

FOLC4EVERNADAY PRODUCTIONS



Description: In response to a Fanfiction Challenge asking authors to write a story to go with the last song you heard. My song was Hearbeat by Carrie Underwood

PG-13

Heartbeat

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One, two, three.

Each beat caused a smile to spread across his face. He'd dreamed of this. Finding where he fit in this world. Finding himself and people he cared about. He'd spent so much time running and trying to hide. Now, he could finally stop running. He could finally be himself and share everything with that one person that meant everything to him.

One, two, three.

She was everything to him. She loved and accepted him for who he was. A superhero in a cape and a farmboy from Kansas. She had forgiven him for his own bone-headedness more times than he could count. She accepted the good with the bad and loved him despite everything.

One, two, three.

His smile broadened and he looked to his left at the brunette sitting next to him. How he'd gotten so lucky he would never know. He ran his hand over her knuckles, feeling the gold band against his thumb. He finally had everything he ever wanted. Someone to love. A family. A normal life.

One, two, three.

He ran his hand across her swollen abdomen, placing a gentle kiss on it. He felt a hard thump against him and chuckled, "They're getting restless in there."

"I swear if they get any bigger you'll be rolling me into the next doctor's appointment." Lois Lane complained, fanning herself with her hand. "It's so hot."

"I still can't believe these three have made it this long." He commented. "Thirty-three weeks today."

"Don't remind me," Lois grumbled, attempting to stand up.

He reached over and helped her up. "You okay?"

"Yeah, I just..." She stopped, frowning at him.



“What is it?” He asked.

She looked down at the floor. “I think it’s time.”

He grinned, looking down at the small puddle that had formed on the floor. His family. He leaned in to kiss her. “I love you.”

One, two, three.

~ The End

