

# A Chance Worth Taking

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Rating: K+

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A/N: Set in my *Revelations* 'verse about two years before *Revelations*.

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"Which one?"

"That one, the one in blue- talking to the kid with the red top." Jason Kent tried not to look obvious as he nodded in the direction of the woman he'd sat next to at dinner.

His friend Tristan whistled appreciatively. "She's hot," he said, not even trying to be inconspicuous as he swept his eyes over her.

"Hey," Jason whacked him lightly on the arm, "I saw her first."

"Only 'cause you got seated next to her. Who is she?"

"Evelyn Jones," Jason said, the name rolling easily off his tongue, "she was one of the architects who designed that new children's ward over in Brooklyn."

"And you've already talked?" Tristan asked, still following the brown-hair woman his friend was interested in.

"Talked?" Jason shook his head, "Tristan, one minute we were just sitting there awkwardly then she gives me her tomatoes and-"

"Wow," Tristan interrupted him with a look of mock-horror, "you're already traded food? Man, this is serious. We should start planning the wedding music now."

"Oh, shut up," Jason muttered, rolling his eyes, "This *is* serious, we just started talking and by the end we'd practically told each other our life stories. It was like we were the only people at the table."

Tristan laughed and started talking dramatically. "And the rest of the guests melted away as their eyes meet across the room-"

"She was right next to me," Jason interrupted.

"- they had a shotgun wedding five months later and their first kid in six months-"

"Are you drunk?" Jason asked, frowning at him in annoyance.

"Wow, there's alcohol here?" Tristan asked hopefully.

"Yeah, drunk idiots and sick kids, great combination," Jason muttered, "Where's Kate? I'll go talk to her instead."

"Hey, I can help." Tristan pulled him back before he disappeared into the crowd of party guests in search of the only other familiar face. Of course, he had already located her behind stage but he couldn't be too obvious. It would have been easy enough to shake off Tristan and go to Kate but she was talking to a boy with a blue bandana who looked thrilled and he didn't want to interrupt.

"Fine," he sighed, giving his friend another chance. "What do you think I should do?"

"Hey, here's a radical idea, why don't you just go over and ask her out," he suggested.

"I can't do that," Jason sighed, shaking his head.

"Why not?" Tristan asked, sounding confused.

"What if she says no?"

"Oh, come on, seriously?" Tristan laughed, "Jeez, Jason, in an hour it'll be the New Year, take a chance and ask her *now*- then if you get rejected it'll pretty soon be last year's problem."

"I don't know." Jason frowned, watching Evelyn as she wove among the guests, "I really like her and-"

"All the more reason to ask," Tristan told him firmly. "Look, you've already talked for like an hour, you got along great. What's the matter?"

"I really like her," Jason repeated.

"Oh." Tristan nodded understandingly, "I see how it is. You've been spoiled."

"Pardon?" Jason took his eyes off Evelyn for a moment to give Tristan a confused look.

"Your parents have spoiled you with their happiness," Tristan said as if to explain everything. "They have a great marriage and are still totally in love six kids and twenty years later. And you can't take the chance that this woman might not be your one. The one you want to spend the rest of your life with. Or-" Tristan held up his hand as Jason opened his mouth "- Or is it that you already know she's the one and if you do take the chance to ask her and get turned down you'll forever feel like you've lost your chance to be as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Kent." Tristan grinned and slapped Jason on the back, "Damn, I'm good."

"That," Jason said, glaring at the other man, "is the stupidest thing I've ever heard."

"Doesn't mean it's not right," Tristan replied with a grin. "But anyway, you stay here and stress over your beautiful dinner buddy, I'm going to go say hi to the kids."

He turned sharply and cut through the smartly dressed men and woman to the crowd of kids by the stage, dealing out high fives and grins as he arrived. Putting Evelyn out of his mind for the moment, Jason followed slowly, trying not to let himself appear as reluctant as he really was. He had been to many official events before and yet he'd never been quite so uncomfortable.

It had been less than a year since he had joined the cast of the popular kids TV show *BreakOut* as a host, along with Tristan and Kate, so this was the first New Years party he'd attended with them. Kate, who'd been on the show the longest of the three, had told him *BreakOut* was currently in a several year agreement with the organizers of the New York Children's New Year's Party that stated all the current cast members had to attend.

Every year sick kids from hospitals all over the city got dressed up and were chauffeured in limos to an exclusive venue for a countdown to the New Year with a gourmet menu and as many famous people as the organizers could guilt into attending.

It was a great idea, Jason didn't deny that, one look at the kids and you could tell they were all having the time of their lives. Then you noticed the tubes and oxygen tanks and you realised how much surviving another year meant to them.

One of the girls who had asked for Jason's autograph earlier had been the same age as his brother, Chris. But Chris was going to school everyday and bouncing off walls until Lois yelled at him. This girl had been in a wheelchair dragging an IV behind her. And there wasn't a thing he could do to help her except smile and write his name on a piece of paper.

"Something on your mind?" Jason almost leapt through the roof as the voice came unexpectedly from behind him.

"Evelyn," he greeted his dinner mate with pleasant surprise.

"You looked deep in thought," she told him, smiling.

Jason shrugged self-consciously. "Just thinking about the kids," he admitted, "I mean, I wish I could do more to help them."

"I know," Evelyn said sadly, "but you shouldn't dwell on what you can't do. They like you, they see you everyday," she pointed out, "So if talking to you cheers them up-" she shrugged "-then I suppose talking is what you do."

Jason sighed. "It still doesn't seem like enough," he said.

"Of course it isn't," Evelyn replied, "but not even Superman can cure cancer so it's useless to try and depress yourself over what you can't do..." she trailed off with a frown. "Huh," she muttered, looking off thoughtfully into the distance, "Superman is from a different planet, I wonder if they had a cure cancer of Krypton."

"They didn't," Jason told her, "Kryptonians didn't even have a disease remotely like cancer so there was no need for a cure." Evelyn looked at him strangely and Jason realised he'd sounded far too certain than he should have. "My mother-" he hurried to cover his slip.

"Lois Lane." Evelyn nodded, "you did tell me. I still think that's quite amazing. Have you ever meet him yourself?"

Jason shrugged, wondering what would be realistic without revealing the family secret. "A bit," he said with a shrug, "he's a busy guy but sometimes I see him when he's talking to my parents or something. He's really nice."

"I can imagine someone who gives up so much time to help strangers must be." They stood in a comfortable sort of silence for a while until Evelyn asked, "So, any New Year's resolutions in mind?"

Jason shrugged. "One," he admitted, "I've decided I need to take a few more chances."

"Really?" Evelyn raised her eyebrows, "how so?"

"Well..." Jason shrugged and rubbed his neck nervously. "There's this really pretty girl I was thinking of asking out. But I was kinda afraid she might say no."

"No one likes rejection," Evelyn agreed, her face not giving anything away.

"It's not nice, is it?" Jason nodded. "But I'm going to take the chance anyway because I think she's worth it."

"I guess all you can do is and ask her then and see what she says," Evelyn said, her expression remaining the same but her eyes sparkled with amusement.

"You are an evil woman," Jason stated bluntly.

Evelyn laughed. "It's hardly taking a chance if you already know the outcome is it?" she asked, grinning at him.

"I guess not," Jason agreed reluctantly. "Fine then- Evelyn Jones, would you like to go out with me one night, say for dinner sometime?"

Evelyn frowned thoughtfully and narrowed her eyes at him as if she was giving it serious contemplation. Finally and to Jason's great relief, she smiled. "I'd love to." She laughed at the look on his face. "Now that wasn't so bad was it?"

"A chance well worth taking," Jason agreed. "The New Year's looking better already."