Get Well Soon

by repmetsyrrah

A/N: Written for my prompt table at 10_hurt_comfort on LJ. Prompt: Waiting Room.

Jason Lane sat in the Metropolis General hospital waiting room and tried as hard as he could to not look at any of the big scary men standing guard. He wanted to swing his feet but he was afraid it might annoy the policemen like it always annoyed his teacher at school.

He knew the big men were all there to protect Superman while he was hurt but that didn't make them any less scary... or big.

His Mommy was busy filling out lots of papers before they were allowed to see Superman. She had told Jason it was so the hospital knew who had been in and so bad men like Lex Luthor couldn't hurt him. Jason thought the hospital people must have been really stupid, his Mom didn't look at all like Lex Luthor.

"Jason, c'mon," his mother called him after she had finished. Jason got up and ran over to her, grabbing her offered hand. A policeman was waiting for him and gave him a small smile as he looked up, suddenly he seemed a lot less scary.

The hospital was a lot more empty than the last time Jason had been there, when his Dad had been sick and had to get something taken out of his stomach. They went up to the very top floor in the lift, Jason clinging to his mother's hand the whole time.

The corridor the lift opened to was even emptier than the lower floors and eerily quiet. There was a doctor waiting for them. "Miss Lane." He nodded to his Mom and then looked at Jason with some surprise. "Mr Lane," he greeted him, making Jason feel rather important.

"How is he?" his Mom asked, her voice sounding like the loudest thing in the whole hospital even though she said it real quietly.

"He hasn't woken up," the doctor replied, "He was in a critical condition when he arrived but we pulled some kryptonite out of his back and he seemed to stabilised but..." The doctor trailed off before shrugging, "To be honest we have no idea what to do now, none of our needles will penetrate his skin and he hasn't changed since he was admitted."

There was an uncomfortable sort of silence during which Jason examined the floors intently before his Mom asked the doctor, "Where is he?"

"Just along the hall." The doctor waved an arm down the corridor and the policeman lead them along it and towards a door with two more policemen standing guard outside. His Mom probably would have kept on walking but the doctor stopped, "This way, Miss Lane," he said, indicating to the door.

His Mom nodded to the guards and they smiled back as the doctor held the door open for them and they walked into the room. Superman was sleeping in a hospital bed he was wearing

a white gown and Jason though he looked odd without his usual bright blue - odder even than when he was being Mister Clark because Superman wasn't supposed to get hurt.

He looked so still and pale, Jason looked up at his Mom, "Mommy?" he asked, "Is he going to get better?"

"I don't know," she answered, giving his hand a reassuring squeeze.

"I want him to," Jason turned to look at the man who had saved him and his Mom and Dad. "I like him."

"Me too," she let go of his hand and walked towards the bed.

Jason looked around the room and was surprised to see the famous red cape draped over a chair in the corner. He was walking towards it even before he had thought about it, almost as if it was drawing him in. He pushed aside the cape to find the famous read and gold S staring up at him. Hesitantly he place a hand on it and traced the symbol with his finger. It felt strange, rubbery but not quite like anything he'd felt before.

He turned around just in time to see his Mom lean forward and press her lips to Superman's. He quickly turned away pretending he hadn't seen, he didn't know why his Mom had kissed Superman but he had a feeling she wouldn't want him to know. Maybe she thought it would wake him up? Like in all the fairy tales his Dad had told him.

"Jason," she called quietly a few seconds later, holding out her hand. He took it and they started for the door.

Jason took one last look at the man in the bed and thought about how he had ended up like that because he was saving everyone else. He let go of his Mom's hand and ran across to him, lifting himself up onto the bed and leaning over to kiss the hero's forehead.

"Don't worry, Superman," he whispered, "I'll look after Mom until you get better."

He ran back to his Mom and took her hand again, he really hoped Superman got better soon because looking after Mommy was *hard.*