Bring Him Home

by Winchester_Bones

Summary

Their toddler has put Jared at his wits end; he's not sure how much more he can take. Until he finally finds out the reason that their little girl is having such a bad day. Perhaps a surprise visitor can make things better.

Notes

Apparently I'm still on my "one of the boys is a soldier" kick... sue me. :)

This one is dedicated to the Muse- thank you for listening to daily story ideas and always encouraging my insanity. I love you to the moon and back. Happy Birthday <3

To clear up any confusion, "Jack" or "Jackles" are nickname options for Jensen.

Of course, tragically, I do not own Jared or Jensen- though I do like to borrow them from time to time.

See the end of the work for more notes

Sleepy, hazel eyes popped open as a sharp cry crackled over the baby monitor that sat on the mahogany bedside table. “Damnit,” groaned from under the covers as a long arm snaked out to grab at the monitor, fingers of his free hand tucking a few strands of hair behind his ear. The tall man pushed the comforter back before swinging his legs over the side of the mattress. A yawn broke his features as he sat, quietly trying to wake up. Another sharp cry broke through the silence.

“Daddy!”
The heartbreak that Jared could hear in that lone cry had him rising and stumbling through the doorway. “Knew I should have just let her sleep with me.”

Their toddler had managed to stay awake through her nap earlier that afternoon and the evening’s attitude had only been downhill from there; from refusing her supper, to giving Jared the silent treatment, to the accident that she had had even though the girl had been proudly potty-trained for eight months. The last tantrum that she had thrown, in the middle of the bathroom prior to bath time, had left Jared feeling like crying and pulling his own hair out. So he had declared an early bedtime for the both of them and had tucked the cranky three-year old into her crib with her favorite camouflage teddy bear.

The shaggy head peered around the wooden frame as he slowly pushed open the door. Jared’s heart twitched at the sight he was met with; their baby was standing in her crib with wide tear-filled green eyes. ‘So much like Jensen’s’, Jared thought. Arms stretched over the railing, her whimpering increasing as she caught sight of Jared. “Daddy!”

Rushing to the crib, Jared carefully picked up the sobbing girl into his arms. “Come here, Ida. Shh-Baby it’s okay.” Jared held the squirming body close to his own as he pressed kisses into the light brown hair. “Daddy’s here.”

Small arms suddenly and forcefully pushed at Jared’s chest. “NO Daddy!” The little girl yelled, fresh tears filling her red eyes between sniffles. “No Daddy. I want Papa!”

Jared sighed. “Aha- so that’s why we’re extra grumpy tonight.” Jensen was supposed to have returned the previous morning from his thirteen month deployment. He had called to inform them around lunch time that there had been a small delay with their processing and that there would be a slight change in the return time. Even though his unit was back in Texas, Jensen was still stuck on base. To Jared, it was worse than when Jensen had been overseas; to have his husband so close and still not be able to be with him. Their ever-perceptive toddler must have picked up on his mood; the disappointment and anxiety bleeding over onto the innocent three year old.

Tightening his grip, he reached into the crib to grab the Army teddy bear that Jensen had given Ida for her last birthday and her favorite blanket. He sat in the rocking chair that filled the corner of the room, bundling his toddler onto his lap. Ida’s small voice filled Jared’s ear and a tear rolled down his cheek at her plea. “Daddy? I want Papa. Miss him.”

Jared squeezed his baby girl even tighter. “I know, Ides. I miss Papa too.” His throat caught and his voice cracked as he tried to comfort the ‘mini-Jensen’ that clung to him. “But he’ll be home soon. And we won’t let him go again, will we?”

Ida’s small head shook against Jared’s chest, her thumb firmly planted between her pursed lips, and the teddy bear firmly tucked under her elbow. Her free hand reached for the desk beside the rocking chair and a sad smile pulled at Jared’s features. He knew what the chubby grasp was searching for and he grabbed the picture frame that sat there. They both stared at the photograph together; Jensen’s wide smile, one arm wrapped around Jared while Ida was smushed between them, perched on Jensen’s hip.

“Papa home soon?”

Jared pressed a kiss to the top of Ida’s soft hair. “Yeah Baby, Papa home real soon.” He reached for one of the teddy bear’s paws. “Should we do Papa’s lullaby?” At Ida’s fervent nod, Jared squeezed the stuffed paw and Jensen’s voice filled the nook they were huddled in.

‘Hey Baby- It’s Papa. I used to sing this for you all of the time when you were inside Daddy’s
The weak light of the early morning sun had just begun to brace the sky when the nursery door quietly opened for the second time that night. The man stood in the doorway; tired eyes filling with tears as he took in the sight of his husband sleeping in the chair. Their little girl pushed under his chin, her face pressed against his fabric-covered chest. A blanket covered the both of them and Jensen felt his throat clench as he looked over his little family. The soldier slowly stepped forward, the urge to touch his family and be with them propelling his weary body. As he moved into the room, he slowly ran his fingers over his scalp, pushing the faded Army cap off of his head and hanging it on the side of the crib. He knelt silently beside the rocking chair; shaking fingers reached up hesitantly to run along the edge of Jared’s jaw line, cupping his chin in his hand. He held his breath as he felt his husband stir underneath the ministration. Eyes slowly blinked open before realization hit.

“Jack?”

“Hey, Jay.” The smile gripping Jensen’s features widened as he nodded. “I missed you Baby.”

Careful to not wake the sleeping toddler encased in his arms, he slowly stood, laying her back in the crib. He turned, only to have his arms full of his husband; the warmth from Jensen’s skin stealing into Jared’s soul. It had been months, months, since he had been able to have this; his heart longing to have his little family back together. His fingers grasped as they raked across Jensen’s back, nose buried into the side of his husband’s neck as tears began to fall. “Don’t ever leave again.”

Jensen’s chuckle was wet-sounding as he squeezed his love even tighter. “No plans to- looks like you’re stuck with my ugly mug for the foreseeable future.”

Jared pulled back, only to rush forward again; his lips pressed against Jensen’s as their kiss tried to convey months of lost time, moments, and love. Jensen slowly licked along the seam of Jared’s mouth, quietly asking permission to enter and groaning slightly when Jared’s lips parted. Jensen’s hands moved up to grip the sides of the taller man’s face, grasp not allowing his husband to pull back or leave. A small gasp was suddenly heard from the side of the room.

“Papa?”

Jensen laughed before pulling away, winking and pressing a quick kiss to Jared’s nose. “To be continued later.” He turned to the side, his eyes lighting up even more as he saw his Ida holding onto the railing of her crib as she jumped up and down in excitement. “Papa! Papa!”

Jensen swooped forward, grabbing the squealing girl from the bed and holding her close as her arms eagerly wrapped around his neck. Jared watched as his baby girl slowly gripped Jensen’s face in her small hands, a mirror image of how Jensen had held him moments before. She leaned forward to brush their noses together before giggling and flying into Jensen’s chest again.

Slowly, Jared moved forward to wrap his arms around his husband and daughter. She looked up at him, eyes wide. “Look Daddy! Papa came home!”

“I see that, Baby.” Jared pressed a kiss to Jensen’s temple. “My whole family is home.”
Thank you for taking the time to read my little drabble- Kudos and comments are pie for this Dean-Girl.

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