### Lighten up and Cuddle me

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#### Summary

The reader is psychic and dating Sam. When she gets hit by a spell it regresses her mind to the age of three.
You walked into the kitchen and saw Sam eating a grilled cheese Sandwich. You leaned down and took a bite. He looked at you and laughed.

“Hello” he kissed your cheek.

“Hi.” Dean walked in.

“Hey, how’d you sleep?” Dean asked. “Are you feeling better?”

“Yeah, though I had a weird dream.”

“What about?” Sam asked.

“I was running from something, Sam was in danger. I jumped in to save him and the next thing I knew I was in a little girl’s body. It was dark and I couldn’t find you guys. I couldn’t get out and I was stuck as this little girl. Eventually you found me and took me in, and then I woke up. But there was something about this dream. Almost like it was a premonition something.” The boys looked at you concerned. “I’m sure it’s fine.”

“Uh huh” Dean said skeptical.

Later that day the three of you want out on a case. The boys investigated, while you went to explore the town. You had your coffee and was about to take a sip when you got a weird feeling. You could hear the boys calling your name. When you were brought back to reality you realized you had dropped your cup.

“Are you okay?” the barista asked.


“That’s okay. Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll make you another one” the other barista said.

You got your coffee and made your way to the boys. They were waiting for you. Sam smiled when you came up and you kissed him. Dean rolled his eyes jokingly.

“Sorry, did you want a kiss too?” you joked.

“It would be nice” Dean said.

“Oh god” you patted Dean’s cheek “you’re okay”

You got in the back and the boys drove back to the bunker explaining what they did and didn’t find. You were getting ready for bed when Sam came up behind you, placing his hands on shoulders and kissing the top of your head.

“What happened today?” he asked. You sighed. He always knew when you were hiding something. He wrapped his arms around him.
“I’m just worried that something might happen. I had a weird thing happen at the coffee shop today. I could hear you both were calling my name.” Sam started to massage your shoulders. “I’m just worried.”

“I want you to tell us when that happens.”

“I don’t want to worry you boys”

“Okay. On the bed.” He said dropping his hands.

“Sex?”

“Massage. You need it, on the bed” he lightly smacked your butt.

“Ooh. Yes sir!”

The next day you and the boys were out. Something didn’t feel right and it wasn’t just you. Sam kept looking around.

“Would you two stop?” Dean said.

“Dean, do you not sense that?” you asked hushed.

“No. Seriously, Sammy you need to lighten up and so does your girl.”

“Dean, I’m fine.” You said.

“I’m just saying. You’re always so tense and on the edge. I get why, but you need to get out of your mind.”

“Dean” Sam scolded.

“You two. You’re worse. You’re always so serious and paranoid about everything.”

You turned to grab a coffee, no one noticing the man watching you guys. And Dean kept poking fun at Sam. You three kept walking and when you heard a rumbling sound and you turned around to see Dean been thrown across the room and a purple glow being thrown at Sam and you rushed and stepped in front of him with the light hitting you and things went black.

Your name was being called and this was just like you saw. Something felt off, you should be big. You felt big, but you just wanted cuddles and snuggles and you were only three. You slowly started to open your eyes and saw the concerned look of your boyfriend and his brother.

“Y/n, baby?” Sam asked

“HI!” you said. It sounded like a kid was speaking. You took your phone and saw that you were the same age as you’re supposed to be. You started giggling and then burst into tears. “Sammy” you whimpered.

“What the…?” Dean looked at his brother who was just as confused as he was.

“Sammy, owy” you said rubbing your head.

“This was like her dream.” Sam realized. The three of you stood up.

“She said she as trapped in a little girl’s body” Dean said.
“I-I uh” Sam looked at you pouting and Sam lifted you in his arms, you wrapping your legs around his waist.

“Y/n, sweetheart. How-how old are you?” Dean asked you held up three fingers. Sam didn’t see. “You’re three.” Dean looked at Sam. “Age regression spell.” Sam closed his eyes and rubbed a hand on your back.

“De? Sammy?” you looked at them and teared up again.

“It’s okay. Shhh. It’s okay” Sam soothed. Though he wasn’t sure if he was talking to you or himself.
Dean kept looking in the rear-view mirror. You just sat there quietly, pouting a bit. The boys pulled up to the bunker got out and opened your door.

“De, carry?” you asked.

“You want me carry you? What about Sammy?” Dean looked over at his brother who still looked a little stunned, that his girlfriend physically looked her age, but mentally thought she was three.

“Sammy, fix owy in head.” You pouted.

“In head. A headache?” Dean asked and you nodded.

“Sammy?” you looked at him.

“Yeah, baby. I’ll make you feel better” Sam smiled a bit.

Dean carried you inside and sat you on the table. You wrapped your arms around Dean’s waist. Sam came to the side and placed a hand on your forehead. He kissed the top of your head.

“Just relax baby, okay? Don’t try to hold your head up. I’ve got you”

“Kay Sammy” you mumbled.

You closed your eyes when you felt Sam massage the base of your skull and work his way up. You whimpered a bit and he paused.

“Good girl” he said and you hummed in satisfaction. “Can I keep going?”

“Uh huh” you said and he smiled and continued. A few minutes later he stopped and removed his hands, lowering your head against Dean’s chest.

“Is your head feeling better?” Dean cooed and you smiled and giggled, nodding.

“Thank you” you said

“You’re very welcome.” Sam smiled.

“Sammy, mad at me?” you looked at him worried and he stroked your cheek.

“No, of course not.”

“De?” you looked at Dean.

“I’m not mad.” He said sweetly. Sam moved and lifted you in his arms.

“Why do you think we’d be mad at you?”

“I jump in front of scary man”

“But you did that to save me, which was very brave.” Sam said kissing your forehead.

“Yeah, you’re way cuter to take care of” Dean added and Sam rolled his eyes.
“My tummy grumbles” you pouted.

“I’m hungry too. I’ll make us something.” Dean winked and the three of you headed to the kitchen.

“Y/n, do you remember anything?” Sam asked.

“I know everything” you said proudly and both men laughed.

“So, you know who I am to you?”

“My Sammy” you nestled into his neck.

“My god, she’s adorable” Dean said. You looked at him wide eyed and pointed to yourself. “Yes you.” You looked at Sam.

“It’s true.” Sam rubbed his nose with you and you giggled.

After you ate you started to feel a little tired. The boys wanted to do some research, but all you seemed to want was to cuddle. You wore Sam down and he laughed, holding you tight to him.

“You know, I get to cuddle you all night long, but you know who doesn’t get cuddles often?”

“De?” you asked innocently.

“Exactly.”

“I do now!”

You got off and tapped on Dean’s shoulder. He turned to look at you and smiled when he saw you stand there arms opened wide.

“I get cuddles?” he asked excitedly and you nodded.

You straddled Dean, facing him and rested your head on his shoulder. He rubbed your back with one hand and looked at a book with another. Sam smiled and came over, kissing the top of your head.

“I’m going to go shower, can you make sure Dean stays out of trouble?” you giggled an nodded.

“Thank you.” he cooed.

“Alright. Now, normally you just kill the witch to—” Dean looked at you when he heard a little whine. “Right.”

Dean wrapped an arm around you and held you close. He would periodically place a kissed on the side of your head. Dean wanted another beer, so he told you to hold on tight and lifted you up. You giggled and then Sam walked in.

“Where are you two off to?” he asked.

“Beer.” Dean placed you on the table. “Thank you for the cuddles. I’ll be right back. Do you want something?” you shook you head and he left.

“I’m all clean, you know who could use a bath?” Sam cooed and your pointed towards the kitchen and he laughed. He was getting more and more used to this and Dean was right. You were adorable. “No. Not Dean.” You looked around the room and shrugged. “I’ll give you a hint. She’s very cute and has her very own Sammy. Now, who could that be?”
“ME!” you squealed.

“That’s right!”

“Sammy help me?”

“Of course I’ll help you.” Dean walked in and handed a beer to Sam.

“Sammy help me with bath” you said and Dean smiled.

“Okay. Then it’s time for bed.” Dean said.

“Nooo” you said.

“Uh huh. How old are you?” you held up two fingers and then six.

“Are you really twenty-six?” Dean smirked and you giggled shaking your head. You held up three fingers.

“That’s right. And three years old are going to bed after baths. Dean will come and help me tuck you in.” Sam said taking your hand.

“Okay” you waved to Dean, who waved back and you two went to the bathroom.

“Let’s brush your teeth first” Sam said.

You did and you washed your face while Sam got your bath ready. He helped you get undressed and you went to the bathroom before getting into the bath. Sam grabbed a wash cloth and started washing you.

“What about my hair?” you asked.

“I’ll wash that for you, I always do” he kissed you nose. “Does your head feel better?” you nodded. “Good, I’m glad.”

Once you were clean and Sam washed your hair with an extra little head massage you were dried off and in your pajamas. Sam carried you out to see Dean. Dean looked up and smiled following you two into your room with Sam.

“De tell story?” you asked.

“You want a story?”

“Please?” you pouted.

“Okay.”

Sam grabbed your hairbrush and started brushing your hair while Dean told you a story. When he was done, they tucked you in and you pouted.

“What’s with the lip?” Dean joked.

“I need a blankly or something.”

“Oh.” Sam looked around and found a clean t-shirt of his. “Here, you can use my shirt for now.”

You took the shirt from him and snuggled up to it. Dean kissed your forehead and Sam leaned down
and gave you a little peck on the lips.

“I love you, Y/n” he whispered.

“I love you too.” You said.

“Night cutie pie” Dean said.

“Night De.”

The boys left your room, but had the door open a bit for the hall light was shining in a little.

“Okay, you have to admit that’s cute” Dean said.

“It is. I just, how do we find the witch?”

“I don’t know. I do know, that I’m glad she stepped in. That could be you.”

“Yeah.” Sam said.

“Sammy” the boys heard and they turned and saw you standing by the bed.

“What are you doing out of bed?”

“You keep me company until I sleep?”

“Sure thing, baby” Sam took your hand and walked you back to the room.
Cuddles interrupted

The next morning you woke up with Sam’s arms around you, holding you tight. You giggled and you heard him laugh a bit.

“Is someone awake now?” he cooed.

“Uh huh!” you said proudly.

“Good.”

“Sammy, morning cuddles?” you asked.

“I would love that.” He smiled.

You giggled and crawled on top of his lap, straddling him. You rested your head on his shoulder and you heard the door open.

“Aww, now that is too cute.” Dean said.

“Dean” Sam said slightly annoyed.

“What? I wanted to see if you’re up.”

“I’m a little busy right now.” Sam smiled, wrapping his arms around you. “Morning cuddles.”

“How important” Dean smirked. “Can I get some when you’re done with him?” you giggled and nodded.

“Did you call Cas?” Sam asked.

“I did, he’s coming over soon.”

“Good. Now get out.”

“I want cuddles when you’re done” Dean said pointing to you and you smiled and nodded. Dean left.

“Did you have a good sleep, baby?” Sam whispered.


“Yeah, I had a good sleep.”

Half an hour later you and Sam came out of the bed room. Sam helped you get dressed and held your hand into the kitchen. You let go of his hand and went up to Dean.

“You want now?” you asked.

“Yes please” he smiled.

You climbed onto his lap like before, straddling him, to face him, wrapping your arms around his neck. He wrapped his arm around your waist. Sam went to walk past to grab the coffee and you grabbed his hand looking at him worried.
“Sammy, this ‘kay?” you asked.

“That you’re with Dean?” he asked sweetly. You nodded. “Of course it is, baby. I love you so much”

“Kiss?” you asked innocently. He smiled giving you a little peck.

You rested your head on Dean’s shoulder and closed your eyes. Dean looked over at you and smiled slightly and kissed the side of your head. He went back to having his coffee. Sam sat down with coffee.

You scrunched up your face and started whimpering. Sam immediately got up; you got off of Dean and placed your hands on your head. Your eyes shut tight. Normally when you saw things you knew what to do, but you were three right now and it was scary.

“Hey, hey, hey” Sam said “Baby, it’s okay. It’s okay.” You started to cry.

“Sammy” you whimpered.

“I’m right here” Sam placed his hands on top of yours and pressed his forehead to yours. “I’m right here.” He whispered. Dean stood up, wrapping his arms around your waist to sturdy you.

“You’re safe, y/n/n. ” Dean whispered. “You’re safe”

When the visions stopped, Sam pulled you tight to his chest, while Dean grabbed a chair for you to sit in. Sam helped you down, your eyes still shut tight. Dean rubbed a hand on your back, Sam knelt down in front of you and placed his hands on either side of your face.

“So-so sca-scary” you got out.

“Can you tell me what you saw?” Sam asked.

Your hands went into fists, your shoulders inched closer to your ears. Sam lightly wrapped his hands around your wrists and pushed his thumb on the inside of your wrists to help you open your hands. You let out little whimpers.

“You don’t have to tell us right now, okay?” Sam and you whimpered again.

Sam looked at Dean and he nodded, knowing what he meant. Dean placed his hands on your shoulders and lightly squeezed. He did this a few times and your started to lower your shoulders.

“Good girl” he whispered.

Your slowly uncurled your fingers too. Your eyes were still shut time, but Sam smiled. A few minutes later you opened your eyes. Sam cupped your cheek.

“There she is” he said quietly. Dean removed his hands from your shoulders and you whined, turning to look at him. Both men chuckled.

“Sorry, Y/n/n.” he smiled at you and went back to giving you a massage.

“It-it-I saw scary man.” You said.

“You did?” Sam said grabbing another chair and sitting in front of you to hold your hands.

“He-he was laughing and said we wont find him. I little forever.”
Dean came over and lifted you in his arms.

“We’re going to find him, don’t you worry.” Dean said.

“What if I little forever. You wont like.”

“Yes we will. Baby, we’re going to love you no matter what happens.” Sam said

“Yeah, I said it before, you’re way cuter to take care of.” Dean tickled your sides and you giggled.

“Baby, no matter what happens, we got you, okay?” Sam said and you nodded.

“Now, my cuddle time was interrupted. Can we continue?” Dean asked and you got off his lap, turned to face him and straddled him. “Thank you, sweetheart”

“How about some hot chocolate?” Sam cooed and you gasped and looked at him smiling. “I think that’s a yes”
Sam let you and Dean cuddle and do research while he went and grabbed some supplies for you. If you were little or thought you were, then they needed to make sure you felt comfortable. When Sam arrived home you ran up to him and opened your arms.

“Sammy!” you smiled.

“Hey baby, I got somethings for you.” he cooed and you gasped.

“Like a banky?”

“Like a banky” Sam smiled, pulling the blanket out. You squealed and he smiled. Dean came out to see what all the fuss was about.

“Oh, look at that blanky.” Dean said.

“Now, baby, I didn’t know what you wanted so I grabbed straws and a sippy cup.” Sam looked at Dean a little hesitant.

“The straws ar-OH IT’S PINK!” you said as Sam pulled the sippy cup out. The boys started laughing.

“What’s going on here?” asked the voice you turned and saw Castiel.

“CAS!” you went to run up to him and Dean grabbed you by the shoulders and held you tight.

“Sweetheart” he warned. Castiel walked up to you and looked at you.

“She’s three?” he asked to anyone.

“Age regression spell. She jumped in and saved me.” Sam said. “We need help finding the witch”

“You’re…little.” Castiel said and you nodded, looking a little worried. Castiel saw the blanky you were holding. “I like your blanket” he smiled a bit.

“Thank you.” you whispered.

“And you bought these things for her?” Castiel asked Sam who nodded. “Shall we see what else Sam bought?” he asked reaching out a hand for you and you smiled, taking his hand.

A while later the boys all sat down and you got on Castiel’s lap, placing the corner of your blanky in your mouth. Castiel looked a little confused.

“Baby, maybe not right now” Sam said. You looked up at Castiel, who sensed you were embarrassed. He wrapped his arms around you.

“I will hold you, little one” he said. You rested your head on his chest. “Any leads?”

“No. We were just out heading to the farmers market.” Sam said.

“I was telling them that they needed to lighten up a bit” Dean added.

You shut your eyes and Castiel looked down at you, rubbing your back, feeling you relax. Sam
smiled, you looked so peaceful.

“`She had a vision this morning. That the scary man said that we wouldn’t find him and she would be little forever.” Sam said

“She also had a vision that she was trapped in a little girl’s body and it’s the other way around” Dean pointed out. The boys looked over when they heard little snores coming from you. Even Castiel couldn’t help but smile.

“Well, it seems like you’re doing the right thing. Taking care of her. It must be hard though, with the visions and being in a little mindset” Castiel said stroking your hair.

“Yeah. It’s hard to watch her go through that.” Sam said.

“She remembers everything though. So, she must know she’s psychic” Dean added.

“Yeah, but visions especially about the scary man are frightening to her” Sam said getting up and grabbing your sippy cup. “Should…should I open this?”

“It is pink” Dean smirked. “Give her something with a straw. If she asks for it, then open it.”

A few minutes later, Castiel rubbed hand on your back and you slowly opened your eyes.

“Hello, little one.”

“Mmm” you giggled.

“Thank you for the snuggles.”

“You’re welcome.” You smiled.

“Baby, did you have a good nap?” Sam asked, lifting you in his arms and placing you on his hip.

“Uh huh.”

“Hey, cutie pie” Dean cooed walking in.

“Okay, say goodbye to Cas.”Sam prompted

“Aww” you pouted.

“I’ll be back in a little bit.” Castiel said stroking your cheek.

“Bye” you waved. Castiel waved and disappeared.

Dean had made lunch. They placed a glass of milk with a straw for you. The two brothers started talking and looked over when they heard a noise. You looked at them innocently, stopping blowing bubbles in your milk. Sam laughed, shaking his head. You went back to blowing bubbles.

“Y/n/n” Dean said raising an eyebrow.

“But it fun” you said.

“I’m sure it is, baby, but just drink your milk.” Sam said rubbing a hand on your back.

You pouted and drank your milk. They boys went back to talking. Dean looked over and saw your face.
“Uh oh. Is someone grumpy?”

“Nooooo”

“Baby?” Sam cooed.

Without realizing it, you breathed into the straw and made bubbles in your milk again. You gasped and started to tear up. Sam got up and lifted you in his arms.

“I sorry” you sniffled. Sam chuckled a bit.

“You did nothing wrong.”

“I blew bubbles” you rested your head on his shoulder.

“You don’t have to say sorry for that.” You clung to his shirt. Dean got up and grabbed the blanky you set on the table handing it to you.

“Here, sweetheart.” Dean said. You took the corner of the blanky and put it in your mouth.

“How about we watch some TV. How does that sound?” Sam asked.

“Walking dead?” you asked.

“No, baby. You’re too little for that. We’ll find something.” Sam looked at Dean who nodded and you and Sam went to watch some TV while Dean did research.
All the snuggles

Sam sat you on the couch and kissed your forehead. He grabbed your laptop and turned it on, going to Netflix and finding the Magic School Bus and pressed play.

“Oooh” you said eyes lighting up a bit.

“Yeah baby, this is okay?” Sam asked smiling a bit at your reaction.

“Mm hmm” you smiled.

Sam sat on the couch and you climbed on his lap. He rubbed a hand on your back and kissed the top of your head. Dean whistled and Sam looked up seeing him holding an unpopped bag of popcorn. Sam nodded, smiling and Dean went to make it.

“Sammy, I smell popcorn” you said happily, looking at him.

“Dean’s making us some.”

“I sorry I blow bubbles” Sam cradled you.

“You don’t have to worry about that. Did you want to try the sippy cup?”

“Yeah” you said looking down. Dean walked in with the popcorn.

“Here sweetheart.” Dean cooed.

“Can you fill the sippy cup with water?” Sam asked his brother and Dean smiled, kissing the top of your head.

“I can go do that” Dean left again.

“I sorry” you said.

Sam placed the popcorn on the table and paused the show. He lifted you in his arms and you clung to your blanky. Sam stood up and walked to the window, knowing that you liked to look out when you were sad.

“Baby, you were hit with a curse and now you’re little. So, whatever you need, blanky, sippy cup—”

“Snuggles?” you looked at him and he chuckled a bit, stroking your cheek.

“Snuggles. I know you remember everything because you’re very smart, however things are a bit different now.” You nodded. “So things that might not be as scary, may be scary now.”

“Like the pictures in my head?”

“Like the pictures in your head, your visions.” Dean walked back in and over to you guys.

“Nice cold water for you.” Dean smiled and you took the cup from him and started drinking.

“Hey” Sam whispered and you looked at him. “Can I have a kiss?” you giggled and gave a peck on his lips. You blushed and nuzzled into his neck. Dean pouted. “Uh oh. I think someone feels left out.” Sam laughed a bit. Dean nodded.
“I do?” you asked and Sam smiled nodding.

Sam leaned you over and you gave Dean a little peck on his lips and he smiled, resting his forehead on yours.

“Thank you.”

Dean went back to doing research and you and Sam went back to watching the show and snuggling.

A little while later Castiel popped back in.

“What’d you got, Cas?” Dean asked.

“Nothing. I couldn’t hear anything.” Castiel said sitting down. “How is she?”

“Cute.” Dean smiled. “But no other visions so far”

“Okay. Maybe you can take her back out tomorrow. See if the witch comes out’

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea” Dean said a little skeptical.

“Dean-“ both men turned when they heard a little gasp. Sam was holding you in your arms, he had your empty sippy up and you were waking grabbing motions for Castiel. “Little one” Castiel smiled a bit and took you from Sam.

“Sippy cup refill” Sam said.

“I love Cas’ you said nuzzling neck.

“I love you too” he said

“Alright, baby should we go back?” Sam cooed.

“No I wanna snuggle Cas” you whined a bit. Sam looked at Castiel who nodded.

“Okay, baby. You can snuggle Cas” You nuzzled more into Castiel and he kissed the top of your head.

A while later Castiel placed you in Dean’s arms. Sam smiled standing up and nibbling at your neck.

“Say goodbye to Cas”

“Bye bye!” you waved happily and Castiel smiled a bit.

“Goodbye little one”

“Do I get all the snuggles now?” Dean smiled and you nodded. “But what about Sammy?”

“My Sammy snuggles me all night long.” You smiled.

“Yes I do.”

“And De needs all the snuggles too.” You said stroking his cheek.

“Yeah? You think I need all the snuggles?”

“Uh huh.” You clung tighter to him.
Sam smiled watching you and Dean. His brother needed to relax sometimes and though this isn’t an idle situation, it seems like you all could use it.

“Sammy, you want kisses?” you asked.

“Yeah, baby. I want kisses.” Sam said. Dean held you as you placed little pecks on Sam’s lips. Sam cupped your cheek and kissed your forehead. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too” you said.
Chapter 6

Sam was helping you get in your pajamas.

“Now baby, we talked about tomorrow. It’s going to be a big day.” He said helping you into your pajama shorts.

“I wear shirt” you asked tugging at his sleeve.

“Yeah baby” Sam smiled and got you out of your shirt and bra and took his pajama shirt off and put it on you. “Did you hear what I said?” you nodded.

“Tomorrow is a big day.” You repeated nodding. He nibbled at your neck and lifted you in his arms. You giggled and nuzzled into the crook of his neck.

“Snuggle, snuggle, snuggle, snuggle, snuggle” you said and Sam started laughing, holding you close to him.

“You are just the cutest baby in the whole wide world” he said you gasped looking at him and pointed to yourself. “Yes, you” he rubbed his nose with yours. “Let’s say goodnight to Dean.” You clapped your hands.

Sam grabbed your blanky and you two walked to Dean’s bedroom. He was reading and he looked up, smiling and stood up.

“Goodnight sweet girl” He cooed, kissing your forehead.

“Night, night De” you smiled.

Sam carried you back to the room and pulled the covers down and placed you down, blowing a raspberry on your stomach. You giggled. Sam placed little pecks on your lips and you reached up and stroked your cheek. Sam kissed your forehead.

“Okay, baby, snuggles.” Sam cooed and you climbed into bed and rolled on your side. Sam turned off your light and got in his pajamas.

“Sammy hurry up” you whined. Sam shook his head smiling.

“Hold on, baby. I’m coming.” Sam got in bed and you snuggled against his chest and he wrapped his arms around you and sighed, pulling you closer.

“This is better” you said.

“I love you so much.” He chuckled

“What if we see the scary man” you whimpered. Sam stroked your hair.

“Dean and I wont let anything happen to you.” You started to cry and Sam pulled you so you he was lying on his back and you were resting on him, head over his heart. “I got you. You’re safe. I got you.” Eventually you fell asleep.

You woke up and saw that it was only three in the morning. You knew you shouldn’t have had your sippy cup of water, now you had to pee.
“Sammy?” You whispered. “Sammy” you said a little louder tapping him on his shoulder and then stroking his hair. He stirred and reached a hand out placing it on your hip.

“Baby? You okay?” he asked waking up.

“I have to tinkle” you said quietly, looking down. Sam tried very hard not to laugh.

“Okay, come on.”

Sam groaned a bit getting out of bed and he held your hand to the bathroom. You sat on the toilet and looked up.

“I sorry.” You said.

“You don’t have to be sorry. You just wanted water.”

“Yeah” you said.

Once you were done Sam helped you wash your hands. He lifted you in his arms and carried you back to your room. You were outside of Dean’s door when you started to have a vision.

You gripped Sam’s shirt, scrunched up your face and started whimpering. Sam placed you down, helping you sit on the floor. You burst into tears, hands going to your head. Your eyes shutting tight. Sam knocked on Dean’s door before placing his hands on yours and forehead against yours.

“I’m right here. I’m right here” Sam whispered. ”You’re safe.”

Dean woke up with the banging on his door. He could hear you crying and Sam telling you you’re safe. He carefully opened the door and saw you and Sam. There was space between you and the wall, so Dean got behind you and wrapped his arms around your waist and pulling you close.

“Sa-Sammy? De?” you whimpered. Sam placed hands on your legs.

“Baby, we got you” Sam whispered. Dean rubbed a hand on your back.

“You’re safe, y/n/n.” Dean whispered.

You broke into sobs, you and curled into the fetal position in Dean’s arms. Sam stroked your hair and placed a firm hand on your arm.

“Baby, can you hear me?” Sam whispered.

“Sa-Sam-Sammy?” you whimpered barely audible

“Yeah, baby. I’m going to lift you up.”

Sam got you in his arms and held you tight. He carried you back to bed and calmed you down.

In the morning Dean walked in and Sam that Sam was holding you.

“Rough night?” Dean whispered. Sam nodded.

“Make some hot chocolate for her?” Sam whispered and Dean nodded.

You woke up and Sam rubbed a hand on your back.

“Can you tell me about last night?” he whispered.
“What ‘bout?” you looked at him confused. He closed his eyes and kissed your forehead.

Once everyone ate and was dressed they headed out to the farmers market.

“De, carry me to baby?” you asked pouting and reaching up your arms.

“How can I say no” Dean lifted you up and kissed your forehead. “I have a baby and Sam has a baby.”

“It me!” you beamed. Sam chuckled and gave you a peck on the lips.

“Yes it is.” He cooed.

The boys kept looking at you in the back. You smiled looking out the window, but as you got closer to the farmers market, you got a little worried.

“Hey, cutie pie?” Dean said and looked up “We got you, okay?”

“Okay, De.” You smiled a bit.

When Dean parked Sam helped you out of the car. Both men held your hands and you guys walked trying to see if you could find the scary man. There was someone selling popcorn and you giggled tapped Sam’s arm.

“Sammy, I want” you whispered. Sam kissed the side of your head.

“Yeah? You want the popcorn?”

“Yes please.”

“Why don’t you ask Dean?” Sam smirked and winked at Dean.

“Oh, De, Please” you held onto his hand and arm.

“I don’t know, sweetheart.” He teased. “You are pretty cute, so I guess we can do it”

“How about a piggy pack ride?” Sam asked.

“Yeah!” you smiled.

You got on Sam’s back and everyone looked to see if they could find the witch.

“I love Sammy. I love Sammy” you sang over and over again. Both men chuckled.

“I love you too.”

You looked over and gasped. Sam turned and Dean did too. The sighed when they saw it was only Castiel.

“He’s here.” Castiel said and you whimpered. Dean helped you off of Sam’s back and you wrapped your arms around his waist. Sam rubbed a hand on your back. “I know he’s close.”

You looked around and spotted him. He was looking right at you. You tugged on Sam’s sleeve and pointed. Dean took off towards the guy.
No luck. The Witch took off before Dean could reach him. You were whimpering and clinging to Castiel as Sam went off to catch up to Dean.

This earned you five bags of popcorn. Sam sat in the back with you; you snuggled up against as Dean drove back home. Sam grabbed one piece of popcorn and tapped it against your nose and you opened your mouth. He placed it in and you ate it.

Back home Castiel, Dean and Sam were talking in the kitchen, while you watched TV with two whole bags of popcorn. When Sam went to check on you, he heard you talking to someone.

“This show is so cool with the magic bus.” The voice said.

“Liz!” you pointed to the lizard.

“Liz is awesome” he smiled and Sam walked in. The man looked up “Hi Sam!”

“Sully!” Sam was surprised, but happy to see him.

“I heard about your little one, thought I would come and hang out. Y/n/n is so sweet” he tickled your side and you giggled.

“Has she been sharing her popcorn” Sam got on the ground with you and giggled nodding.

“Yes she did.” Dean walked in and smiled a bit seeing Sully.

“Sully” he nodded.

“Hi Dean.”

“Keep our girl company?”

“I am. If you ever need to go out, I can stay with her for a bit. I can cook…dino nuggets and tater tots.” Sully gave the boys a hinting look.

“Those sound delicious I’ll put them on now.” Dean smiled, leaning down and kissing the top of your head.

“What do you say, baby?” Sam cooed

“Thank you” you beamed up at Dean.

“You’re welcome sweetheart.”

“Maybe some grapes and a pear? We’ve eaten a lot of popcorn” Sully hinted and both boys chuckled a bit at how helpful Sully was being.

“I’ll be right back” Dean left.

“Where’s Cas?” you asked suddenly realizing the Angel was missing.

“He’s just making hot chocolate for someone” Sam said rubbing his nose against yours and laughing a bit when you giggled. He nibbled at your neck and you wrapped your arms around him.
“Sam, how have you been since the last time we talked?” Sully asked as Sam pulled you onto his lap.

“Things are better. Much better now that I have Y/n.” you nestled into him and he rubbed a hand on her back.

“She was telling me about pictures in her head”

“Yes, she has visions. Don’t you baby?” Sam cooed at you and you nodded.

“Scary” you whimpered.

“Aw, but I bet Sam protects you!” Sully smiled rubbing a hand on your arm.

“Mmm hmmm. My Sammy is the best Sammy in the whole wide world” you squealed.

Sam smiled and leaned back, laying down on the ground and you straddled him, lightly tapping your hands on his chest.

“Y/n/n, I’ll visit later, okay?” Sully smiled and you nodded opening your arms. He hugged you and popped away.

“You like Sully?” Sam smiled tickling your stomach and you nodded.

“Sully the best!” you leaned down and rested your head on his chest. He rubbed his hand up and down your back. Just then Castiel walked in.

“I have a hot chocolate for a little one” he said.

“Oooo, yay. Thank you, Cas” you smiled rolling off of Sam.

Sam sat up and you both got on the couch. Sam took the hot chocolate and you opened your mouth to take some whip cream.

That night you were sitting with Dean. You nuzzled into his neck and he rubbed a hand on your lower back.

“Sweetheart?” he whispered.

“Hmmm” you looked up and he rubbed your nose with his.

“Do you remember what happened last night?”

“I wake up to tinkle” you said matter of factly. He chuckled and rubbed a finger on your cheek.

“And after that?”

“I wake up in Sammy’s arms. We cuddle”

“Okay” he said nodding. You reached up and stroked his cheek.

“Why?” you asked tilting your head.

“There were some pictures in your head, last night.”

“I no remember” you pouted and held you tighter.
“That’s okay, sweetheart.”
Feeling icky

It had been about three weeks now. The boys were getting a little worried, but still kept it positive when you were around. They were getting so used to you being little that they didn’t care anymore. You woke up in the morning not feeling well. You tapped Sam’s shoulder and he opened his eyes seeing you pouting a bit.

“Aww, baby, what’s the matter?” he asked sitting up. “You look a bit pale, you feeling okay?” you shook your head.

Sam got out of bed and lifted you up in his arms, your legs wrapping around his waist. Sam grabbed your blanky, placing it on his shoulder and you rested your head on his shoulder, wrapping your hand around the blanky. He placed a hand on your forehead, you felt warm. He noticed that you start to cry a bit, which you always did when you were sick. Sam’s hand went to stroke your cheek and he kissed the top of your head and carried you to the bathroom.

“You’re feeling icky, aren’t you?” he said grabbing the thermometer.

“Yeah” you whimpered.

“Open up.” He said and you did, placing the thermometer under your tongue. Just then Dean walked by and in.

“Uh oh.” He said walking in, rubbing a hand on your back. The thermometer beeped and Sam took it out.

“100.7” he said placing it down to clean later.

“Anything else bothering you, sweetheart?” Dean asked and you nodded rubbing your stomach.

“Feeling nauseous?” Sam whispered and you nodded. “Okay baby, I’ll get you back to bed.”

“Why don’t I get you some ginger ale?” Dean said and you perked up a bit and they both chuckled. “Does sound good?” he cooed. You nodded.

Sam carried you back to your bed and tucked you in.

“Mmmwa” he said over exaggerating kissing your right cheek. “Mmmwa” he did the same thing to your left cheek. You smiled, giggling a bit. He rubbed his nosed with your smiling. And then kissed your forehead. “Okay, should we watch some movies?”

“You” you whimpered. Dean walked in with ginger ale and some crackers. Sam turned on Mulan.

“Oh, Mulan.” Dean smiled.

“De and Sammy watch?” you asked.

“Sure” Dean smiled, pulling up a chair.

You made grabby motions for the crackers. Dean gave a small laugh and opened them for you. He took one and held it up to your mouth. You took a bite. He held up the sippy cup with ginger ale and you held it taking a sip.
“Hey, what do you say?” Sam prompted. You looked at him and then Dean.

“Oh. Tank you” you said and Dean smiled kissing your forehead.

“You’re welcome, sweetheart.

Sam got on the bed with you and you rested your head on his chest and he rubbed a hand up and down your back, which eventually caused you to fall asleep. Dean paused the movie and Sam combed through your hair.

“Can I get you anything?” Dean asked knowing his brother wasn’t going away where.

“Coffee. A sandwich. Maybe put some dino nuggets on in a few minutes.”

Dean smiled and nodded, going to the kitchen. The boys took you grocery shopping, you did good, no one knew that you had regressed. They’d watch for your eyes to light up at certain snacks or things, mostly stuff you would eat any way if not hit with a regression spell.

Dean grabbed the tomato soup and put it on the counter. He pulled out the dino nuggets and saw they took about twenty minutes. He put them back and finished when Sam’s good and coffee.

“Dean” Dean turned to see Castiel

“Hey, Cas.” Dean smiled.

“How’s the little one?” he smiled a bit.

“She’s sick.” Castiel frowned a bit.

Normally you’d be asking Castiel to heal you. However, even though you know everything that has happened, Castiel still wouldn’t want to do anything without your proper mind state.

You were sleeping soundly. Sam couldn’t help but smile a bit. He hated that you were sick, but you looked so cute and peaceful. You snuggled a bit more against him and he kissed the top of your head, pulling you a little more on him. He knew that when you were sick you liked to rest on him.

“Mmm” you stirred a bit and then nuzzled more against him. He rubbed a hand up and down your back, lulling you back to sleep.

You woke up shortly after that and sat up, stroking Sam’s chest.

“I on Sammy” you mumbled.

“Mnhmm.” He smiled rubbing a hand on your lower back.

“I get snuggles” you smiled a bit, looking down.

“My girl gets all the snuggles.” He cooed reaching up and placing a hand on your forehead. You whined a bit and he stroked you hair. “You’re still warm.” You clung to him as he stood up.

Once again you were brought to the bathroom and Sam placed the thermometer in your mouth. A warm hand was placed on your back and you turned your head to see the blue eyed angel.

“Hi, little one.” Castiel said a little sadly. The thermometer beeped and Sam took it out of your mouth.
“101.2. It went up a bit.” He handed the thermometer to Castiel to clean it. Dean walked in.

“How’s my cutie pie?” he asked.

“Yucky” you whimpered.

“Baby, do you remember what Cas used to do?” Sam spoke quietly, stroking your cheek.

“He make me better” you sniffled.

“I did. Would you like me to do that?” he rubbed a hand on your back. You looked up at Sam with wide eyes.

“Sammy?” you asked. He kissed your forehead.

“Would you like Cas to make you feel better?” he cooed. You nodded.

“I don’t have a lot of grace, but I can bring your fever down.” Castiel spoke and you nodded.

Castiel placed a hand on the back of your head and two fingers on your forehead. You felt a little warm and then he placed the hand on your forehead, kissed your temple and removed his hands.

“How you feeling now, sweetheart?” Dean asked

“Better” you said and Castiel rubbed a hand on your back.

“What do you say to Cas?” Sam said rubbing his nose with yours.

“Thank you.” you reached out for Castiel and he took you from Sam.

“You’re welcome, little one. Can I get some cuddles?” you nodded, nestling into his neck.

“Okay, sweet girl. Why doesn’t Castiel take you outside for some fresh air? I’ll get you more ginger ale.” You smiled and nodded.
You were woken up in the middle of the night with by a loud bang. You gasped and instantly started crying. Sam woke up too and wrapped his arms around you, soothing you, kissing the top of your head.

“It’s okay, baby.” He lifted you in his arms holding you close, swaying side to side. “It’s okay, baby. I got you. You’re safe.”

Dean knocked on the door and opened it a bit. He walked over, grabbing your blanky that fell on the floor and handed it to you.

“Sweetheart, did the loud bang scare you?” he whispered and you nodded, clinging to Sam, still sobbing. “That was just the air conditioner. That’s all. Nothing scary or bad.” Dean was rubbing a hand up and down your back.

“See baby, you’re safe.”

Sam cupped the back of your neck and could feel your pulse racing. He slowed his breathing down and g Dean could feel your heart racing and made sure to keep the circles even. You rested your head on Sam’s shoulder.

“It’s okay, honey.” Sam whispered.

You focused on Sam’s breathing and Dean’s had rubbing your back. They watched as you slowly started to close your eyes. You gave a little yawn which made them chuckle a bit and you fell fast asleep.

Dean nodded at Sam and left quietly. Sam, held you a bit longer, not wanting to disturb you. He held you close to him.

Later in the morning, the three of you were dripping with sweat. The air conditioner certainly did break. Dean was up first, only wearing boxers. You woke up whining, you were so hot. Sam was there, in his bathing suit. He had just taken a shower.

“Sammy, sooo hot” you whined.

“I know baby. I’m going to get you in a bath and you can wear your bathing suit and a skirt, okay?” He grabbed your bathing suit and a short flowy skirt.

“De fixing?” you asked about the air conditioner.

“He’s trying.”

Sam got you undressed and lifted you naked into his arms and carried you to your bathroom, placing you down in the bath he had. He kissed your nose.

“Getting you clothes, one second.”

Sam was back and he grabbed a cloth, wiping you down. He grabbed the shampoo and washed your hair, massaging it in.

“Hmmm” you smiled at him.
“You like when I do that, don’t you?” he cooed.

“Sammy the best at that.”

He gave a peck on your lips and rinsed the shampoo out. Once that was done he got you out of the bath, dried you off and helped you into your suit. And skirt. He lifted you in his arms, grabbed a comb and two hair elastics and carried you to the kitchen.

Dean had given up and changed into his bathing suit and started to make breakfast. He filled a big water bottle with a straw in with cold water and ice for you. Sam carried you in and Dean smiled, he came over and kissed your cheek.

“Hey cutie pie, I have a nice cold bottle of water for you.” he cooed.

“Oooh!” You smiled happily. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome sweetheart”

“Okay baby, I’m going to do your hair.” Sam smiled. Sam sat you on the table and combed your hair. “Bend your head forward.”

You did and he did a French braid stating at the base of your skull and up, putting it in a ponytail. With the hair on top he did a regular French braid and put the two together and made a bun.

“Wow” Dean said stunned. Sam took at picture and showed you.


Castiel walked in with Rowena.

“Look, I know, but she can help.” Castiel said at Dean’s look.

“Sammy” you whimpered at Rowena. Sam lifted you in his arms.

“It’s okay, baby. Remember, you and Rowena get along.” He rubbed his nose with yours and gave you a little peck. You giggled.

“Oh, that kind of aging spell.” Rowena smirked. “It’s been a month and a bit?”

“Yeah. Can you help?” Dean asked.

“Of course I can. I can track down the witch. It’s bloody hot in here.”

“The AC is broken.” Sam said. You rested your head on Sam’s shoulder and drank your water.

“Well, you certainly are very adorable.” Rowena smiled at you. You gasped happily and Sam kissed your forehead smiling. “Samuel, you are very good with her. So cute.”

“He is.” Dean said a little defensive.

“Dean, no need to be defensive, I was being serious.” Rowena said and his face softened.

“Can I hold you, little one?” Castiel asked and you smiled. He took you from Sam.

“Sweetheart, why don’t you and Cas sit outside, it’s a bit cooler than inside.” Dean said.

“Tay” you smiled.
“Can I have a kiss?” Sam cooed and you gave him a peck.

“Me too?” Dean pouted and you gave him a peck. “Thank you.” He kissed your temple and Castiel carried you outside.

“Out of all the aging spells she could have gotten hit with, this is the best one” Rowena.

“She stepped in to save me.” Sam said

“Yeah, this could have been way different” Dean piped in.

“I see. Well, the cute angel was filling me in. I’ve tried to find him, he seems like he’s still in town. We will fix your little one. But question.”

“Uh uh?” Sam asked.

“Have you thought about what to do if you can’t find him?”

“Yeah, I’m going to take care of Y/n. I love her. I don’t care that she’s little.” Sam said and he meant it.

It was much cooler outside believe it or not. You were cuddled against Castiel, safe in his arms. He would kiss your forehead periodically, which lulled you drift in and out of sleep.

“Cassie, I have to pee” you whispered.

“Okay, little one.”

You got up and he held your hand inside. Sam escorted you to the bathroom.
You were sitting on Dean’s lap, snuggled against his chest. He cradled you in his arms and Sam walked in, leaning down and kissing you.

“Someone has a nice bubble bath waiting” Sam cooed.

“OOO” you looked up happily and the boys chuckled.

“You go have a bath and then I’ll come tuck you in” Dean smiled and you gave him a peck on his lips and Sam took you in his arms and rubbed his nose with yours.

“I love you, baby” he cooed.

“I love my Sammy soooo much” you nuzzled against his neck.

Once Sam got you in the bath, he crouched down and grabbed a wash cloth.

“Sammy join?” you asked.

“Aww, no baby. Not tonight.” You pouted and he kissed your nose. “What’s wrong?” he asked, rubbing a hand on your back.

“You used to join me, but you no do it anymore.” You started to tear up a bit.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” His eyes softening.

“Is it ‘cause I little?”

“Yeah, partly because you’re little. Sweetie, your mind is three.”

“But I know everything” you looked up at him, tears streaked down your cheek.

“Okay.” Sam said softly.

He took his shirt off and then his pants and boxers climbing into the bath with you. You turned to look at him and he opened his arms. You curled up against him; he wrapped his arms around you, pulling you close.

“Better?” he smiled down at you and you nodded, still pouting. “I love you so much. I’m sorry I upset you.”

He combed his fingers through your hair, you shut your eyes a bit, feeling safe in his arms. He kissed the top of your head a few times.

“Baby, I’m going to help wash you, okay?” he asked quietly.

“Otay, Sammy” you whispered, sitting up a bit.

Once you were clean, Sam got out and dried himself off and then lifted you out and wrapped you in a big fuzzy towel. He had your jammies there and dried you off, getting you ready for bed.

“Can you brush your teeth while I get changed?” he smiled

“De, help?” you asked and Sam smiled, kissing your nose.
Dean came in and smiled seeing you brush your teeth. Sam left to get changed and Dean lifted you in his arms once you were done.

“Okay Cutie pie, time for bed.” Dean cooed, rubbing a hand on your back.

Dean walked into your room and Sam was dressed, Dean kissed your forehead a few times and then passed you to Sam. Dean pulled the bedsheet down and Sam laid you down and nibbled at your neck, making you squeal.

You woke up in the morning, but something felt different…you looked at your phone, you were your age and your mind…was 26. You were back. Sam walked into your room and saw you sitting up looking stunned.

“Y/n/n?” he asked a little concerned.

“Sam”
“Y/n/n?” Sam asked again

You smiled bit, still very confused. You stood up and jumped into his arms. He held you tight to him.

“I’m back.” You said in awe.

“You’re back. And you remember everything?” He stroked your cheek.

“Yeah” you said mood changing a bit, looking down.

“Hey” he whispered, kissing your temple and resting his forehead against it. “I know it was almost two whole months, but baby, believe me, I loved every moment.” You shut your eyes crying a bit, shaking your head.

“Sam, how could you still want me?” you whispered and Sam stroked your cheek, kissing your forehead.

“I love you, y/n. I will always love you, no matter what. Even if you had stayed little, I would still love you. You are so special to me. Do you understand? I love you.”

“You still want to be with me?” you whispered and Sam stroked your cheek, kissing your forehead.

“Yeah, baby. I still want to be with you.”

“It’s so embarrassing”

“Being little? Having me taking care of you like that?” you nodded. “You couldn’t help it. At least you knew what was going on.”

“Yeah” you whispered.

He lightly scratched his fingertips down your back, calming you. You two stayed in silence for a bit, he just held you. He combed his fingers through your hair a few minutes later.

“You want to get breakfast?” he whispered.

“Coffee” you mumbled and he chuckled a bit.

“Okay.”

Sam carried you to the kitchen, wanting to keep you close to him a little longer. Dean was there with Rowena and they looked up. You were still shy.

“Hey. Y/n/n’s back.” Sam said. You saw Dean give you a soft smile.

“Welcome back.” He said.

“How?” Sam asked

“That would be me, Samuel. I found him. Killed him.”

“How did you find him?”
“It wasn’t easy, but I tracked him down 3 counties away.”

“And you did that for all me?” you finally spoke.

“I did.”

“Thank you.”

“Of course. Now, you Winchesters call me if you need” Rowena rubbed a hand on your back and left.

Sam went to make breakfast.

“I just wanted to say thanks for taking care of me, Dean. I know I was very clingy and cuddly.” You looked down a bit, blushing. Dean came over and wrapped you in a hug, kissing your temple.

“Y/n/n, anytime. I loved taking care of you like that, so does Sam. You were just so cute.” You laughed a little and he gave you a squeeze and you two let go. You started laughing.

“What?” he smiled a bit.

“I’m just picturing what would have happened if it hit Sam.” Dean rolled his eyes.

“Imagine.” Sam walked in.

“What are you laughing at?” he asked.

“What would happen if you got hit.” You smiled.

“I don’t want to think about that.”

“Aww, come on, Sammy. You would have been cute.” Dean smirked.

“Yeah, yeah. Y/n/n, is way cuter.”

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