

Remedy

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Rated: PG

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Summary: Amidst the uncertainty that looms over the world, Clark finds solace in the completeness that being with family brings.

Story Size: 1,139 words (6Kb as text)

A/N: This story emerged from my desperate need to find some pleasantness amid the COVID-19 pandemic that has swept the world. Seeing our favorite hero just as torn among the grieving communities crippled with uncertainty felt reassuring in some way.

Thanks to Endelda for being G.E. on this one! Thanks!

“Bubble wubble bubble...”

“Dwagon and puppy...”

Clark let out a soft sigh as he reached over to pour a small cup of water over his son’s bubble covered dark locks, sending the towering bubble statue into the bath along with the suds surrounding him.

“Eek! Daddy!”

“Get behind your ears,” Clark ordered, reaching over to hand him the soap covered washcloth.

“I got them wast night,” his son argued with a slight slur on the ‘I’ making an adorable stutter as his lip pouted out in defiance.

“You know the drill, buddy,” Clark pointed at the washcloth.

“Fiiiiinnneeee” Jon reached over and rubbed the washcloth over the back of his ear and scrubbed before throwing the washcloth into the bath with a sudden splash, sending the sud filled water all over the place, stunning Clark with a spray of water and soap across his face and chest.

Jon looked back at him in surprise and then let out the sweetest giggle that melted any desire Clark had to scold his son. Clark reached over to grab a washcloth from the towel rack and patted at his glasses to remove the spray of soapy water from the lenses. He looked his son square in the eyes, and with a serious tone, he smiled back at him. “You do realize this means war...”

Jon let out a high-pitched squeal as he bolted from the tub, sending the sud filled water flying everywhere as he raced down the hallway to his bedroom as Clark growled behind him with a ferocious, “I’m going to get you...”

“Mama’s safe! Mama’s safe!” Jon cried out with a giggle as he hid behind his mother with a fresh towel wrapped around him.

“You know you were only supposed to give him a bath,” Lois remarked with an amused smile.

“Ha, ha,” Clark gave a joking grin and leaned over to wrap an arm around his wife and son as he enjoyed the momentary squirming as they let out squeals of laughter, attempting to get away from him.

“Daddy!” Jon let out a soft protest as his face came in contact with the soaked t-shirt.

Clark let out a chuckle, “Okay, okay,” he released them and watched as his son ran to the bed where his pajamas were laid out for him to change into after his bath. “You need any help, bud?”

“Nope!” Jon said confidently, grabbing the pair of Finding Nemo underwear off the bed and stepping into them. “I’m a big boy!”

Clark looked back at Lois, who was helping hold out the underwear for Jon to step into. He watched in amazement as the gentle smiles and soft chuckles reflected off both his wife and

son’s faces. There was a time when he thought a moment like this would never be possible. Each and every roadblock he’d come against through his courtship with Lois and their struggles with infertility before finally being blessed with Jon’s arrival. A smile crossed his face as he recalled the Christmas Day morning he and Lois had discovered they were going to be parents.

“Hey, penny for your thoughts,” Lois called out, tapping him on the shoulder with Jon wrapped around her hip with his orange and blue Nemo pajamas on.

He smiled at his son, stroking his cheek, and whispered, “Someone’s ready for b-e-d.”

“Just about,” Lois agreed, walking with him to the bed where Clark had pulled back the sheet and comforter for Jon to climb in the bed. “Night, night,” Lois whispered to Jon as she placed him in the bed.

“No, pirate ship!” Jon argued, sitting up in bed.

“No, bedtime,” Clark reminded him, sternly pointing at the pillow behind him.

“I’m not tired,” he pouted.

“Good night,” Lois leaned over to kiss him and stood up to leave, followed by Clark after he got a quick peck and hug from his son. Clark closed the door to his son’s room and followed Lois to the living room to try and clean up from the evening’s eventful shenanigans.

“He’s getting more and more wound up each day,” Clark commented, picking up the blue silk cape that was strewn over the back of the couch along with the toy trucks that were lined up on the floor.

“Well, it isn’t easy missing school with his friends,” Lois reminded him, reaching over to hand him a toy bear. “He doesn’t understand.”

“I know,” Clark frowned, fishing out the t-shirt and blanket that had been shoved under the recliner from the afternoon’s adventures of fort building. “It isn’t easy for any one.”

“How are you holding up?” Lois asked, placing a hand on his shoulder. “I know it can’t be easy sitting back and doing nothing through all of this.”

Clark nodded, dropping the toys into Jon’s toy basket and looking back at Lois with an uncertain gaze. “It is ... hard. I mean, I’m used to being able to come to the rescue and stop the forces of evil, but with this... I can’t. I know I’m doing my part—We’re doing our part by not unintentionally helping spread this virus even further.” He offered Lois a smile, “Besides, with everyone forced to self-isolate, the actual crimes committed over this past week have been all but nonexistent.”

“For now,” Lois sighed, placing a hand over his. “What happens when it picks back up. You know people in panic can do desperate things.”

“If and when they do, I have to trust that the leaders in charge will handle it.” He frowned, looking down at his lap. “I can’t take the chance of unintentionally spreading this virus to someone I rescue or possibly putting you or Jon at risk.” He reached over to place a hand over the small bump of her abdomen.

“Scary,” Lois commented, leaning her head against his chest.

“Yeah, but I try to look at the positive side.”

“There’s a positive side to being forced into self-isolation?” Lois asked wryly.

“Well, normally you and I both are too tired to play fort or adventures with Jon by the time we get home from work, and Jon is too exhausted from daycare to want to play. Making memories like this...they’re priceless. The perfect remedy to an awful situation.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” Lois smiled back at him, leaning in to kiss him.

THE END