Let's Get Together (yeah yeah yeah)

by BelovedCreation

Summary

When Jessica Swan and Megan Jones meet at summer camp and realize they are twins, they hatch a plan to get their parents back together by any means necessary.

Notes

This one is a birthday present for Jessi, who tweeted me months ago about a Parent Trap-inspired CS fic. It has taken forever, but I finally wrote one and I hope that it makes your birthday a little brighter. May 26 be a scrumptious year!

"Sisters?" Jessica impatiently tucks a lock of long blonde hair over her shoulder and blinks her wide blue eyes. "Megan, this means we're twins!"

Megan sits down heavily on the stiff mattress of the isolation cabin. "Twins?"

Jessica nods, sure that the fog in her own head must be creeping into Megan's. "Twins. Broken apart like a Kit Kat bar and sent to live on two different continents with two different parents."

Later, after they've run to the mess hall for a snack (the thought of Kit Kats just hit both of them in the sweet tooth and now Megan delicately sucks on a popsicle while the sticky wrapper of an ice cream sandwich lies forgotten on Jessica's bedside table), Jessica sits up suddenly and makes Megan
clutch her heart.

"What?" Megan asks, voice shaky. "Did you see another chipmunk in here?"

"No, no," assures Jessica, although Megan doesn't miss how her eyes dart around the room before brightening as a grin crosses her face. "I just had a brilliant beyond brilliant idea."

Jessica tugs on her newly-pierced ear and hopes the sharp pain it inflicts will help her to focus on the moment at hand.

"Megan!" A soft British accent, curling softly around the vowels of the name, rings out across the crowded airport. Jessica catches glimpse of a hand waving over the throng and, a moment later, he appears.

_Dad._

She runs to him full-tilt and his soft _ooph_ tells her that she's knocked the breath out of him. Jessica doesn't care, just holds on tighter until he claps her back twice and grunts, "I missed you too, love."

With a final squeeze, Jessica lets him go and steps back to get her first real look at her father. Killian Jones is just as handsome as the ratty old wedding photograph in her underwear drawer. The dimples shine forth and the same blue eyes she sees in the mirror every morning are smiling down at her.

*Please let him like me* she prays silently.

"Its so good to see you, Dad." Her voice clips on the consonants in a perfect imitation of Megan.

Killian hoists her backpack onto his shoulder and wraps an arm around her. "Let's go, lass. I've got a bowl of warm soup waiting for you at home."

She waits until the next afternoon, after a blissful night gorging on hearty soup and fresh, flaky bread at a tiny kitchen table, after a long walk on the beach and a restless night in a strange room. She is helping her dad clean the collection of maritime memorabilia that decorates the lobby of his boat tours business. (Is this what he and Megan have been doing for sixteen years in England? Bonding while dusting? Why, when Mom just hires a cleaning service and the two of them go to the movies?)

"How did you and Mum meet?" she asks, peeking up from a huge anchor to catch his shocked expression.

The rag (spotless. Megan was right, he really is a neat freak) drops from his fingers and he lifts the now-empty hand to scratch awkwardly behind his ear. "Why do you ask, Maggie?"

Jessica picks up the discarded rag and innocently runs it across the glass surface. "Dad, I'm almost a woman and I don't know anything about my Mum. What was she like? Was it love at first sight?"

Killian's eyes unfocus and a smile plays on the corner of his mouth. "Your Mum was the most beautiful woman I ever met. She came into this little pub where I was bartending and when this tosser wouldn't take no for an answer she punched the shite out of him. I fell in love with her right then."

She leans against the glass and rests her chin in her hand. Jessica has no trouble imagining Emma
Swan punching the hell out of a pushy idiot. Mom hasn't been on a date in years, claiming that she doesn't want to waste her time with some douche when she could be spending quality time with Jessica.

"So how did you approach her?"

Dad's eyes snap back to her in surprise. "I offered her an ice pack for her hand and a drink on the house. We started talking. Turns out we both went to school at Boston University. She was studying criminology, I was studying history. We hit it off and a year later we were married." His nimble fingers find her armpits and she erupts into giggles. "And a year after that," he booms around her squeals, "you were born, you little stinker."

(Shes doesn't know whether its fair for her to feel hurt that he doesn't mention Jessica, doesn't mention her. She firmly tells herself it doesn't mean he doesn't love her.)

Killian's tickling stops and she wonders if those are tears she sees in his eyes. "You remind me of her, you know," he continues, voice suddenly solemn. "The way you play with your hair and that time you went to homecoming alone after Lauren and her friends all abandoned you." He swallows hard. "You're strong, just like her."

Before Jessica can reply, two strong hands wrap around her middle and she turns to find another pair of blue eyes shining down at her.

"Uncle Liam!" He tucks her into his arms and he smells just like Dad, like the sea and leather and family.

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"You're telling him today, you understand me," he scowls down at her, arms crossed and eyes narrowed.

Jessica rolls her eyes. "Okay, Uncle Liam," she groans. She didn't get enough time with Dad, not by half.

His voice lowers, likely due to Dad's heavy footfalls on the dock behind her. "He needs to know, Jess, and he needs to hear it from you and not his ex back in the States. So you're telling him now, you little pirate."

"Pirate?"

Uncle Liam's dimples appear, a reflection of his brother's. "Maggie might be my little princess, but you, my dear, are a pirate through and through."

Jessica shoots him her own Jones dimples as she and Killian walk towards his boat.

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"Where should we go, lass?" Dad asks when they are far from shore, the wind whipping her hair around her face and the roar of the ocean only drowned out by the roar in her own ears.

"I think we should go to America," she replies cheekily.

"America?" he cants his head. "What's in America?"

"That's where Megan is," she says, summoning together all of her courage and looking him in the
"Sorry?"

She takes another deep breath and completely drops the British accent. "Megan's in Storybrooke, Maine with her mother, Emma Swan, sheriff."

She recognizes the look of mild panic that crosses his face, as it often appears on her own face before big tests and that time her mother caught her smoking a joint.

He speaks slowly, tripping over his words. "So if Megan's in Storybrooke, then you are..."

"Jessica."

She has only a half a second to panic (what if he doesn't like her, what if he never really likes her) before he has engulfed her in his strong arms.

"Jessica, my baby girl," he murmurs into her shoulder and when he pulls away his eyes are shining with unshed tears. "I've missed you so much, love."

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Megan runs her fingers through her hair as she peers through the bus window and takes her first look at Storybrooke, Maine.

She immediately spots the beautiful blonde woman holding a sign, green eyes sparkling and gathering admiring glances from all the men (and a few of the women) in the vicinity.

*Welcome Back To Civilization Jessica!*

"I've missed you, kid," Emma exclaims as she wraps Megan into a hug. "Things were so boring here in Storybrooke that I almost committed some crimes myself."

Megan leans against her mom as they make their way to the yellow Bug, arm-in-arm. "Don't worry, Mom. I'm sure I'll come up with something to make the rest of the summer more exciting."

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Mom, as it turns out, has been finding her own way to spice up her summer. His name is Walsh, and he always smells like bananas.

"What does she even see in him?" Megan moans to Emma's best friend Mary Margaret, who has taken her to Granny's diner for supper after a particularly nasty fight with Mom.

"Well..." Mary Margaret trails off and a blush forms on her pale face. "He's kind of sweet. And he's been attentive to your mother all summer, and-"

"He just wants her for her body."

Mary Margaret chokes on her sip of cola and it takes a few minutes of sputtering before she can spit out "Excuse me?"

"C'mon. Walsh is an idiot. I can't believe she doesn't see what a douche nugget he is." She pauses, considering. "He's not her type at all."

"Then what's your mom's type?" Mary Margaret challenges.
"Ruggedly handsome. Hard working. Good sense of humor." Megan takes a moment to consider and grunt her final words through her teeth. "And he doesn't make bloody stupid jokes about dumb blondes."

Mary Margaret gives her a long, questioning look and Megan suddenly realizes that her American accent slipped.

"Plus Mom's type would never do something as boring as _actuarial science_," she moans as she picks up another fry and the older woman lets out a chuckle.

"I'll give you that one," she concedes.

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"Jessica, I know you don't like Walsh, but you should know that we've gotten pretty serious in the few weeks we've been together."

Emma takes another gulp of hot cocoa and looks over at Megan, sitting next to her in the dim car as they wait for an unsuspecting citizen to get caught in the speed trap.

Megan holds back her dramatic sigh and instead leans against Mom's shoulder, inhaling the comforting scent of cinnamon and vanilla (at home it mostly smells like salt water and lemon cleaner. That smell is nice, but this one makes her want to fall asleep curled up on a couch with Mom). "You haven't dated anyone since Dad," she says eventually. "Why?"

Mom's shoulder suddenly tenses and Megan resists the urge to look up and catch her shocked expression. "What do you mean, Jessie?"

"What happened, Mom?" she asks. "What was so bad about my Dad that you haven't been with anyone for sixteen years?"

Emma sighs and Megan holds her breath. "There wasn't anything bad about him, kid. We were just too impulsive and things moved too fast. We met, we fell in love, we got married, we were pregnant." She trails off and Megan notices how she leaves the whole _twins_ thing out of her story. "And then we started fighting. I think maybe we were too different, maybe we should have taken more time to figure out if we were really right for one another."

Megan takes hold of Mom's hand, the delicate bones strong beneath her fingers. "Then why are you rushing things with Walsh?"

Mom doesn't say anything for a long time. Then she squeezes Megan's hand and releases it, runs her fingers through Megan's hair. "I won't rush things, kid. I promise."

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Killian's heart is full to bursting at the sight of them. _His girls._ Side-by-side he realizes how different they really look. How could he have thought that Jessica was Megan? He pulls them both into a hug and it feels like something that has been missing so long has finally come back to him.

They should never have separated their daughters from one another.

"So where's your mum?" he asks, clapping his hands together and shifting his weight in a way that betrays how nervous he really is. "We've gotta make this switch so Maggie and I can go back home."
The girls exchange glances that verge on mischievous.

"She's at the sheriff's station," Megan grins.

Jessica adds, "and she can't wait to see you."

There is no way in hell these girls have told their mother about his arrival and he opens his mouth to call them out on it before he thinks better.

This could get really fun.

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Emma's not going to lie. She's thought about him returning to Storybrooke. Fantasized about it even. She's had dreams filled with his cool blue eyes and the soft caress of his calloused fingers running down her spine. She sees his smile every time Jessica does something she's proud of and there are even a few of his flannel shirts that lurk in the back of her closet.

But when he appears at the door of the sheriff's station, leans against it, and purrs, "I do hope you've saved some room in the cell for me, Sheriff Swan. You know how much I love to be tied up," she doesn't anticipate the blind horror she will feel (followed by the thumping of her heart.)

Emma stands, hitting her knee on the desk and swearing at the pain that shoots through her nerves. He's there in a second, strong hands guiding her back into her seat (the heavily cushioned swivel chair was a gift from Jessica when she spent too many nights complaining about a sore butt) and impossibly blue eyes as gentle and open as the day they first met.

"Are you alright, love?" All innuendo is gone, replaced by concern.

"I'm fine." She winces and rubs her sore knee. "Want to tell me what the hell you're doing here, Killian?"

He swallows hard and she remembers that his charm and swagger were always a cover for his nerves. Sympathetic, she tries to pull the bitch out of her expression. "I'm here for Megan," he says simply. Killian nods his head toward the window beside them and when Emma follows his gaze she is blown away for the second time in two minutes.

Her twin girls are sitting on the bench across the street, looking at a magazine together. As she gazes in dumb shock, one of them elbows the other and the two burst into laughter.

Her daughters. Together.

"But how?" she chokes out, turning to look at Killian and remembering anew how much their girls resemble him.

He shrugs. "We sent them to the same camp, love. They figured it out and switched places on us."

Its the second time he's called her love and she tries to build up the walls around her heart again so she doesn't take him too seriously. She's lost all right to be loved by him, not after all these years, not after all she did to push him away.

He never came back she reminds herself. He can't possibly love me still.

His hand pulls her up (without hitting the desk this time) and they are sharing the same oxygen, lips tantalizingly close to one another, and when he licks his lips she feels her knees turn to jello. "C'mon,
Swan,” he smiles, voice husky, "let's go discipline our daughters."

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It takes getting tricked into a date and the girls torturing Walsh and an impulsive kiss (her fingers digging into the lapels of his leather coat, lips crushed together and her heart somersaulting like mad) to turn her world upside down.

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He never stopped loving her. Even when he was across the ocean. Even when he walked into her little house and saw some idiot wrapped around her. He never stopped loving his fiery Swan and the way she could bring him to his knees with only a look.

He gives each of the girls a tablet for their birthday and hopes they understand it to be a gift for their audacity and scheming.

And for bringing him back to Storybrooke, back to her, back to a home full of laughter and short tempers and finding long strands of blonde hair on all of his clothes.

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Having him back is like those dreams she never wanted to wake up from. That life she never imagined she could have.

And when they all crowd into the tiny kitchen and Killian balls his apron up and tosses it on the counter and Emma sets the final plate and the girls walk in, chattering about some piece of gossip or another and she catches Killian's eye across the table...

She wishes she could have had sixteen more years of him and her and them.

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