

# My Favorite Time of Year

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Rated: PG

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Summary: This story takes place in the universe of "[Ghost From the Past](#)" and "[My Own Worst Enemy](#)." Lois and Clark share their first Christmas with their son, Jon.

Story Size: 745 words (4Kb as text)

A/N: Thanks to Feli for looking this over for me. A little holiday ficlet to brighten everyone's day. Everything felt a bit gloomy lately so I felt compelled to write a seasonal fic with ... can you believe it, A bit of waffiness.

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*They sing a merry song and we all sing along,  
A festive melody that tells us Christmas time is here.  
See the stars tonight; they're shining bright,  
'Cause it's Christmas time and it's my favourite time of year.*

Lois Lane smiled as she watched the look of wonder cross her son's face as he stared at the multi-colored lights blinking from the tree for the first time. His dark eyes lit up with wonderment as he stared at the neatly decorated tree, taking in the beauty of the season. A tear crossed her cheek as she felt her heart fill with joy. She found herself battling her emotions with each passing milestone she and Clark celebrated with Jon. Every moment she shared with the two of them came with the aching reminder of what she had missed with Jamie.

'Not this year,' she reminded herself, holding up the silver bell ornament for Jon to look at. He let out a low gurgle as he reached up to grab the shiny bell. The soft chime of the bell echoed in tune with his soft giggles.

*Deck the halls with boughs of holly,  
Give me mistletoe; it's the season to be jolly,  
Wrapping presents, writing cards, helping decorate the tree,  
But there's one thing that makes it all for me.*

"I've never seen anything more perfect." Clark's voice came from behind her and Lois turned to see him walking into the living room with his arms full of red and white boxes covered in golden bows.

"Someone's been busy," Lois commented with a grin. She pointed to the red and white Santa hat he was wearing. "Taking the playing Santa to the extremes, don't you think? You know he's only *one*, right?"

"Ha, ha," Clark chuckled, setting the gifts down by the tree. The broad grin on his face spread up to his eyes as he joined her on the carpet. "He already loves Christmas. You can see it on his face."

Lois glanced toward the Christmas tree with the large gift boxes peeking out from under the fully decorated tree. "He's been entertained for the last thirty minutes with a bell and you've cleaned out most of Main Street."

"I left some things in the store." Clark grinned back at her, leaning in to kiss her cheek as he looped an arm around her waist.

Lois giggled as he pulled her to him, looking over at the bundle of red and green fleece that covered Jon's feet. Jon let out a

long yawn as his eyes began to droop. "I think someone's getting tired."

"Well, helping set up the tree and getting the house ready for Santa is hard work," Clark whispered in her ear.

*When carol singers gather round,  
Angel voices fill the town,  
It's like the world is joining in!  
Noel, Noel, Noel*

Lois turned to see Clark staring back at him, reflecting the same wonderment she'd seen in Jon's eyes when he had played with the silver bell earlier. She ran a hand across his cheek, "Thank you,"

"For what?" he asked, moving his hand to cover hers, looping his fingers around her wrist.

"Reminding me of how magical Christmas is." She leaned in to kiss him, stroking his cheek.

"The magic is right there," he gestured with his eyes, looking over to where Jon had drifted to sleep. "Seeing him experience Christmas for the first time and sharing it together is something I never thought I'd ever experience."

Lois felt a lump begin to form in her throat, threatening her with the burn of tears from the reminder of how far they'd come since his return. "You always said Christmas was your favorite time of year."

"It is." Clark nodded in agreement. A playful expression crossed his face as he leaned to her and whispered, "Just don't go comparing it to Arbor Day." He leaned in to recapture her mouth with his before she could respond.

THE END