

# Five Times The Fun

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Rating: K+

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A/N: Before anyone points this out- this fic was inspired by a two line summary of the movie *Quints* but because I haven't actually seen the movie the similarities will probably be only in the idea of the quintuplets. I'm also aware just how rare natural quintuplets are but there wouldn't be too much of a story without them.

## Chapter One

Jason Kent burst into the kitchen with all the enthusiasm of a hungry ten year old just home from school. "Hey, Mom," He yelled upstairs to the study. "Hey, Dad," he greeted Clark who was in the kitchen already making an after-school snack for him. Jason knew it was a little odd how his Dad was the one to do all the cooking their house instead of his Mom but the meals were so good he didn't care. Well, that as well as the fact the kitchen roof was still black from the last time Lois had tried cooking.

"How was school?" Clark asked, handing him a plate of sandwiches.

Jason immediately took the biggest bite he could of the first sandwich and put it back on the plate before trying to answer with his mouth full, spraying crumbs everywhere. "Jason!" His Mom gave him a stern look as she came downstairs, "don't talk with your mouth full."

"Or-ee," he apologised, chewing rapidly so that he could talk. "Guess what happened today?" he asked after a massive swallow. "Guess, guess."

"Ummm, your teacher gave you a gold star?" Lois tried.

"Nuh," Jason shook his head, bouncing excitedly in his chair, "guess again!"

Lois and Clark shared a look and shrugged, "How 'bout you just tell us, Jase," Clark suggested, leaning over to ruffle his son's hair.

Jason ducked out of the way and sighed. "Fine, I'll tell you. Harry got to leave early because he had to go to the hospital to meet his new baby sister."

"Hey, that's great," Clark agreed, "we should send them something," he told Lois.

"Hey, Mom, Dad?" Jason asked, looking at his half-eaten sandwiches. Lois and Clark both turned to him. "Am I gonna get a little brother or sister one day?"

He didn't need to raise his head to know that his parents were sharing one of their 'looks' again. "Jason-" Lois started.

"Don't worry, Mom," Jason interrupted her, regretting he'd asked, "It's cool." He picked up his bag and the uneaten sandwich. "I got lots of homework, bye," he called as he dashed down the hallway to his room, thinking he shouldn't have even asked. It was always the same thing

every time he asked and he didn't really want to hear again how they weren't really sure they were ready for more kids and such.

It was just annoying how much fun his friends all seemed to have with their siblings. His friend Jake was the luckiest he had a twin brother so they never got annoyed at each other for being too little or too old to play. That would be cool, Jason thought as he opened his window as far as it would go- which wasn't very far thanks to the fact they lived on the top floor of their apartment building, but it was enough for a refreshing breeze.

Jason looked out over the city and silently sent a wish out to whoever was listening, he didn't want to be an only child anymore.

### **Two months later**

"Jason can you come down here for a moment," Lois called up the stairs. Jason turned off his Nintendo and put it on his desk, he was having trouble on the current level anyway so he didn't mind the interruption.

He bounced into the hallway, resisting the urge for a full-out run, he always felt like he had so much energy lately but his Mom didn't like it when he ran in the house. Last time he hadn't stop fast enough and he'd made a hole in the wall, his Dad had started taking him to Smallville to learn to control his powers.

"What's up?" He asked, stopping suddenly as he entered the living room. His parents were standing by the couch standing close together, Clark had his arm around Lois and they looked really serious.

Jason suddenly got a horrible feeling in his stomach as he remembered his parents calling him into the living room when he was six and looking exactly as they did now. That had been his Uncle Richard but it was eerily similar.

"Sit down, Jason. We have something to tell you," Clark told him, indicating to the couch in front of them.

"I'm sorry," Jason blurted out, "I'm sorry, I won't ask for any more brother and sisters."

Clark and Lois stared at him with baffled looks on their faces. "Jason, wh-"

"Just please don't break up!" Jason cried, his eyes pleading with them. He was taken by surprise when, instead of trying to calm him, Lois burst into laughter. "Mom?"

"Oh, Jason, no one's breaking up," she assured him, slipping out from under Clark's arm to give him a reassuring hug.

"Sorry if we scared you, kiddo," his Dad apologised, "in fact the brother and sister thing is actually what we wanted to talk to you about."

Jason's mood did a complete one-eighty. "You're having a baby?" he asked excitedly, "That's so cool! Can it be a brother? *Please?*" Lois and Clark shared another look and Jason frowned. "What's wrong?" he asked, "Do you not want another baby?"

"We do." Clark nodded, "but your Mom isn't just having *one* more baby-"

"You're having twins?" Jason interrupted.

"Not quite," Clark replied, "Jason do know what 'quintuplets' means? It's when a woman gets pregnant with more than one baby, like twins, but this time it's five."

"All at the same time?" Jason felt his jaw drop. There were three girls in the class above him all born at the same time, but five sounded like way too many.

"Yup." Lois nodded, taking a deep breath and looking at Clark, "Five. All at the same time."

"Are you nervous?" Lucy's voice rose a whole octave higher as she asked, causing Lois to hold the phone away from her ear to protect her hearing.

"Sure, I guess," Lois replied, still taking care to keep the earpiece at a safe distance. "Jason's over the moon, he was a little stunned until he got a few books out of the library- now he can't wait. Did you know I'm only the 13th woman in the entire world to have conceived natural quintuplets?" she asked, Jason had been bombarding her with facts about multiples ever since he'd started reading the books. Lois waddled over to the couch and sat down heavily, she was only seven and a half months but she was bigger than a house. The doctor had warned them that the quints could make their appearance any day now but their chances of survival were increased the longer they stayed in her. He had given them instructions for Lois to do as little moving as necessary and to relax as much as she could. Unfortunately both Perry and Clark had interpreted this as meaning Lois was to stay not only out of the bullpen but completely off work for the remainder of her pregnancy.

"Interesting, but that wasn't the question," Lucy reminded her, "I asked how *you* were."

Lois sighed. "I'm fine," she lied, a sharp kick from one of the quints making her wince, "six kids is a lot but you manage, you've got six."

"But I didn't have the last five all at the same time." Lois could practically hear her sister rolling her eyes on the other end. "Quints is a big deal, Lois."

Lois was saved from having to think of a good reply by the front door opening and her son and husband coming in. "Hey, Luce, I gotta go, the boys are home. Sorry, bye."

"Hey, this isn't the end of-"

Lois cut her off, placing the phone back on the hook and grinning at Jason as he ran over to her. "Hey, Jason, how was Smallville?"

"Awesome!" Jason yelled, throwing his arms around her before dashing off to his room just a little faster than a normal ten year old was capable of. "I gotta get changed," he called back.

"I thought I might take him to stay with Harry tonight, give you a chance to rest," Clark explained.

"If only your other children felt the same," she sighed, looking down at her bulging stomach. The Quints had apparently just decided to wake up, Lois was sure they couldn't have had all that much room in there but they still managed to move enough to keep her up.

"Will you be alright while I take him there?"

"Well I miraculously survived the last hour alone- I'm sure ten minutes isn't going to kill me," Lois joked, rolling her eyes when Clark just looked at her. "I'm *joking*, Clark," she assured him, "Calm down, I'll be fine."

"Alright." He leaned forward to kiss her. "Now, just call if you need anything, okay? Anything at all."

"I'm ready," Jason said as he bounced in with his backpack on his back, holding his PSP and pillow.

"Are you sure you've got everything, bud?" Clark asked, "That was awfully quick." He grinned but Lois saw him narrow his eyes slightly and look into Jason's bag.

"I've got everything," Jason told them, "can we go now? Harry got a new game for his Xbox and I wanna play."

"Only after you go get your tooth brush and another change of clothes, okay?" Clark told him, pointing his son back down the hall. Jason sighed irritably and ran off to get the extra items.

"How are you really?" Clark asked as they waited.

Lois sighed. "Well, I still feel like some sort of baby-factory that delivers in bulk and I've been fielding calls all day, most from magazines but Mom's called twice and I just talked to Lucy for the third time."

"Yeah, and?" Clark asked, not letting her off that easy.

"And I've been having false labour for the better part of the day and my back and feet are incredibly sore," she admitted.

Clark kissed her again and placed a hand on her stomach. "It won't be long now," he promised, "just hang in there. How 'bout I run us a bath when I get back and I'll give you a massage to try and help your back."

"Don't know if it will help my back but it'll sure as hell help me." Lois grinned, looking forward to spending some alone time with Clark in a non-work setting. "Hurry back big guy," she ordered as Jason ran back into the room.

"C'mon, Dad, let's go-o-o," Jason whined, grabbing his Clark's hand and jumping up and down impatiently.

"Okay, okay, we're going." Clark laughed. "See you soon sweetie," he called back to Lois.

Jason grinned with exhilaration as he and his Dad, now dressed as Superman, shot over the gleaming city of Metropolis. He'd never get tired of flying and he couldn't wait until he could do it himself.

"Ready to go to Harry's yet?" his Dad asked as they swooped low over the harbour, Jason safely wrapped in the cape to hide him from prying eyes.

"Can we go around just once more?" he asked. He was excited to go to his friend's house but no Xbox game no matter how exciting could ever compare to this.

"A quick one then," Clark replied, "I don't want to leave your mother alone for too long."

Jason whooped as they shot back up, zooming past the *Planet* building and going in a wide arc around the skyscrapers. His hearing had been almost as good as his Dad's for about a year now and he could hear people down below as they saw them above the city. It would be a long time before the general population would be aware that Superman sometimes carried a small boy with him when he flew but Jason couldn't wait until he was big enough to be just like his father.

"Here we go," Clark said as they set down behind the bushes at the corner of Harry's street.

"Awww," Jason complained, but he was looking forward seeing his friend anyway. His Mom and Dad hadn't been too much fun lately, Mom was always lying down and Dad had to make sure she and the kids were alright. He couldn't wait until the babies were born and they could play with him again.

"Afternoon, Clark, Jason," Harry's Dad, John said when he opened the door. "Come in, Harry's just helping me finish a cake Jo made to clear out room in the fridge if you want some afternoon tea," he offered.

"Well, Jason hasn't had anything yet, he was so eager to come we missed it," Clark said, ruffling Jason's hair as the adults shared a knowing smile.

"Well there's plenty to go around if you want also want to stay," John offered again as Jason ducked out of his Dad's grip and ran to join Harry at the table in front of a large slice of chocolate cake, the two friends quickly began catching up on the day but Jason still listened to the conversation behind him.

"I can't, sorry," Clark apologised, "I don't want to leave Lois alone for too long."

"How's she doing?" Jason heard John ask in the same tone all the adults had been using lately when talking about his Mom.

*Everyone* seemed to know that his Mom was having quintuplets, it had even been on the news one night. Lois and Clark had been interviewed and Jason had had to sit very still as the reporters shined bright lights around their living room and asked if he was excited about his new siblings' arrival.

"Bye, Jason. Bye, Harry," Clark called as he left.

"Bye Mr. Kent," Harry called while Jason merely waved as his mouth was packed full. Harry waited for him to swallow before grabbing his arm and dragging him down the hall.

"Come on, I just go to level 10 and we can play multi-player if you want."

"Isn't it in that room?" Jason asked as they passed the game room. He hadn't been to Harry's house in a while but he thought he knew where everything was.

"Nuh-uh, that's Mia's room now. She might wake up in the middle of the night as well but Mom or Dad will deal with her."

Jason frowned, not quite understanding why he'd be bothered if Mia woke in the middle of the night but then Harry showed him the new Xbox game and they were soon lost in their efforts to take over the post-apocalyptic world.

Jason couldn't remember actually falling asleep in Harry's room that night but he was suddenly aware he was being shaken awake by someone. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, wondering why it was still dark. "Wha's going on?" he asked sleepily, hearing Harry stir beside him.

"It's me, Jase," his Dad's voice came from above him, "Your Mom's having the babies now and we want you to be there with us to meet them."

"What?" Jason asked again, still not fully awake. He sat up and saw Harry's Dad in his dressing gown standing behind his own Dad who was fully dressed and packing up Jason's things.

"We need to go to the hospital now," Clark told him.

"Isn't it too soon?" he heard Harry ask from behind him. "Mia was in Mom's tummy for way longer."

"Multiple births don't last as long as single births," Jason told him as he got up, remembering all the books he had read on the subject. They also said a whole lot of other things about multiple births and mortality rates that he was trying not to think of now.

"You can get changed at the hospital," Clark said when Jason started looking around for his clothes, "Come on."

"Congratulations," Harry's Dad said as he walked them back to the door.

"Thanks, sorry for waking you," Clark replied.

"Nonsense," John said shaking his head, "Jason's about to become a big brother five times over, I think I can live with being woken up at three in the morning for a cause like that."

"Bye, Harry. Bye Mr. Reddner," Jason called as he and Clark stepped out into the chill of the early morning. "Is Mom going to have a ces-e-ran section?" Jason asked as they shot up into the sky, too nervous to really enjoy the ride.

"Cesarean section," Clark corrected him. "and yes, she's about to go into surgery but she's waiting to see you so we have to be quick."

Jason was too tired to comment further; instead he rested his head against Dad's chest. He was surprised to hear how fast his heart was going, but Clark was probably just nervous about

meeting his new children. Jason wondered what it would be like to get new people in your family- he supposed it would be different from when Clark married his Mom because they were really family the whole time anyway. But it was really hard to imagine that the five kids about to join the world hadn't even existed eight months ago.

"Come on we have to hurry," Clark muttered as zipped through a window on the third floor, going fast enough that they remained unseen.

"Mr. Kent, you're back already!" One of the nurses exclaimed as she saw them come round the corner. "Thank goodness, they're about to take her in- and you must be Jason," she said, jogging slightly to keep up as Clark strode down the hallway.

Jason didn't have time to ask any more questions as they suddenly rounded a corner and walked straight into the middle of a crowded room with doctors, nurses and equipment everywhere.

"Mr. Kent, please take the boy out of here," someone called but Clark and Jason ignored them as they knelt down beside the figure lying on her back in the middle of the room.

"Hey, Mom," Jason said quietly, trying to be brave but he felt frightened by all the people and scary looking equipment he had read about cesareans in his books but now that it was his Mom lying on the table it was a lot more frightening.

"Hey, Jason." She smiled tiredly. "Are you ready to meet your new brothers and sisters?" Jason nodded and Lois smiled. "Good," she said, "because they're coming now and nothing's stopping them."

"Can we *please* get that child out of here," someone yelled loudly again.

"Clark, stay with him okay? See you soon sweetie," Lois said as Clark stood up and walked out of the room with Jason.

"We have to wait outside," Clark told him, "They don't want any more people in there than there has to be."

"There's gonna be five more soon," Jason said, smiling at his Dad to try and reassure him it was going to be okay. His Dad's heartbeat hadn't slowed and he was clearly very nervous.

Jason tried really hard not to listen to what was going on in the room. He'd read all about how they often had to cut open the mother's stomach to get out the babies and that wasn't something he wanted to hear. So instead he waited outside with his Dad.

About ten minutes after they'd left a nurse poked her head out, "We have a girl," she announced to the pair before ducking back inside.

"A girl." Clark laughed as he picked up Jason and swung him around. "You've got a sister."

The next three seemed to come within a few seconds of each other. "A boy," the nurse announced grinning at them. "Another little boy," she said as she ducked out a few seconds later. "A second girl," came the next announcement. It was a long wait for the last and Jason was just about to listen in when the door swung open and a doctor strode out.

"Congratulations," he told Clark and Jason, "Two boys and three girls, all as healthy as we could have hoped."

"Did you hear that?" Clark grinned as he picked up Jason again. "Two brothers and three little sisters." Jason laughed and hugged his Dad as the doctor smiled.

"What happens now?" Jason asked as his father set him down, both wearing identical grins.

"Well, Lois has been moved to a private room to recover and the quintuplets have been taken to the NICU, they'll need a few days before they're big enough to go home but they're all

surprisingly healthy for such a large multiple birth. You must have good genes Mr. Kent."

"Yeah," Clark laughed a tad nervously. He wasn't surprised that the quints would be healthier than normal multiple birth children and he made a mental note to try and stop any tests on them. He'd claim religious reasons or something.

"So can we see them?" Jason asked, "I wanna see them."

"Right this way, young sir," the doctor said, turning down a corridor, "we've put them as close as possible to Mrs. Kent so you won't have to go far."

"Thank you," Clark told him, "for everything."

"Just doing my job, Mr. Kent. And here they are." He stopped in front of a large window and Jason looked through to see five tiny incubators holding five tiny babies.

"Wow," Jason breathed, pressing his face against the glass to get a better view. He felt a strange feeling rising inside his chest as he grinned at the infants.

He wasn't an only child anymore and he couldn't have been happier.

A/N: I've never had any kids, let alone five at the same time so I apologize for anything that I got wrong, I know the Dad is usually allowed in the room during normal c-sections but I thought they wouldn't want any more distractions during such a complicated birth. Next chapter, Jason has what he wanted but reality is about to set in...

## Chapter Two

"This one is Alana, she's the oldest. Next comes Jacob, then Isaac and after him was Megan here and finally little Haley," Clark explained to the reporter as Lois stood by the cribs, grinning tiredly. "Alana and Megan are identical but the rest are fraternal."

Jason stood at the side of the room, watching the cameraman filmed each of his new siblings as his Dad introduced them. The news channels had been calling constantly since the quintuplets had been born three weeks ago to get pictures but his parents had refused until now when the babies were strong enough to eat and breathe properly.

"And when are they coming home?" the reporter asked, already knowing the answer.

"Today," Lois replied, a mix of relief and nervousness in her voice that Jason didn't quite understand. "Jacob and Megan were ready two days ago but we didn't want to separate them and we wanted to be sure they were really ready."

"Or before you were ready?" the reporter asked with a laugh. Clark and Lois chuckled as well but it didn't seem as genuine. "Alright I think we've got enough- it'll be on tonight after sports," he told them as the cameraman began to pack up. "congratulations," he said, shaking Clark's hand.

"Thanks," Clark grinned, "but it was mostly Lois who did all the hard work."

"Don't be modest, it takes two," Lois teased him and everyone laughed as Clark blushed.

Taking one baby home from the hospital was easy, taking five was not. Jason had been given charge of Megan, closely supervised but he still felt important as he carried his sister down the hallway. Clark had taken Alana and Jacob while Lois held Haley and a nurse accompanied them with Isaac.

It was all well and good until they reached the car and things got a bit tricky. Clark had gone out a few weeks before they'd been born and brought five of everything a newborn baby could ever need, including car seats.

Unfortunately, he'd never actually used one before and Lois had used a completely different model when Jason was little and the nurse had no clue either. This led to a lot of pass-the-baby as everyone had a go at what they thought was the right way to do it.

However, babies will only tolerate constant hand switching for so long. It was only a few minutes before Alana decided she'd had enough and started bawling which in turn woke Isaac and Megan, whom Jason quickly abdicated responsibility for.

Clark finally left to go find a manual but by the time all five babies had been strapped in the media had heard that the quintuplets were leaving the hospital and gathered outside. Being the first in their state and a very rare set of natural quintuplets, the five babies had made the Kents into minor celebrities. Jason thought it was kind of cool as he waved to the cameras but he knew his parents were hoping for it to die down quickly. They were willing to do a few photoshoots and interviews to keep them satisfied but Jason knew his Dad especially didn't want his face in too many papers in case someone noticed how similar he looked to Superman.

The drive to their apartment only took ten minutes but after five Jason was starting to get a headache. "Why won't she stop crying?" he asked, over the sound of Megan's bawling. Alana and Isaac had settled down as soon as the car had started and Haley and Jacob hadn't woken up at all but Megan's mouth had remained open since leaving the carpark and she seemed to have inherited her father's lungs because her cries were only getting louder.

"We'll be there soon, sweetie, just hang on," Lois called back. Jason wasn't really sure who she was talking to- him or Megan.

By the time they got home Isaac had decided he wanted attention too and the other three had to be put in their bassinets before anything could be done. Jason was tasked with running back and forth between the babies and his parents as they desperately tried to stop them crying.

Finally, after what seemed like a year all the quintuplets were changed, fed and asleep in their room. Jason felt like he could go straight into bed or fall asleep on the couch like his mother had done but he still had homework that had to be done. "Dad, can you help me with my math?" he asked as Clark sat at the table writing something on a piece of paper.

"I can't right now, son," he apologized, "I'm doing some math of my own right now."

"But it's due tomorrow," Jason told him.

Clark sighed and put his pen down. "Alright then, let's have a look."

"Okay." Jason jumped up beside him, "See, we're doing-"

"Umm, Jase?"

"But Dad, can't it wait?" Jason felt his heart drop as his Dad just gave him an apologetic look.

"Sorry, buddy, landslip in Indonesia, Superman's help is badly needed."

"Fine, see ya," Jason said but by the time the last syllable had left his mouth his Dad was already out the door and in the sky. He struggled through three questions before a high-pitched cry came from the nursery where it was soon joined by four more.

"Jason, could you help?" his Mom called only three seconds later.

"But my math homework's due tomorrow," he called back. He really didn't want another warning- one more and they'd send a note home which would make his parents mad.

"Jason, please!" his Mom yelled in a tone that clearly meant it wasn't a request.

He sighed and ran to help. "What can I do?" he asked. He ended up spending the evening learning how to hold a baby properly, give it a bottle and hoping desperately that his Mom never asked him to help change a diaper. Luckily Clark returned shortly after dinner and Jason

was allowed to leave.

He'd never gone to bed that early before but running around after his new siblings had exhausted him and he fell straight to sleep. But apparently, the quints had other ideas about who was allowed to sleep that night. If he was forced to guess he'd estimate he got a total of two hours sleep that first night.

"Where's breakfast?" he asked the next morning, waking up to an empty table for the first time since his Mom had been arrested for trespassing and Clark had to go bail her out.

"Oh, I was in and out all night and the quints kept us up," Clark explained, "I didn't really have time, take an energy bar and some money for lunch."

Jason shrugged. "Okay," he said, taking a ten dollar note from his Dad's wallet. He liked buying his lunch but it usually only happened on special occasions. "See you," he called, deciding to leave quickly before his Dad changed his mind.

"Have fun, love you," Clark called, finally looking up from whatever he was working on to wave his son off.

"Hey, Jason," Harry said as he sat next to him on the bus, "I saw your family on the news last night, that's so cool that you get *five* brothers and sisters."

"Yeah," Jason agreed, "it's pretty cool, but I really wish they'd stop crying, I didn't get any sleep last night."

Harry laughed. "Mia used to wake up *all* the time," he told his friend, "but she'd way better now."

Jason nodded and they started talking about Harry's birthday party that weekend but Jason couldn't shake the strange feeling in his stomach. He was exhausted but that wasn't why he felt odd, it was almost... disappointment? He'd wanted a brother or sister for so long and his wish had been answered, five times over. But last night hadn't been what he'd expected, he knew it would be a while before they'd be big enough to play but he didn't know they'd scream while they did it.

"Hey, Jason!" someone yelled as they got off the bus and the two of them turned to see Jake running towards them, "What did you get for number six on the math homework?"

"Oh, crap!" Jason slapped his forehead with his palm. "I didn't get to finish it, I had to help with the babies. And it's first period too," he groaned.

"Hey, isn't this your third time? That means you get a note sent home," Jake asked, sounding slightly gleeful at his friend's predicament.

"Oh, crap!" Jason repeated, "Mom's gonna kill me." The last time he'd got three strikes, for his English homework, he's been grounded for a week and wasn't even allowed to go to a friend's birthday party.

"Mr. Jameson's going to be angry too," Harry told him, "we had to do that sheet to be able to move on to the next chapter."

"Great," Jason muttered as the bell rang, "just great."

"C'mon, maybe he won't ask you," Harry said, trying to reassure his friend as they headed toward class.

"And... Jason, what did you get for number four?" A voice asked, Jason snapped his head up from the desk.

"What?" he asked sleepily. He heard giggling and blushed as he realized he must've fallen asleep in class, having not gotten any sleep the previous night.

"Nice of you to join us Jason," Mr. Jameson said, "now if we could have your answer to number four on the worksheet I gave you for homework."

"Oh, um." Jason shifted uncomfortably, "I didn't get to that one."

"How far did you get?" the teacher asked.

"Number three," Jason replied, sinking low in his chair as the class turned to look at him.

"Come and see me after class then, Jason," he said before moving on with the lesson.

"So, I see this is the third time you've failed to had in your worksheet," Mr. Jameson looked over the top of his glasses as Jason stood in front of his desk at the end of the lesson.

"I'm real sorry but I had to help with the babies last night and they kept crying-"

"This is the first night you've had your new siblings home is it not?" Mr. Jameson interrupted. Jason nodded, not wanting to say anything. Mr. Jameson sighed, "well, I can understand that but I'm still sending a note home to be signed by your parents, this doesn't excuse the previous two time you neglected to complete your work. I think that's reasonable don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Jason answered, stifling a yawn. He knew he didn't really have a choice with the answer though, teacher's liked to ask questions with only one right answer.

He yawned his way through the rest of the day, falling asleep in two more classes and sleeping all though lunch. He had to endure his friend's teasing about that for the rest of the day as well, which didn't help his mood. By the time he got on the bus to go home his face had settled into an annoyed frown.

"Bye, Jason!" Harry called as he got off at his stop but Jason was having such a bad day he didn't even bother to reply.

He started to relax a bit as he walked towards the his door, his Dad always made him a nice after-school snack and after sleeping through lunch it was just what he needed.

Before he could pull out his key to open the door it opened for him and a strange woman almost walked into him. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry, you must be Jason."

"Er, hi," Jason muttered, wondering what was going on.

"Oh, hey, Jason." His Dad appeared behind the woman. "This is Trish, she's a nanny and she might be coming to help with the quints soon."

"Oh, cool." Jason smiled at the woman as she said her goodbyes and left. His parents had mentioned someone else might be moving in to help so Lois could go back to work and earn money to help care for the babies. "What's for afternoon tea," he asked, throwing his bag onto the table- he'd get to the note later.

"Aw, sorry munckin," his Dad apologized, "I didn't get 'round to making you anything, I've been interviewing nannies all day and trying to deal with the babies so your Mom can catch up on her sleep. Not to mention there was an avalanche in Switzerland this afternoon and Superman's help was badly needed, and-"

"It's okay, you were busy, I get it," Jason said, sounding sharper than he'd meant but he didn't care as he picked up his bag and walked into his room. He wasn't angry enough to slam the door but he closed it firmly.

He had to stick his iPod in his ears to get through all his homework that night without being distracted by the sound of crying from the nursery. It was only his stomach that finally drew him out of his room, his Mom and Dad were sitting a the table, his Mom looking exhausted and even his Dad's face starting to show some strain.

"I have a note for you to sign," Jason blurted out. "I didn't get to finish my homework but I did it all tonight," he rushed to explain, "so all you need to do is sign this to say I showed you it."

"Sure," Clark began but before Jason even handed him the note his head had snapped up

and he had that faraway look on his face. "I have to go, big fire downtown, I'll look at that when I get back, okay?" he hugged his son and kissed his wife before blurring into his suit and out the door.

"How are we going to get a live-in nanny that won't notice *that*?" Jason asked the room at large.

His mother just shrugged. "God knows, but we'll figure something out," she told him. "Want to see where he went?"

Jason grinned as he bounced over to the TV and switched it on, one of his favorite pastimes was sitting with his Mom and seeing where his Dad had gone. Watching him help people as Superman never failed to impress him and he couldn't wait until he could do it himself. He wondered if the quints would do it as well.

"There he is," his mother said after they had flicked through four channels.

"- Superman has just arrived on the scene, providing relief for the firefighters. And I'm sure many of them are glad to see him after his mysterious absences these past few days. The Man of Steel seems to have been neglecting several smaller crimes recently, a spate of muggings a robberies has been reported, no one was injured but Superman's ignoring of these crimes has received much criticism especially from-"

"Well we don't need to see this then," Lois said, turning the sound down. "no one was hurt but apparently my husband isn't allowed to have a private life anymore," Lois grumbled more to herself than Jason.

"Hey look, that's us," Jason said excitedly as the news report apparently decided a fire was too routine and was now showing pictures from the hospital yesterday. "Turn it up," Jason urged her and Lois obliged.

"- the Kent quintuplets have spent their first full day at home after being released from hospital yesterday with a clean bill of health. Alana, Megan, Isaac, Jacob and Haley are set to be a handful for the two Pulitzer prize winning journalists."

The shot switched to one of Lois talking to the camera, "We're just happy they're all okay but we're defiantly hiring a nanny for help, five newborns would challenge anyone."

The shot changed back the reporter who was grinning, "Aw, aren't they cute? Five children, can you imagine that?"

"Six," Jason said, frowning as an unpleasant, neglected feeling arose in his stomach, "you have six kids."

"I know, sweetie," Lois sighed, turning the TV off this time, "newscasters never get it right, they don't get the news they just read it off a stupid teleprompter."

Clark didn't return until after Jason was in bed and he wasn't in the kitchen when he woke up again. He'd gotten a bit more rest than last night but not by much. His bad mood wasn't improved by finding there was no bread to have toast or make his lunch.

Suddenly a sound Jason had learned to dread carried through the house. One of the quints had woken up and was demanding attention, it sounded like Isaac but Jason couldn't be sure. And as was always the case two more woke up and decided to express their displeasure at the interruption. "I know the feeling," Jason muttered.

"Jason can you help please?" his Dad called.

"I'll miss the bus," he called back, annoyed that his Dad had heard him get up, although not surprised.

"It'll just take a minute."

"Will you sign my note?" He called back, still not moving.

"What note? Look Jason I don't have time, can you help?"

"No!" Jason screamed suddenly, surprising even himself. "You promised you'd sign it!" The crying from the bedroom ceased, but only for a moment before all five babies started wailing. Jason couldn't take it anymore, the combination of stress, sleep deprivation and the apparent lack of caring from his parents all came to the fore.

He threw his bag on the floor and ran out of the house, he wasn't going to school, he knew that but he didn't really know where he was going, but he knew he needed to get away.

## Chapter Three

Jason had no idea where he was going when he ran out of the apartment- he only knew he had to get away. Away from stupid screaming babies and away from parents who had all but forgotten him in the past two days.

He speed away from the apartment as fast as he could when he hit the street. He fully expected his Dad to swoop down any second and carry him back home but a minute later he was still running. He stopped suddenly and leaned against a wall to catch his breath, his speed was just coming in and he'd managed to go a considerable distance but he was still out of breath.

"Great," he muttered, looking toward the empty sky, "I run away and the stupid quintuplets are still more important than me."

He looked at his surroundings and was surprised to find that he'd come much farther than he'd thought. In fact, some part of his brain must have had some notion of where to go because he'd ended up right across the road from his Uncle Richard's apartment.

He hadn't seen him since last week when he'd visited the hospital, but unlike everyone else, Richard had brought Jason a present as well. Most other people had just come to see the quints. Like those companies that had given the babies all that free stuff, no one had given Jason free stuff when he was born.

He used his key to get in and zipped up the stairs to Richard's apartment, hoping he was home.

"Jason?" Richard asked in confusion when he responded to the pounding on the door.

Jason had intended to explain what had happened calmly to his uncle then call his parents but as soon as he saw his concerned look he burst into tears and threw himself into the arms of the very confused man.

"Oh my God, Jason, did something happen? Where are your parents?" Jason tried to answer but he was sobbing too hard to get any words out. "Okay," Richard muttered, pulling Jason into the apartment and sitting him down on the sofa. "Just, try and calm down a little and tell me what's wrong okay?"

Jason hiccupped a few more times but after a minute he found himself relaxing a bit and he was able to talk. "Dad didn't help me with my homework," he chocked out, "and I haven't even talked to Mom since last night, and the TV said they only had five kids, and-" suddenly Jason found everything that had been building up inside him for the past few weeks pouring out of his mouth. From the Universities that had offered the quints scholarships to the nappy company that had given them a two year supply.

He ranted about all the attention the babies had received and how no one seemed to remember him at all anymore. How his Dad was under extra stress with being Superman as

well and any spare time he did have had been spent at the hospital or looking after the new babies. Eventually he slowed to a halt, finishing by telling Richard about that morning and how a lack of sleep and all the stress of the quintuplets arrival had just come to the front and he'd snapped.

"-and I just found myself here," he completed with a sob, tears still coming down his face.

Richard had sat in silence for the whole time, just listening to him talk and holding him. Finally he took a deep breath and said, "I think we should call your parents and tell them where you are."

Jason nodded and tried to wipe away his tears but the thought of how angry his parents would be set him off again and he didn't even notice when Richard sat back down. "Your father's coming over in ten minutes- he's going to give us time to chat, away from babies."

"Is he mad?" Jason asked quietly.

"He was worried," Richard half-answered the question, "he lost track of you because you were running so fast and he was distracted."

"By the *babies*," Jason muttered bitterly.

"Hey," Richard tilted Jason's head up so he was looking at his face, "I know Lois and Clark could've tried a bit harder to include you these past few weeks but no one's perfect Jason, and you know, it wasn't all their fault," Richard continued, "I think *you* forgot one very important thing when wishing for a little brother or sister."

"What?" Jason asked, his voice muffled in Richard's shirt.

"I think," he said, rubbing his nephew's back, "that you forgot that this meant you would be a big brother."

"How do you mean?" Jason asked, frowning.

"Well, weren't you the one who used to complain about wanting siblings?"

"Yeah, but I didn't want *five*!" Jason protested, trying to wipe away his tears and failing and Richard chuckled.

"I know, I know," he said, rubbing Jason's back, "but you could be a bit more patient with your parents, they weren't expecting five either. And as a big brother it's your job to try and make theirs a little easier. I'm not saying you have to stop being a kid completely," he hurried to explain, "I'm just saying that maybe if you help with the quints, things would get done quicker and Lois and Clark would have more time to spend with you. Perhaps not as much as they used to, but things are going to be different with five babies in the house."

Jason started crying again, "I don't want to take care of five babies all the time," he wailed.

"And now you're forgetting something else," Richard laughed, hugging his nephew again. "You know babies grow up don't you?"

"So it's not always going to be like this?" Jason looked up at Richard, wiping away his tears.

"Of course not!" Richard laughed, "They may be small and helpless now but they'll grow up one day- they always do." He smiled, leaning out to ruffle Jason's hair. "And when that day comes you get the best of it. You're their big brother, you're the cool one- you never have to tell them off when they do something wrong or take away their pocket money. You get to help them when they have problems with your parents because you've been there before. You'll be the one they'll come to when they're nervous about their first day of school and when they need a good lie to tell the teacher about why they couldn't do their homework- those aren't parent things, parents hardly remember school and certainly won't help you out of a

mess you caused yourself- those are big brother things. Let me tell you, as soon as you get a sibling it's you against them and one day they'll love you for that."

"Really?" Jason asked, starting to calm down.

"Really," Richard assured him, "And you're going to be there for them their whole lives. You're the one the Jacob and Isaac will come to when they need someone to teach them how to talk to a girl, you're the one Alana, Megan and Haley are going to be nervous about introducing their boyfriends too, dating someone your parents don't like is rebellious and cool, dating someone your cool older brother doesn't like makes them think twice."

Jason made a face. "I don't want to talk to girls," he protested.

Richard chuckled. "You will one day, kid. But do you see what I mean? You'll still get to have your own life- but it will be different from now on. You're a big brother, and five times over too, a *lot's* going to change but it won't all be bad, okay?"

"Okay," Jason sniffed, nodding as he wiped away the last of his tears.

"Good boy," Richard ruffled his hair, just as there was a knock from the window.

Jason gulped as he looked up to see his father waiting for him, he didn't seem mad but hid Dad was much better at hiding his emotions than his mother. With Lois you always knew where you stood. He nodded at Richard as he picked up Jason. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Richard replied, "and you?" He looked at Jason. "You know you can talk to me anytime you want, but maybe tell your parents first or just phone me okay?" he asked with a smile.

"Okay," Jason agreed. "Bye."

Clark didn't say anything else as he zoomed back to their apartment but Jason wasn't sure if it was because he was too mad or because the trip only took a few seconds.

Lois was waiting in the living room however and she did look mad. However she managed to hold her tongue until Clark had set him down in and got changed. "You are in big trouble-" she started but Clark cut her off.

"Jason," he said in a much quieter voice, "I know the last few weeks have been hard but you shouldn't have just run off like that."

"Do you have any idea how *worried* we were?" Lois cut in again. "You ran so fast your father couldn't find you for a whole five minutes, people have been *killed* in Metropolis in less time than that," she yelled.

"I'm sorry," Jason said quietly. "I just got tired of the babies."

"They've only been home for two days, Jason," Lois sighed, suddenly much calmer, Jason looked up to see his father had placed a hand on her shoulder, "I was hoping you'd give us more time than that to sort things out."

Jason hung his head, looking properly ashamed. "I'm sorry," he apologized again, "I was just really tired and Dad forgot about my note he had to sign and then the babies started crying-" he explained in a rush "-I didn't even know I was going anywhere until I was out the door."

"Well," Lois sighed again, "I guess we shouldn't have started treating you like an adult straight away," she admitted, "but you shouldn't have run off like that, you're grounded for three days okay?"

Jason sighed but didn't argue. "I guess that's fair," he agreed, his usual punishment for even minor things was a week. Running away from home and bunking the first part of school should have earned him a *month*.

"I'll explain to your math teacher why you weren't able to complete your work," Clark continued, "And we'll work something out- from now on we'll try and deal with the kids ourselves to give you time enough to do all your work."

"And I'm going back to work next week," Lois told him, "so you can come there after school and work on your homework in your Uncle Perry's office. Away from all the baby-related distractions," she offered.

"Really?" Jason asked hopefully.

"Of course," Clark told him, "it'd take a lot more than giving birth to *quintuplets* to keep your Mom from the bullpen."

Jason laughed then looked up with a frown. "So Dad's going to watch the quints by himself when I'm at school?"

Clark laughed. "Oh, gosh no, what would happen when Superman's needed?" he asked, "we've hired a live-in nanny, Tanya," he explained, "and seeing as I'm going to be a freelancer it should be reasonably easy to keep the secret from her. I'll just say I'm following a lead if I ever need to go."

"Well, we've figure it should fool her for a few weeks at least," Lois muttered with a shrug.

"Well, who's going to think Superman's the father of quintuplets?" Clark pointed out.

Jason smiled and opened his mouth but Lois held up her hand to stop him. "What?" he asked quietly after a moment, sharing a confused look with his Dad.

"Listen," Lois said quietly.

Clark and Jason shared a confused look with each other. "What?" they asked simultaneously.

"I don't hear anything," Jason said.

"*Exactly*," Lois sighed blissfully.

Just at that moment a shaky wail split the air and the three groaned as one as it was joined by four others.

"I knew it was too good to last."

A/N: And there we go, \*sigh\* for a short little fic this took *way* longer than expected. I hope you all enjoyed this highly unlikely tale of the Kent family. Although, the story isn't over just yet, I have a little oneshot planned in the next few weeks- it's called *Five Turn Five...* gee, wonder what that could be about :P. And don't forget, if you want to request something in any of my 'verses, the request post at my LJ is available through the link at my bio page- no need to have an account either!