

La Nativitatis (Christmas)

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Summary: A walk through the many Christmas traditions Lois and Clark have experienced over the years.

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A/N: Set in the same universe as [A La Lane](#) and [A La Kent](#).

Christmas Day, 1973

*Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
Next year all our troubles will be out of sight*

The soft chords to Grammy Kent's favorite Christmas song played on the radio and Clark felt his heart lurch in his chest as he looked around his Grandfather's living room. Christmas lights glistened down the winding wooden staircase as young Clark Kent made his way into his Papa Kent's living room. The Christmas tree was lit and the stockings hung above the fireplace – filled with treats and goodies – and there on the couch was his Papa, nursing his morning cup of coffee.

*Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yuletide gay
From now on your troubles will be miles away*

A half-smile crossed his grandfather's face as he turned toward Clark. "Well, look who's up with the chickens."

Clark felt a smile spread across his face as he tossed back, "There aren't any chickens out, Papa."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," his grandfather chuckled to himself. A sad expression fell across his face as he stared at the framed photo by the tree.

Clark caught his grandfather's gaze, recognizing the photo of grandma. It was his first Christmas without her, since losing her to cancer three short months ago. Clark took a seat next to his grandpa and placed a hand on his shoulder. "You know what I think, Papa?"

"What's that, kiddo?"

"I think Grammy woulda really liked that tree we picked out."

Clark pointed at the tree that glistened with the twinkling lights and shiny bulb ornaments.

"Yeah, I think she would have really liked this one." Papa Kent let out a deep sigh that shuddered slightly. Clark reached his hand over to grip his grandfather's trembling hand. After a few moments his granddad relaxed under his touch and then turned to the shiny gifts under the tree. "Looks like that Santa guy must have found you after all." He let out a chuckle. "So much for hiding."

Christmas Day, 1975

*Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yuletide gay
From now on your troubles will be miles away*

The soft threads of *Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas* played on the piano and young Lois Lane looked to where the

grand piano sat in the corner, watching her mother sing the threads to the classic song she sang each year. Strewn across the room were the remnants from the early mornings unwrapping frenzy.

*Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more*

She hugged her raggedy Anne and Andy dolls to her chest as she heard the song come to a halt. She turned to see her father with his heavy coat on, gesturing to the living room where everyone was now enjoying their Christmas presents.

"What did you expect us to do, Sam? You want me to tell the girls they can't open their presents because you decided being here in the morning wasn't a priority?"

The bitter tone from her mother's voice caught Lois off-guard. She had never heard her parents openly argue before. She sat there, holding her dolls, wondering if somehow she had done something wrong. She and Lucy had been so excited when they'd come down the stairs and seen the gifts under the tree. They should have waited for daddy – but mom said it was okay. She said he would understand.

Obviously, that hadn't been the case.

She looked over to where her little sister was sitting with the brand-new dolls and teddy bears on the floor, playing with the gifts, clueless to what was happening around them. Lois scooted herself to where Lucy was, drowning out the argument taking place a few feet away.

"Hey, Lucy?" Lois prodded, placing a hand on her sister's shoulder. "Can I play?"

"Sure!" her sister grinned back at her and handed her the light brown teddy bear. "You can be Mr. Fuzzy Pants."

"Girls!" she heard her mother's strained voice, "Lets gather up your gifts and clean up. It's time to go see Grampy and Gigi."

Lois frowned, looking back toward the piano and seeing her father was no longer anywhere to be found. Something felt off with his absence and the sudden call for them to get ready to leave. They normally had breakfast at home before going to Grampy and Gigi's. The doubts nagged at the back of her head but she didn't voice them as she helped her sister gather up her dolls and bears into the new red wagon she'd received from Santa.

Her mother knelt down to help them and Lois caught the unshed tears glistening in her mother's eyes. Her arms wrapped around them for a moment, enveloping them in a tight hug as she whispered, "You know how much I love you both, right?"

"Of course, mommy!" came Lucy's innocent squeal as she leaned back to look at their mother.

"We love you too," Lois responded with a forced smile, uncertain what to make of the sudden change in their family tradition. "Is daddy coming with us to Grampy and Gigi's?"

"He'll meet us there," her mother responded. "He had a patient to tend to."

"On Christmas?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"Your daddy has a very important job and sometimes he has to help people at...inconvenient times." Their mother explained. "But that doesn't mean he loves any of us any less."

"But daddy didn't get to open his gifts!" Lucy pointed at the silver and red presents sitting under the tree.

"He'll open them tonight," their mother promised.

"But..." Lucy began to argue.

"It's okay, Luce." Lois cut her off. "Daddy will open them later." She pointed to the gifts in the wagon. "Come on, let's get this upstairs."

"Merry Christmas, mommy," Lucy said standing up and tugging the wagon with her little hand.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart," their mother called after them

as she followed them to the stairs to help them up the stairs.

Christmas Day, 1984

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Let your heart be light

Next year all our troubles will be out of sight

The soft chords to the memorable Christmas song played from the speakers as Clark looked around the room to where his mom and dad attempted to sing the classic tune with Frank Sinatra. Clark let out a chuckle as he looked back at them, wondering momentarily if he should tell his dad how off-key he was or just let him continue making hilarious memories.

It had been a hard year.

After graduation he had surprised both his parents by choosing to spend the summer using his gift of flight to travel around the world and see what was out there. The idea seemed to be more novel than the actual practice. He found himself in an incredibly state of isolated loneliness that he was unable to escape from.

Even here, sitting with his parents and extended family as they continued the Christmas traditions, he found himself wondering – searching for a reason, a purpose for his life. It felt like every friendship, acquaintance and even relationship he had was a lie as he spent every waking moment over-analyzing each step to ensure he kept his incredibly powerful abilities from being discovered.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Make the Yuletide gay

From now on your troubles will be miles away

He had a close call just after graduation with Lana. He still thanked his lucky stars that Brad Reynolds hadn't remembered how he had escaped his old pickup when it had veered off into the pond behind the school. Lana had been suspicious – too suspicious for his own comfort and he'd taken that as a cue to end the on again off again relationship before he found himself in hot water with the Smallville sheriff over the circumstances in which he had found Brad.

It wasn't the only reason he had called it quits on the relationship but it had been the final push he needed to end things. Now, looking back, he wasn't sure why it had taken him so long. The signs of just how incompatible he and Lana were with one another were so obvious.

Here we are as in olden days

Happy golden days of yore

Faithful friends who are dear to us

Gather near to us once more

A sad smile crossed his face as his gaze wandered to the old rocking chair where his Papa Kent used to sit and read the Christmas story with his Grammy Kent. How quickly things had changed since those innocent moments when all he was worried about was if he could climb the tallest tree or if Santa would bring that red fire engine for Christmas or not. Now, his dreams for Christmas consisted more of finding his purpose. Why of all the people in this world was he the one to inherit such extraordinary gifts?

'More like cursed,' the cynical part of himself chimed in silently.

His mind drifted to one of the last conversations he had had with his grandfather – just before he had passed away.

<< "Yeah, I know, you can do all these amazing things and sometimes you feel like you will just go bust unless you can tell people about them."

"Grandpa, I can run from here to the end of the football field

in a blink of an eye. I can see through the walls in the high school. I can hear...everything. But I still have to pretend like I can't. I have to hide everything that makes me...different from everyone."

"You know you can't just up and start telling everyone you can bend steel bars over your head, Clark."

"It's not like I want to tell everyone."

"Clark, when you first came to your parents...it was hard. A lot of sacrifices were made to ensure no one would come and take you away. Those fears don't just go away just because you have extraordinary gifts."

"Grandpa, it's not like they could do anything to me if anyone ever did find out. I would break the scalpel."

"Mmm hmm, and what about your family, your friends? I suppose they can be invincible against the scalpels too, hmm?"

"Well, no..."

"Listen, here, son, I may not know a lot, but I do know one thing for certain. You are here for a reason. I don't know whose reason, or whatever the reason...but I do know one thing. It's not to be popular in school. It's not to score touchdowns or put bullies in their place. You're here to make a difference.">>

Someday soon we all will be together

If the fates allow

Until then we'll have to muddle through somehow

So have yourself a merry little Christmas now

Christmas Day, 1993

Lois let out a soft sigh as the classic melody played through the speakers of the Metropolis Country Club, waiting for her mother to arrive and most likely berate her on how she had disappointed her once again.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Let your heart be light

Next year all our troubles will be out of sight

She let out a sigh, hearing the song escape the speakers and fill the room. Maybe if she just got up and left now, she wouldn't have to suffer through this. The reminder of what this song meant to her and her family lingered in the forefront of her mind. A single tear ran down her cheek and she reached for the wine glass in front of her, taking a sip of the red liquid as she forced the memories out of her mind.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Make the Yuletide gay

From now on your troubles will be miles away

"You know this song is supposed to be a *happy* song," came a familiar voice behind her.

She jumped, slightly startled as she turned and saw her recently acquired partner standing behind her. She let out a surprised gasp and retorted, "What are you doing here, Smallville? Don't you have a square dance to get to?"

He pointed behind him where she recognized Martha and Jonathan Kent seated at the table a few feet away. "My folks flew in for the holiday so I was showing them around." He gestured to the table, "You're welcome to join us if you'd like."

"That's really not necessary," Lois said with a shrug but found herself unable to finish when she spotted her mother traipsing through the dining room with her shoulders perched back in that 'let me speak to your manager' stance. She let out an inner groan as she met her mother's gaze.

Once again as in olden days

Happy golden days of yore

Faithful friends who are dear to us

Will be near to us, once more

Lois watched as her mother stiffly cringed as she approached the table Lois was seated at. Her eyes darted behind her to her unsuspecting partner who was about to find himself in the wrath of Ellen Lane. She let out a sharp hiss, barely moving, “Kent, if you want to make it out of here unscathed take my advice and get your tail out of here while you still can.”

“Wha...?”

Before he could finish his thought, a shout came from the corner where her mother had just turned and was calling out to the busboy next to her. “Someone turn that dreadful song off now, and get me three glasses of sparkling water and a menu.”

“I’m not kidding. Run.” Lois hissed in a harsh whisper.

“Who is that?” Clark asked, unsuspecting of the fact that he had literally just waltzed into the lion’s den.

“Scram!” Lois hissed in a barely audible tone.

“Lois,” her mother’s arms extended out as she reached out to hug Lois and gave her a peck on the cheek. “Merry Christmas!” she patted Lois’ cheek and frowned. “You’re looking a little thin. Are you eating properly?”

“I’m fine,” Lois said hurriedly, feeling her cheeks burn in embarrassment just before her mother cornered her sights on unsuspecting Clark who was standing behind her.

“And who is this?” her mother’s tone raised at least an octave as she released her grasp on Lois and turned her sights on Clark.

“Um...”

Before she could stop him, Clark extended his hand to her mother and introduced himself, “Clark Kent. I’m pleased to...”

“Mother, weren’t you supposed to bring Lucy?” Lois prodded, hoping to distract her mother from Clark. Then turned to Clark and hissed, “Do you not know how to take a hint. I’m saving you. Get out of here.”

“Her flight from California never came in,” Ellen shrugged with the shake of her head. “I’m not sure when I’ll be able to catch up with her what with that school schedule of hers.” She then turned to Clark, “And how exactly do you know Lois, Clark?”

“Uh, we work together.” Clark stammered out with a confused expression and seemed to be picking up on the reason for Lois wanting to get him out of her mother’s line of sight earlier.

Lois was just about to try and drag her mother away from her partner when she felt a tap on her shoulder. “Lois, I thought that was you.”

Lois turned to see Martha Kent standing behind her with Clark’s father, Jonathan. She let out a deep sigh, mustering up what mental energy she still had to deal with her mother’s neurotic tendencies while at the same time trying to appear somewhat normal to Clark’s parents.

“Martha, hi,” Lois managed to squeak out as she heard her mother ask for an introduction. A quick intro later and the two appeared to be engrossed in conversation as her mother tried to pry out of the unsuspecting Martha Kent just how Lois had been introduced to them. Lois sighed inwardly trying not to focus on the chaos around her for fear it would overtake her. These were normal people. They probably had normal traditions that allowed them to spend time with one another without wanting to run for the hills while simultaneously pulling their hair out.

She hadn’t felt that way about her family in a very long time. Longer than she cared to remember. The last memory she had of her family – her entire family – spending the holidays together was littered with painful memories that had split her family in two. It wasn’t until years later that she began to put two and two together. Her father’s absences and unexplainable disappearances mixed with her mother’s heartbreaking decision to turn to the bottle in the darkest points of their family dissolving into separate pieces never to mend together again.

In the presence of Clark’s picture-perfect and incredibly

welcoming parents she felt so insignificant and inadequate in comparison to the homey farmers that appeared to be an open book, offering her a smile as they wished her a Merry Christmas.

Before she knew what had happened she found herself being ushered to the table where Jonathan and Martha were seated and having her own mother speechless as she took a seat across from the elderly couple – seeming to forget her focus on Clark and instead seemed more interested in getting to know Martha Kent.

She excused herself and stepped out on the patio where a few patrons had gathered by the Christmas tree to enjoy the live carolers that were going through Christmas classics. The current tune was ‘O Holy Night.’

“I think you’re safe now,” Clark whispered in her ear, motioning to where Martha and her mother were engrossed in conversation.

“That’s what you think, Kent,” Lois retorted with a sigh. “Give them enough time and I’m sure we’ll be the subjects of humiliating stories and tales of adolescence mischief for all to hear.”

Clark chuckled back at her, “It wouldn’t be the first time and it certainly wouldn’t be the last.”

Lois gave him a wary look and cracked a smile, “You brought your parents to a Country Club for Christmas?”

He shrugged, “They wanted to see Metropolis. This place has the best view and the Chief said the food here is great.”

“I would have thought a Christmas at home with your folks was more your style is all,” Lois commented with a surprised expression.

“We can do that any year,” Clark commented with a smile, nudging her arm. “What about you?”

“What about me?” she asked self-consciously running a hand through her hair.

He smiled and pointed to the table she had been seated at. “You make it a habit of sitting by yourself on Christmas or do you and your mom have any traditions you do each year?”

Lois gave him a half-smile, “It’s kinda hard to keep up traditions when you never had any.” She let out a long sigh. “My dad worked a lot of long hours and so did my mom. We didn’t have any holiday traditions.”

“Not a single one?” Clark asked with a perplexed expression. “No song you sing or play or food you eat?”

“Nope,” Lois frowned, looking back at the carolers. “Not all families have that togetherness going for them.”

“So, what about you?” he prodded with a hand on her shoulder.

“What about me?” she asked in disbelief.

“Do you have any traditions you do for the holidays?” he pressed, looking back at the dining area where their parents were still engrossed in conversation.

“You mean, other than finding ways to avoid my mother?” Lois asked with a smirk.

“I’m serious!”

“So am I!” Lois cheered, pointing to the table her mother was at. “Right now my mother is probably making both your folks crazy uncomfortable with her nitpicking questions about everything – no matter how many times they try to change the subject.” She let out a groan just thinking about it.

“Oh, come on, she can’t be that bad,” Clark reasoned with a good-natured grin.

“You left the table for a reason,” Lois pointed out.

A flush of red crossed his face and he admitted shyly, “My mother was relaying the story of how I figured out Santa Claus wasn’t real...at the ripe age of ten.”

Lois chuckled softly, “See?”

“But I still spend every Christmas with her and turn red with embarrassment when she tells that story.”

“So, what you’re saying is I should go suffer through the

torture?”

He nodded and gestured to the balcony where snow was beginning to fall. “That or you could stand out here and freeze. I think you might be more comfortable with the whole central heating though.”

Lois sighed, letting out a long breath as she tugged on his arm, “Come on, if I gotta sit through the embarrassing stories. so do you.”

Christmas Day, 1996

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Let your heart be light

Next year all our troubles will be out of sight

Clark Kent wrapped his arms around his wife, thanking his lucky stars that he could finally call himself her husband after not one but two failed attempts to make it down the aisle. He leaned in to kiss Lois Lane on the cheek, holding her close as they stared up at the stars from their master bedroom.

The radio played a mix of Christmas classic tunes as he savored the rare quiet moment in his wife’s arms. He let out a deep sigh, savoring the sweet scent of lavender and vanilla that lingered in the air – a scent he had come to know as uniquely Lois.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Make the Yuletide gay

From now on your troubles will be miles away

A smile crossed her face as she looked back at him with a hand on his cheek. “Merry Christmas, husband.”

“Merry Christmas, wife,” he whispered back, capturing her lips with his and enveloping her in his arms as the old tune continued to play in the background.

Here we are as in olden days

Happy golden days of yore

Faithful friends who are dear to us

Gather near to us once more

Christmas Day, 2001

Lois Lane and Clark Kent - pregnant

Lois Lane stared at the digital words ‘Pregnant’ that taunted her with their presence. Her hand tightened around the test, pushing the painful thoughts of inadequacy and letdowns away as she gave into the tears that trickled down her cheeks, realizing that the days of mourning the loss of each hope and dream that came with each negative pregnancy test were long gone. She had spent the last few years holding onto hope – only to have it dashed to pieces in just a millisecond once she mustered up the courage to take the dreaded test.

Now here it was.

The dream she had sought after for so long.

A mother.

She was going to be a mother.

A tear trickled down her cheek as she stared at the evidence in front of her.

She had all but given up.

“Lois?” she heard Clark calling her name from the bedroom.

“Everything okay?”

Lois swiped her hand across her cheek, brushing the tears from her eyes as she straightened up, preparing to share the news. “Fine, I’ll be right out.”

A quick stop to wash her hands and help wash away the evidence of her tears as she mentally prepared herself to share the incredible news with Clark. She felt a flutter of excitement run

through her as she looked back at the test once more. It wasn’t a dream. It wasn’t a fluke. There it was clear as day. ‘Pregnant.’

She took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, reaching for the test with a smile, wrapping her hand over the digital screen as she reached for the door to open it. There on the other side was her gorgeous husband with a concerned expression on his face.

“Everything okay?” he asked, placing a hand on her cheek.

“More than okay,” Lois responded, linking her arms around his neck, pulling him to her and capturing his lips with hers as she savored the moment she knew would forever change their lives in a way they had been dreaming about since the dreaded news they’d been delivered a mere four years ago from Dr. Klein.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Let your heart be light

Next year all our troubles will be out of sight

She pulled back, resting her head against his shoulder as he held her close, seeming to sense there was something she was trying to tell him but unable to find the words.

“Lois?”

Unable to voice what she was trying to say she moved her thumb back, revealing the positive test result in hand and held it up for him to see with a tearful smile. She watched his face go from shock to pure unadulterated joy in a matter of seconds as he leaned in to capture her mouth with his, holding her in his arms as he enveloped her in a passionate embrace that rivaled even some of their most intimate moments.

His hand moved from the curve of her jaw to her cheek, framing the outline of her face with his thumb as he looked back at her in wonderment. “I love you, Lois Lane.”

“I love you, Clark Kent,” she murmured against his lips, savoring the closeness of their embrace as he held her against his chest.

A gust of wind caught her off guard and she found herself cradled in her husband’s arms as he laid her on the bed before turning to ramble off his mental list of everything that would need to be done before the baby arrived.

“We need to get you checked out by Dr. Klein. Make sure everything is okay. It’s a risk but I trust him to be discreet.” He shook his head as he continued to ramble more to himself rather than her.

“Clark...”

Have yourself a merry little Christmas

Make the Yuletide gay

From now on your troubles will be miles away

“We’ll have to bring him in on the secret of course. There’s no way we’d be able to explain this – especially not after that tabloid fiasco a few years back.” He looked around the townhome and sighed. “There shouldn’t be any danger in the first trimester but I’m not leaving it to chance. We’ll need a bigger place obviously...”

“Clark!”

“Maybe we should consider moving out of the city?” He pondered aloud as he paced in front of her. “I’m not saying pack up and move to Smallville but at least where we’re not a stone’s throw away from Hell’s Kitchen and Hobb’s Bay. We need a more private place to raise a child that may or may not have super powers...”

“Clark!” Lois reached for the Webster’s dictionary behind her and tossed it at the back of his shoulder in hopes of getting his attention.

He looked back at her in surprise, “Did you just throw the dictionary at me?”

*Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more*

“You’re invulnerable *and* ignoring me.” Lois retorted, crossing her arms over her chest. “I should be able to throw satisfyingly hard objects at you sometimes.”

He let out a soft chuckle as he gave her an apologetic smile.

Her gaze softened as he sunk down on the bed next to her. She placed a hand on his chest and smiled up at him, “How about instead of planning our baby’s college and arranging his or her marriage you slow down that super-speed brain of yours and we just enjoy this moment?” she prodded, resting her cheek against his chest.

“We’re going to be parents.” He grinned back at her.

“I know,” she smiled back at him with a broad grin, looping her arms around his neck. “Merry Christmas, Clark.”

Christmas Day, 2002

*Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yuletide gay
From now on your troubles will be miles away*

The soft threads of *Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas* played on the piano and Lois felt the unshed tears in her eyes threaten to overtake her as she watched her mother play the classic tune that had once been so taboo in their home for so many years. She watched as her father stood behind her mother, singing along – off tune- with the classic melody and smiled. Two arms wrapped around her from behind and pulled her from her reverie. She turned back to see her husband and smiled.

“I haven’t heard her sing that song in ages,” Lois commented, swiping a tear from her eyes.

*Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more*

Clark rested his chin against her shoulder and looked down at the sleeping six-month old in her arms. “Maybe she’s finally found something to sing about.”

*Someday soon we all will be together
If the fates allow
Until then we’ll have to muddle through somehow*

Lois looked around her mother’s townhome, taking in the red and green décor that was scattered around the living room they were gathered around in. It was Jon’s Christmas and her mother had invited not only herself and Clark to spend Christmas Day with her but she had also invited Clark’s parents so the grandparents could enjoy Jon’s first Christmas together.

Lois looked down at Jon, smiling back at him as he gurgled incoherent baby babble to her. “Or maybe someone to sing to.”

So have yourself a merry little Christmas now

THE END