

Vulnerable

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Rated G

Submitted June 2015

Summary: Eighth in the series started with “At First Sight,” this is set at the end of the episode “Green, Green Glow of Home.”

Story Size: 454 words (3Kb as text)

Disclaimer: All recognisable characters etc. are property of DC Comics, Warner Bros and December 3rd Productions. I own nothing.

Author’s note: Thanks to Trina for beta-reading.

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](#),” and “[The Aftermath of Illusion](#).”

I’ve never feared for my life before.
I’ve always felt secure, wrapped in a cocoon of invulnerability.
Until now.

Three days ago, I thought nothing in the world could hurt me—not physically, anyway. I’ve been hit with bullets, cars, bombs, even a missile once, and the worst that’s happened is I singed my cape.

And then I went back home to Smallville.
Being exposed to Kryptonite... I’ve never felt anything like it in my life. Every breath, every movement, was pure agony.

I suppose it makes sense, in a weird way. Nothing from Earth can hurt me because I don’t belong here. Nothing has needed to develop a defense against an alien before.

But I hate the fact that one of the only pieces of my home planet that I’ve ever seen is the only thing that hurts me.
Almost as bad as the pain was the helplessness.

The funny thing is, I’ve always wanted to be normal.
Suddenly I was, and it was one of the most terrifying experiences of my life.

I couldn’t free myself. I couldn’t rescue Lois. I couldn’t save my parents.

When Trask aimed his gun at me, I honestly believed I was about to die.

The only reason I’m still here is because of Rachel Harris.
Now an old and dear friend has to live with the knowledge that she killed a man.

And I have to live with the fact that there is something that can hurt me.

The piece of Kryptonite that Wayne Irig sent to the lab has disappeared.

I wonder who has it now.
It’s been used as a weapon against me before. What’s to stop it happening again? It’s always going to be in the back of my mind. Am I going to try to stop a criminal, only to be brought to my knees by a piece of rock?

Suddenly my world doesn’t seem quite so secure.
How do normal people deal with it? How do they go through

life knowing that death could be around every corner?

I can’t let this fear hold me back. I can’t let it control me, to stand idly by and do nothing when someone needs help.

Maybe that’s how they deal with it.

THE END

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