire. Superman saved all the people. The firemen helped.*

There weren't a lot of details and many of the words were misspelled, but Oliver hadn't been writing for very long so Lois was very proud. She immediately put the 'article' up on the refrigerator, which made Oliver beam with pride. If he did decide to follow in her and Clark's footsteps he was getting a good start.

Oliver was so excited about his Superman story getting 'published,' in the form of being put on display on the refrigerator that he couldn't wait for his dad to get home so that he could show him. When Clark came in the door Oliver displayed incredible speed as he wheeled himself over to the door as fast as his little arms could take him.

"Whoa! Slow down, buddy," Clark said as he took hold of the armrests of his son's wheelchair to halt his rapid propulsion. "You're going to crash into something going that fast. Why are you in such a hurry today?"

"I want to show you something!" Oliver answered excitedly.

Going a more normal and appropriate speed this time, Oliver turned his chair around and began leading his father toward to kitchen to show off his work. Oliver stopped in front of the fridge and tried to get the paper his mother had pinned to it with a magnet, but it was out of his reach. Instead he pointed up to the paper and told Clark to look at it. By that time Lois had entered the room and explained how their son had become a junior reporter and wrote about the Superman rescue he saw on TV.

Like Lois, Clark was proud of his son and his misspelled, but adorable report. But at the same time he was worried that while watching Superman on TV Oliver may have recognized him. A silent exchange from Lois told him that the secret was still intact. Feeling more at ease now, Clark complimented his son on a job well done.

Pleased by the reactions of his parents to his story Oliver wheeled away with a smile. With Oliver playing in his room Lois and Clark had finally gotten some alone time. They planned to take full advantage of that and just as soon as Clark wrote up the fire story, using a bit of discreet super speed, and sent it to Perry, he and Lois snuggled up on the couch together to watch a romantic movie.

Less than a third of the way into the movie Oliver returned from his solo play, so Lois and Clark had to stop their movie. Now they wouldn't be able to finish watching until after he went to bed.

When Oliver's bedtime arrived hours later Clark volunteered to help Oliver with his bath and get him ready for bed. Clark pushed a reluctant Oliver toward the bath for one his least favorite activities. While her husband handled the difficult task of getting their son clean, Lois headed into the kitchen to make some fresh popcorn.

After fixing a big bowl of popcorn Lois went to see how Clark was doing. When she found the men in her life the sight that met her eyes made her laugh. Both boys were dripping wet. "Who took the bath, you or Oliver?"

"I think we both did," Clark said, laughing himself.

"Why don't you give him to me so you can go dry off," Lois replied still amused by the situation.

Clark handed their small son over to Lois and excused himself.

"Did you get Daddy all wet?" Lois asked once Clark was out of the room.

In response Oliver laughed mischievously.

Lois chuckled at her son's amusement. "Come on. Let's get you ready for bed."

Resting the child on her hip Lois held Oliver with one arm while she opened his dresser to procure his jammies. Upon locating the sleepwear Lois carried her son over to the bed. Oliver was easily able to put his shirt on without assistance, but with his legs he had trouble with the pants. Lois had to help him with the pajama bottoms, but she encouraged Oliver to do as much as he could by himself. Oliver got a pant leg over one foot, then the other and was able to pull them part of the way on, but then needed his mother's help after that.

By the time Lois helped Oliver get into his dinosaur jammies and was beginning to tuck him in, Clark had dried off and changed out of his wet clothes. Not wanting to interrupt Clark stood at the doorway to watch his wife and son from afar.

When Oliver was securely tucked into bed Lois sat on its edge and brushed a curl of dark hair from his forehead. "You look more and more like your father every day."

Lois was often struck by just how much Oliver did look like

Clark. Other than his eyes which were a gentle blue, Oliver looked so much like a younger version of her husband. With her husband's looks he was a very cute little boy and would grow into a very handsome young man. After a few moments of just gazing at her beautiful son Lois bent down and kissed his forehead. "Goodnight baby. I love you."

Lois rose to her feet and noticed Clark in the doorway. He stepped into the room and approached the bed to say goodnight to his son. After whispering words of love and a wish for sweet dreams Clark kissed Oliver's forehead just as Lois had done a moment ago. Together they then walked out of the room glancing back for a second at the door before pulling it to, leaving only a tiny sliver of light creaking through.

Back in the living room, Clark reset the movie while Lois grabbed the popcorn. Settling back into their cozy positions on the couch they resumed the movie where they left off while enjoying their bowl of warm popcorn.

The few hours Lois and Clark got to themselves each night were well-earned and before either the popcorn or movie were finished they found interest in each other. With the movie and their snack forgotten Lois and Clark were solely focused on one another. By the time they remembered their movie and turned their attention back to the TV the film had ended.

"Oh well," Lois said. "We'll try again tomorrow."

She then found that comfortable spot in Clark's lap and brushed her hand through his hair as she leaned in to kiss him.

The hours passed quicker than even Superman could track and Monday had soon arrived. While they were busy getting ready for work Lois and Clark heard a small voice calling for help down the hall.

"I'll go help Oliver," Clark announced just before a massive gust of wind filled the room and he disappeared.

When Clark reappeared in front of Lois he was freshly showered and fully dressed in his suit and tie, complete with glasses.

"Cheater," Lois accused playfully.

With a departing kiss Clark left the bedroom at human speed and headed toward his son's room.

"Good morning," Clark said in greeting when he stepped into the doorway.

Smiling brightly, Oliver returned the greeting.

Oliver was unable to get out of bed and into his wheelchair on his own. He hadn't mastered that task yet. So every morning, and on occasion in the middle of the night, either Lois or Clark would have to help their disabled son make the transfer from bed to wheelchair.

"You ready?" Clark asked.

In response Oliver nodded his head.

After Oliver scooted over to the edge of the bed Clark prepared to pick him up. Little Oliver learned over the chair, put his hands on the armrests and lifted himself a few inches off the bed. That was as far as he could get by himself. Clark helped Oliver complete the move by gently lifting him and settling him into the chair.

Clark remained in his son's room to help him get ready for school. In the meantime Lois was busy getting ready herself. She didn't have superpowers like her husband to do things at super speed, so even though Clark had to get Oliver ready at human speed his earlier super-cheating allowed him to finish helping their son before she had done everything she needed to do to get ready for work.

As soon as everyone was ready they loaded up into Lois' car and headed for the elementary school Oliver attended. At the school Clark got Oliver and his wheelchair out of the car, then they and Lois headed inside the building. While Clark pushed his son's wheelchair Lois walked by their side through the hallways to Oliver's kindergarten class.

A desk in the front row, the one nearest the door had no chair with it. That was Oliver's desk, its location chosen because of the accessibility factor for his wheelchair. Clark and Lois got their son settled at his desk and told him to have a good day at school as they wished him goodbye.

After dropping Oliver off at school Lois and Clark drove straight to the Daily Planet to begin their workday. It was a busy day in the newsroom, especially for the Daily Planet's top two reporters, Lois and Clark. Together they had uncovered the beginnings of what would be the biggest story Metropolis had seen in weeks.

That afternoon Lois arranged to meet a source who would speak only with her, so after lunch she left the bullpen to find out what he had to say, while Clark stayed behind at his desk. By the time Lois finished meeting with her source it was the end of the school day, so instead of returning to the Daily Planet with what she had learned she drove off in the opposite direction.

Lois arrived at the elementary school about fifteen minutes after classes were over and picked up Oliver who was sitting with the small group of children who were still waiting for their parents. After getting Oliver, along with his wheelchair, secured in her car Lois finally returned to the Daily Planet.

Oliver loved coming to the Daily Planet, especially getting to ride in the elevator. Going up in the elevator was a lot of fun. He even got to push the buttons. When the elevator doors opened on the newsroom floor Lois wheeled Oliver out and down the ramp, then over to her desk.

It took a while to get to her desk, not because of the distance or because of the wheelchair. It took more than twice as long to get to her desk because no one was more popular at the Daily Planet than Oliver Kent. The moment they exited the elevator everyone who passed stopped to say hello to the child and some even went out of their way just to go see Oliver.

All the attention he got was another reason Oliver enjoyed coming to the Daily Planet so much. His favorite person at the Daily Planet, other than his mom and dad of course, was Jimmy Olsen.

Jimmy Olsen hadn't greeted Oliver on his way to his mother's desk, but the photographer did come see him soon after. Crouching down on the floor by the wheel of Oliver's chair Jimmy spent several minutes talking to the six-year-old, listening to all of his stories, until Perry came out of his office bellowing his name.

"Jimmy! I thought I told you to..." Perry stopped short of finishing his sentence when he saw Lois and Clark's son sitting in the newsroom.

Saying goodbye to Oliver and Lois Jimmy continued on with what his boss had ordered him to do.

After spending about an hour at his parents' work Oliver was waving goodbye to those who remained in the newsroom while he was wheeled back up the ramp and into the elevator. The next few days were about the same until Thursday when Oliver and Clark left the Daily Planet without Lois.

Lois stayed behind to continue working on the major news story that had come to her and Clark's attention on Monday. She would be stuck in the newsroom for hours, so Clark was on his own with Oliver tonight.

Without Lois around Superman was off duty for the night. He couldn't leave his son home alone while he went out flying all over Metropolis. He just hoped it would be a quiet evening with no major trouble.

While Superman took the night off, Clark was kept quite busy. Oliver demanded all of his attention, making his dinner, helping him with his reading, entertaining him by playing every game under the sun. Clark also had to put Oliver to bed on his own since Lois still had not returned home from work yet.

Oliver was upset that his mother wasn't home. Clark had a lot

of trouble trying to get his son to bed. Despite the fact that he couldn't exactly avoid being put in the bed since he was incapable of walking and in a wheelchair Oliver refused to lie down or be tucked in. He kept insisting that he couldn't go to sleep without saying goodnight to Mommy as well. Clark finally got Oliver to bed after he called Lois at the Daily Planet so that she could say goodnight over the phone and promise that he would see her first thing in the morning.

Friday morning as promised Lois was the one to go help Oliver get out of bed, ready for school and into his wheelchair. And since the story she and Clark were working on wasn't quite finished yet, she was also the one who took Oliver to a birthday party one of his friends was having that afternoon. Lois and Clark tried to avoid working late as best as they possibly could, but things didn't always work out that way, so they would try to alternate who stayed at work and who stayed with Oliver.

Immediately after picking Oliver up from school Lois took him to the party, which was at the home of the birthday boy. There were games, cake and ice cream, followed by the opening of presents.

When all the presents were opened all of the children jumped into the pool, all except Oliver. Swimming was one thing that Oliver's disability prevented him from doing. He had played in a pool before, but only with his mom and dad. That wasn't an option here.

Since Oliver couldn't participate in the rest of the party activities he and Lois left a little early. They said their goodbyes to the birthday boy as well as the others guests and before leaving Oliver was given a party favor bag and a big red balloon.

Because he had to leave the party early Lois decided to take Oliver to the playground at the park for a little while. It was close by and on the way home anyway. Arriving at the park a short time later Lois wheeled Oliver over to the same shade tree where she parked his wheelchair last weekend.

Before going to play Oliver wanted to see what was in his party favor bag. However, the bag was tied tightly closed with a ribbon, so Oliver had to enlist the assistance of his mother to get into the bag to see what goodies he had received.

While Lois was busy trying to untie the stubborn knot Oliver lost his grasp on his balloon. As the helium-filled balloon floated toward the clouds Oliver tried to retrieve it. The end of the string was always just out of his reach, but Oliver never quit trying to recapture his red balloon.

Suddenly Oliver realized something was wrong. He could no longer see his mother and the ground was much further away than it should be. Realizing that he was in mid-air Oliver panicked and started to fall.

A scream drew Lois' focus away from the knot she was working on and she snapped her head up to Oliver's wheelchair. When she saw the empty chair her heart stopped. Her son had vanished. Another scream caused Lois to look up and that's when she saw Oliver desperately clinging to a tree branch nearly eighty foot off the ground.

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## Chapter 2

Across the city, miles away at the Daily Planet, Clark's super hearing picked up on an unmistakable sound of distress. The words, "Help Superman!" came from the most familiar voice and not just because he had come to her rescue more than anyone else, but because she was also his wife. And the sound of her voice terrified him.

He had never heard her sound more petrified. It sounded as though she were dying. Not that she was dangling in some life threatening situation, but like she was in that very moment in the process of dying.

With a massive gust of wind he left the Daily Planet and flew faster than he ever had before. It felt like an eternity to both him

and Lois before Clark arrived as his superhero persona to save the day. When in reality it had only been about one-and-a-half seconds.

"What's wrong Lo... Ms. Lane?" Clark asked, barely managing to stay in his superhero persona.

Lois having similar trouble trying to remember to talk to him as Superman, rather than her husband responded by saying, "Oliver... My son. He's in the tree."

Before she could say anything more he was already flying toward the frightened child. As Clark reached the branch Oliver was fighting to hold onto he was unconcerned that his son might recognize him through the cape and tights. Making sure Oliver was safe was his only concern.

There would be no chance for revelations however because Oliver was so scared and all he wanted was his mommy back on the ground. He never even looked at the superhero he talked about all the time. The entire time he never dared take his eyes off Lois even for a moment. Oliver practically leapt into his mother's arms when she held her arms out for him after being rescued from the tree.

Clark wanted to stick around to stay with Lois and Oliver, but right now he was Superman and they weren't his family. His duties as Superman were fulfilled, so reluctantly he flew away.

Lois sat in the grass by the tree and cradled her son in her arms while whispering sweet words to console him. Once his tears had quieted and his shaking had subsided Lois returned him to his wheelchair so that she could get him home.

When they arrived home Clark was already there waiting for them. He had rushed home after covertly finishing up the story he and Lois had been working on all week at super speed and had been waiting for his wife and son ever since. It had been hard leaving them behind at the park but waiting for them in the empty house was far tougher. It had taken every ounce of his restraint to not return to the park and just fly them home with him.

Now that they were finally home and all together they could try to figure out what happened and how their disabled son ended up in the tree. First however, Lois and Clark had to pretend that Clark didn't know anything about what happened at the park. Once he was 'informed' about Oliver dangling high above the ground to the point of needing rescue Lois and Clark asked him to tell them anything he could about what had happened and how he ended up in the tree.

Oliver began his story with the red balloon he was still upset about losing. He told his parents that his balloon tried to fly away and that he tried to save it. When he said that he kept trying to get his balloon back until he realized that he was very far away from the ground Lois and Clark exchanged a look that expressed their bewilderment.

That night after putting Oliver to bed Lois and Clark sat at the kitchen table to discuss what he had told them. They needed to figure out what it meant and what to do with that information.

"It sounds like he was floating," Lois said shortly after taking a seat.

"It does, but because of his disability we never thought he would ever have any powers. And he's only six years old. I didn't float or fly until I was eighteen. I didn't really have any abilities when I was his age. Other than being found in a spaceship I was basically a regular kid at that age."

"I don't think it's impossible though that he's starting to develop superpowers, even if he is just six and disabled. We should talk to Dr. Klein and if he really is developing superpowers we are going to have to tell him that you're Superman. We'll just have to make sure he understands why he can never tell anyone and the importance of keeping the secret. I know we were going to wait until he was older, at least in high school, but if he is starting to get your powers we have no choice but to tell him."

"I know you're right and I agree that we should probably talk to Dr. Klein about Oliver. But our son is a lot like you when it comes to Superman, especially in those early days. I don't know how we're going to keep him from telling people."

"He wouldn't be my son if he didn't love Superman," Lois replied with a smile. "You are also going to have to finally tell Dr. Klein your secret if he's going to see Oliver."

Once again Clark agreed with his wife and together they decided that they would talk to Dr. Klein tomorrow. They would also let their son in on the family secret regarding his father's heritage. Two people would learn the secret tomorrow and Lois and Clark didn't know which of them would be harder to tell.

When Saturday morning arrived Clark knew his life was about to change. Two new people would be entrusted with his most well-kept secret. He knew that his doctor would keep the information confidential, just as he did everything else, though he didn't know how he would react to the news. Oliver on the other hand was a different story. He was only six years old and a huge fan of Superman. Clark didn't know if the small child would be able to keep the secret.

Something else was also on his mind. While it was possible that his son was starting to develop powers it was also possible that he wasn't developing superpowers, though he had no other explanation for what had happened yesterday at the park. Because of the uncertainty Clark wondered if they should hold off on telling Oliver until after seeing Dr. Klein.

During his morning patrol he tried to clear his head and put himself more at ease. When he returned Lois and Oliver were watching cartoons together. Oliver's smile was infectious and suddenly Clark felt a lot better about what was going to take place in a few hours.

Shortly after lunch Clark headed to S.T.A.R. Labs as Superman. It was time.

Upon finding Dr. Klein and once the greetings were out of the way he got straight to the point of his visit. He began by asking the scientist if he remembered when he said that Superman and an Earth woman wouldn't be able to have children. He then informed Dr. Klein that despite what his tests had said that a child had indeed been born.

"You have a baby?" Dr. Klein asked surprised. "Who is the mother?"

"Yes, I have a son, but he's not a baby anymore. He's six years old. Before getting to his mother's identity there's something else you need to know."

He then began to spin and Dr. Klein watched as Superman transformed into Clark Kent before his eyes. Clark gave the scientist some time for the shock to wear off and to ask any questions he had. He then got back to the reason for his visit.

After explaining his and Lois' suspicions that Oliver was starting to develop superpowers, as well as their belief that Oliver would never be super due to the fact that he had barely survived the pregnancy and his disability Clark asked Dr. Klein if he could see his son and run some tests. When Dr. Klein agreed, Clark called Lois and told her to come down to S.T.A.R. Labs with Oliver.

Lois wheeled Oliver into Dr. Klein's office at S.T.A.R. Labs about thirty minutes later. The lab was nothing like anything Oliver had ever seen before and he immediately began asking a ton of questions, most of which neither Lois nor Clark had an answer for. He had to know what everything in the room was and what it was for.

There was something about the way he asked questions that reminded Dr. Klein of Lois and there was no mistaking that the child looked like Clark. He was definitely the child of the two investigative reporters. Supposedly he was also the son of Metropolis' resident superhero since Superman had revealed himself to be Clark Kent less than an hour ago, though he had a

harder time believing that one. Maybe it was the fact that little boy sat in a wheelchair or maybe it was that Dr. Klein was still having trouble wrapping his head around the fact that Clark Kent and Superman were the same person. He wasn't sure.

Following a string of questions about Oliver, Dr. Klein was ready to begin his tests. Conferring quietly with Lois and Clark, Dr. Klein informed them that he would need a blood sample. And if the child was part Kryptonian he only knew of only one way to get the sample. Kryptonite.

"Um, you will probably want to step out of the room for a while." Dr. Klein said addressing Clark, not knowing what to call him now.

Clark nodded as an ache filled his heart. He knew what his son was about to go through. The first time he experienced the pain inflicted by Kryptonite it was unbearable and he was a grown man. Oliver was just a little boy.

Lois also knew very well about the effect Kryptonite had on Kryptonians and the idea of her baby going through that killed her. While Dr. Klein went to get the green rock Lois tried to explain what was going to happen. When Oliver heard about the needle he became frightened so Lois lifted Oliver from his wheelchair. She was still holding her son in her arms when Dr. Klein returned.

Lois carried the child across the room and sat in down in a chair holding Oliver in her lap. Before opening the lead box Dr. Klein tried get the blood sample without exposing the child to Kryptonite. He didn't want the six-year-old to go through that pain either if it wasn't necessary.

Lois cradled Oliver securely in her arms as Dr. Klein tried to pierce his skin with the needle. Unlike when trying to using a needle on Superman it didn't bend, but Dr. Klein couldn't get the needle to pierce the skin either. That was different to how Oliver's skin reacted when he was a baby and even just a few years ago when he had his vaccinations. His skin was changing. It was looking more and more likely that Oliver was developing powers.

Dr. Klein looked at Lois then glanced at the box concealing the Kryptonite. Understanding that he was about to open the box Lois hugged her son even tighter. The lid of the box containing the Kryptonite was lifted and the rock was exposed. The green glow bathed Oliver in its deadly aura.

The sight alone was enough to make Lois sick, but when her son's cheeks became wet with tear tracks her heart nearly shattered. Lois kissed the top of Oliver's head and whispered comforting words while Dr. Klein quickly collected the blood sample he needed for his tests. The moment Dr. Klein got what he wanted the box was slammed closed, sealing the evil green glow inside. Once the glow of Kryptonite no longer covered her son Lois wiped away the few tears that had fallen onto Oliver's cheeks, telling him that it was all over now.

Clark, who had been watching from the hall using his x-ray vision, returned to the room as soon as the Kryptonite was taken away. By the time he got into the room Oliver had already gotten over the ordeal with the Kryptonite. It seemed as though he had forgotten about the pain and was back to being his inquisitive self, asking questions such as why the doctor wanted his blood and what he was going to do with it. Those were inquiries that Lois and Clark couldn't answer, not just yet.

Until he studied the blood sample there wasn't much more Dr. Klein could do, so after a few more questions the Kents headed home. How long Dr. Klein would take they had no idea. It was going to be a long wait.

Several weeks later Dr. Klein contacted Lois and Clark at the Daily Planet. He had information for them regarding their son. It was still a few hours before the end of the school day, so Lois and Clark immediately headed down to S.T.A.R. Labs to talk to Dr. Klein about his findings before they had to go pick up Oliver.

At S.T.A.R. Labs Dr. Klein began explaining his findings to Lois and Clark, though neither understood a single word he was saying, nor could they get his attention. He was so excited about what he had discovered that he was hardly even aware they were in the room.

Finally Clark was able to halt Dr. Klein's incomprehensible explanation. Apologizing and starting over Dr. Klein began explaining the results of his tests for a second time, this time in a clearer and more concise manner.

What Lois and Clark understood from the second explanation was that Oliver's human DNA was more dominant than his Kryptonian DNA. Why that was so, Dr. Klein couldn't say, since he had no other half-human, half-Kryptonian to compare his findings with.

Oliver would develop powers, which Lois and Clark had already surmised. The bandage around Lois' arm was evidence of that. A scary for Oliver, out-of-the-blue burst of heat had resulted in a minor burn. Though he had no idea what was happening to him the moment he saw that his mother was hurting he had been able to turn off the fire in his eyes, so in the end very little damage had been done. Oliver, however, had needed a lot of consoling after that incident.

Although Lois and Clark had already concluded that their son would have powers, there were still things they didn't know that Dr. Klein could tell them. Among what they learned was that while it was true that Oliver would have powers his abilities wouldn't develop to the same extent as his father's. He wouldn't be quite as strong, quite as fast or quite as invulnerable as Clark.

Dr. Klein explained that they had witnessed an example of that with the Kryptonite. Oliver was able to handle the Kryptonite exposure better than Clark because in the same way that Oliver's powers wouldn't be up to the same level as his father's, the effect the Kryptonite would have on him wouldn't be as powerful.

Hearing that their son wouldn't be as susceptible to the deadly effects of that horrible poison brought great relief to his parents. That radioactive rock had brought enough grief to their lives over the years since its discovery. Lois and Clark were glad that Oliver wouldn't have to worry about Kryptonite as much as Clark did. Maybe it wouldn't have the power to kill him, and would only cause him mild to moderate pain and possibly make him a little sick.

Over the past few weeks as evidence that Oliver was starting to experience the emergence of superpowers a question formed in Lois and Clark's minds.

"Dr. Klein?" Clark asked. "With Oliver's Kryptonian abilities starting to emerge, would that heal his disability?"

Dr. Klein's face fell and he turned away. Following a brief silence he returned his attention to the friends he'd known for years. With a sad expression he replied saying, "I'm sorry. Nothing in my tests indicated anything that would suggest there would be any effect on his condition. Basically, while Oliver will develop superpowers he will remain disabled."

The hopes that had been building in Lois and Clark in recent weeks were dashed. The Kryptonian superpowers their son was developing wouldn't help him to finally walk for the first time in his life. Oliver would never experience life free of a wheelchair.

The subject of Oliver's disability brought up another subject, flight. It was impossible to say whether or not Oliver would be able to fly. The effect his disability would have on his ability to defy gravity couldn't be gauged in a laboratory. His disability didn't prevent Oliver from being able to float, but it was very possible that it could inhibit the ability to actually fly. Dr. Klein couldn't provide answers for anything beyond that. The question about Oliver's ability to fly would only ever be answered by Oliver himself.

After spending about an hour with the doctor Lois and Clark had learned as much as they could about their son and the

Kryptonian blood that flowed through his veins. Now they had a lot to talk about, both together and with Oliver. Upon returning to the Planet Lois and Clark spent almost as much time discussing what they were going to tell Oliver as they did discussing the latest story they were investigating.

That evening once Lois and Clark had gathered the nerve, they sat down with their son to reveal the biggest secret he would ever hear. The family gathered together on the couch with Oliver comfortably settled in Lois' lap since Clark would likely need to include demonstrations during their talk.

"Baby," Lois said initiating the conversation. We have something we need to tell you about Daddy. But first you have to know that what we are about to tell you is something that you can *never* tell anyone *ever*! It is very important that you keep it a secret. Okay?"

Oliver was quite confused by the conversation so far and didn't understand what his mother was talking about, but he continued to listen to what his parents had to say.

Clark took over the conversation now since it was his secret that was going to be revealed. "Oliver, there's something you don't know about Daddy. We were going to wait to tell you, but things have changed and we have to tell you now. I'm Superman."

Now more confused than ever Oliver said, "You're not Superman. You're Daddy. You wear glasses and you don't fly like Superman."

This was the reason Lois was holding Oliver. Their son didn't believe him and now he was going to have to prove it.

Knowing what was about to happen and remembering the first time she had seen the transformation with her own eyes Lois smiled. Her son who admired Superman just has much she had was about to be blown away. She couldn't wait to see his astonished reaction.

Standing in the middle of the living room Clark first removed his glasses and set them on the coffee table at a normal pace. He and Lois had been careful to never let their son see him without glasses before. There had been a few close calls over the years, especially when Oliver was a baby and woke up in the middle of the night. Of course other times he was just careless, having gotten used to not wearing the glasses when he was at home. Lois usually remembered his glasses first and either quickly slipped them on her husband's face or distracted Oliver long enough for Clark to get the frames in place.

Clark gave his son a minute to look at him without glasses before he began to spin. For a moment he was a blur of whirling color. When he stopped spinning the father Oliver had known was gone and in his place stood the superhero he had admired from afar.

It took the six-year-old a few seconds to register what had happened. The moment realization hit him a very familiar expression crossed his face.

"I know you always say how much Oliver looks like me, but right now he looks just like you did when I told you I was Superman."

"Actually I figured that out on my own before then, if you remember," Lois reminded him, refusing to let him forget that she had figured out his secret without his help.

"Okay, when I *showed* you that I was Superman. Is that better?"

"Yes, it is. If I hadn't discovered your secret for myself you might not have ever told me," Lois teased playfully. "You might have even tried to continue to hide it when our son starting displaying powers."

"I don't think I would have been able to pull that off. You would have busted me and then I'd be in a lot of trouble."

"You bet you would," Lois agreed, continuing the lighthearted banter.

Realizing they had gotten off track Clark returned to the couch still wearing the Superman suit. Clark also took Oliver into his lap at this time. “Oliver, I know it’s very exciting for you that your father is Superman, but you can’t tell anyone. It’s very important that you understand that no one can ever find out who I am. Do you understand son?”

“Uh-huh,” Oliver replied, nodding his head.

Clark wasn’t entirely convinced, but he hoped his son would be able to keep the information to himself.

“There’s a reason why we’re telling you this now,” Clark continued.

“Do you remember what happened at the park when you tried to get your balloon and what happened when Mommy got her booboo,” Lois said taking over and indicating the spot where her arm had recently been bandaged.

Oliver nodded again.

“You are starting to get some of my powers,” Clark said. “You can’t tell anyone about that either and you have to be careful to never let anyone see you use any of your powers. That can be hard to remember sometimes, especially when you’re just a kid, but you have to be careful.”

“How did I get powers?” Oliver asked.

“You are Kryptonian just like Superman. Just like Daddy. Well half-Kryptonian. You’re also half-human like Mommy. Your powers are part of your Kryptonian heritage,” Lois answered.

Not quite understanding, but curious about what he was being told, Oliver asked. “What powers did I get?”

“We’re not completely sure yet, son. They develop over time and you are getting powers a lot earlier than I did.”

Lois and Clark both dreaded the question that would come next. But it never came. Unlike them Oliver never brought up the prospect of walking. It seemed that having amazing abilities and being like Superman didn’t make him even consider that it might mean that he would be able to walk one day. He accepted the presence of a wheelchair in his life.

When he was back in his wheelchair Oliver started wheeling himself all over the living room making whooshing noises, pretending that he was Superman. Lois and Clark watched as their son zipped around the room having fun. He didn’t care that he couldn’t walk.

Suddenly Lois and Clark felt humbled and contented. They had realized that nothing had changed when they were told earlier that day at S.T.A.R. Labs that Oliver’s Kryptonian abilities wouldn’t heal his disability. Before all of this started happening they had accepted that their son had been born disabled. The wheelchair didn’t bother Oliver and it shouldn’t bother them.

So often Oliver had taught Lois and Clark about being joyful with his cheery personality. He had always been such a happy child and had only ever asked about the reason he used a wheelchair once. After having his disability explained to him being told that wouldn’t be able to walk he didn’t cry or complain. He simply smiled and said that they were good at picking wheelchairs.

Lois and Clark had been blessed with a very special child. As Oliver continued to play in his wheelchair pretending that he was a superhero Lois and Clark smiled and tears filled their eyes. They were very lucky parents indeed. Oliver was the best gift they could have ever gotten.

The talk with Oliver had taken quite some time and they soon realized that it was already bedtime. Lois and Clark found Oliver in the kitchen continuing to play superhero, trying to build momentum so that his chair would roll on its own for a moment and he could hold his arms out like he was flying.

“Come on little superhero,” Clark said scooping his son up into his arms. “It’s time for bed.”

Clark ‘flew’ his son up to his room, carrying him over his head in flying posting while Oliver provided the all-important

whooshing sounds. Meanwhile Lois followed behind with the empty wheelchair so that Oliver would have it in his bedroom when he woke up in the morning.

After getting Oliver tucked into bed and drifting off to sleep Lois turned to Clark. “I’m sorry honey, but I think I have a new superhero crush. He’s just too cute for me to resist.”

“I understand,” Clark answered with mock dejection. “I can see how you could fall under his spell, but can I still be your husband crush?”

“Always,” Lois answered with a smile as she spun around to face him, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. “You give the best kisses. I’m never going to let you go.”

“You’ll never have to worry about that,” Clark answered as he pulled Lois even closer. “I’m not going anywhere.” He then then sealed his promise with a kiss as he captured her lips with his own.

With Oliver safely tucked in for the night Lois and Clark were ready to enjoy the few brief hours they had alone together. While Clark went downstairs to turn out all the lights and make sure the house was secure Lois headed into the master bedroom. She’d barely had time to reach the dresser when Clark returned.

“You used super speed didn’t you?” Lois accused in a light-hearted tone.

Clark smiled mischievously. “Well I can’t help it. I hardly get to use my powers around the house anymore and besides I knew you were up here waiting for me.”

“I wasn’t waiting yet. I haven’t had time to change,” Lois said, swinging the slinky sleepwear on her finger.

Lois left Clark hypnotized by the mere sight of the garment in her hands as she headed off to the bathroom to go change. He was just starting to recover when she reemerged through the doorway. And even though he had seen his wife in the same nightie on numerous occasions it still had the capability of causing him to float a few inches off the floor.

Lois smiled knowing she could still get such a reaction from her husband after many years of marriage and a baby. Sitting down Lois patted the bed, inviting Clark to join her, which he did by literally floating to her side. The rest of the evening remained just as float-inducing and memories of the night filled both of their dreams.

An early morning emergency roused Clark from his sleep before the alarm clock, but the events of last night were still fresh in his mind so he woke with a smile despite the very early hour. Silently he disentangled himself from Lois so as not to disturb her sleep and softly kissed her cheek after changing into the costume. Then after one last glance at her sleeping form, he flew off toward the source of the trouble.

By the time he returned it was almost time for the alarm to go off so he didn’t bother going back to bed. Instead he took a quick shower then headed downstairs to begin breakfast. When Lois and Oliver got up he would have a hot meal waiting for them.

Just as he was finishing with setting the table Clark heard Lois and Oliver in the living room. Clark stepped through the doorway and announced to his wife and son that he had pancakes waiting for them in the kitchen. That bit of news greatly excited Oliver and he wheeled himself across the living room fast, *superfast*.

Using his own speed Clark intercepted Oliver before he could inadvertently cause any damage to the house, his wheelchair or himself. Despite being momentarily startled by the speed at which his son suddenly started moving Clark had been able to catch him quite easily, realizing that his own speed far exceeded what his son had achieved.

It was all over before Lois grasped the reality of what had just happened. One moment her son was by her side and the next he was in his father’s arms, with the wheelchair resting empty at Clark’s feet. Oliver had again discovered another super ability

quite by accident.

All of Oliver's abilities seemed to be manifesting at the same time and all without his trying. He had achieved floating when he was trying to reclaim his balloon after it got away from him. He had discovered heat vision shortly after declaring that his eyes hurt and Lois ended up with a minor burn as she tried to figure out what was wrong. And just now he had suddenly moved at super speed when he heard about the delicious pancakes his father had made. There was no way to know what would happen next or when.

While Oliver busied himself with eating his pancakes, Lois and Clark excused themselves to have a private talk.

"Lois, we have a problem," Clark said once he had shut the door to their bedroom. "Oliver's superpowers are appearing without warning. So far they've happened out of the sight of witnesses, but I don't know how long we'll continue to be that lucky."

"I know," Lois agreed. "Oliver doesn't know what is happening to him and he can't control it. Sooner or later someone is bound to see him do something that shouldn't be possible for anyone except Superman."

"My powers developed slowly over the years and I had the farm to where I could practice in private until I could control them. Oliver doesn't have that."

"It's the last week of school before the end of the year," Lois supplied. "We just have to get through the rest of this week without Oliver's powers being discovered. Then we can take a little time off work to stay with your parents and you can help Oliver learn to control his abilities. I'm sure Perry would let us take a vacation."

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### Chapter 3

The final days of the school year passed without incident. Oliver hadn't come across any new abilities or displayed any previously discovered abilities either in public or private. Their luck had held out long enough to see the week through.

The end of Oliver's year in kindergarten was marked with a little ceremony held at the school. Lois and Clark were in attendance together with Jimmy, whom they had brought along for his photography skills to commemorate the event.

Shortly after sunset that evening Clark spun into the Suit as he prepared to fly his family to his parents' farm in Smallville via Superman Express. It had been quite a while since their last visit to Smallville because for the last few years travel courtesy of Superman hadn't been an option. Ever since Oliver was born Lois and Clark had to fly strictly in airplanes, rescues and private moonlight flights notwithstanding, making it more difficult to arrange trips to Smallville as often as they had before.

Now that Oliver knew the secret however that was no longer a problem. Smallville was again just a short, free of charge flight away that was ready to take off anytime they were, day or night.

After a few minutes of trying to figure out the logistics of carrying both his wife and son and coming to the conclusion that Oliver's wheelchair would have to be left behind for now, they were ready to go. Lois secured Oliver in her arms and then Clark in turn gathered her into his arms.

Since this was Oliver's first time flying with Superman Clark flew slower than he usually did when it was just he and Lois. For the first couple of minutes Oliver was afraid, but then once he realized that neither his mother nor father were going to drop him and that he was completely safe he began to enjoy the flight. He gazed down at the ground below and at the moon and stars above, marveling at how everything looked from up here.

When they landed on the porch of the Kansas farmhouse Oliver immediately asked, "Can we go again?"

Clark let out an amused chuckle and turned to Lois. "He may look more like me on the outside, but he's all you on the inside."

"Maybe later," Clark said addressing his son. "Go on in, guys. I'll be right back."

As Lois approached the front door to knock, Clark took back to the skies, flying back to Metropolis. She watched as her husband disappeared in the blink of an eye, which elicited a reaction of astonishment from her son who had never seen such speed before. This was all so new to him and everything left him with a sense of wonderment.

A short time later Lois began to hear movement coming from inside the house. Soon the door opened and Martha Kent greeted them. "Lois! Oliver! This is such a lovely surprise. Come on in." Then after looking around she added, "Where's Clark? And what about Oliver's wheelchair?"

"He'll be here soon. We couldn't bring everything in one trip, so he's gone back to home to get it."

Martha found Lois' explanation confusing. Since when did they not bring everything they needed with them to the airport?

Reading Martha's expression Lois hoped to add some clarity to the situation. "Oliver knows about Clark being Superman now."

Before she could say anything more Oliver was shushing her. "Mommy you're not supposed to tell!"

Lois laughed lightly at the response. "It's okay baby. Grandma and Grandpa Kent already know. They're Clark's mommy and daddy."

Oliver's priceless response did tell her one thing. Her son seemed to understand that he was supposed to keep the information about his father being Superman secret. Hopefully he would remember that.

"Let me see my grandson," Martha said holding her arms out for the child.

At some point while they were speaking Jonathan had come to greet their guests. Unfortunately for him Martha already had Oliver and she wasn't giving him up. Since his grandson was currently being carried away by his wife, Jonathan turned his attention to his daughter-in-law.

After giving her a hug and walking Lois to the living room where Martha and Oliver were already sitting, Jonathan asked, "What brings you guys out here?"

"We'll save that for when Clark gets back," Lois answered.

No sooner than she'd finished her sentence did Clark walk through the front door. He barely had time to get himself and the bags he was carrying into the house before Oliver addressed an issue which was of great concern to him.

"Daddy did you bring my wheelchair?"

Clark set the bags down and spun back into his regular clothes. "Of course I did son. Its right here," he said wheeling the chair into the room.

"Can you put me in my wheelchair please, Daddy?"

Apparently Oliver wanted the freedom to move around even if it did take him from his grandmother's lap, so Clark obliged his son's wishes and helped him get settled into his chair. Once back in his wheelchair it seemed that Oliver couldn't decide where to go. He looked from his mother to his father, to his grandmother and his grandfather. He loved them all so much and wanted to be with all of them.

Finally he wheeled himself toward Jonathan to get the hug from his grandpa that he hadn't received when he'd arrived. Jonathan hugged his grandson as he sat in his wheelchair and ruffled his hair. After getting his hug and his hair ruffled Oliver moved back toward the couch so that he could see everyone.

"Has Lois told you the reason for our visit?"

"Not yet. I was waiting for you," Lois replied, supplying the answer.

Clark sat next to his wife on the couch and took her hand. After they shared a brief look Clark began explaining what had been happening over the past several weeks with Oliver. He told

his parents about all of the incidents in which Oliver displayed one of his powers and his idea to help him learn to control those abilities here at the farm, away from prying eyes.

The revelation was a shock to Martha and Jonathan, as they too had witnessed the disability of their grandson firsthand and believed that it indicated that he would not have powers like Clark. They had assumed that Kryptonian abilities weren't passed on to future generations born on Earth. If what Lois and Clark were saying was true, and they knew that neither of them would lie, then they had been wrong. They had a disabled, but super-powered grandson.

By the time Clark finished telling his parents about Oliver it was past his bedtime, well past his bedtime in Metropolis time. While Lois and Clark made up a place for their son to sleep on the couch Martha and Jonathan went to bed themselves. Once Oliver was settled Lois and Clark headed to Clark's old room where they would sleep.

At the sound of the rooster's crow the little farmhouse awoke and began bustling with activity. Martha prepared breakfast, while Clark and Jonathan took care of a few chores around the farm. Lois meanwhile took charge of Oliver, taking care of his needs and finding ways to entertain him.

Later that morning, after breakfast, Clark took Oliver outside to begin helping him with his special abilities. Lois of course followed along. Oliver was her son too after all. Finding a large open space Clark was ready to start teaching his son about the things he could do.

Clark decided that he would begin with the ability that would be the easiest for Oliver to learn, in his opinion, floating. Even though floating and flying was the last ability he mastered he felt that teaching the ability to someone who had already done it once before would be easier than one of the more abstract abilities like shooting fire from your eyes.

Clark stood in front of Oliver and lifted off the ground, rising several feet about his head. "Okay son, come to me."

Oliver stretched his arms up toward his father and even tried grasping at the air, but nothing happened.

Lois knelt beside her son and placed her hand on his shoulder. "You can do it, sweetie. You can reach Daddy. Go to him."

Listening to his mother's words of encouragement Oliver tried even harder to float up to his father, but still nothing happened. No matter how hard he tried he couldn't float at all.

Suddenly an idea occurred to Lois. She told Clark and Oliver that she would be back shortly and went back inside the farmhouse. When she returned approximately a quarter of an hour later she announced that grandma was making homemade chocolate chip cookies. Oliver's favorite.

In Oliver's opinion Grandma made the best cookies in the world. When he heard that she was making some he immediately began trying to make it back to the house, bringing an end to the lesson. Not that it really mattered. He and Clark hadn't made any progress at all.

Once the cookies had finished baking and had cooled sufficiently Lois took one of them and held it out for her son, just beyond his reach. As he reached for the irresistible treat Lois raised her arm slightly. What happened then caused everyone except Lois to gasp. Rather than gasping, Lois smiled. Her plan had worked. Oliver was floating a few inches off the seat off his chair.

The idea had come to Lois when she thought back to that day at the park. Oliver hadn't been trying to float that day. He was trying to get something he wanted, his balloon. His desire to reach the fleeting balloon had subconsciously triggered the ability to float. That ability still seemed to be only in his subconscious.

If they could keep Oliver floating once he was consciously aware of the fact that he was doing it, then maybe he could learn

to defy gravity at will. Keeping him in the air wasn't going to be easy though. He panicked the first time it happened and fell immediately.

While he hovered in the air Lois allowed Oliver to claim his prize. Despite getting what he was after Oliver didn't descend back into his chair and continued to float as he happily ate the warm, chocolate cookie.

"How did you know that would work," Clark asked stunned.

"I just remembered what he told us the first time he floated."

Oliver wasn't really paying attention to what his parents were saying. He was instead focusing his attention on the cookie in his hands and had yet to realize that he was floating. Once the cookie was gone however he dropped back down into his chair. The six year old wasn't frightened by his floating this time as he had been the first. He just seemed unable to consciously maintain the ability.

Lois decided to try to appeal to her son's sense of imagination and had him imagine that one of Grandma's cookies was high over his head and to try to get it. For several minutes nothing happened, though not for lack of trying. Oliver tried very hard to get the imaginary cookie and just when everyone was about to give up, he broke free of the hold gravity had on him and started floating higher and higher until he could touch the ceiling.

Within another hour Oliver was able to float at will for a short period of time. He still had a long way to go, but he was starting to get there. With a little more practice he would be able to float as long as he wished.

Now that Oliver was beginning to get the hang of floating, Clark decided to test his ability to fly. The disabled six-year-old had a little difficulty getting his body parallel to the ground, but was able to do it with a bit of work. However he could only get the upper half of his body into this position. His legs remained helplessly dangling perpendicular to the ground. That made flying extremely difficult, basically impossible.

Clark brought his son's legs level with the rest of his body to see what would happen. He did nothing other than hold Oliver's legs in that position and let him do the rest. As long as his non-functional legs were held parallel with the rest of his body Oliver was able to fly, sort of. Otherwise he drifted back to the earth. Without assistance of some kind to keep his legs held in place Oliver wouldn't be able to fly.

Once Oliver had achieved the beginnings of floating, with a lot of help from Lois, Clark moved on to other abilities.

The next power Clark decided to move on to was one of those his son had already displayed through accidental discovery, heat vision. Clark set up a target far from the house, barn and all other structures and potential fire hazards for his son to practice on and told Oliver to concentrate on the log and imagine it burning. That was the only way he knew how to help his son with the ability.

Sitting in his wheelchair just a touch over a foot from the target log Oliver focused intently on it. For a humanly-impossible length time he stared at the log without blinking. Eventually Oliver's concentration produced a small plume of smoke. He was never able to produce an actual flame, however.

The evidence of the log heating up through the beginnings of smoke was enough for Clark to consider it a small success. He decided that it was enough for now and they could move on. Throughout the rest of the day Clark continued to work on helping his son to use and control his abilities. Until now he never realized how difficult it was to explain how he did the things he did.

By the end of the third week Oliver had achieved what Clark deemed moderate success with his power control. He had been able to lift an object with more heft than an ordinary child could muster the strength to move, one which even adults would struggle with. His success with X-ray vision was limited and

brief however. Speed was more or less unavailable to him because of his disability. Flying or running was out of the question and his wheelchair couldn't handle such speeds without breaking down. So for Oliver the power of super speed would only exist in his arms and his mind.

After nearly a month in Smallville it was time for Lois, Clark and Oliver to head back to Metropolis. Perry had only given them three weeks of vacation time, so Lois and Clark had to be back at work first thing Monday morning. Since Oliver had 'graduated' from Kindergarten and was now officially on summer vacation he would need a babysitter while his parents were at work. A fact that made his parents less nervous now since he had gained some control over his emerging abilities during the time on the farm and knew a little about how to hide them.

Back home in Metropolis things began to change in the Kent household. The first of which was that Clark could relax and be himself once more in his own home. He no longer needed to worry about making sure that he wore his glasses at all times in his son's presence, nor did he need to consciously avoid using his powers. Now that Oliver knew he was Superman he was free to fully be himself when he was with family.

There were also big changes in Oliver's life as well obviously. The emergence of extraordinary abilities helped him become a little more independent. He no longer needed assistance to get out of bed in the morning and could handle bathroom necessities on his own. All it took was a little floating and he could get in and out of his chair at will.

Oliver also found a new favorite 'game,' one which he called 'Super Oliver.' This game involved Oliver habitually using his various powers all over the house. Lois and Clark frequently found that while they were occupied in another room Oliver had rearranged the furniture in the living room or his bedroom during the time in which they were away, often to build some kind of fort or secret clubhouse. Some of those times occurred when Clark was out as Superman, leaving Lois to put the room back together on her own. Usually this only happened when she discovered that Oliver had played his furniture moving game in his bedroom as she was putting him to bed. Other than on those occasions Lois usually left the furniture as it was until Clark returned.

The six-year-old also enjoyed floating up to the ceiling for an unannounced game of hide and seek. He usually floated with his wheelchair or hid it somewhere so his parents wouldn't suspect anything. At times he would try to sneak down on them in an attempt to scare them.

Another power Oliver enjoyed playing with was heat vision. He liked watching ice cubes melt as he stared them down, creating a mess all over the table. That one only happened a few times as he soon learned that it got him into trouble. He was also known to melt down the occasional ice cream treat into 'chocolate milk.'

Oliver enjoyed practicing all of his super-abilities and as long as he didn't make too much of a mess, cause any damage or do anything dangerous, Lois and Clark usually let him. He was different from other children in more ways than one. In the privacy of his own home with his family was the only time he could fully express who he was, which was something Clark deeply understood. He knew what it was like to have a safe place where he didn't have to hide who he was, so he and Lois ensured that their son had that freedom as well.

Having a super-powered child made Lois and Clark's lives a bit hectic, but definitely interesting as well, especially when they considered the fact that their little boy who could do such amazing things couldn't do a very basic thing, walk. They often found themselves wondering, as all parents do, who their son would grow up to be. Their wonderings included a very different possibility however. One day Oliver may decide to follow in his

father's footsteps and use his gifts to help people. His disability would take some adjustments in how he achieved that goal, though being the offspring of Lois Lane there was no doubt that he would find a way to do it. And he would never have to worry about his identity being discovered, because who would think that a guy who had never walked a day in his life was secretly a superhero?

THE END