

# Wish Heard From Afar

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Rating: PG

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Summary: In this companion story to the author's "Wish Upon A Star," Clark returns from New Krypton on Christmas morning to find an unexpected and precious gift.

Story Size: 1,044 words (6Kb as text)

*Author's Notes:* Although not necessary to have read *Wish Upon A Star* first, it may be helpful to give a bit more context to the story. Hope you enjoy!

Stories in this series:

1. [Wish Upon A Star](#)
2. [Wish Heard From Afar](#)
3. [Wish Straight From the Heart](#)

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Days had stretched into weeks and then months and then years. All blurred together into an agonizingly long time. Two thousand four hundred fourteen days, to be exact. Each one harder than the last. Each one too long, too lonely.

Finally, all the resolutions had been reached. Nor and his following had been neutralized, thankfully without much bloodshed. Order had been restored to the ruling houses, and the population of New Krypton had begun to thrive. And after what seemed like endless months of negotiations, the Council had agreed, finally, to allow him to hand over his authority to his trusted advisor, Lieutenant Ching, and had voted to let him return home. That very same day, he'd said his goodbyes, programmed his single-man vessel to transport him back to Earth, and set out on the four-day journey home.

Somehow, those four days had seemed almost as long as the preceding two thousand four hundred fourteen.

But as he re-entered Earth's solar system after his second and last hyperspace jump, an overwhelming sense of hope flooded him, and he closed his eyes and opened his mind to it.

*"Merry Christmas, Daddy. Someday, we'll meet. I know we will. Until then, I love you."*

Clark sat up straighter as his eyes flew open. He was quite accustomed to Kryptonian telepathy, and the voice in his head had sounded an awful lot like that. But he was much too far away to hear any voices from New Krypton by now, and...

His heart skipped a beat as he heard the voice again, this time accompanied by another, much more familiar voice.

*"I wish Daddy would come home to us. I wish Daddy would come home to us."*

"Lois..."

His own wistful voice broke the silence that had surrounded him for three days, and he closed his eyes again. God, he missed her so much. And the other voice? Who was...?

He tried to reach out to her, to extend all of his senses as far as he could, but his powers hadn't returned yet since he'd just re-entered the solar system, and telepathy didn't work between humans and Kryptonians. He tried to reach out to the other person — a small child, he thought...

But the distance and effort were too much without knowing exactly whom he was trying to connect with.

He closed his eyes. Maybe, it had to be...his child? The voice had been young, maybe five years old, which...fit. And a boy. His son?

Clark buried his head in his hands and held back tears. He'd been gone, held up on New Krypton because of their terribly outdated laws and customs, and Lois had, what? Gone through pregnancy, given birth, and raised his child, alone?

He took a deep breath to steady himself and looked down at the spaceship's control panel. Eleven hours twenty-one minutes to go. He'd already waited two thousand four hundred seventeen days. So why did eleven hours sound like an eternity?

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"D-daddy?"

The resemblance was uncanny. Like staring back at himself as a child. Deep brown, intelligent eyes full of wonder and recognition and hope.

Clark knelt in the doorway of his childhood home, lowering himself down to the level of the boy standing just in front of him. The boy's smile grew huge and wide, and Clark's heart swelled with some emotion he couldn't understand. He swallowed back the lump in his throat and found his words.

"You made a wish last night, didn't you?" he asked quietly. "I heard you." He blinked several times and then allowed his eyes to drift to Lois's. "I heard both of you."

Lois stood several feet away, tears already threatening at the corners of her eyes. God, she was as beautiful as he remembered. No, she was more beautiful. She was...more everything.

His attention shifted back to the boy in front of him, who squealed with delight and jumped into Clark's arms.

"And you came, you really came! I knew you'd come home. Mommy said never to lose hope."

Two tiny arms wrapped around his neck, and he quickly closed his eyes and returned the embrace. Sensing Lois closer, he blinked his eyes open again and reached out with one arm. She came to him quickly and willingly and lovingly, and he stood, picking the child up with him, as his free arm wrapped around her.

He kissed the top of her head and then the boy's as well.

Jon. He sensed the child's name was Jon. He'd always secretly wanted a son, and he'd always thought he would name his son Jon, after his dad.

He buried his head into the two of them as tears of joy began to fall. He was home. And his family had waited for him. The emotions almost overpowered him as he

continued to cling to both of them. Jon's arms tightened around his neck, and Lois's arms remained firmly looped around his waist.

It felt so wonderful. He'd missed this so much. This love. His Lois. ...Family.

"Lois, I'm so —"

"Shhh, Clark. We can talk later. Right now, I just want to hold you."

And he didn't disagree. He kissed them both again, and when his parents emerged from the hallway to see what all the commotion was about, they eagerly joined in the embrace.

Clark felt so many things, all at once. But overwhelmingly, he felt love and he felt loved. The small child in his arms was a miracle in so many ways. A perfect little Christmas miracle whose wish had traveled millions of miles to greet him and guide him home.

And now, he had everything he needed. Everything he'd longed for while he'd been gone, and then some. He smiled again and tightened his arm around Jon.

"Thank you for calling me home, kiddo. Merry Christmas, and I love you too."

THE END