

# Wish Straight From the Heart

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Summary: In this companion story to the author's "Wish Upon a Star" and "Wish Heard From Afar," young Jon Kent learns that his Christmas Eve wishes might have had more power than he'd imagined.

Story Size: 884 words (5Kb as text)

*Author's Notes:* This one is probably best read after having already read the other two stories. I 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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Jon's chest felt full, like his heart was just going to burst with happiness. His dad held him tightly, and he felt his mom and grandparents there too. And everything was just...as it should be. Finally, as it should be.

All of them together, as a family.

He smiled and buried his head into his dad's shoulder, deciding that he'd probably never let go. Not ever.

He'd recognized his dad immediately when he'd opened the door. Tall, with dark hair and brown eyes that looked just like Jon's. And possibly the kindest smile Jon had ever seen. No glasses — he wasn't wearing glasses like he did in every picture Jon had ever seen of his father. But that didn't stop Jon from recognizing him. Not even for a second.

He leaned back from his dad's hug and grinned again as their eyes met. His mom and grandma had always made a point of promising Jon he would meet his father someday and reminding him to never give up hope. And today — Christmas Day, of all days — all of his wishes had finally come true!

He tilted his head forward and rested his forehead against his dad's, closing his eyes. Strong arms wrapped around him, making him feel safe and secure. Voices whispered to his right — his mom and grandparents, he thought, but something else tugged at him as he felt his dad move them further into the house. Some...emotions that were not his. Something that made him feel happy and sad at the same time. And like there was a huge weight on his chest. He squeezed his eyes shut, and the feeling went away, replaced by an overwhelming sense of love.

*This is the best Christmas ever. The best Christmas present ever, in the entire history of Christmas presents, he thought, another smile once more growing on his lips.*

Warmth and love filled him again, and he heard his father's voice in his mind, as clearly as though the words were spoken out loud.

*"It really is, kiddo. Nothing can compare with this — being here and getting to meet you. Best Christmas and best Christmas present ever."*

Jon sat up in his father's arms, his eyes widening in surprise. How had he...? How had they...? A gentle smile met him, and he shook his head briefly before closing his eyes.

*You really heard me last night. My wish.*

*"I did."*

He opened his eyes again, staring at a face that suddenly seemed both familiar and foreign. Hot tears slipped down his cheeks. He sniffled and lowered his eyes as he hastily wiped them away. He didn't want to think it; he tried not to... But the words came, and he couldn't stop himself from mentally shoving them at the man still cradling him carefully in a solid embrace.

*But if you could hear me, then...what took you so long to come home? I've been wishing for a really long time...*

*"Oh, kiddo, I'm so sorry."*

The guilt-ridden words were no longer audible only in his mind, and the slight distance Jon had put between them when he'd sat up closed as he buried his head once again into his dad's shoulder and began to cry. A large hand rubbed his back in slow, calming circles, and he felt a kiss on his cheek.

*"I'm so sorry, kiddo. I wanted to come home sooner. Believe me, I wanted nothing more than to be home sooner. I wanted it every day."*

Jon sat back again as he scrubbed his hands down his cheeks. He hated crying, but he couldn't help it right now. He shook his head, willing himself to be a big boy and stop the tears. He forced his eyes open and sniffled again as he raised his chin. Then he frowned.

His dad was crying now, too. Wet streaks ran down his dad's face, and the eyes staring back at him blinked away more moisture.

Jon reached up and placed one small hand on each side of his dad's face. He swallowed back his sadness and shook his head.

*"It's okay, Daddy. Don't cry. Mommy says it's okay to be sad. But...but I think we should be happy. Not sad. You're home now. And that's what matters most."*

His dad smiled, and Jon leaned forward, resting his cheek against his dad's as his arms slipped back around his dad's neck.

*My heart was sad because I missed you. Even though we never met, I missed you. But now my heart is happy, Daddy. My heart is full,* he thought.

*"Mine too, kiddo. Mine too."*

And Jon felt another wave of love and warmth wash over him. Tears fell again, but he knew that they were what his mom called 'happy tears.' So he didn't try to stop them. Instead, he clung to his dad and thought again how he might never let go.

Not ever.

THE END