

# All I Want...

By [Mary Potts](#) (AKA Queen of the Capes)  
<[queenofthecapes@gmail.com](mailto:queenofthecapes@gmail.com)>

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Summary: Little Jon Kent only wants one thing for Christmas this year. (Written for the Christmas Ficathon)

Story Size: 1,131 words (6Kb as text)

Author's note: This is for Blind Passenger, who wanted

- One or multiple Lane-Kent child(ren)
- Chocolate

But didn't want:

- Alternate Love interests drama
- Lex
- COVID-19

I hope you like this one. :)

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The once-peaceful park echoed with shrieks and giggles and high-pitched squeals as the horde of children crowded against the ring of giant candy-canes that surrounded Santa's chair. Jon shrank further into his coat, pulling the hood down over his eyes to block out some of the chaos.

"You really don't want to see Santa?" Uncle Jimmy still sounded unconvinced.

Jon's head-shake was so thorough that his whole body twisted from side to side, knocking into the fuzzy, red rope that separated the "line" from the rest of the excited mob. Something sailed over his head, punctuated by a crunch of snow and more shrieking.

"Aw, come on!" His hood was tugged back, and the bright afternoon sunlight flooded into his eyes. When the spots cleared, Uncle Jimmy was kneeling in front of him, smiling. "Every kid wants to see Santa: just look!"

It was true: just about every child in front of them was bouncing on their toes, eyes fixed on the bearded man with a screaming toddler on his lap.

"See?" Uncle Jimmy continued, "They're going to tell Santa what they want for Christmas! How's he going to know what to bring you?"

"Superman," Jon replied.

Uncle Jimmy's forehead scrunched. "What?"

Before Jon could explain, a tall elf with a basket made her way down the line to them. "Who wants chocolate?!"

The shouting grew as children reached for the goodies she was handing out. When she reached the two of them, she knelt down and smiled at him. "Want one, Sweetie?" She tilted the basket towards him.

"Go ahead," Uncle Jimmy prompted with an encouraging smile. "Take one!"

Jon gingerly reached into the basket and closed his fingers around a foil-wrapped piece. "Thank you," he mumbled.

The elf's smile brightened. "Why, you're very welcome!" She grinned up at Uncle Jimmy. "He's so adorable! How old is he?"

While the grown-ups talked, Jon inspected his new treat. It was shaped like a tiny Santa, wrapped in red and white foil with a crumpled-up face stamped somewhere near the head. He slipped it into his pocket and pulled his hood down again.

The ceaseless yelling and Santa's deep laugh nearly drowned out the faint crack of thunder overhead. Jon looked up in time to glimpse a streak of red and blue just before it disappeared. With a gasp, he ducked under the rope and ran in the direction the superhero had gone.

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Clark Kent was exhausted. This was the third building collapse this week alone, and it came immediately on the heels of both a fire and a major traffic accident. The resulting drain meant that his heat-vision took longer to reach the temperature needed to weld the beams back into place, which in turn meant that he would be here longer.

He sighed. He'd barely been home all week, and even those few hours of reprieve had been late at night when his family was asleep. It would be Christmas soon, and Clark dreaded the thought that he might not even be able to see Lois and Jon open their presents.

Once the building was stable, he dropped heavily to the ground. At least the sun was shining brightly today, which helped immensely. Clark signaled the emergency workers that they could safely enter, then he stepped back out of their way.

Something tugged on his cape.

Almost absently, Clark turned around. The lingering tiredness abruptly vanished when he saw his little son staring up at him. "J — !" He barely caught himself from shouting the boy's name in public. "Young man," he said instead, "what are you doing here? How did you even get here?!"

Jon's lower lip trembled. "Please turn back into my daddy."

"What?" Clark blinked.

The boy reached into his pocket and pulled out a mashed red and white lump. "I'll give you chocolate," he offered, his little voice starting to break. "You can have all

my Christmas chocolates \*and\* my presents! Just please turn back into my daddy so he can come home!”

Clark’s jaw went slack. He knelt down and cupped a hand against Jon’s tear-streaked face, partly to comfort him and partly to hide his features from the camera that was now swinging to point in their direction. His voice lowered. “Oh, Sweetie, I’m always your daddy, even when I put on a silly outfit and fly off to help other children.”

“R-really?” Jon sniffled.

Clark nodded. “Really. It’s still just me, and I still love you very, very much!”

Red-rimmed eyes stared into his. “Then please come home?” Jon begged, not even attempting to keep his voice down.

The crowd around them had grown quiet, and now a chorus of “Aw”s broke out at the edges closest to the police barricade. Clark considered taking their conversation somewhere more private, but based on the whispering that had begun to ripple, the horse had already left the barn. He sighed. “I want to, really; but a lot of people need my help right now.”

“But...why?” asked Jon.

It was a question Clark had asked himself repeatedly over the past few days, though he hadn’t spent any time contemplating an answer. “Well,” he reflected, “buildings like this one have been falling down lately, and others have caught fire...” The thought that these incidents might all be connected suddenly occurred to Clark. “Then, of course, there have been a lot of car accidents,” he added, noting the break in the pattern. “...caused by traffic lights breaking down,” he realized.

“Why?” Jon asked again.

Why indeed... The crowd erupted into frenzied murmuring. “I don’t know,” Clark admitted, “but I think a lot of people are going to be asking that very question now.”

Indeed, the words “recent budget cuts” and “too dependent on Superman” were already starting to circulate. It seemed Lane and Kent would have a lot of writing to do... after the holidays, of course.

Clark picked up his son, tucking the boy’s face into his shoulder so no one could get a good look. The coat and hat would probably need to disappear, but that could be taken care of later. Really, all of the repercussions of today could be dealt with later; right now, only one thing was important. “Come on, let’s get you back to Mommy before your uncle winds up in the trunk of her car.”

THE END