### I Know Your Wife (She Wouldn't Mind)

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#### Summary

You’re nineteen when you get your first recurring acting role in season twelve of *Supernatural*. There’s an instant attraction between you and Jared, despite the age difference, but he won’t act on it because of Genevieve. When you meet Gen, she gives you the permission to act on your desires.

#### Notes

From the song-prompt 'Cola' by 'Lana Del Rey'
The casting directors at Supernatural only had one reservation when it came to casting you, that being you were only nineteen at the time of your audition. You and your agent worked together to assure them you were ready and serious about the role, and five months later you’d really proved yourself on set.

“Tee, you can’t leave,” Sam was demanding as you marched up the steps on the bunker set.

“You don’t own me,” you spat back.

He sighed, jogging up the staircase to catch up, grabbing your wrist and turning you to face him, your height difference evened out on account of Jared being a few steps down from you.

“Get off,” you murmured, shaking your wrist to no avail.

“Trinity,” he said, firmer, “You can’t go out on your own.”

You narrowed your eyes, “I coped on my own for four years, Sam. I don’t need you to protect me all the time.”

The look on Jared’s face had you almost forgetting your lines.

He always did this thing. It was a habit he’d given Sam, but every time he did it, you felt yourself get hot and you had to hide your blush from the camera.

It was whenever he was frustrated, he’d clench his teeth, his jaw clenching and neck straining slightly.

God, you had it bad for this guy.

You shook your head, trying to get your brain back in gear, but that only made things worse and had Jared breaking character to smirk at you.

That fucking smirk. You were pretty sure he knew exactly what he was doing - the sides of his mouth turning up, those dimples forming, his eyes blinking slowly - he knew exactly how to push all your buttons.

“Something putting you off, Y/N?” he asked, and you shrugged, your eyes taking in his face slowly, drawing it out so he knew you were giving him a once over.

“Nothing I can’t handle,” you responded, biting your lip slightly.

He looked away, clearing his throat and letting go of your wrist.

Ha. Two could play at that game.

“Okay, Y/N, you’re done for the day,” Richard called, and you grinned, unbuttoning Trinity’s flannel on your way off of the set. It’d been a hot day and the bunker set really didn’t have great air conditioning, so you couldn’t wait to get into something less sweaty.

You bumped into Jared on your way to your trailer, stopping you in your tracks.
“Sorry,” you laughed, and he shook his head, an apology on his lips before he took in your unbuttoned shirt, his eyes focussing on your exposed bra.

You smirked, letting out an amused huff, and his eyes shot back to your own, a slight blush growing on his cheeks.

You raised an eyebrow, looking up at him, “Like what you see, Jared?”

His blush grew darker as you reached up and untied your hair from its ponytail, shaking it out and letting it fall naturally across your shoulders.

His mouth opened to respond, but no words came out.

You smiled, reaching your hand up to touch his cheek, your thumb stroking along his strong cheekbone.

“‘You know, Jare, my trailer’s always open for you,’” you told him.

You watched his Adam’s apple bob in his throat as he swallowed.

“I’m thirty-four,” he said quietly, his eyes flitting around, grateful that everyone else was still busy filming the last scenes of the day.

“Like I care about that,” you grinned, taking your hand away as he pushed your wrist, “I’ve always had a taste for an older man.”

“I have kids,” he protested, and you shrugged.

“I love kids.”

He closed his eyes, taking a steadying breath.

“Y/N, this isn’t a good idea,” he whispered.

You smiled up at him, taking a step back, “None of the fun ideas are.”

He didn’t join you in your trailer that night, but you weren’t really expecting him to.

It was just a thing the two of you did. Flirt until one of you couldn’t take it anymore, and then ignore each other for 24 hours.

It was pure lust on both parts, you thought.

He was hot, you were hot. You were too young, he was too unavailable.

He was something you weren’t allowed, and vice versa, and that just made you want each other more.

You’d had dreams about him, about the two of you, pretty much weekly since you’d been cast.

That night was one of the best.

His strong hands on your waist, his slightly stubbled jaw scratching your skin as he kissed your jaw, neck, clavicle, as he fucked into you, his undoubtedly proportional length filling you better than anyone before him.
You woke up sweating, spending longer in the shower than strictly necessary to try and cool your skin, before making your way onto set ready to greet your castmate as if you hadn’t fantasized all night about him fucking you into next week.

“You feeling alright, Y/N?” Jensen asked as you grabbed a bottle of water.

“Peachy,” you replied, smiling up at him, “Why?”

“Your cheeks look a bit flushed,” he commented, and you bit your lip, looking to the floor.

From the corner of your eye, you could see him smirk.

“What?” you asked, removing the cap from your bottle.

“Did someone have a kinky dream?” he asked, pinching your cheek teasingly.

“Shut up,” you groaned, pushing his hand away, “You’re not allowed to talk to me like that, old man.”

He just grinned, throwing his arm around your shoulder and leading you both towards the makeup trailer.

“Y/N, you and I both know you like an older man,” he murmured, and you looked up at him, eyes wide.

He laughed slightly at the look on your face.

“Kiddo, your ‘Jared please fuck me’ gazes aren’t exactly subtle,” he told you, and your mouth dropped open as he ruffled your hair.

“I’m not- I don’t-”

“I won’t tell,” he assured you, a glint in his eye, “Watch yourself, though. You’re playing with fire.”

You snapped your mouth shut, looking at him carefully.

“I’ve been burned before,” was all you said before you walked into the trailer ahead of him.

The last scene you had to film before you broke for Christmas was a big argument between Trinity and the Winchesters.

Your character was often irritating them, but this was something else, something bigger, something dangerous.

Your heart was pumping with adrenaline as you worked through the choreographed fight scene with Jensen, your characters finally losing their tempers and letting their fists fly.

You’d practiced this scene multiple times, all of you wanted to get out of there and onto winter hiatus as soon as possible, so you were ready to get it done in one take.

You were prepared as Jared pulled you out from under Jensen, slamming you up against the wall, a strong arm against your throat.

“Trinity, you need to stop,” he demanded, applying a little more pressure.
Your mouth fell open with the lack of air, the fight leaving your body as he held you there.

“Stop trying to control me,” you replied, breathlessly.

The position was getting you hot under the collar.

Maybe you were discovering a new kink.

Shit, this was really not the time to be thinking like that.

Jensen got up from the ground, rubbing at his jaw.

“Sammy, let her go,” he commanded, and Jared moved his arm away, his other hand still holding your shoulder firmly.

There was hunger in Jared’s eyes and your heart was pumping in your throat, and at that point you had to use everything you had not to jump him right there in front of everyone.

“Why can’t I leave?” you asked, looking between the two of them, rubbing at your neck, “What does it mean to you if I’m here or not?”

“Tee,” Dean sighed, shaking his head, “The moment we took you in, it’s been our job to protect you.”

“Nobody asked you to,” you countered.

“You’re just a kid.”

It was spoken so softly you weren’t sure if Jared was delivering his line or talking to himself.

“I’m twenty,” you snapped back, cringing when you realised you’d mixed your character’s age with your own, “Two. Twenty-two. Shit, fuck, sorry.”

“Still rolling,” someone called from behind the cameras, “Take it from Dean’s line.”

You cleared your throat, nodding as you looked back up at Jared, finding the same want in his eyes that you felt inside.

You went back to your trailer the second you were done on set, in need of another cold, cold shower.

You’d taken of your shirt and unbuttoned your fly when there was a knock on your trailer door.

You groaned as you walked to the door, ready to tell whoever it was to fuck off.

Jared was stood there, one hand bracing the top of the doorframe, his gorgeous hazel eyes hooded.

“Oh, thank God,” you breathed, grabbing a handful of his shirt and bringing him inside, shutting the door behind him.

His hands found your bare waist as you slid your fingers into his hair, bringing his head down and capturing his lips in a kiss.

He groaned into your mouth, his hands tightening, thumbs digging against your hip bones.

You tightened your hand in his hair, walking the two of you towards the couch as you continued to
kiss.

He fell back onto the cushions, bringing you down with him so you were straddling his strong thighs.

You swept your tongue along his bottom lip and he let you in.

Your fingers scratched along his scalp lightly, loving the feeling of his hair between your fingers.

You moaned slightly when you felt his tongue swipe across your own.

The sound leaving your mouth had him reeling back, shaking his head as he broke the kiss.

You sat back on your feet and, by extension, his knees.

“Y/N, I can’t,” he told you quietly.

You nodded, still scratching his scalp lightly.

“I’m married,” he mumbled, his thumbs rubbing circles into your hips, “I can’t do this to Gen.”

You nodded again, still not speaking.

“You’re too young.”

“I know,” you sighed, leaning forward and placing a long, lingering kiss to his lips before standing and helping him to his feet.

“I’m doing the right thing,” he said, as much to himself as to you.

You nodded, smiling reassuringly, “I know.”

He sighed, looking down at you sadly, “Then why is it so hard?”

You smirked, pushing his hand away when he reached for your cheek.

“Do not get sappy on me, Jared Padalecki,” you told him, pulling on a shirt to try and ease some of the tension in the room.

He laughed slightly, nodding.

“It would’ve been fun,” you commented as he smoothed his hair, walking towards the door.

“Yeah,” he laughed, looking back at you, “I’ll see you later.”

“Later,” you replied, watching him leave.

You shouldn’t have gone to Texas.

You knew it was a bad idea when you got on the plane, but Jensen had called and invited you to his Christmas party and you couldn’t think up a good enough reason to decline.

You hadn’t seen Jared since an awkward encounter the morning after he came to your trailer - besides the many, many times he’d appeared in your dreams, his taste on your mind ever since - and you weren’t sure you’d be able to face him.
You got to Jensen’s house an hour late, trying to put off seeing Jared for as long as possible.

Danneel answered the door, explaining the Jensen was checking on the twins, and she welcomed you inside, telling you she loved you on the show so far.

There were friends and family and castmates filling the bottom floor of their beautiful house, so you were relieved that there might be a chance you’d get through the evening without having to see Jared at all.

You were in the front room when Genevieve approached you, and your heart began to race with anxiety and guilt.

“Y/N,” she smiled, pulling you into a hug, “It’s nice to meet you, finally.”

You smiled tensely, “Same to you.”

“Yeah,” she smiled again, a hint of something almost teasing in her eyes, “Jared talks about you all the time.”

Your eyes widened, worried, “Wha- really?”

She smiled knowingly, “Walk with me?”

You nodded, letting her lead you through to the gorgeous garden of the Ackles’ house.

“So, how are you finding working on set?” she asked, and you shrugged.

“It’s my first recurring role, so I was nervous at first,” you told her, “But the guys are really welcoming.”

She smirked slightly as she sat down on an unnecessarily ornate bench.

Seriously, this family had too much money, who the fuck had a bench in their yard?

You sat next to her, eyeing her warily.

This woman definitely knew something.

“So you don’t mind being the youngest on set?” she asked, and you smiled awkwardly.

“I’ve always got along with older people better anyway.”

“You like an older man?” she asked, an eyebrow raised.

You opened your mouth to speak before slamming it back shut.

“Y/N, I know,” she said, smiling kindly.

“Wha- I- um-,” you couldn’t form a sentence, shaking your head.

“I kind of had an inkling,” she explained, “He was shifty when he came home. I know my husband like I know myself, so I knew something was up. It was hard to deny it when he groaned your name during sex.”

“Genevieve, that’s not…” you shook your head again, trying to clear your head, “We never-”

“Oh, God, I know,” she assured you, “I know he wouldn’t go that far behind my back. But when I
asked, he told me about what happened on the last day on set. *Super* apologetic. Cute, really.”

You were openly gaping at her, unsure of what to say.

“Okay, enough chit-chat,” she said, noting your discomfort, “Y/N, I know you want Jared. And he wants you. You’re young, full of energy, not to mention gorgeous. Hell, if I was on set with you every day I’d probably want to fuck you, too. So I think you should just… do it.”

You blinked.

“I- What?”

“It’s pure lust,” she expanded, “On his part and yours, as far as I can tell. It’s something he clearly needs to get out of his system, so if you want, I think you should just do it.”

You couldn’t believe what you were hearing.

Was the object of months of your fantasies’ *wife* really giving you consent to sleep with him?

“I’m sorry, wha-?”

“Y/N, this isn’t a trap,” she smiled, placing her hand on your knee, “If you still want to sleep with Jared, I’m not gonna be mad if you do. I think it’d be good for you both to get it out of your system.”

You didn’t know how to act when you were back on set in January.

You still hadn’t seen Jared, and after your talk with Genevieve, you weren’t sure what you were supposed to do when you did.

Did she say the same to him? Was she really going to be okay with it if you fucked her husband?

You had no idea, so you decided to play it cool for the first few days, acting as if none of it ever happened.

It wasn’t so difficult, given the fact that Trinity was giving the brothers the silent treatment for an entire episode.

When you and Jared were in the same room, though, there was serious tension in the air.

Whenever you made eye contact, your heart began racing and you had to look away quickly.

He wasn’t fending much better, avoiding looking at you whenever he could.

Everyone noticed the tension on set, and you found yourself avoiding awkward questions by claiming that you weren’t feeling well.

Unsurprisingly, Jensen saw through your shitty excuses.

You were making a cup of tea in your trailer when he let himself in.

“Jesus, Jen, I could’ve been naked,” you complained as he closed the door behind himself.

He didn’t reply, instead opting to sit on your couch without a word.

“You gonna tell me what you’re doing here or am I just gonna have to guess from your facial
expression?” you asked, sitting down opposite him.

Finally he cracked a smile, shaking his head.

“What’s going on with you and Jared?” he asked, and you shrugged, sipping at your tea, “Come on, Y/N, I’m not blind.”

You sighed, putting your mug down.

“I don’t wanna talk about it,” you told him, folding your arms.

“I know you made out last year.”

Your mouth dropped open, trying to process what he was saying.

“Gen told Danni who told me, honestly our families are really close,” he explained, and you shook your head.

“Wha- Jensen, what else do you know?” you asked, worried to know the answer.

He leant forward, his forearms on his thighs.

“I know that Gen is pretty reasonable,” he explained, “And I know that you and Jared are gonna keep acting weird around each other until; A, one of you dies from sexual frustration, or B, you fuck it out of your systems.”

You groaned, leaning back and hiding your face in your hands.

“Jensen,” you sighed, “It’s so awkward now.”

He raised an eyebrow at you.

“I mean, we know that we can fuck, which is great because you know how often that tall hunk of man meat has been in my dreams, but so does everyone else,” you explained, and Jensen shrugged.

“Not everyone, just me,” he told you, getting up and patting your knee, “Go get ‘im, cowgirl.”

You scoffed as he left.

“Or doggy, reverse cowgirl, maybe just missionary, I don’t know what you’re into,” he continued, grinning and shutting the door just as you threw a cushion at him.

You took a long shower once Jensen had left your trailer, thinking things through.

Maybe you did just need to get it out of your system.

Once you were dry, you put on your nicest matching underwear underneath your favourite burgundy zip up sweater and light wash skinny jeans, blow drying your hair and leaving it down and natural.

You slipped into your sneakers as you made your way out of your trailer, locking the door behind you.

It was just past 9pm, the cool night air calming your pounding heart slightly as you made your way across to Jared’s trailer.
You knocked on the door lightly, worrying your lip as you waited for him to answer.

The lock clicked from the inside and, before you knew it, a shirtless, wet-haired Jared was stood in front of you.

“Y/N, I-”

“Please,” you interrupted, stepping inside and locking the door behind you, “Let’s do this.”

“Really?” he breathed, his hands already finding your waist as if they belonged there.

You nodded, your palms against his strong, warm chest and you leant up, your lips barely touching his.

“Come on, Jared,” you murmured against his lips, feeling him shudder underneath you, “Let’s ride.”

He surged into action, capturing your lips in a passionate kiss, moving his hands to your thighs, lifting you up and helping you wrap your legs around his waist.

“Don’t put your back out,” you teased, sucking his bottom lip between your lips and running your tongue along the soft skin.

He pulled his lip free, biting at yours lightly, “I’m not old.”

You smirked your hands going into his damp hair, “I see a few greys in there.”

He growled, kissing you again as he blindly made his way through to the trailer’s bedroom, carrying you all the way.

He threw you down onto the bed, your body bouncing with the impact, and crawled on top of you instantly.

His left hand reached for your zipper.

You were expecting it to be pulled down quickly, but Jared froze above you, his hand hovering above your chest.

You noticed his eyes focussing on his wedding band, and you reached up to stroke his cheek with your thumb.

“Hey, Jare, look at me,” you murmured softly, and he did as he was told, “I spoke to her. She wouldn’t mind. She’s okay with this.”

He nodded, his eyes flicking back to his ring, “Should I... should I take it off?”

You carded your hand through his hair, the confliction on his face pulling at your heart.

“Not if you don’t want to,” you told him, “I know this is a one time thing. Neither of us expect anything more, right?”

He nodded, leaning down and resting his forehead to yours.

“I love her. So much, but it’s like you’ve got this spell on me,” he admitted, quietly, “I find it so hard to control myself around you.”
“You don’t have to,” you whispered, “Not now.”

He nodded, closing his eyes and kissing you deep and long.

“Let’s take it slow,” he spoke against your lips, “Take our time. Savour it.”

You nodded, kissing him again.

“I can’t think of anything I’d want more.”

He kissed you softly before kissing his way down your jaw, his hands slowly, tantalisingly, unzipping your sweater to reveal more of your skin.

“No shirt?” he murmured against your clavicle, and you shook your head.

“Just another layer in the way,” you explained, and he made a noise of agreement as he pulled back to look at you.

His eyes roamed your body, taking you in slowly, the attention making you blush and hide your face under your arm.

“Hey,” he chuckled warmly, moving your arm away.

“You’re gorgeous,” he told you, kissing you softly, “Don’t hide from me.”

You nodded, letting him pull your sweater from your arms and dropping it beside his bed, his hands reaching behind your back to unclasp your bra.

You helped take your arms from the straps, revealing your naked chest to Jared and fighting the strong urge to hide.

He kissed you, long and intense, before kissing down your chest once more.

The feeling of his fourteen-hour stubble on your skin was just the right side of a pleasant scratch as he sucked your nipple into the wet heat of his mouth.

You groaned in pleasure, your hand carding back into his slowly drying hair, holding him against you.

He swirled his tongue before nipping the hardened bud between his teeth.

He moved on, crawling backwards on the mattress as he continued his descent down your body, kissing below your navel and nosing at the button of your jeans.

“May I?” he asked, and you nodded, unable to form words anymore, the fact that you were finally getting what you’d wanted for months clouding your mind.

His fingers deftly flicked the button open, unzipping your fly gently, the look on his face as if he was opening a present.

You lifted your hips, helping him drag your jeans down your thighs, calves, off your feet and onto the floor, leaving you in nothing but your panties in front of him.

He nosed at your thighs, spreading them with strong hands, holding you in place as he kissed his way closer to your centre.
Your fingers were still in his hair, loving the feeling of the soft strands between your fingers, and you clenched your fist as he mouthed over your clothed entrance.

“Jare, please, don’t tease,” you murmured, and he smiled, nipping at your hip as his fingers dipped into the waistband of your panties, carefully removing them from your body.

You blushed under his gaze, forcing yourself to keep your eyes open, watching the beautiful sight of Jared on his knees between your legs.

You wanted to ingrain this imagine into your memory forever.

You shuddered as he leant forward, his breath ghosting your core as he looked up at you, long lashes hiding lust-blown hazel eyes. That sight alone made you wetter than you’d been in a long time.

“I’ve wanted to do this forever,” he murmured, the vibrations of his lips against your core making your fingers tighten in his hair.

His tongue flicked out, circling your clit lightly and causing you to shudder again, groaning softly as you bit your lip.

You felt yourself clench around nothing as he swiped his tongue over your clit, more pressure this time.

His hair that wasn’t caught in your fist was falling down, ticking your thighs as he sucked gently on your clit.

Your free hand was clenching at the pillow beside your head, your hips wanting to thrust upwards but his strong hands held you down.

He dipped his head lower, his tongue entering you and successfully driving you insane.

It was a shallow kind of fullness, your body was thrumming with ‘too much’ and ‘not nearly enough’ at the same time.

“Jare- Jared, stop, I’m gonna-”

He pulled back, causing your core to throb at the lack of contact, and looked up into your eyes.

“Y/N,” he said, voice low and dominant, “Come for me.”

You shook your head slightly, “Wanna- with you.”

He smirked slightly, nuzzling at your inner thigh affectionately.

“You think I’d take this opportunity and only make you come once?” he asked, and you bit your lip, feeling your cheeks flush.

He grinned, biting your thigh lightly before focussing back on your clit, his tongue delivering you more pleasure than anyone before him had ever given you.

You were close, too close, your clit throbbing in time with your erratic heartbeat as he continued to suck, the pressure almost unbearable.

“Fuck, Jared, I’m- ahh!” your comment was cut short as your orgasm ripped through you, wetness gushing from you and coating his mouth and chin.
He worked you through it, pulling back once your legs stopped shaking, your chest heaving, your arm thrown over your eyes as you tried to calm your racing heart.

You felt him leave the bed, but you were still feeling too high to watch him go.

You opened your eyes again a minute later as Jared was crawling back onto the bed, kissing your jaw, his minty scent filling your nostrils.

“Did you just use mouthwash?” you asked, smiling lazily.

“Didn’t think you’d want to taste yourself,” he murmured before kissing you deeply, your tongues lazily exploring each other’s mouths.

“Thought it was ‘cause I tasted bad,” you mumbled, only half joking.

“You taste just as sweet as I’d imagined,” he assured you, kissing you languidly.

You brought your hands up to the sides of his neck, keeping him in place as you rolled the two of you over, your thighs now straddling his waist.

“You take your pants off in the bathroom?” you questioned when your dripping centre came into contact with his cotton covered hardness.

“Just another layer in the way,” he responded, echoing your own words.

You smirked, rolling your hips down into his and eliciting a groan from both of you.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” you laughed breathlessly as he held your hips and ground against you, “Want you in me.”

He bit his lip, stifling a moan as he nodded in agreement, moving his hands to push at his boxers.

You crawled off of him, helping him kick off his underpants before looking around the room.

“Lube?” you asked, and he nodded to the trailer’s small nightstand.

You reached over him and he bit your nipple lightly as your tits were hanging in his face.

You looked down at him with a glint in your eye.

“Shouldn’t need much, you’re wet enough already,” he teased, the neediness in his voice making the taunt fall flat.

“Can you blame me?” you laughed softly, “You’re so sexy.”

“I’m old,” he protested, and you shook your head.

“Not old, experienced,” you corrected, warming a small amount of lube in the palm of your hand, “And it’s not a lie when I say you’re one of the most attractive men I’ve ever met. You’re so hot, Jared.”

“You’re so young and… perky,” he sighed, his hands on your thighs where you straddled his hips, “I can’t believe you actually want me.”

“Well believe it,” you murmured, kissing him soundly before moving down his body, slicking his incredibly generous erection with your lubed hand before wiping the excess on the comforter.
Jared raised an eyebrow at you and you shrugged, “You’re gonna have to change it anyway.”

His argument died on his tongue as you lifted his hips, lining him up with your entrance.

“Y/N, gotta get you ready,” he breathed, but you shook your head, lowering yourself down slowly.

“Wanna feel it,” you told him, relishing the slow, delicious burn, “Wanna remember this.”

His hands found your waist, guiding you down slowly, giving you time to accommodate his size.

You’d barely even started and it was already the best fuck you’d ever had.

You paused once you were fully seated, letting you both adjust to the tight wet hot feeling.

You ran your hands up his chest, his firm pecs twitching under your palms as his hands tightened around your waist.

“You feel so good,” he told you, looking up into your eyes, a flush of concentration on his face.

“Better than I imagined,” you agreed, leaning down and kissing him deeply.

His hips stuttered upwards and you gasped against his lips, feeling him impossibly deeper inside of you.

With another kiss, Jared rolled the two of you over, getting himself on top of you.

“How do you like it?” he asked, stroking your hair from your forehead, “Hard? Fast? Gentle?”

You laughed softly, your fingers wrapping around his strong biceps, his hands resting above your shoulders.

“Usually rough,” you admitted, blushing slightly, “But with you… Like you said. Let’s take it slow.”

He nodded in agreement, kissing you again, his tongue soft and skillful as it danced with your own.

“I’m ready,” you told him.

He looked down at you, an eyebrow raised in concern, “You sure.”

“Certain,” you confirmed, and he nodded, kissing you, just a soft press of lips as he began to move his hips.

The drag was electric, you could feel every inch of him entering you slowly, the sensation causing you to throw your head back. Your lips were parted in breathy pants, your neck exposed to Jared’s mouth, your hips straining with the conflation of wanting to meet his thrusts and wanting to stay still to see what he could do.

He moved his hips sensually, his hands roaming your body, the glide of his fingertips over your skin having you clenching around him.

He groaned low in his throat, the vibration against your neck pulling a whimper from your lips.

You carded your hand into his hair once more, pulling lightly to get him to look up at you.

His beautiful eyes met yours, dark with arousal, and you couldn’t resist a quick kiss before saying
what was on your mind.

“How can I make this good for you?” you asked, your fingers stroking through his hair repeatedly.

“Y/N,” he laughed, breathlessly, “The fact that it’s you is making this the best sex I’ve had in a long time.”

You nodded in agreement, rolling your hips to meet his, feeling his hips stuttering slightly.

You looked up at him, frowning softly, “Are you getting close already?”

“Don’t tease me,” he chuckled, “I’ve wanted this for so long, this is months of wanting you all coming to a head at once.”

You smirked at his choice of words, and he rolled his eyes, snapping his hips forward and making you moan.

You wrapped your legs around him, digging your heels into his lower back, egging him on.

He continued to fuck into you, long and slow, tightening the coil in your lower stomach once more.

You gasped, digging your nails into his biceps as Jared brought a hand down between your legs, rubbing your clit lightly, teasingly, just enough pressure to bring you pleasure, not enough to bring you to the edge.

Your heart was thumping in your ears, your head pounding with euphoria as he continued to drag out your pleasure with every delicious thrust into your wanting body.

You could feel him begin to falter, leaning down and biting your clavicle.

His fingers worked circles against your clit, your core throbbing around his length.

“Together,” he murmured into your skin, and you nodded, feeling your second orgasm approaching.

He continued to thrust in earnest, easily hitting your g-spot with every pass, and the stimulation from g-spot and clit at the same time had you right on the edge in no time.

“Jared, I’m gonna-”

“Me too,” he panted, capturing your parted lips in a fervent kiss.

The second his lips touched yours, you were coming again, your walls clenching even tighter around him, tipping Jared over the edge with you, groaning your name.

You weren’t kissing anymore, rather panting into each others’ mouths as you rode out your orgasms, Jared still thrusting weakly inside of you - the pleasure just the right side of too much.

He lowered himself on top of you, relaxing onto his elbows as both of you caught your breath.

“Wow,” you panted, and he nodded, his forehead against your own.

“Yeah.”

You cleaned up in the bathroom while Jared changed his sheets.
You caught the sight of your sex-mused hair in the mirror and couldn’t stop a grin from forming on your face.

It was amazing, everything you’d ever imagined it would be and more.

You were wearing one of Jared’s white shirts and a pair of his boxers, looking so much like ‘the other woman’ it wasn’t even funny.

You walked back through to the bedroom, laughing slightly at the fact that he’d changed the sheets to ones with a stars and stripes design.

“Very patriotic,” you commented, and he shrugged.

“They’re the only spare sheets I have,” he explained, lifting up the comforter for you to get in.

You crawled in beside him, turning off the bedside lamp.

“You know I have to leave in the morning,” you murmured as he pushed your hair behind your ear.

“I know,” he smiled, kissing you deeply, “Just let me have this.”

You nodded, rolling over and fitting your back to his chest, his arm draped over your waist.

The tendrils of sleep were pulling you in, your fucked-out brain loving the feeling of a warm body against your own.

You were drifting off, content and warm with Jared’s arms around your waist and his lips lightly pressed against your neck, when murmured words had you wide awake once more.

“I love you, Y/N.”
You left before Jared was awake.

Cowardly? Probably, but you didn’t know what to say to him.

You hadn’t slept properly anyway, Jared’s words playing on your mind, so when you opened your eyes and saw it was 6am, you figured it’d be okay to leave.

You carefully lifted his arm from around you, replacing your body with a pillow so as not to wake him, and you gently picked your clothes up from the floor.

Quietly, oh so quietly, you let yourself out, making your way through the complex, eternally grateful that nobody was awake.

You stopped outside of your trailer before turning back towards Jensen’s. It was early, you knew that, but you really needed a friend - a neutral party - to talk to.

Holding your breath, you knocked on the door, your clothes from last night still over your arm.

It was a full minute before he came to the door, wearing boxers and a crew neck tee.

“Y/N? What’re you doing so early?” he frowned, sleepily, “Kid, we don’t have to be in make-up until this afternoon.”

You nodded, your apology dying on your lips as you felt yourself begin to cry.

The frown fell from his face as he pulled you inside and into a comforting hug.

“Sorry,” you sniffed, your cheek pressed against his chest, “I didn’t mean to cry.”

“It’s okay,” he assured you, pulling back and pushing your hair behind your ear, “Wanna tell me why you’re knocking on my trailer door at the crack of dawn?”

You sighed, stepping back and wiping your eyes with your shirt sleeves.

Jensen’s eyes focused properly on what you were wearing, sighing heavily before pouring you a glass of water and offering you a seat.

You sat down on the couch, curling into yourself and dropping your spare clothes to the floor.

“So,” he prompted, “Did Jared kick you out?”

You shook your head, taking the water from him as he sat beside you, “No, he’s asleep.”

“Then what’s happening?”
You took a deep breath, trying to steady your emotions.

“I took your advice,” you told him, “Went over to ‘fuck it out of our systems’.”

“And it was bad?” he guessed, and you shook your head once more.

“It was… So great,” you sighed, “Better than I’d imagined.”

Jensen was frowning at you as you took a sip of water.

“Then… what’s wrong?” he asked, “You both got you wanted.”

You nodded, tears spilling over again.

“I thought so,” you sniffed, “But then, when we were going to sleep… Shit, Jen, he told me he loved me.”

Jensen was silent, and when you looked over at him, his jaw was clenched angrily.

He stood up, running his hand down his face, unable to look at you.

“What is it?” you asked, wiping your nose on your sleeve, not caring that it was Jared’s shirt.

“That bastard,” he murmured harshly, and you were taken aback by his tone, “He swore—”

You frowned, putting the water down and pulling your knees up under your chin, “What?”

Jensen shook his head, leaning against the counter and turning back to face you.

“He swore… he promised me this was just a physical thing,” he told you, “And I know Gen thought so, too.”

“So did I,” you mumbled, your chin resting on your bare knees.

Jensen looked over at you, contemplatively.

“And for you?” he asked, “What was that, for you?”

You shrugged, “I thought… When I went to him, it was for a one time thing, you know?”

He didn’t respond, knowing you weren’t finished.

“Now I just… I want…” you shook your head, “Fuck, he’s married, Jensen. I can’t want more. This was supposed to be a one-off. That was the deal. I don’t want to be a homewrecker.”

“I know, kiddo. Fuck, I know,” he sighed, rubbing at his temples, “This isn’t your fault, okay?”

You shook your head again, “I slept with a married man. It’s all my fault.”

Jensen sighed, walking over to you and pulling you to your feet.

His arms wrapped around you protectively and you hugged him back, stifling a yawn against his chest.

“How much sleep did you get?” he asked, and you shrugged.

“Maybe an hour.”
He pulled back, walking through the trailer and towards his bedroom.

“Come on,” he called, and you frowned as you followed him.

“What?” you asked, standing in the doorway as he pulled back the covers on his bed.

“We have a lot of filming to do tonight,” he reminded you, “And I need my sleep. So do you.”

You sighed, defeated.

You really did need to rest.

“Okay,” you agreed, slipping out of your shoes and climbing into bed, keeping a respectable distance between the two of you.

“Stop it,” he laughed softly, pulling you further onto the bed, “Get comfortable.”

You huffed a laugh, turning on your side to face him, “This isn’t weird for you?”

“What’s weird about it?” he mumbled, closing his eyes, “I share with JJ all the time.”

“You see me like a daughter?” you teased, and he smiled, keeping his eyes closed.

“Shut up and sleep, Y/N,” he murmured, and you closed your eyes, allowing your exhaustion to drag you into sleep.

Two days passed and you still hadn’t spoken to Jared besides on set.

You were called in to talk to Bob once you’d filmed everything for the day, and you frowned when you saw Jensen sitting and waiting in his office.

“What’re you doing here?” you asked, taking a seat next to him.

“Apparently he wants to see me,” he shrugged, “Why are you here?”

“Same reason,” you told him, “Said it’s important.”

Bob walked in, closing the door behind him, and you and Jensen watched him with the same confusion in each of your expressions.

“Right, I’m not gonna draw this out,” Bob drawled, sitting down and placing a magazine on the table, “This came out this morning.”

Jensen reached for the magazine, bringing it closer for the two of you to look at.

“Page seven,” Bob announced, and Jensen flicked to the right page.

Your stomach dropped when you saw the article.

There was a photograph of when you’d left Jensen’s trailer. The two of you were stood in the doorway, hugging goodbye, your sweater and jeans still over your arm.

The accompanying text had you seeing red.

*Supernatural co-stars spotted after ‘spending the night together’, our source confirms*
Jensen Ackles (38) and young co-star Y/N (20) were spotted embracing outside Jensen’s trailer early Tuesday afternoon, after reportedly spending the night together. Y/N’s boxers and mens shirt combo add to the already extensive evidence of their affair.

You wanted to be sick as you continued to read, realising that it must’ve been one of the make-up girls who’d sold the story, mentioning the pale bruises across your chest that had to be covered before you went on camera.

You looked up at Bob, anger and hurt evident on your face, and he smiled sympathetically.

“We know who sold it,” he told you, “And she’s been fired and we’re taking her to court over it. It’s a breach of her contract to tell the media about anything that happens here, let alone… this.”

“It’s bullshit anyway,” you told him, and he raised an eyebrow, “What? It is.”

“She’s not lying,” Jensen spoke up, and you looked across to see the defeat on his face, “But it sure a shit looks like she is.”

“I’m so sorry,” you whispered, and he shook his head.

“Don’t, kiddo, it’s not your fault,” he sighed, and Bob cleared his throat.

You looked over at him, and he held his hands out, “Either of you gonna tell me what’s happened.”

“Y/N couldn’t sleep,” Jensen explained, “She was worried about the scene, so she came to me to run lines, woke me up at like 6am too, the little shit.”

You laughed softly, “You’re less grouchy in the mornings than Jared is.”

“What about the clothes?”

“I gave them to her to sleep in,” Jensen lied easily, “She got tired and crashed on my couch.”

“The bruises?”

“You’ve seen how clumsy I am on set,” you told him, “I probably just hit myself and didn’t notice.”

Bob nodded, slowly, “And you’re sure the two of you aren’t…”

“Come on, man,” Jensen sighed, “You’ve known me twelve years. Danni and I have baby twins for Christ’s sake, you really think I’d throw that away?”

“Of course not,” Bob sighed, “Just the picture and the evidence… It doesn’t look good for you guys.”

You threw your head back in frustration.

“I didn’t sleep with Jensen, I have no intention of sleeping with him, so why the fuck am I being made out to be a fucking homewrecker here?” you growled.

“We’ll fix it,” Bob assured you, and Jensen scoffed.

“You better,” he stood up, and you got up too, “I’ve got to go and call my wife and make sure she knows that all of this is bullshit.”
You were scrolling through all of the hate you were getting on twitter, using everything in your power not to reply and clear everything up.

Your agent had spoken to Bob, and they’d both agreed that it’d be in your best interest not to say anything until they’d released the official statement about what had happened.

There was a knock on your door and you sighed, getting up to answer.

Jared was stood there with his shoulders slumped and his hands in his pockets.

You had half a mind to close the door in his face, but deep down you knew you’d never be able to say no to him.

“Get inside before someone takes another fucking picture,” you grumbled, walking back over to your couch and allowing him to walk in behind you and shut the door.

“Y/N, I’m so sorry,” he told you, lingering by the door, unsure where to go.

“Please sit,” you sighed, moving so he could sit beside you, “You’re making me uncomfortable.”

He sat beside you, tenseness radiating off of him.

There was an uncomfortable silence between you until he finally spoke.

“Why did you leave?” he asked, and you stared at him, unable to believe he was really questioning it.

When he didn’t say anything else, you shook your head.

“You’re serious?” you asked, and he frowned.

“Yeah,” he told you, “What?”

“You told me you loved me, Jared!” you hissed, “Then you fucking fell asleep! You can’t— fuck.”

He swallowed thickly, looking over at you.

“I thought—” he cut himself off, studying your expression, “I didn’t know you were still awake.”

You blinked heavily, staring right at him.

“You meant it.”

It wasn’t a question. It was obvious by the way he was looking at you.

“Shit,” you breathed, “Jared, that wasn’t the deal. It was… it was one night. One time.”

“You can’t honestly tell me you wouldn’t want more,” he whispered, and you shook your head.

“It’s not about what I want,” you reminded him, “You have a wife. A gorgeous, generous, amazing wife, who’s given up so much to look after your beautiful little boys. You don’t love me, Jared. You can’t.”

He covered his face in his hands, shaking his head and murmuring something to himself.

When he looked back up at you, his face was full of conflict.
“Do you not think I know that, Y/N?” he murmured, “Do you not think I realise that I’m so fucking lucky to have Gen in my life? I love her so much, but I… fuck. I didn’t want this to happen. I thought I could just have you once and that’s all I need, but now I’ve had you I can’t let you go.”

You sighed, standing up and walking over towards the door, nodding for him to leave.

He stood up, running a hand through his hair as he walked over to you.

“I really am sorry,” he told you, quietly, “For what happened with the article.”

You shook your head, “That part isn’t your fault. I should’ve got changed before leaving.”

Sparking a memory, you walked through to your bedroom and came back with the clothes he’d lent you in your hands.

“Keep them,” he told you, and you shook your head again.

“Jare, that’s not-”

“Please.”

It was a whisper, the plea evident in his open expression.

“Okay,” you breathed, allowing yourself to kiss back as he leant down and pressed his lips to yours.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” he murmured, opening the door of your trailer.

“Yeah,” you smiled sadly, hating to watch him go but knowing it was for the best.

It took two weeks for the media backlash to die down after the misunderstanding was cleared up.

The magazine that published the first story was forced to apologise, and they were legally banned from posting anything more about Supernatural or the cast.

You, Jensen, Danneel, and Bob all gave your statement through the CW’s social media, retweeting and sharing the final article to each of your social media, Jared and Misha sharing it too to show solidarity among the cast.

Your twitter blew up with apologies. Of course, there was still some hate coming through, but that went with the territory of working closely with Jensen and Jared at your age - girls your own age giving you hate for having the opportunity that they desperately wanted.

Once everything had calmed down, you had more time to concentrate on the real issue at hand. Jared wouldn’t even look at you when you weren’t filming anymore, and it fucking hurt.

You knew he was trying to protect himself, to protect you, but it didn’t make it any easier.

Eventually, you found yourself asking Jensen for Genevieve’s phone number.

“What for?” he asked, taking a sip of his tea.

“I want to talk to her about all this crap,” you sighed, leaning back on your chair in the canteen, “I hate seeing him like this, and I’m sure she’ll be the same.”
Jensen rested the cup on the table, watching you carefully.

“You’re not gonna go all ‘the other woman’ on her, right?”

You scoffed, rolling your eyes, “Obviously not. You’re forgetting I didn’t intend on any of this happening.”

He pulled his phone out of his pocket, motioning for you to give him yours.

You handed it over before realising you hadn’t unlocked it and trying to get it back.

“As if I don’t know your passcode,” Jensen dismissed, typing it perfectly on the first try.

You laughed softly as he transferred the number over, handing you back your phone and standing up.

“Don’t do anything stupid, kiddo,” he warned, ruffling your hair as he left the room.

It was 11pm by the time you were out of costume and back in your trailer that night.

You needed to talk to Gen, but you were worried about waking her, so rather than calling you sent her a message.

Hi Gen, it’s Y/N. There’s something we need to talk about, but I didn’t want to wake you up if you/the boys are asleep. Hope everything’s good.

You distracted yourself by taking off your make-up and getting into your comfy pyjamas. By the time you got back to your phone, Genevieve had replied.

Hey sweetheart. The boys are in bed, I’m up. Everything’s good here, but I’m guessing it’s not up there? Call me if it’s easier x

Your heart broke at how kind she was being to you.

You got yourself comfortable, leaning against your headboard, before calling her.

She answered on the second ring.

“Hey Y/N.”

“Hi,” you replied, trying to steady your racing heart, “How’re you?”

“I’m okay, but you’re worrying me a little,” she admitted, “He didn’t hurt you or anything, did he? Sometimes he gets carried away and forgets he’s so strong.”

“No,” you laughed slightly, “No, that was… That wasn’t a problem.”

You could hear the smirk in her voice through the phone.

“He’s good, isn’t he?” she sighed, reminiscent, “Did he eat you out? The things that man can do with his tongue…”

A startled laugh left your throat, and she chuckled from the other end of the line.

“Sorry,” she laughed, “Too far?”
“No,” you shook your head even though she couldn’t see it, “You just surprised me.”

“Sorry sweetie,” she apologised, still laughing slightly, “What’s the problem, then?”

You took a deep breath, closing your eyes to compose yourself.

“After we… when we were going to sleep,” you self-corrected, “He… shit.”

“It’s okay,” Gen promised, “Take your time.”

You nodded, taking a minute to prepare yourself.

“Jared told me he loved me,” you admitted, your heart pumping in your ears, “And I think he meant it. But he loves you and the boys, I just-”

You paused, taking a few more steadying breaths as you waited for her to reply.

“I’m sorry, Y/N,” she said after a while, “I had a hunch but I didn’t- I didn’t think he’d be stupid enough to tell you.”

You blinked, unable to believe what you were hearing, “You… you’re not mad.”

“No,” she assured you, “I’m not mad. I just… how do you feel?”

You sighed, “Gen, it doesn’t matter how I feel, I’d never do anything.”

She hummed, contemplatively.

“When do you next get long enough off to come home?”

You frowned, “Uh, maybe in a couple weeks. Why?”

“Will you come to Texas?” she asked, “I think the three of us should talk this out, face to face.”

“I don’t want to come between you,” you murmured.

“Oh, no, Y/N, please don’t beat yourself up about it,” she told you, “It’s not your fault. We’ve just got to… I don’t know, rethink our arrangement.”

“I guess,” you relented, stifling a yawn with the back of your hand.

“I’ll talk to Jared tomorrow,” she sighed, “Get some sleep. And please don’t feel bad, sweetie. This isn’t your fault.”

“Yeah,” you agreed despite your reluctance, “Sorry for dropping all this on you. I just wanted to let you know… it’s only fair.”

“I totally understand,” she assured you, “And I’ll see you in a few weeks, yeah?”

“Sure,” you smiled slightly, “Goodnight, Genevieve.”

“Goodnight, darlin’.”

You sighed as you cut off the call, putting your phone on charge before getting under the covers.

You still couldn’t fathom how cool she was being with you. But, then again, this was the same woman that literally gave you permission to sleep with her husband.
All you knew for sure was that it was a weight off of your mind and you were gonna sleep a lot easier that night.

When you told Jensen about Gen asking you to go to Texas, he was more than happy to offer you a room in his house to stay in for the week - on the condition that you helped out with the twins.

Before you knew it, you were standing awkwardly behind Jared and Jensen as they greeted their wives and kids at the airport.

You were avoiding eye contact with Genevieve, still unsure how to act, when she called you over.

“Y/N,” she smiled, pulling you into a hug, “It’s good to see you again.”

“Yeah,” you nodded, “You too.”

Danneel laughed softly at the awkward interaction, leaning in and hugging you while Jensen was talking to JJ and fawning over the twins.

“We made up your room,” she told you, and Gen frowned.

“I thought you were staying with us?”

You swallowed awkwardly, “I, uh…”

You looked at Danneel, unsure how much she knew.

“Jensen offered and I thought it’d be… easier.”

They both smiled kindly.

“Honey, if you wanna stay with Jared, I’m not gonna be offended,” Danni assured you, “Gen’s told me what happened, and if it’s easier for you all to work it out under one roof then I’m not gonna stop you.”

“I guess,” you shrugged, your hands finding the handle of your suitcase again to give them something to do, “I’ll still help out with the kids though, if you need me.”

“Don’t be silly,” Danneel laughed, kissing Jensen’s cheek as he stood beside her, JJ on his hip, “This one isn’t gonna be able to put them down now he’s home.”

“She’s not wrong,” he chuckled, “Now are we gonna get a move on and go home or are we just gonna stand around here?”

The car ride back was filled with question from Tom and Shep, for both you and their father.

The kids had been allowed to stay up to get you all from the airport, but once you got home, Jared took them upstairs almost straight away, reading them stories before bed.

Gen lead you through to the front room, offering you a drink.

“We’ve got lemonade, orange juice, beer, wine-”
“I’m underage,” you reminded her, and she raised an eyebrow.

“You think I care about that?”

You laughed, “I guess I’ll have a beer, thanks.”

She smiled, walking through to the kitchen and coming back with two beers, sitting down on the couch and motioning of you to sit next to her.

You took a swig of beer, aware of Gen’s eyes on you as she took a drink beside you.

“I’m sorry,” you mumbled, “For the whole…”

You didn’t know how to finish the sentence, so you made a hand motion in the direction of the stairs.

“It’s okay,” she assured you, “Jared… he’s a good man, and he’s got a huge heart, but that’s his downfall. It’s like, since meeting you, he’s got enough room in his heart for the two of us.”

You sighed, shaking your head, “I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“Me neither, but it has,” she shrugged, “I just want him to be happy, and you’re such a gorgeous girl, talented, kind, I can’t deny him that.”

“I’m nothing compared to you,” you told her, “You’re all of that and more. The mother of his kids-”

“And he loves me, I know,” she assured you, taking a swig of her beer, “Look, Y/N, I’m not gonna be an ass about it. You’re hot, Jared’s hot, and you’re with him when I can’t be.”

She rested her hand on your knee, squeezing lightly, and you were instantly put at ease. She was being genuine with you, and you finally believed her.

The two of you drank in a comfortable silence for a while, until your beer was finished and you were filled with a pleasant buzz.

You rarely drank when it wasn’t a holiday, so you hadn’t really built up much of a tolerance.

You leant forward to put the empty bottle on the coffee table, wondering absently what was taking Jared so long.

When you sat back, you looked over at Gen, smiling softly, “He’s lucky to have you.”

She frowned, smiling back, “What?”

You laughed slightly, “You’re so understanding, so loving, not to mention stunning. You’re like, anybody’s dream girl.”

You shook your head, embarrassed by the admission, and some of your hair fell in your face.

Before you could push it back, Gen did it for you, looking at you with fondness in her expression as her fingers gently fell to your bicep and held on lightly.

“I think I read you wrong,” she commented, her eyes searching your face.

“What do you mean?” you asked, feeling your cheeks heat up.
She tilted her head to the side, smiling knowingly, “I didn’t know you were into girls.”

“Oh, I-” you shook your head, looking at your hands in your lap, “I’m not… only sometimes.”

She hummed, leaning forward.

Before your brain had enough time to process what was happening, she kissed you.

You found yourself kissing back without thinking, loving the soft feeling of her lips against yours. Your hands moved up to hold her face, and she pulled away, her eyes flitting between your own.

“Thought so.”

A low cough came from the doorway, and you snapped your head in the direction of the sound.

Jared was leaning against the doorframe, looking at you with hooded eyes as you moved away from Gen.

He raised an eyebrow at his wife, and you looked back at her to see her shrug.

“Well,” Jared began, his voice low and raspy as he made his way into the room, “Looks like we’ve got a lot to talk about.”
Chapter 3

Your heart was pounding as Jared walked further into the room.

You moved back to your side of the couch, your eyes firmly on your feet as you pulled your knees up under your chin, hugging your legs.

What the hell had you just done?

More than that, what would have happened if Jared hadn’t walked in?

You probably wouldn’t have pulled back.

Fuck.

You really had no intention of ruining this family, yet everything you did seemed to destroy it even more.

“Y/N,” Jared said, snapping you from your thoughts, and you tentatively looked across to where he was sitting in the armchair.

You swallowed thickly, watching him take a long swig of his beer.

“I’m not mad,” he told you, and you frowned, stealing a glance at Gen.

She was watching you carefully, her expression giving nothing away.

“Y/N, seriously, I’d be a hypocrite if I was angry,” Jared assured you, his eyes flitting between you and his wife periodically, “She let me sleep with you. I can’t be mad with either of you for kissing.”

You could feel yourself blush, so you broke eye contact, looking down at your feet again.

“Sweetheart, are you okay?” Gen asked, placing a hand on your arm.

You shook your head, standing up abruptly.

“I’m sorry, I should go,” you made to leave the room, already getting your phone out of your pocket to ask Jensen if you could still stay with him and Danni.

“Hey.”

Jared was out of his seat and in front of you within a matter of seconds, trying to get you to look at him when you wouldn’t meet his eye.

“I should go,” you repeated, your voice a mere whisper.

“Why?” he asked, and you shook your head, looking down at his feet.

“I’ve already done too much,” you said, taking a deep breath, “I shouldn’t have come here. I’ll leave you to it. I’m sorry.”

You tried to step around him, but he put his strong hands on your shoulders, forcing you to look at him.

“You have nothing to apologise for,” he told you, deliberately holding your gaze, “If you want to
leave, then I’m not going to stop you. But if you’re doing it because you think you should, please stay.”

“Jared, I-”

He cut you off with a kiss, and you found yourself kissing back without thinking.

He pulled back, his hands now cupping your jaw.

“Please stay,” he murmured, his eyes searching your own.

You nodded minutely as you felt arms wrap around you from behind.

“Good,” Gen mumbled, her lips against your neck. “It’d be a shame for you to leave before we’d even got started.”

You felt a shiver go down your spine as Jared leant in and kissed you again, Gen placing light pecks up your neck and along your jaw.

“You’re so welcome here,” Genevieve assured you, her warm breath hitting behind your ear, causing you to gasp against Jared’s lips.

Jared pulled back, dropping his hands to your hips and turning you to face Gen.

His touch left you as she kissed you, and you felt him step back.

Gen pulled you closer, her hands moving around your waist to your lower back as yours cupped her jaw, holding her head in place.

It’d been too long since you’d last kissed a girl, and you couldn’t remember a time that it felt this good. Her lips were soft, full, and you loved the feeling of them against your own.

She pulled back, your bottom lip caught between hers for a moment, before she looked over your shoulder at Jared.

You turned your head to see him watching the two of you with a heated expression, pupils blown wide with lust.

“We should go upstairs,” Gen murmured, and Jared nodded, leaving the room and making his way to the staircase.

You turned back to face Gen, your heart racing with mixed emotions.

“It’s his first night home,” you reminded her. “You should be together.”

Her smile was somehow both kind and challenging, almost a little predatory.

“We will be,” she assured you, “We’ll be together… with you.”

You paused, trying to compose yourself and think rationally.

“If you want to leave, you can leave,” she reminded you, linking her fingers with yours. “But I’d love it if you came to bed with us.”

She began to lead you through the house slowly, and you saw Jared waiting for you at the bottom of the stairs.
“You coming?” he asked, and you looked between the two of them, nodding wordlessly.

Jared smiled, surprising you when his hands quickly found the backs of your thighs, lifting you up and encouraging you to wrap your legs around his waist.

“Jared,” you murmured, not meeting his eyes.

“What?” he asked, carrying you up the stairs, Gen following closely behind.

“You shouldn’t be focusing on me,” you whispered, finally looking at him, your eyes flitting between his, “You haven’t been with your wife in months.”

He smirked, kissing your frown away.

“So you’re saying it’s her turn?” he clarified as you reached the top of the stairs.

“I-,” you paused, looking down at Gen as she frowned up at you, “Yes.”

Genevieve grinned walking past the two of you and through the hallway to their bedroom.

Jared laughed at the look on his wife’s face, dropping you down and taking your hand, leading you in the direction Gen had headed.

“You’re sure the boys are asleep?” she clarified, opening the door to their bedroom.

“Asleep and all the way over the other side of the house,” Jared confirmed, walking through and letting go of your hand.

You followed them in, Gen closing the door behind you and carding her fingers into your hair.

“So, your reservations,” she began, kissing you softly before stepping back, wanting to make sure you were comfortable, “You know we’re both cool with this. You’re just worried about taking away from our first night together.”

You nodded, and she smiled, walking over to Jared and pushing his shirt up slightly, running her hands over his warm, toned stomach.

“So how about,” Gen continued as Jared brushed her hair behind her ear, “We go first?”

Jared raised an eyebrow at you over her head, a smirk working its way onto his lips.

“That sounds like a good compromise,” he agreed, “We want you to stay, you want us to fuck…”

“You want me to… watch?” you clarified, your cheeks getting hot at the thought.

“And then join in when you’re ready,” Gen smiled, looking over her shoulder at you, “Sounds like a plan?”

“I- yeah,” you breathed, ridiculously turned on by the idea.

They were offering you live porn of two of the most attractive people on the planet; you’d have been insane to turn that down.

Jared smiled, nodding to the armchair in the corner of the room, “Get comfortable.”

You did as he told you to, sitting down in the chair and taking a deep breath.
What the hell had happened to your life? This time last year you were nineteen, just out of performance school and looking for work.

You’d have laughed in anyone’s face if they told you a year later you’d be invited into bed with the Padaleckis.

The chair was positioned in such a way that you could see almost the entire room, directly pointed towards the bed, giving you an unobstructed view as Jared leant down and kissed Gen deeply.

You heard her groan into his mouth as his hand turned into fist in her hair, tugging lightly.

She moved her hands from his waist, not breaking the kiss as she began to unbutton his shirt.

Once she’d pushed the garment from his shoulders, she pulled away, turning around so that her back was to her husband, the two of them now facing you.

Your cheeks began to heat up all over again as she held eye contact with you, reaching for the hem of her shirt and seamlessly pulling it over her head.

Jared was staring at you, too, as his hands found Gen’s hips from behind, leaning down so that he could kiss her neck. He kept his eyes on you as she reached an arm back, carding her fingers into his hair as her other hand popped the button on her jeans.

You began to worry your lower lip as Jared’s fingers slipped into her waistband, pushing her jeans over the curve of her tight ass.

Your cheeks were burning, arousal coursing through you as they continued to strip in front of you.

Once Gen was only in her underwear, she turned in Jared’s arms and gracefully sank to her knees before him.

“Shit,” Jared breathed as she unbuttoned his fly, wasting no time in pushing his pants to the ground and helping him step out of them.

His hands went to her hair, gently sweeping it off of her face and holding it in one fist as she nosed at his crotch, her fingers slowly pulling down his boxers to reveal his impressive cock.

Your mouth actually started watering at the sight.

The deep groan pulled from his throat as Gen placed open mouthed kisses to his hard shaft had you shifting in your seat, subconsciously rubbing your thighs together.

She took him into her mouth with practiced expertise, and you watched as Jared’s grip tightened in her hair, his abs and biceps flexing as she sucked him down.

“Fuck,” he groaned, and Gen pulled back, smirking up at him.

“Been a while, huh?” she asked, her small hand slowly jacking his spit-slick length.

“Yeah,” he laughed breathlessly, his eyes flitting to you.

Gen caught the glance, getting to her feet, her fist still circling his cock.

“Because you were good,” she murmured, looking between the two of you before her eyes settled on you, “Didn’t want to betray my trust. I’m impressed.”
She dropped her hand, causing Jared to whimper slightly, but she quickly stood up on their bed, resting her hands on his shoulders.

She leant down, her lips touching his ear as she spoke, looking directly at you the whole time.

“She managed to resist you, even when you told her you loved her, because she respects me so much,” she murmured, her hands roaming down his pecs, “But now you know I don’t mind, you can fuck her whenever, wherever, and however you want.”

She punctuated her words with kisses to his neck, causing both you and Jared to let out involuntary whines.

She grinned at you, standing up straight and removing her bra, stepping out of her panties and leaving herself totally bare on the bed.

“Fuck,” you breathed, and she winked at you, causing your blush to deepen even further.

You bit the inside of your cheek, hard. This couldn’t be real, yet somehow it was.

“Babe?” Gen murmured, and Jared took his eyes off of you to turn and face her, “How about we remind Y/N what she’s been missing out on?”

Jared didn’t need to be asked twice.

Within a blink, Genevieve was lying against the pillows at the head of the bed, her husband kissing his way down her naked body.

The phantom memory of your one night together had you imagining the feeling of his lips on your body, and soon you got too hot to be wearing your sweater.

You unzipped it, shrugging out of the sleeves.

Gen caught the movement in the corner of her eye, her hand threaded through Jared’s hair as he kissed along her hip.

“Shit, Y/N,” she groaned, “His mouth is so good.”

Your breath hitched at being addressed directly, whining slightly as Gen gasped, Jared’s mouth found her clit, the pressure causing her thighs to clamp against his head.

“Y/N,” she groaned, “Did he- shit- did he do this for you?”

You nodded, and she smiled, her lips parting in a moan as Jared’s hand slipped between her legs, undoubtedly starting to finger her open.

“Feels so good,” she breathed, her chest heaving, “Fuck, how did you turn this away? You’re a stronger woman than me.”

You bit your lip, regretting the decision to ask Jared to leave your trailer back in January.

At the time, it was because you wanted to do the right thing. Now, though, all of your protests had faded away.

“So tight,” Jared groaned, deep and raspy, his face still between her legs.

“Not as tight as Y/N, I bet,” Gen replied, her free hand moving to her chest, rolling her hardened
nipple between her fingertips.

Jared pulled back, looking up at his wife, his fingers still working between her legs, causing small groans to leave he lips.

“Like you wouldn’t believe,” he replied, briefly looking over his shoulder at you before looking back at her, “She didn’t let me open her up, just sank down on my cock. Fuck, babe, it was so hot.”

Gen caught your eye as she bit her lip, her deep chestnut irises almost eclipsed by dilated pupils.

“Sounds like something I’d like to watch,” she told you, and your exhale came out as a shaky whimper.

Jared crawled up the bed, kissing Gen as he pulled out the draw on the nightstand, retrieving a bottle of clear lube.

Genevieve smiled against his lips, taking the lube from him and putting a generous amount in her palm.

She slicked his cock, the groan pulled from his mouth had you clamping your hand between your clothed things, trying to ignore the ache in your core.

“C’mon, big boy,” Gen murmured, kissing Jared’s jaw, “Show Y/N what she’s been missing.”

His hands were on her hips, pulling her down the bed slightly as he situated himself between her legs.

Gen’s cut-off moans were enough to tell you that he was lining himself up, pushing in excruciatingly slowly if the movement of his hips was any indication.

“Fuck, Gen,” Jared breathed, and his wife shook her head.

You couldn’t hear what she whispered to him, but whatever it was had Jared groaning, his hips stuttering into her.

“Feels so good,” Gen murmured, “Y/N, fuck.”

Jared began to fuck her in earnest, and all you could do was watch. The arousal throbbing between your thighs only grew as gasps and moans were fucked out of both of them.

The movement of Jared’s hips was mesmerizing; the way his ass tensed with every thrust had your breath hitching in your throat.

The moans of your name coming from the two of them wasn’t helping your predicament either.

Gen shifted her position, lifting up her hips to meet his thrusts, her arms wrapping around his strong shoulders.

She lifted herself up slightly, catching your eye as she let out a long moan.

“Y/N,” she breathed, “Shit, he’s good. I’m not gonna last. How did you-**fuck**- was it like this for you?”

You nodded, unable to verbally respond as she threw her head back, Jared’s mouth finding her neck and biting, licking, sucking kisses there.
From the stuttering of his hips, the loss of the previous rhythm, you could tell he wasn’t doing much better.

“Shit,” Jared groaned. “Needed this.”

“Could’ve had it - shit - could’ve had it sooner,” Gen replied, looking at you again. “Y/N can give you this whenever you want it.”

You bit the inside of your cheek, taking a deep breath. That was explicit confirmation that you and Jared could sleep together while you were in Vancouver, whenever you both wanted, and your body didn’t know how to process that.

You were so wet that you had no doubt that you were ruining your panties, but who could blame you? This was the hottest thing you’d ever witnessed and somehow you were involved in it.

“Fuck, Y/N,” Jared groaned against Gen’s skin. “I’m gonna come.”

Your cheeks flushed as his hips stuttered, causing Genevieve to gasp.

“That’s it,” she encouraged, wrapping her legs over his hips. “Fill me like you filled Y/N.”

The moan pulled from Jared’s throat was deep and strong as he climaxed, bringing his hand down between Gen’s thighs to get her off too.

Her hips were beginning to lift off of the mattress, chasing her orgasm as he continued to fuck through his own release.

Her moans rang out around the room and, for the first time, you were worried about the kids being able to hear them.

Gen’s chest was heaving as Jared rolled off of her, throwing his arm over his eyes as he tried to catch his breath, calming his racing heart.

Genevieve propped herself up on her elbows, running a hand through her hair and laughing slightly. She looked over at you, her eyes raking over your heaving chest and flushed cheeks.

“You’re not nearly naked enough.”
“You’re not nearly naked enough.”

You worried your lower lip, your breathing still staggered as Genevieve looked at you expectantly.

“Come over here,” she told you, her voice dripping with want.

She sat up fully, unashamedly naked as Jared continued to try and get his breath back, and nodded for you to walk over.

You stood up on shaky legs, slowly making your way towards her, arousal still coursing through your body.

You stood beside the bed as Genevieve grinned up at you, Jared removing his arm from over his eyes to watch the exchange.

“You want this, right?” she clarified, and you let out a shaky laugh.

“Fuck yeah,” you assured her as her fingers began to unbutton your shirt. Goosebumps erupted across your skin as it was revealed, and you bit the inside of your cheek as she continued to undress you.

She got to her feet, placing light kisses to your shoulder as she pushed your shirt to the ground. Jared groaned as his wife unclasped your bra and you let it fall where your shirt had landed. Gen smirked against your skin, flitting her eyes up to meet yours before pushing up to kiss you.

You groaned against her lips as her hands slipped into the back of your pants, squeezing your ass.

“Can I take these off?” she murmured, moving one hand to play with the button of your fly.

“Please do,” Jared growled, and you and Genevieve both looked over at him, watching as he wet his lips, lust blowing his pupils wide.

“I wasn’t asking you, Sur,” Genevieve told him, warning in her voice, before turning back to you, the question still evident in her expression.

You answered wordlessly as you popped your fly, pushing down your panties along with your jeans.

“You’re so young and perky,” she commented, her soft fingertips pinching your nipple lightly.

Your gasp muffled against her lips as she kissed you again, falling back to sit on the bed.

She pulled you down with her to straddle her thighs, your hands settling on her shoulders as she continued to kiss you.
Genevieve’s kisses were gentle, slow, but with a distinct feeling of ownership when it came down to it. Without verbal communication, you knew she was in charge here. Not just with you, either, with Jared as well.

You opened your eyes, not remembering having closed them, when you felt the mattress shift under your knees.

Jared was shifting towards Genevieve, his large hands landing on her slender hips as he began peppering kisses along her shoulder.

“Someone’s getting impatient,” she commented, causing you to laugh slightly.

“My two favourite ladies are making out in front of me,” Jared defended, his eyes flitting to yours. “How am I supposed to control myself?”

The darkness of his dilated pupils contrasted the beautiful blue-hazel of his irises, and the beauty in his eyes alone reminded you what drew you to him in the first place.

“So,” you breathed, your tongue darting out to add moisture to your suddenly-too-dry lips. “How are we doing this?”

Genevieve smirked, maneuvering you around on the bed. You were surprised by the strength of her as you found yourself being laid down in the middle of the mattress, Jared and Genevieve on either side of you with equally curious expressions.

“Have you ever been with more than one person at once before?” Gen asked, gently.

You shook your head, feeling really young all of a sudden.

“It’s okay,” Jared assured you, leaning in to place a light kiss to your lips.

You found yourself chasing his lips as he pulled back, causing him to chuckle softly.

“Ha- have you?” you asked, and they exchanged a look. “Together?”

“Yeah, sweetie,” Gen told you. “A few times.”

Your heart started pumping faster and you propped yourself up on your elbows.

You were starting to doubt your decision to be there. They’d done this before. They’d brought other people into bed with them, like they were bringing you.

Where were those people now? Were they used for a night and then discarded?

You trusted Jared with your life, but now you were doubting that. Was this some trick to get you into bed?

“Y/N?” Jared asked, frowning, “Are you okay?”

“I’m- I-”

You couldn’t finish what you were saying, looking between the two of them.

Gen looked at her husband, telling him with her eyes that she would handle this.

Jared backed off, and Gen carefully carded a hand into your hair.
“This is different, sweetie,” she told you, quietly. “Before was before we had kids, before we got married. We’ve never- not since we were engaged.”

You took a few steadying breaths, trying to understand what she was saying.

“This is different,” she repeated, “This won’t be a one time thing, unless that’s what you want. We really care about you, and we want you with us, for as long as you’ll have us.”

You nodded, letting her soft lips place a gentle kiss to your temple.

She’d confirmed what you already knew, that you were overreacting. They wanted you there. You were safe.

Jared was still looking worried, and you brought your palm up to cup his cheek.

“If you want to stop, we have another room made up for you,” he assured you, leaning into your touch.

“I’m good,” you assured him. “Lost myself for a second there, but I’m back.”

He looked over your expression, double checking that you were okay before leaning in and kissing you.

The kiss was reassuring, grounding, and you realised how silly your insecurities had been. This man couldn’t lie to you to save his life. He wasn’t about to use you and throw you away.

You let yourself fall back into the mattress, Jared hovering over you as he deepened the kiss. A small moan left your throat as you felt a soft hand begin to trace your body, smoothing over your hips and across your stomach.

Genevieve placed gentle kisses to your clavicle, her hand slipping lower down your abdomen as Jared’s large hand came to hold your jaw.

You’d never had this much attention on you before. You’d be self conscious if you weren’t so turned on. The fingers of your left hand carded into Jared’s hair as you clenched your right fist into the sheets beneath you, Genevieve’s light touch continuing to make it’s way south.

Your hips bucked involuntarily as her fingertips lightly grazed over your clit, the slight touch almost too much after the past hour of no stimulation but incredible arousal.

“You’re so wet,” Gen murmured, causing Jared to break the kiss in a groan.

His forehead pressed against your own as he looked down at you, his warm breath fanning across your face.

“Missed this,” he breathed, and you nodded in agreement.

“I heard you could take Jared without prep,” Genevieve commented, and you felt yourself begin to blush.

You groaned as she slipped a finger into your wet heat, pumping a few times before adding another, beginning to stretch you open and bring you even more pleasure.

“I’d like to see that sometime,” she continued, beginning to kiss up your neck to your jaw. “But tonight I’m having fun making you squirm.”
Jared laughed low in his throat as you did just that- shifting your hips, moving down against Genevieve’s fingers.

You moaned as Gen’s lips left your skin, turning into a groan as she caught Jared’s lips in a keen kiss.

“Wanna help?” she asked, biting his bottom lip before soothing it with her tongue.

“Fuck yeah,” he agreed, his strong hand moving from your jaw, down your chest to meet Genevieve’s at your core.

Gen looked down at you, placing a light kiss to your lips.

“You good with this?” she asked, studying your eyes for any signs of doubt.

“Please,” you breathed, unashamed of how needy you sounded. You needed this, you wanted this, you couldn’t wait another freaking second for this.

Jared followed the same line Genevieve took, briefly circling your clit before one finger was pressing beside the two already inside you.

“Please,” you repeated, your eyes closed, head thrown back against the pillow, chest heaving.

“So polite,” Genevieve grinned as you whimpered, bucking your hips as they moved in tandem to work you open.

Rough stubble scratched your neck as it was plastered with hot kisses, your brain short-circuiting over how amazing you were feeling.

The feeling of Jared’s light spattering of facial hair reminded you of that night, the last time you had any kind of sex, with the man who was above you, readying you to take his cock again.

You knew you could take it, you knew that you were prepped enough for him to sink in completely and start fucking you like you wanted - like you needed.

You ground your hips down onto their fingers, tugging at the hairs on the back of Jared’s head, hoping that he’d get the hint.

“You think you’re ready?” Genevieve asked, and you opened your eyes as you nodded, trying to portray your want through your wordless mewls.

Jared pulled back, looking down at you with the same lust-filled expression that you could feel yourself giving them.

“Please,” you breathed again, and Gen nodded to her husband, the two of them gently removing their fingers from inside of you.

They communicated wordlessly but in perfect unison, and you found yourself being maneuvered on the bed once more. Jared moved between your spread legs, slicking himself with lube that he must have retrieved while you were being moved, while Genevieve lay on her side next to you.

“You okay?” she questioned, carding her hand into your hair.

“Yeah,” you breathed, leaning into her touch as Jared’s hands found your hips, his cock pressing at your entrance.
Genevieve kissed you softly as Jared moved his hips, slowly pushing into you and stretching you in the way that only he could.

Your whimper was swallowed in the kiss, the delicate hands on your face and in your hair a contrast to the strong palms on your hips, holding you exactly where Jared wanted you.

Your heart was thumping hard and fast, your chest heaving when you broke for breath, looking up into Gen’s gorgeous eyes. The rich brown was almost eclipsed by black pupils and her lips were kiss swollen, a deeper shade of skin-pink. She looked incredible.

She smiled down at you, a glint in her eyes that let you know she could tell what you were thinking.

“You’re not so bad yourself,” she told you as you closed your eyes, biting your lip as Jared thrust into you at just the right angle. “You’re right, Jared. She does look even better when she’s all hot and flustered.”

“Told you,” Jared breathed, and you opened your eyes to see him smirking down at you, Genevieve grinning back at him.

“You- you talked about me?” you asked, and Gen smiled.

She moved one of her hands down her body, biting her lip as she slipped her fingers between her legs.

“We talked about that night,” she told you, gasping as she circled her clit, her eyes fluttering closed. “After you called me. We talked it through on the phone. He told me about you, about how well you took him. About the sounds you made.”

Jared nodded, taking a hand from your waist and tangling it into his wife’s hair, pulling her in for a kiss as he pushed deep into you, his hips stilling against yours.

“Had the best phone sex of my life,” he added, kissing Gen again and pulling her lip between his teeth, biting hard enough for her to hiss.

She pulled away, rolling onto her back and getting comfortable against the pillows beside you.

You turned your head to face her, blushing when she spread her legs, unashamedly pleasuring herself to the show you and Jared were providing.

Both you and Jared groaned at the sight, and he began moving again, practised movements that had your breaths coming short and fast.

The slow drag was electric, every inch of him filling and leaving you slowly, surely, the sensation causing small moans to leave your throat unprompted.

You lips were parted in quiet pants, your head tilted to the side as you held eye contact with Genevieve.

Jared moved sensually, one hand tracing your body with the same appreciation as the first time, the other reaching over to Gen and rolling her hardened nipple between his fingers.

His palm resumed its position on your hip to steady himself as he increased the pace, moving his other hand down Genevieve’s torso and between her legs, causing her to gasp and turn her hooded gaze to her husband.
“Want you both to come,” Jared told you, and you nodded.

He ground against you as he thrust in, giving your clit the slight friction that you craved, before pulling out and slamming his hips back into you.

Your hips tried to lift up to meet his, but his strong hand kept you down. The small act of dominance had you closer than you already were.

“Kiss me.”

The words were commanding, and without thinking you complied, fitting your lips to Genevieve’s and letting her take control of the kiss as Jared tried to work the two of you to orgasm.

“You gonna come?” Gen asked, grabbing kisses between phrases. “You gonna come on his cock?” She was kissing you again before you could answer.

You wrapped your legs around his waist, urging him on as you felt yourself build to a climax.

You came the second Genevieve’s fingers touched your clit, and she continued to rub you through your orgasm.

Your body went limp, your chest heaving as Gen pulled back enough for you to catch your breath.

Jared was still fucking into you, and you held your legs around him to encourage him it was okay to keep going.

Gen’s breaths began to come faster, her hips moving in time with Jared’s thrusts as his fingers pumped into her.

His thumb began working at her clit, intent on her coming before him.

You felt as he began to lose it, his hips stuttering as Genevieve’s moans filled the air, her thighs clenching around Jared’s wrists as she came for the second time that night.

Jared groaned in relief, leaning forward to kiss you as he buried himself deep, finally letting his climax take over.

His hips still as he finally spilled into you, murmuring incomprehensible words of endearment against your lips.

You and Gen both carded a hand into his hair, helping him come down with gentle scratches to his scalp.

“Holy shit,” Jared breathed, kissing you deeply before turning to meet Gen’s awaiting lips. “That was amazing.”

The three of you cleaned up in their ensuite, and Jared gave you another of his shirts to sleep in, despite your insistence you had pyjamas in your case.

“You’re not gonna have any shirts left if you keep giving them to me,” you reminded him, and Genevieve laughed as the two of you walked back through to the bedroom.

“He likes seeing you in his things,” she told you, “It goes back to his caveman nature.”
“I heard that!” Jared called with a mouthful of toothpaste.

You huffed a small laugh, smiling as Gen ran her fingers through your hair, pulling it up into a bun.

She did the same to hers before making her way to the door.

“I should probably show you to your room,” she told you, and Jared came to stand beside you.

“Why can’t she stay in here?”

Genevieve shot him an incredulous look.

“What usually happens the morning after you’re home from set, Jared?”

He nodded in understanding.

“Tom and Shep come in and wake me up.”

“Exactly,” she sighed, “And Tom’s old enough to know that Y/N being in our bed doesn’t mean she had a nightmare.”

Jared laughed softly, large hands cupping your face as he placed a lingering, minty-fresh kiss to your lips.

“She’s gonna be right next door,” Genevieve reminded him, and he nodded, giving your butt a light slap as you made to leave the room.

“You’re insufferable,” you threw over your shoulder, and he grinned.

Genevieve walked you through to the room made up for you, your case already in there where Jared had brought it up earlier.

“Make yourself comfortable in here,” she told you, “You’re here for a few days.”

“Thank you,” you smiled, sitting on the soft mattress and instantly feeling exhausted.

“It’s nothing,” she assured you, switching on the lamp before walking towards the door.

“For… everything,” you clarified, looking down at your men’s-shirt-clad body.

“He looks at you like he looks at me,” she told you, smiling kindly as she turned back to face you, leaning against the doorframe. “And besides, it’s not like I’m not getting anything out of our arrangement.”

You blushed, opening your mouth to ask what exactly your arrangement was until you broke into a yawn.

“We’ll talk tomorrow, sweetie,” she told you, switching off the main light and leaving you in the dim glow of the bedside lamp. “Goodnight.”

You yawned again, getting under the covers.

“Goodnight.”

You woke up when you heard the door open, your eyes squinting open to see Jared close the door.
behind him and walk over to the curtains.

He pulled them back, letting the morning Austin sun filter into the generous guest room.

“Mornin’,” you grumbled, rubbing your eyes as you sat up, leaning against the headboard. “How are you so spritely?”

“I’ve been up with the kids for an hour already,” he laughed, perching on the edge of your mattress. “Besides, I slept really well. Don’t mean to brag, but I had some pretty amazing sex last night.”

You smiled, bringing your bottom lip between your teeth as you blinked lazily at him.

“Gen’s a good kisser,” you told him, “You’re a lucky guy.”

He dropped his head, nodding slightly.

“Don’t I know it,” he murmured, bringing a hand to the side of your neck and bringing you in for a kiss.

Your lips had barely touched when there was a small knock on the door.

Jared pulled back, laughing in soft frustration.

“Come in,” he called, getting to his feet.

The door opened revealing Tom and Shep, grinning.

They all but ran into the room, jumping up onto the bed and hugging you.

“Mornin’ Auntie Y/N,” Tom said, sitting beside you as Shep took residence on your lap.

You shot a look at Jared at ‘Auntie’, nothing obvious enough for the kids to notice.

“Good morning, boys,” you replied, wrapping your arms around Shepherd’s tummy and placing a kiss to the top of Tom’s head. “What’s the plan today?”

“We don’t have school b’cos the weekend,” Shep reminded you, and you nodded.

“Of course.”

“Mommy said we could probably go and play with JJ,” Tom said, and you could feel the excitement radiating off of him. “And see Arrow and Zeppy.”

“We’re going to the Ackles’?” you asked, and both of them nodded, huge grins on their faces. “I’ll have to get changed, then.”

Jared watched the scene play out in front of him, a warm feeling bubbling in his chest. Seeing you talk to his kids, how well you fit into his family so quickly, made him inexplicably happy.

“C’mon boys, are you gonna help Mommy with breakfast?” he asked, and the two of them nodded, clambering over you to get off of the bed.

“You coming, Daddy?” Shep asked, and Jared ruffled his hair as he guided them out of the room.

“We’ll be down in a sec, yeah?”
They’d left the room and rushed off to find Gen before their ‘okay’s’ were called out behind them.

You looked up at Jared, raising an eyebrow.

He sighed, shrugging slightly.

“The ‘Auntie Y/N’ thing was all them,” he insisted, “I think it’s because we work together, and they know Jensen as ‘Uncle Jensen’, they just-”

“It’s okay,” you assured him, “I just… It was a surprise.”

“To me, too,” he laughed, and you smiled, pulling back the covers and getting out of bed with a stretch.

You crouched by your case, looking through your clothes for something to wear.

“How am I supposed to dress for a day with the Ackles clan?” you asked, looking up at him again.

“If it was my decision, as few clothes as possible,” he told you, and you raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. “Okay, okay. Gen’s just wearing jeans and a sweater. If you’re wanting to hold the twins, be prepared for some spit-up.”

You pulled a face, and he laughed.

“Don’t be like that, Y/N,” he teased, crouching beside you and picking out an outfit he thought appropriate for the events of the day. “Babies are great.”

“Yeah, rather you than me,” you murmured, pulling out some underwear and stepping into your panties.

He straightened up, frowning down at you.

“You don’t want kids?”

“I never said that,” you replied, taking the jeans from his hands and pulling them up. “But I’m twenty.”

You left out the part that you having a baby right now would mean having a baby with him. The shit you got when everyone thought you were having an affair with Jensen would be twice as strong if anyone found out Jared got you pregnant.

The look on his face during the silence that followed your statement let you know he could fill in the blanks himself.

“I’ll be downstairs in a minute,” you told him, unbuttoning your shirt.

He nodded, but his eyes were following your fingers as they revealed more of your skin.

“Go downstairs, Jared,” you reiterated, and he nodded, stepping towards you and leaning down to kiss you.

You kissed back briefly before pushing at his chest, making him move away.

“I’m not gonna ask again, Sur,” you told him, mimicking Gen’s tone from the night before.

The authority in your voice made him groan involuntarily, shaking his head and mumbling as he
walked away.

“You and Gen’ll be the death of me.”

Jared and Jensen took the older kids to the cinema in the afternoon, leaving the ladies behind to look after the twins.

You were in the front room holding Arrow in your lap, letting her grab at your fingers and bring them into her toothless mouth.

“You’re a natural,” Danneel told you as Genevieve came back into the room with a pitcher of water.

You looked up at the two of them, unable to deny the smile that babygirl Ackles had put on your face.

“It’s not my fault that she’s the cutest baby in the whole world,” you defended, looking back down at her, smiling wide as she gurgled happily.

Genevieve laughed sitting down next to you.

“Zep’s not so bad, either,” you added, looking over at Danneel as she fed him, her hand covering the gorgeous dark hair on the back of his head. “You have beautiful kids.”

She smiled, looking down at her son.

“Helps that I’ve got a beautiful husband,” she teased, and you laughed, nodding.

Genevieve took Arrow from you, holding her in her arms and smoothing her hair down.

“Did y’all sort everything out?” Danneel asked, and you looked at Gen for an answer.

“I think so,” she said, carefully. “We’re still ironing out the fine details, but Y/N knows I’m not mad.”

She looked at you, a glint in her eye that Danneel caught from her position across the room as she nodded, impressed.

“Well,” she grinned, “Welcome to the ‘Padackles’ family, Y/N.”

You laughed, heat rising on your cheeks.

“I’m not a Padalecki or an Ackles,” you reminded her, “I’m not sure the fans would accept me into your family group.”

Danneel rolled her eyes.

“Fans’ll always give you shit,” she told you, bluntly. “Gen and I get shit daily, people thinking we’re beards or that we’re not good enough. We’ve learnt to live with it, and we’ll help you through it.”

You smiled, her protectiveness warming your heart.

“Y’all are happy,” she continued, shrugging softly so as not to jostle Zeppelin. “Jared’s family is our family, and that includes you now.”
The rest of your time in Austin was more of the same.

Most of the days were spent with the Ackles’ - Jared and Jensen weren’t lying when they said they spent most of their downtime together - pictures being snapped by Danneel and Genevieve at random intervals.

The nights were spent wrapped up in Jared and Gen, having the best sex of your life.

You wanted nothing more than to curl up in bed with them after, falling asleep in the warmth of their embrace, but the risk of the kids coming in was too great.

You always made your way back to the guest room, settling into the mattress alone and silently wishing things could be different.

Wednesday came around and you had to catch your flight back to Vancouver. The older kids were at school, so you all travelled in the same car to the airport, the twins fast asleep in their carry-cots.

Danneel and Genevieve waved you off, kissing their husbands goodbye as the three of you walked further into the airport.

“How’d you like your first Texas trip?” Jensen asked, and you felt a blush rising on your cheeks despite the fact there wasn’t even a trace of judgement or suggestiveness in his question.

“I had fun,” you sighed, turning your head to look up at Jared. “Your house is incredible.”

“I’m sure his beds are pretty great too,” Jensen murmured, and your head snapped to him.

“Jensen we’re in public,” you reminded him, knowing for sure that you’d heard someone say ‘Gilmore Girls’ while pointing at Jared just after you left Danneel and Gen.

“You’re being paranoid,” Jared told you, “We’re co-stars. It’s not weird that we’d be flying together. Now let’s go grab a coffee before we board.”

By the time you landed in Vancouver, your phone was blowing up with notifications. Some from the fans you met in the airport, but most from people responding to the post that Danneel made.

You unlocked your phone to see a tweet with four pictures. The tweet read, ‘@DanneelHarris: Loved having the whole family together for a few days <3 @JensenAckles @realGpad @jarpad @itsy/n’, and the pictures had the three of you smiling as Jensen and Jared checked their phones too.

The first three were random pictures from the times you’d spent together - one of you and Danneel holding the twins, JJ and Tom playing in the background, the next of Jared and Jensen with their
guitars, the kids watching intently, and the third of you sat on the floor in front of the armchair, JJ sat behind you braiding your hair. The final picture made you smile wider.

It had been taken when you were walking away in the airport.

Jared and Jensen were either side of you, both looking down and smiling at you while you grinned back up at Jared. It was a simple photo, your faces not even fully visible as the picture was taken from behind, but it made you inexplicably happy.

“Found my new Facebook cover photo,” Jensen murmured, and you grinned, really feeling like part of the group.

Being back on set was weird. You had to pick up where you left off, Trinity still not wanting to work with the Winchesters in an effort to prove that she didn’t need to be protected, which meant you had a lot of scenes with Misha and hardly any with Jared and Jensen.

Your timetables meant that you rarely saw them during the week- they were filming while you weren’t and vice versa, and on the rare occasions when you did see them it was only for fleeting moments. It was a shocking contrast to how inseparable you’d been in Austin, and you found yourself missing them despite the fact that they were nearby.

Two weeks after your return to Vancouver, you were really starting to feel like shit.

You’d just finished shooting a scene with Misha, and the two of you headed to the catering truck to get something to eat.

You found a table while Misha got you a salad, rubbing your temples with your fingertips to try and ease some of the tension there as you sat down.

“That was a good shoot,” Misha announced, setting your container in front of you, a fork balanced on top.

You smiled tightly as he sat down opposite you.

“Yeah,” you agreed, “Less takes than usual.”

“Because we didn’t have Jensen and Jared to fuck us up,” Misha teased, and you nodded, opening your salad.

He frowned at you, concern evident in his features.

“Y/N, is everything okay?” he asked, and you nodded. “You sure? You’ve seemed a little off all day. All week, really. Did something happen in Austin?”

Your eyes shot to his at the mention of Texas. You weren’t sure how much he knew, and you certainly weren’t about to give it away.

“I’m fine, Mish,” you tried, but he looked skeptical. “I appreciate your concern, I really do, but I think I’m just feeling a bit shitty.”

He nodded, looking at you carefully before pushing his salad around with his plastic fork, piercing a piece of chicken and taking a bite.

The scent hit you strong, a queasiness pooling in your gut that didn’t disappear when you swallowed.
You pushed back from the table, tipping over your chair as you rushed to find a bathroom, leaving Misha confused and calling after you.

You reached a restroom just in time, retching up what little had been in your stomach into the toilet. Your abs burned with the strain, and the tension in your temple was back along with a hammering headache.

You fell back onto your ass where you were crouched on the floor, leaning your head back against the stall door.

So, not only was being without Jared and Jensen fucking with you emotionally, but now it was making you physically sick as well?

You just couldn’t catch a break.

You took a few moments to compose yourself, using the tissue to wipe your mouth and flushing the toilet.

You left the stall, splashing water on your face and swilling some in your mouth to get rid of the aftertaste of bile.

You looked in the mirror.

Trinity’s makeup was ruined, your skin blotchy and discoloured.

“Fuck,” you murmured, using hand towels to dry off your face before going back out to find Misha.

It didn’t take long, as he was waiting outside the door for you.

One look at your face had concern plastered all over his.

“You’re taking the rest of the day off,” he told you, matter of factly.

“I’m fine,” you lied, offering a weak smile, “I just need some water.”

He nodded, putting his arm around you as you began to walk.

“I’ll get you some, kiddo,” he told you, steering you away from the sound stage and towards the direction of your trailer. “I’ll get you water if you agree to take the afternoon for yourself.”

You leant against him as you walked, feeling exhausted and craving the contact.

“Bob’s gonna be pissed,” you murmured, and Misha laughed softly.

“Bob can kiss my ass, we’re getting you healthy again,” he responded. “Honestly, don’t stress. We’re ahead of schedule so the network won’t get mad. You need rest, and you’re gonna get it.”

You stopped in front of your trailer as Misha pulled you into a hug, kissing the top of your head.

“I’ll bring you some water,” he told you, and you nodded, pulling back and smiling up at him.

“Thanks, Uncle Mish.”

He laughed, patting your shoulder as he walked away.
“Less of that ‘Uncle’ shit.”

You were curled up on the couch, Xbox controller in hand, trying to beat your time on Need For Speed when there was a knock on your trailer door.

“It’s open,” you called, not peeling your eyes from the screen.

The door opened and Misha stepped in, closing it behind him.

He tapped your shoulder with the bottle of water, and you paused the game, reaching up to take it.

“Thanks,” you mumbled, uncapping it and taking a drink.

“You’re welcome.”

That wasn’t Misha’s voice. You turned your head up and to the side, seeing Jared look down at you, concern furrowing his brow.

“Jared,” you breathed, putting the controller and water down on the table and shifting to face him properly. “What-?”

“I wasn’t due on set today,” he told you, walking around the couch to sit beside you. “Misha found me and said you were sick.”

You laughed softly. “Misha’s exaggerating.”

He raised an eyebrow and you sighed, not able to lie to him.

“Okay, maybe I was a little sick,” you relented, and he nodded, touching the backs of his fingers to your forehead.

“Doesn’t feel like you’ve got a temperature,” he told you, still frowning softly.

“I- uh, I feel better,” you offered, and he laughed, stroking your hair behind your ear.

“Already?”

You nodded, humming in assent.

You didn’t want to admit that just seeing him made you feel better instantly. Jared-withdrawal isn’t exactly a medically recognised condition.

“Our schedules have been pretty shitty, huh?” he commented, and you sighed.

“Yeah. Feels like I haven’t seen you in weeks,” you admitted.

Jared pulled you to him, and you relaxed with your back against his chest as his arms wrapped around you.

“Maybe Trinity should just suck it up and apologise to the Winchesters,” Jared offered, and you laughed.

“If I was in the writing room they wouldn’t have argued in the first place.”

He smiled, placing a kiss to your temple.
“I thought you were, and I quote, ‘totally loving the angsty shit’.”

You shook your head, turning to look at him.

“It was fun for a bit,” you allowed, “But now it’s dragging. I love working with Misha but-”

“It’s not the same,” he finished for you, smiling sadly. “Yeah, I know.”

You matched his sad smile as he leant down, placing a light kiss to your lips, lingering awhile longer than usual.

“Minty,” he murmured against your lips, and you laughed softly, pulling back.

“I brushed my teeth. The lingering taste of vomit doesn’t really do it for me.”

He pulled a face, and you smiled, leaning in and kissing him again, deeper this time.

His hands moved to your hips, lightly pushing you back into the sofa and moving over you, his knees either side of your thighs, holding his weight off of you.

You carded a hand into his hair, loving the feeling of having him with you again.

“Missed this,” he mumbled, and you nodded, kissing him again.

His tongue rang along the seam of your lips and you opened up for him.

Your stomach lurched and you pulled away instantly, pushing him from your lap and rushing to your trailer’s bathroom.

Jared got to his feet, following instantly and holding your hair back as you began to retch up nothing but bile into the toilet bowl.

“This is so unattractive,” you groaned, resting your forehead on the backs of your hands.

“Hey, it’s okay,” he assured you, wincing as you retched again. “Though I’ve never had somebody literally throw up from a kiss with me.”

“It’s not you,” you assured him, wiping your mouth with tissue and flushing the toilet when you knew you were done.

You got to your feet, instantly reaching for the mouthwash to get rid of the horrible taste.

“This is bullshit,” you grumbled around the mouthwash.

Jared smiled sympathetically, but the look just irked you more.

You spat into the sink, swilling water around your mouth before rinsing it all down the drain.

“I don’t feel ill and then all of a sudden I’m chucking up,” you sighed, looking in the mirror and grimacing at your reflection.

“Don’t be like that,” Jared murmured, pulling on your arm until you met him in the doorway, letting him hug you to him. “I still think you’re gorgeous.”

You scoffed, wrapping your arms around him despite yourself.

“Well, you have to say that, you’re my-”
You stopped yourself before you finished your sentence, unsure what you were going to say anyway. Your whole body tensed in Jared’s arms, suddenly once again unsure where you stood.

“Yeah, well,” he said, after a moment’s awkward silence. “I’m not just saying it ‘cause I have to.”

You relaxed slightly, pulling back and smiling gratefully up at him.

“Okay, kiddo, let’s get you to bed,” he announced, leaving you to follow behind as he walked through to your bedroom.

“It’s barely 2pm,” you complained, but he ignored you, searching through your limited drawer space to find what he was looking for.

He smiled triumphantly as he pulled out the shirt and boxers you wore after your first night together.

You couldn’t help but let out a small huff of laughter as he put them down on the bed for you to change into.

Regardless, you began to change without a fuss, careful not to crease any of Trinity’s clothes too badly so wardrobe wouldn’t need to tell you off again.

Jared busied himself changing your bedsheets and getting you a glass of orange juice and another bottle of water.

“These sheets are boring,” he commented, pulling back the duvet so you could get in.

You did as prompted, ignoring the fact that you weren’t even remotely tired in favour of relishing in the attention.

“You’d rather I had stars and stripes like yours?” you teased. “Sorry, but I’m not feeling too patriotic this year.”

“You and me, both,” he muttered, sitting down beside you but on top of the covers. “I’m gonna get Clif and Jensen to take you to see a doctor tomorrow.”

You scoffed, leaning your head against the headboard.

“I don’t feel sick,” you reiterated. “And I don’t need a bodyguard and a babysitter.”

“Did it sound like a question?” he asked, and you raised an eyebrow at him.

“Jared Padalecki, are you telling me what to do?”

He nodded, not even a little bit sorry for being demanding.

“I have stuff to film with Misha and Mark tomorrow so I won’t be able to go with you,” he expanded. “We need to figure out what’s making you like this.”

“Probably just a tummy thing,” you mumbled, sliding further onto the mattress until you were lying down.

“Well, we’ll find out for sure once you’ve seen a doctor,” he told you, carding his hand through your hair.

You looked up at him, your eyelids heavy now that you were horizontal.
“You like looking after me, huh?”

He laughed softly, nodding as he rested his palm against your cheek.

“I like to make sure you’re healthy,” he smiled, leaning down to kiss your forehead before standing up. “Get some rest.”

You hummed in agreement, grabbing his wrist as he went to leave.

“Stay?” you asked, blinking up at him. “Unless… unless you’ve got somewhere to be?”

He checked his watch, biting his lip before nodding, shedding his jeans and outer layers.

He crawled in beside you, rolling you over so your back was to him.

“Thanks,” you murmured as he fit his chest to your back, his strong arm draped over your waist.

He kissed the knob of your spine, a warm hand slipping under your shirt and resting against your stomach.

“Sleep,” he ordered softly, and you didn’t have the energy to do anything but comply.

The doctor took blood and urine samples, telling you she’d get back to you once the results came through and they could tell what was up.

You were still feeling pukey, but better, so you were on set the next couple of days. The boys insisted you never did anything to strenuous, not wanting you to get really sick again, so you had your stunt woman stand in for more scenes than you usually would.

You were taking a break with Jensen over at catering when you got the call.

“Go for Y/N,” you answered, swallowing a mouthful of pasta.

“Hello, this is Dr. Paton, how are you feeling?”

You nodded even though she couldn’t see it. “I’m okay, a bit better, I think.”

‘Is that the doctor?’ Jensen mouthed, and you nodded, holding your finger over your lips so you could concentrate on what she was saying.

“Well, you’ll be pleased to know that we have conclusive results from both the blood and urine tests,” she told you and you nodded again.

“Just a bug, right?” you asked, and she paused, sighing softly.

“Uh, no, no, there’s no bug,” she said, and you sat up straighter, the blood draining from your face. A bucket, you needed a bucket. “Both sets of results concluded that you’re expecting.”

Where was that bucket?

“Y/N, you’re ten weeks pregnant,” Dr. Paton told you, and your stomach convulsed as your heart hammered in your chest. “We’d like to bring you in for an ultrasound to check how everything’s going, if you’re available this week..?”

You tried to steady your breathing, deliberately not looking at Jensen’s worried expression.

“Of course, I know this could be quite a shock-”

You didn’t hear the rest of what she was saying because you’d dropped your phone and ran for the bathroom.

Hot tears streamed down your face as you crouched over the toilet bowl, heaving up everything that you’d eaten in the last 24 hours.

How the fuck was this your life?

Eight months ago you were an unemployed, wannabe actress. Now, here you were, kneeling on the floor of a toilet on the set of Supernatural, carrying your (fourteen years your senior and married) co-star’s bastard child.

A tentative knock came on the other side of the door, and you got to your feet, wiping your mouth with the tissue and trying to stop yourself from crying.

You flushed the toilet, unlocking the door and going straight to the sink to splash water in your face.

“Y/N,” Jensen began, “What’s-?”

“Nothing,” you lied, plastering on a smile as you dried your face with a paper towel. “It’s just a bug.”

He sighed, pulling you into a hug and kissing the top of your head.

“For such a great actor, you’re a terrible liar,” he murmured, and you laughed humorlessly, trying not to cry again. “I don’t know why you’re lying to me, but if there’s something wrong..?”

“There’s a lot wrong,” you admitted, pulling away and smiling weakly up at him. “But I have to talk to Jared first.”

Realisation dawned on his face, and his sympathetic expression caused you to begin to cry again.

“Oh, kiddo,” Jensen sighed, hugging you close again. “It’ll be okay.”

You sniffed, your body shaking with sobs.

“It’s gonna be fine,” he repeated, his arms tight around you.

You scrunched your eyes shut, willing yourself to believe him but unable to convince yourself.

“No, it’s not.”
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

I keep forgetting I posted this here too...
While writing it, this chapter was subtitled - 'The One Where Shit Goes Down'

You had to get through another four hours of filming before you would get a chance to talk to Jared alone.

You apologised to the make-up team when you went back into the trailer, your face blotchy from being sick and your make-up ruined from crying.

The whole time you were on set, your mind was elsewhere. Specifically, you were wondering how to tell Jared that you were carrying his illegitimate, unplanned child.

The thought alone made you feel sick, but you swallowed the feeling down and tried to get through the scenes in as few takes as possible.

Jensen had promised not to tell Jared about your news - “It’s not my secret to share, kiddo” - so you knew, for now, nobody else was finding out.

You were absolutely exhausted when you returned to your trailer that night, just wanting to go to bed and forget about your troubles for a few hours.

That plan was foiled when you saw Jared sitting on your couch, waiting for you.

“How’d it go?” he asked, smiling as you took off your jacket.

You opened your mouth to reply, but no words would come. Instead, you felt yourself begin to cry.

“Hey,” he soothed, getting to his feet and moving to pull you into a hug.

You stepped away, shaking your head.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, his voice soft as he stood a foot in front of you, respecting your boundaries without question.

“The, uh,” you sniffed, wiping your eyes with your sleeve as you tried to calm down. “The doctor called.”

He nodded slowly, allowing you to continue without interruption.

You took a deep, shuddering breath as you finally met his gaze.

“I’m pregnant, Jared,” you told him, feeling the corners of your mouth pull down and clenching your jaw to stop yourself from crying again.

His expression was unreadable, a million thoughts running through his head.

“It’s yours,” you added quietly, to confirm any questions he might’ve had.
A frown pulled at his brow at that, blinking down at you.

“Who else’s would it be?” he asked, confused.

“Nobody’s,” you assured him. “I haven’t- just you- but we never…”

You were tripping over your words, so you shook your head to try and clear your thoughts.

“We never said anything about being exclusive and I didn’t want you to think-”

“It’s okay,” he told you, and you shut your mouth, biting your lip.

“It’s a lot of things,” you murmured, “And I’m not sure that ‘okay’ is one of them.”

He reached out to pull you into a hug again, and this time you let him, finding small comfort in the strong warmth of his body against your own.

“I’ve fucked it all up,” you mumbled, your cheek pressed against his chest so you didn’t have to look at him. “I should’ve known better.”

“Hey,” Jared chastised, softly. “If anyone should’ve known better, it’s me.”

“I shouldn’t have pursued you in the first place,” you protested, letting go of him and moving further into your trailer, putting some space between the two of you.

“Y/N-”

“If I wasn’t such a goddamn flirt, none of this would’ve happened.”

He leant against the wall, his hands finding his pockets self-consciously.

“You really think that?” he asked, the space between you suddenly feeling more than just the physical distance. “You think that, without the flirting and the teasing, I wouldn’t have fallen for you?”

You shrugged, folding your arms a little defensively.

“I don’t know,” you admitted, throwing your head back in annoyance - at yourself, more than anything. “This wasn’t how my life was supposed to go.”

“How was it supposed to go?” Jared questioned, his voice gentle but full of hurt.

“I don’t know,” you told him again, needing to remind yourself to breathe. “But I wasn’t supposed to start a relationship with a married man. A fucking famous married man, Jesus.”

You shook your head, hating yourself for even auditioning for the role on this stupid fucking show.

“What the hell am I supposed to tell people?” you asked, rhetorically. “Nobody can know it’s your kid, that would ruin your whole life, your career. Shit, you saw what happened when they thought I was screwing Jensen.”

Jared opened his mouth to interrupt but you were on a roll, now you’d started talking you couldn’t get yourself to stop.

“But then if it comes out that I don’t know who the father is, I get labeled as a fucking slut for my entire life. Which, I guess, wouldn’t be wrong,” you added, full of self loathing. “What if it looks
like you? Shep’s looking more like you every fucking day, Jared. The fans aren’t stupid, they’ll put two and two together and realise that I fucked a married man. And his wife, shit.”

Jared crossed your trailer quickly, pulling you into a tight hug as you felt your breaths coming short and fast.

“We’ll figure it out,” he promised, kissing the top of your head gently. “I don’t regret starting this. I don’t regret sleeping with you, bringing you into our lives, our family. I don’t regret any of it.”

He paused, taking an unsure breath before adding, quietly, “Do you?”

You took a moment to push your emotions to the side, trying to think clearly.

“I don’t- I don’t think so.”

You shook your head against him, taking a steadying breath as you pulled away.

“Gen needs to know,” you told him, and his face dropped slightly before nodding. “She’ll be awake now, right?”

“Yeah,” he confirmed. “The boys will be in bed.”

Ah, yes, the boys. Your bastard baby’s half-brothers.

You pushed down the hysteria that you could feel rising.

“Do you want me to stay?” he asked, and you considered his offer for all of two seconds before shaking your head.

“I think I need to do this alone,” you explained, and he nodded in understanding.

Jared took a step towards you, leaning down and kissing you softly.

“Call me if you need anything,” he requested, and you nodded. “We’re gonna be okay. I love you.”

You swallowed a lump in your throat, unable to meet his eyes as he pulled away, leaving your trailer without another word.

You paced your trailer with your phone in your hand, knowing you had to call Genevieve but not knowing how you were supposed to tell her.

After five minutes of mindless pacing, you sucked it up and sent her a text.

*Hey. You available to call?*

Another minute passed before your phone started buzzing in your hand, a FaceTime call from Genevieve coming through.

You sat down on your couch, taking a deep breath before answering.

Gen’s smiling face filled the screen, and you recognised their headboard in the background as she greeted you cheerily.

“Well, sweetie,” she smiled, and you forced a smile back.

“Well.”
She could sense something was wrong, her smile faltering instantly.

“Something tells me this isn’t just a casual chat,” she prompted, and you nodded, inhaling forcefully to stop yourself from crying again.

God, your emotions were all over the place.

Hormones, probably.

“There’s no easy way to say this, so I’m just gonna say it,” you told her, picking at a loose thread on the seam of your jeans. “I’m- uh- I’m pregnant.”

There was a pause, and you glanced at the screen to see Gen nodding slowly, contemplating.

“It’s Jared’s,” you added, unsure why you kept feeling the need to specify. “I swear I didn’t mean for this to happen, I just-”

“Calm down, sweetie,” she told you, sensing that you were about to start rambling. “I’m not blaming you for anything. You’re okay.”

You nodded, your fingers flexing around the phone in your hand.

“This is such a shitty way to tell you this,” you murmured, and she smiled sympathetically.

“Is there a non-shitty way?” she teased, fondly. “Look, Y/N, it’s okay. I’m not mad.”

You frowned at her tone, her open honest expression not saying anything contrary to her words.

“You’re not?” you asked, and she shook her head.

“Not even a little bit,” she assured you. “Do you have a doctor up there? Someone to talk you through what’s going to happen to your body?”

The question took you surprise, and you shook your head.

“No, I-,” you paused, swallowing. “You want me to keep it?”

Her expression changed to one of deep concern.

“You don’t?”

You swallowed again, your mouth incredibly dry all of a sudden.

“I don’t-” you cleared your throat. “I don’t know.”

She didn’t respond for a second, and you began to panic before she spoke softly.

“That’s okay,” she told you, gently. “I’ll support whatever you decide. You’re not alone in any of this, okay?”

You finally allowed yourself to cry, nodding and sniffing.

“Oh, honey,” she soothed, her voice full of sympathy. “We’ll get through this.”

“Yeah?” you asked, weakly.

“I promise,” she confirmed, and you found yourself smiling sadly. “Alright, sweetie, it’s late. You
You nodded, wiping your eyes with your sleeve. “Thank you. For… for being so cool with this. All of this. I know it’s not ideal.”

“It’s alright, darlin’,” she assured you again. “I’m not gonna get mad over something we can’t change. You’re my family, and I’ll support you through whatever.”

“Thanks, Gen,” you smiled, relief flooding through you.

“No problem,” she replied. “Go to bed, sweetheart. We can talk in the morning.”

She blew you a kiss as she hung up, and you made your way through to your bedroom, getting under the covers without changing your clothes.

You were still crying as you fell asleep.

“Come on, Y/N, we’ve gotta get to the airport!”

Jensen’s voice came through into your trailer early on Friday morning, and you groaned in annoyance as you opened your door.

“I’m ready,” you lied, letting him in and moving back through to your room, where your suitcase was open and empty on your bed.

“Jesus, kiddo,” Jensen sighed, opening your drawers and starting to throw clothes into your case. “Clif’s waiting for us.”

“I know,” you assured him, taking the nicer clothes from your wardrobe and adding them alongside the comfier ones Jensen had put in. “I overslept.”

You closed your case, zipping it up and making to lift it down before Jensen stopped you, carrying it himself.

“I can do it,” you murmured, picking up your purse and another pair of shoes.

“You’re not supposed to lift heavy things,” he reminded you, leading the way out towards where the car was waiting.

Your cheeks flushed at the reminder of your situation - as if you could ever really forget.

“It’s not that heavy,” you retorted quietly, and he raised an eyebrow.

“Let me look after you,” he insisted, wrapping his free arm around your shoulders. “It’s my job to look after my clan.”

“You’re an idiot,” you told him, pushing him away fondly as you got to the car.

You opened the passenger door as Jensen put your bags in the trunk, smiling your apology to Clif and Jared.

“Missed my alarm,” you explained, looking over your shoulder to Jared.

“We’re not late,” he assured you. “You looking forward to the con?”
“I’m looking forward to sleeping on the plane,” you admitted through a yawn, earning you a fond chuckle.

“Alright, let’s get going,” Jensen said, getting in beside Jared. “We’ve got a flight to catch.”

You didn’t get a chance to sleep on the plane, but then you never really did.

In all honesty, you hated travelling to conventions. You hated that the second you’d close your eyes to get some rest, someone would come past and recognise you or the guys, and you’d have to be awake to talk to them for a while. You mostly hated the fact that there were people waiting at the gate for pictures or autographs wherever you went.

It wasn’t that you all didn’t want to, it’s that if you were in a rush (surprise, you were always in a rush) and had to say ‘no’ to some people, you’d be labeled as a bitch for the next month.

Also, you’d just been on a plane, for fuck’s sake. You didn’t need pictures of your makeup-less eye bags all over the internet for everyone to see.

Despite your distaste for the whole ordeal, you got through it all with a believable looking smile on your face, pretending to be disappointed when Clif and the rest of your security team ushered you away towards the awaiting cars.

You all rode in different cars to the convention hotel, arriving one at a time always causing less drama than if you all arrived at once.

You were the last to arrive, and when you finally got through the crowds and onto the level your hotel room was on, you finally felt like you could breathe again.

“Do you know who else is on this floor?” you asked the concierge who was showing you to your room. “Out of the cast, I mean.”

He blushed slightly, he couldn’t have been more than eighteen, his eyes flitting between yours and the floor. “All cast guests are on this floor and the one above.”

You smiled at him, a genuine smile this time, when you realised that he was a huge fan and was trying to be professional.

“Do you have tickets to the convention?” you asked him, and he shook his head.

“I’m working all weekend,” he informed you as you stopped outside your room.

He opened the door for you, helping you to carry your bags through into the modest but beautiful suite.

“Do you know where Jared and Jensen’s rooms are?” you asked him, and he blushed again as he nodded. “Can you take me there?”

“Sure,” he agreed, handing you the room key.

You took it with an appreciative smile, letting him lead you out of the room and back into the elevator.

“What’s your name?” you asked as he pressed the button for the next floor.

“Jack,” he told you, and you nodded.
“Strong name,” you told him. “Nice to meet you, Jack. I’m Y/N.”

He laughed slightly, nodding his head again. “Yeah, I know. My little sister thinks Trinity is a total badass.”

“She is,” you agreed, laughing slightly. “Do you want me to do a video or voice note for her?”

The elevator doors opened and you stepped out, turning back to face him when he hadn’t followed you. He was awestruck, shaking his head to snap himself out of it as he walked towards you.

“You’d do that?” he asked, stunned, and you nodded, motioning for him to hand you his phone.

“What’s her name?” you asked him as he unlocked his phone and opened it on the camera before handing it to you.

“Sophia,” Jack replied, still surprised that you were going to do this for his sister. “Soph.”

You nodded, holding the camera in front of your face and smiling bright before hitting record.

“Hi Sophia!” you grinned. “My name’s Y/N, I play Trinity on Supernatural. Your brother tells me you’re a big fan! Well I’m a big fan of you, too. I hope we can meet some day. Keep kicking, sweetie.”

You blew a kiss and stopped the recording, handing Jack back his phone.

“You’re so cool,” he breathed, and you laughed, starting to follow him again as he lead you down the hallway.

He stopped between two rooms, nodding to them both in turn.

“Mr. Ackles, Mr. Padalecki,” he told you, and you grinned.

You didn’t say anything as you knocked on both of their doors, entirely unsurprised when they both emerged from the same one, a beer in hand each.

“Y’all know you have to be up and ready by 8:30 tomorrow, right?” you told them, nodding to the already half finished bottles.

Jensen shrugged, taking another swig before he noticed Jack standing awkwardly beside you. He raised an eyebrow at you, and you smiled hopefully.

“This is Jack,” you told them. “He’s a big fan but he can’t go to the convention because he’s working this weekend. I thought we could take a picture with him. He’s been super helpful.”

Jack gasped slightly, causing Jared to huff a small laugh.

“The video was enough,” Jack told you, quietly, causing Jensen to laugh this time.

“What kind of videos have you been giving teenage boys, kiddo?” he asked, and you hit his shoulder playfully.

“I just said hi to his little sister, you perv,” you teased, smiling back up at them. “So can we have a picture with you?”

“Sure,” Jared agreed, grabbing the bottle from Jensen and putting the two down on a table inside
his room.

You handed Jared your phone - ‘you’ve got the longest arms, Jare, you’re practically a walking selfie stick’ - and posed for the picture. Jared took a few different ones, one smiling and others making goofy faces.

“I’ll post my favourite to twitter,” you told Jack, who was grinning from ear to ear. “I’ll probably wait until Monday, so that nobody finds out Jared’s room number, but when I do, if you like or reply or whatever, I’ll DM you the others.”

“You’re awesome,” he told you, and you shook your head, shoving your phone into your pocket.

“You’ve been helpful,” you assured him. “Maybe we’ll see you around this weekend.”

“Maybe,” he agreed, looking up at Jared and Jensen. “Thank you so much.”

“No problem,” Jensen smiled. “Have a nice night.”

Jack nodded, starting to walk away. “You too.”

Jared laughed again, walking further into his room and expecting the two of you to follow.

They picked up their beers, Jensen moving to the fridge to offer you one before realising his mistake, instead pulling out a soda can.

“What are your plans for tonight?” you asked them, and they shared a look before Jensen shrugged.

“Drinkin’ and sleepin’,” he suggested. “Gonna have a busy weekend, the concert tomorrow night won’t leave much sleeping time before the early Sunday panel.”

“Right,” you sighed, taking the can when he offered it. “Well, I’ll leave you to it.”

You turned to leave, Jared catching up to you once you were out in the hallway again.

“Where are you going?” he asked, a soft frown pulling at his brows.

“Back to my room,” you told him. “I don’t want to intrude on guy time, besides—”

“You wouldn’t be intruding,” he interrupted, and you sighed.

“Besides,” you repeated, pointedly, “It’s not like I can drink, is it?”

Jared was about to reply when the sound of a door opening stopped him, and you turned around to find the culprit.

“Y/N, I was just coming to find you,” Kathryn smiled, jogging the few steps towards you and pulling you into a hug.

You hugged back until she pulled away, throwing her arms around Jared, too.

“Long time no see, Gigantor,” she teased, and he ruffled her hair fondly.

“What were you looking for Y/N for?” he asked her, and she turned to you, still smiling.

“Oh, yeah. Well, everyone’s going out to a bar so I figured I’d come find the only other underage
cast attendee and see if she wanted to do anything,” she explained. “Maybe we could think up some funny stories to tell at our panel on Sunday.”

“Sounds like a plan,” you agreed. “I was just planning on getting room service and watching Netflix, but that’d be loads better with company.”

Kathryn smiled and you turned to Jared, smiling up at him.

“Have your guy’s night,” you told him. “We’ll have a girl’s night.”

“Alright, kids, enjoy your soda and twinkies,” he teased, walking back towards his room.

“Enjoy your beer bellies!” Kathryn shouted after him. “You’re not gonna be 34 forever, old man!”

Jared was laughing as he opened the door to his room.

Jared and Jensen were murmuring to each other during their panel on Saturday, causing them to miss a question from the fan at the mic.

“Sorry, sweetheart,” Jensen drawled, causing her to blush and assure him it’s okay. “What was your question?”

“I just mentioned that there’ve been a lot of Supernatural cast babies recently,” she repeated, and Jensen frowned.

“What do you mean?”

“Well,” she blushed. “You just had twins a few months ago-”

“I didn’t physically birth them myself,” he interrupted, causing the crowd to laugh. “But yes, my twins were born in December.”

“Right, yeah,” she agreed. “And Felicia had Calliope. Alona just had Charlie. My question is: is there something in the water on set? Or some kind of fertility spell hitting the cast all of a sudden or…?”

Jared and Jensen both laughed, Jared lifting his mic to his lips.

“That’s, uh, that’s actually a good theory,” he allowed, “Because there’s another one on the way, too.”

Gasps and murmurs erupted around the hall, and Jensen shot Jared a chastising look.

Jared, for his part, looked as if he’d just seen a ghost, unable to believe he’d let his mouth run away with him.

“You mean, Gen is…?” the fan at the mic asked, voicing the question on everyone’s lips.

“No, no, not Jared and Gen,” Jensen answered for him, smiling awkwardly.

“Ahh, sorry to get y’all’s hopes up,” Jared apologised. “No, Gen isn’t pregnant, I’m sorry.”

“So who is?”

It was a shout from the crowd, and Jared couldn’t pin down the face as he answered.
“Just… just another cast member.”

He was stumbling over his words, so Jensen stepped in.

“It’s really not our news to share,” he told them, still semi-glaring at his friend. “They’ll announce it when they’re ready and in their own way.”

The crowd started to get rowdy again, talking amongst themselves, and Jensen pulled his mic away from his face, standing directly in front of Jared to block him from the audience as he spoke in a hushed tone.

“What the hell?” he hissed, and Jared swallowed, his eyes apologetic. “They’re not gonna shut up about this until they find out who it is.”

“I know,” Jared admitted, conscious about the people in the front rows being able to hear him. “I just… she said about babies and I got excited. It just slipped out.”

“It’s not your right to blurt it out,” Jensen snapped, running a hand over his face in frustration. “God, you’re an idiot.”

The crowd had quieted down now, and Jensen took a deep breath, plastering on a smile as he turned to face everyone again.

“Sorry about that,” he laughed awkwardly into this mic. “Someone doesn’t know the meaning of the word ‘secret’.”

Jared huffed a small laugh, reaching for his water bottle as Jensen motioned to the next girl in line.

“Okay, last question,” he told her, causing people behind her to groan. “I’m sorry, I really am, but we’re nearly out of time. Let’s hope Jared doesn’t get us into any more shit with his answer, this time.”

The crowd laughed, and Jared rolled his eyes, uncapping his bottle and starting to drink as the fan began to ask her question.

“How has it been, adjusting to the change in dynamic on set, with Y/N joining the cast?”

Jared sputtered a cough around his water at the mention of your name, and Jensen slapped his back to stop him from choking on his own saliva.

“Sorry,” Jared wheezed, “Continue.”

“We know that you all like to joke and mess around with people you work with,” she reiterated. “How do you adjust each time, to each new personality? And particularly with Y/N. Not only is she so young, but she’s come in as a regular cast member, not just a recurring or guest.”

Jared wet his lips, trying to get himself together after his initial surprise at the question.

“She, ah, she’s fit in really well, really quickly,” he told her, unable to think of anything else to say.

“She’s practically a part of our family already,” Jensen added, causing ‘aww’s to reverberate around the room. “We had a little, mini-hiatus a few weeks back to be with the kids, and she actually came to Austin with us.”

“We saw,” the fan smiled. “Danneel tweeted, then all three of you got matching cover photos. It was cute.”
Jensen laughed, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Yeah, that’s… That photo sums up our relationship,” he agreed. “She’s one of us. Fit right in from the start. Helps that she can take all the bullshitting that goes on on set, dishes out as good as she gets.”

Jared nodded in agreement.

“We love having her on set,” he confirmed. “And Trinity brings something to the show that we haven’t seen in quite a few seasons.”

“It’s nice to have some angst that isn’t splitting up the brothers,” the fan told them, and they both hummed in agreement.

“That’s true,” Jensen smiled. “The Winchesters are strong, this season.”

You didn’t take part in the concert on Saturday night.

It’s not that you couldn’t sing - you could certainly hold a tune - but you’d not yet revealed that at a convention, and in all honesty you were exhausted from the day’s events.

You’d been in different photo ops all morning; your solos, followed by duos with Misha, and groups with Kathryn, Kim, and Briana - Trinity having being welcomed into the ‘Wayward Daughters’ group pretty early on. The afternoon was spent in the autograph room, signing all kinds of things and accepting the small gifts that some people brought with them.

Sunday consisted of more autos in the morning, followed by your panel with Kathryn, and duo ops with Jared and Jensen. Your last thing scheduled was the ops with all three of you together.

Even though your day hadn’t been particularly strenuous, you found yourself to be absolutely exhausted.

You refused to think about the reasoning behind the unusual tiredness.

On your way up to your room, you bumped into Jared in the elevator, the two of you alone for the first time all day.

“How was your-”

“How did the-”

You spoke at the same time, both laughing slightly once you realised you were talking over the other.

“You go,” he told you, and you smiled.

“I was just going to ask how your day went,” you offered, and he nodded.

“It was… busy,” he admitted. “Kinda stressful, but it always is at these things.”

You laughed, knowing exactly how he felt.

“So, how about you?” he asked, watching you carefully. “Anything exciting happen?”

You frowned at his expression - his eyes almost worried, though you couldn’t figure out why.
“Not particularly,” you told him. “Had a couple girls get choked up because Trinity’s independence is inspiring to young girls. That was kinda sweet.”

Jared smiled at you, relief briefly crossing his face before he fixed his expression into a careful neutral.

“What aren’t you telling me?” you asked as the doors opened onto your floor.

“Nothing,” he lied, and you scoffed, rolling your eyes.

“You’re a shitty liar, but I’m too tired to figure it out,” you told him, stepping out of the elevator and turning to face him. “I’m going to bed.”

He nodded, looking down the hallway to check that the coast was clear before leaning in and kissing you softly.

You pushed him back into the elevator, rolling your eyes again.

“You’re a fucking idiot,” you teased, folding your arms. “Half our friends are on this floor. We can’t risk getting outed like this.”

“I know, sorry,” he smiled, and you couldn’t help but smile back. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow,” you agreed, turning towards your room as the doors closed.

Your panel with Kathryn was going great.

The two of you were always put together at conventions that you both attended, figuring that you’d want to be around someone your own age.

“What’s your name?” you asked the girl at the mic, and she smiled, instantly put at ease by your conversational tone.

“Claire,” she told you, and Kathryn whooped loudly, jumping from her stool and getting off the stage, high-fiving the fan before climbing back on stage.

“That’s a great name,” Kathryn said into her mic, and you laughed.

“Alright, that’s enough favouritism,” you teased, smiling back at Claire. “What’s your question?”

“It was actually a question about Claire and Trinity,” she told you, and you nodded for her to continue. “I was wondering if you knew of any episodes that are coming up where the two of them meet?”

“I wish,” Kathryn answered, causing the crowd to laugh. “Working with Y/N would be a lot of fun.”

You nodded in agreement.

“I think the rest of season twelve doesn’t have any plans for us to meet, on screen anyway,” you expanded, causing groans to ripple around the audience. “I know, it sucks. Trinity has met Jody though, so there’s hope. If y’all guys kick up a storm on twitter, maybe it’ll be on the cards for season thirteen.”

“Your contracts have been renewed?” Claire asked, and you laughed awkwardly, realising that
gave away the survival plans for your character.

“As a regular, I was renewed along with the season,” you explained, carefully.

“Whereas I just get called up every so often and come along for a week of filming,” Kathryn added. “To be honest, I’m not sure how Trinity and Claire would actually get along.”

“What are you trying to say?” you asked, mock-offended.

She laughed, shaking her head.

“Not like that,” she insisted. “I think Claire would be a little jealous of her. She’s doing the whole ‘independent huntress’ thing that Claire was looking for before she moved in with Jody and Alex.”

“But then again, Trinity is a lot older,” you countered. “Like, the age difference between the two of us is only like three, four months, right?”

Kathryn nodded.

“Yeah, but Trinity is like two, three years older than Claire,” you explained. “I think you’d see me as like a badass big sister.”

Kathryn scoffed as the crowd laughed.

“You wish,” she teased, turning back to Claire. “So, to answer your actual question, not yet. But hopefully.”

“Thank you,” she smiled. “I love you both on the show, by the way.”

“We love you too,” you grinned, causing her to blush as she walked away.

“Working together would be so good,” Kathryn murmured to you as the next fan stepped up to the mic.

“Jared and Jensen would hate it,” you agreed. “The two of us there to fuck up all their scenes like they do ours.”

“We should start a petition,” she joked, and you laughed, still smiling as you looked over to the next fan.

“Hey,” Kathryn smiled at her, and she looked directly as you as she spoke.

“My question is for Y/N,” she told you, and you nodded, still smiling. “Are you pregnant?”

Murmurs went around the audience as your smile faltered, your heart rate instantly picking up at the mere mention of the word.

“What?” Kathryn laughed, currently oblivious to your inner turmoil. “What makes you think that?”

The ‘fan’ was still looking at you as she spoke, and you tried to keep your expression as blank as possible despite your racing heart.

“Jared mentioned at his and Jensen’s panel yesterday that there was another Supernatural cast baby on the way,” she explained, your eyes blinking heavily to hold back tears of anger and fear. “Kim, Briana, and Ruth denied all knowledge at their panels, as did all of the other guys. Felicia and Alona have both only just had babies themselves. Jensen said it’s not Gen or Danneel.”
“That doesn’t automatically mean it’s Y/N,” Kathryn defended, sensing your discomfort. “Where do you guys even get this stuff from?”

“You guys even get this stuff from? “ she countered. “And Jensen got really defensive when Jared let it slip.”

You could barely hear anything over the sound of your own heartbeat, nausea swelling in your gut that would do nothing to dispel the rumours.

“Jensen doesn’t get that defensive unless it’s about three people,” she continued. “Jared, his wife, or you.”

You forced yourself to give a humourless laugh.

“That’s not true,” you insisted. “Jensen cares a lot about a lot of people.”

“Not like this, though,” she told you. “This was the same kind of thing as when people were claiming the two of you had an affair. He was protective of you during that, telling everyone he saw you as a daughter.”

There was a pause, neither you nor Kathryn knowing what to say.

“Is he the father?” she pressed. “Is that why we can’t know?”

“That’s enough,” Kathryn snapped, her usually cool exterior leaving in an attempt to defend her friend. “You can’t just come here and accuse Y/N of all this shit on the grounds that ‘Jensen got defensive’."

She looked to the security waiting by the side of the stage.

“Can you get her out of here?” she requested, calmly. “There’s gotta be some rules about inappropriate questions.”

“Y/N hasn’t defended herself,” the woman pointed out as the security team walked over to her, carefully leading her out of the hall.

“I can say, on the record, with utmost certainty,” you said into your microphone, your eyes trained to the retreating head of the bitch that tried to ruin your life. “That I am definitely not pregnant with Jensen’s child.”

“And that’s all we’re going to say on the matter,” Kathryn interrupted, “Because this is a stupid-ass conversation that we shouldn’t be forced to have in such a public setting.”

For the rest of the panel you were emotionally absent, answering questions without much thought, your mind on the fact that you’d just been called out in front of a sea of fans with cameras, documenting your every reaction.

You couldn’t believe that Jared had blurted something out like that, and anger and fear bubbled inside of you for the fifteen minutes you had left of your panel.

As soon as you heard ‘And that’s all we’ve got time for’ you left the stage, pushing past people to get out off the hall.

You made your way to the green room where you knew everyone would be, your panel being the last before a break for lunch.
Unsurprisingly, you found Jared with a plate of food in his hand, laughing and joking with Richard and Matt.

You walked straight up to him, smiling tightly at people who greeted you.

“Hey kiddo, you good?” Richard asked, and you nodded.

“Yeah,” you lied. “Can I talk to Jared for a minute?”

“Sure,” Matt confirmed, taking Jared’s plate from him as you walked through to an empty function room, grateful that the other doors were locked over the short lunch period.

Jared followed, frowning when you glared at him as he shut the door.

“What’s up?” he asked, and you scoffed.

“You know damn well what’s up, Jared,” you spat. “Your little slip up yesterday?”

His expression dropped into one of apology.

“Jensen told you.”

“No,” you laughed, bitterly. “That would’ve been easier though. Would’ve given me a chance to prepare to be fucking accused and outed at my own fucking panel.”

His eyes grew wide.

“What? I-”

“I was outright asked if I was pregnant, you asshole,” you told him, feeling tears welling in your eyes. “You couldn’t have warned me last night?”

“Y/N, I-” he shook his head. “I’m sorry. We were asked about babies, and I got carried away and it just slipped out, I know I should’ve told you-”

“I don’t even know if I’m keeping it yet!” you blurted, your mouth working before your brain.

Jared stepped back, his expression as if you’d just physically slapped him.

“What?” he breathed, and you shook your head, burying your head in your hands.

“I just- I don’t know what I’m doing yet.”

“And you didn’t think to talk to me about it?” he asked, his tone rising.

“When?” you retorted, your own hysteria matching his. “When would I have had a chance to talk to you about this, huh? When have we had a chance to talk apart from that first time?”

“You should have told me what you’re thinking,” he insisted. “Y/N, I know it’s tough and it’s scary, but we’re in this together. It’s my baby, too.”

A soft gasp caused the two of you to turn around, your eyes widening as you saw Kathryn standing in the doorway.

“I just- I came to check on Y/N,” she stammered. “Rich said you were in here, I’m sorry, I’ll-”

“Kathryn, wait,” Jared commanded as she turned to leave, and she turned back to face you,
trepidation evident through her tenseness.

“It’s not what it looks like,” he tried, and she shook her head.

“I might only be twenty, but I’m not an idiot, Jared,” she told him, closing the door behind her and looking at you. “Is it true?”

You nodded dumbly, and she groaned, throwing her head back. When she looked at you again her eyes were full of disappointment.

“Who else knows?” she asked, quietly.

“Just Jensen and Gen,” Jared answered for you. “Please, I know it’s a lot to ask, but please can we keep it that way?”

Kathryn nodded, before a frown pulled at her brows.

“Gen knows?” she asked, looking at Jared. “As in, your wife, Gen?”

Jared looked at you, and you swallowed, looking back at Kathryn and releasing a sigh.

“It’s a long story.”
For once, you were grateful that you were flying back on Monday morning so that you were able to spend Sunday night in the hotel.

You promised Kathryn that you’d tell everything to her that night, seeing as the small break for lunch really wasn’t enough time to explain yourselves properly.

She agreed to keep it quiet and, seeing as she didn’t have any panels left where she might accidentally slip up, you trusted her.

You and Jared had to leave for your duo photo ops - the timing of which couldn’t have been any worse due to your current frustration at one another. You made your way through to the right studio, picking up Jensen on the way seeing as he was needed for his solos.

People were already lining up for their ops when you entered the room, cheers erupting as you were ushered to where you needed to be.

“I need to fix my makeup,” you murmured, and Jared looked down at you, frowning.

“No you don’t,” he assured you. “Nothing’s smudged.”

“I’m not shiny?” you asked, and he shook his head. “I’ll take your word for it. If these pictures come out shit then you’re to blame.”

He laughed, throwing his head back and making the first few people in line giggle and ‘aw’ along with him.

“Let’s try and get through this pretending not to hate each other,” Jared told you, and you rolled your eyes.

The two of you stopped talking as the photographer took a few test shots.

“Not shiny,” he assured you, causing you to laugh this time. “You ready?”

You both nodded, putting your worries aside to give the fans the quality of photos that they’d undoubtedly paid extortionate amounts for.

Duo ops with Jensen followed, your day ending with the ‘Trinchester’ group pictures with the three of you all together.

Thankfully, there was only one pose that you had to turn down this time.

Someone who’d obviously bought into the ‘Jensen’s Y/N’s baby daddy’ conspiracy theory wanted
the two of you to pose, Jensen stood behind you with your joined hands clasped over your stomach.

To be honest, the two of you had posed more intimately than that before - there were a surprising amount of ‘Deanity’ shippers that wanted you to hold each other’s faces or stare lovingly into each other’s eyes - but that was always in character, and given the circumstances you couldn’t risk adding to any of the rumours.

You weren’t rude about it, and the fan was totally understanding, so it wasn’t too much of a blip in your day.

You made your way back through the hotel without any security, figuring you could blend in well enough with the vast amounts of fans there the same age and build as you.

A few people stopped you to talk, and you were happy to do so seeing as you had nowhere else to be. Someone even apologised for the probing fan at your panel, but you shrugged it off as if it didn’t affect you.

Once you were back in your room, you took your personal phone out from the safe you’d left it in for the day and texted Kathryn.

_I’m done for the day, in my room if you’re free_

You took off all of your makeup, getting into more relaxed clothes so that at least part of you could be comfortable during the conversation you were about to have.

_Do you want to wait for Jared?_

You thought about your answer for a full minute before replying.

_Not really. He’ll just confuse things_

_Okay omw_

Your heart was racing. You didn’t have much time to prepare seeing as she was only the floor above you, and before you were really ready she was knocking on your door.

You let her in without a word, walking back through to the main part of your suite and offering her a seat.

Kathryn sat next to you on the couch, turning to face you as you brought your knees up under your chin, hugging your legs.

“So,” she started, her tone careful, calculated. “It _is_ you that’s pregnant.”

“Yeah,” you admitted, feeling the heat rising in your cheeks already. “They said about ten weeks, but it’s… it’s almost twelve.”

She nodded, slowly.

“So you’ve got it narrowed down to one night?” she clarified, and you nodded. “So, you and Jared-that was just the one time and you got unlucky?”

You thought about lying to her, telling her that yes, it was a one night thing. You made a mistake, you regretted it, it never happened again. That would’ve been the easy answer.

Instead, you told her everything.
The whispered ‘I love you’, the weeks of panic… the trip to Austin. All of it.

She sat and listened, her expression open and judgement free.

You were crying when you finished talking, Kathryn’s hand offering comfort on your shoulder as you tried to steady your breath.

“Do your family know?” she asked, and you laughed humorlessly.

“I haven’t heard from my mom in two years,” you admitted. “Not since I moved out to LA with my scholarship. She wasn’t happy about it.”

“And your dad?”

You shook your head.

It was just you. It had been that way since you were scouted from your high school play, and usually that was fine. Your relationship with your mom was strained at the best of times, aggressive at worst. It a lot of ways, you were better off without her.

Times like this, though… it sucked to be alone.

Kathryn’s hand dropped from your shoulder into her lap, worry shining through her eyes.

“Do you have anyone?” she asked, quietly.

“Jared,” you told her. “Gen.”

“Anyone that isn’t involved in your… relationship?” she questioned, choosing her words carefully.

You thought about it for a moment, shaking your head.

“Jensen and Danni, but I get the feeling they don’t count either,” you admitted. “They’re like the mom and dad I never had, but they’re Jared’s friends before they’re my surrogate parents.”

“Shit, Y/N,” she breathed, and you sighed, resting your chin on your knees. “What are you gonna do?”

You closed your eyes, taking a steady breath.

“I don’t know.”

Trinity and the Winchesters finally started working together again four episodes before the finale.

When you were back on set, your schedule lined up with Jared’s again which meant that, as well as filming together, you had the same downtime while other scenes were being filmed.

On Friday night, you eventually had enough time to start talking things out.

He ordered takeout to his trailer, the two of you settling down comfortably on his couch to try and prevent any hostility or anger from rising again.

You shared in general chit chat while you ate - talking about the episode you were filming, the weather, anything but the elephant in the room.
Jared cleared the leftovers away in silence, getting you a water and himself a beer before sitting down beside you again.

“So,” he cleared his throat, looking down at his bottle and picking at the label. “We should talk.”

You huffed a laugh.

“Yeah,” you agreed. “Probably.”

“You’re really pregnant?” he asked, and you frowned at him. “I mean, you’re sure?”

“Pretty certain,” you confirmed, confused that this was the question he was leading with. “The tests were pretty conclusive, and it explains the sickness. Still haven’t got a scan or anything, because-”

You cut yourself off, knowing he could fill in the blank.

Because you didn’t know what you were doing yet.

Jared nodded slowly, his jaw tense.

“You want a termination,” he stated, and you sighed, getting to your feet and starting to pace.

“No, I don’t,” you admitted. “But that’s the sensible option, right? The one that makes sense?”

He took a long pull from his beer before putting it down on the coffee table.

“I- I don’t know,” he told you, watching as you paced in front of him. “I don’t want you to.”

You stopped briefly, looking down at him.

“Jesus, why is this so hard?” you asked, beginning to wander randomly around the room again.

“How is this my life? I never asked for this.”

“Y/N,” Jared soothed, “It’s okay.”

“It’s not!” you shouted, and he stood up, walking over to lean against the counter, folding his arms.

“You’re right, it’s not,” he shot back, finally showing you how he really felt. “It’s not alright that you were thinking about getting rid of our baby without telling me.”

“Don’t,” you murmured, stopping in your tracks. “Don’t say it like that. That’s not-”

“That is what you were going to do!” he interrupted. “You never even tried to talk to me!”

His anger took you by surprise, and you flinched at the pitch of his voice.

“Shit, I’m sorry,” he sighed, the harsh lines of his face softening. “I didn’t mean that.”

“You did,” you sniffed, trying not to cry. “You meant it, but it’s not true. I wouldn’t have done anything without telling you. I just- I needed time.”

He swallowed around the lump in his throat, hating to see you upset.

“And now?” he asked, hopeful. “How do you feel now?”

“I don’t know,” you admitted, having to start moving again to stop yourself from getting too emotional. “I’m… I want to do what’s right for all of us. Me, you, Gen - this baby would ruin
everything.”

“No, it wou-”

“Yes, it would,” you insisted, getting more stressed. “Maybe not our relationship, I’m sure we’d be able to figure that out, but our jobs, our lives. Jared, it would ruin it all if it came out. I don’t want to ruin your career. The love from your fans that you’ve worked so hard for would turn to shit. I can’t do that to you. I love-”

You cut yourself off, standing stock still and taking a breath.

“I can’t do that to you,” you murmured, finally looking over at him. “I can’t. But I can’t lose you, either.”

“Why?” he asked, pushing himself off from the counter and starting towards you.

“What?” you frowned as he stopped in front of you.

“Why?” he repeated, holding your face in his strong hands. “What were you about to say?”

You swallowed as his thumbs wiped the tears from your cheeks.

“I love you,” you admitted, searching his eyes. “I can’t lose you.”

There was a moment where nothing happened, and then everything happened at once.

Jared kissed you, moving his hands down to the back of your thighs and encouraging you to jump.

You kissed him back, wrapping your legs around his waist and letting him lead you through to the bedroom of his trailer.

You were crying as you kissed him, overwhelmed with emotions that you couldn’t pin down.

He gently laid you down on his bed, lowering himself on top of you without breaking the kiss.

There was no ripping at clothes this time, no race to get you naked as his hands slowly skimmed under the hem of your sweater.

Jared moved his kiss to the corner of your mouth, your cheek, your jaw; pulling back and looking down at you as he waited for you to open your eyes.

You blinked up at him, your vision still blurry with tears.

“Please tell me these are good tears,” he murmured, and you laughed slightly.

“I don’t- I don’t know,” you admitted, sniffing.

His expression faltered as he pushed himself further off of you.

“Do you want to stop?”

“No,” you insisted instantly, reaching a hand up to card into his hair. “Not bad tears, either. Just… tears.”

He leaned in, kissing you softly.

“Tell me if you want to stop,” he requested, and you nodded, kissing him again.
His hands were hot against the skin of your stomach as they worked their way up, taking your sweater up with them.

You sat up slightly, helping him to take your sweater off, leaving you completely topless under him.

You’d chosen not to wear a bra when Jared told you to wear something comfortable, but you hadn’t exactly planned on the night ending like this.

“You okay?” he asked, and you nodded.

“I’m good,” you assured him. “Stop checking on me and kiss me again.”

He laughed softly, his hair falling in his face as he did as you asked.

He licked into your mouth as you carded his hair out of the way, tilting your head slightly to deepen the kiss.

“Remember the first time we were here?” he murmured, his hands exploring your body like they did back in January.

“It was supposed to be the only time,” you whispered, lips brushing his as you spoke.

He pressed his lips to yours again before pulling back to look into your eyes.

“I’m glad it wasn’t,” he told you, his intonation almost making the comment sound like a question. You nodded, dipping your fingers under the hem of his henley. “So am I.”

You pulled at his shirt, trying to get it up and off of him, but Jared was persistently kissing you, making the task impossible.

“Let me take it off,” you mumbled, pushing him back slightly.

He ignored you, kissing and nipping at your jaw and doing nothing to help your endeavour.

You pushed yourself up to sitting, despite the 6’4” of muscular 34 year old on top of you.

“What are you doing?” he asked, sitting back on his heels.

“Getting your clothes off,” you replied, finally able to rid him of his top. “There, now we’re even.”

You ran your hands up his torso, from his abs to his chest, your thumbs lightly brushing over his nipples as you did so.

He shivered, pulling in a shaky breath as you looked up at him, grinning.

“Take your pants off,” you told him. “Sit against the headboard.”

You got out of bed, standing up and pushing down your jeans, leaving you in nothing but your panties once you’d stepped out of them.

Jared was watching you, his teeth pressing into the side of his lower lip, his eyes dark with want.

“Pants off,” you repeated, turning away and opening the drawer of his nightstand. “I’m not gonna ask again, Sur.”
The name just slipped out - your time spent with Gen having more of an influence on you than you’d realised - but the groan it elicited from Jared let you know that he didn’t have any complaints.

You turned back to face him after retrieving the lube you knew you’d find there, seeing him kick off his sweatpants.

“No underwear?” you commented, raising an eyebrow.

“We said ‘comfortable’,” he reminded you, sitting up against the headboard. “You didn’t hear me complaining that you didn’t wear a bra.”

You smiled, crawling onto the bed and into his lap, dropping the tube onto the mattress.

“Nobody’s complaining,” you assured him, kissing him deeply as you rolled your hips down against him.

You moved your kiss to his jaw, down his neck, your body moving backwards as you started to kiss across his chest.

You flipped the cap on the lube, squeezing a small amount into your palm before slowly beginning to pump his cock, feeling him harden under your attention.

You nipped at his chest, earning another involuntary hiss from Jared.

“Sensitive,” you teased, and he laughed breathlessly, carding a hand into your hair and encouraging you upwards.

You moved where he wanted you, letting him mouth at the sensitive join between your shoulder and neck as you continued to stroke him to hardness.

One large hand travelled down your naked back, leaving shivers in its wake as his fingers teased at the elastic of your panties.

“You gonna let me open you up this time?” Jared asked, his warm breath fanning over the damp skin of your neck. “Please?”

You bit your lip as his hand slipped into your panties, squeezing your ass in one huge palm.

“Thought you said it was hot when I just sink down onto you?” you asked, tilting your head forwards so that your forehead was pressed to his, looking into his eyes close up.

“Sweetheart, it’s definitely hot,” he assured you, stealing a kiss between phrases. “But it’s even hotter to see you squirming on my fingers.”

You couldn’t argue with that.

You weren’t about to turn down another chance of getting those long, thick fingers inside of you.

You helped Jared remove your panties, still straddling his lap as his right hand smoothed over your stomach.

He looked down at where his hand was resting, taking a breath.

“Don’t,” you whispered, holding his wrist and encouraging his hand to move downwards. “Don’t talk about it. Not right now.”
He nodded, kissing you softly as his fingertips came into contact with your clit.

Hardly any time was wasted, his long, thick middle finger teasing at your entrance, pressing into you with little resistance.

Your body was reacting to your arousal as he worked another finger into you, the stretch feeling even better than you remembered.

Your fingers dug into his shoulders as your head tipped back in pleasure, drawing your lip between your teeth to stifle your moan.

Jared’s other hand came up to your jaw, his thumb tugging your lip free, causing you to release a breathy moan as his fingertips rubbed your g-spot.

“Don’t keep those sounds from me,” he pleaded. “I wanna hear you.”

You nodded, leaning your head forward and grinding down onto his fingers.

You weren’t naturally loud in bed, but you quietly promised not to try and hide your noises anymore.

A third finger entered you, the somewhat awkward angle of Jared’s arms causing his bicep to bulge obscenely.

“You’re- ah, fuck- you’re ripped,” you panted, left hand falling to squeeze the muscle, finding it firm under your touch.

“I work out,” he reminded you, voice low and full of want. “You’ve seen my arms before.”

“This is different,” you insisted, shutting yourself up by kissing him, slow and deep.

You rolled your hips slowly, urging his fingers deeper as they opened you up for him.

You were ready, you knew you could take him, but the greedy way he was kissing you back and the expert movements of his fingers inside you had you drawing it out longer than you’d planned.

He grazed that spot inside of you once more, his thumb lightly teasing your clit, and you pulled away from the kiss.

“Stop,” you breathed, lifting your hips up and encouraging him to remove his fingers from your tight heat. “I want you.”

Jared kissed you once more, using the same hand to stroke his cock as he murmured against your lips, “You have me.”

Your whimper was swallowed by his kiss as you shifted closer, his cock pressing against your wetness.

You felt every inch as you slowly sank down, the stretch just as incredible as it had been the very first time.

“Breathe,” Jared murmured, his hands gently rubbing your sides as you settled in his lap. “You’re okay.”

You managed a choked laugh, nodding and draping your arms over his shoulders.
“I’m more than okay,” you assured him, quietly.

Slowly, you began to move. Your fingers tangled in his hair as you kissed him, the movement of your hips subtle and sensual to match the intimate position that the two of you had taken.

Jared let you set the pace, his hips rolling with yours and his arms wrapping around your waist.

Your chests were pressed together, the combination of friction and your arousal causing your nipples to become even more sensitive as you slowly worked yourself open on his cock.

He broke the kiss, opting instead to mouth at your neck once more.

His left hand moved up your back as his right arm hugged you closer, closing all distance between you with a firm press between your shoulderblades.

You gasped as he moved his legs, lifting you up and maneuvering you with ease onto your back without the two of you breaking apart.

His strength and precision continued to impress you despite the fact that, on various occasions, he had lifted and moved you with ease.

It was a turn on that, you realised, probably went back to your ‘caveman nature’, as Gen would put it.

Jared was strong enough to protect you, to provide for you, to fight for your family.

All rational thought left you as he slowly began to move his hips, thrusting into you with sensual finesse.

You wrapped your legs around his waist, urging him on as you tangled your fingers into his gorgeous hair.

He was moving slowly, your hips rolling together in a perfect rhythm that had your breath coming in short, sharp pants.

He sucked a kiss to the pulse point on the side of your neck and your hips stuttered, arousal shooting straight to your core as a whine left your throat.

“That’s it, baby,” he breathed, nipping at your neck before pulling back to look into your eyes.

“You close?”

You nodded, unable to produce anything but nonsensical noises of pleasure as his hand trailed down your body, dipping between your thighs to where your body’s met.

Calloused fingertips circled your clit, sending sparks of pleasure up your spine.

You could feel his eyes on you as your head pressed back into the pillows, your chest rising off the mattress as you clenched around him, your orgasm taking control of your body.

“Fuck, so beautiful,” Jared murmured, kissing your jaw, nipping lightly at your earlobe before burying his face in your neck.

His hips stuttered and stilled as he came inside you, a low, inherently sexual groan leaving him as he climaxed.

You unwrapped your legs from around him, your chest heaving to bring in enough oxygen as you
softened your grip on his hair.

Your right hand fell back onto the pillow beside your head, your fingers scrutching gently at his scalp as he panted against your neck.

He placed a light kiss where his lips were pressed, pulling out of you and flopping down onto his back.

You groaned, rolling to face him and placing a hand on his chest, feeling his erratic heartbeat start to even out again.

You propped yourself up on an elbow, looking down at his closed eyes and parted lips.

“No wonder I ended up pregnant,” you murmured, and his eyes opened, watching you as you leant in to kiss him softly.

He didn’t reply as you got out of bed.

You searched through Jared’s drawers while he took a shower, pulling on his black AKF IV sweater and a pair of boxers.

You wondered, an abstract thought, if you should just start leaving clothes in his trailer if this was going to keep happening.

The sweater reached two inches above your knees, completely covering the boxers, and you had to roll the sleeves so that you could actually use your hands, but it was comfortable so you weren’t about to change.

You made your way through to the kitchen, getting the leftovers out of the fridge. You picked up your water from the table and got Jared a new beer before going back through to the bedroom, settling comfortably on the bed and starting to eat without reheating anything.

Jared came out of the bathroom, a towel slung low across his hips as he dried his hair with a small hand towel.

He stopped still at the sight before him, you sprawled in his bed, wearing his clothes, working your way through cold leftovers.

He raised an eyebrow at you, and you smiled around the food in your mouth.

“I got you a beer,” you told him, motioning to it on his nightstand once you’d swallowed your mouthful.

“You’re also wearing my favourite sweater,” he pointed out, and you looked down at it before squinting back up at him.

“I’ll give it back,” you promised, taking another bite.

“I’m pretty sure Gen has a couple of those that would fit you better,” he commented, pulling on a pair of sweatpants and hanging up the towels before settling down beside you. “I didn’t realise you were still hungry.”

“Me neither,” you admitted. “Maybe it’s cravings.”
You frowned as you took another bite, thinking.

“Do you even get cravings this early, or am I just being a fatty?” you wondered aloud, not really expecting a reply. “I should probably figure this stuff out if I’m gonna be pregnant for a while. Maybe read a book. There’s still books especially for first time moms, right?”

When Jared still didn’t respond, you stopped eating to look at him.

His eyes were full of hope as he watched you, swallowing to try and rid him of his dry throat.

“You’re… we’re keeping it?” he asked, and you nodded slowly.

“I- uh. Yeah, I think so,” you agreed, heart pounding as you made your decision. “Yes.”

Tears were pooling in Jared’s eyes as a smile spread on his face, and you couldn’t help but laugh slightly.

“Please tell me these are good tears,” you parroted, and he laughed, nodding and cupping your face, pulling you into a kiss.

“Good tears,” he confirmed, kissing you again. “We’re having a baby.”

“Yeah,” you breathed, pulling back and biting your lip. “Jesus, Jared, is this a good idea? What are we going to tell people?”

“We’ll figure it out,” he promised, quickly kissing you before starting to clear away the food. “You’re done, right?”

You nodded, letting him clear the bed without saying anything else.

You slipped under the covers, taking a long drink of water before lying down, waiting for him to get in beside you.

Jared turned out the main light, flicking on the lamp as he crawled under the covers with you.

You shifted to face him as he threw his arm over your waist.

“You should probably go for a scan,” he commented, and huffed a small laugh.

“Yeah, probably,” you agreed. “I’ll call Dr. Paton in the morning. She’ll be able to help find me an OB/GYN, right?”

“I would think so,” he murmured. “Danneel can set you up with hers in Austin, too.”

You pulled back, pressing your hand to his chest to look into his eyes.

“Austin?” you asked, and he frowned.

“Yeah,” he mumbled, studying your face before his frown deepened. “Y/N, you weren’t thinking of going back to LA on your own for the hiatus, right?”

“I… maybe?” you admitted, blushing. “I figured I’d just rent my old place again.”

“And go through most of your second and third trimester alone?” he asked.

You shrugged, embarrassed. “I don’t know. I hadn’t really thought about it.”
“That’s okay,” he murmured, pulling you closer and wrapping his arms around you. “I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable, but I’d like it if you considered moving down to Texas with us.”

You struggled to form a reply, your mind whirring.

Being in Austin for short amounts of time was fine. Nobody knew you were there last time, nobody could find you.

You had no doubt that, once your pregnancy was announced to the world, your mom would hear about it.

Austin was less than six hours’ drive from Empire City.

“You don’t have to decide right now,” Jared murmured, kissing the top of your head and leaning to switch off the lamp before wrapping his arms around you again. “Just… think about it?”

“Yeah,” you mumbled, your cheek against his naked chest as he laid on his back. “I’ll think about it.”
You called up your doctor the next morning, apologising for the rude way you ended the last call.

She assured you that there was nothing to apologise for, knowing that the information would have come as a bit of a shock.

You were booked in for an ultrasound scan on Monday morning.

It was the soonest you could get, and Jared insisted that you took it despite the fact that he was due to be filming scenes with the British Men of Letters.

“Jensen can take you,” he told you, and you rolled your eyes.

“People already think he’s my baby daddy,” you reminded him once you were off the phone.

“What if we get papped?”

“We know he’s not,” he shrugged. “You’ve said he’s not. It’s not like they’re gonna catch you kissing or holding hands. And nobody even knows that you’re actually pregnant yet.”

You sighed, nodding.

It wasn’t ideal, but you’d much rather have Jensen with you than go alone.

“I’ll ask him later,” Jared told you, the two of them filming together that afternoon.

“I’ll ask him now,” you retorted, getting ready to leave his trailer, grateful that you were wearing your own clothes this time. “I should probably tell him that we’re… y’know, actually having a baby.”

He nodded, rolling his lips together to try and fight back a smile as he wrapped his arms around your shoulders.

Your hands found his hips, raising an eyebrow at him as he failed to suppress his grin.

“You could at least pretend to be as worried as I am,” you told him, and he laughed softly, pressing a kiss to the top of your head.

“There’s nothing to worry about, because we’re in this together,” he assured you, pulling back and slipping on his shoes. “Now let’s go tell Jensen.”

You frowned. “You’re coming?”

“That’s what ‘together’ means, isn’t it?” he asked, and you nodded, a smile making its way onto your face as you left his trailer.

Jensen was happy for you.

Understandably wary - you were glad that at least someone realised how much of a big deal this was - but happy all the same.

On Monday morning, you were sat in the backseat of the Range Rover, Clif behind the wheel and Jensen sat beside you. Your leg was bouncing uncontrollably as you bit at a hangnail, trying to
slow the beat of your anxious heart.

“It’s gonna be okay,” Jensen assured you as Clif stopped the car outside where you needed to be.

“Are you two gonna tell me why I’m taking you on another trip to the doctor?” he asked, turning in his seat to look at you. “Or am I still not allowed to know?”

You swallowed, looking at Jensen.

“We can tell you later?” he offered, and Clif nodded.

“Just so long as neither of you are dying.”

“No, nothing like that,” Jensen assured him, opening the door and getting out of the car. “We’ll text when we need to be picked up.”

He helped you down from the car, and the two of you smiled at Clif before walking into the building.

“I’m having a baby,” you murmured as Jensen led you through to the reception.

“And we get to see it,” he reminded you. “Try and be a little happy about it.”

You nodded, taking a seat in the - thankfully almost empty - waiting room as he went to sign you in.

The images that the sonographer had given you were burning a hole in your pocket the whole of the drive back to set, and you found yourself almost excited to show Jared.

He let you know that the due date based on date of conception would be late September but, given the size of the baby at just thirteen weeks, it wouldn’t be unlikely for it to come a few weeks early.

“How’d it go?” Clif asked once you’d been sitting in silence for five minutes after getting back into the car.

“Good,” you assured him, smiling. “Really good. Everything’s gonna be okay.”

Jensen grinned at you, and you rolled your eyes as you continued to look out of the window.

“That’s… I’m glad to hear it,” Clif replied, the three of you spending the rest of the drive in a content silence.

Jared was still filming when you got back to set.

The scenes were taking longer to shoot than anticipated and he wasn’t expected to be done until the early evening.

You decided to spend some alone time in your trailer, asking Jensen to tell Jared where you were should he ask.

Once you were inside, you brought the ultrasound pictures out of your pocket and placed them down on your dressing table.

You removed your jacket, hanging it up on the back of your bedroom door and standing in front of
the mirror on your dresser.

Slowly, you lifted the hem of your sweater, tucking it up just under your chest.

You ran a hand over your abdomen as your eyes flitted between the image of your baby and the reflection of your flat stomach.

“Hi,” you whispered, unsure why you were talking but feeling the need to say something all the same. “These next few months are gonna be pretty tough on us, little one. But I love you, and I will do everything in my power to keep you safe.”

You sighed, running your hand over your stomach once more before letting your sweater fall back down.

You picked up the pictures and brought them over to your bed, still staring at them as you sat down, pulling out your laptop from where you kept it in your bedside cabinet.

You needed to share your news, but you couldn’t just tell anyone about it. There was only one person that wasn’t on set right now who you could call and be sure wouldn’t tell anyone.

*Free to Skype?*

You opened up the application on your laptop, knowing that in the time it took to load properly, Gen would have replied.

_The kids are at preschool but Dan’s here with the babies. Is that okay? x_

_That’s fine_

You logged on, opening up a chat with Gen and waiting for her to call.

Your body was thrumming with anxious excitement as you held the pictures in your lap, angling your computer on the bed in front of you so that the webcam was positioned just right.

The distinctive Skype ringtone made you jump even though you were expecting it, and you took a deep breath as you clicked the answer button.

You were smiling as the call connected, your screen filled with Genevieve and Danneel smiling back at you.

“Hey sweetie,” Gen grinned, and you laughed slightly.

“Hey yourself,” you replied. “Where are the twins?”

“Taking a nap,” Danneel told you. “Hopefully giving us some peace and quiet for a while.”

You smiled, biting your lip.

You suddenly realised that Danneel might not know about your situation.

Before, you’d figured that either Jensen or Genevieve would have told her, but after Jensen’s insistence that it was your news to tell, you weren’t sure anymore.

“Hey, Gen?” you asked, and she hummed in response. “Have you told Danni about..?”

Gen shook her head, and Danneel frowned.
“Do you want me to go check on the babies?” she asked. “If there’s some relationship drama going on…”

“No, no, it’s fine, I want you to know,” you assured her, nodding to yourself. “I don’t want Jensen to feel like he has to keep this from you.”

Her frown deepened.

“Well, now you’ve got me worried.”

You took a deep breath, deciding to go ahead and tell Gen what you were going to tell her anyway, knowing that Danneel was just as trustworthy with your news.

“So, I spoke to Jared on Friday,” you announced, and Gen grinned. “I know you did. Ended up having a great night, huh?”

“He told you?” you asked, and she nodded. “So, he also told you that I’m keeping the baby?”

“What?” Danneel gasped, looking at Gen and then back at the screen. “Y/N, are you pregnant?”

You held up one of the scans to the camera in place of an answer.

“Thirteen weeks,” you confirmed. “Well, almost.”

“I’m so happy for you,” Gen assured you as you moved the image away, smiling at the fact that both of them were closer to the screen than they were before, obviously wanting a good look at the scan. “I didn’t want to say before - I didn’t want to influence you - but I’m so happy this is what you decided.”

“Yeah,” you breathed, smiling. “Me too.”

“Me too, oh my God, your baby is gonna be best friends with my twins,” Danneel grinned, and you laughed.

“I, uh- it’s due in September, so it’s gonna be in the grade below,” you explained, and she shrugged.

“As if that makes a difference,” she smiled. “I’m so happy for you.”

“Thank you,” you smiled back, your hand instinctively finding your stomach again, amazed at the fact that there was yet to be any obvious external signs of the life growing inside of you. “I have no idea what I’m doing.”

“That’s what we’re here for,” Gen assured you, and Danneel nodded.

“When do you finish shooting for the season?” she asked. “I’ll arrange you an appointment with my OB/GYN. She’s great, she’ll be able to help you too.”

You swallowed, nodding.

“I’m, uh,” you cleared your throat. “I’m not sure that I’m gonna come to Austin.”

Genevieve frowned, concern crossing her features as you averted your gaze from the screen.

“Y/N,” Gen pressed, gently. “Sweetie, is there something you’re not telling us?”
You thought about lying, telling them some bullshit line about still having a contract in your LA apartment, but the worried look on their faces let you know that you could be honest with them.

“My mom lives in Empire City,” you sighed. “Oklahoma. Just over five hours drive from y’all, from me, if I stay.”

You paused, wanting to continue but not knowing how.

“What happened with your mom?” Danneel asked, voice even softer than usual.

“She, uh—” you laughed, humorlessly. “I’m about to sound like Sam Winchester, just to warn you.”

Neither of them laughed, matching expressions of concern watching you through the screen.

“I got my scholarship off of the back of a high school play,” you explained. “A year at drama school in Los Angeles, tuition and board paid for. It was… stuff like that didn’t happen to people like me, you know?”

You took a breath, the two of them looking at you intently.

“My mom’s young. She had me when she was younger than I am,” you continued. “Dad’s not in the picture, never was. She… we never saw eye to eye. We fought about everything, and when I got that scholarship, everything fell into place for me. I was working two jobs while going to school to try and support her. College, drama school, wasn’t an option for me. But then I could leave, start something on my own. She told me that if I left, if I stopped helping her pay the rent, pay for whatever pills she was prescribing herself, that I better not come back.”

“And you’re worried that she’ll find you,” Danneel finished for you, and you nodded.

“She can get violent,” you explained, shrugging as if it wasn’t a big deal. “When she finds out about the baby - and she will find out, she looks me up online - she’ll try to see me, us. A five hour drive isn’t a lot to stop her.”

“Okay, well, first? If you think Jared or Jensen would let her anywhere near you or your baby, you’re wrong,” Danneel told you, the strength in her tone taking you by surprise. “And, second? We have a really good lawyer.”

You laughed slightly, looking down at the scans in your lap before looking back at the screen.

“Yeah?” you asked, hopefully.

“Yeah,” Gen confirmed. “If my math is right and my husband hasn’t been lying to me about his schedule, you shoot the finale in a couple weeks, then you’re off apart from conventions.”

You nodded, and she smiled.

“Okay, so we’ll see you then.”

“I… I guess?”

“We’ll see you then,” Danneel insisted, the shrill sound of a baby’s cry causing the two of them to wince. “That’s our cue. Look, you can iron out the details with the boys, and we’ll see you at the airport.”

You smiled until the cries got louder, making you wince too.
“We have to go,” Gen apologised. “I’ll speak to you soon.”

“Yeah,” you agreed, and Gen and Danneel both blew you kisses.

“Congratulations, darlin’,” Danneel drawled, and you smiled.

“Thank you,” you told her, blowing a kiss back as you ended the call.

Jared cried when you showed him the pictures of your scan.

‘Happy tears,’ he insisted, and you found your eyes getting watery, too.

You knew he was sensitive - you knew what he’d been through, the things he had to deal with, the battles he faced every day - but this was the first time you realised just how much this meant to him.

Your stomach churned at the thought of what it would have done to him if you’d made a different decision. You were so busy thinking about what it would do to his reputation, you’d barely spared a thought for the emotional impact your decision would’ve had on him.

“I have a question,” you announced, pausing the Xbox.

After the emotion of the afternoon and the stress of Jared’s day of filming, the two of you decided to spend the evening relaxing and challenging each other to races on your console.

He turned his head to face you, his body lounged comfortably on your couch.

“Fire away,” he told you, and you nodded.

“I just, this is new for me, right?”

He nodded, waiting for you to continue.

“I’m thirteen weeks, and there’s no bump or anything, but apparently the baby’s big?” you frowned. “I just… why am I not showing? When is it gonna start changing my body?”

“Gen didn’t start showing with Tom until she was fifteen, sixteen weeks,” he explained, “And even then, her bump wasn’t really that obvious for another month. He wasn’t a small baby, either.”

“So, it’s normal?” you asked, and he smiled, leaning over to kiss your cheek softly.

“It’s normal,” he assured you, kissing your lips gently before flopping back into the couch. “It’s your first, your body isn’t used to it, your muscles are learning how to stretch to accommodate your baby. By the next kid, your body will be used to it, so you’ll start to show earlier.”

“The next kid?” you asked, raising an eyebrow at him. “Jesus Christ, I’m not even ready for one baby, Jared.”

“I know, I didn’t mean-” he laughed softly, looking across at you. “I just mean, from experience with Gen, if you were to have another, you might be showing by now because your muscles will remember what to do.”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” you teased, getting up to grab yourself a drink and a bag of chips.
Jared followed you through to the kitchenette, swapping the chips in your hand for a cup of fruit from the fridge.

“Are you serious?” you asked, looking down at the cup and then back up at him.

“You’re carrying my baby, you’ve gotta eat stuff that’s good for it,” he explained, and you rolled your eyes.

“Says the guy who gave Misha’s two-year-old sugar packets,” you grumbled, starting on the fruit despite your complaints.

“That was… I didn’t know any better,” he defended, getting himself a snack as you poured both of you a drink. “Besides, West isn’t my kid so I didn’t have to deal with the fallout.”

“Considerate,” you snarked, and he grinned, kissing the top of your head and walking back to the couch.

“Okay, I’ve been thinking.”

“Don’t hurt yourself, old man,” you teased, and he rolled his eyes, motioning for you to sit down beside him.

“I’m being serious, kiddo,” he told you, and you took a seat, the two of you watching each other carefully. “We’re gonna need to tell the producers, the crew.”

You swallowed, nodding slowly.

He was right, of course.

By the time you were set to be filming the finale, if Jared was remembering Gen’s pregnancy correctly, it was likely that you’d be starting to show.

The finale involved Trinity shirtless, pinned to the wall, and being interrogated - or tortured, depending on who you were asking - for information.

If you were starting to show by then, the makeup team would know about it.

“We need to talk about what we’re telling people altogether,” he continued, and you took a steadying breath, ready for the hammer to fall.

This was where he told you that you were going to go through this alone, that he was happy to be the father in secret but not in the public eye.

“I had an idea,” he told you, bringing you back to the moment. “I don’t want to have to hide my excitement for this baby.”

“What?” you frowned.

That wasn’t what you were expecting.

“But, I don’t want you to be under more stress while you’re pregnant,” he added. “So, I had an idea.”

You told your agents your plan, and you and Jared both spoke to the producers together.
You told them about your relationship, the relationship with Gen, and about the baby.

Nobody passed judgement, but you were aware that there would be chatter behind your back about it.

You told the rest of the cast and crew at the next (and last) full meeting of the season. Both of you knew the risk you were taking, telling so many people at once, but the firing and suing of the woman that sold the picture of you and Jensen worked as a useful deterrent.

People were supportive, congratulatory even, but you knew this wasn’t the worst of it yet.

Jared helped you type out an explanation for the fans.

The longer you waited to tell people, the higher chance there was of it being leaked by someone else, and you knew that by the time you got to the summer conventions you’d be showing anyway.

You decided to announce it in a tweet, knowing that it would be picked up by reporters and shared beyond your 100k followers by the morning after.

The tweet worked more to confirm or deny previous rumours than to give new information, as per Jared’s plan.

You waited until you’d finished the first day of shooting the finale before you finally posted it.

In the days and weeks leading up to it, you’d talked everything through with Gen, making sure she agreed that this was the way to go. You’d spoken more about your living arrangements when you got to Austin, and you found yourself excited to go despite the niggling anxiety about your mom finding you.

You were sat in your trailer with Jared and Jensen as you finally clicked ‘post’ on the tweet that had been sitting in your drafts.

Your phone was instantly confiscated by Jensen so that you didn’t have to deal with the immediate backlash.

“I’m keeping this until we’re on the plane, okay?” he told you, and you nodded dumbly. “And I’m taking your laptop, iPad, whatever other gadgets you have.”

You didn’t complain as he searched your trailer for more things to confiscate.
So, a lot of you have heard by now that a Supernatural cast member is pregnant. A lot of you have also figured out that the cast member in question is me. I’m writing this to get the truth out there, so that y’all can hear this from me and not from any other source of questionable integrity.
Yes, I’m pregnant.
No, it wasn’t planned.
Yes, I know who the father is.
No, it’s not Jensen.
Yes, I’m very sure that Jensen Ackles is not the father of my child, I think that would be something I’d remember.
At this point in time, I’m not willing to disclose who the father is.
He knows about the baby, and he supports my decision to keep it, however we believe it’s best to keep that part of his life out of the public eye for now.
I’m sure y’all understand how scary and new this situation is for me, so I appreciate you giving me privacy at this time.
My priority right now is looking out for my baby, so I’ll be taking a break from social media until some of this dies down.
My soon-to-be-bump and I look forward to meeting y’all at conventions this summer.
Thank you in advance for your love and support.
Y/N xo
Filming the finale was exhausting.

Physically, mentally, emotionally; you were drained.

Trinity was having a rough time of it and, as a consequence, so were you.

They pulled in your stunt double whenever they could, but there were some things you just had to do, and you finished every day wanting to do nothing more than wash the makeup off and sleep.

Jared brought you dinner every night, making sure you got a balanced meal for yourself and the baby, and you’d probably have been more appreciative of that were you not in a permanently shitty mood.

On the last day of filming, you were pulled into Bob’s office after you’d wrapped all of your scenes - the final dramatic moments still being shot with Jared and Jensen.

“Take a seat,” Bob told you, walking around to his side of his cluttered desk.

You sat down, eyeing him warily.

“I’ve been speaking to Eric,” he explained, sitting down and folding his arms, “About your… situation.”

“What part of it?” you asked, confused.

“The part that means you’re going to be nearly nine months pregnant when we’re supposed to start shooting season thirteen,” he answered, bluntly.

You swallowed thickly, letting him continue.

“We need to talk about your contract,” he told you, and your eyes widened.

“Are you firing me? For being pregnant?” you asked, sitting up straighter. “I’m pretty certain that’s against the law.”

“No, no, we’re not,” he assured you, laughing slightly at your reaction. “We were just thinking that it might be best to move you from a series regular, to a recurring role.”

“What does that mean?” you asked, your heart pounding in your ears. “Episode-wise?”

“Your episode count would drop,” he told you, not meeting your eye. “From eighteen to eight.”

Your breaths were uneven, finding it hard to pull enough oxygen into your lungs.

“That’s less than half,” you stated, willing yourself to calm down. “I don’t-”

“We thought that it’d be best-”

“For who?” you shouted, chest heaving and heart hammering. “Because sure as hell not for me.
You’re taking away half of my income.”

“For your child,” he tried, and you shook your head.

“Do I get a say in this?” you asked, and he nodded slowly.

“Y/N, of course you do,” he told you, calmly. “Look, we know you’ll have a new baby. We thought you would want more time at home, but if we were wrong—”

“You were wrong,” you confirmed, not letting him finish. “From the way we ended this season, I’m guessing Trinity doesn’t play a big part at the start of season thirteen, right?”

He nodded, and you nodded back.

“That means I won’t be needed properly until episode three or four,” you offered. “By then, my baby will be born.”

“And you’ll be willing to come back to work?” Bob asked. “You’d be willing to be without your newborn for a month at a time?”

“Be without?” you questioned. “Why would I be without?”

He shifted in his seat, frowning.

“Would you not… with Genevieve?”

“Leave my baby with Genevieve?” you clarified, and he nodded. “No. Both of its parents would be here, so I’d bring the baby to Vancouver. Gen isn’t the mom, here.”

Bob watched you carefully as you took a calming breath, holding eye contact even though you desperately wanted to look away.

After a few moments that felt like an eternity, he nodded.

“Okay,” he agreed. “Your contract will stay the same. But if, at any point, you feel like it’s too much, we can cut it back.”

“Thank you,” you breathed, clearing your throat and standing up. “Sorry. For yelling.”

“It’s okay,” he assured you, standing and offering his hand for you to shake. “We honestly didn’t mean to upset you, we love having you on the show.”

“Yeah,” you laughed slightly, smiling as you shook his hand. “I mean, hormones, right?”

“Right,” he agreed, leading you out of his office. “Will I see you at the wrap party?”

“Probably not,” you admitted. “It’s not like I can drink, and we have a flight in the morning, so I think we’re just gonna get some rest.”

“We’ being…?”

“Oh, me and the baby,” you laughed, pulling at your shirt awkwardly. “I don’t doubt Jared and Jensen will get wasted and regret it when we have to fly out at 9am.”

Bob laughed, nodding in agreement.
“You’re probably right,” he smiled, and you turned to leave for your trailer when his voice stopped you. “Good luck. With the pregnancy.”

You threw a smile back over your shoulder.

“Thank you.”

You were woken up with incessant knocking on your trailer door.

A squinted glance at your alarm clock told you that it was a little after 2am.

You were ready to ignore the knocking, claiming to be a heavy sleeper, until Jared’s voice carried through with it.

“Y/N,” he called, slurring your name slightly. “C’mon baby, let me in.”

You groaned, getting up and padding your way through to the door, unlocking it and letting him in.

He practically fell through the door, and you sighed, knowing that your predictions about the wrap party were right.

Jared had pouted when you told him you wouldn’t be joining them that night but, once you played the pregnancy card and told him it’d be better for the baby to get some rest, he agreed to go ahead without you.

From the looks of things, he had a great night.

“Hey sweetheart,” he drawled, leaning in to kiss you.

You backed away, stepping around him to lock the door again.

“You’re lucky everyone here already knows about us,” you reminded him, but he just shrugged, unbothered.

His hands found your waist, lifting you easily despite his inebriation and walking you back towards the kitchenette.

“Put me down,” you told him, firmly.

Well, as firm as you could be when you were trying not to laugh.

He did as you asked, sitting you down on the counter and leaning over to kiss at your neck.

His hands ran under the hem of your shirt, and you pushed him away lightly.

“You’re drunk,” you stated. “It’s late.”

“You’re awake anyway,” he countered, his palms running over your stomach before he pulled back, grinning.

You frowned as he crouched down, shucking up your shirt and staring at your belly.

He ran a strong palm over the small, almost unnoticeable bump that had finally began to show - pretty much undetectable to anyone who didn’t know your body intimately.

“This is my baby,” he stated, moving his hand away so he could look properly.
“Yeah,” you laughed softly, running a hand through his hair.

“Hi, baby,” he murmured, leaning forward and placing a light kiss above your navel. “It’s your daddy. I’m gonna look after you forever. You’re gonna get sick of me.”

You smiled, knowing from experience with Tom and Shep that he was going to make a great father to your baby.

“But right now,” Jared continued, dropping his voice to a whisper. “I’m gonna ravage your mommy.”

You let out a startled laugh, pulling your shirt back down and dropping down from the counter.

“Why are you laughing?” Jared asked, standing up straight as you moved to the fridge, pulling out a bottle of water.

“Nobody’s getting ‘ravaged’ tonight, Sur,” you told him, handing him the water. “You’re drinking this, then we’re going to bed.”

“Yeah we are,” he grinned, uncapping the bottle.

You rolled your eyes, walking through to your bedroom.

“To sleep,” you clarified. “We have to be up for our flight in a few hours.”

“Then what’s the point in sleeping?” he argued, following behind.

You folded your arms, turning to face him as he drained the bottle of water in record time.

“I think you should save yourself for your wife,” you offered, changing tact to try and make him get into bed. “Make tomorrow even more special for the two of you.”

“What about you?” he asked, and you rolled your eyes, sitting on your side of the mattress.

“I’m not the one acting like a drunk horndog,” you reminded him, and he laughed, his hair falling in his face and his dimples indenting his cheeks.

“You really just wanna sleep?” he asked, and you nodded.

“Yeah,” you confirmed, getting back under the covers. “So either come and spoon me or go relieve yourself in your own trailer.”

You watched as he shifted on his feet, trying to make a decision.

Eventually, he sighed and began to rid himself of his external layers of clothing.

Once he was down to boxers and an undershirt - after an unnecessarily long struggle with the buttons on his shirt - he crawled into bed beside you, pulling you into his arms.

“Good choice,” you murmured, and he huffed a laugh, kissing your shoulder lightly.

“It was a tough one,” he admitted, and you rolled your eyes, pulling his arms tighter around you.

“Go to sleep, Jared.”

The shrill beeping of your alarm pulled you from your sleep, and you groaned awake.
You reached over Jared’s sleeping form to hit the alarm, groaning again when you saw it was only six.

Jared mumbled in his sleep, and you shook his shoulder, trying to wake him up.

“She too early,” he complained, not opening his eyes. “Lemme sleep.”

“We have a flight to catch,” you reminded him, moving his arms from around you to get out of bed. “And I’m not sure you’ve packed.”

“I packed before the party,” he told you, sitting up and groaning in pain. “Why do I feel like shit?”

You laughed, the sound causing him to grab his head.

“Stop, too loud,” he complained, falling back down onto the bed.

“If you wanted to sleep in, you shouldn’t have booked us the early flight,” you reminded him, changing into your clothes for the journey. “Or, you should’ve gone back to your own trailer last night.”

He didn’t respond, so you continued to get changed in silence, making sure you had everything packed that you needed to before literally forcing him out of bed.

“I don’t like you this morning,” he complained, pulling on his pants as you herded him out of your trailer.

“I didn’t like you much when you woke me up at 2am,” you retorted, pulling him down for a light kiss as you unlocked your door. “Now go get ready, we have to leave soon. And check on Jensen while you’re at it.”

Jared and Jensen were both a sight for sore eyes, neither of them speaking on the way to the airport.

Luckily, only a few fans were up early enough to see you before you got on the plane, and the fact that all three of you just wanted to sleep meant that you didn’t get bothered during the flight at all.

Jensen gave back your phone so that you could listen to music, on the condition that you kept it on airplane mode and didn’t connect to any social media until you got home.

Home.

Now that was a weird concept.

In the weeks leading up to your flight to Texas, you’d talked through your options for where you’d be living, and it had been decided that you would officially move into the Ackles house.

It was only a short distance from Jared and Gen, and it would give you the chance to experience looking after babies with the twins, so you all figured that would be the best way to go.

Of course, you’d spend a lot of time with the Padaleckis - you still had to try and explain to Tom and Shep that they were getting a sibling, and it was coming from Auntie Y/N and not Mama - but officially you were moving in with Jensen and Danneel.

The reunion at the airport in Austin was… different, to say the least.
Rather than hanging back awkwardly while Jared and Jensen greeted their wives, you were instantly pulled into a hug by Danneel.

You laughed, hugging back until she pulled away holding your shoulders and looking over you.

“Hi,” she breathed, and you smiled.

“Hi.”

“You’re pregnant,” she stated, looking at your stomach, your barely-there bump covered by a loose sweater. “I’m still so happy for you.”

You laughed, turning to see Jensen stood with JJ on his hip, Arrow and Zep looking up at him from their stroller as he smiled widely to get a reaction.

Jared was busy greeting his sons, and Gen smiled at you as Danneel finally let you go.

“Congratulations,” she told you, pulling you into a hug.

“Thank you,” you murmured. “And thanks for being so cool about…”

You trailed off as she waved her hand dismissively.

“Don’t thank me, there’s no need,” she assured you. “Now, let’s get home and get you settled.”

Danneel was, frankly, appalled by the lack of personal belongings you had when it came to moving in.

Your clothes barely took up one fifth of the generous wardrobe in your new bedroom, and the personal items you had didn’t even fill one of the shelves.

“I didn’t have a lot of stuff when I moved to LA,” you explained as she helped you unpack, Jensen spending much needed time with his kids.

“And you didn’t buy any more?” she questioned, and you shrugged as you hung up your last jacket.

“I’m not used to having disposable income,” you told her. “It’s just kind of… sitting in my account. Which is good, because now I’m gonna have to use it all on baby shit.”

“Oh, yeah, because me and Gen aren’t gonna help you with that at all,” she snarked, zipping up your empty suitcase.

You raised an eyebrow at her, and she rolled her eyes, storing your case under your bed.

“Darlin’, a new baby is coming into our family,” she reminded you. “We’re all gonna be spoiling you and your kid, okay?”

“I don’t need your charity,” you insisted, causing her to sigh.

“It’s not charity, it’s family,” she told you, kindly. “I know this is kind of a new concept for you, but you’ve got a real family now. We look out for each other.”

You could feel tears welling in your eyes without permission, and she pulled you into a hug, stroking your hair softly.
“Sorry,” you sniffed. “I’m crying more often than not at the minute.”

“I’ve been there, I get it,” she assured you, pulling back and wiping your tears. “Now, let’s go get some food. Bet you’re hungry, right?”

At the mention of food, your stomach started to rumble, answering her question for you.

“You’re gonna get some weird-ass cravings, but you’ve just gotta roll with it,” she told you, leading you through the house towards the kitchen. “I promise not to judge you for them, whatever weird combinations your baby wants.”

“I’ve got a lot to learn, huh?” you murmured, and Danneel laughed softly.

“Yeah,” she agreed. “But that’s what me and Gen are here for.”

You woke up at a light knocking on your bedroom door, blinking open and taking in your surroundings.

Your new bedroom was gorgeous, much nicer than any room you’d ever had the pleasure to call your own before, and you were so busy admiring it that you almost forgot what had woken you.

The knock came again, louder this time.

“Come in,” you called, sitting up and stretching.

Jensen opened the door with Zeppelin in his arms, JJ stood in front of him.

“Up and at ‘em, kiddo,” he told you, and you frowned.

“What?” you asked, checking the clock to confirm your suspicions that it was, in fact, barely 8am. “C’mon, Jen, we’re on vacation.”

“No, I’m on vacation,” he corrected, shifting to hold Zep in one arm, resting his free hand on JJ’s head. “You’re at Mom Training Camp. You think your baby is gonna let you sleep in on your days off?”

“Jared can deal with it,” you replied, and he rolled his eyes.

He patted his daughter once, and she rushed over to you, grabbing your arm and pulling.

“Up an’ at ‘em, Ditto,” she told you, and you laughed softly, letting her pull you to your feet.

“Ditto?” you asked, and she nodded, looking back at Jensen.

“S’what Daddy said.”

“Kiddo?” Jensen asked, and she frowned, looking between the two of you.

“Oh,” she mumbled, frowning up at you. “I thought it was Ditto.”

You smiled, ruffling her hair.

“Day one of Mom Training,” Jensen spoke up as Zep started gurgling and reaching up towards his face, “Babysitting while me and Dee run some errands all day.”
“Dee and I,” you corrected, and he shook his head.

“No, you’re staying here,” he teased, and you rolled your eyes before realising he wasn’t kidding.

“You’re serious?” you questioned, and he nodded. “What? No- I can’t- all three? Alone?”

“No,” he laughed slightly. “No, just JJ.”

“Oh,” you sighed with relief, reaching your hands out for JJ.

She lifted her arms up, and you hoisted her up onto your hip.

“That’s not babysitting,” you told her father. “That’s hanging out with my best girl.”

“I’m the best girl,” JJ clarified, and Jensen nodded, letting Zep grab at his finger and bring it to his mouth.

“You are,” he confirmed, “But can you get down, darlin’? Y/N shouldn’t be lifting things.”

“I think I can carry a three-year-old,” you retorted, but JJ moved to get down anyway.

“I’m nearly four,” she replied, patting your stomach through your sleep shirt. “Gotta look after th’ baby.”

“Alright, Lil’ Miss Texas,” you told her, pinching her cheek. Her drawl was getting stronger every time you saw her, and you loved it. “Let me get dressed, then we’ll have the best day while Mom and Dad take the twins to do boring stuff.”

She nodded enthusiastically, pushing past her father and rushing out of the room, calling out behind her that she was going to say goodbye to Arrow and her mom.

“Did you just call me ‘Dad’?” Jensen teased, and you rolled your eyes.

“Don’t let it go to your head, old man,” you told him, letting him kiss your cheek before turning towards your wardrobe, getting ready to find something to wear for the day.

“We’ll leave the car keys on the hook in the kitchen if you want to take her anywhere,” he told you, and you bit your lip as you pulled out a t-shirt.

“No, ah- I think we’re just gonna stay here,” you told him, and he frowned as you turned back to face him.

“Can you… Y/N, you have your license, right?” he asked, and you shrugged.

“No,” you admitted. “I couldn’t afford to drive at home, didn’t need one in LA, and Clif takes us everywhere now.”

“Okay, that’s another project for the summer,” he told you, sighing. “You’re learning to drive.”

“Sure, between Mom Training Camp and conventions, we’ll have loads of time,” you snarked, and he laughed slightly, shaking his head.

“As your new dad, this is something I want to teach you,” he told you. “Besides, if I fuck up teaching you then I’ve got a solid twelve years to learn better when it’s JJ’s turn.”

“Yeah, okay,” you laughed, shooing him out of the room. “Now leave so I can put clothes on.”
“Is that any way to talk to your father?” he asked, and you raised an eyebrow.

“You’re lucky you’re holding a baby because I’m not above physical violence when you’re being a douche,” you told him, and he grinned, kissing the top of Zep’s head.

“I knew you’d come in handy, Zep,” he teased, turning to leave. “Hurry up, kiddo. JJ’s gonna get restless.”

You rolled your eyes, but your heart fluttered with appreciation as he closed the door behind him.

_This was family._

And it was yours.

Chapter End Notes

I'm literally fuelled by feedback
if y'all don't know me from tumblr, you won't know how deep in the padackles (more specifically, gen and danneel) trash can
welp, now you'll see

Babysitting JJ was the best.

Over your last visits to Austin, you’d built up a good bond with her, and spending a full day with just the two of you was a lot of fun.

She wanted to talk about the baby, and you were surprised at how much knowledge she had on pregnancy.

To be honest, she probably knew more than you did.

You spent the day playing, baking, and watching movies.

You were sure that they usually followed a balanced diet at home, but you figured one day of PB&Js and snacks wouldn’t do too much harm.

You’d both passed out in your bed, after snuggling up to watch Tangled for the third time that day, by the time that Jensen and Danneel came back.

You woke to the sound of a small yawn and stretch, smiling when your eyes opened to see JJ doing just that.

“Mornin’ Tex,” you smiled, sitting up and running your hands through your messy morning hair. “I think I need a shower.”

“Yah, you’re stinky,” she teased, and you laughed, playfully pushing her away.

She giggled, throwing herself into your arms for a hug.

“G’mornin’, she mumbled, pulling back as she leant down to talk to your stomach. “G’mornin’, Baby Ditto.”

You laughed softly, stroking a hand through her hair to try and tame some of the sleepy mess.

“Baby Ditto isn’t happy with me this morning,” you told her, and she frowned.

“Why not?” she asked, looking between you and your stomach.

“We didn’t eat a single vegetable yesterday, and the baby is used to healthy meals made by Uncle Jared,” you explained, and she nodded.

“Prob’ly not a good idea,” she said, wisely.
“Probably not,” you agreed. “Next time I babysit, we’ll have to have some real food.”

You got out of bed, leading JJ behind you as you made your way through to Jensen and Danneel’s room.

You knocked on the door, letting yourself in when Danneel told you to.

“There’s the sleeping beauties,” she teased as you walked in, and you laughed, betraying yourself by yawning halfway through. “Did y’all sleep all the way through to now?”

“Yeah,” JJ answered, smiling. “Baby Ditto isn’t happy with us because we didn’t eat veggies.”

You bit your lip, closing your eyes so you didn’t have to see Danneel’s reaction.

“Oh, I know,” she laughed. “Didn’t do a good job of hiding the evidence.”

You cringed when you realised what she meant.

You’d meant to tidy up after you’d finished watching the movie, but you’d fallen asleep before you got the chance to clear away the half eaten popcorn and blanket forts.

“I meant to do it, I just-”

“I’m not mad,” she assured you, and you exhaled with relief. “You two looked cute all snuggled up.”

JJ moved further into the room, crawling up onto the bed and sitting beside her mom.

“You saw us?” you asked, and Danneel nodded.

“Had to check on my girls,” she explained, before frowning. “I was gonna put it on instagram, but I figured I’d check with you first.”

You shook your head, clearing your throat.


You’d had your phone back since the flight, but you weren’t quite brave enough to reconnect to your social media accounts yet.

Danneel nodded, knowing what you meant.

“We can go through twitter together?” she offered. “Jay’s just showering but when he’s out?”

You nodded.

“I could do with a shower, actually,” you told her. “I was on my way to our bathroom, just wanted to deposit JJ.”

“Go get cleaned up,” she smiled. “When you’re ready, we’ll sit down and go through it.”

Your breath was shaky as you nodded again, already getting anxious about seeing the fans’ responses for the first time.

“It’s not as bad as you think,” she promised. “We’ve all got your back.”
You smiled tightly, unable to calm your nerves but knowing you’d have to face the music sooner or later.

You turned to leave for the bathroom you shared with JJ when her voice stopped you.

“Ditto?” she called, and you nodded. “I love you.”

You smiled, warmer this time.

“I love you too, Tex.”

You took a deep breath before following the sounds of the Ackles family chatting to their front room.

The twins were sat in matching baby bouncers as JJ sat in front of them, keeping them entertained. Danneel and Jensen were sat side by side on one of their comfortable couches, watching their kids with tired but content smiles.

You had your iPad in your hand your phone tucked into your pocket as you stood awkwardly in the doorway.

“You ready?” Jensen asked, taking you by surprise.

You nodded slowly, walking over to them and placing your iPad down on the coffee table.

“As I’ll ever be,” you murmured, sitting on the floor between them.

They shifted so that they were looking over your shoulder as you unlocked your tablet.

You handed it over to Jensen to link you up to the wifi before logging into twitter.

Your notifications were at 99+, your DMs at the same, and your heart in your throat.

“Okay,” you breathed, Danneel resting a gentle hand on your shoulder. “Before we do this, give me a rough percentage.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, voice kind and calming.

“How many of them are assholes?” you asked, looking up at her.

She looked over your head to Jensen, and he sighed.

“Probably about ten,” he told you, and you frowned.

“Ten percent? That’s it?” you asked, and he nodded.

“But the douchebags tend to be the loudest,” Danneel added, and you nodded.

You clicked onto your profile, seeing that your follower count had almost doubled since your last tweet.

The response to that one tweet was insane.

Thousands of replies, over eight thousand retweets, and 36k likes.
“And 10% of these are shitty,” you clarified, and Jensen sighed again.

“You know what people are like,” he murmured as you stared at the screen, not knowing where to start.

“Okay, new plan,” Danneel told you, dropping down on the floor beside you and taking your iPad.

“What are you doing?” you asked, and she clicked on Jensen’s profile.

“You don’t want to see the hate, but you kinda want to see the hate, right?” she asked, knowing exactly what you were thinking.

You didn’t really want to read snide or hateful tweets, but you wanted to know what people were saying, what they might say to you at conventions in the coming months.

“We’ve been… well,” Danneel didn’t know how to continue, so Jensen took over.

“A lot of the cast and families have been firing back,” he admitted, and you raised your eyebrows.

“Jensen-”

“If you say something like ‘you didn’t have to’, I’ll whoop your pregnant ass,” he shot back, and you let out a shocked laugh. “We’re family. We’re happy to do it.”

Arrow started to cry, grabbing all of your attention, JJ’s best efforts doing little to soothe her.

“You can look through my twitter, Jensen’s, Jared’s, Gen’s, Mark’s, Misha’s… you’ll see how many people have your back,” Danneel told you, handing back your iPad and getting to her feet. “Go through it with Jay and I’ll sort out the babies.”

She moved over to the kids, sweeping Arrow up into her arms and leaving JJ with Zep so he didn’t start too.

“Come up here, kiddo,” Jensen told you, patting the seat beside him.

You groaned as you moved. It wasn’t that much of an effort, but you were still semi-reluctant to read through anything and you wanted him to know it.

“Alright, less of that,” he laughed, as you flopped down next to him, your iPad in your lap.

“Let’s get this over with,” you murmured, and he rolled his eyes, taking your iPad and starting to scroll through his recent tweets and replies.
You gasped, looking up from the screen.

“You shouldn’t have said that,” you murmured, and he huffed a humourless laugh.

“Yeah, but I did,” he replied, moving on from his page to Jared’s. “Got a lot of shit for it, but if
she’s calling herself ‘jensensgirl’ she needs to know it’s not okay to insult my family.”

You leant your head on his shoulder, wanting to thank him but not knowing what to say.

“Here,” he mumbled, showing you Jared’s page.

Jared Padalecki @jarpad

Congratulations @itsy/n! Can’t wait to meet the little one! #spnbaby

Y/N @itsy/n

There’s been a lot of rumours going around about me lately. I hope y’all appreciate me sharing the truth:

Yes, I’m pregnant.
No, it wasn’t planned.
Yes, I know who the father is.
No, it’s not Jensen.
Yes, I’m very sure that Jensen Ackles is not the father of my child, I think that would be something I’d remember.
At this point in time, I’m not willing to

Jared Padalecki @jarpad

No. Why do you have to assume the worst in people? Y/N will make a great mom, and all of us support her.
#spnFAMILY #love

Kezi @itsaboutbrothers

@jarpad @itsy/n translation: ‘congratulations on ruining not only your life but your baby’s! thanks to you nobody’s gonna get any sleep on set ever.’

Jensen continued to navigate twitter, showing you different profiles. The overwhelming sense of support and family amongst the cast far outweighed the sting of the hate.
A BABY. THIS IS NOT A DRILL. A BABY IS COMING. (But, in all seriousness, congratulations kiddo)
#ImGettingOld

Y/N @itsy/n

There’s been a lot of rumours going around about me lately. I hope y’all appreciate me sharing the truth:

Yes, I’m pregnant.
No, it wasn’t planned.
Yes, I know who the father is.
No, it’s not Jensen.
Yes, I’m very sure that Jensen Ackles is not the father of my child, I think that would be something I’d remember.
At this point in time, I’m not willing to

Genevieve Padalecki @realmgpad

Congrats, sweetie! Can’t wait to spoil this baby rotten❤️👶

Y/N @itsy/n

There’s been a lot of rumours going around about me lately. I hope y’all appreciate me sharing the truth:

Yes, I’m pregnant.
No, it wasn’t planned.
Yes, I know who the father is.
No, it’s not Jensen.
Yes, I’m very sure that Jensen Ackles is not the father of my child, I think that would be something I’d remember.
At this point in time, I’m not willing to
Genevieve Padalecki @realGpad

Picking on a pregnant woman? Real mature 'Jakey'. Back. Off. #spnfamily

Jakey @spnjake

@itsy/n Nobody cares about you lol. slut #homewrecker

Danneel HarrisAckles @DanneelHarris

Congratulations, gorgeous girl❤️
Our babies are gonna be the best of friends😊

Y/N @itsy/n

There's been a lot of rumours going around about me lately. I hope y'all appreciate me sharing the truth:

Yes, I'm pregnant.
No, it wasn't planned.
Yes, I know who the father is.
No, it's not Jensen.
Yes, I'm very sure that Jensen Ackles is not the father of my child, I think that would be something I'd remember.
At this point in time, I'm not willing to

Danneel HarrisAckles @DanneelHarris

Not genetically, but I'm sure they'll be just as close😊❤️

Han @j2wench

@DanneelHarris or, you know, the best of siblings #weknow #stop-hiding
Danneel walked back into the room, Arrow quietly sniffing in her arms, and you looked up at her, smiling sadly.

“Thank you,” you told her. “For defending me, and for… you know. Everything.”

“It’s no big deal,” she assured you, perching on the arm of the couch. “I get people coming for me every time I post, it’s something you get used to.”

Jensen sighed again, locking your iPad and wrapping his arm around your shoulders.

“We’ve got you,” he assured you kissing the top of your head as he looked over at his wife. “Post the pictures. It’ll help.”

Danneel nodded, handing her daughter over to you as she pulled out her phone.

You held Arrow in your lap, much the same as you had the last time you visited. You sat back against the couch cushions, your thighs pressed together and Arrow lying comfortably on your legs.

Her little hands reached up to you, and you let her grab onto your index fingers, holding them tightly in tiny fists.

“What do you mean, ‘it’ll help’?” you asked, smiling down at Arrow to keep her entertained, the little girl never failing to bring a smile to your face anyway.

“We figured that your relationship with our kids, and with Tom and Shep, would be a good way to get people on board,” Danneel explained, posting something that made your iPad glow with a tag notification. “It’s the best way to show that we’re a unit.”

“You saw the reaction after Dee posted at the airport,” Jensen added, and you nodded. “It solidified you as part of our family. We’re just keeping that up.”

You spent the rest of the morning with Arrow in your lap or your arms, bonding with the little girl and keeping her entertained.

After lunch, JJ announced that she wanted to invite Tom and Shep round.

Danneel agreed, shooting off a text to Gen and asking if the boys wanted to come over. Unsurprisingly, the answer was yes.
“I’ll go pick them up, you can come with me and stay at theirs,” Jensen offered. “I could do with a walk.”

You agreed, deciding to get changed into something less ‘I hadn’t planned on leaving the house today’ chic. You hadn’t spent time with the two of them alone since moving back down to Austin on Saturday and, seeing as it was Monday already, you figured you should look like you’d made a bit of an effort.

The walk was nice. It really wasn’t far, but the sun was shining and there was a cool breeze, making the streets and houses look even more beautiful than they already were.

Tom and Shep were ready, waiting by the door as you walked up the driveway to the Padalecki house.

“Alright, kiddos, who’s going on Uncle Jensen’s shoulders?” Jensen asked as they rushed towards the two of you.

“I am,” Shep grinned, and Tom nodded in agreement.

“I’m walkin’,,” he told you, and you smiled, ruffling his hair.

“You gonna be good for Uncle Jay?” you asked, and they both nodded.

Jensen picked up Shep with ease, depositing him on his shoulders in a practiced movement. Shep’s hands rested on Jensen’s head as he grinned down at you from his new height.

“See you later, boys,” you told them as Tom took Jensen’s hand without complaint.

“Bye Auntie Y/N,” they replied in unison.

You watched them walk down the driveway before turning to knock on the door.

Gen answered with a grin on her face.

“Hey there, Ditto,” she smiled, pulling you into a hug.

You laughed softly, hugging back and revelling in the familiarity of the greeting.

“How do you know that name?” you asked, and she huffed an amused laugh.

“Check Instagram,” she told you, pulling back and leading you further into the house.

You pulled out your phone as you walked towards the front room, opening the notification from Danneel and smiling at what you saw.

“I’m glad you’re settling in over there,” Gen told you, smiling teasingly. “Don’t forget about us, though.”

“Trust me,” you grinned, “I’m not forgetting about you in a hurry.”

She smiled, taking your hand and tugging gently to stop you just before you reached the doorway, turning you towards her.

She leant up slightly, catching your lips in a soft kiss.

You kissed back, feeling her smile against your lips as she pulled back.

She squeezed your hand before letting go, instead carding her fingers into your hair and bringing you into another kiss.

Kissing Genevieve was always different than kissing Jared. Her lips were softer, fuller, yet she kissed with more finesse and control than her husband ever did. With Gen, you knew who was in control, and it certainly wasn’t you.

“I wondered what was taking you so long.”

Jared’s voice broke the two of you apart, and you rolled your lips together awkwardly as Gen just smiled up at him.

“Come on, you two. The movie’s ready,” he continued, reaching a hand out to you.

“Oh, yeah, we’re watching a movie,” Gen told you as you linked fingers with Jared. “We didn’t get
a chance to see it at the theatre so I promised we’d watch it before he and Jensen leave for Australia.”

“Rogue One,” Jared confirmed. “Figured you might enjoy it too.”

You smiled, nodding.

Jared and Jensen were set to fly out on Thursday for All Hell Breaks Loose, but you were staying behind. Originally, you were scheduled to go as well but, seeing as you were to be in Europe the week after for Asylum and then Jus In Bello, you figured it would be better for you to stay back on this one. That much travelling would be tiring, so you’d be staying in Europe between the two cons, meeting the Padaleckis once you got to Rome rather than taking the trip back to Austin for the sake of a few days.

“I’ll go get some popcorn,” Gen suggested, and Jared shook his head.

“Not for Y/N,” he stated, pulling you towards him and wrapping his arms around your waist from behind.

“Yeah, Baby Ditto can’t handle my shitty food habits,” you laughed slightly, leaning back into Jared.

“I’ll find you something else, sweetie,” she promised, winking. “You go on through and I’ll join you.”

Jared lead you into the front room, sitting himself down in his previous position on the couch.

“Where was Gen sitting?” you asked, not wanting to steal her spot.

He shook his head, pulling you down into his lap.

“She was getting the boys ready,” he explained, holding your waist. “You can sit where you want.”

You shifted in his lap, the position he’d pulled you into a little uncomfortable as you sat facing him.

“You know, this isn’t an official seat,” you murmured, and he shrugged, leaning in for a kiss.

You allowed yourself to kiss back, appreciating the feeling of his three-day stubble against your skin.

Pulling back, you slipped off of his lap onto the couch beside him, facing the TV that was waiting patiently on the title screen.

Jared’s arm wrapped around your shoulders, tucking you into his side and placing a kiss to your temple.

“How are you settling in down here?” he asked while you waited for Gen to return.

You smiled, leaning further into him.

“It feels like home.”

The movie ended, but admittedly you’d all stopped paying attention half way through in order to partake in a different, arguably more fun, activity after days apart - weeks, in the case of you and
“You should’ve brought a change of clothes,” Jared teased as Gen looked through her wardrobe for something for you to wear.

“You shouldn’t have ripped my shirt,” you retorted, fastening your bra.

He smirked, crossing over to you and dropping to his knees in front of you, running his hands over your slight bump as you stood in your underwear.

“I can’t believe I have to be away from you for two weeks,” he murmured.

“Six days,” you corrected. “Then a day together. Then six more apart.”

“I don’t see how that’s any better,” he commented, and you sighed, running a hand through his hair.

“But then we all get a proper vacation,” you reminded him, “In Rome. With Gen and the boys.”

He nodded, placing a kiss to your stomach as Gen returned - fully dressed - with some clothes for you.

“Danneel just called,” she told you as Jared got to his feet, handing you a loose tank and zip up sweater. “JJ won’t go to sleep while our boys are there and before she’s had one of ‘Ditto’s sleep-time stories’.”

“So much for staying the night,” Jared grumbled, and you sighed as you got dressed.

“I accidently imprinted on JJ,” you admitted. “I love the kid, I can’t leave her hanging just to sleep with you. Again.”

Jared huffed, and Gen backhanded his chest in chastisement.

He sighed, finally putting his shirt back on as you zipped up the sweater.

Gen walked towards you, brushing your hair back from your shoulders.

“You’re gonna be a great mom,” she told you, kissing you softly.

You sighed, shrugging.

“If this baby comes out as a three year old, I’ll be fine,” you murmured, and she shook her head.

“You’ll get a hang of the baby stuff the more time you spend with the twins,” she promised, waiting for you to nod before stepping back.

You picked up your ripped shirt from the floor, sighing as you folded it over your arm, slipping into your shoes.

“I’ll walk you back and pick up the boys,” Gen told you, looking up at Jared, who still hadn’t put his pants back on. “Mr. Petulant can stay here and sulk.”

You laughed softly, and Jared rolled his eyes.

“You don’t like it when she leaves, either,” he pointed out, and Gen smiled as you raised an eyebrow at her.
“I mean… can you blame me?” she teased, and you laughed again. “But you’ve got a real family now, with them and us. I’m not about to disrupt what’s working.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow anyway,” you reminded Jared, and he nodded.

“And Wednesday?” he asked, and you smiled.

“And on the way to the airport on Thursday,” you confirmed as Gen began to leave the room, holding her hand out to you.

Jared sprung into action, leaning down to kiss you softly before doing the same to his wife.

“Be safe,” he told you, and Gen scoffed.

“It’s not even dark out yet,” she reminded him and he shook his head, looking at your joined hands.

“That’s not what I meant,” he murmured.

“We’re not gonna hold hands in public,” you assured him, squeezing Gen’s hand and lifting it up to emphasise your point. “Besides, girls hold hands all the time. And it’s not like they can accuse Gen of being the baby daddy.”

That made the two of them laugh, and you smiled, happy to ease the tension.

Gen lead you from the room, stopping in the hallway to slip into a pair of flats.

“See you tomorrow,” you called back into the house, Jared appearing around the doorway and smiling sadly, his jeans in his hands.

“Tomorrow,” he confirmed as you reached the front door. “Oh, and girls?”

You both turned to face him, waiting for him to continue.

“I had fun.”

You huffed a small laugh as Gen looked at you, a glint in her eye.

“Yeah. Me too.”

One thing you hadn’t realised about the Padackles family was that, when Jared and Jensen were away at conventions, Genevieve and Danneel pretty much moved in together.

You didn’t know if this was how it was when you were in Vancouver but, that weekend, after you’d dropped the husbands off at the airport, all of you went back to the Ackles house.

Seeing as Danneel had the younger children, that was the house they both resided in during the day, Genevieve offering help with the babies or with entertaining the older kids.

Gen’s advice about spending time with the twins was right, to an extent.

The more time you spent with them, the more you bonded - in the sense that they smiled at you while you held them or helped Gen or Danneel change their diapers - but you still hadn’t got the hang of some of the simple things on your own.

It was Saturday afternoon, the nine of you in the garden while the older kids played with the dogs,
and you were holding Zeppelin when you realised that he needed changing.

“You think you can handle it?” Danneel asked, and you bit your lip.

“She’s got it,” Gen insisted, smiling kindly. “Confidence is key, if you act like you know what you’re doing, he’ll be calm and it’ll get done.”

You nodded, bouncing Zep on your hip lightly as you walked back into the house, to the changing table.

“Call if you need us!” Danneel told you, and you let out a sigh, looking down at a frowning baby boy.

“I’ve got this, right?” you asked him, laying him down on the table. “I’ve seen them do this tons of times. I’ve got this.”

He didn’t look convinced, but you couldn’t blame him.

Sure, you knew the logistics of what you were doing, but knowledge and application were two very different things.

“Hey, it’s okay,” you insisted when Zeppelin started to pout. “We’re in this together, huh?”

You got out a fresh diaper and the fancy, perfume-free baby wipes Danneel uses before attempting to remove his pants.

“These first,” you reminded yourself, taking off the precious little shoes that probably cost more than the sneakers you were wearing. “Can’t get your pants off if you’ve got your booties on.”

Your words were light but the delivery was heavy with anxiety.

Your heart was pounding unnecessarily fast as you tried to steady your shaking hands.

Zeppelin’s lip started to quiver when you finally got his pants off of his little legs.

“Oh, no, Zeppy, it’s fine,” you assured him, not believing yourself. “We can do this, right, buddy?”

He sniffed in a breath and you realised that this was it, he was going to cry.

“Shit,” you murmured as the first wails started. “Shh, it’s okay. It’s okay, everything’s fine.”

You didn’t believe a word you were saying, and the rising volume of his cries told you that he felt the same.

You were out of your depth, but you stubbornly refused to call for help.

Help wasn’t going to come when you were alone in Vancouver while Jared was filming, so you weren’t going to ask for it now.

You kept talking to Zeppelin as you managed to get him out of the used diaper, but wiping him clean proved to be a challenge neither of you would enjoy.

He was wriggling around, trying to get away from the wipe and go free.

“Come on, buddy,” you begged, feeling tears prickle behind your eyes. “Please.”
He let out an almighty shriek, and you looked up to see Danneel in the doorway.

“Don’t cry,” she soothed, crossing quickly to hug you. “It’s okay, you’re okay. I’ll help.”

“He- I- he keeps crying,” you sniffed, pulling back and looking down at him, still naked from the waist down where you hadn’t been able to get his diaper back on. “I didn’t want-”

“It’s okay,” she assured you, squeezing your shoulder with one hand and smoothing her son’s hair down with the other. “I’ll sort him out. Can you make me up a bottle for Arrow?”

“I think so,” you nodded, leaving for the kitchen without another word.

You knew from observing Danneel for the past few days where everything was kept in their cupboards, so you got out a bottle and the formula without trouble.

The instructions for the formula were written on the packet, so you knew you’d be able to make it right so long as you followed them perfectly.

Your hands fumbled with opening the bottle, unable to remove the top.

Your vision was still clouded by tears, your hands still shaking, so you took a second to try and compose yourself.

“I can do this,” you murmured, picking up the bottle in persistently quivering hands and attempting to get it open again. “I can do this.”

It must have been easier than you were making it - a knack to opening it that you just hadn’t grasped yet - but the longer you tried, the harder it was.

“I can do this,” you told yourself through tears, louder this time. “I can fucking do this.”

“Hey.”

Danneel’s voice surprised you, but you didn’t turn to face her.

“Sweetie, I can help.”

“No,” you snapped, trying to force the top off of the bottle. “I can do it. It’s just a fucking bottle.”

“It’s okay,” she soothed, and you heard her walking closer.

Your hands were shaking even more while tears started to stream down your cheeks, as you tried and failed once more.

With a yell, you threw the bottle against the counter, the top finally coming off in your bout of rage.

“I can’t fucking do it!” you shouted as Danneel pulled you into a hug, your arms pressed to your sides as she wrapped hers around your shoulders. “I can’t do any of it!”

“Hey,” she murmured, a hand coming to the back of your head and pressing your face into her neck as she hugged you close. “Stop that. You’re gonna be fine.”

“I’m not,” you sniffed, pulling back and out of her hold. “I’m not. I don’t know why I thought I could do this. I’m- I- I can’t!”
“You can,” she insisted, reaching for your hands and squeezing them reassuringly. “You’ll get it.”

“I won’t,” you shot back, clenching your eyes shut as you shook your head. “I can’t do it. I can’t be a mom. What if- what if this baby ends up like me? What if-”

You cut yourself off with a choked sob.

“What if, what?” she asked, gently.

You took a shaky breath, opening your eyes and meeting her gaze.

“What if I turn out like my mom?”
Chapter 11

“What if I turn out like my mom?”

Danneel stared at you, unmov ing, for what felt like an eternity.

Her expression was unreadable and, in that moment, you wanted to run away.

You’d had the urge to run away a lot in your life but, since joining Supernatural, you’d felt more settled. Living with the Ackles’ was the best you’d ever had it - you had a family, a roof over your head, a steady job - but right then, all you wanted to do was run.

You could get pretty far, you figured. Away from everyone you knew, go somewhere nobody would think to look. You had money, more than you’d ever know what to do with, you could make it on your own.

You didn’t need to be a disappointment to yet another family.

“What the fuck.”

Danneel’s words weren’t a question as she dropped your hands, more like an exhale of disbelief.

“Danneel, look-”

“No, you look,” she interrupted, forcing eye contact with a demanding gaze. “You really think you’d be anything like your piece of shit birth mother?”

You frowned slightly as her choice of words, but she shook her head.

“She’s not your mom, Y/N,” she told you, firmly. “A mom doesn’t disown her kid for getting a chance-of-a-lifetime scholarship. A mom doesn’t force her sixteen-year-old daughter to work two jobs to pay for her addiction. A mom… a real mom, would never beat up her daughter for following her dreams.”

You swallowed thickly, shaking your head.

“I never- I never said she-”

“Am I wrong?”

You snapped your mouth shut, tears threatening to fill your eyes again.

Danneel shook her head, eyes full of sadness.

“Fuck,” she breathed, her voice heavy with emotion. “Y/N, would you ever treat your child like that?”

You blinked, trying to keep the tears at bay.

“I’d rather die,” you murmured, your voice cracking at the end.

You cleared your throat, turning your face away from her as you tried to compose yourself.

“Come with me,” she told you, starting to leave the room.
“What about the bottle?” you asked, weakly.

“The bottle can wait,” she insisted, nodding for you to follow her.

The two of you walked through to the back of the house, where large screen windows looked onto the back yard.

Gen had Zeppelin in her lap and Arrow in the bouncer beside her, watching the babies as the older kids continued to play with the dogs.

Danneel stopped in front of the window, reaching her hand out to you while staring out into the yard.

You looked down at her hand, tentatively linking your fingers with hers and letting her pull you into her side.

“You see that little girl out there?” she asked, nodding towards JJ.

You watched as she got playfully bowled over by Oscar, laughing and pushing him back as he tried to lick her face.

“When she was born, I had no fucking idea what I was doing,” Danneel admitted, and you tore your eyes off of JJ to look at her mom.

She felt you looking and nodded without taking her gaze off of the kids.

“At that point, Gen and Jared didn’t live down here, so we didn’t have that support,” she explained. “I was lucky that she was born while her daddy was home for hiatus, so I had him with me for the first few months. We were learning together, and we were fucking up as often as we were figuring stuff out.”

She huffed a breath, squeezing your hand but still not looking at you.

“Two weeks after Jay left for Vancouver, my mom came to visit to help with the baby,” she sighed, swallowing. “The day after she got here, she came home from the grocery store to find me crying on my bedroom floor, JJ in her bassinet in nothing but a diaper. She wouldn’t stay still while I was dressing her, and I just lost it. I’d thrown her babygrow onto the floor and just… a complete breakdown took over from nowhere.”

You let go of her hand, wrapping your arm around her waist and resting your temple on her shoulder.

She tilted her head to rest against yours as she draped her arm over your shoulders.

“I’d dressed her tons of times by then, but I just… lost it, I don’t know,” she admitted, her voice heavy. “It was all too much. I was sure I was the worst mom ever, leaving my daughter undressed just to sob on the floor, but my mama came in and she pulled me to my feet, told me to go get cleaned up. I came back and she’d got JJ dressed and fed, done everything for me. I’d failed at the simplest task, but you know what she said?”

You shook your head.

“She said, ‘My girl, you don’t know what it’s like to be a mother until you’re having a breakdown every month’.”
You laughed slightly, and Danneel pulled back, finally looking at you.

“She was right,” she told you. “Sometimes the simple things will feel like too much, but that’s okay. Nobody has it together all the time. Sometimes you’ve got to have a meltdown.”

She looked back out into the yard to see JJ pulling Shep to his feet after he’d been play-wrestling with Icarus.

“Sometimes,” she continued, a small smile pulling at her lips, “Sometimes you’ve gotta shout and throw a bottle.”

You snorted, your emotions on such a rollercoaster that you were close to hysterics as you started to laugh.

Danneel laughed too, pulling you into another hug and placing a kiss to your temple.

“You’re gonna be nothing like her,” she assured you, and you nodded, finding yourself desperate to believe her.

You looked out of the window to see Gen watching the two of you with a small smile, her attention caught by your laughter.

“You’ve got me and Gen to help you,” she reminded you, quietly.

“Yeah,” you smiled, looking back at her.

She smiled back, linking her arm with yours and walking the two of you further into the house.

“Now, let’s go make up that bottle.”

“One time,” Danneel began as she sat down next to you on the couch that evening, all of the kids in bed and Gen and the boys back at their house for the night, “I threw an entire diaper bag on the floor of the garage. Like, full force. Stuff went everywhere.”

You leant into her, letting her wrap her arm around you as her fingers absently played with your hair.

“It was dramatic.” she laughed slightly, kissing the top of your head and murmuring into your hair. “Doesn’t make me a bad mom, though.”

“No,” you agreed, pulling back just enough to look at her but not dislodge her arm. “You’re the best mom.”

She smiled, softly pushing your bangs off of your forehead before placing a kiss there.

“I’m too young to have a twenty-year-old daughter,” she mused, and you laughed gently as you leant into her again.

“My real-” you cut yourself off, tilting your head to rest on her shoulder as you both looked at the TV screen.

It was muted, but you both let out a small huff of laughter as you saw it had moved onto a Supernatural rerun.

“She’s younger than you,” you murmured, and she sighed softly.
“How old is she?” she asked.


Her arm tightened around you, holding you closer to her.

“She was only young,” you continued, quietly, “She didn’t know-”

“If you try to defend what that woman did to you, I swear to God,” she interrupted, resting her temple to the top of your head. “A thirty-year-old knows better than to-”

She cut herself off, unable to say it.

The thought of you living like that, of being scared and unsafe in your own home, made her feel sick.

“Even a fifteen-year-old knows better,” she murmured. “Hell, JJ knows better and she’s three.”

“Nearly four,” you corrected on impulse, having heard JJ say it herself so many times that it was just an automatic response.

Danneel laughed, kissing the top of your head once more before pulling back and reaching for the TV remote.

She skimmed through the channels for a while before settling on a movie, unmuteing it but keeping the volume low.

“Your girlfriend is older than your mother,” Danneel mused after a while, and you couldn’t help but laugh.

You hadn’t thought about it like that before - both Gen being classified as your ‘girlfriend’, and the age difference - and the out of the blue and straight-faced delivery of the statement took you by surprise.

“Sorry,” she laughed, biting her lip. “Just slipped out.”

“It’s fine,” you assured her, still smiling. “It’s a weird situation. My baby daddy is fourteen years older than me, plus he has a wife. Nothing’s normal about this, so Gen being older than... well, it just adds another layer of fucked up to this whole thing.”

Danneel looked at you, contemplative, a small frown pulling at her brows.

“Nothing about it is fucked up,” she told you, her voice soft but tone firm.

“The father of my unborn child has a wife,” you stated, returning her frown. “A wife that both of us are in a relationship with.”

“I didn’t say it was conventional,” she reiterated, “But it’s not fucked up. If anything, it’s a stronger basis for starting a family than any conventional relationship.”

“What do you mean?” you asked, and she tucked her leg up under herself to face you.

“Your relationship,” she began. “I don’t know all the details, apart from the fact that y’all seem to have incredible sex.”

“Ew, Dan,” you pulled a face. It really felt like you were talking to a parent about your sex life.
“But I do know that the three of you care about each other,” she continued, undeterred. “I know that Jared and Gen are already great parents with the boys, and I know that you’re gonna love this baby with your whole heart. So, yeah, it’s not conventional. But it’s not fucked up.”

You nodded, swallowing the lump in your throat. You’d done enough crying already that day.

“Okay, enough sappy shit,” Danneel stated, getting to her feet. “You want ice cream?”

You laughed slightly at the non sequitur, shaking your head.

“Jared would kill me.”

She rolled her eyes, walking backwards towards the doorway as she spoke.

“Okay, one?” she held up a finger. “You’ve had a rough day. Two, I had ice cream like twice a week in the summer with the twins and they’re fine. And three?”

You raised an eyebrow, waiting for her to continue.

“Jared isn’t even in the country,” she reminded you, grinning as she turned to leave the room.

On Tuesday night, once Jared and Jensen were back from All Hell Breaks Loose, you spent the night at the Padaleckis.

You’d waited until JJ was in bed - ‘If I gotta have a whole two weeks away from Ditto, she gotta read me stories until she leaves’ - but, once she was asleep, you made your way over.

Jared was too tired from travelling to do anything, so you spent the evening actually watching Rogue One this time, all three of you in comfortable sleep clothes.

It was all so domestic, but you loved that you were able to have that time together - to do nothing but just be with each other.

You fell asleep with Jared’s arm draped over your shoulders on the couch, and woke up with Gen’s arms wrapped around you in bed.

It was the first time you’d shared their bed for the night, and you were smiling as you opened your eyes.

“Hey there, Sleeping Beauty,” Genevieve murmured, gently tucking your hair behind your ear.

“Good morning,” you murmured, smiling against her lips as she kissed you softly.

She rolled you onto your back, deepening the kiss as she slotted one of her legs between yours.

Your hands found her waist, fingers slipping under the hem of her tank as hers carded into your hair.

As the kiss continued, your mind drifted to what Danneel had said, and you realised how right she was. This might not be conventional, but it wasn’t wrong. How could it be when you’d never felt more content than you did in that moment?

Your hips rolled without prompting, grinding down onto her thigh without real intent.

“Not that it wouldn’t be fun,” Gen murmured against your lips. “But we don’t really have time this
morning.”

She pulled back, moving to lay on her side, her hand resting on your stomach.

“How’s Baby Ditto doing?” she asked, running her hand over your small bump.

It still wasn’t pronounced enough to be noticeable in your normal clothes, but it was getting there. You’d have to go maternity shopping when you got back from Rome.

“I mean, not bad,” you smiled, lethargic. “Haven’t had any sickness for like a month now.”

She nodded, patting your bump lightly.

“Good.”

The two of you lay in silence for a while, letting yourself feel content in your life - in your relationship and your situation.

“Where’s Jare?” you asked through a yawn, turning your face into the pillow to stifle it.

“Making breakfast with the boys,” she informed you. “You really slept through them coming in?”

Your eyes shot to hers, suddenly wide awake as your heart pounded in your chest.

“It’s okay,” she laughed kindly, propping herself up on her elbow. “If we really didn’t want them to know, Jared would have carried you to your own room last night.”

“What- uh,” you cleared your throat. “What did you tell them?”

“To be quiet,” she told you. “Not to wake you up. And that we’d explain later.”

“How much later?” you hedged, and she raised an eyebrow. “Like… while I’m in England?”

She laughed, leaning in and kissing you once more before getting out of bed.

“Like, when we go down for breakfast,” she told you, stretching her arms above her head and exposing a strip of tanned skin. “C’mon, get up. It’s gonna be fine.”

You sighed, watching as she ran her hands through her hair, turning towards her wardrobe.

“Your hair is really pretty this morning,” you told her, and she tipped her head back in a laugh.

“Flattery isn’t getting you out of this, sweetie,” she replied, pulling a large flannel over her tank. “We should talk to them together, as a unit.”

“I know,” you agreed, finally getting out of bed.

She smiled reassuringly, handing you a sweater.

“It’s gonna be fine.”

Breakfast was nowhere near as awkward as you thought it was going to be.

The boys were happy to see you, chatting away about Ninja Turtles as if you had any idea what they were talking about.
Once you’d finished, after all of you washed the dishes together as a family, the five of you sat down in the front room.

You had Shep on your lap in the armchair, Tom sat between his parents on the couch.

“Let’s talk about this morning,” Jared began, and your heart started racing as you rested your chin on top of Shep’s head.

“Auntie Y/N was in your bed,” Tom stated, and Jared and Gen nodded.

“Did you have a bad dream?” Shep asked, turning to look at you with concern in his eyes.

You huffed a laugh, wrapping your arms around him.

“No, I-” you shook your head, kissing his temple. “Don’t worry about me, kiddo.”

Gen ran her hand through Tom’s hair, resting it on his crown.

“Boys,” she said, and they both looked her. “You know that Mommy and Daddy love each other very much?”

They nodded, Shep leaning back against you.

“And sometimes, Mommy and Daddy kiss each other,” Jared continued.

Tom pulled a face, and Gen shook her head.

“This is important,” she told him, quietly. “Can you listen?”

“Sorry, Mama,” he murmured, sitting up straighter.

You looked across at Jared, his warm smile offering comfort.

“Sometimes, Mommy and Daddy kiss Y/N, too,” he told his sons, who both nodded slowly, unsure what to make of it.

“Daddy loves Y/N like he loves Mommy,” Gen continued, taking a breath as she caught your eye. “And Mommy… Mommy loves her, too.”

It was as if your heart stopped for a second, your breath catching in your throat.

“Me too,” Shep spoke up, cutting the tension and causing you to laugh.

“You love her, too?” Jared clarified, and he nodded.

“Yeah,” Tom agreed.

“I love you guys,” you murmured, kissing the top of Shep’s head again.

Jared looked at you, a question in his eyes.

You nodded, knowing what he was asking without him having to say it.

“There’s another thing,” he stated, grabbing the attention of his sons. “Baby Ditto - Y/N’s baby - is gonna be your sibling.”

Tom gasped, looking up at his father.
“We’re gettin’ a sister?” he asked, excitedly.

Jared laughed, pushing his hair back and kissing his head.

“Or another brother,” he clarified. “But Y/N’s baby is Daddy’s baby, too.”

Shep shifted again, looking up at you sincerely.

“Please can we have a sister?” he asked, and you laughed softly.

“I can’t decide that,” you told him, holding his chin when he started to pout. “But it’s okay if it’s a brother, right?”

He shrugged, “I guess. But try and make a sister?”

Gen laughed, standing and lifting Shep up onto her hip.

“Y/N can’t do anything to make Baby Ditto a boy or a girl,” she explained. “Either way, we love the baby, don’t we?”

Shep nodded, and Tom did the same.

He was watching you curiously, and you smiled at him, hiding your concern.

“What’s up, buddy?” you asked.

He took a second to contemplate before shaking his head and smiling back.

“Nothin’,” he smiled, crawling into his dad’s lap.

“Any questions?” Jared asked, and the boys both shook their heads. “Okay, go play.”

He playfully pushed Tom from his lap and Gen put Shep down, the two of them rushing off towards the playroom, talking about Ninja Turtles again as if nothing had happened.

Gen sat down on the arm of your seat, her hand resting on the back of your chair.

“Told you,” she smiled, tilting her head slightly. “It’s gonna be fine.”

You smiled, looking absently at the carpet in the middle of the floor.

“Yeah,” you murmured, glancing up at Jared before looking at Gen. “It is.”

Danneel took you to the airport on Thursday afternoon.

Jared had wanted to go with you, but gave up on the idea when you pointed out a few issues with his plan.

“Everyone knows I live with them,” you had reminded him. “It makes sense for her to take me. If it was you or Jensen we’d get too much attention, which is the opposite of what I want. Plus, we don’t need more speculation about Baby Ditto, do we?”

They’d arranged for airport security to take you to the gate, seeing as you’d be traveling alone, and on the other end you’d wait in the VIP lounge for Misha’s flight to get in.

His flight was due to land less than an hour after yours, and then the two of you were going to
travel up to Blackpool together.

You and Danneel got to the airport early, so she stayed with you until you could check in.

You were dressed for comfort - a loose sweater to cover your little bump, and a pair of leggings - your clothes cool enough to stop you overheating in Austin but thick enough to keep you warm in England.

You were sat in a relatively quiet section of the airport, your feet up on the seat in between the two of you.

“Hey,” Danneel murmured, reaching for your wrist and pulling your hand away from your mouth.

You’d been biting on a hangnail without realising it.

“You okay?” she asked, concern evident in her tone.

“Yeah,” you smiled, shaking your head slightly. “A bit nervous. I’ve never really left the country apart from Vancouver.”

She nodded slowly.

“I thought as much,” she admitted. “It’s a real long flight and it’s overnight, so you could sleep for a lot of it.”

“That’s the plan,” you agreed, surprising yourself with how well you were handling your anxiety. “I get in at like 7am local time, so I’m hoping to sleep for most of the journey.”

“Good,” she nodded, pulling out her phone and aiming the camera at you.

“Dan, no,” you laughed, trying to bat it away.

“C’mon, smile,” she grinned, unrelenting.

You turned away, running a hand through your hair.

“I thought I said ‘no paparazzi’,,” you joked, finally turning back and sticking your tongue out at her.

If she was going to get a picture of you without makeup, you were going to ensure that you were deliberately imperfect.

“Gorgeous,” she grinned. “Work it.”

You rolled your eyes, grateful that she pocketed her phone, obviously satisfied with the picture.

“I’m gonna miss you while I’m away,” you told her, and she smiled.

“What, even though I keep taking photos of you when you don’t want them?” she teased, and you laughed.

“Despite that,” you confirmed, and she reached for your hand.

“I’ll miss having you around the house,” she agreed. “But JJ is gonna want to FaceTime with you on like a daily basis, so you won’t have to miss us too much.”
You smiled, squeezing her hand before letting it go.

“I love that kid,” you murmured, and she smiled back at you.

“That’s probably for the best,” she told you. “You’ve made quite an impression on her.”

“She has on me, too,” you replied, looking up at the screen and seeing that you could check in now. “Show time.”

You got to your feet, shrugging your purse onto your shoulder before being pulled into a hug.

“You’re gonna have fun,” Danneel assured you, and you nodded, smiling genuinely as you pulled away.

“I’ve got a good feeling about it,” you admitted.

“I think it’ll do you some good to have some time for yourself,” she mused, and you agreed. “Okay, so, at the check-in desk, once they get your name they’ll know to assign you security.”

“I know,” you laughed softly, “Jared went through it with me last night and Jensen did before we left earlier.”

“You’ll be met with security to take you to the lounge in London, too,” she continued, regardless.

You realised that she was saying it to herself as much as she was to you, assuring herself that you were going to be safe.

“Misha will come and find you,” she added, her hands on your shoulders. “I want you to call me once you get to the lounge.”

Jensen had set your phone up onto an international plan - something that you didn’t even think of but came as second nature to them - so that you could stay in contact while you were away.

“It’ll be the middle of the night here,” you reminded her, and she shook her head.

“I’m not sleeping until I know you’ve landed safely,” she told you, and you sighed, kissing her cheek.

“I’ll call you when I land,” you assured her. “And I’ll text you when I meet Misha, and when we get to Blackpool.”

She nodded, satisfied, catching your wrists as you pulled away.

“I’m gonna be fine,” you reminded her.

“Yeah,” she agreed. “I just worry about you.”

You laughed fondly.

“Such a mom.”

“Someone’s gotta be,” she murmured, pulling you into one final hug. “Love you, kiddo.”

“I love you, too,” you assured her, pulling back and lifting the handle of your luggage. “I’ll be fine.”
“Oh, yeah. Of course,” she agreed, and you both pretended not to notice that her eyes were
glistening. “You’re an Ackles girl. You’ve got this.”

The security person they assigned to you was a young guy - Alex - probably only a few years older
than you.

Once you got talking, after realising that you were going to be with each other for the next hour at
least, he admitted that he knew who you were.

He also admitted that it wasn’t from your acting, but from the ‘scandal’.

“There’s no scandal,” you told him as you sat waiting by the gate, Alex in the seat one over from
you like Danneel had been earlier. It would’ve looked completely casual were it not for the fact he
had a taser and God know’s what else attached to his belt.

“Not to overstep,” he hedged. “But there kinda is. I don’t even watch your show and I know about
it, so…”

“It’s all speculation,” you assured him, pulling at your sweater self-consciously. “The only fact in
the whole situation is that I’m pregnant.”

He nodded, slowly.

“So it really isn’t Jensen’s?” he asked, and you shook your head. “But you’re living with him?”

“I’m living with his family,” you corrected, pulling out your phone with the intention of showing
him pictures of you and the kids, but instagram notifications threw you off course.

You opened the app, surprised to see that the picture Danneel tagged you in wasn’t you with your
tongue out - rather an almost posed-looking image of you from when you were facing away.
Her caption made your heart swell, and you double-tapped and saved the picture without a second
thought.

You showed the picture and caption to Alex instead, Danneel’s comment proving your point better
than what you’d intended on showing him.

“Jensen’s wife,” you explained, and he nodded. “They’re like my parents. I literally called Jay
‘dad’ the other day.”

You left out the part where it was because you were talking to JJ, but he laughed, handing back
your phone.

“You’re a lot cooler than people seem to think you are,” he told you, and you let out a startled
laugh.

“Wow, thanks,” you teased, and he shook his head.

“Sorry, I—” he laughed, looking down. “That came out wrong.”

“It’s okay,” you smiled, sitting up straighter when you saw a girl in a ‘You Are Not Alone’ shirt
approach.
Alex tensed, but you shook your head, smiling at the girl.

She looked younger than you by a couple of years and she was walking over calmly so you didn’t see her as a threat.

“Y/N?” she asked, her voice timid.

“Yeah,” you confirmed, smiling warmly. “How’re you?”

“Good,” she nodded. “I’m… wow.”

You laughed kindly, standing up and pulling your sweater down to cover your butt.

“Hug?” you asked, and she nodded, starstruck.

You hugged her, and she squeezed you tight.

“Are you headed to Asylum?” you asked once you’d sat back down, crossing your legs under you.

She shook her head.

“We don’t have money for conventions,” she admitted, almost embarrassed. “I never thought I’d get to meet you.”

“Not having money isn’t something to be ashamed of,” you told her, quietly. “Getting to the Supernatural auditions practically cost me my last dime. I know what it’s like, and you don’t have to be embarrassed. Not with me.”

She nodded, a smile pulling at her lips.

“What’s your name?” you asked, and she blushed.

“Oh, sorry. I’m Maya,” she introduced, and you smiled again.

“It’s so good to meet you, Maya,” you told her as her name was called from the gate across.

“My mom,” she laughed slightly. “I just wanted to say that I think you’re really brave and lovely and you don’t deserve the crap that you’ve been getting.”

“I really appreciate that,” you told her, honestly.

“Maya!” her mom shouted, the family getting ready to board. “Apúrate!”

“Ay, estoy yendo!” she shouted back, smiling apologetically back at you.

“Que tengan un buen vuelo,” you told her, and her eyes widened as you winked.

Spanish had come easy to you at high school, the only language other than English that you’d ever been able to understand properly. The expression on Maya’s face told you that you hadn’t butchered her language too much in your first attempt at speaking it in years.

“Gracias,” she replied, waving awkwardly to Alex as she rushed off to her family.

You laughed softly as you watched her apologise to her mom, the woman smiling kindly as Maya explained who you were.

“Are they all like that?” Alex asked, and you shook your head.
“Unfortunately not,” you admitted. “But the ones that are make everything worth it.”

He nodded as new information flashed up on the screen.

“Priority boarding,” he told you, getting to his feet. “That’s you.”

“Priority?” you asked, getting out your boarding pass.

“Yeah,” he laughed softly. “Dude, you’re business class and pregnant. That’s like… double priority.”

You laughed, stretching your arms above your head seeing as you were about to be on a plane for pushing ten hours.

“Well, thank you for keeping me company,” you told him, and he smiled.

“No problem,” he assured you. “I got paid for sitting down for forty minutes, it’s been a good day.”

You shrugged your purse onto your shoulder once more, taking a step in the direction of the gate.

“See you around,” you shot over your shoulder, and he nodded.

“Have a good flight, Y/N.”

You took a deep breath as you walked up to the gate, feeling calm despite your racing heart.

You’ve got this.

You’re an Ackles girl.
In-flight wifi was a God sent gift on the flight to London.

Despite appearing calm and feeling tired, you couldn’t get to sleep for the first few hours due to anxious energy.

You decided to catch up on a Netflix show that Gen had recommended to you, seeing as you probably had a while before you’d be able fall asleep.

The second episode was almost finished when your phone buzzed with a twitter notification, so you waited for it to end before checking twitter.
Now you were the one with a twinge in your heart as you read Danneel’s tweet.

You typed out a reply without thinking about it, hitting ‘tweet’ before you realised that you hadn’t posted anything to social media since your baby announcement.
You contemplated deleting it straight away, but likes were already coming in so you knew that someone would have a screenshot anyway.

It was weird for you to think that people would have you on tweet notifications, but the speed that the reactions were coming in couldn’t have all been coincidence.

Deciding to leave the tweet as it was, you muted your phone and put it down in your bag.

You wouldn’t have known what to say if you’d planned your comeback to twitter anyway, so you figured this was an okay way to go.

Pushing the issue to the back of your mind, you continued onto episode three.

The flight landed at Heathrow airport twenty minutes late, so you called Danneel the second you were left in the lounge.

She picked up on the first ring.

“I’ve been waiting for this call for hours,” she told you in place of a greeting, and you laughed softly.

“I called as soon as I could, the plane was just-“

“I know, I know, a little bit late,” she sighed. “I’m still allowed to worry about my girl.”

“Well, no need to worry,” you assured her. “I even grabbed a couple hours.”

You smiled thanks to the member of staff that brought your luggage to you.

“I’m gonna try and sleep some more in the car, but with Misha with me I’m not sure that’ll work,” you told Danneel, surprised to hear a deeper voice on the other end of the line.

“Hey kiddo, you alive?” Jensen asked, and you laughed again.
“Yeah, I’m alive,” you confirmed, hearing Danneel ask for her phone back in the background.

“Does that mean we can go to sleep now?” Jensen yawned, and you found yourself catching the yawn from all the way across the Atlantic.

“Yeah,” you told him. “Tell Dan that she doesn’t need to worry and that I’ll be fine.”

“Y/N says you can stop being a little bitch about it now that she’s landed safe.”

“Hey!” you laughed. “That’s not what I said.”

“He was worried, too,” Danneel insisted, and you rolled your eyes.

“Y’all are such parents,” you teased. “I’m fine. I’ll see you when I talk to Tex later.”

“Okay,” Danneel agreed. “We’ll sleep, but I still want you to text me.”

“Of course,” you assured her, pausing. “How is she?”

“Sleeping,” Danneel told you. “Missing you and Baby Dits.”

You sighed, the twinge back in your heart.

“I’ve never been homesick before but I think that sentence just made me.”

“Try and enjoy yourself,” she reminded you before breaking off into a yawn of her own.

You nodded, contemplative.

“Okay, well,” you sighed. “Goodnight, guys. Get some sleep.”

“Night, sweetheart,” Jensen murmured. “Stay safe.”

You smiled, looking down at your lap.

“Yeah,” you sighed. “You too.”

With one last ‘love you’ from Danneel, you hung up the phone.

Due to the slight delay of your flight, you had less time to wait before Misha would arrive. It was still a twenty-five minute wait, but you could entertain yourself for that long.

Getting comfortable in your armchair, it suddenly hit you how far away you were from home, and from JJ.

JJ, who’d already been asking her mom when you were coming home.

You pulled your headphones from your bag, reminding yourself that you’d be talking to her later and that she was safe and sleeping soundly with her family nearby as you searched for what you wanted on Spotify.

You closed your eyes as the Tangled soundtrack started to play.

Surprisingly, Misha was on board with your plan to sleep on the way up to Blackpool.

“It’s a five hour drive, and when we get there it’ll barely be lunchtime,” he reminded you once you
were in the car. “So I think sleeping in here makes sense. You and the baby need rest.”

“Baby Ditto,” you corrected, the two of you looking at each other before you burst out laughing. “It’s… sorry. JJ’s name for the baby. Everyone else has been using it, I guess you should, too.”

“Alright, kiddo,” he laughed, shifting in his seat so he was leaning against the window. “You and Baby Ditto need rest.”

Misha was right, you definitely needed the rest.

The two of you were the first of the guests to arrive at the hotel, but you managed to get to your rooms without too much disruption.

Once you’d deposited your suitcases, Misha suggested going on a walk along the coast to find somewhere to eat.

The scent of the sea hit you as you walked down the promenade towards the pier.

The two of you were wearing sunglasses, but nothing else to disguise who you were, and you couldn’t help but remember that there were thousands of Supernatural fans in the city right now.

“It’s not that much of a problem,” Misha assured you. “Maybe someone will snap a picture of us together and the heat will be off Jensen in the rumour department for a while.”

You pulled a face as he looked down to see your reaction.

“Hey!” he gasped, offended. “I’m a good looking guy!”

“I didn’t deny that,” you laughed. “But… dude.”

He shook his head.

“Am I really that repulsive?” he asked and you stopped walking, standing in front of him.

“Nobody said you’re repulsive,” you reminded him, “But you’re more than twice my age. Are you actually offended?”

He finally cracked a smile, and you hit his chest.

“You’re an ass,” you told him, starting to walk again. “I thought I’d actually hurt your feelings by saying I didn’t want to bang you.”

He smirked, throwing his arm around your shoulders.

“There are plenty of girls your age that want to bang me,” he told you, and you rolled your eyes. “I’m not kidding, you should see what people write about me.”

“You need to stop lurking on your tumblr tag,” you told him, and he laughed.

“I don’t read them,” he assured you. “There’s a lot of Deanity shit on that site, too.”

You pulled another face and he took his arm from your shoulders to shove his hands in his pockets.

“People need to stop shipping me with people old enough to be my dad,” you murmured, and he raised an eyebrow at you.
“Dean and Trinity have the same age gap as you and Jare-”

“Shut up,” you groaned, elbowing his side.

You continued to walk in silence, the ocean glistening in the sun.

“Have you seen the theory about it actually being Jeff’s kid?” Misha asked, and you let out a shocked laugh.

“What?” you asked, incredulous. “You’re kidding.”

He shook his head, laughing.

“No, apparently people think his tweet was a double bluff,” he told you.

“I’ve met him literally one time,” you argued, and he held his hands up in defeat. “Hilarie was there the whole time.”

“I thought you swung both ways,” he teased, and you shoved him.

“Shut up,” you laughed. “God, why do I tell you anything?”

“Because I could say literally anything at conventions and people would take it as a joke,” he offered. “I’ve spilled so many secrets by accident but the fans write it off as ‘Misha fucking with us’.”

You nodded, knowing that to be true.

“Also, I didn’t hear any complaints about Jeff’s age,” he mentioned, sub-casually. “He’s older than me.”

“You,” you sighed, shaking your head. “You are a pain in the ass.”

You were both laughing when you heard a call of Misha’s name across the street.

You looked across to see a couple of girls trying to cross the road to see you.

“You have to take the lead, here,” you told him, pushing your sunglasses back up into your hair as he tucked his into his shirt.

“They’re just people,” he reminded you, smiling as there was a lull in traffic and the girls rushed over to your side of the road.

You FaceTimed Danneel once you were back in your hotel room, knowing that they’d be awake despite the time difference.

You had a few minutes to talk to her before JJ came bursting in, demanding to speak to you.

“Ditto, when you coming home?” she asked you, before even saying hello as she crawled into her mom’s lap.

“Twelve days,” you told her, smiling sadly. “It’ll go quick though, I promise.”

“Daddy said he gets to see you nex’ week,” she pouted. “An’ I gotta wait a whole twelve days?”

“Daddy’s gotta come to Rome,” you reminded her. “You and your mommy are staying home with
Arrow and Zeppy.”

“*Tom an’ Shep get to go,*” she argued, and you looked to Danneel for help.

“Aunt Mama and Uncle Jared are both going,” Danneel answered her daughter. “*So the boys gotta go, too.*”

“*Then they can take me,*” she said with a tone of finality.

Danneel sighed, kissing the top of JJ’s head.

“I’m not sure,” she told her. “*But I promise you can talk to Ditto every day.*”

JJ nodded, looking at you on the screen in front of her.

“*Every day?*” she asked you, and you nodded.

“Every day,” you promised. “Tell me what you did yesterday.”

The change in subject worked to distract JJ for a few minutes, telling you all about her day, conveniently missing out - as Danneel told you later - the amount of tantrums she threw at bedtime because you weren’t there.

By the time the call ended, you felt like a weight had been lifted from your chest.

You made JJ promise to go to sleep without a fuss while you were away, and she agreed on the condition that you got to have a full Ditto and Tex day when you got back.

As if that was gonna be a chore.

Your phone told you that it was just after 4pm local time, so 10am back home.

You’d texted Jared and Gen when you’d got to Blackpool, and they’d replied a couple of hours ago, so you knew that they were awake.

You decided to call Genevieve to see if they were available to talk at all.

Maybe you were a little homesick. You were in a different country for the first time ever and you missed your family, it was understandable.

You thought it was going to ring out - figuring that they were busy and they’d call you back later - but they picked up on what must’ve been the last ring.

“*Hey.*”

Just the one word told you that Jared was out of breath.

“Hey,” you laughed softly. “What, did you lose Gen’s phone or something?”

He laughed, breathlessly.

“*Or something,*” he told you. “*How are you? How was the flight?*”

Something was still off about his voice, but you were so happy to be talking to him that you didn’t really notice.

“I’m good, and it was long,” you smiled, leaning back against your headboard.
You heard Gen laugh slightly in the background, and you rolled your eyes.

“Mature,” you teased.

Jared laughed too, followed by a cut-off groan from Gen.

Suddenly, you sat bolt upright.

“Are you guys…?” you asked, shaking your head. “Shit, are you fucking?”

Jared laughed, low and deep, before Genevieve answered.

“Didn’t take you long to catch on,” she teased, and you smirked, finding your confidence.

“I’d know the sound of your moans anywhere,” you told her, causing one of those moans to leave her lips. “Anyway, I’ll leave you to it.”

“Or,” Jared offered, “You could stay.”

You bit your lip, when you realised what he was implying.

“I could?” you asked, hearing Gen’s breathless laugh on the other end of the line.

“Yeah,” she agreed. “You could.”

You’d just got out of the shower when there was a knock on your hotel room door.

You were only in a towel, your hair dripping down your back, so you called out for them to give you a minute.

You pulled on a sweater - one of Gen’s that you’d only just noticed she’d added to your case - and a pair of sleep shorts. It wasn’t what you wanted to be wearing, but you didn’t want to leave whoever was at the door waiting for too long.

You ran your hands through your wet hair as you walked to the door, opening with an apology on your lips.

Briana cut off your apology by pulling you into a hug.

“Woah, hey,” you smiled as she pulled back. “Good to see you, too.”

“What’s new, hot mama?” Kim asked, pushing past the two of you and making herself comfortable in your room.

You laughed softly, letting Briana in and closing the door behind you.

“To what do I owe the pleasure of your company?” you asked, perching on the arm of the couch that they’d thrown themselves onto.

“You’re part of the ‘Hot Supernatural Mama’s Club’ now,” Briana told you, and you raised an eyebrow.

“There’s a club?” you asked, and Kim laughed.

“Not officially,” she told you. “But, you know, congrats on the baby.”
You nodded, running a hand over your small bump through the sweater.

“Thanks,” you smiled. “But I didn’t do all the work, Jared should get half the credit.”

Their eyes shot to each other for a moment, before looking back at you.

“Ah,” you cringed. “I thought… I thought you knew.”

“We did not,” Kim told you, sitting up straighter.

You sighed, shaking your head.

“We can keep a secret,” Briana assured you.

“I know, and most of the current cast and crew know anyway. Other than the Supernatural people it’s still hush-hush,” you explained. “Jared’s the father. And I’m kinda… in a relationship with him and Gen.”

They nodded slowly, before a smirk found it’s way onto Kim’s face.

“Sounds hot,” she teased, and you laughed.

“You have no idea.”

She rolled her eyes when Briana’s jaw dropped open, changing the subject to what they really came to your room for.

“Have you looked at the schedule?” Kim asked, and you shook your head.

“I was gonna check it when I was out of the shower but…” you trailed off, your wet hair finishing your sentence for you.

“You’ve got a solo panel tomorrow,” she explained, and your entire demeanor changed.

“Wh-” you cleared your throat, “What?”

“It’s about time, really,” Briana admitted. “You’re main cast, sweetie.”

You shook your head, laughing awkwardly.

“Do you think the organisers realise how much the fans hate me?” you joked, but Kim didn’t find it funny.

“We have our duo ops during your panel,” she told you. “So we can’t even just force our way onto the stage.”

“We heard what happened with Kat last time,” Briana added. “We wanted to check up on you, but-”

“I’ll be able to handle it,” you insisted. “If anybody starts on me, I’ll get security to ask them to leave. It’ll be okay.”

They both nodded, unsure.

“You also have a panel with Misha on Sunday,” Kim informed you. “Which, honestly, I’m unsure whether that’s better or worse than being alone.”
You laughed, shaking your head and looking down at your feet, wiggling your toes. You wondered, absently, how long it would be before your bump obscured the view.

“Anyway,” Briana smiled, getting to her feet. “Put some pants on, we’re going out.”

You raised an eyebrow, and she grinned.

“Supernatural Hot Mama’s Club, plus Katherine. We’re going out for drinks,” she told you, and you laughed, shaking your head.

“I’m very much not going to be drinking,” you reminded her, but she just shrugged.

“Then you can have a Coke or something.”

“I’m on low caffeine, too,” you admitted, and they rolled their eyes.

“Jesus, then a Sprite, whatever,” Kim told you. “Come out with us. We’ll get food. It’ll be fun.”

You agreed when you realised they weren’t giving up on it.

“What kinda hippy-ass diet have the Padaleckis got you on?” Briana murmured as you ushered her towards the door so you could get changed.

“One suitable for pregnant women that have no idea what they’re doing,” you shot back, and she laughed, hugging you again before patting your bump as she left.

“We’ll be back in fifteen. You better be dressed.”

You laughed, hugging Kim back and kissing her cheek as she followed Briana out into the hallway.

Kim was right, it was fun, and on Saturday morning you were grateful that you couldn’t drink.

You were tired enough from jet lag as it was, you weren’t sure you’d be able to cope with a hangover as well.

Luckily, all you had to do that morning was autographs.

You tried to interact with people - as much as the event staff would let you - so that their experience was as good as it should be for the price they paid.

You knew that you were down as a ‘special guest’, which meant that no level of ticket at this convention included an autograph or picture with you, so anybody in your line had paid extra just for this moment.

You answered questions about the baby when they weren’t too personal, and other questions about the show when you could without giving anything away.

One little girl nearly made you slip up, but you managed to recover it when she asked why you couldn’t tell anyone who the daddy was.

“It’s not fair for me to make that part of his life public,” you explained, gently. “Not yet, anyway.”

“Is he shy?” she asked, looking up at you with big, concerned eyes.

“He is quite shy, yeah,” you agreed, smiling sadly. “But he loves me and Baby Ditto very much,
She nodded, smiling as you signed her poster and handed it back to her.

Something in her innocence, in the lack of judgement in her expression and the concern radiating from her, made you want to tell her the truth.

But, then again, there were hundreds of people in that room - not to mention a PA you barely knew right next to you - so it was better you kept it to yourself.

They’d find out in time, anyway.

Your heart was racing as you walked out on stage, smiling and waving to the fans as if you weren’t silently freaking the fuck out.

You sat yourself down in the stool in the middle of the stage, and waited for the applause to die down.

Once there was a lull, you brought your mic to your lips to say hi.

“I miss Kat,” was what you said, instead.

The crowd started to laugh, and you let out a huff of amusement at yourself.

“I’m not kidding,” you admitted. “She’s like my comfort blanket at these things.”

“You’ll be great!” someone shouted, causing the people around her to clap and cheer.

“I honestly have no idea what to talk about for the next forty minutes,” you replied. “I need help on stage or y’all are gonna find out what a dork I am.”

You noticed the fans lined up at the side of the hall, realising that the first was being kept back by some of the event staff until you were ready to take some questions.

“Oh, please,” you told them, “Let them ask questions now, I have nothing interesting or funny to say. I need some help.”

The crowd laughed, and you smiled, wishing it wasn’t as true as it was.

The first girl stepped up to the mic.

“Hi,” she smiled. “My name’s Emily.”

“Hey, I’m Y/N,” you replied, and she laughed softly.

“My question is kind of boring,” she admitted. “I was wondering where your accent came from? Your IMDb says you’re from Los Angeles, but you don’t sound Californian.”

“Where’s yours from?” you asked, hedging the question for a bit.

“Cambridge,” she told you, blushing. “Well, just south of there.”

You nodded.

“Y’all here sound so much fancier than me,” you told them, and the crowd laughed. “I’m serious, like y’all don’t even have to try and it sounds like you got a Masters from Caltech or something.”
You waited for the laughter to die down before finally answering her question.

“T’m actually from Oklahoma,” you told her, nodding when her eyes said ‘really?’. “Born and raised. I moved to LA when I was eighteen.”

“With your family?” Emily asked and you cleared your throat.

“No, ah- on my own,” you corrected. “It was a clean slate, fresh start kind of thing.”

She nodded, thanked you for answering her question, and then left to find her seat again as the next fan took to the mic.

“Hey, it’s kind of a continuation of the last question,” he mentioned, and you nodded. “When you sign autographs, you don’t use your last name. Is that… is that a conscious thing?”

You pulled in a long breath.

You’d wanted questions, and you were getting them, but you didn’t really want to be talking about this.

“I, uh,” you forced a short laugh. “It’s conscious, yeah. I don’t associate myself with that name, really.”

He nodded in understanding.

“So, your baby-”

“Two minutes,” you interrupted, grinning. “Sorry, I had a bet with Briana to see how long my panel would go before the baby was mentioned. Sorry, continue.”

He laughed softly, a blush rising on his cheeks.

“Will your baby take your name?”

“No,” you said, more blunt than you intended under the circumstances. “Sorry, no, my surname ends with me. Baby Ditto will take its father’s name.”

He nodded, looking like he wanted to say something else but not wanting to push his luck.

“What is it?” you asked, kindly. “C’mon, I don’t scare easy.”

“I was just thinking… isn’t it lonely?” he asked. “Not talking to your family? Your parents?”

You shook your head.

“It’s… it used to be,” you allowed. “But now… it’s different. Danneel called me, earlier. Just while we were breaking for lunch, she’d just woken up with the twins so she called to check on me.”

‘Aww’s went around the hall, and you smiled, nodding.

“She’s the only mom I need, y’know?”

The fan at the mic nodded, apologising for the personal questions.

“It’s okay,” you assured him, and he thanked you before leaving the line.

The next girl stepped up as your phone started buzzing in your pocket.
“Shit, sorry, one sec,” you smiled, pulling your phone out to see Danneel trying to connect with a FaceTime call. “Speak of the devil.”

You answered the call with your mic to your lips, ready to talk to Danneel on stage and tease her for interrupting your panel.

To your surprise, JJ’s face lit up the screen.

“Uh, Tex, what are you doing with Mommy’s phone?” you asked, and the crowd burst out laughing.

“Mommy said I could play on it,” she told you, looking very proud of herself.

“Does calling me count as playing?” you asked, and she shrugged.

“She said I could talk to you later,” she offered. “And… it’s later, Ditto.”

‘Aww’s flooded the room once more, and JJ frowned at you.

“Wassat?” she asked.

You stood up, turning around so that she could see the audience.

“I’m on stage, sweetie,” you explained as the people behind you waved.

She lifted a hand and waved back, still confused.

“Can I call you back in a bit?” you asked, and she nodded as you turned back to sit on the stool.

“Yeah,” she sighed, over-dramatic. Jensen had told you that was something she’d learnt from you, but you’d deny it until the day you died even though he was definitely right. “I just miss ya.”

“I miss you, too,” you smiled sadly.

“Is Baby Ditto okay? Have you been eatin’ veggies?” she asked, and you laughed softly, feeling yourself start to blush.

“Yes I have, sweetie,” you assured her, turning your phone to face the audience. “Can you say bye-bye to all these people?”

“Yah, bye!”

There were calls of ‘goodbye’ from damn-near everyone in that hall, and you smiled as you turned the phone back to face you, seeing JJ’s grinning face.

“What kinda veggies?” she pressed, and you laughed fondly.

“I’ll talk to you later, okay?” you asked, and she nodded. “Alright, I love you.”

“I love you more,” she replied, automatically.

“And I love you most,” you responded, tapping your lips with two fingers before tapping the camera, and she did the same. “Bye, Tex.”

“See ya later.”

You hung up, putting your phone in your pocket before smiling an apology to the fan at the mic.
“Sorry about that. I promised I’d talk to her every day, and she gets a little impatient,” you laughed awkwardly, and she shook her head.

“That was the cutest thing I’ve ever seen,” she told you, and the crowd cheered in agreement. “And it actually works well, because my question was about the nicknames.”

You smiled, nodding.

“Ditto and Tex?” you asked, and she nodded. “It… Tex is just short for ‘Texas’. JJ’s got the cutest lil’ accent, so I’d been calling her ‘Lil Miss Texas’ and it kinda shortened from there.”

“And Ditto?” she questioned.

You couldn’t help but smile.

“Her dad calls me ‘kiddo’ more often than he calls me ‘Y/N’,” you explained. “The morning after I moved in, they told me I was gonna have to look after JJ all day.”

“Ditto daycare!” someone called out, and you laughed.

“Yeah, Ditto daycare,” you agreed. “But yeah, Jensen and JJ came into my room and she misheard ‘kiddo’ and called me ‘Ditto’. From then it’s stuck. The whole family calls the baby ‘Baby Ditto’.”

“That’s… really cute,” she told you, grinning. “You guys make such a cute family.”

“Tex is my best girl,” you agreed. “I’m lucky to have her as part of my family, now.”

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@itsy/n: 'Ditto' and 'Tex' come from JJ mishearing Jensen call Y/N 'kiddo' and a contraction of 'Lil Miss Texas' because of her accent #Asylum18 #A18

5/13/2017, 14:36

@mishacollins: 'I don't know much, but I know that Y/N is gonna be a great mom. Sure, she's young, but have you met her? She'll be great.' #Asylum18 #A18

5/13/2017, 16:22
@kimrhodes4real's dream ep: 'I want Trinity to come stay with Jody and the girls. Donna can visit. Just all my girls together' #Asylum18 #A18

5/14/2017, 11:25

@mishacollins and @itsy/n spent the first 10 minutes of their panel discussing theories for her baby daddy. Misha: 'Maybe it's me?' #Asylum18 #A18

5/14/2017, 13:55

@mishacollins: 'Cas and Trinity have a mutual understanding. They respect each other, regardless of age. It's refreshing.' #Asylum18 #A18

5/14/2017, 14:03

That's all from #Asylum18. @mishacollins and @itsy/n will be back with @jarpad, @jensenackles and more at #JIB8 next week!

5/14/2017, 19:37

Chapter End Notes

i got back from Asylum yesterday and had to edit some stuff so it was as canon-compliant as possible lmao but HERE it is, part freaking 12
Chapter 13

You and Misha drove back down to London on Monday, the day before your flight out to Rome. Seeing as you hadn’t visited the UK before, he insisted that you fit as many tourist-y things into the one day you had.

He took you on the London Eye, to the Tower of London, and even through the London Dungeons.

“It’s educational,” he assured you when you looked at him skeptically. “Loads of crazy shit happened here years ago.”

“The line is super long,” you hedged, and he laughed.

“You’re pregnant and we’re famous,” he reminded you, and you raised an eyebrow.

“Misha Collins, are you suggesting we use our status to cut the line?” you asked, and he shrugged.

“I don’t do it often,” he admitted, “But we only have a day. I don’t know when you’ll next be able to come here, and it’s fun.”

You sighed as he got out of the car, reluctantly following him out onto the street.

You were giddy the entire ride to the hotel in Rome, to the point that Misha had to tell you to calm down.

“Sorry,” you laughed slightly, looking out the window. “I just can’t believe I’m here.”

He smiled, looking over at you.

“Believe it, kiddo. You’ve made it.”

You smiled, closing your eyes and taking a breath.

“A few years back, I never thought I was gonna make it out of Okla-fucking-homa,” you admitted, opening your eyes again. “And now I’m in Rome. Fucking Rome!”

Misha was smiling at you as if you were slightly crazy but endearing all the same, and you shook your head to try and get rid of your ridiculous grin.

“Does travelling ever get less exciting?” you asked him, and he smiled.

“No,” he allowed. “You get better at hiding it, though.”

A content silence took over the car for a while, the two of you happy to watch the beautiful city pass by your windows.

“Are you looking forward to seeing Jared?” Misha asked, and you let out a huff of laughter.

“So much,” you told him, subconsciously running a hand over your stomach. “And Gen and the boys. It’s been a long time.”

He nodded, smiling softly.
“I never-” he cleared his throat, shaking his head and starting again. “I didn’t really get a chance to say anything on set, when you told us, but I’m happy for you.”

You swallowed, averting your eyes.

You’d been worried at how the cast was reacting behind closed doors, and the fact that Misha hadn’t really spoken about it until now had given you the impression that he wasn’t exactly positive about it.

“I’m serious,” he assured you. “Y/N, my wife - who I’ve been with since we were practically kids - wrote ‘The Threesome Handbook’. The three of you together… not such an alien concept for me.”

You looked across at him, hopefully.

“It’s not?” you asked, and he shook his head.

“You guys care about each other a lot,” he noted. “And you really are gonna be a good mom.”

A soft laugh escaped you as you shook your head.

“Y’all keep saying that, but I’m not so sure,” you confessed. “I’m constantly worried that I’m gonna fuck up.”

He smiled, nodding slightly.

“The fact that you’re worried about it proves my point,” he assured you. “There’s no such thing as being a ‘perfect’ parent, but loving your kids and doing the best you can for them… that’s all that matters.”

You smiled, scooting across the middle seat and resting your head on his shoulder.

“Besides,” he added, putting his arm around you. “You’ve got everyone on set to help out with Baby Ditto if everything gets to be too much.”

He was right.

Living on set, you were sure that you’d be surrounded by people who cared about you and the baby.

But did you really want your baby to spend the most part of its first few years living in a trailer? You weren’t so sure.

You’d kind of forgotten that the hotel was giving you your own suite rather than putting you in with Jared and Gen.

Of course, why would they put you together? Especially seeing as they had the boys with them, too.

You freshened up in your own room, taking a shower followed by a relaxing bath in the generous tub.

There were a few hours before the Padaleckis were due to be arriving at the hotel, and you figured you deserved a little R&R with all the travelling you’d been doing.

Laying back into the softly-scented bubbles, you ran your hands over your bump.
It was getting to the point now that anyone would be able to tell. If you were wearing a tight enough shirt or you lifted your top, you were undeniably pregnant.

Jared was gonna freak out.

It had been just under a week, but there was definitely a noticeable change.

“Your daddy is gonna be here soon,” you murmured, closing your eyes. “And your brothers. And your… Gen.”

You laughed slightly, making a mental note to ask what Baby Ditto was going to call Daddy’s wife.

“We’re gonna have a good week,” you continued, letting yourself sink further into the water, speaking to yourself as much as to your baby, “With our family.”

Tom and Shep were grouchy and over-tired by the time they got to the hotel that afternoon, and Jared and Gen looked exhausted from having to look after them.

The first thing Jared did when they arrived - after the hotel staff had shown them to their suite - was move your cases into their room.

“Most of the cast know what’s up, anyway,” he reasoned. “And you could’ve just been looking after the boys if anyone catches you leaving.”

You nodded.

It wasn’t like you were going to complain about being with them.

Inside their suite, there was a room for Tom and Shep with twin beds, a large king in the main room and a living area separating the two. Their bathroom was even more impressive than the one in your own suite, and that was really saying something.

“I’m afraid we’re too tired for any ‘what happens in Rome’ tonight,” Jared told you while Gen put the kids to bed, already changing out of the clothes he was in for the flight.

“That’s fine,” you smiled, perching on the edge of the mattress. “I can go back to my room, if you want?”

“Why would we want that?” he laughed softly, stopping halfway through unbuttoning his shirt to lean down and kiss you.

“Because of the boys?” you murmured as he pulled back.

“The boys have found us in bed before,” Gen reminded you as she walked into the room, “And they know what you are to us.”

You nodded slowly, watching absently as they continued to get changed.

“Do they really understand, though?” you asked. “I know we talked to them, but I’m not sure they get what it means.”

“Does that really matter?” Jared countered. “They’ve seen us in bed, if they see it again it’s not going to be a surprise whether they know what it means or not.”
You looked at Gen, and she shrugged as she unclasped her bra.

“He’s not wrong,” she allowed, pulling on a long tee to sleep in. “And we’re just gonna be sleeping anyway. Tonight, at least.”

She opened your case and searched for what she knew was in there - the very first shirt and shorts that Jared had leant you that night back in January - handing them to you with a knowing smile.

You laughed softly as you started to get changed into them.

“What if… what if they say something, though?” you asked, quietly.

It’d been on your mind since you realised they’d found you in bed before. You knew that at the conventions they were brought along for, Jared and Jensen often encouraged the boys to join them on stage. Tom was five now, growing more and more confident, and you wouldn’t blame him if he slipped up. He was just a kid.

“The boys?” Gen clarified, and you nodded.

“I just… they’re only young,” you murmured.

Jared nodded, sitting on the bed and motioning for you to walk over to him.

His hands found your hips, the familiar weight grounding your erratic heart.

“We’ve always taught them not to say anything about what goes on at home,” he assured you. “Even if they did say something, you think it’d be that hard to cover up?”

You looked at Gen as she walked over to you, wrapping her arm around your waist and leaning her head on your shoulder.

“They’re young, but they’re smart,” she promised. “I’ll talk to them before they go on stage. If they want to go on stage, that is.”

You nodded, resting your temple to hers.

“Let’s go to sleep,” Jared murmured, letting go of you to get into bed.

Gen stepped in front of you, pushing your hair back from your shoulders and smiling reassuringly.

“You okay?” she asked, and you nodded.

She leant in, kissing you softly before pulling back with a smile.

“Let’s enjoy our vacation first, huh?”

The TV was on low volume as Jared and Genevieve slept soundly beside you.

It was just past 9pm, your eyes finally starting to get heavy as you carded your fingers through Gen’s soft hair, your back against the headboard and her head in your lap.

She shifted in her sleep, her cheek pressed against your thigh as she breathed out a content sigh.

The sound of movement caught your attention, and you looked up to see Tom stood in the doorway, rubbing at his eyes.
You brought your finger to your lips, not wanting him to wake his parents, and he nodded.

Carefully, without jostling Gen too much, you got out of bed and moved across the room towards him.

He took the outstretched hand you offered him, and the two of you walked through to the sitting area of the suite.

“What’s up?” you asked, sitting down on the couch and motioning for him to sit beside you.

He crawled up next to you, crossing his legs up under himself.

“Can’t sleep?” you guessed, and he shrugged. “Buddy, you’re gonna have to give me something to work with, here.”

He took a deep breath, nodding.

“It’s about Baby Ditto,” he told you, and you nodded. “Daddy says the baby is gonna be our sibling.”

You swallowed.

“Yeah,” you agreed.

“Sheppy is my sibling,” he stated, frowning slightly.

“Yeah,” you nodded, running a hand through his hair. “It’s a bit confusing.”

“Are you gonna be our mama?” he asked, looking up at you with big, dark eyes.

“No, sweetie,” you sighed, putting your arm around him and tucking him into your side. “Your mama is still gonna be your mama.”

He rested his head against you as you placed a kiss to his hairline.

“So Mama is gonna be Baby Ditto’s mama?” he questioned, and you shook your head.

“Auntie Y/N is gonna be Baby Ditto’s mama,” you answered, biting your lip. “The baby’ll have a different mama, but the same daddy as you and Shep.”

“Lucy from school’s little brother has a different mama,” Tom told you, pulling back to look at you. “So, like that?”

You smiled, nodding.

“Yeah, like that.”

Rather than the nod of understanding you were expecting, his lower lip started to quiver, tears pooling in his eyes.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” you asked, cupping his cheek with your palm.

“Mama’s gonna move out?” he sniffed, and you shook your head. “Lucy’s mama lives in another state.”

“Oh, no. No, kiddo, Mama’s not gonna leave,” you assured him, crouching on the floor in front of
him so that your position was less intimidating. “Your mama and daddy are still gonna be your mama and daddy, just the same as before.”

He nodded, wiping his eyes with the heel of his hand.

“I love your mom and dad,” you told him, holding eye contact to ensure he understood what you were saying. “I love them a lot. And, as far as I know, they love me back. I know it’s a change from what you’re used to, but your parents… they’re still gonna be the same. They love you and Shep the same, and they love each other the same.”

Tom threw his arms around you, and you hugged him back, placing a kiss to the top of his head.

“Are you gonna marry them?” he asked quietly, pulling back enough to look at you.

You laughed softly, shaking your head.

“No, we can’t do that,” you explained. “But that’s okay. We’re happy.”

He nodded, breaking into a long yawn.

“Alright, kiddo,” you smiled, getting to your feet and holding a hand out to him again. “Time for bed.”

He let you lead him through to his room and tuck him in, quietly enough that Shep slept the whole way through.

When you turned to leave the room, you saw Gen stood in the doorway.

“Is he alright?” she asked as the two of you walked back towards your bedroom. “Bad dream?”

“No, he-” you shook your head, smiling sadly. “He had some questions. About us, and about Baby Dits. I think I handled it.”

“I’m sure you did great,” she smiled, taking your hand and leading you over to the bed.

She crawled under the covers, pulling you in with her so that she was laying between you and Jared once again.

Gen let go of your hand, tucking your hair behind your ear and pressing a soft kiss to your lips.

“Get some rest, sweetie,” she murmured, and you smiled as you closed your eyes, throwing an arm over her waist.

“Goodnight.”

The idea of a family vacation used to be completely foreign to you.

When you were younger, your friends would go on vacations with their parents - to different countries or different states - but you honestly couldn’t think of anything worse than days at a time away with your mom.

Being in Rome with the Padaleckis, however, might have started to change your mind.

On Thursday (after a day of them getting used to the time change), Gen wanted to show you around the city.
Jensen was due to arrive that evening, so you’d all promised to go out for dinner with him and Misha, but you had the day to explore as just the five of you.

They crammed as much as they could into one day, taking you to all of the most popular tourist attractions as well as some more personal locations that Gen was keen to share with you.

Walking around was… odd.

Usually, when you were with the Padaleckis back in their Austin house, you were able to hold hands with Jared or Gen, hug them, share innocent kisses without having to worry about anything.

Outside, in the real world, that wasn’t possible.

You were walking with Tom, holding his hand as he pointed things out to you that he’d noticed other times that he’d visited the country.

Jared and Gen were in front, Shep way up high on his dad’s shoulders as they walked with their arms around each other.

An ugly pang of jealousy ran through you as you watched them, missing whatever Tom was trying to tell you.

You were never going to have this.

Baby Ditto would never be able to sit on Jared’s shoulders while the two of you walked hand in hand down the street. Not without a huge media shitstorm following you around, anyway.

Your baby was never going to have the apple pie life that you’d always dreamed of giving your children.

It was going to be born as part of a ‘scandal’ and that would follow you around for as long as you were in the public eye.

“Are you sad?”

Tom’s voice and a squeeze of your hand pulled you from your thoughts, and you plastered on a smile as you looked down at him.

“Why d’you think that, bud?” you asked, Jared and Gen stopping to face you.

“You stopped payin’ attention and smilin’,” he commented, and you laughed awkwardly.

“I’m okay, kiddo. Just thinking,” you assured him, letting go of his hand to ruffle his hair.

Jared and Gen watched the exchange, sharing a look before Gen spoke up.

“Who wants gelato?” she asked, and Jared groaned.

“Not Baby Ditto,” he told her, but she shook her head, moving to stand beside you.

“You know what they say,” she grinned. “When in Rome…”

“Do what the feisty Italian lady says,” you finished, and she nodded as Jared looked between the two of you in defeat.

“I want gelato,” Shep mumbled, and you smiled up at him.
Well, that was the decision made.

The gelato bar that Gen wanted to take you to was down a back alleyway, just a small store with a couple of metal tables and chairs out in the alley.

You took a seat outside with the boys while Jared and Gen went in to get you all something to eat.

Tom and Shep both knew exactly what they wanted but, seeing as you’d never been there before, you had no idea, so you let them choose for you.

Gen returned with three cones, leaving Jared inside to pay and bring hers out.

She handed the boys theirs, after they gave her a kiss of ‘thank you’.

It was something they always did, a tradition of sorts, that if their parents had bought them something or made them food, they would give them a kiss as a thank you. It was cute - the kind of family habit that you’d have loved to be a part of when you were younger.

You reached for your cone when Gen handed it to you, only to have her pull it away at the last moment, pursing her lips.

“Really?” you asked, but she just shrugged.

“A kiss for a cone, I think that’s fair,” she told you. “And hurry up before it melts.”

She leant in, so you placed a quick peck to her lips, much like her sons had done.

She smiled against your lips, bringing her hand up to the back of your neck and kissing you properly before pulling back and handing you your cone.

You glanced around, grateful to see that there didn’t seem to be anyone in the alley and that the boys didn’t even bat an eyelid at their mom’s choice of PDA.

“Chill out,” she told you, taking the seat beside you as Jared came out with two more cones. “If anyone was watching I wouldn’t have done it.”

You nodded, looking down at the cone in your hand as Jared handed Gen her own with a soft kiss.

“I wish I could kiss you without worrying about it,” you admitted, taking your first taste of gelato as an excuse not to look at them.

The flavour was incredible, bursting across your tongue and instantly cooling you down, momentarily distracting you from your near-constant inner turmoil.

“Four months,” Gen mentioned, and you nodded, still not looking at her. “In four months we can do what we want.”

“And most of that time, we’ll be at home,” Jared added, and you finally looked up and met his gaze. He paused, glancing at Gen before continuing. “Y/N… we can announce it sooner if you want.”

You bit your lip, watching the two of them for any sign that this was a bluff, but they looked open and sure as they waited for your answer.

“No, your plan is good,” you sighed, shaking your head. “I’m just being stupid.”
“Feelins aren’t stupid they’re important,” Shep told you, taking you by surprise.

“That’s right, kiddo,” Jared agreed, ruffling his son’s hair. “It’s important to speak what’s on your mind in this family.”

“Yes,” Shep nodded, pointing to your hand, “An’ it’s gonna drip.”

You quickly caught the drip with your tongue before it reached your hand, smiling appreciatively at him for pointing it out.

“Once Baby Ditto is here, it’s all gonna be different,” Gen reminded you, and you nodded, sitting back in your chair and willing yourself to relax.

“D’you like your gelato?” Tom asked, changing the subject.

“It’s incredible,” you told him, not missing the way relief crossed his features once you were smiling properly again.

He might only be five, but Thomas Padalecki was totally switched on to your emotions.

You decided to go back to your own room after dinner with everyone.

As always, you were invited back with the Padaleckis but you declined, deciding instead to try and FaceTime with Danneel and JJ.

It was just past 8pm where you were - an early dinner so that the boys could be in bed at a reasonable time - so it would be early afternoon back in Austin, a prime time to get in contact with them.

You got comfortable on your bed and opened up your laptop, pulling up Danneel’s contact information and hitting ‘call’.

Her answer came quicker than you were anticipating, so you startled slightly when her face filled the screen.

“Hey, darlin’,” she smiled, walking somewhere and motioning JJ to follow her.

You frowned slightly when you realised they weren’t in their house.

“Where are you guys?” you asked, and she laughed softly, shutting a door behind them.

“We took the twins to see Gino while y’all are on a cute little vacay,” she explained, sitting down and letting JJ crawl into her lap.

“Hiya Ditto,” JJ grinned, and you smiled back.

“Hey Lil’ Texas. You being good for Uncle Gino?” you asked, and she giggled, looking up at her mom.

“I’m bein’ super good,” she told you, and you raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah?” you asked. “Why don’t I believe you?”

She broke out into another fit of giggles, and Danneel laughed, kissing her cheek.
“She’s had a lot of sugar,” she explained. “Being spoiled by Uncle G.”

“I see,” you nodded, accepting the explanation. “Remember to eat your veggies.”

“Have you been eatin’ yours?” JJ retorted as Danneel rested her chin on top of her head.

“I have,” you promised. “Dad and Uncle Jared made sure of it.”

She nodded, and Danneel smiled.

“So, how’s Baby Ditto?”

“Getting big,” you told them, leaving your laptop on your mattress as you got to your feet, lifting your shirt up and standing to the side.

“There’s a baby in there,” JJ told you, and you nodded, running a hand over your bump. “I’m gonna be an aunt.”

You laughed softly, sitting back down.

“You are?”

“Mhm,” she nodded. “An’ Daddy’s gonna be a gran’pa.”

“Does that make Mom-”

“Mom is not gonna be a nonna until she’s at least sixty,” Danneel cut you off with a grin, and you laughed.

“But you’re fine with Baby Dits calling your husband ‘Grandpa’?” you asked, teasingly.

“Daddy says he wants to be ‘Cool Uncle Jay’ instead,” JJ explained.

You raised your eyebrows at Danneel.

“You’ve actually discussed this?” you asked, and she shrugged.

“Your fake dad is excited about your baby, kiddo,” she explained, the simple statement warming your heart as JJ broke off into a yawn. “We’ve gotta go, this one needs a nap after such a busy day.”

You smiled as JJ nodded in agreement.

Alright, Tex. Have a nice nap,” you told her, kissing your fingers and pressing them to the camera as she did the same. “Tell Uncle G that I say hi.”


“Love you more,” you responded.

“Love you most,” JJ finished, leaning in and kissing the camera.

“I’ll see you in five days,” you smiled, grateful that you could finally count the days on one hand.

“Yeah,” she giggled. “Five days.”

“Not long now,” her mom confirmed. “Sleep well, sweetheart.”
“Hug the twins for me,” you requested, yawning yourself now that the idea of sleep had been planted. “Can’t wait to come home to y’all.”

You were about to hang up when Danneel stopped you.

“Oh, before you go,” she smiled, “We can’t call tomorrow, but we’ll be sure to text and stuff all day.”

“That’s fine, we’re starting con stuff tomorrow anyway,” you assured them. “I’ll see you on Saturday.”

“Yeah,” JJ grinned. “I can’t wait.”

You smiled a little sadly, homesickness back in full force.

“Me neither.”
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

f/f smut coming up

You realised, after receiving the schedule for JIB, that Creation conventions might’ve been being too kind to you by giving you panels with Kathryn.

You were technically on the same contract as Misha so, if he had to do panels alone, then you should too.

On Saturday morning, your panel was pretty much first thing.

It was the first convention since the finale - which, in all honesty, you’d forgotten about airing since you were too wrapped up in the excitement of being in Rome - so the first few questions were about Trinity’s future, and how she’d cope ‘without’ Cas.

You carefully worded your answers, trying not to give away any spoilers of the little you did know about season thirteen. You were extra conscious of it since being told off for revealing that Trinity was going to survive and ultimately losing the impact of your scenes in the finale, but you were able to assure them that Tee was gonna keep kicking and continue hunting, with or without her ‘guardian angel’.

“Okay, so my question is about the Scooby-Doo episode,” one guy asked, and you couldn’t fight a laugh.

“Y’all, what even is this show?” you laughed. “Honestly what did I even sign up for? Fucking Scooby-Doo cross-over, I’m…”

You shook your head, still laughing softly.

“Are you gonna be in that episode?” he asked, and you sighed, shaking your head.

“I don’t think so,” you admitted. “It’s one of the ones that Trinity isn’t involved in. But I think the guys have started some of the stuff on it already, and they’re all pretty excited about it.”

“All?” he pressed.

“Both,” you corrected, trying not to cringe at what you’d almost said. “All like ‘y’all’… not necessarily ‘all’. Ah, shit. Next question!”

He laughed softly, knowing he’d caught you out, before making his way back to his seat.

The next fan stepped up to the mic, smiling shyly at you.

“Hey,” you smiled back.

“Hi,” she breathed. “I have, uh, two questions.”

“Fire away, sweetie.”
“Firstly, I would like to say that I love your relationship with the Ackles’,” she told you, and you smiled, nodding for her to continue. “I was in the foster system and I wasn’t adopted until I was almost eighteen, and I just wondered - is that what it feels like for you? Like you’ve finally found a forever family?”

“Wow,” you breathed, your hand to your heart. “Well, first, I’m so happy you’ve found your family, no matter how long it took.”

She nodded appreciatively.

“And also… yeah, to some extent,” you agreed. “I honestly wasn’t looking for a family. I thought I was okay on my own. I… okay, I never had a dad. And my mom - birth mom,” you corrected, using Danneel’s terminology to make it easier to talk about. “She was… not the best. ‘Family’ didn’t mean anything to me. But then I started on Supernatural…”

You looked down, unable to look anyone in the eye while you were talking about it, one hand resting absent-mindedly on your bump.

“I think Jensen saw me as… I don’t know, someone to protect? Someone in need of nurturing, anyway,” you continued. “I thought I was alright, but after he showed me what it’s like to have a father, what it’s like to have a parent that genuinely cares about you… that’s when I started to feel the want for family.”

You looked back up, smiling slightly.

“Then I met Danneel, the twins… Tex,” you sighed. “Those guys… I love them. Danneel’s like… okay, she gets shit all the time, right? But she’s the best mom. She’s been mine for, what, a couple months? She’s already better than my old mom was in eighteen years. She’s also a pretty incredible wife; Jensen is a lucky man.”

“So, they are like your forever family,” the fan stated, and you smiled.

“I sure hope so,” you agreed. “I wasn’t looking for it, but I couldn’t imagine myself without them now. Hell, I didn’t get to FaceTime JJ yesterday and I’ve got serious withdrawal, I’m not even kidding.”

She nodded, and you smiled sadly.

“Sweetheart, we’re the lucky ones,” you told her. “Our families chose us. Family don’t end with blood, but it sure as hell doesn’t start there, either.”

She grinned at the quote, nodding more convincingly this time.

“What was your other question?” you asked, uncapping your water bottle and taking a drink to try and clear some of the emotion from your voice by the time you answered.

“Oh, it’s silly really,” she blushed. “But we were wondering if you’re going to be singing at Jailbreak on Monday?”

You laughed softly, putting the bottle down and clearing your throat.

“I, ah-” you shook your head. “I can’t sing.”

She went to reply before a small voice cut in.
“Tha’s a lie.”

You’d know that voice anywhere. Your heart started thumping rapidly in your chest as you squinted out into the crowd.

“Who did that?” you asked. “That’s a scary good impression.”

“S’not an impression, Ditto.”

Movement at the side of the stage caught your eye and you turned to see Rob walk JJ out towards you.

As soon as she saw you, she let go of Rob’s hand and broke into a run.

You dropped your mic onto your chair, crouching down and hugging her tight when she got to you.

The crowd was going crazy but you didn’t notice, too focussed on the fact that somehow JJ Ackles was in Rome.

You got to your feet, still hugging her close, and her legs wrapped around your waist.

“You’re not s’posed to lift me,” she reminded you, and you laughed softly, trying not to cry.

“I don’t wanna let go,” you told her, and she wrapped her arms around you and kissed your cheek. “How about I sit down and you stay on my lap… compromise?”

She nodded, and you held her up with one arm as you retrieved the mic, sitting down taking a steadying breath.

JJ got comfortable in your lap, resting her head on your shoulder, and you brought the microphone back up to your lips.

“That was… I’m so happy right now,” you laughed, and ‘aww’s went around the crowd. “When did you get here, kiddo?”

You were holding the microphone so that it would pick up her voice too, but she replied as if she was only talking to you.

“With Daddy,” she told you, and you frowned.

“Wait, for real?”

“For real,” she confirmed, and you shook your head.

“Okay, so, this doesn’t make any sense,” you addressed the audience, frowning. “I spent the evening and most of yesterday with Jensen.”

“You mean Daddy,” JJ corrected, and you laughed softly.

“Yeah, Tex, I mean Dad,” you agreed. “We went out for dinner, spent the day… Why didn’t he mention that you were with him?”

“Because then it wouldn’t be a s’prise,” she explained, and you nodded.

“Well it sure was a surprise,” you agreed, kissing the top of her head. “Wait, does that mean… You weren’t with Uncle G! You were here!”
She laughed, nodding as you tickled her in chastisement.

“‘You sneaky-’” you cut yourself off, laughing before realising you should explain yourself to the crowd.

They were watching the two of you with fond confusion, so you decided to clear it up.

“I video-called Tex and Momma D on Thursday, after going out for dinner with Jen-Dad, sorry,” you explained. “And I realised they weren’t at home, but Momma D told me that they were at Uncle Gino’s.”

“We weren’t,” JJ laughed. “We were in Daddy’s room.”

The audience laughed and clapped, as you shook your head, shocked that they managed to pull it off.

“Does that mean that… Tex, is Mom here?” you asked, knowing the answer but needing it confirmed.

“She’s backstage,” she told you, and you looked just in time to see Danneel walking out with a microphone in hand, Rob following her carrying a chair.

“Mom’s here,” she confirmed, the crowd going wild at the sound of her voice.

You were smiling so wide that your cheeks were starting to hurt, but you couldn’t care less.

“This is the best day of my whole life,” you laughed as Danneel sat next to you, thanking Rob for pretty much working as her stage-hand.

“I should hope so,” she smiled, leaning over to ruffle your hair fondly. “We travelled over 13 hours with baby twins, then spent a whole day in a hotel room just to surprise you.”

You hugged JJ even closer, honestly feeling like the luckiest girl in the world.

Your entire family was all in one place, and you couldn’t be happier.

“Also, JJ’s right,” Danneel told the fan at the mic, “Y/N’s a liar.”

You’d almost forgotten about the question, the excitement of seeing them distracting you, but the crowd laughed at Danneel’s comment.

“So she can sing?” the fan asked, and JJ nodded enthusiastically.

“She sings real good,” she confirmed. “She sings ‘Punzel with me and rock with Daddy, but only at home.”

You hid your face behind JJ as the fans started to cheer, trying to encourage you to perform on Monday night.

“Give the people what they want,” Danneel jeered. “If I can come on stage to support you, the least you can do is let these people hear what you can do.”

“Y’all are getting their hopes up,” you complained. “I’m not that good.”

“She’s super good,” JJ argued, addressing the whole crowd. “Ditto sings with Daddy sometimes when the babies can’t sleep, and they go sleep right away.”
“Stop,” you laughed, pulling the mic away from JJ’s hands, leaving her giggling and reaching after it.

“Ditto’s gonna sing with Jay on Monday,” Danneel confirmed, not giving you a chance to back out as the audience cheered enthusiastically.

“One song,” you allowed, bringing the mic back down. “Just one, but okay. I haven’t rehearsed at all—”

“You can rehearse with the band on Monday!” Rob interrupted, appearing again. “We’ll set it up. This is a verbal contract and you can’t get out of it.”

You sighed, relenting.

“Fine,” you agreed. “And get your ass on stage, Benedict. You keep just appearing and disappearing. If my panel is getting ambushed, you may as well be up here, too.”

He laughed, somehow producing another mic from behind the curtain and making his way up onstage.

“There’s more of your family backstage, you know,” he mentioned casually, and you frowned.

“More?” you asked. “This was supposed to be a solo panel, guys.”

“Would you rather we left?” Danneel asked, and you instantly took it back.

“No! Is everyone allowed out?” you asked, and they both shrugged. “Bring them out, oh my God.”

Your solo panel turned into a Padackles ladies and kids plus Rob Benedict panel for the last ten minutes, and you’d never laughed so much in your life.

Jared was in photo ops and Jensen was in autos, but Gen and the boys joined the rest of you, making it the funniest panel you’d ever been in. The twins were sleeping backstage, being watched by Briana and Adam who were also somehow in on the Ackles’ surprise.

Rob had a lot of stories to tell involving your new family, and hearing them from a third party was somehow five times funnier than hearing them from Gen and Danneel back home.

By the time you got off stage, you still hadn’t let go of JJ and your entire face hurt from smiling and laughing so much.

“I cannot believe you lied to me, Texas,” you told JJ, and she looked up at you, pouting.

“Mama said it’s okay because it was a secret an’ not a lie,” she reasoned.

You nodded, letting go of her hand to ruffle her hair.

“I’m not mad, just surprised,” you assured her.

“She did a good job,” Danneel smiled, pulling you into a hug now that you were away from the crowd. “It’s good to see you.”

You smiled as she pulled back.

“It really is,” you agreed, laughing softly as her hands went to your stomach, feeling your bump.
“Baby Dits is growing,” she commented, impressed.

“Twenty weeks on Monday,” you smiled, lifting your top so that she could get a better look as JJ excitedly put her hands on the bump. “Halfway there.”

“Is it soon?” JJ asked, and you and Danneel laughed.

“Not quite, baby,” her mom told her.

“Doctor said it’s likely to come early, though,” you added. “It’s a big’un.”

“It’s a Padalecki,” Danneel reminded you, and you nodded, “That man isn’t small.”

“And neither are his babies,” Gen interrupted as you dropped down your shirt, smiling at her. “Apparently you’re supposed to be somewhere.”

“Ah, crap,” you nodded. “Autos.”

JJ looked up at you, pouting again.

“I don’t want you to go,” she told you, and you bit your lip as you looked at Danneel. She gave you permission before you had the chance to ask for it.

“You can take Tex,” she told you, before crouching to talk to her daughter. “You know what not to say?”

JJ nodded.

“Yeah, Mama.”

“And if anyone tries to say that you’re gonna be a sister again, what do you tell them?”

“I tell ‘em, ‘No!’,” she replied, firmly. “‘No, I’m’a’nna be an aunt’, I’ll tell ‘em.”

“That’s my girl,” Danneel grinned, kissing the top of her head before standing up again. She hugged you again, kissing your temple.

“My girls,” she corrected, pulling back. “Now go, before you get into trouble.”

You held a hand out to JJ, and she took it eagerly.

“Let’s go sign some stuff,” you told her, and she looked up at you as the two of you went to find a volunteer to show you where to go.

“Do I get to sign things?” she asked, and you shrugged.

“If people want you to, you can,” you offered. “But you’ve gotta ask first.”

She nodded, squeezing your hand tighter.

You got the feeling that this was going to be the most enjoyable autograph session you’d had since joining the show.

You returned to the Padalecki suite alone that evening.
Jared and Jensen were out for drinks with some of the other cast, Danneel had taken JJ and the twins to bed, and you hadn’t seen Gen or the boys since you were called for your photo ops with Briana after your duo panel with Jensen.

Due to the smaller number of cast members attending the convention, you had duo panels with Jensen, Jared, and Misha, as well as your solo and the group with all four of you. That day you’d got through Misha’s and Jensen’s with the same amount of trouble you’d expected from the two of them.

Needless to say, it had been a busy day.

You decided to take a bath in the incredible tub. Usually, you didn’t take baths, but after seeing the tubs in this hotel, you found yourself wanting nothing more than to relax in them whenever you had the chance.

You stripped out of your clothes, folding them back into your case, and wrapped a fluffy towel around yourself as you made your way through to the bathroom.

Pushing open the door, you noticed someone already in the bath.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” you backtracked as the water sloshed and Gen turned to face you.

“Don’t be,” she assured you, nodding you over.

You walked in tentatively, causing her to roll her eyes.

She looked even smaller than usual in the enormous tub, her hair pulled up into a soft bun as she relaxed in the warm water.

“You wanted a shower?” she asked, and you shook your head.

“Bath,” you corrected.

A smile grew on her face before she drew her lower lip between her teeth.

You read the look and raised an eyebrow.

“You want me to… join you?” you clarified, and she shrugged.

“I’ve only just got in,” she offered. “The water’s warm…”

It took you all of two seconds to make your decision before you turned and removed your towel, hanging it on the rail.

“Scoot up,” you requested, turning back to face her.

“No,” she replied, reaching a hand out to you.

You took it with a soft frown, letting her help you over the lip of the bath.

She maneuvered you so that you were sat with your back to her chest, her knees bent at your sides as you leant back against her.

Her fingers trailed down your arms lightly, running over the backs of your hands and linking with your own.
“I haven’t shared a bath with anyone in a long time,” Gen told you, resting her chin on your shoulder. “Apart from the kids.”

“Jared?” you asked, and she laughed softly.

“Can you imagine that giant of a man staying still enough to have a bath?” she countered. “Besides, it’d have to only have like an inch of water to fit the two of us in our tub.”

“That’s true,” you murmured, fiddling absently with her fingers.

You sat in silence for a while, leaning your head back and closing your eyes, revelling in the peacefulness.

“Where are the boys?” you asked quietly as Gen’s hands slowly started to roam your stomach without any real intent.

“Sleepover with JJ,” she replied, and you smiled softly.

“Did you know they were coming?”

“Yes, but not until Thursday morning,” she admitted. “Apparently it was a spur of the moment decision.”

You let out a content sigh.

“You and this baby have a big and ridiculously over the top support system,” she mused, her hands splaying over your bump. “You’re a lucky girl.”

“Baby Dits is the real lucky one,” you agreed. “Three parents. Then Dee and Jensen, too. So much more than I ever had.”

Gen’s hands had stilled, but you didn’t really notice as you continued.

“Even if I do fuck up, this kid still has a full set of parents to fix whatever I do wrong,” you commented. “That’s… Not many people have that.”

There was silence for a moment before Gen spoke, her voice softer than before.

“Three parents,” she repeated, quietly.

“Well, yeah,” you shrugged. “I mean, I’ll be Mama, Jared is Daddy, and you’ll be… you.”

Soft lips pressed against your neck as she struggled to find words to express how she was feeling.

Her arms wrapped tighter around you as she continued to press kisses into your skin, soft and purposeful.

“I love you, Genevieve,” you reiterated. “You’re my family. You’re this baby’s family. I don’t want you to ever think otherwise.”

After saying it, you realised that you’d never really verbalised those things to Gen before.

She’d assured you of your place in her family, but you’d never thought to let her know that she was just as much a part of yours. You had kind of assumed that was for granted, but her reaction let you know that she’d needed to hear it from you.
“Isn’t it crazy?” she murmured against the skin of your neck. “Isn’t it crazy that we’re here?”

You shifted slightly so that you could look at her, careful not to let the water spill over the lip of the tub.

“What do you mean?” you asked, and she smiled, a delicate finger tucking stray hairs behind your ear.

“A year ago, we’d never met,” she commented, pressing a kiss to your jaw. “Five months ago, I gave you permission to sleep with my husband. Just over three months ago, we started… this. But not once have we had the chance to be alone like this.”

You leant into her as she continued to place kisses across your jaw, down your neck.

“I’d been wondering,” she admitted, pulling back and looking at you, her eyes flitting between yours and your lips, “If maybe you were just going along with me because of Jared.”

“You’re kidding,” you blanched, and she shook her head. “Gen… That’s… If anything, I thought you were just putting up with me.”

She wet her lips, and you breathed out a sigh.

“I still can’t get over the fact that people like you could want someone like me.”

Her hand carded into your hair, holding the side of your head in a gentle palm.

“And I still can’t get over the fact that you can’t see how incredible you are,” she countered, “How worthy of love, of happiness. Y/N…”

You kissed her, no longer caring if the water escaped the tub as you turned to improve the angle.

For the first time since you started this with Gen, you could feel her vulnerability. She was letting you lead the kiss as if she wasn’t sure how far to push.

Your tongue softly swept her lower lip before you pulled back. Her neck craned slightly as she chased the kiss, but you bit your lip, shaking your head.

“Shall we… shall we take this to bed?” you offered, trying not to blush.

“Yeah?” she asked, and you nodded.

You got to your feet, carefully stepping over the lip of the tub. Grabbing the towel that Gen had brought in with her, you turned back to face her in time to help her out of the bath with your free hand.

You handed her the towel before drying off with your own, hanging it back over the rail once you were done.

Gen did the same, and you suddenly realised that the two of you were naked together.

Sure, you had been before, and obviously you knew you had been in the bath, but it struck you all of a sudden how normal it felt.

Gen pulled you from your thoughts by kissing your shoulder as she slipped her hand into yours, interlacing your fingers and leading you back through to the bedroom.
You followed willingly, bringing her hand to your lips and kissing her knuckles.

“I don’t even remember the last time I was alone with another woman like this,” she murmured as she let go of your hand, moving up the bed towards the pillows.

You crawled over her, kissing your way up from her collarbone to her lips.

“I do,” you murmured as you held yourself over her.

She raised an eyebrow, carding a hand through your hair.

“You do?”

“Mhm,” you nodded, your knees on either side of her hips as you sat back.

She propped herself up on her elbows, waiting for you to continue.

“Drama school was full of hot girls trying to find themselves,” you explained, shrugging a shoulder. “I was alone in a new city, and more than willing to help them.”

Gen grinned, bringing a hand up to the side of your neck and pulling you in for a kiss.

“How generous,” she murmured between kisses. “Maybe you can show me what you showed them?”

You laughed softly, letting her roll the two of you onto your sides.

“I don’t think I’m the more experienced one here,” you retorted, and she smiled, kissing you again.

“Until you, I hadn’t been with anyone but Jared for seven years,” she reminded you. “Before that, there was only other people with him for a year. So if we’re talking recent experience…”

You kissed her when she trailed off, your hands going to her hair and letting it down from the bun it had been in for her bath.

One of your favourite things about the Padaleckis was that their hair was always flawlessly silky. Whatever conditioner they used, you wanted some.

You deepened the kiss as your hands began to explore her body, loving the feeling of soft curves and toned muscles beneath your palms.

This woman had two young kids, and this was how her body felt.

If yours was half as good as hers after you’d had your baby, you’d be thrilled.

You kept one hand on her waist as the other moved between her thighs.

Her legs parted for you as you moved your kisses across her jaw and down her neck, your fingertips brushing her clit and making her breath hitch.

Her hand tangled into your hair while the other held onto your shoulder.

You continued to mouth at her neck, sucking kisses into her skin as you moved down her body, never stopping anywhere long enough to leave a mark.

You rolled her onto her back when you reached her stomach, and she spread her legs invitingly.
You took the hint, moving both of your hands to her inner thighs, keeping them open as your mouth continued its journey towards her centre.

You flicked your eyes up to hers as your lips surrounded her clit.

She was biting her lip while she watched you with hooded eyes.

Her hands stroked through your hair, holding it away from your face as you sucked lightly.

You let your tongue move out, flicking over her clit and drawing a rewarding moan from her lips.

You loved those sounds. Whether they were elicited by you or Jared, Gen never failed to produce the prettiest moans during sex, and you couldn’t get enough of it.

Her hands in your hair encouraged you further as you gave one last lick to her clit.

Your mouth moved lower as you pressed your tongue flat against her, effectively forcing her to beg for more.

“Please,” she moaned, keeping your hair off of your face in one fist while her other hand pressed at the back of your head. “Y/N, please.”

You pulled back slightly, causing her to huff in frustration as her hand left the back of your head to hold the pillow beside hers.

“So polite,” you murmured, meeting her gaze with a twinkle in your eye.

You saw the exact moment that confusion turned to realisation and then to lust, before you finally gave her what she wanted.

She was already wet as you licked into her, her familiar taste clouding your senses as she let out another beautiful but involuntary moan.

You’d gone down on Gen before - and vice versa - but never without the distraction of Jared, so somehow it felt totally new.

You were entirely focussed on Genevieve, on bringing her pleasure and making her moan, and all of her focus was on how you were making her feel.

You were completely immersed in each other for the first time ever, and you loved it.

You moved one hand up her thigh to rest on her lower stomach, your thumb stretching down to stimulate her clit as you continued to eat her out.

Her breathing pattern changed as you increased the pressure on her clit the way you knew she liked - moving your thumb in time with your tongue in a tried and tested attempt to bring her racing towards her climax.

It didn’t take long, but that wasn’t a surprise seeing as you’d learnt from the man who’d had years of practice in taking Gen apart with his tongue.

You could feel her thigh twitch under your palm, her hips trying to grind herself down onto your tongue as you continued to lick into her. Shallow thrusts of your tongue pulled soft pants from her lips, the sounds combined with intermittent moans turning you on inexplicably.

You knew that she was close as her fist tightened in your hair, her other hand finding her own chest
and rolling a nipple between thumb and forefinger.

“Please, I’m gonna-”

You didn’t answer.

At the very last moment, you replaced your thumb at her clit with your lips, sucking with just the amount of pressure that you knew would push her over the edge.

She didn’t disappoint, coming with a cry of your name, drawn out into a soft moan of pleasure.

You pulled back with a smile on your face, wiping your chin with the back of your hand as you watched her try and catch her breath.

God, she was gorgeous, even while sweaty and unapologetically bare.

“Get up here,” she told you, and you crawled back over her, your knees bracketing her body once more. “That was… amazing.”

She pulled you in for a kiss, licking into your mouth and not pulling back as she undoubtedly tasted herself.

If anything, she went back for more.

Her hand started to explore your body as you continued to kiss languidly.

You’d thought there was no real intent to the movement until you found yourself slowly being rolled onto your back.

She remained between your legs as she mimicked your movements from earlier, following the path her hands took down your body with open-mouthed kisses.

Once she was settled, almost at the foot of the bed, she placed a gentle kiss just below your naval.

“You don’t have to,” you told her as soft hands parted your legs, lightly massaging your thighs.

“You should know by now that we’re all about reciprocation,” she murmured against your skin before dipping her head lower.

And, well. You weren’t going to argue with that.
The rest of the convention ran smoothly. You didn’t have any more solo (or, supposedly solo) panels, and you and Jared got through your duo without raising suspicions.

For some reason, Jared was completely off of everyone’s radar when it came to who might be your baby daddy, but that didn’t mean you could afford to give anybody a reason to suspect him. You still had to be careful.

The group panel ended the convention with laughter interlaced with serious thankfulness for the fans.

You knew how difficult this convention could be for them, so seeing them let loose and have fun with maybe a little too much ‘apple juice’ was a blessing in disguise.

On Monday afternoon, Jensen took you along with him to rehearsals for Jailbreak, and by the concert that evening your nerves about performing had started to dissipate slightly.

“I’ll be there the whole time,” Jensen reminded you before he was due to go onstage, the music causing him to have to raise his voice. “Do you know the song?”

You raised an eyebrow at him.

“Do I know it?” you asked. “We sing it around the house all the time.”

He laughed, shaking his head.

“I mean your cue,” he explained. “You know when to make your appearance?”

“Oh,” you nodded. “Yeah. I know the plan.”

He smiled, kissing the top of your head before bounding out on stage as Rob introduced him.

You stayed backstage as Jensen performed with the band, trying to even your heartrate and running the lyrics over and over in your head.

You’d sung it countless times before, but never in front of an audience. Never in front of anyone who wasn’t an Ackles.

Come to think of it, this would be the first time that even Jared would hear you sing.

Before you had time to panic about your realisation, the band started up your song and Jensen began to sing the first verse.

“It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished ‘em well.”

There was no introduction, no indication that this was when you were joining in, just Jensen starting the new song as if he was going to do the whole thing on his own.

“You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle.”

Your hand flexed around the microphone as you waited for your cue.
“And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell.”

Your heart was pounding, taking a deep breath to calm your nerves as you started to make your way up onto the stage.

“‘C’est la vie,’ say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.”

You broke into a jog, deciding to go all out as the short riff played before the start of your verse.

“They finished off an apartment with a two-room Roebuck sale,” you sang, the crowd almost drowning out the music were it not for your earpiece. “The coolerator was jammed with TV dinners and ginger ale.”

Jensen grabbed your hand, dancing with you and spinning you under his arm.

“And when Pierre found work, the little money comin’ worked out well. ‘C’est la vie,’ say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.”

It was Jensen’s turn to sing the next verse, and you let him lead you in a jive-style dance around the stage while he sang.

You finally had a chance to gauge the crowd’s reaction, grateful to see smiles and laughter from almost everyone in the room.

The rest of the song passed by in a blur, you and Jensen trading off verses and dancing, singing the last verse together.

Danneel had countless home videos of the two of you doing exactly this around the house back in Austin, and if you thought hard enough you could pretend you were back there.

Before you knew it, you were singing the very last line with Jensen’s arm thrown over your shoulders and yours around his waist.

“‘C’est la vie,’ say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.”

The song ended with the band playing, while Jensen spun you away from him and danced you through the last twenty seconds.

At the last riff, he pulled you into a hug before you both bowed to the crowd, the band leaving their instruments to join the audience in their applause.

“Yeah!” Jensen yelled, stepping away and applauding you himself.

“Stop,” you laughed into the mic, hiding your face behind your hand. “Thank you.”

“Don’t stop!” Jensen argued. “If you keep clapping, she’ll have to sing again.”

The applause grew impossibly louder as they heckled their encouragement, trying to get an encore from you.

You looked up to where you knew Jared was stood and caught his eye as he clapped and cheered along with everyone else.

“I only promised one song,” you reminded them. “We only practiced the one.”

“I have a guitar, here,” Jensen commented, picking it up and putting the strap over his shoulder.
“Pretend we’re at home and the babies need to sleep. Mom’s exhausted from a long day looking after the kids, so it’s up to Dad and Ditto to put them to bed.”

You laughed softly, looking up at him and raising an eyebrow.

“You want me to pretend a room full of fans is actually just your grouchy twins?” you clarified, and he shrugged, starting to pluck a familiar tune.

“You know the words, you know the tune,” he told you, “And you have the audience.”

They cheered in encouragement again, and you nodded, taking a breath as you met Jared’s gaze once more.

“Oh, but don’t make fun of me,” you murmured into the mic, and the whole crowd cheered their agreement. Jared nodded, a silent promise. “Alright.”

Jensen’s playing got louder, now undeniably the introduction of the twins’ favourite lullaby.

You nodded to yourself, stealing a glance at Jensen and allowing yourself to be calmed by his reassuring smile.

You could do this.

The fan reaction to your singing debut was incredible.

Considering the amount of hate you’d received mere months ago, you couldn’t quite believe how supportive they were being.

Of course, there was still some hate slipping through already - people claiming that your performance with Jensen was less familial and more like a couple than you knew it was - but nowhere near as much as you had been anticipating.

If it hadn’t been one of the last conventions you’d be attending before you had your baby, you’d have been likely to perform regularly at others.

Seeing as you would be ‘super pregnant… like, super pregnant’ (Jensen’s words) come August, you wouldn’t be going along to any after VanCon, meaning that you only had three left before Baby Ditto.

Even for VanCon, your bump would be too big to be able to perform with Jensen the way you did that night.

For the first time since you’d arrived in Rome, you spent the night in your own suite.

You’d been invited back to the Padaleckis’, but you turned down the offer in favour of getting some alone time.

You loved them - all of them - with your whole heart, you just felt the need to wind down on your own after a busy night; a busy week.

They understood, Jared stopping by your room to say goodnight.

“I can’t believe you waited this long to let me know you sing,” he told you, leaning against the wall while you got ready for bed.
You shrugged as you stepped out of your jeans.

“It’s not a big deal,” you assured him. “I sing, but I’m not a singer.”

“You could be,” he mentioned, and you scoffed, removing your shirt. “I’m serious, if you’re ever looking to change career…”

“You’re suggesting I leave a job that I love, where everyone already knows and understands the Baby Dits situation,” you countered, raising an eyebrow, “To go into the unpredictability of the music industry?”

He shrugged, moving towards you and resting his hands on your exposed bump.

“We’ll support whatever you do,” he assured you, and you laughed softly.

“That’s very kind, but I trained to be an actor,” you reminded him. “I’ve already found my calling.”

He nodded, getting to his knees to talk to his baby.

“Your mama is a talented lady,” he spoke quietly and you rolled your eyes, affectionately carding a hand through his hair. “You’re gonna be one talented kiddo.”

You laughed, and he grinned up at you.

“I get to see my baby in a few days,” he told you, kissing your bump before getting to his feet again.

“We’ll be able see how big the little fucker’s grown,” you teased, and he sighed, raising an unimpressed brow.

“That’s no way to talk about our baby,” he chastised, and you smiled, cupping his cheek.

“I love Baby Ditto,” you reminded him, “But this kid is gonna ruin my body, I’m allowed to be a little bitter every now and then.”

Jared smiled, nodding slightly.

“Gen’s body wasn’t ‘ruined’ by the boys,” he offered, and you rolled your eyes again.

“Yeah but Gen is fucking Wonder Woman,” you grumbled, pulling a sleep shirt on. “I’m glad we’re a team and not in competition because literally nobody can compete with your wife.”

Jared frowned, folding his arms.

“You think so little of yourself,” he commented, and you shrugged again.

“S’what happens when you grow up being told you’re a good for nothing piece of shit,” you murmured, crawling into bed.

He waited a beat before approaching, sitting gingerly on the edge of your mattress.

“You don’t… you don’t believe that, right?” he asked, and you blinked up at him, contemplative.

“I’m learning not to,” you allowed, sighing. “It’s hard, but…”

You traile off, self-doubt an old friend of yours.
“Well,” Jared started, leaning down to kiss your forehead, his hiatus scruff scratching your skin slightly, “We’ll do whatever we can to assure you you’re perfect just the way you are.”

“Alright, Bruno Mars,” you teased, predictably fighting feelings with humour.

He sighed again, biting his lip in thought.

“Are you sure you want to sleep alone tonight?” he asked, and you nodded.

“I’m fine,” you assured him, smiling softly when he looked unconvinced. “I had a good night. And we’ve had a good week, right?”

He nodded, and you reached for his hand.

“Sometimes I’m gonna need some time alone,” you explained. “I know you don’t like me thinking about… the past, but I’ve been told it’s good for me to let myself remember stuff, even if it’s painful.”

He squeezed your hand, brushing his lips across your knuckles as he got to his feet.

“You’ll come to us if you need us?” he asked, hopeful.

“Of course,” you assured him, settling into the pillows as you watched him turn away.

He looked reluctant to leave, but he respected you enough to give you space.

“Hey, Jare?” you called once he reached the door, earning a glance over his shoulder. “I love you.”

You noticed some of the tension leave his body as he smiled back at you.

“I love you too, Y/N. Get some rest.”

The ‘adults’ were having a conversation without you.

It’s not like you didn’t realise they’d talked without you before - arranging where you lived, discussing your relationship, you knew they did it - but hearing it firsthand felt different.

You were sitting on your suitcase out in the hallway of the hotel, waiting for them to emerge from their suites for your flight.

Getting impatient, you got up towards Jared and Gen’s door, stopping when you heard them talking with Jensen and Danneel.

“It makes sense,” Gen murmured, voice muffled by the wall between you. “I don’t mind moving.”

“That’s settled then,” Jensen agreed.

“Do we tell her?” Danneel asked, but Jared answered quickly and with finality.

“I think it’s best we don’t.”

You scoffed, knocking on the door.

Surprise gasps followed, the four of them taking longer than necessary to open the door considering they were stood right by it.
It was Jensen’s face that greeted you first.

“Hey,” he smiled, as if they hadn’t just been talking about you. “You ready to go?”

You thought about pretending you didn’t hear anything, but then you remembered that literally all problems in your relationship so far had come from a lack of communication.

“I’ll be ready to go when you tell me what y’all were discussing without me,” you answered, pushing your way into the room, dragging your case behind you.

Once you were inside, you folded your arms, looking at all of them in turn.

“Wha-?” Jensen cleared his throat. “What’re you talking about, kiddo?”

You rolled your eyes.

“I’m not a kid,” you fought back, regretting it once he raised an eyebrow.

Compared to him, you were a kid. You were practically his kid.

“I meant that you shouldn’t treat me like a child,” you reiterated, looking at Gen. “You said something about moving?”

“Yes,” she hedged, looking at Jared for help.

You caught the look and frowned.

“You’re planning on moving?” you guessed. “Without telling me? What the fuck?”

“Language,” Danneel chastised, reminding you that the kids were within earshot and you should probably keep it down.

“Sorry, but what the hell?” you repeated, quieter.

“Not moving house,” Jared assured you, sighing. “It was supposed to be a surprise, to make you feel better.”

Heat rose in your cheeks as you started to think you might’ve misinterpreted their conversation.

“Oh,” you murmured, suddenly embarrassed at your blatant overreaction.


You frowned, confused.

“So Gen doesn’t want to sit with me anymore?”

“Babe, of course I do,” she sighed, “We just thought—”

“We thought it’d be a good surprise if you got to sit with Tex instead,” Jensen interrupted, walking over to wrap his arm around your shoulders. “Jared mentioned you had a bit of a drop after the concert and we wanted to cheer you up.”

Well, now you felt like an idiot.

Your cheeks were red so you turned your face in towards Jensen’s chest, letting him hug you closer.
“It’s okay,” Danneel assured you, carding a hand into your hair and kissing your temple when you looked up. “It’s the baby hormones.”

You nodded, smiling apologetically at a worried looking Jared and Gen.

“‘You okay?’ Jensen asked, and you nodded, pulling away and walking over to them.

Gen opened her arms and you stepped into the embrace, murmuring an apology into her hair.

“‘Shh, it’s fine,’” she promised, and you sniffed as you tried not to cry. “‘Hey, it’s okay. We’re gonna involve you in all our decisions from now on, okay?’”

“You’re an equal,” Jared added, and you looked up at him. “‘I’m sorry if you thought we didn’t see you as one.”

Admittedly, your inferiority complex probably had a part to play in the rollercoaster of self-doubt you’d been on for the last five minutes, and hearing Jared spell out what you needed to know helped to calm you down.

“Sorry for being such a dick,” you laughed slightly, pulling away from Gen and smoothing down your clothes.

You were met with four sympathetic smiles that you really didn’t want to face, so you opted to change the subject instead.

“We’ve got a flight to catch,” you reminded everyone, looking at Danneel. “‘Where’s Tex?’”

“The kiddos are watching cartoons,” she told you, walking further into the Padalecki suite.

You followed her to the doorway of the living area, watching as they sat in front of the TV, Thomas keeping an eye on the twins all the while.

As soon as JJ saw you standing there, she got up and ran across to you.

“Mornin’ Ditto,” she smiled, putting her hands on your belly, “An’ Baby Ditto.”

“Mornin’, princess,” you replied, instantly feeling calmer just by being around her.

“Ready to fly?” she asked, and you crouched to her height, kissing her cheek as a pang of love and calm shot through you.

“Sure am,” you smiled, tugging on the hem of her shirt - a smaller version of the same shirt you were wearing.

“We match,” she told you, proudly, and you laughed as you got to your feet.

“We do,” you agreed, noticing that Danneel was watching the two of you with a small smile pulling at her lips.

“Family resemblance,” she commented, ruffling her daughter’s hair. “My girls look great.”

JJ nodded, hugging you and Danneel at the same time.

“Family,” she repeated with surety. That’s all it took for all of the doubt in the back of your mind to melt away.
You’d been in the air for an hour when JJ rolled down the divider between your seats, smiling hopefully.

You laughed, arranging your seat into the sleeping position so that it would fit the two of you easier.

“Come over here, Tex,” you told her, and she scrambled across, slotting herself in beside you. “You’re lucky we’re little.”

She giggled, leaning into you and playing with your hand.

“You were angry this mornin’,” she mentioned, and you swallowed, kissing her forehead.

“Yeah,” you allowed, “But I was being silly. Got a bit emotional after last night.”

“Because of the baby,” she told you, wisely. “Mama had mood swings with Arrow and Zeppy.”

“She did?” you asked, knowing the answer but letting her try and make you feel better because she clearly wanted to.

“Mhm,” she nodded, letting go of your hand so that she could touch your bump. “She shouted at me one time and I got sad, but Daddy told me that it was because of hormonies.”

“Hormones,” you corrected, nodding. “Mama didn’t mean it though, did she?”

“Nope,” she confirmed. “She said sorry after and it was all ’kay.”

You smiled, wrapping your arms around her as you rested your cheek to the top of her head.

“Did you say sorry?” she asked gently, and you laughed softly.

“Yeah, kiddo,” you told her. “I said sorry.”

“Then everything’s okay,” she confirmed, shifting around to sit between your legs, leaning back against you.

You smiled, reaching across the divider to grab her headphones from her seat.

“Everything’s great,” you confirmed, pulling out your phone and a headphone splitter and handing everything to her.

JJ gasped excitedly when she realised what you’d given her, putting the splitter and headphones in as you fumbled around untangling your earphones.

“I get to choose?” she asked, already unlocking your phone and opening Spotify.

“Yep,” you smiled, handing the lead of your earphones over for her to connect.

You were entirely unsurprised by what began playing in your ears.

“Try and get some rest,” you murmured, taking your phone back and wrapping your arms around her. “We’re a long way from Dallas.”

She nodded, closing her eyes and settling back against you.
The ten of you arrived in Austin after a short connecting flight from Dallas.
You and Danneel left the others at the carousel, waiting for your luggage, while you went to find
the bathroom.
There was a line, but you were grateful for the opportunity to stretch your legs after hours of
flying.
The two of you agreed to meet up outside the restrooms so as not to add to the congestion of the
line, so once you’d washed your hands you made your way out to wait for Danneel.
A woman’s voice calling your name caught your attention, but you continued to walk away, not in
the right mood to deal with fans on the way out of an airport bathroom.
“Hey!” she shouted, obviously following you. “Y/N! I’m talking to you.”
Your heart thudded faster as you realised you recognised the voice, but you kept your head down,
trying to get away.
Danneel would understand that you just needed to get back to your family when you explained why
you didn’t wait.
“Y/N!” the voice shouted, so close that you shuddered at the aggressive intonation.
A hand grabbed your bicep harshly and you sucked in a breath.
“Listen to me, you little slut-” she began, hand raised to slap you until Danneel rushed to your
rescue, grabbing her wrist.
“Hey!” Danneel shouted, opening her mouth to respond again when the woman shook her hand
free and landed a solid punch to her left eye.
Danneel didn’t take a second to react to the pain as she stepped protectively in front of you, her
chest heaving with rage.
“Do not touch her,” she snapped as the woman rose her hand again, Danneel grabbing her wrist in
a vice-like grip, unafraid to hurt her if it meant protecting you.
You couldn’t handle it, stepping between the two of them and pushing Danneel back with tears in your eyes.

“Dee, don’t,” you begged, the tears spilling over when you noticed the first signs of a black eye already starting to form. “It’s… it’s my mom.”
Chapter 16

“It’s… it’s my mom.”

Danneel dropped your mom’s wrist instantly, stepping back as if she’d been burned.

“Can you stand behind me, please?” she requested, calmly.

You searched her eyes for… what? Comfort? You weren’t sure, but she nodded slowly and you did as she asked.

“Oh, so you do what she tells you to,” your mom sneered, and you flinched at her tone. “Is it because you feel bad that her husband knocked you up? God, and you’ve got her protecting you? You’ve got all of them wrapped around your slutty little finger-”

“Don’t,” Danneel warned, reaching behind to link her own hand with yours while raising a finger to your mom. “Don’t you even look at her. You have no right to talk to her like that.”

“I have every right,” she shot back, stepping in closer; almost closing the gap between her and Danneel. “I’m her mother.”

“You’re no mother,” Danneel growled, her hand tightening around yours.

You were openly crying now, willing the floor to open up and swallow you whole.

Your main fear about moving to Austin had been realised, and it was worse than you’d imagined.

People were beginning to gather around to watch the exchange as you stepped closer to Danneel, trying to hide from the phones that were filming you.

“Why would you be willing to protect her?” your mom asked, genuinely incredulous. “She slept with your husband.”

“She did not,” Danneel replied, calm despite her fury. “The media lies.”

Your mom was watching her carefully, clearly hearing the truth in her words.

“So it’s someone else’s,” she mused, as if this was brand new information. “Does she even know whose it is? It could be anyone’s, right?”

“It is precisely none of your business,” Danneel informed her, her voice low and dangerous, “But we know exactly who the father is, and it is not my husband.”

“Oh, but it is my business,” your mom argued, her voice just as calculated. “You see, ‘Dee’, this baby is my grandchild. Legally, I can fight for custody. And when the court finds out what an unfit mother my whore of a daughter would be… I’ll be granted it.”

You let out a choked sob as Danneel let go of your hand, clenching her fist.

“No!” you shouted, catching her hand as your mom got the attention of airport security.

“Over my dead body,” she hissed, and your mom sneered.

“It’s you that has no rights, here,” your mom told her, stepping back as Danneel raised her fist.

“No!” you shouted, catching her hand as your mom got the attention of airport security.
“These women are attacking me!” she insisted as Danneel turned to face you, her eye starting to bruise and her chest heaving.

She took in your tear-tracked cheeks and the anger left her expression, pulling you into a tight hug with her hand at the back of your head.

Security approached, and you looked over Danneel’s shoulder to see your mom smiling smugly.

“Mrs. Ackles?” one of the guards asked, clearly recognising Danneel and causing your mom’s expression to drop. “Is everything okay?”

Danneel straightened up, linking her fingers with yours as she shook her head.

“This woman,” she began, her voice calm and professional as she nodded in the direction of your mom, “Has physically assaulted me and verbally assaulted my daughter.”

Your mom scoffed, and Danneel’s jaw tightened before continuing.

“I’m sure there’s video evidence of the altercation if you need it, but I’d appreciate it if you removed her from our vicinity.”

He looked at you for confirmation and you nodded, sniffing.

That was all they needed before they were ushering your mother away from you.

“See you in court, sweetheart,” she sneered after you as Danneel wrapped her arm around your shoulders, leading you back towards the baggage reclaim.

“Yeah,” Danneel murmured, squeezing you to her side, “You will.”

The people who were watching parted as you walked, not wanting to add to your obvious trauma.

You tried to control your breathing, avoiding eye contact with everyone until the crowd had saturated.

“You’re okay,” Danneel told you, and you shook your head, breaking away when you noticed an almost empty corner you could run to.

She followed quickly as you backed yourself against the wall, your head in your hands.

“Sweetheart, talk to me,” she begged, quietly.

Her hands were rested on your shoulders as she tried to calm you down.

You shook your head, opening your eyes and wishing you didn’t when you saw the damage your mom had done to her eye.

“Dee, I’m-”

“Shh, no,” she shook her head, smiling slightly. “I’m fine. It’s not your fault.”

You sniffed, nodding even though you didn’t believe her.

Of course it was your fault.

If she didn’t know you, if she hadn’t tried to protect you, she wouldn’t have got hurt.
“Alright baby,” she soothed, hugging you close again and kissing your temple. “We’re okay.”

You hugged back, accepting the attempt at comfort, taking everything you could get while it was still being offered.

It wasn’t going to last much longer.

You’d stopped crying by the time you met up with everyone else, but you didn’t feel any better.

You didn’t feel anything.

The obvious tear stains on your cheeks and the already noticeable bruising around Danneel’s eye had them rushing over to you.

Gen held your face in her hands, brushing your cheeks with her thumbs while Jared kept an eye on the kids, wanting to comfort you but not wanting to draw attention.

Danneel didn’t let go of you as Jensen questioned silently what had possibly gone down on your bathroom break.

“Y/N’s mother,” she answered, and Gen gasped, leaning in to press a kiss to your forehead.

“Are you okay?” she murmured, and you shrugged, not meeting her eyes as you nodded.

Halfway through, your nod turned to shaking your head as your chin began to quiver, tears coming quickly once more.

“Ditto!” JJ yelled, breaking free of Jared’s hold to run to you.

She pushed past Gen to hug you tight as you sniffed, trying to blink away the tears.

“Please don’t be sad, Ditto,” she murmured, your heart breaking further.

You wanted to assure her you were okay, but you promised once that you’d never lie to her.

You didn’t know how to respond, but Jensen stopped you from having to, picking up his daughter and resting her on his hip.

“Ditto just saw a mean lady,” he explained, quietly.

JJ didn’t take her eyes off of you as Danneel tucked you into her side once more.

“She’s gonna need some time to process, okay?”

She nodded, and you offered her a weak smile.

“Let’s go home,” Jared suggested, all of the bags already loaded onto luggage carts, and Danneel nodded.

She let go of you, needing to help Gen with the twins as Jared and Jensen pushed the carts.

As you all started towards the exit, Tom silently walked up beside you and linked his fingers with yours.

When you looked down at him he was looking straight ahead, but he squeezed your hand in acknowledgement.
His emotional maturity had you fighting back tears again.

For the next six days, you didn’t leave the house apart from going to your scan.

Even seeing your baby didn’t make you feel better.

You tried to be enthusiastic for Jared’s sake but, for the whole time you watched your unborn child on the little screen, the same thought was going through your head.

As soon as you got back to the Ackles house, you set about putting your plan into action.

You changed the background on all of your devices to pictures from your scan, reminding you of the most important thing in your life every time you used them.

Practically locking yourself in your room, you searched the internet for the perfect home for you and Baby Ditto.

You needed to get a place of your own.

You’d felt it for a while, this had just pushed the issue to the front of your mind.

You could barely face Danneel, the deep purple bruise around her eye reminding you of the poison you were bringing to her family and the danger you were putting them in by staying.

They all avoided you, too, apart from meal times when Jensen sent JJ up with a plate rather than trying to convince you to come down and eat with them.

You’d be doing all of them a favour if you had your own home, so you put all of your minimal energy into finding one.

On Tuesday, almost a week since the incident at the airport, you woke up to a knocking at your bedroom door.

You frowned as you got out of bed, tying your four-day-unwashed hair into a terrible attempt of a bun on the way to the door.

You cracked it open, expecting to see Jensen or Danneel and having to look down to notice JJ grinning up at you.

“Mornin’,” you murmured, opening the door further and walking back over to your bed.

“Uh… Ditto?” she asked, and you sat down, raising an eyebrow at her. “Wha’s wrong?”

You sighed, patting the mattress beside you.

She shut the door behind her before climbing up onto the bed, waiting for you to answer her.

“I’m okay,” you told her. “I’m still… since the airport, I figured it would be best to keep to myself.”

JJ nodded.

“You’re still sad because of the mean lady,” she clarified, and you smiled sadly.
“The mean lady… Tex, that was my mom,” you explained, and she frowned.

“Mama made you cry?” she asked, and you shook your head.

“No, not Momma D,” you assured her. “My birth mom, the one I ran away from. She found me and she punched Momma D, and… I’ve not been dealing with it very well.”

She leant forward and hugged you, and you kissed the top of her head.

“I get why you forgot my birthday,” she murmured, and your eyes widened.

“JJ, I didn’t—” she pulled back, and you sighed, swallowing. “I had something planned, I just—”

Your heart was pounding, hating the fact that you’d allowed your selfish wallowing to let you forget everything you’d planned for your best girl’s fourth birthday.

You’d not even registered what day it was.

“It’s okay,” JJ insisted, and you shook your head. “You were sad.”

“It’s not okay!” you shouted, looking away as your eyes pricked with tears. “It’s not! I should’ve remembered! Justice, you’re so important to me and I’ve been so obsessed with myself that I—”

“Ditto?” JJ interrupted, getting to her feet.

You looked at her to see tears in her own eyes as she took a deep breath.

“Tex, I—” you tried to soothe her, instantly regretful, but she shook her head.

“I don’t like it when you shout,” she told you, calmly.

In that moment, all you could see in her was the strength of Danneel.

She spoke exactly the same as her mom had spoken to the security team at the airport - clearly full of emotion but keeping a professional and calm exterior.

“I’m gonna get pancakes downstairs,” she continued, her lip quivering but trying to keep composed. “I love you but I gotta leave.”

She ran from your room, your heart breaking as she started to cry as soon as she closed the door.

You’d lost your temper in front of the person in the world that you most wanted to protect.

You’d made her cry on her birthday.

Your mom was right.

You were unfit to be a mother.

Five minutes after JJ left your room in tears, you pulled yourself together enough to kick yourself into action.

The minimal things you’d unpacked since getting back from Rome went into your case as you cleared the guest room of all of your belongings.

Once everything was packed away, you went back to your laptop.
The image of Baby Ditto on your screen made you pause for a moment.

“I’m sorry,” you murmured, running a hand over your bump before starting to type.

You’d gotten all the way through to the payment screen when there was a knock on your door.

You wiped your cheeks with the heels of your hands, standing up and folding your arms across your bump.

“Yeah?” you called out, your voice cracking.

The door opened slowly, and you were surprised to see both Jensen and Danneel cautiously make their way in.

Danneel looked around, frowning at the fully packed case and empty shelves.

She’d taken you shopping to get more things to make your room feel like home, but all of it was packed into your holdall.

You swallowed thickly, avoiding her gaze when she looked at you.

She looked up at Jensen, taking his hand and squeezing slightly.

He nodded slowly, squeezing back as he offered you a sad smile.

You shifted on your feet, trying not to show weakness in front of them.

Danneel sighed, letting go of Jensen’s hand and stepping towards you.

You stepped back, looking away again.

You couldn’t bare to see the disappointment in her eyes or the yellowing bruise covering the socket.

“Y/N,” Jensen warned, his tone forcing you to look at him. “We need to talk.”
Chapter 17

“We need to talk.”

You cleared your throat, breaking eye contact.

“It’s fine, I’m leaving anyway,” you told them, sitting down and opening your laptop. “I just need
to pay for my ticket and a ride to the airport and I’ll be out of here in a couple hours.”

They didn’t respond, and you looked up to see worried confusion in their expressions.

“You’re leaving?” Danneel asked, the words coming out in a hurt whisper.

“Yeah,” you shrugged, sniffing. “I fucked up. I’m getting out of your hair.”

Danneel stepped towards you but Jensen stopped her.

“Why?” he asked gently, and you huffed a humourless laugh.

“Because I’ve done nothing but ruin this family,” you reminded them, shutting your laptop and
pulling your knees up to your chest self-consciously. “First, people think we’re having an affair;
them, I get fucking pregnant and Jensen’s the supposed baby daddy. My mom punched you in the
fucking eye, Dan! She could’ve really hurt you and all I could do was cry like a baby!”

“That’s not your fault,” Jensen insisted, and you shook your head.

“Maybe not, but you know what is?” you asked, rhetorically. “Befriending your daughter, letting
her become the most important person in the world to me, letting her care about me for some
reason, allowing her to fucking think I’m a good person, and then making her cry. On her birthday,
which I forgot, by the fucking way.”

You shook your head, resting your forehead to your knees.

“And now you’re up here with me rather than spending time with your daughter on her birthday,”
you murmured. “Because I’m a selfish whore.”

You took a deep breath before shifting to get your laptop again.

“But it’s okay because I’m leaving and you won’t have to put up with me anymore.”

Jensen took your laptop from your hands and tossed it to the side, sitting down next to you.

“You think we’re just ‘putting up’ with you?” he asked, resting his hand on your leg as you
shrugged. “Kiddo, we want you here.”

“Why?” you laughed, disbelieving.

“Because we love you, Y/N,” Danneel told you, kneeling down beside you. “You haven’t ruined
our family, you’ve… you’ve…”

“Completed it,” Jensen finished, and she nodded.

You swallowed, looking between them.
“You’re not… you’re not asking me to leave?” you asked, and they shook their heads.

“No, kiddo, we’re not,” Jensen murmured, and you bit your lip.

“Is that- Dits, is that why you were going to go?” Danneel asked, and you nodded, wiping your eyes as they started to water.

“I was looking for places anyway but-” you sniffed, shrugging again, “I thought it’d be easier to leave now than wait to get kicked out.”

Danneel stroked a hand through your hair before pressing a kiss to your temple.

“We’re not kicking you out,” she promised, and you swallowed, nodding.

“If you’re not, then what did you come to talk to me about?” you asked, confused.

They shared a look before Jensen spoke.

“Adoption,” he told you, and you recoiled, your hands going to your bump.

“What? I-”

“Not Baby Ditto,” Danneel assured you, getting up off of the floor and sitting across Jensen’s lap, facing you.

You frowned at them, not following their train of thought at all.

“You, Y/N,” Jensen explained, keeping one hand on your calf as his other arm wrapped around Danneel’s waist. “We’ve been talking, and we’ve done our research-”

“We talked to our lawyer,” she added, your frown deepening.

“We’ve looked into it and… Kiddo, it’s doable,” he smiled softly. “Adult adoption is a thing, and it’s something we could actually do. If you’re interested.”

You swallowed, processing what they were offering.

“You want to adopt me?” you asked, and Danneel smiled.

“You’re our girl already, and you’ll always be, whether we do this or not,” she told you, easily. “But we could make it official.”

You couldn’t believe what they were saying. They couldn’t seriously want to adopt you.

“There’s also the legal element,” Jensen continued. “With what your birth mother said at the airport… this is a stronger way than filing for a restraining order to keep her away from you and Baby Dits.”

“Any existing legal relationships with biological or custodial parents are severed,” Danneel explained, obviously reciting what they’d researched.

“And the adopted adult - you - can change your last name,” Jensen added, and you gasped softly, “If, if you want.”

You started to cry, tears spilling down your cheeks as you were overwhelmed with emotion.
“You— you—” you sniffed, “You want me to be an Ackles?”

“We sure as hell don’t want you to have that bitch’s name,” Danneel murmured, and Jensen sighed.

“What she means is, we want you to have our name,” he reiterated, squeezing your leg reassuringly. “And we don’t want you to have any ties to the person who made you think so little of yourself.”

“Family is about love and acceptance, no matter what,” Danneel told you, getting to her feet and leaning in to kiss your head. “That’s what we’re offering.”

“Think about it, kiddo,” Jensen smiled, kissing your temple as he stood, too. “We’ll be downstairs.”

You didn’t know what to say, so you got up and threw yourself into their arms.

They hugged you back, and you blinked back your tears.

“I love you guys,” you whispered, and they were smiling as they pulled back.

“We love you, too,” Danneel promised, cupping your cheek.

“Take a shower, freshen up. You’ll feel better when you do,” Jensen told you. “Then come find us downstairs.”

You nodded, wiping your eyes again as they started to leave your room.

You still couldn’t believe that they weren’t asking you to leave, let alone that they really wanted you to stay.

Not just stay, but become a part of their family.

“Oh, and Y/N?” Danneel turned back when they got to the door.

“Yeah?” you asked, still sniffing.

“Don’t beat yourself up about JJ,” she told you, gently. “She’s already forgiven you.”

You bit your lip, looking at her hopefully.

“Already? Really?” you asked, and she nodded.

“Yes, really,” she assured you, a warm smile pulling at her lips. “That’s what sisters do.”

Jensen was right, of course, you did feel better after you’d freshened up.

A lot of the weight on your chest had lifted, but maybe that wasn’t just from the shower.

Maybe it was because there was a group of people downstairs that wanted you to be a part of their family. Officially.

You got dressed, which took a while seeing as you were twenty-one weeks pregnant and all of your nice clothes were made for people without a life growing inside of them.

Begrudgingly you decided on one of Jared’s tees that you’d never given back and a pair of shorts
with an elasticated waistband.

Soon you’d outgrow even them… you really needed to get some maternity clothes.

You made your way downstairs, following the happy sounds of chatting towards the family room.

You paused when you reached the doorframe, watching them interact with one another.

Danneel was in the armchair, feeding Zep while Jensen sat in the middle of the couch, his arm along the back behind JJ.

She had Arrow facing her in her lap as they held hands, JJ making her laugh by clapping their hands together.

A pang of uncertainty went through you as you saw how happy she was. Danneel had insisted she’d forgiven you, but you didn’t want to impose on the moment incase you upset her again.

You went to leave until JJ heard you, shifting in her seat and letting go of one of Arrow’s hands to wave you in.

She was smiling at you, encouraging you to join in, and your worries fell away.

“Come in, kiddo,” Jensen told you, patting the couch space next to him without having to look back at you.

You nodded, walking over and sitting beside him without a word.

You kept a respectable distance but he laughed softly, wrapping his arm around your shoulders and pulling you closer until you were pressed into his side.

“You good?” he murmured, turning his head to place a kiss to your hairline.

You nodded, leaning into him and reaching around to hold JJ’s hand.

Arrow grabbed at your connected fingers, trying to bring them to her mouth.

“Arry no,” JJ laughed, and you chuckled, Jensen’s hand squeezing your shoulder.

“Happy Birthday, Texas,” you murmured, still trying to gauge her reaction.

“I’m four,” she grinned, looking at her mom. “Mama says we get to go out for cake.”

“Cake?” you gasped, and she nodded, letting go of your hand to stroke Arrow’s hair.

“Arrow and Zeppy aren’t allowed any because they’re too little,” she explained, and you nodded.

“More for you, then,” you told her, and she grinned before Jensen shook his head.

“You still gotta share, JJ,” he reminded her, and she stuck pouted.

“With Tom and Shep,” Danneel added, and JJ shrugged.

“Obviously,” she rolled her eyes. “They’re my boys, they gotta have cake on my birthday.”

You laughed, turning your face away from them as you noticed Danneel rearrange Zep in her lap to pull out her phone.
“C’mon, Dits,” she pleaded, and you relented but attempted to shrug Jensen’s arm off.

“Nope,” he argued, and you groaned.

“If people are gonna see this picture, they’re gonna think something’s up,” you reminded him, and he shook his head.

His other arm wrapped around JJ, pulling her and Arrow closer to him so that all of you were dipping into the middle cushion of the couch.

“My man and our girls,” Danneel murmured, snapping a few pictures of the four of you.

You rolled your eyes, but a smile fought it’s way onto your face despite yourself.

“Alright, that’s enough,” Jensen announced, kissing the top of his daughters’ heads before doing the same to you.

He got to his feet, picking up Arrow from JJ’s lap.

“We’ve gotta be in town in an hour,” he told you, looking over your outfit and raising an eyebrow.

You shrugged in response, and he turned to his wife for help.

“Babe, you’ve got some maternity pants that will fit her better than those shorts, right?” he asked, and Danneel nodded.

“Hell, my regular pants would fit her better than those shorts,” she reasoned.

You laughed softly, tugging on the hem of your tee.

“Up,” Jensen told you, nudging your leg with his foot. “Mom’ll help you find better clothes while me and the twins entertain the birthday girl.”

You leant across to hug JJ, kissing her cheek.

“I love you,” you murmured, and she was grinning as you got to your feet.

“I love you more,” she replied, looking up at you hopefully.

Your heart fluttered with adoration as you realised she wanted you to complete the quote.

“I love you most.”

Seeing Jared and Genevieve at the bakery was somewhat awkward.

You hadn’t seen or spoken to either of them since the scan, so both of them were eager to talk to you and make sure everything was okay.

While the kids were absorbed with JJ’s elaborate cake, they invited you over that night, but you had to turn them down, explaining that you’d taken too much attention away from the birthday girl already.

You agreed to go over the next day. After all, the three of you had a lot to discuss.

You spent the rest of the day doing everything you could to make JJ smile.
Once you were back at home, you excused yourself a few hours before her bedtime. You had a plan, but you couldn’t let them know what it was or it would be ruined.

JJ frowned after you as you left, before looking up at her father. “Where’s she goin’?” she asked, and Jensen shrugged. “She might need space, sweetheart,” he told her. “We’ve had a busy day.”

JJ nodded as Danneel walked back into the room after putting the twins down, having passed you in the hallway. “She’s pregnant, remember,” Danneel prompted, sitting next to Jensen and pulling JJ up onto their laps. “She’s gotta rest for the baby.”

JJ smiled, snuggling up to her parents. “Baby Ditto gotta grow big an’ strong,” she announced, and Jensen laughed softly, kissing his daughter’s head. “Just like her mama.”

You worried your lip as you walked back into the front room, seeing the three of them cuddled on the couch.

Danneel smiled as she saw you enter, nodding you over. “We thought you were sleeping,” she mentioned, and you shook your head, standing by the arm of the couch and smiling down at them. “I was getting my room ready,” you told them, and JJ’s eyes lit up. “Ready for what?” she asked, and you winked. “You’ll have to come and see.”

She squealed in excitement, crawling down from her parents’ laps. “Mom and Dad are welcome, too,” you told them, causing JJ to smile even wider as they got to their feet. “You sure you don’t just want Ditto and Tex time?” Jensen murmured, quiet enough for JJ not to hear as she followed you out.

You swallowed, measuring your words before you said them so you knew that your intent was clear. “I want family time,” you told him, looking down at your feet as you reached the staircase. “I’m sure Tex does, too.”

You could feel him looking at you, but you continued up the stairs as if you didn’t just admit your desire for family.

Most of your life, you’d avoided normal family ‘ideals’. You’d rejected the very idea of a happy
family life.

Yet, here you were, openly asking to spend time with the Ackles’… as a family.

This was a big step, and both of you knew it.

You stopped outside of your bedroom, turning back to face JJ and Danneel.

“Okay, so,” you took a breath, nodding to yourself. “I had something else planned, but after… well, this is all I could manage.”

JJ was smiling confusedly up at you, and you laughed softly as you pushed your door open.

Your bedroom was decked out in fairy lights, blankets and pillows cascading over your bed and onto the floor.

Tangled was set up on your TV, healthy snacks prepared on a platter in the middle of the bed.

“I’ll pay you back for the fruit,” you murmured to Danneel, but she shook her head, wrapping her arm around your shoulders as JJ walked awestruck into your room.

“Don’t be silly,” she told you. “What’s ours is yours.”

“You did this for me?” JJ asked, grinning at you.

“Yeah, kiddo,” you smiled, crouching down to look her in the eye. “Sorry it’s not more, but—”

“I love it,” she told you, hugging you tight. “We get to cuddle an’ watch ‘Punzel?’”

“That’s the plan,” you agreed, kissing her cheek. “Happy birthday.”

“What do ya say, baby?” Jensen asked, and JJ pulled back, still grinning.

“Thank you a lot,” she told you, and Danneel laughed softly.

“Let’s go get changed into our jammies and then we can watch Rapunzel, okay?” she suggested, and JJ nodded enthusiastically.

Jensen smiled at you as his wife and daughter left the room to find their pyjamas.

“You want me to get changed, too?” he asked. “You don’t think it’d be weird for us to snuggle up in bed?”

You narrowed your eyes slightly.

“What’s weird about it?” you asked, repeating the words he used the first time you started to see him like a parent back to him. “You share with JJ all the time.”

He nodded in understanding, clearly recognising his own words as he paraphrased your response.

“You see me like a father?” he asked, and you contemplated laughing it off, ending the conversation like he had back in January.

Instead, you shrugged.

“Isn’t that the point?” you asked, and he raised an eyebrow. “If you… if I’m adopted. You’ll be my father?”
He nodded, slowly, studying your expression.

“It doesn’t have to change anything,” he told you, “Not if you don’t want it to. It could just be a legal thing, a name change. Not even a name change, if you don’t want that, if you wanted to keep yours. It could just be a way to keep her away from you.”

You swallowed, looking down before forcing yourself to meet his eye.

“And if I wanted it to be more?” you asked, and Jensen smiled, cupping your cheek in a large palm.

“Then I’d be more than happy to call you my daughter,” he told you, pulling you into a hug and kissing the top of your head. “I already am.”

You let out a soft laugh so that you didn’t start crying, pulling back and pushing him away gently.

“Go get changed,” you told him, wiping a stray tear with the heel of your hand.

“Alright, kiddo,” he smiled, patting your head affectionately as he turned to leave the room. “Oh, and Y/N?”

“Yeah?” you asked, clearing your throat of audible emotion.

“All this?” he said, motioning into your room where everything was set up for JJ. “This makes you the best big sister ever.”

You scoffed, shaking your head.

“It’s not half as good as what I wanted to do,” you admitted, and he shrugged.

“That makes it even better,” he assured you. “You did this at the last minute, and you still made it so good for her.”

You smiled, raising a hopeful brow.

“Yeah?” you asked, and he grinned.

“Yeah,” he promised, finally leaving your room to change into something more comfortable than the dress shirt he’d been wearing all day.

You just about had time to change into your pyjamas before JJ was coming back in.

“Hey, Ditto?” she asked, and you smiled, crawling into bed and patting the space beside you.

The two of you were cuddled against the headboard before she spoke again.

“I love you lots,” she told you, resting her head on your chest and her hand on your belly. “Like… really lots.”

You smiled, kissing her head as Danneel came back, silently slotting herself in beside you.

“I love you really lots, too,” you promised, earning a happy sigh from the four year old and a kiss on the temple from her mom.

You leant forward and grabbed a bowl of fruit from the platter, letting JJ pick a piece of her favourite.
You looked up as you noticed Jensen in the doorway, his phone poised as he snapped a picture.

“My girls,” he explained, sitting beside JJ and leaning over the two of you to kiss Danneel.

“Gross,” JJ complained, scrunching up her nose.

“Sorry, Birdie,” Danneel smiled, squeezing her cheeks between her thumb and forefinger.

“S’okay.” JJ announced, reaching for the television remote and handing it to her father. “Let’s watch ’Punzel.”

You woke up to the sound of birdsong outside your window.

Your eyes fluttered open, the sun illuminating your room in a soft glow through the cracks in your blinds as JJ shifted beside you.

She was still asleep, smiling peacefully as she snuggled closer against you.

You sighed happily, placing a gentle kiss to the top of her head as you decided to let her sleep for a little while longer.

Jensen and Danneel must’ve snuck out of your room after you and JJ fell asleep in front of the movie, but you didn’t mind.

As you lay there, you thought over the proposition that your prospective-parents had offered the day before.

Since your conversation with Jensen last night, you were becoming more and more inclined to accept.

It made sense, it felt right.

Laying there, with JJ sleeping soundly in your arms… you’d never felt peace like that before, never felt that sense of belonging.

This little girl, this child that you loved more than almost anything in the world, could be your sister.

You’d be stupid to turn that down.

Just as you came to that conclusion, she started to stir.

You smiled, brushing her hair back from her forehead as she blinked confusedly.

“Mornin’, princess,” you murmured, and she smiled through a yawn as she sat up and stretched.

You shifted, propping yourself up against the headboard.

“Mornin’ Ditto,” she replied, her hands predictably finding your bump as she leant down to talk to the baby. “Mornin’ Baby Dits.”

As she spoke, you felt a movement inside you that you hadn’t before.

It took a moment to realise that you were feeling your baby kicking.

“Oh my God,” you breathed, pressing your hand over where you’d felt the movement. “Tex, say
something again. Talk to the baby.”

She frowned at you, not understanding why but doing as you asked anyway.

“Mornin’ Baby Ditto,” she repeated. “It’s Auntie Tex. I wanna meet you but mama says you gotta bake some more.”

You laughed softly and, as you did, the movement started again.

You grabbed JJ’s hand, holding it over where the baby was kicking softly.

You weren’t sure that she’d be able to feel it, your baby’s kicks not strong enough to make much of an external movement.

JJ’s eyes widened as she pressed a little harder against your bump, at the exact same time as a kick.

“Baby Dits likes your voice,” you told her, taking her hand away when she started pushing too hard and pressing a kiss to her palm. “Did you feel it?”

“Yeah,” she breathed, smiling wide as she threw herself into your arms.

“That was the first time,” you murmured, kissing her temple. “You got to feel the first time the baby kicked.”

She bit her lip as she pulled back, and you frowned at the expression, pulling her lip free with your thumb.

“What are you thinking, monkey?” you asked, and she tried to suppress a smile.

“Uncle Jared’s gonna be so jealous.”
Jensen escorted you to the Padalecki house despite your insistence that you could walk over on your own.

The incident with your mom in the airport was still fresh in his mind, it seemed.

Gen was in the yard with the boys, tending to the chickens, and you were grateful to have some time alone with Jared once Jensen had left.

“You feeling better?” Jared asked as the two of you walked through to the kitchen so you could get some water.

“Much,” you assured him, hopping up onto the counter beside the fridge.

“Yeah?” he asked, handing you a bottle with a hopeful expression.

“Yep,” you confirmed, grinning as you twisted the cap. “Baby Dits kicked this morning.”

His entire face lit up with wonder as his hands instantly reached for the hem of your (well, his-you were wearing his clothes again) tee.

You let your legs fall open so he could step between them, lifting your shirt so that his hands could cover your stomach.

“My baby gettin’ restless in there?” he asked, and you nodded.

“JJ was talking to the bump and it just... happened,” you smiled, taking a sip of water. “It was weird.”

He was positively giddy as he crouched down so he was level with your belly.

“Hey, baby,” he spoke quietly, trying to contain his excitement. “It’s your daddy. I hear you’ve been movin’ around in there. Wanna put on a lil’ show for me?”

There wasn’t so much as a flutter and you sighed, carding your fingers into his hair.

“Must be worn out after all that kicking earlier,” you reasoned, and he shook his head, moving even closer so that his lips were almost touching your skin.

“C’mon, baby,” he insisted, feeling around your bump. “Move for Papa.”

Still nothing.

You could sense his frustration, and you desperately wanted to share this with him, but there was nothing you could do to help him.

“So, what, you like JJ better than you like Daddy, huh?” he complained, still talking to the baby.

“You’ll move for Justice Jay Ackles but not for the man who brought you to life, is that how it is?”

“Baby Dits loves Auntie Tex, what can I say?” you offered, apologetically.
“And you don’t love your daddy, huh?” he complained again.

His tone was teasing, but you could sense his hurt.

“Should I be concerned that you’re trying to convince our baby to kick me?” you asked, trying to lighten the mood.

He looked up at you, catching the concern in your expression before he let out a soft laugh, straightening up.

His hands reluctantly left your bump to cup your cheeks, pulling you into a kiss.

“Our baby,” he repeated, murmuring against your lips. “I love the sound of that.”

You smiled, kissing him again as you wrapped your legs around his.

“Not gonna love the sound of it when it’s 3am, we haven’t slept properly in weeks, and we have to be on set at seven,” you reminded him, and he laughed as he pulled back.

“I’ll just run back across to my own trailer and leave you with the screaming baby,” he teased, and you cleared your throat, nodding.

You knew that was the perfect time to bring up the idea of moving, so you took another sip of water as you built up the courage.

“I’ve been thinking,” you began as he stepped away, holding out his hand to you and helping you down from the counter.

“Don’t hurt yourself,” he teased, and you rolled your eyes, letting him lead you through to the front room.

“I’m serious,” you told him, deciding to wait until you were sat down before continuing the conversation.

To your surprise, Jared took a seat in the armchair, pulling you down to sit across his lap.

“So,” he murmured, wrapping his arms around you, “What have you been thinking about?”

You took a deep breath, leaning back into him so you had an excuse to avoid eye contact.

“Living arrangements,” you admitted.

You could feel him nodding, his arms flexing around you.

“Right,” he prompted, and you sighed.

“I don’t want my baby growing up in a trailer,” you explained. “Even if this is my last season on the show, for this baby’s first few months… I want a home.”

He didn’t reply for a moment as your heart hammered in your chest, nervous for his reaction.

“Can you elaborate?” he requested, softly. “I’m not sure I totally understand.”

“Yeah,” you laughed gently, realising that you were being unnecessarily ominous.

Communication was key in this relationship, and you didn’t need to sabotage everything you’d
built just by hedging the subject.

“I want to get a place in Vancouver,” you explained. “I’ve been looking into it, and I’ve found a couple apartments in my budget. Big enough for me and Baby Dits to be comfortable.”

“Oh,” he murmured, one hand spreading protectively over your stomach. “And… what about me?”

“You can stay with us, too,” you shrugged. “Especially when the baby is little and crying all the time. You’re not getting out of Daddy Duty by hiding in your trailer, Sur.”

You felt him nod again, but you could feel that there was something still unspoken hanging between you.

“Y/N… I have a family here,” he murmured, and you frowned slightly until you realised the weight behind the words.

He thought you were asking him to choose.

“And we’ll still be here for hiatus, and vacations,” you continued, feeling him relax at your clarification. “The places I’ve been looking at have three bedrooms, so if we’re filming and the boys don’t have school… It won’t be as roomy as this place, but we could be together.”

Jared placed a kiss just below your ear, and you flinched slightly at the scratch of scruff on your neck.

“I want a place - I need a place - that’s mine,” you told him, turning your head to look at him. “I can’t explain why, but it’s important to me that I do this.”

He nodded, reading your expression with a soft gaze.

“So you don’t want me to help?” he clarified. “Financially?”

You shook your head, answering before he had a chance to protest.

“When I officially move in here, after the baby,” you began, holding eye contact, “And for vacations and stuff, you’re not expecting me to pay rent.”

You’d discussed your post-baby living situation when you agreed to move to Austin with them. Once Baby Ditto was born, everyone would know Jared was the father and, no matter what people thought of you because of it, you wouldn’t have to sneak around anymore.

“Of course not,” he frowned, and you nodded.

“Right,” you agreed. “So you shouldn’t have to pay anything for my place.”

He didn’t look convinced, so you decided to change tactic.

You shifted in his lap until you were straddling his legs, your fingers scritchting the nape of his neck softly.

“We’re a partnership, right?” you asked. “We’re equals in this?”

“Right,” he confirmed, his hands naturally finding your waist.
“So… you pay for the Austin house, I pay for the ‘Couver apartment,’” you explained, simply.
“Partnership.”

He nodded slowly, and you leant in to place a gentle and chaste kiss to his lips.

“I know your inner caveman wants to provide for your family, but you already do so much,” you told him. “Let me have this?”

You held your breath as you awaited his response, and he exhaled slowly.

“Okay,” he agreed, his eyes flicking between your own. “You want to do this, I support you.”

You grinned, kissing him firmer this time as you wrapped your arms around him.

“Thank you,” you murmured between kisses. “I can’t explain it, but it means a lot to me.”

“If it’s important to you, it’s important to me,” he reminded you, resting his forehead to yours. “Thank you for including Gen and the boys in your plans.”

You smiled, pulling away and sitting back on his knees.

“If it’s important to you, it’s important to me,” you repeated, and he laughed softly, tucking your hair behind your ear.

“Partners?” he asked, offering you his little finger.

You linked your pinky with his, pressing your lips to the knuckle of your thumb.

“Partners.”

You realised, over a picnic lunch in the garden with Gen and the boys, that you should tell them about the whole adoption thing.

You knew that Jared saw Jensen as a brother, so for you to have him as a father… it was definitely something you needed to discuss before making a final decision.

After you’d eaten, Tom and Shep were playing with the dogs out on the lawn while you, Jared, and Gen watched on from the porch.

“Baby Dits will be running around with them in a couple years,” Gen commented, and you laughed slightly.

“Hopefully by then Baby Dits will have a better name,” you mused, yet another thing you needed to discuss.

Jared shrugged.

“We’ve got months to come up with a kickass name,” he reminded you. “And Baby Ditto is cool anyway.”

Gen nodded in agreement, and you rolled your eyes, knowing from conversations with both of them that Jared liked to wait until the last month or two to seriously talk about what to name his kids.

“Speaking of names,” you began, knowing it was a bit of a segue but not sure of another way to
bring it up, “How would you guys feel about me becoming an Ackles?”

You were looking out onto the lawn so that you didn’t have to make eye contact, not wanting to see their initial reactions in case they weren’t positive.

“Y/N, babe, you’re being really ambiguous today,” Jared pointed out, and you looked across at him to find him frowning in confusion. “What do you mean?”

You swallowed, nodding to yourself.

“Sorry, I—” you cleared your throat, your eyes flitting between the two of them, focusing on nothing in particular. “What would you think about Jensen and Danneel adopting me?”

For a moment neither of them reacted, but then Gen sat forward in her chair.

“For real?” she asked. “Like, officially?”

“That’s the idea,” you confirmed, and she grinned.

“Sweetie, that’s incredible,” she told you. “When?”

You looked over at Jared, trying to figure out what he was thinking as he stared straight ahead.

“As soon as I decide whether I want to be adopted,” you murmured, desperate for him to make his feelings known so that you didn’t have to keep assuming the worst.

“I think it makes sense,” Gen prompted her husband, realising you were waiting for him to okay the idea. “It would take away your… your birth mom’s rights, wouldn’t it? She wouldn’t have any power over you, any legal connection?”

Jared looked up at that, looking at Gen before meeting your worried gaze.

“That’s… is that right?” he asked, and you nodded.

“All ties to my previous parents or guardians will be ‘severed’, apparently,” you explained. “She’d have no rights as mother or grandmother.”

“Do it,” Jared told you, instantly.

The suddenness took you by surprise, but he was looking at you with such sincerity that you knew he was serious.

“If it gets her out of your life, you should do it,” he reiterated. “I don’t want her to have anything to do with you or our baby.”

You nodded, knowing exactly how that felt.

“And the fact that Jay and Dan would be my parents?” you pressed, and he took a breath, nodding.

“That’s… I’ll get over it,” he told you, shrugging one shoulder. “It’ll be a bit weird, but I can deal with weird if you’re happy and we’re free of your—of her.”

“The main purpose of the whole adoption is to cut her out and change my name,” you assured him. “My relationship with them won’t change much from what it is now.”

“I really think you should do it,” Gen told you, smiling kindly. “If it’s what you want, and you’ll be
happy, you should go for it. Become an Ackles.”

Jared nodded, finally cracking a smile.

“You just want to be able to say you’ve bedded an Ackles,” he teased, and Gen winked at you.

“That’s definitely a bonus,” she agreed, “But the main factor is that you’ll lose your mom’s name.”

You sighed, thinking back to Asylum when you told the fan that your surname will end with you.

Once you’re adopted, it wouldn’t even get that far. It would end with her.

“Her name wouldn’t be anywhere near Baby Ditto’s birth certificate,” you agreed, and Jared frowned.

“Wait, so the baby would be an Ackles, too?” he asked, but you shook your head.

“Oh, no. This baby has been a Padalecki since it was conceived, I’m not changing that now,” you promised. “I meant my name on the certificate. Baby Dits’ mother will be an Ackles, no connection to my mom.”

He nodded in understanding, and a slow smiled grew on Genevieve’s face.

“What?” Jared asked, and she shrugged.

“Just thinking,” she grinned. “Baby Ditto’s parents are a Padalecki and an Ackles.”

You frowned fondly, confused as to where she was going with this train of thought.

She laughed, leaning over to pat your bump and kiss your cheek.

“You’re carrying a Padackles.”

Talks with the Ackles family lawyer began the very next day, everyone keen to get the adoption finalised as soon as possible.

You were relieved when it turned out that your mom didn’t have to consent to the adoption; she wouldn’t even have to be informed, meaning that there was no way she could fuck this up for you.

Apparently, it usually took around sixty days for applications to go through but, given the circumstances and how keen all of you were to get it done, yours was likely to go through in thirty.

A brief court appearance in a month’s time, then you’d officially be an Ackles.

You couldn’t quite believe the simplicity of it.

At Phoenix Con, you, Jensen, and Jared kept the adoption a secret between the three of you.

You trusted other cast members - in fact, you desperately wanted to tell Kim and Briana when they took you on another 'Hot Supernatural Mamas' lunch - but you were aware that if more people knew, there would be more of a chance of your mom finding out about it.

You couldn’t risk another confrontation in the airport on your way back.

You managed to keep the secret from the fans without any slip-ups, which was somewhat of a surprise looking at Jared’s terrible secret-keeping record.
To be honest, most of the fans were too distracted by the fact that you finally had a visible bump to ask any leading questions that you didn’t want to answer.

Danneel and Gen had taken you shopping for maternity clothes before you left and, despite your reservations, you didn’t hate the clothes you returned with.

When you pictured maternity wear in your head, it was frumpy dresses with frills over the bump, unflattering patterns and ugly colours.

As it turned out, your views were archaic.

All of the clothes were just… normal clothes with room for your growing bump and boobs.

That was something you thought would be a perk of pregnancy - your boobs getting a little bigger.

Oh, how wrong you were.

The difference in cup size was nowhere near worth the painful sensitivity of your chest.

“If it makes you feel any better,” Gen had told you when you complained about it, “They look great.”

You’d rolled your eyes and made some sarcastic remark about how pointless it was for them to look good if it hurt to touch them, at which point Danneel had told the two of you to stop flirting while she was around.

“My best friend hitting on my almost-daughter isn’t something I need to witness,” she reminded Gen, who had shrugged in response.

“She was with me before she was your daughter,” she shot back, a grin firmly plastered on her face as Danneel had relented, putting her arm around you and leading you in the direction of maternity swimwear.

You hadn’t even realised that was a thing.

All in all, it had been an eventful shopping adventure/learning experience.

Jared and Jensen didn’t let you out of their sight when you got back to the airport in Austin.

For once, you were grateful for their overprotectiveness.

Logically, you knew that she wouldn’t try anything again so soon, but the knowledge that they were right there with you made the experience much calmer.

Fans were kept away from you by the security team, and Jared left you and Jensen briefly to explain that you’d had a bad experience with ‘someone’ in an airport so you had to protect yourself and your baby.

Luckily, they were all understanding and just wished you well.

You supposed that the reason they were all so cool about it was that they must live nearby anyway. There was always a ‘chance’, however small, of running into the three of you out in the city.

Gen and the boys were at the Ackles house when you returned, and checking that you were okay
was the top priority for all of them.

Predictably, JJ didn’t leave your side at all for the rest of the day.

You didn’t mind that at all. In fact, you turned down an invitation to sleep at the Padalecki’s in order to have more Ditto and Tex time.

Your little meltdown on her birthday was still at the forefront of your mind and, even though she had forgiven you and forgotten all about it by now, you wanted to do everything possible to remind her that she was your priority, too.

So, instead of a sleepover with Jared and Gen, you had a slumber party with JJ.

The sacrifice was worth it when she fell asleep with her head on your shoulder and her hand on your bump.

Chapter End Notes

I've had a couple anon complaints on tumblr telling me there's too much Ackles and not enough Padalecki smut in this story, so I figured I'd save that from happening here by letting y'all know that this story is going wherever it naturally progresses... sometimes that will include smut, other times it'll be family angst/drama, others will be fluff with Ditto and her new family/ies...
Thanks for reading!
Father’s Day, to you, was a somewhat foreign concept.

You never had a father. Your mom knew who he was, but he didn’t want you and you never wanted him either.

Anyone that would willingly leave their child with someone like your mother shouldn’t have a place in that child’s life, so you had no desire to search for him.

Contact between the two of you had occurred one time and one time only.

It was after you’d got the job on Supernatural, and Entertainment Weekly had printed an article on ‘The Newest Up and Coming Young Actress on the CW’.

He found you on twitter and congratulated you, telling you he ‘always knew you were destined for great things’.

You replied with a thumbs up emoji and nothing else.

You’d had the same conversation with ex-boyfriends, ex-friends, ex-acquaintances from high school. They started out congratulatory but it quickly became apparent that they wanted you as their claim to fame.

Frankly, you were surprised that none of them had sold a story on you yet. Some of your ex-boyfriends probably had some heavy shit on you that they could make public at any moment.

You weren’t exactly the most morally responsible high schooler.

Your biological father didn’t message you again after your blunt response, and you were happy to keep it that way.

When you were younger and all of the other kids were making Father’s Day cards at school, you never made one.

Teachers would ask if you had another man in your life - a grandfather or uncle - that you could make one for, but the answer to that was always no.

Then they’d suggest you made one for your mom.

“She’s your mom and your dad,” they’d tell you.

You always shook your head, opting to do some colouring over making a card for the occasion.

Even at a young age you knew that she didn’t deserve a card.

If she couldn’t get you so much as a dollar store card for your birthday, you sure as hell weren’t going to make her one for Father’s Day.

Up until this year, you’d seen the day as nothing but another Sunday.

It wasn’t until Friday, when JJ asked you what you were getting your dad for Father’s Day, that it really hit you that you had an actual family now.
“I don’t have a dad, princess,” you reminded her softly, and she furrowed her brow.

“Yah you do,” she argued. “Daddy is your dad, silly. You gotta help me get him somethin’ b’cause I can’t think of anythin’ good.”

Your stomach did a weird flutter at her words. Maybe it was just Baby Ditto moving, or perhaps it was butterflies over the fact that she was willing to share her father with you to such an extent.

She’d gone from being the only child for years to being the oldest of three, and now she was willing to be bumped down to the second of four to have you as a part of her family.

“Mama says I have to think’a somethin’ on my own b’cause that makes it more special but,” she shrugged dramatically, “Ditto, I dunno.”

You laughed fondly, ruffling her hair.

“You’ve left it a little late, Texas,” you told her, and she pouted. “Besides, he’s been your daddy way longer than he’s been mine.”

“Yah but you spend ev’ry day with him a work,” she countered. “And you’re a grown up so you have a better idea’a these things.”

You bit your lip in thought.

Despite his money, Jensen wasn’t a materialistic man. You understood how JJ was having a difficult time thinking of something to buy him.

Suddenly, you had an idea.

“Hey, Tex?” you asked, and she nodded, waiting for you to continue. “Do you think Dad would let us borrow one of his guitars?”

You didn’t tell Danneel your plan.

She asked you on Saturday evening if you knew what JJ’s gift to Jensen was, and you confirmed that you did, and that you knew it was appropriate.

“We’re gonna do something for him,” you told her, and she nodded slowly.

“‘We’?” she asked, smiling.

“It’s… it’s a work in progress,” you admitted, “But, yeah. Me and JJ. A Ditto and Tex special for Father’s Day.”

She watched you carefully before pulling you into a warm hug, kissing the top of your head.

“You realise you’re gonna make him cry, right?” she murmured as she pulled back. “Not even just one perfect tear, either. Full, ugly crying.”

You scoffed, smiling as Jensen entered the room with two cold beers.

“Please,” you smirked, winking at him. “This old man couldn’t be ugly if he tried.”

“Damn straight,” he agreed, walking over and handing one of the beers to Danneel.
“Thanks, babe,” she murmured in response.

“Beautiful man, beautiful wife,” he continued, kissing her cheek. “Beautiful kids.”

He patted your shoulder affectionately, and you rolled your eyes.

“What were my two favourite ladies over the age of five doing before I rudely interrupted?” he asked, and Danneel shrugged.

“Just talking about you,” she told him, leaning in for a soft kiss. “Nothing for you to worry your pretty little head about.”

Jensen eyed you sceptically, but you were saved from the scrutiny by JJ popping her head around the doorway.

“Ditto, are we gonna practice before bed?” she asked, and you nodded.

“Sure thing, princess,” you told her. “Go clean your teeth and get your PJs on, I’ll be right up.”

“Mkay,” she agreed, rushing in to kiss her parents goodnight before rushing back upstairs to do as you’d asked.

You watched her with a fond smile, turning back to find Jensen and Danneel looking at you with the same expression.

“What?” you asked, crossing your arms over your bump self-consciously.

“You’re gonna be such a great mom,” Jensen told you, Danneel nodding when you raised an eyebrow.

“If you parent Baby Dits half as well as you parent JJ, that baby is gonna grow up to be the most well-rounded critizen,” she insisted, and you felt yourself begin to blush.

“I don’t parent her,” you argued weakly, and Jensen rolled his eyes.

“You do it without realising it,” he assured you. “Take it from people who know. You’ve got this.”

A muffled call of ‘Ditto!’ from the top of the staircase, undoubtedly JJ with a mouthful of toothpaste, saved you from having to accept the praise.

“I’ll be back down in twenty,” you told them, turning to leave the room as the two of them moved to take a seat.

“Make sure she’s brushed her hair before she sleeps,” Danneel called after you, and you laughed softly.

“Of course,” you responded, looking up the staircase to see JJ standing on the landing with her toothbrush in her mouth.

“Spit and rinse, baby girl,” you told her, walking up towards her. “Then I promise we can rehearse.”

Anxiety was high the next morning as you all sat around the dining table for breakfast.

You and JJ had given Jensen his card and told him that his gift would come after you finished
eating, and the closer it got, the more anxious about it you felt.

Sure, he’d heard you sing before. The two of you sang together all the time, but this was different.

He’d never heard you play for real before, and this song was… well, it was different.

JJ’s excitement for it calmed your nerves slightly as you carried your empty plate over to the sink.

“Can we go set up now?” she asked, handing you her plate as you rinsed your own.

You nodded, washing both the dishes before leaving them to dry.

Turning back to the table, you found Jensen watching the two of you curiously.

“Hey, Momma D?” you asked, smiling at Danneel. “Can you come help?”

“And then get Daddy when we’re ready,” JJ finished.

Danneel grinned, kissing Jensen and picking up Zeppelin.

“You can wash up with your youngest daughter,” she told him.

He raised an eyebrow, running a hand over Arrow’s head.

“You’re making me do the dishes on Father’s Day?” he asked, and you shrugged.

“We could always not give you your present,” you offered, and he shook his head.

“Go set up whatever you’ve gotta set up,” he told you.

That was all the permission JJ needed to grab your hand and drag you towards the front room.

As soon as Danneel realised that the two of you were going to be singing, she put Zep down in his bouncer and rushed back through to get Arrow.

Once they were set up, bouncing happily beside each other and watching you and JJ, Danneel helped the two of you arrange your mock-up stage.

“Can I record this?” she asked, and you bit your lip as you checked the tuning of the guitar.

“I… yeah,” you allowed. “But if it’s not good, we’ll just keep it as a family memory.”

“Oh, for sure,” she told you, before grinning, “But it’ll be great.”

“Yah,” JJ agreed, sitting down beside you. “Okay, Mama. We’re ready for Daddy.”

“Are we?” you asked, plucking a familiar tune to keep your hands busy.

“Yup,” she confirmed, and you reluctantly nodded to Danneel.

The time it took her to retrieve Jensen was the longest thirty seconds of your life.

“Don’t worry, Ditto,” JJ told you. “He’s gonna love it.”

You nodded, looking up and smiling shyly as Jensen entered the room.
He took a seat on the couch, a grin already firmly on his face.

Danneel stayed standing, her phone out ready to record everything.

“We, uh-,” you cleared your throat, “We couldn’t figure out what to get you, so we put our heads together and wrote you a song.”

“Hope you like it,” JJ added, and you nodded.

“It’s called ‘My Dad is a Rockstar’.”

You positioned your hand on the fretboard, looking at JJ and receiving a nod of confirmation, telling you that you were good to begin.

You took a deep breath as you started to play, trying to calm your nerves.

“My dad is a rockstar,” you sang, your voice wavering slightly before you steeled yourself.

“My daddy can sing,” JJ added, right on cue.

“He could really go far-”

“’Cause my daddy’s a king.”

You looked up, trying to gauge Jensen’s reaction after the first chorus.

He was smiling warmly, a slight blush on his cheeks as he tapped his foot along to the guitar.

“Give him a guitar and he’ll put on a show,” JJ sang, swaying to the beat.

“Put him on stage and you’ll see him glow,” you added, averting your gaze so you didn’t have to watch him watch you.

“He used to be shy but now he owns it.”

“Because his fans assured him he wasn’t sh-”

“Language!” Danneel interrupted.

“-Shockingly bad,” you corrected, still strumming the chords. “What, I wasn’t gonna-”

“He can do anything he puts his mind to,” JJ continued right on time, undeterred by your antics.

“Give him a pencil, I’m sure he can write, too,” you sang, back on track.

“Give him a script and he’ll learn the words.”

“Follow directions, delight all the girls.”

Both Jensen and Danneel laughed at that, and you were put at ease as you and JJ sang the chorus once more.

“He’s not been my dad for long,” you sang, looking down at the floor as the song got a little more meaningful in the bridge.

“He’s been mine for four years,” JJ added.
“He’s the best father I could wish for.”

“He hugs away all my fears.”

Your heart was pounding as you continued to play, trading off lines with JJ.

She was grinning, so happy to be performing for her father, and that just made everything worth it.

“Sometimes, when things get too much,” you continued.

“He holds me and says it’s okay,” JJ sang.

“And I believe him, he’ll make it right.”

“With a Daddy-Daughter fun day.”

You muted the guitar with your palm.

“Now, I haven’t had one of those, but JJ says they’re the best, so…” you trailed off, smiling across at Jensen.

“Y’all gotta go on one,” JJ insisted. “Daddy, you gotta take Ditto.”

Jensen laughed, nodding.

“Sure thing, kiddo.”

You smiled, starting up the tune from the chorus for the last time, you and JJ singing in unison.

“Our dad is a rockstar, our daddy can sing. He could really go far, ‘cause our daddy’s a king.”

You let the last chord ring out as JJ threw her arms around you in a hug.

“We did it!” she laughed, and you smiled, kissing her temple and looking over at Jensen.

“Happy Father’s Day,” you told him, not missing the way he sniffed and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand as he got to his feet.

“Alright,” he nodded, lifting his arms. “Come here, kiddos.”

You rested the guitar against the chair as you got up, the two of you walking into his embrace.

“That was the best gift,” he murmured, his lips against the top of your head. “Thank you.”

He kissed your temple before pulling back, picking up JJ onto his hip and kissing her cheek.

“You guys wrote that?” he asked and JJ nodded.

“Ditto did most of it but I gave ideas.”

Jensen nodded, watching you carefully as you walked over to the twins to give you something to do.

You lifted Arrow onto your hip, one of her legs fitting over your bump as Danneel came to pick up Zep.

“You’re talented,” she murmured while you bounced Arrow lightly. “You could pursue it.”
You scoffed, shaking your head.

“You sound like Jared,” you told her, and she shrugged.

“You could.”

“What, on top of Supernatural?” you asked. “On top of having a baby?”

Arrow grabbed at your hair, tugging it lightly as she twirled it around her fingers.

“You could always sell your lyrics,” Jensen offered, letting you know that he’d been eavesdropping this whole time. “Songwriters get a lot of money.”

“I’m not a songwriter,” you argued, “That was a one off.”

Jensen opened his mouth to argue, but you shook your head, gently prying Arrow’s fingers from your hair.

“I’ll pursue a music career when you release your first album,” you told Jensen, knowing that - despite what the fans wanted - he had no intentions of releasing an album anytime soon.


Danneel grinned, ruffling JJ’s hair.

“This time last year, we only had one kid,” she recalled. “Now we’ve nearly got four.”

Jensen nodded, smiling at you.

“Two weeks, kiddo,” he told you, and you smiled back, “Two weeks until it’s official.”

“I can’t wait,” JJ squealed, hugging you. “I’m excited.”

You smiled, your free hand smoothing back her hair.

“Me too.”
The look on Jared’s face when you pulled up to his driveway in Jensen’s SUV was priceless.

Jensen was in the passenger seat, and both of you revelled in the surprised expression.

“Babe, what the hell?” he asked when you rolled down your window.

“Jen’s teaching me,” you explained, leaning out the window and kissing him chastely. “Started lessons yesterday.”

Jared nodded, opening the door and helping you down to the ground.
“So, after you and JJ sang for him or before?” he asked.

Danneel had posted the video online early that afternoon, after editing it slightly so the sound levels were better.

It quickly gained popularity, and the showing of your relationship with both JJ and Jensen helped hush the rumours about your baby’s father.

The song, along with the interaction afterwards, proved that you saw him as nothing more than a father figure, earning you a lot of apologies on twitter.

“After,” Jensen answered for you, walking around to the driver’s side door. “Some dad-daughter bonding.”

Jared cleared his throat, nodding awkwardly.

You looked up at him, biting your lip.

“You said you were okay with it,” you murmured, and he nodded again, smiling softly.

“Yeah, it’s okay,” he assured you, looking between you and Jensen. “It’s just… my brother’s adopting my girlfriend.”

“Girlfriend?” Jensen asked, laughing slightly. “Buddy, I think she’s a little more than that.”

Jared shrugged, moving behind you and draping his arms over your shoulders.

“Baby mama, junk food lover, incredible sex partner,” Jared offered, and Jensen pulled a face.

“Dude,” he protested, “Unnecessary.”

You laughed slightly, linking your right hand with Jared’s.

“When we first slept together, you were the first person I went to,” you reminded Jensen, and he folded his arms.

“That’s… that’s different,” he insisted, shaking his head. “You needed advice. This was Jared being a dick.”

He looked at Jared above your head, and you could feel Jared staring back, the tension rising.

You squeezed Jared’s hand, trying to snap them out of whatever silent conversation they were having.

Jared cleared his throat unnecessarily again.

“So, did you just bring the SUV to show me Y/N is learning, or is there another reason?” he asked, and Jensen shrugged.

“I was thinking about taking the boys out and giving y’all some time with Gen,” he offered. “I know we’ve been stealing a lot of Ditto’s attention with the whole adoption thing.”

You could sense that Jared was about to make an inappropriate comment, so you got there first with a change in subject.

“We need to talk about Vancouver,” you reminded him, breaking away so that you could look at
him, “And discuss it all with Gen.”

“Fine,” he sighed, winking to show he was teasing.

“Alright, go get the boys,” Jensen told you, patting your shoulder. “I’ve gotta have a chat with your man.”

You eyed him skeptically.

“Play nice,” you told them, kissing Jensen’s cheek before making your way inside.

Jared shoved his hands in his pockets, expecting chastisement.

Instead, Jensen let out a heavy sigh.

“I don’t want this to change things, man,” he admitted, running a hand over the back of his neck. “I love Y/N and I want her to be safe.”

“So do I,” Jared insisted. “Cutting all ties to her shitty mom is the right thing to do, I know.”

Jensen nodded.

“But…?” he prompted, and Jared sighed.

“Isn’t it weird for you?” he asked.

“Not really,” Jensen admitted. “Dee loves her, and I’ve seen her as a kid since the beginning.”

“That’s my point,” Jared explained, clearly growing more distressed. “You see her as a kid but to me she’s… everything. You and Danneel are adopting her while me and Gen are sleeping with her. Is that not… it’s not-”

“Jared, stop,” Jensen interrupted, resting a strong hand on his friend’s shoulder. “If you’re worried what we think of your relationship, you need to chill out. I’m not secretly at home judging you or whatever you think is going on. You started this before Y/N became our daughter, and even if it did happen the other way around, you’d have our blessing.”

Jared raised an eyebrow, not sure if he was being serious.

“I’m not kidding,” Jensen promised. “We always joke about JJ having an older or younger Padalecki to choose from. It’s just the same, but Dits chose two older Padaleckis.”

Jared laughed softly, nodding and sniffing as the door opened and you and Gen appeared with the boys.

“Besides,” Jensen murmured, a teasing glint in his eyes, “It’d be cool to be your father-in-law.”

Jared scoffed, pushing at his shoulder.

“You just want me to call you Daddy.”

You frowned as you heard the end of their conversation, Tom and Shep running towards Uncle Jensen.

“I take it you figured out your boy drama?” you asked, and Jensen gasped, his hand dramatically finding his heart.
“Excuse you, young lady, it was important man drama,” he teased, helping Tom up into the passenger seat while Gen strapped Shep into the back.

You looked up at Jared, relieved to see him smiling down at you.

“I think we cleared the air,” he confirmed and you nodded, waving at Shep as Gen closed the door.

“Good,” she sighed, turning to face you while Jensen got in behind the wheel. “Now, what are we gonna do with our kid-free day?”
Driving, it seemed, wasn’t as difficult as you thought it would be.

You’d got your learner’s permit before you moved to Vancouver, thinking that maybe they’d want you to learn to drive for the role, so you just had to renew it and you were good to go.

Jensen or Jared took you out every day, starting off in the familiar streets around their homes before driving you out to open lots so that you could learn without distraction.

It wasn’t until you were fairly confident that you could go out onto the streets without being a risk to other drivers or pedestrians that Jensen announced he wanted you to learn to drive stick.

“If you pass your test in a manual car, you won’t have to take another test to drive stick,” he explained as you got out of the car when you argued that there was no point. “Plus, Baby is manual.”

You narrowed your eyes at him across the hood.

“You’re bribing me with the impala?” you clarified, and he shrugged.

“I’m just saying, even if you passed your test in an automatic you still wouldn’t be able to drive Baby,” he reminded you, the two of you walking towards the house. “And she drives real good.”

“Fine,” you relented, knowing that he was fully using your love for the impala against you. “That was a low blow, Ackles.”

He grinned, wrapping his arm around your shoulders and kissing the top of your head.

“You’ll be an Ackles on your driver’s license,” he reminded you, and you laughed slightly.

“I’ll be an Ackles on everything in two days,” you murmured, unlocking the front door and letting the two of you in. “If the judge rules you to be suitable parents, that is.”

“Suitable- you little shit,” he laughed, pushing you away fondly.

“Dad said a bad word!” you shouted into the hallway, causing JJ to come running.

She folded her arms once her father was in sight, yourself and Jensen removing your shoes.

“Daddy, do you gotta go to the time out chair?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Jensen turned to face her, a soft smile pulling at his lips when he took in her expression.

“You look just like your mama, baby girl,” he told her, causing her resolve to falter as she preened at the nickname.

“Does Momma D often threaten you with time out?” you asked, and he winked at you.

“You don’t know what we’re into,” he teased, and you pulled a face.

“Ew,” you complained, walking over to JJ and picking her up into a hug.

“Put her down,” Jensen told you, and you rolled your eyes.
“She’s not heavy,” you insisted. “You and Dan pick her up all the time.”

“Me and Dan aren’t twenty-six weeks pregnant,” he countered. “Put down the abnormally tall four year old before you hurt yourself.”

You shifted JJ over onto your hip holding her tight when she looked at you warily.

“There are moms that work out well into their third trimester,” you argued. “I was just hugging her in greeting but now I’m gonna carry her all the way to the kitchen.”

You turned to walk away when Jensen’s tone of voice stopped you mid step.

“Y/N Ackles you put her down right now or so help me God I will make you,” he demanded.

The seriousness took you by surprise, so you carefully lowered JJ to the ground.

She rushed off as you slowly turned to face Jensen again, keeping your eyes lowered to the floor.

“Look at me,” he requested, and you forced yourself to meet his gaze.

You frowned slightly when you didn’t find anger in his expression, only concern.

The two of you looked at each other for a moment, before he started walking towards the back of the house.

“Come with me.”

You followed him out into the yard, regretting taking your shoes off at the door until you realised he was just following the path to the bench that Gen had lead you to at their Christmas party.

“Sit,” he murmured, and you did as he asked, taking a seat beside him.

Your hands played awkwardly with the hem of your shirt before resting on your bump, finding comfort in your unborn child.

“Okay, so a few things,” Jensen began, and you nodded. “Number one, in a couple days, we’re going to be your official parents. I know you’re twenty. I know you can make your own mistakes, but if you’re gonna be putting yourself or your baby in danger, I will overrule your stupid-ass decisions.”

“I don’t think hugging JJ is a stupid-ass decision,” you argued weakly.

“If you’d put her down straight away, it wouldn’t have been,” he agreed. “But you acted like a kid so I treated you like one. I’m sorry for snapping at you.”

You nodded, looking out onto the lawn.

“Number two,” Jensen continued, almost warily. “Sweetheart, it’s okay to make eye contact.”

You frowned, looking down at your hands and picking at a hangnail.

“I do,” you insisted, and you could see him nod in your peripheral vision.

“But rarely voluntarily,” he expanded. “I know that, growing up, your view of parental figures was very different from how me and Danneel are. I know it might take time, but eye contact with authority figures is okay. I’m not gonna force you, I realise that might make you uncomfortable,
but we don’t expect you to look down like you’re… like you’re ‘less than’ or whatever. We’re equals in this house, in that sense. Okay?”

You smiled weakly, making yourself meet his eyes to find them watching you with deep worry in his expression.

“I don’t know half of the shit that went on in Oklahoma,” he added, quietly. “And I won’t ask you about it if you’re not ready to talk. But I’m here for you if and when you want to open up.”

You sniffed, nodding and looking back down at the lawn before realising what you were doing and meeting his eyes again.

“It was weird, you telling me off out of concern rather than anger,” you explained. “I don’t think my mom ever cared enough to be concerned.”

He smiled, cupping your neck and pressing a kiss to your forehead.

“She’s not your mom anymore,” he reminded you, getting to his feet and pulling you up after him. “And me and Dee will do enough worrying to make up for twenty years without.”

You laughed softly, hugging him tight.

“Sorry for being a little shit,” you told him, your cheek against his chest. “I’m sure the judge will think you’re more than suitable parents.”

He laughed, ruffling your hair as he pulled back.

“I sure hope so, kiddo.”

Danneel, Jared, and Gen stayed with the kids at the Ackles house, setting up for their Independence Day party while you and Jensen went to court to finalise your adoption two days later.

They put you in a pantsuit which, in your opinion, looked stupid as hell with your bump in the way, but apparently it made you look more respectable and serious about the whole thing.

Jensen was in a suit of his own, looking drop-dead-fucking-flawless, obviously.

One negative about the whole adoption thing was that your new parents were two of the most beautiful people on the planet.

How the hell were you supposed to live up to that?

The court appearance was surprisingly short, and the two of you were on your way home quicker than you imagined.

“I’m an Ackles,” you murmured once you were almost home.

The two of you had been driving in a content silence, but now the reality of it was really setting in.

You were going home. To your family.

“You’ve been an Ackles for months, kiddo,” Jensen reminded you, and you laughed softly.

“Yeah, but now it’s official,” you smiled, looking out the window at the traffic passing by. “I’m
getting a new birth certificate and everything.”

“We’re getting you a new passport, too,” Jensen announced, and you looked across to see him smiling wide as he looked at the road ahead. “Your past isn’t getting anywhere near you anymore.”

“We really did it,” you laughed, resting your temple against the cool glass of the window.

You and Jensen were both grinning as he signalled onto your road.

It wasn’t an Independence Day party that everyone was preparing for.

It was your freaking adoption party.

When you realised what everyone was there for, you ran up to your bedroom in order to get changed out of the hideous pantsuit.

You still wanted to be dressy - these people were here for you, for Christ’s sake - but you wanted to actually feel good in what you were in.

You pulled on a shoulderless blue dress, falling mid-calf at the back and just below the knee at the front, with a slight slit across one leg to keep it flowy and cool. It was a favourite of your maternity summer-wear, and you smiled as your hand smoothed over your bump in the mirror.

This was much more comfortable, much more you.

The afternoon was spent interacting with your new extended family.

Along with the Padaleckis, Jensen and Danneel had invited their parents and siblings over - some of whom you hadn’t seen since brief meetings at their Christmas party - to properly welcome you into the family.

Donna had just finished telling you a story of Jensen as a kid when you excused yourself to the bathroom.

It really was interesting, and you were enjoying getting to know everyone better, but there was a baby pushing on your bladder and a girl’s gotta use the restroom in that situation.

You were making your way back outside when Genevieve grabbed you by the arm and pulled you into the hallway leading to the pantry.

“Gen, what-?”

She cut you off with a kiss before pulling back grinning.

You smiled confusedly at her.

“Not that I don’t love it, but what was that for?” you asked, and she shrugged, her hands coming up to the sides of your neck.

“Just wanted to,” she told you, one hand carding into your hair and pulling you into another kiss.

You kissed back, letting your hands fall to her hips as your lips parted for her.

You always loved kissing Genevieve, and it had been a while since it was just the two of you, so you revelled in the moment together.
The sound of a man clearing his throat caused you to jump apart.

You turned to see the culprit, a breath of relief leaving you when you saw that it was Gino.

“Hey, Uncle G,” you laughed awkwardly, and he rolled his eyes.

“Guys,” he chided, “What if I’d been Alan?”

“Then Grandpa Ackles would’ve got a good show,” Gen joked, but Gino just raised an eyebrow. “Oh, come on. Lighten up.”

“If it was anyone but me, Jared, Dan, or Jensen, you’d be fucked,” he reminded you.

“The kids know,” you countered, and he folded his arms.

“Josh and Mack don’t,” he fired back, trying to make you realise how serious it could’ve been. “Neither do any of your new grandparents. If they saw you guys making out back here, they’d jump to a lot of unpretty conclusions.”

You grimaced slightly, knowing he was right.

“Alright, we’ll be careful,” Gen relented, and you nodded in agreement. “What’re you doing inside anyway?”

“Jensen forgot the mustard,” he nodded towards the pantry, “So I was sent to get it while the rest of them act manly with beer by the grill.”

You laughed softly, stepping aside so he could get past.

“Go back out and remember what guests are here,” he told you, and Gen rolled her eyes as the two of you did as you were told.

“We can pick this back up at home,” she murmured as she held the door open for you, “If you wanna come over.”

“I… sure,” you blushed, making your way into the yard.

“Hey, Dee?” you called, your phone poised ready to take a picture.

Danneel turned to face you, tutting and smiling knowingly as you snapped the image.

“Really?” she asked, taking a sip of wine as she walked over. “I thought I said ‘no paparazzi’?”

You laughed and she grinned at you, wrapping her arm around your shoulders.

“How’re you liking your party?”

You bit your lip, looking around at everyone laughing and talking before answering.

“Honestly?” you asked, and she nodded. “I’m grateful for it, and it’s been great to get to know your- my- family better, but…”

“Yeah, I hate parties too,” she agreed, taking your hand in one of her own, her wineglass still in the other as she lead you back into the house.

“Where are we going?” you laughed softly, looking behind you as your guests continued to talk
amongst themselves.

“To chill out until someone notices we’re missing,” she grinned, letting go of your hand as you reached the stairs. “I have some snacks hidden in our room just for times like this.”

You laughed, shaking your head in disbelief as you followed her up to their bedroom.

“I can’t believe you’re encouraging me to ditch my own party,” you murmured, and she shrugged, sitting on the edge of her mattress.

“I was at a friend’s baby shower once,” she began, encouraging you to get comfortable as you flopped down onto their bed, happy to be off your feet, “And like as soon as I got there I texted Jensen asking how long I had to stay for.”

You laughed again, turning your head to face her.

“Like mother, like daughter, huh?” you smiled, and she laid back next to you, grinning.

“I can’t believe I have a twenty-year-old daughter,” she sighed, her eyes flitting down to where your hands were resting on your bump. “I’m gonna be a freaking nonna.”

You let one hand fall to the mattress as you rolled onto your side, facing her properly.

“Is that what you want Baby Dits to know you as?” you asked, causing her to pull a face.

“Jesus, no,” she laughed slightly. “I’m not old enough for that. I can be Aunt Dee. Or, like… I don’t know, but I’m too young to be a nonna.”

“Way too young,” you agreed.

She smiled, getting up and grabbing a bag of Twizzlers from the draw of her nightstand before lying back down.

“Talking of names,” Danneel drawled, opening the packet and offering you one, “Have you made any progress with Baby Ditto?”

You took a bite of the red candy, biding your time as you thought about your answer.

“Jared is putting off the conversation,” you admitted, and she rolled her eyes, chewing.

“He was the same with Gen when she was pregnant,” she told you.

“Yeah,” you sighed, running your tongue over your lower lip before worrying it. “I have an idea though.”

She raised an eyebrow, waiting for you to continue.

“For a middle name,” you continued, deliberately hedging. “If he hates it I’ll obviously respect that, but I’m pretty set.”

She laughed softly, running a hand through her hair.

“You’re not gonna tell me, are you?” she guessed, and you smiled sweetly.

“It’s a surprise,” you explained, and she sighed.
“Fine,” she complained, taking another Twizzler from the pack.

“In my defence, I haven’t even told Jared or Gen yet,” you offered, and a slow smirk grew on her lips.

“Not even when you snuck off to make out with Gen earlier?”

You opened your mouth to reply before shutting it again, a blush rising from your chest.

“Gino told me,” she explained. “I’m not mad, it’s funny. Predictable, even.”

You went to protest, but she handed you another piece of candy instead.

“Sweetheart, I’ve been pregnant,” she continued. “You’ve gotta be horny, plus you’re around your girl- and boyfriend and not allowed to act relationship-y. Stealing kisses in the hallway was bound to happen.”

You laughed, nodding in defeat.

“I’m so horny all the time,” you admitted, blushing profusely. “It’s like-”

“The second it ticked into your third trimester, sex was on your mind 24/7?” Danneel guessed, and you nodded. “I know how you feel.”

You sighed, chewing grumpily.

Apparently, you were in your third trimester already, and that was fucking scary.

Your doctor said that, due to the rate Baby Ditto was growing, combined with your small stature and the father’s size, you entered your final trimester at around twenty-five weeks.

You were in the final stretch, less than three months left, and your hormones were going insane.

“Will it go away?” you asked, and Danneel shrugged.

“It certainly doesn’t go away when your husband is filming in Vancouver and you’re the size of a fucking house,” she grumbled, and you offered a sympathetic smile. “No, I mean… it’s perfectly healthy for y’all to fuck it out. You’re lucky.”

“That’s the thing,” you sighed, “I don’t want the focus to be on me while I’m all… pregnant.”

She propped herself up on her elbows, looking down at you.

“Dits, sweetheart, neither of them would turn you down even if you were four times the size and had cellulite everywhere,” she reminded you. “Not that I should be encouraging my daughter to sex it up with my best friends, but…”

You laughed, scratching the back of your neck self-consciously.

“I was gonna go over there tonight,” you admitted softly.

“Good,” she nodded, repositioning herself so that she was against the headboard as she took out her phone. “Enough sex talk for today, though.”

Her favourite playlist started up on their bluetooth speakers, and you smiled as you moved to sit next to her, resting your head on her shoulder.
“You’re a cool mom,” you told her, and she laughed softly. “I’m serious. My old mom would never be this open with me about sex and stuff. It’s probably why—”

You cut yourself off, realising you were so relaxed and content that you were about to spill your heart out.

“Probably why I ended up like this,” you finished, clearing your throat awkwardly.

“You ended up as a gorgeous, talented young woman with a family that loves her for exactly who she is,” Danneel told you, turning her head to press a kiss to the top of yours, “Despite your shitty birth mom. You raised yourself to be someone that I’m proud to have as a role model for my other daughters.”

You relaxed into her, letting the music lull you into a comfortable silence.

Danneel scrambled to hide the evidence of your mid-adoption-party snack-fest as you heard footsteps approaching the master bedroom.

“Crap,” she murmured, shoving wrappers under the pillows as Jensen opened the door.

“I fucking—” he cut himself off, sighing as he stepped inside, closing the door behind him.

You smiled sweetly at him, trying to not get into trouble.

“It’s not you I’m mad at, sweetheart,” Jensen told you, and you relaxed back against the headboard. “You have the ‘pregnant and need a rest’ excuse.”

He turned his unimpressed gaze to Danneel, who got to her feet and started walking towards him.

“Babe, you know parties aren’t my thing,” she reasoned, draping her arms over his shoulders. “I saw our new daughter looking out of her depth and I did exactly what any good mother would do.”

His hands rested on her waist, raising an eyebrow at you over the top of her head.

“What you did was encourage her to ditch her own party to come up here and secret-eat candy with you,” he stated as her fingers started running through the short hairs at the back of his head.

“It’s what she needed,” Danneel insisted, leaning up to kiss the corner of his mouth. “Don’t be mad.”

He rolled his eyes, kissing her firmly before letting go and moving to perch next to you on the edge of the mattress.

“There’s less than an hour until people are going to start heading out,” he told you, his voice softer than it was when he was addressing Danneel. “Are you okay to come down and mingle for a while or do you really need rest?”

“I’m okay,” you promised, forcing yourself up to your feet, the change in position causing you to realise that you desperately needed the bathroom. “After I’ve gone for a piss.”

You headed for their en suite, hearing Jensen grumble about your language before Danneel told him not to be a hypocrite.

You smiled to yourself as you closed the door behind you.
Your new parents were light-heartedly bickering about how to parent you.

You had to stop yourself from pinching your arm to prove that this was real.

You had a family.
JJ was in bed by the time you made your way over to the Padaleckis’ that evening, and you found that the boys were also asleep when you arrived.

Perfect timing, apparently.

You found Jared and Gen situated in the front room once you’d let yourself in, curled up on the couch and enjoying a cold beer.

You helped yourself to a bottle of water from the fridge before joining them.

“Hey,” Jared smiled as you perched on the arm of the couch, throwing one of your arms over his shoulders.

“I locked the door behind me and turned on the alarms,” you told them, knowing that they’d left things unlocked so that you could get in without disturbing the boys with the doorbell.

“So responsible,” Gen grinned, and you rolled your eyes, nudging her shoulder with the arm draped around Jared.

“Hope you enjoyed the party,” you murmured, and Jared lifted his beer to cheers with your bottle.

“To freedom,” he toasted, and you smiled, taking a drink.


Jared laughed, leaning forward to place his bottle on the coffee table so that he could wrap his arm around your waist and pull you into his lap.

Your legs fell across Gen’s, the three of you now practically melded with one another.

You returned the cap to your bottle, leaning down to place it on the ground before settling back into them.

It was so comfortable, so natural for the three of you to be together like this, soft music playing through the sound system as you sat in silence just enjoying each other’s company.

“This is a deal-breaker on the Vancouver apartment,” Gen said, breaking the silence, “Y’know, having a couch big enough for this.”

You nodded, fully in agreement.

“And at least a full king for when Gen stays,” Jared added, and you rolled your eyes.

“Obviously,” you assured them. “It’d need to be big enough for your long-ass legs to fit, anyway.”

“Ass legs,” Jared repeated, teasingly. “Most people just call them legs.”

You hit his chest, scrunching his shirt in your fist and pulling him into a kiss to shut him up.

He smiled against your lips, his hand moving from your waist to the side of your thigh.

“You have great ass legs,” he murmured, and you rolled your eyes again, getting to your feet.
You reached a hand out to Gen, and she took it with a slight frown, letting you help her up.

You used the momentum to pull her into your arms, placing a firm kiss to her lips.

She hummed into the kiss, letting go of your hand in order to card her fingers into the hairs at the nape of your neck.

Her tongue teased your lower lip and you opened up for her, only for her to pull back smiling.

“You wanting to pick up from where we were interrupted?” she asked, and you nodded.

“Yeah,” you breathed, biting your lip where her tongue had traced. “Bed?”

She smirked, linking her fingers with yours and starting to lead you out of the room.

“Uh,” Jared cleared his throat. “Am- am I invited?”

Gen raised an eyebrow at you and you shrugged, leaving the decision to her.

“Yes,” she told him, holding up a finger when he started to move. “You have to wait ten minutes before coming up. Punishment for being an asshole to Y/N about her choice of words.”

You let out a surprised laugh as Gen grinned at you, squeezing your hand and pulling you towards the door again.

“You’re mean,” you told her, still laughing softly. “I love it.”

“Mhm,” she hummed happily, placing a quick kiss to your lips at the bottom of the stairs before letting go of your hand and rushing up the staircase.

“That’s not fair,” you grumbled, making your way up after her. “Gettin’ me to chase you.”

“You’re younger,” she reminded you.

“You’re healthier… fitter,” you countered, meeting her on the landing for her to throw her arms over your shoulders.

“I beg to differ,” she flirted, causing you to scoff fondly.

“You’re an idiot,” you told her, kissing her firmly, leaving her chasing your lips as you pulled back. “Take me to bed.”

You and Gen could do a lot with ten minutes.

Jared, from experience, was aware of that, so you hadn’t expected him to be surprised to find you both naked and well on the way to climax by the time he made his way upstairs.

The strangled groan that left his mouth as he entered the room told you otherwise.

“Jesus,” he breathed, clearing his throat.

He clicked the door shut and removed his shirt as he walked towards the bed.

You smiled against Gen’s skin, nipping gently at her pronounced clavicle and making her moan as you removed your fingers from her.
“Glad you could join us,” you told Jared, your eyes trained on Gen as she pulled you in for a kiss. “Glad I’m invited,” he murmured, unbuckling his belt.

You hummed, kissing Gen once more before pulling back and grinning at him. “The quicker you get naked, the quicker you can fuck your wife,” you told him, and he sprang into action.

It would’ve been funny, the speed at which he stripped, if you didn’t completely understand how he must’ve been feeling in that moment.

In no time he was crawling onto the bed, maneuvering you with ease until you were lying beside Gen rather than on top of her.

He took a moment to take in your kiss swollen lips and heaving chest before focussing more attention on Gen.

“Did Y/N get you ready for me?” he asked, and she smirked. “I’m always ready for you,” she answered, running a hand up his tanned torso before curling it around the back of his neck. “We just had a bit of fun.”

Jared groaned, leaning down to kiss her fiercely as she spread her legs so he could fit between them. “How did I get so lucky?” he murmured, pulling back and biting his lip as he looked at you.

You shrugged as Gen ran her hand over your thigh, and you turned on your side to face her. Jared lined himself up between her thighs, leaning in to kiss you and then Gen before slowly entering her.

“Who’s fuck,” Jared groaned, and you grinned, kissing Genevieve’s neck as she adjusted to the feeling of him inside her. “Who’s getting Y/N off?”

Gen grinned up at him, using a hand on his chest to push him back slightly before resting both palms on your hips. “I am,” she answered, encouraging you to move so that your knees were either side of her head.

Your hands were braced on the headboard as Gen’s came up to squeeze your ass, Jared groaning at the sight. Gen’s words vibrated through your core as she murmured them into your sensitive flesh. “She’s gonna sit on my face.”

You woke up with Jared’s arm thrown across your waist, Gen’s legs tangled with your own, and Baby Ditto pressing insistently on your bladder.

You sighed, realising that there was no way of getting to the bathroom without waking one or both of them.

Based on prior experience, you knew that Gen was less likely to be grouchy if you woke her.
You gently removed Jared’s arm from around you, rolling so that you could crawl over Gen to get to the edge of the bed.

Predictably, understandably, the movement caused Gen to stir, waking up with you practically on top of her.

“Well,” she murmured, “This is a nice way to wake up.”

“Sorry,” you whispered, placing a quick kiss to her waiting lips. “Gotta pee.”

She rolled her eyes as you finally got out of bed, grabbing one of Jared’s shirts so you weren’t just walking around naked.

Gen repositioned herself next to Jared, letting him wrap his arm around her in his sleep, unconsciously snuggling closer.

“Cute,” you grinned, and Gen let out a small laugh, closing her eyes as you made your way through to the bathroom.

The 6am Texan sun was creeping through the cracks in the blinds as you returned to the bedroom, bathing Jared and Gen in a soft glow.

Jared was still dead to the world, undoubtedly worn out from the party and the events of the night before, and Gen was still in the peaceful, relaxed state between slumber and being fully awake.

She patted the space of mattress in front of her, silently encouraging you to get back into bed.

You laid down next to her, staying on top of the covers to avoid overheating now that you were partially clothed.

She hummed contentedly as you carded a hand into her hair, practically purring as you lightly scratched her scalp.

“Go back to sleep,” you murmured softly. “It’s still early.”

“Okay,” she whispered, pulling you closer and kissing you.

You smiled against her lips, relaxing into the mattress as you shared languid kisses with no intent other than enjoying these quiet moments together.

You pulled back as you felt yourself begin to yawn, turning your face into the pillows to stifle it.

“Sorry, am I boring you?” she asked quietly, teasingly.

“No, I just-”

“Got worn out by sex and pregnancy, I know,” she interrupted as Jared shifted behind her, burying his face in her neck. “Catch another couple hours, sweetie.”

“And you?” you asked as she wrapped her arm around your waist.

“I’ll just lay here with my two favourite people in the whole world,” she answered.

You raised an eyebrow.
“Two of four. Nearly five,” she hastily added, and you grinned.

“Yeah,” you mumbled, closing your eyes. “I love you, too.”

You got another hour of rest before Shep decided it was time for everyone to get up and enjoy the day.

Jared and Gen were both still naked but thankfully protected by the covers as the current youngest Padalecki let himself into the room and threw himself onto their bed.

“Mornin’,” Gen smiled as he kissed her cheek.

“G’mornin’,” he replied, completely unfazed by the sight of the three of you in bed together.

You got up, throwing a shirt to Gen and a pair of boxers to Jared so that they could cover up before sitting back against the headboard and letting Shep crawl onto your lap.

“Did you have a good sleep, buddy?” Jared asked, pulling on his boxers under the covers before getting up to stretch.

“Yeah,” he confirmed, frowning. “S’hot in my room.”

You carded your hand through the longer hairs on the top of his head, subtly checking his temperature.

He felt fine, so you realised it must’ve just been the heat.

“We’ll turn on your A/C,” you told him, before looking at his parents to check that was okay.

Jared nodded.

“Yeah, I think we need to adjust the system through the house,” he agreed, leaning over and picking up his son onto his hip. “Gettin’ a bit too warm everywhere.”

Shep nodded, leaning his head on Jared’s shoulder and looking at you and Gen as she finally pulled on the long shirt so she could emerge from under the covers properly.

“S’that why mama was nakey?” he asked with the innocent curiosity only children could pull off.

“Yeah, we all got a bit hot last night,” Gen answered, and Jared laughed, nodding.

“You, that’s why.”

Jared’s laughter caused Shep to laugh even though he didn’t know the reason, the sound of their joy filling the room.

You gasped as you felt movement from Baby Ditto, looking up at Jared with wide eyes.

“Uh, the… kicking,” you told him, a smile breaking out on your face.

Jared rushed to your side of the bed, Shep still on his hip as he got to his knees beside you and put his free hand on your bump.

You held his wrist, moving his palm to the specific place that you could feel your baby kicking.

“Oh, my God,” he breathed, his eyes full of childlike wonder as he leant forward to kiss you firmly.
“It’s our baby.”

“Yeah,” you smiled, happy that he was finally present for one of the moments that Baby Ditto decided to move. Up until now, your baby had saved all of its kicking for JJ, Gen, and Danneel, much to Jared’s chagrin. He needed this.

“Sheppy, wanna feel?” Gen asked, and he nodded.

“Wassat?” he asked, reaching his hand out anyway.

“The baby is moving,” Jared explained, helping him find the right place on your bump. “Feel that?”

Shep frowned for a second, and the baby gave one mighty, borderline painful, kick, right where his hand was.

He pulled his hand back, looking down at his palm, then at your bump, then at you.

“That’s th’ baby?” he clarified, and you nodded.

“You’re gonna be a big brother, kiddo,” Gen told him as Jared’s hand returned to your stomach. “Isn’t that cool?”

He nodded, clearly still unsure of what that meant but excited all the same.

Jared grinned, kissing the top of Shep’s head.

“We should get Tom up,” Gen murmured, but Jared shook his head.

“It’s still early,” he reasoned, getting to his feet again, keeping Shep with him. “We’ll get breakfast ready before we wake him up.”

He was at the door before you realised that he wasn’t grabbing a shirt on the way.

“Jare?” you called out, causing him to turn to face you. “Are you gonna put some clothes on?”

Shep laughed a little, patting his dad’s bare, unshaved chest.

“Not until I’ve turned on the air,” Jared explained. “I don’t need to overheat.”

At his words, Shep began to reach for the hem of his pyjama shirt, trying to take it off but finding it difficult while he was still sat on Jared’s hip.

Jared grinned, putting him down and helping him out of his top.

He stood back up, flexing his arms as Shep did the same.

“Alright, handsome boys,” Gen laughed, amused by their antics. “Go make breakfast.”

They were both grinning as they left the room, and you found yourself grinning too as you heard their conversation.

“I think I’m nearly as strong as you, Daddy,” Shep announced, and Jared ruffled his hair as they turned the corner into the hallway.

“Keep eating your veggies and you will be.”
Jared decided that afternoon that it was a good time for you to learn to cook.

You scoffed when he suggested it, claiming that you knew how to cook, but when he told you that mac’n’cheese and pasta with sauce from a jar didn’t count, you gave in.

In reality you knew a bit more than that, but he clearly wanted to teach you and you weren’t about to take that away from him when you had nothing better to do.

He was teaching you how to hide vegetables in lasagne to get the boys to eat them when Gen came into the kitchen with her laptop, sitting up on a stool at the breakfast bar.

“I have a question,” she announced, and you paused dicing carrots to give her your full attention. “About Vancouver.”

You nodded, taking a bite out of the unprepared half of the carrot you were working on, earning a serious, Sam-worthy eyeroll from Jared.

Since you discussed getting an apartment closer to work, Gen had been excitedly looking into places for you with your budget in mind.

Having her so on board with the idea put both you and Jared at ease, so you left her to her own real-estate devices.

“Ohay,” Gen began, rolling her lips together and looking almost nervous. “I know you said you wanted to pay for the place-”

“Genevieve,” you warned, “I’m not budging on that.”

“I know, I know,” she assured you, “But there’s this place…”

She trailed off, turning her laptop to face you.

You moved around the island to look at what she was trying to show you.

Externally, it was beautiful. A decent sized, two-floor property, meaning no up- or downstairs neighbours.

“I can’t afford a place like this,” you murmured, and she grinned, showing you that the price was, in fact, just within your budget.

“The interior needs refurbishing,” Gen explained, clicking through the rest of the pictures. “The plumbing needs fixing and it could all do with a fresh coat of paint. But it’s four bedrooms. Only one bathroom but there’s another separate WC. A good amount of communal space, enough for a couch that fits his long-ass legs…”

You sighed, rolling your eyes and walking back over to Jared.

“So I can’t afford it,” you repeated, taking the knife from Jared and continuing with the meal prep.

“But you can,” Gen insisted, closing the laptop and leaning her arms on the counter. “You can afford the whole property on your own. I was just gonna ask if you’d maybe let people help with the renovation?”

Jared stayed quiet throughout the exchange, obviously wanting you to make your own decision.

“People’?” you asked, shaking your head. “Why do we need four rooms anyway?”
“Our room, Baby Dits’ nursery, a room for the boys, and…” she paused, looking down at her hands. “Wouldn’t it be cool for Danneel and JJ have a place to stay?”

The thought made your heart jump with excitement a little bit.

“The twins could stay in the nursery… JJ could stay with Jensen and Dee or with the boys if we were all up there,” she continued, knowing your resolve was faltering.

“And these ‘people’ who would help out,” you tested, “Who would they be?”


“Gen,” you complained half-heartedly.

“No, listen,” she insisted. “I haven’t exactly asked everyone, but if everyone chipped in it wouldn’t be that much each, so you wouldn’t have to feel guilty… it could be like a gift for the baby.”

You went to argue back, but Jared spoke up.

“Hear her out,” he murmured, and you sighed.

“Look, you’re not gonna need normal baby-shower gifts because we’ve got the strollers and bouncers and bassinets already,” she explained. “It isn’t unusual for people to give donations and this is a worthy cause. I’m sure they’d love to help make your house more home-y before the baby comes.”

“The house would be entirely yours,” Jared reminded you. “It’d all be in your name. You’d just get a little help with the decoration.”

You focussed your attention back on chopping vegetables as you thought it through.

You could feel the two of them watching you, but nobody said anything, letting you come to a conclusion on your own.

They were right, you realised.

Your main condition had been that you wanted it to be yours, and it would be. You needed a place to really call your own, even though Jared would be living there just as much as you were.

It wasn’t about not wanting them to be involved, it was about owning something significant for the first time ever and getting the independence that you’d been chasing after for years.

Admittedly, it would be great to have that extra room.

It would give Jensen a place to crash when he didn’t want to be in his trailer, and it would mean that Danneel and the kids wouldn’t have to get a hotel if everyone was visiting at the same time.

Really, it made sense.

All you had to do was swallow your pride and let people chip in if they wanted to help.

“Okay,” you nodded, scraping the vegetables from the board into the pan with the blunt side of your knife. “You can put it on the list.”

You looked up in time to see excitement fill Genevieve’s expression.
“Yeah?” she asked, and you nodded.

“Yeah.”

‘The list’ was a list of properties that you were going to look around in a couple of weeks, and this one was by far the front-runner already.

The other places you’d been looking at were all smaller, mostly second floor apartments, though they were still roomy and fully furnished.

Pros and cons, swings and roundabouts; every property had them, but that was the point in visiting them all before you made a decision.

“Thank you,” Jared murmured, and you looked up at him, frowning.

“What?” you asked, and he smiled, his eyes flitting between yours.

“Thank you for giving that place a chance,” he reiterated, and you shrugged a shoulder.

“It’s your house too,” you reminded him, “And Gen’s. It’d be selfish to insist on doing it all alone when you have to live there with me.”

His smile grew fonder as he leant down, placing a soft kiss to your lips.

“I love you,” he mumbled against your lips, kissing you once more before pulling back.

“Yeah, yeah,” you smiled through your blush as you hip-checked him. “Now show me how to layer the pasta.”
Chapter 22

Everything had been going great until you woke to eight missed calls from your agent and three group emails from higher-ups at Supernatural.

The emails were evading the real issue, but the jist of them was that they wanted you and Jensen to arrange a time that you could Skype the team back in Vancouver.

You padded down to the kitchen of the Ackles house, making yourself a smoothie before calling your agent back.

She answered on the second ring.

“Y/N, what the hell?”

You frowned, confused at her irritated tone.

“Uh, you called me a hundred times while I was sleeping,” you reminded her, sitting up onto a stool, “And you didn’t leave a message so I figured-”

“I’m not asking why you called,” she clarified, “I’m asking why the hell you didn’t think to notify your agent that you were getting adopted by your co-star.”

“Oh,” you nodded, smiling at Danneel as she came into the room, Zep on her hip. “I, uh, didn’t think it was a big deal.”

Danneel walked over and kissed the top of your head before quietly making up a bottle for her son.

“It’s a big deal when I’m getting emails and phone calls asking if you’re available for interviews about your new parents and I have no idea what they’re talking about,” she insisted. “Do you know how unprofessional that makes me look?”

“Shit,” you murmured, earning a chastising glance from Danneel as she motioned to Zep, “I’m sorry, I didn’t think. And we- we don’t wanna do any interviews.”

You could hear her sigh, the anger leaving her as she noticed the slight flicker of worry in your tone.

“Yeah, no, I figured that much,” she told you. “When we signed you, you told me the topic of your family was off the table for you in interviews, so I just went with that response once I found out what everyone was talking about.”

It was your turn to sigh, with relief and gratitude that she hadn’t thought any interview was worth the payday.

Even if it was about your Ackles family, the questions would go back to ‘why’ they adopted you and ‘what happened’ with your biological family, and those were hard limits that you weren’t willing to cross.

“Thank you,” you told her, feeling bad for not thinking to contact her in the first place.

In reality, your mind hadn’t been focused on much other than your family, your relationship, and your baby, so it wasn’t just your agent that you’d neglected to inform. Though, she may have been the most important and necessary to contact.
“One question,” she spoke up, and you hummed for her to continue as you took a drink. “Do I need to change your name on your resume? Are you professionally gonna be an Ackles now or are you sticking with—”

“Ackles,” you confirmed, and Danneel raised an eyebrow. “It’s Ackles on my birth certificate, and passport, and if I get any more jobs after this baby is born and people hate me, I’d want it to be Ackles on the credits, too.”

Both Danneel and your agent made small tutting noises when you said about people hating you, but you just shrugged.

“People aren’t gonna hate you,” your agent told you. “If anything, the controversy might land you more auditions. It’d get you a bunch of money from interviews as well but—”

“We’ve talked about this,” you reminded her. “Jared has a plan.”

“Yeah, I know, I know,” she sighed. “Look, sorry for snapping but you’ve gotta keep me in the loop or I’ll look unprofessional and then my boss will be mad.”

“I know, I’m sorry, it all happened quite fast and we didn’t tell any of our friends until it was finalised so I didn’t think to tell anyone,” you explained.

“Alright, water under the bridge,” she assured you. “But remember to tell me if you’re gonna make any more life changes.”

“I will,” you promised. “Sorry again. Are we good?”

“We’re good. Talk to you soon.”

You hummed your agreement as you hung up, sighing and putting your phone down on the counter.

“Three things,” Danneel told you, handing you Zep so that you could continue his feed while she made herself coffee. “Number one, I don’t mind you swearing because you know me and Jay are the worst with bad language sometimes, but try not to do it in front of the kids.”

You bit your lip, nodding apologetically.

“Two,” she continued, “The people that are gonna hate you for who your baby’s daddy is aren’t the people that are gonna be able to offer you jobs. They’re irrelevant nobodies who don’t understand that you’ve done nothing wrong. You fell in love, now you’re having a baby with the guy you love, with a girl you both love to support you. You’re a great actress and you’ve still got Supernatural even after the CW found out about you and the Padaleckis. I’ve had controversy around me for my whole career, and the only reason I’m not going for auditions now is that I decided to stop.”

You nodded, her words combined with what your agent had said making you more inclined to believe her.

Truthfully, you weren’t sure how long you were going to be able to keep acting after you had your baby, but that’s what season thirteen was for; to see how you could juggle being a mom and an actress.

You put the bottle down once Zep had stopped feeding, moving him against your chest and over your shoulder so that you could burp him.
“And third?” you asked, and Danneel nodded, swallowing her sip of coffee.

“Oh, yeah, Jay said something about a Skype meeting?” she prompted.

“Yeah,” you shrugged, “The bosses want to talk to us about something. My guess is that they wanna cut hiatus short and fuck up all my moving plans.”

She smiled as you self-corrected your cursing, rolling her eyes at your words.

“If they try to cut Jensen’s hiatus, they can think twice because that man needs time with his babies, and frankly I need a break,” she informed you and you laughed, turning your head to place a kiss to the top of Zep’s.

“I’d never need a break from you,” you told him quietly, earning you a gurgled smile and a scoff from Danneel.

“My girl, I’ll remind you of that when you’re calling from ‘Couver and asking me and Gen to give you a break from Baby Dits,” she laughed. “God, you’re lucky it’s just the one baby in your belly.”

You lifted Zep so that he was standing on your legs, smiling the cutest gummy smile at you.

“If my babies were as gorgeous as you and your sister, I’d be fine, wouldn’t I?” you asked him, and he dribbled an accidental spit bubble while trying to reach for your hair.

You used a muslin to dab up his spittle, smoothing his gorgeous dark hair back.

“Yeah, maybe not,” you murmured, letting him grab at your finger. “But I can handle one, right? I’m learning.”

“Of course you can,” Danneel assured you, relieving you of Zep so that you could finish your smoothie. “You don’t even cry when you’re making up a bottle anymore.”

You laughed, shaking your head as you looked down at the jar cradled in your palms.

“That was… I was having a crisis,” you reminded her.

“Hey, I’m no stranger to a ‘Holy Crap Motherhood Is Hard’ crisis,” she smiled, kissing the top of your head again before making to leave the room, bouncing Zep on her hip to make him chuckle. “I’m gonna let this one’s daddy know you’re up so you guys can get this weird, mysterious Skype thing out of the way.”

You nodded, draining the last of your smoothie and walking across to the sink.

“That’s gonna be fun,” you murmured to yourself as you rinsed the jar, placing it on the rack to dry before running a hand over your bump. “What have we gotten ourselves into, huh?”

Jensen gave JJ strict instructions not to enter his office while the two of you were on Skype, with the promise that you’d play with her once your meeting was over.

She pouted but ultimately agreed, telling you that she was going to help Danneel give the twins a bath.

“Not sure she’s gonna be much help,” Jensen murmured as the two of you sat at his desk and he started up his computer.
“She’s gonna try her best,” you grinned, crossing your legs in the comfortable leather desk chair. “And it’ll keep her busy.”

He nodded in agreement, opening up Skype and waiting for the call.

You studied his worried expression, focusing on the few grey hairs in his facial hair.

“You’re getting old, Mr. Ackles,” you told him, and he looked offended until he realised you were looking at his beard.

“Oh, shut up,” he laughed softly. “Dee says it’s hot.”

“I didn’t say it’s a bad thing,” you shrugged. “Just, you make fun of Jared for a couple silver hairs and you’ve got your own hiding in your beard.”

“Jared is four years younger than me,” he reminded you as the Skype ringtone started up. “It’s my job to tease him.”

You allowed a nod, and he sighed, looking at the screen as it asked if he wanted to accept the video call.

“Ready, kiddo?” he asked, and you smiled tightly.

“As I’ll ever be,” you murmured, resting your hands on your bump.

You remained silent through the forced greeting and catch-up for the first few minutes of the call, wishing they’d just cut to the chase about what they needed to talk to you both for.

“Alright, Y/N is clearly getting bored,” Andrew noticed, and you shrugged.

“No, I just wanna know what the big issue is,” you told them, earning a fond laugh from Jensen.

“Yeah, she’s got a point,” he agreed. “What’s so urgent? Because if you’re cutting our hiatus short, you’re gonna have to put up with Danneel in the fallout.”

“Your vacation isn’t in jeopardy,” Eric assured you. “We needed to talk to you about this adoption that you failed to let us know about.”

“Alright, hey, that’s not our fault,” Jensen argued lightly. “It was a rush decision for Y/N and her baby’s safety, and we didn’t tell people about it so that her-”

“So nobody could interfere and fuck it up,” you interrupted, not wanting Jensen to spill any of your family drama for everyone to see.

Things with your birth-mom were shared on a strictly need-to-know basis, and these men did not need to know.

“Yeah,” Jensen murmured, smiling apologetically at you.

“Well, because we were kept out of the loop, this news has lead to some issues with our plans for season thirteen,” Andrew explained, and you frowned, opening your mouth to respond before Jensen cut in.

“What issues?” he asked. “Just change her name on the titles, it’s not a big deal.”

“You’re aware that some episodes have already been conceptualised, yes?”
The two of you nodded, so he continued.

“One of the episodes we’ve started writing involves a dream sequence for Trinity,” he told you. “In which would include a scene with Dean and Trinity. Intimately.”

“Gross,” you murmured, at the same time as Jensen grumbled, “What the fuck?”

“Trinity would be in a dream-like state where she would be experiencing the things she wanted most in the world,” Eric expanded, and you pulled a face. “Kind of like Dean with the Djinn in season two.”

“You really think what Trinity wants most in the whole world is to fuck Dean Winchester?” you asked, completely unimpressed.

“Their chemistry is palpable, a lot of fans have picked up on it.”

“A lot of fans also want Dean to fuck his brother but you’re not writing that into the script,” Jensen argued, clearly as irritated as you were.

“That’s different,” Andrew told you, and you scoffed.

“Either way, it’s fucking a family member,” you told him, and they looked at Jensen for backup.

“She’s not wrong,” he shrugged. “Even if the adoption hadn’t happened, neither of us would’ve wanted to film that.”

“If the adoption hadn’t happened, you wouldn’t have gotten a choice,” Eric reminded you. “You’re actors. You’re getting paid. You’d have filmed the scene.”

You bristled at his tone, ready to argue before Jensen laid a hand on your shoulder, letting you know he’d take it from here.

“Well, the adoption has happened. Y/N is my daughter, and no amount of money could make either of us agree to get it on for a stupid dream sequence,” he told them, firmly. “And she’s right, you know? Trinity doesn’t want to fuck Dean. She wants to be taken seriously as a hunter. If you added in that scene, if you let the fans run the show like that, you’d open the door for a relationship to form between the two of them outside of the dream, and that’s not something I think you want to focus on.”

You nodded in agreement, grateful that he was able to articulate what you were thinking.

“So… that’s a firm ‘no’ on that scene?” Andrew clarified, and Jensen nodded.

“A firm ‘no’ on the scene that doesn’t make sense and involves me making out with my daughter,” he confirmed, and you rolled your eyes.

“I can’t believe this stupid dream was an idea that y’all were even entertaining, let alone writing,” you murmured.

“You might want to remember who you’re talking to, Y/N.” Eric warned, and you raised an eyebrow, ready to snap back.

“Alright, okay,” Jensen intervened, shooting you a glance. “You guys got the confirmation you were after. Sorry that you’re going to have to change that episode but we can’t do anything about it now. Is there anything else you wanted to talk to us about?”
“Not at this point,” Andrew allowed while you narrowed your eyes at your lap, trying not to glare at the person who pretty much controlled your career. “Just... let us know before you make anymore life decisions that could affect the show.”

“Of course,” Jensen smiled tightly. “Alright, we’ll see you in August.”

You tuned out again for the obligatory goodbyes, picking at the frayed hem of your jean shorts until Jensen hung up.

You sighed, getting to your feet and stretching.

“Kiddo, you can’t talk to Eric like that,” Jensen reminded you, and you shrugged.

“It was a really shitty idea,” you told him. “If they wanted Trinity to fuck a Winchester, they could’ve chosen Sam. Even if I wasn’t your daughter now, Jared wouldn’t have wanted that scene to happen, either.”

“Yeah,” he allowed, standing up and making his way over to the door. “It was pretty dumb.”

“And when he implied that without the adoption, they’d’ve forced us to film it?” you raised an eyebrow. “Gross.”

“Alright, kid,” he sighed, ushering you out of the room. “It’s over now.”

You nodded, leaning into him as he wrapped an arm around your shoulders.

“They’re gonna kill me off, now,” you joked, and he laughed.

“Nah,” he smirked. “You’re not a love interest anymore.”

You’d never been in a serious relationship over your partner’s birthday before.

You’d never had to think about what they’d like, what they’d appreciate as a gift, and honestly you didn’t know where to start.

Jared was turning thirty-five and you had no idea what to get him.

It probably didn’t help that he’d been avoiding the topic of his birthday all month.

“It makes him feel old,” Gen explained when he changed the subject and left the room. “When you talk about his birthday it reminds him of the age gap.”

That was fucking stupid, but you let him mope in peace anyway.

He was fourteen years and three months older than you and you had both known that from the beginning. His birthday wasn’t going to change anything.

Luckily, Genevieve didn’t have the same age-crisis hang ups.

You came up with a plan together, and on Wednesday morning you found yourself on their doorstep with a card in your hands.

Jared opened the door in nothing but a pair of sweatpants, and you grinned at him as you stepped inside, closing the door behind you.
“Happy birthday, old man,” you teased, pulling him down into a kiss before he had a chance to react.

“Y/N,” he murmured, a faint hint of protest in his tone.

“Can’t believe Baby Dits is gonna have an old guy for a daddy,” you continued, unaware of the extent of his annoyance.

“This is a shitty way to say ‘happy birthday’,” he told you, and you shrugged, handing him his card.

“You know I don’t care how old you are,” you reminded him. “You’re one of the good guys and that’s all that matters.”

He didn’t look convinced, so you sighed.

“Are you with me because I’m twenty?” you asked, and he frowned.

“What? No,” he shook his head. “I’m with you in spite of that.”

“Right,” you agreed, raising an eyebrow and urging him to understand that it was the same for you. “This age complex is getting ridiculous. Gen’s older than you and you don’t see her freaking out about it.”

He looked like he wanted to say something else, but you stopped him, nodding to the card.

“Open it,” you told him. “It explains your present.”

He peeled open the envelope, removing the generic card from inside.

“You didn’t have to get me anything,” he told you, and you laughed softly.

“I didn’t,” you explained. “Not really.”

He frowned, opening the card as a small packet of lube fell out.

Jared laughed, picking it up from the floor in case one of the boys found it.

“That’s more of a token,” you smiled, encouraging him to read what you’d written on the inside.

Jared,

It’s safe to say that a whole lot was different this time last year.
In fact, we were only just about to meet for the very first time.
While I wouldn’t change anything about how this year has panned out (apart from maybe that time you told everyone about the pregnancy and neglected to inform me about your slip up), I know that everything can get a bit much at times.
So, for your birthday, my gift to you is simple:
A day like it used to be.
Just you, Gen, and that big bed of yours.
No kids. No dog. No girlfriend( Baby mama? Junk food lover? Incredible sex partner?), no interruptions.
I’m taking Tom, Shep, and Arlo out for the day.
Then this evening I’m leaving the kids with J&D for the night and making the three of us dinner.
You’re welcome.
Now stop reading and go sex up your wife.
Jared laughed softly as he read, a blush rising from his chest.

He looked at you once he’d finished, his eyebrows pulling together in a slight frown.

“You’re running away for the day?” he asked, and you laughed.

“No, I’m taking time to bond with my baby’s siblings while giving their daddy time to fuck his wife with no interruptions,” you expanded.

“And you think Gen and I wouldn’t want you with us?”

“Jare, I know you would,” you sighed, running a hand over your bump, “But, in case you’ve forgotten, I’m a little bit pregnant and I don’t have the energy to fool around all day. So I’m gonna take your dog and sons to the park, leave them with their favourite uncle for the evening, then come and join you for the final round.”

He cracked a smile, leaning down and kissing you firmly.

“Thank you,” he mumbled against your lips, hiatus scruff tickling your chin.

You kissed him once more, lingering a little longer before pulling back as Gen came round the corner in a tank top and a pair of Jared’s boxers.

“Hey, sweetie,” she smiled, the boys following her with Arlo already on his leash.

“Good morning,” you smiled back, kissing her chastely once she was close enough. “Did you get everyone ready?”

“We have our shoes on,” Tom told you, “And snacks in our bags.”

“An’ Arlo,” Shep added, and you laughed.

“I can see that, bud,” you smiled, ruffling his hair. “But we’re not gonna need too many snacks because I’m taking y’all out for lunch.”

“Do you want money for the boys’ food?” Gen asked, and you rolled your eyes.

“No. We’re good,” you assured her.

You kissed Gen again before leaning up to kiss Jared.

“Have fun,” you told them, opening the door and shepherding the boys out. “Happy birthday.”

You grabbed Arlo’s leash as he tried to run past, his wagging tail hitting your legs as you followed the boys out of the house.

“Hey, Y/N?” Jared called once you were halfway down the driveway.

The three of you turned back to face him, his arm thrown over Gen’s shoulders as they stood on the doorstep.

“Thanks,” he told you, and you laughed.

“No problem,” you responded, waving at them as the boys did the same.
“We’re gonna have fun,” Tom announced, and you smiled down at him as Shep took your free hand in his own.

“Yeah, we are.”
Your day with the boys and Arlo had gone surprisingly well.

Tom and Shep were happy to chat away all day, talking to you about school and asking questions about the baby.

It was great to get to know them a little bit better on your own and, by the time you were walking to drop them off, you felt a lot closer to your baby’s brothers.

As you turned onto Jensen’s road, your heart dropped to your stomach when you saw a familiar car parked down the street.

One look at the driver and your good mood vanished.

You got to the driveway of the Ackles house and crouched down in front of the boys, handing Arlo’s leash to Tom.

“What’s wrong?” Tom asked, sensing your change in demeanour.

“We’re okay,” you smiled, trying not to freak them out. “Can you go inside and get Uncle Jay to come out please? And ask Auntie Dee to call Daddy?”

They nodded, Shep frowning at you.

“What happened?” he asked.

“Nothing,” you promised. “But I need you to take Arlo and stay inside with Tex and the twins, okay?”

Tom threw his arms around you, keeping Arlo’s leash firmly in his hand.

You brought Shep into the hug, kissing both of their cheeks.

“Get Uncle Jay, please,” you murmured again as you heard the car door slam closed.

You took a deep breath, steeling yourself as you turned to see your mother walking towards you.

You crossed your arms over your bump, wishing that your unborn child didn’t have to deal with this.

“How did you find me?” you asked, once she was close enough to hear you.

“You’re my daughter,” she replied, venom dripping from the statement, “I always know where you are.”

You shivered at the thought of her keeping track of you wherever you went, suddenly feeling even more unsafe around her.

“What?” you paused, clearing your throat as you heard your voice crack, “What did you come here for?”

“You fucking know,” she spat. “Your little adoption stunt.”
“It’s not a stunt,” you told her, firmly. “They’re my family now.”

She scoffed, taking a step closer.

“It’s not Ackles blood that runs through your veins, sweetheart,” she growled. “Your real family is standing right in front of you.”

“You’ve obviously not seen my show,” you murmured, narrowing your eyes. “Family doesn’t start with blood.”

“Family doesn’t start with an affair and adopting the pregnant side-whore, either,” she argued, and you went to respond until you heard footsteps behind you.

Jensen appeared beside you, frowning as he looked between you and your mom.

“What’s going on, kiddo?” he asked, and you swallowed.

“Nothing, just-”

“I’ve just come to talk to my daughter,” your mom informed him. “So if you wouldn’t mind-”

“Your- fuck,” Jensen hissed, stepping in front of you slightly when he realised who this woman was, “She’s not your daughter.”

Your mother scoffed, ignoring Jensen and keeping her full attention on you.

“You can’t even fight your own battles,” she sneered. “I’m disappointed in you.”

“I’m disappointed in you.”

You swallowed thickly, the words stinging even though you knew that you weren’t going to get a positive response.

“Mom, I-”

“Don’t,” she spat, throwing the letter at you.

You’d known about your scholarship for a couple of months now. You were leaving soon and it was now or never, so you’d left the letter open on your nightstand knowing that she would find and read it.

“I can’t believe you’d accept something like this without even talking to me,” she seethed, and you flinched as she grabbed your arm, pulling you closer. “How do you think you’re gonna get by, huh?”

She was so close that you could feel her breath on your face as she spoke, her fingers digging into your forearm.

“I have a scholarship,” you tried, and she scoffed.

“Yeah, tuition and board,” she recited. “How are you gonna eat, huh? Did you think about that with that smart little brain of yours?”

She was making you angry, deliberately pushing your buttons, and you knew it.
“I can get a job,” you stated, calmly.

“As what? A cheap slut?” she hissed. “What are you gonna do, charge the old men of Los Angeles to fuck you like the whore you are?”

“At least they’d be paying me for it,” you spat back, completely losing your composure now that you’d given up scrambling after it, “And not just taking.”

Your tone earned you a slap across the face, but you were expecting it so it wasn’t as bad as it could have been.

“And what happens when it all goes tits up again, hmm?” she asked, her voice low and intimidating. “Your little situation would’ve been a whole lot different if I wasn’t there to help you out.”

You couldn’t believe your ears.

That was far worse than a punch to the gut.

“Help me out?” you breathed, stepping back as best you could as you felt your anger rise. “Help me out?! You think what you did was ‘helping me out’?”

“Of course it was,” she laughed bitterly. “Y/N, you wouldn’t have coped-”

“You don’t fucking know that!” you shouted, steeling yourself ready for another blow. “You can’t know whether I’d have coped or not because you took that chance away from me!”

The punch to your jaw didn’t surprise you so you continued your tirade through the pain, knowing it was your last chance to get out these repressed emotions.

“Well you can’t take anything else from me,” you reminded her, “Because I’m going and I won’t look back. If I never set foot in Oklahoma again, I’ll live a happy life.”

You saw the exact moment she completely lost it, any remaining dregs of humanity leaving her eyes until she was all rage and resentment.

She tackled you to the ground and you let her, forever unwilling to raise a hand to her and knowing that this was the last time she’d be able to do this to you.

She couldn’t hurt you in California.

“You ungrateful bitch,” she seethed, punctuating each word with another blow. “I gave up everything for you.”

“Nobody asked you to,” you told her, feeling your jaw begin to bruise already. “If you were gonna resent me so much, why didn’t you… why didn’t you ‘help’ yourself out?”

Her eyes narrowed, her jaw clenching as she leaned over you, her hands fisted in your shirt.

“I wish I had.”

“Disapp- how can you say that?” Jensen asked, surprise and disbelief evident in his tone. “You should be proud of her.”

“Jen, don’t,” you murmured, but he shook his head.
“It’s bullshit,” he argued, your mom folding her arms in response. “You’ve made something out of nothing. You have a career, a family-”

“She denied herself a family the second she accepted that scholarship,” your mom spat. “Now she’s just using you for what you have. Your status can protect her and that’s all she cares about. She’s just looking out for number one. She’ll drop you like she dropped me the second she finds something better.”

Jensen tensed, and you rested a hand on his arm as you stepped past him, towards your mother.

“Y/N-”

“It’s okay,” you murmured, squeezing his bicep in reassurance as you stood in front of your mom.

“Little Ditto, finally finding her voice,” she sneered, and you clenched your jaw.

“You’re not allowed to call me that.”

“I can call you whatever I want,” she told you. “I’m your mother.”

“You keep saying that, but you’re really not,” you shrugged, your arms crossed defensively.

“You’re not my mother anymore. You never were.”

“I brought you into this world, you ungrateful-”

“Yeah, and I used to wish you didn’t,” you interrupted bluntly, her raised hand being stopped in its journey to your cheek as Jensen reached around you to grab her wrist in time.

You were just going to take it.

You’d taken worse.

“Do not raise a hand to her,” Jensen stated firmly, throwing her wrist back at her but remaining behind you, letting you face her on your own.

He’d been your father for a month and he already knew what you needed better than your mom ever did.

“The only thing I should be thankful to you for is showing me how not to be a mom,” you continued, calmly. “I will not make the mistakes you made with this baby. I won’t resent my child for coming into my life. I will be nothing but nurturing and loving and I’ll raise this baby with the strongest family around me. The family that I chose.”

Jared’s car rounded the corner and you instantly felt stronger, braver; knowing that you had two men that loved and supported you by your side.

“You called in the fucking giant to intimidate me?” your mom asked, and you shook your head.

“We called in the other part of my family to make sure you got the hint,” you told her as Jared parked on Jensen’s driveway, getting out of the car and jogging over to you.

He wanted to ask what was going on, but Jensen held a hand up to stop him, letting you continue.

“I don’t care if you’re disappointed in me,” you told your mom as Jared’s hand gently squeezed your shoulder in support before dropping to his side and leaving you to it. “I don’t care what you think of me. I don’t care what you think of my life, my family. I don’t-“
You stopped yourself as you laughed slightly, realising that you weren’t scared of her anymore.

“I don’t need your pride,” you told her, shaking your head. “I used to want you to be proud of me. I used to want you to turn around and apologise, thinking that maybe we could reconcile whatever relationship we had, but now I don’t want that. I don’t want a relationship with you. I don’t want you to be proud of me. I don’t want anything from you.”

“You don’t know what you want,” she dismissed, and you shrugged again.

“I know that I don’t want you anywhere near me or the people I love,” you explained, taking a step closer and dropping your voice to a tone you’d never dared to use around her before. “I want you to leave me the fuck alone so I can live my new life in peace.”

She opened her mouth to respond but you stepped back, shaking your head.

“We’re done here,” you told her, nodding to her car. “Enjoy your journey back to Empire City. I hope this little chat was worth the six hour drive.”

Jensen stepped around you, ushering your mom towards her car, undoubtedly telling her to stay the fuck away from you in the future.

You turned to face Jared, smiling awkwardly up at him.

“Sorry,” you murmured, “For pulling you away from Gen. Ruining your birthday.”

“Don’t- fuck,” he breathed, cupping your face in his palms and kissing your forehead before pulling you into a hug. “Don’t be. Are you okay?”

You pulled back, biting your lip as you felt yourself start to smile.

“Yeah,” you breathed. “I… I think I am. I did it.”

“Hell yeah, you did,” he grinned, ruffling your hair as Jensen came back over.

“Good job, kiddo,” he praised, wrapping his arm around your shoulders.

You leant into him, taking a moment to calm down as your mom’s car started down the road.

“Can we go inside?” you asked, and they both nodded, Jared’s arm wrapping around you from the other side as the three of you made your way down the driveway.

“For what it’s worth,” Jensen mumbled, and you looked up at him, “I’m proud of you.”

You smiled as Jared stepped ahead, holding the door open for the two of you.

“Do you mind if I go and see the boys?” you asked once you were inside. “I think I freaked them out a little bit.”

“Of course,” Jensen smiled, squeezing your hand before Jared pulled you into another hug.

“I’ll call Gen,” he told you, leaning down to kiss you, “Ask her to come over.”

“You can go back to her if you want,” you offered, but he shook his head.

“You need to be with your family,” he smiled softly. “Your whole family.”
You nodded, kissing him again before walking further into the house in search of Tom and Shep.

The boys were in the playroom with JJ and, as soon as you entered the room, they dropped what they were doing to hug you.

“I’m sorry for scaring you,” you told them, JJ watching on with a frown. “Everything is alright.”

“We got Uncle Jay,” Tom told you once they’d pulled back, and you crouched down to cup both of their cheeks.

“You did great,” you smiled kindly. “You got Auntie Dee to call Daddy like I asked. You did such a good job, boys. Thank you so much.”

“Mhm,” Shep nodded, stepping in to hug you again.

You ruffled Tom’s hair as he went back to JJ before wrapping your arms around Shep, kissing the top of his head.

“I’m sorry, buddy,” you mumbled and he nodded, kissing your cheek as he pulled back.

“Glad you’re ‘kay,” he told you, and you nodded.

“I’m good,” you promised. “Love you.”

“Love you, too,” he told you, going to join his brother.

JJ was still watching you, so you beckoned her over.

She walked over warily, completely unsure what was going on.

“Hey,” you smiled, and she smiled back.

“Hey. Are you good?”

“Yeah, baby,” you promised, sitting on the floor once crouching became uncomfortably, pulling her onto your lap. “I just had to deal with some stuff.”

“What kinda stuff?” she asked, her finger twirling in your hair by your shoulder.

“My birth mom,” you admitted, and she frowned.

“Like from the airport?”

“Yeah,” you nodded. “She didn’t hurt anyone though. Just made me remember some things.”

She didn’t respond, waiting for you to continue.

You had one hand rested on her side as the thumb of the other absently stroked over your bump.

For a minute, looking into this little girl’s open, honest, judgement-free eyes, you felt like telling her everything.

All of the things that nobody knew, the things that you’d been carrying since you were fourteen, nearly came to the surface.

But you couldn’t do that to her. You couldn’t taint her childhood with your own messed-up
memories.

“It’s not important, princess,” you told her, smiling sadly. “I’m okay now, and she’s gone.”

JJ nodded, hugging you as best she could from her position in your lap.

“I love you so much, baby girl,” you murmured, closing your eyes.

“Love you more,” she replied, pulling back and holding your face, looking into your eyes. “I got you, Ditto.”

Your heart swelled with love, a physical feeling inside your chest.

“And I got you, Texas,” you agreed, kissing her as she pursed her lips. “Alright, go play.”

She smiled, getting up and going back to the boys.

It was only then that you realised you were sat on the floor, a bump in the way and no furniture near enough to help you up.

You rocked back slightly, trying - and failing - to use momentum to get you to your feet.

“Need a hand?” Danneel asked, and you turned your head to see her in the doorway.

“Please,” you laughed softly as she came in, helping you to your feet.

Once you were up, you noticed tear stains on her cheeks.

“Dan,” you breathed, “What-?”

“Jensen told me what happened,” she told you, quietly. “We’re getting a restraining order. That woman won’t be allowed in your proximity, or around any of our family.”

“That’s… that’s not necessary,” you murmured, and she shook her head.

“What if she’d found you while you were out with the boys?” she asked, and you swallowed, realising how much worst that would have been.

You wouldn’t have been able to protect them from her, they would have heard all of the mean things she said to you, all the bad language and horrible names.

“Jensen is talking to our lawyer right now,” she admitted. “She knows where we live… We can’t have her near our kids.”

You nodded, looking over at JJ as she continued to play with Tom and Shep, blissfully unaware of the severity of what happened.

“I’m so sorry,” you told her, and she shook her head.

“‘Our kids’ includes you, my girl,” she smiled softly, wrapping an arm around your shoulders and kissing the top of your head. “Gotta look after all of us.”

You smiled, leaning into her half-embrace.

“I’m still sorry,” you mumbled. “For all of it.”

“I think it’s made us stronger,” she mused, looking at you, “Our little family. She’s done the
You smiled as there was a knock at the door, pulling back and sniffing.

“Think we should let in your girlfriend?” Danneel asked, and you laughed slightly as you made your way out of the playroom.

“I think I owe her big time for taking her husband away during their day of birthday sex,” you admitted, and she laughed, nodding.

“I’m sure you’ll make it up to them.”

You pulled a face, pushing her away teasingly.

“Don’t be gross,” you accused, the familiar conversation making you feel more at ease. “I’ll make them dinner or something. That was always the plan.”

“Well, you’re staying here tonight so you’d be cooking for everyone,” she announced, and you raised an eyebrow.

“We are?” you asked, making her laugh softly.

“Sweetheart, Jay isn’t gonna let you out of his sight until y’all move to Vancouver,” she informed you as you reached the door, Gen’s knock coming through once more. “You’re all staying.”
Chapter 24

You made dinner for Jared and Genevieve that night as planned.

The original plan hadn’t involved cooking for the boys and the Ackles’ as well, but you didn’t let that stop you.

Around the dinner table, with eight of you enjoying the vegetable lasagna that Jared had taught you to make while Danneel sorted out the twins with their baby food, you found yourself overwhelmed by love for your family.

You put down your fork before throwing your arm over JJ’s shoulders, placing a kiss to the top of her head where she sat beside you.

“Ditto,” she laughed, pushing you back. “Wassat for?”

“I just love you guys,” you shrugged, looking across at Gen and smiling softly. “Y’all are my family.”

“We love you,” Danneel smiled as she continued to feed the twins. “You’re one of us, you always were.”

“No getting out now,” Jensen joked, and you laughed softly.

You shot a glance at Jared, finding him watching you with a fond smile.

“What?” you asked, and he shrugged, looking down at his plate.

“It’s nice,” he mumbled, “To see you happy.”

You smiled, a blush rising on your cheeks as you felt everyone watching you.

“Well, get used to it,” you cleared your throat, looking around at each of the kids before meeting Jared’s eye again, “Happy Y/N is here to stay.”

The kids were asleep in JJ’s room and Gen was brushing her teeth in the bathroom when you crawled into bed beside Jared.

“Happy birthday, babe,” you murmured, kissing him firmly.

He smiled against your lips, his hands finding your hips under the covers and rolling the two of you onto your sides.

“So you don’t mind that I’m old?” he clarified, pushing your hair from your shoulder.

“Not old,” you reminded him, kissing him again, “Experienced.”

He sighed contentedly into the kiss and your hand slipped from his chest, over his hips, down to the curve of his ass as you pulled him closer.

You slotted one of your legs between his, grinding against him as he deepened the kiss.

“I only left you alone for like three seconds, I swear,” Gen teased, shutting the door behind her on
her way back into your room.

“In my defence,” you murmured, pulling away from the kiss to look over your shoulder at her, “You guys had all day together. I’ve only just got a chance to give Jared the good part of his present.”

Gen hummed in understanding, getting into bed behind you and resting a hand on your hip, encouraging you onto your back.

“I wasn’t sure you’d be up to it,” she murmured.

You frowned as Jared shifted so the two of them were looking down at you.

“I’m fine,” you told them, clearing your throat as you realised she was talking about the issue with your birth mom.

You’d blocked that part of your day from your mind, determined to enjoy the evening with your chosen family.

And it had worked; you hadn’t thought about her once until Gen brought it up.

“Y/N,” Jared mumbled, and you shook your head.

“Just kiss me,” you told him, carding your fingers into his hair and pulling him down into a kiss.

He pulled back as you tried to deepen it, making you groan in frustration.

“I’m fine,” you insisted, feeling unwanted emotion start to close your throat.

“You’ve had a rough day,” Jared murmured, and you let out a small scoff.

“I’ve had worse, believe me,” you assured them, trying to get him to kiss you again.

“Sweetheart, that’s not…” Gen sighed, gently pushing your hair from your forehead, “Just because you’ve had worse doesn’t mean you’re fine.”

You swallowed, breathing sharply to try and keep your emotions in check.

“I’m fine,” you repeated, changing tact and pulling her into a kiss.

She went with it, her lips soft and pliant as she let you lead, keeping it chaste as you tried to deepen the kiss.

She was treating you like you were fragile, like you might break at any moment if she pushed too hard or said the wrong thing.

You were trying to hide your emotions and get lost in the moment, but they weren’t making it easy.

You pulled back, the two of them looking at you with concern.

“Please,” you breathed, closing your eyes as you felt the familiar prickle of tears forming. “Please.”

“You can’t drown your emotions in sex, baby,” Jared whispered, and you shook your head.

“You can talk to us,” Gen prompted. “We won’t judge you.”

“I don’t-” you inhaled sharply, your chin starting to quiver. “I don’t want to.”
“That’s okay,” Jared murmured as Gen shifted beside you, throwing her arm over your bump and pressing a kiss to your neck.

“You don’t have to talk,” she told you, “But we know something’s up, so we’re not gonna have sex tonight.”

“Nothing’s up,” you lied, knowing the pain was evident in your tone, “I’m- I’m-”

You couldn’t continue as an involuntary sob left your lips.

You’d been fine until you let yourself think about what had happened, about what you’d let yourself remember after years of suppressing it, but now you couldn’t hold back.

Everything she said, everything you remembered, every emotion you hadn’t let yourself feel came to the surface at once, shaking your body with intense sobs.

“Hey,” Jared murmured, stroking your cheek with his thumb. “It’s okay.”

You tried to speak but it came out as unintelligible cries, and you brought your hands up to cover your face as you tried to calm yourself down.

“Take your time, sweetheart,” Gen murmured, and you nodded, taking a deep breath to try and relax your thumping heart.

“I lost my mom,” you repeated, clearer this time despite the fact that you kept your hands over your face, “My only family.”

“Y/N, that woman was never your family,” Gen told you, taking one of your hands and linking your fingers with her own. “Your real family is in this house.”

“Every single person in this house loves you,” Jared reiterated. “You might’ve lost one person but you gained nine.”

You nodded, taking a shaky breath.

“I know,” you sniffed, “But-”

You bit your lip, determined not to sob again.

“I always thought we’d make up,” you admitted quietly, closing your eyes so you didn’t have to look at them. “I thought she’d apologise and I’d be able to share my life with her, but she doesn’t think she needs to apologise.”

You opened your eyes in time to see them share a questioning glance.

You knew they were confused, you knew that they knew less than half of the real story with your mom, but you just weren’t ready to open up yet.

“I know, I know I have a family here,” you agreed, resting your head back into the pillows, “But I don’t have any blood relatives anymore.”

“That’s not true,” Gen murmured, and you shook your head.

“I’ve been adopted. Jensen’s getting a restraining order against my birth mom from all of us,” you sniffed, “And I pretty much told her to go fuck herself.”
“Not your birth mom,” Gen told you, her hand that wasn’t holding yours finding your bump, “Your baby.”

“This baby is your blood,” Jared agreed, his hand joining Gen’s as he kissed you softly. “A new life. Fresh start.”

“You have a family that loves you,” Gen murmured, squeezing your hand, “You have parents that would die for you, a little sister that thinks you’re a superhero, and twin babies that will grow up only ever knowing you as family. There are two little boys down the hall that haven’t stopped telling us how much they love you since they met you. There are two people beside you right now that love every part of you, even the parts we haven’t got to know yet. And there is a baby inside of you that is dependent on you and will love you unconditionally.”

You nodded, blinking away tears that were desperate to fall as her words sunk in.

“This baby is the only blood relative that matters,” she continued, and you nodded again, finally letting yourself cry without holding back.

Jared gently rolled you onto your side, fitting his chest to your back and wrapping his arm around your waist as you continued to cry, allowing yourself to hurt; to mourn, in some ways, the final loss of your birth mother.

Gen carded her fingers into your hair, letting you bury your face in her neck as you sniffed and shook with long-repressed sobs.

“It’s okay,” she murmured, kissing the top of your head. “Let it out, sweetie.”

You cried until there were no tears left, falling asleep with Jared and Genevieve holding you, surrounded by love and family.

You all stayed at the Ackles house until you moved up to Vancouver with the Padaleckis the weekend after Jared’s birthday.

Jensen stayed back in Austin, setting up the restraining order before he was needed on set in early August.

That was another benefit of the adoption; Jensen could file the order for his whole family, yourself and your unborn child included, and you didn’t need to be there to see it through.

The five of you were living in a hotel for the first week back in Canada, giving you time to look around all of the properties on your list.

Unsurprisingly, the two-floor, four bedroom house was the obvious winner, so by the end of the week you’d placed a deposit.

Without your knowledge, Jared and Gen had collected donations from your friends and castmates to help you renovate, so as soon as you moved in you were able to start fixing up the place.

Jared ripped out most of the bathroom fixtures over the weekend, and you and Gen took the boys to IKEA on Monday so he could oversee the new fitting, seeing as you had no idea about plumbing to give any kind of useful input there.

It was strange, looking at furnishings for your own house.
You didn’t need anything fancy, you just wanted to kit out your home and make it liveable, but there were so many options that it was pretty overwhelming.

“What kind of glasses do I need?” you asked Gen, standing in the middle of all of your choices with no idea what to pick.

She laughed softly, pushing the stroller over to you, Shep strapped in and Tom holding the side so they didn’t run into any of the fragile tableware.

“You’re gonna need some stuff that doesn’t look cheap,” she told you, and you frowned.

“We’re in IKEA because of the affordability in here,” you reminded her, and she nodded.

“I know that,” she agreed, “But we’ve gotta avoid it looking cheap because if you post anything on Instagram they’ll call you out on it.”

You nodded, surveying the options.

“Avoid anything with colour in it,” she explained, “Classic clear glass looks more expensive even if it’s not.”

You sighed, running a hand over your bump.

“This is more complicated than I anticipated,” you admitted, and she smiled sympathetically.

“You can’t go wrong with a white crib,” she told you, “That way you can keep it white and chic or easily paint it when you decide on the colours.”
You sighed, laughing softly.

“I’m not good at this mom stuff.”

“Girl, neither was I,” she assured you, “But you’ll pick up on stuff as you go along.”

“I sure hope so,” you murmured, and she grinned, throwing her arm around your shoulder and leading you over to a white cot with drawers built in underneath.

“You will,” she promised, bending down and opening one of the drawers. “Okay, so this has built in storage for cute baby pyjamas. Practicalities like that are gonna be a godsend.”

“What would I do without you?” you asked, noting down the name of the cot so you could pick it up in the warehouse.

“Crash and burn,” she grinned, standing back up again. “I’m paying for this.”

You frowned, shaking your head.

“You’ve already helped out with the renovation fund,” you reminded her.

“And I’m getting the cot and mattress for Baby Ditto,” she smiled, patting your bump as the two of you went back towards your cart. “No arguments, missy.”

You hip checked her affectionately, moving your cart out of the way of another shopper with an apologetic smile.

She smiled back at you, nodding to your bump.

“First baby?” she guessed, and you blushed.

“Yeah,” you confirmed, and she winked at you.

“You two are in for a lot of sleepless nights,” she commented, and you let out a surprised laugh.

“Oh, no, we’re not.”

“I’ve already got a daughter with my husband,” Briana told her, “This one’s expecting with her partner.”

The woman blushed, stammering an apology, but Briana laughed it off.

“No worries,” she grinned, “I’m flattered you think I could pull this sweet young thing.”

That wasn’t the only time you and Briana were confused for a couple that day.

It happened again while you were looking at toys (though, they couldn’t be blamed while Briana spoke directly to your bump as she held up different plushies and asked which ones Baby Ditto would prefer), and once more just before you paid for everything.

You had met up with Gen in the warehouse, and she had asked you to keep an eye on Tom and Shep while she went to the bathroom.

Briana pushed the cart while you took over the stroller, Tom walking beside you.

“I’m gonna get you boys some ice cream when we’re done,” you told them, ruffling Tom’s hair.
“You’ve been very patient and I appreciate it.”

“This is important for our new house,” Tom smiled up at you as he took your hand. “I don’t mind.”

You smiled, looking up as an onlooker ‘aww’ed.

“Such a polite boy,” the woman commented, and you nodded, squeezing his hand.

“He’s a good one, that’s for sure,” you agreed as she crouched in front of the stroller, smiling at the boys before looking up at you and Briana.

“Two boys, another baby on the way,” she smiled, “You ladies are blessed to have such a beautiful family.”

You laughed slightly, amused that so many people had made that assumption.

“Actually, we’re-”

“Super excited for the new addition,” Briana interrupted, putting her arm around your shoulders and resting her hand on your bump. “We can’t wait for our little family to be complete.”

The woman smiled, standing up and shaking Tom’s hand.

“Make sure you look after your moms, okay?”

“Yes ma’am,” he agreed, not even questioning the assumption.

“Alright, I’ll leave you to it,” she told you, and you smiled.

“It was nice to meet you.”

“Likewise,” she smiled as she left to find whatever she was in for.

Briana laughed as soon as she was out of earshot, letting you go.

“Thanks for playing along, kiddo,” she told Tom. “You guys definitely get ice cream.”

Tom shook his head, squeezing your hand.

“I do kinda have two moms,” he shrugged. “An’ I am gonna look after you and mama.”

Your heart swelled with love as you looked down at him, squeezing back and trying not to cry as Gen came back over.

“Thanks, girls,” she told you, running her hand through Shep’s hair and smiling at Tom. “Hope they were good?”

“We were,” Shep told her. “We’re gettin’ ice cream.”

Gen laughed, pinching his cheek.

“They were stars,” Briana agreed, pushing the cart towards the checkout, “So we’re all gonna get ice cream and we’re not telling Jared that we let Y/N get some, too.”

You laughed, letting Gen push the stroller as you followed behind with Tom.

“I love you, kiddo,” you told him quietly, and he smiled again, moving a little closer to you.
I was worried about running into haters in IKEA but the worst that happened was 3 people thinking @OfficialBriana were a couple.

07/31/2017, 18:47
Worst?! Excuse you, that was the best part of my entire WEEK 😏

#powercouple #myotherwife
Chapter 25

Jensen moved up to Vancouver the first week in August; living back in his trailer until his room at your place had been fully decorated.

It was the first time you’d ever been back for a second season of the same show, so you were eager to get back to filming.

When the first script came through, however, you were entirely unsurprised that you had barely any lines.

You were pregnant, now visibly so, and Trinity very much was not, so you knew they were just trying to work around it.

Besides, the focus was on the boys and the nephilim man-child, not on the runaway girl that’s supposedly harbouring a deep desire for Dean Winchester.

Being back on set was weird.

Filming your scenes was interesting, your wardrobe now consisted of over-sized shirts and normal pants with elastic sewn into the front so that nothing looked ‘maternal’ in any way, and the majority of shots only hit you from chest up.

If you were ever needed to walk anywhere, they tried to angle it so that either something blocked your bump or they filmed from behind, seeing as you didn’t ‘look pregnant’ from the back.

Gen was out with the boys when you got back after a morning shoot, inviting Jensen over to join you for a late lunch.

There was a parcel waiting for Jared on the kitchen table, and his reaction had you laughing.

“This wasn’t due for another couple days,” he told you, kissing you quickly before rushing over to open it.

Jensen laughed, rolling his eyes and taking a seat at the table while you busied yourself getting everyone a drink, Jared doing an excellent impression of a five year old on Christmas morning as he opened the box.

“What’ve you got there, buddy?” you asked, handing Jensen a glass and placing Jared’s next to him before taking a sip from your own.

“Preseason games have already started back up,” he told you, and you laughed softly.

“I know, you were shouting at the TV on Thursday,” you reminded him, and he smiled bashfully.

Jensen watched on curiously as Jared finally pulled something out of the box.

“A jersey?” he asked, surprised. “Dude, you already have like ten.”

“It’s a new season, I’m getting a new jersey,” Jared reasoned, putting it down on the table and reaching into the box again. “Plus a couple for the boys.”

You rolled your eyes as he revealed two (admittedly cute) jerseys that would fit Tom and Shep.
“I can’t get one for Gen because she’s still convinced she’s a Seahawks fan,” he told you, and Jensen laughed.

“How dare she?” he gasped, and you smiled.

“I know, right?” you joked. “Blasphemy.”

Jared was still routing around in the box, and you raised an eyebrow at him.

“There’s more?” you asked, and he laughed softly.

“There’s… so much more,” he admitted, finally emptying the box onto the table.

You smiled as you saw how trigger happy he’d obviously gotten searching the baby section of the Cowboys online store.

Five different onesies, a pacifier set, bibs, a couple of t-shirts, and even a tiny jersey for when the baby was a little older.

You picked up the jersey, frowning slightly at the number 11 on the front.

“Baby Dits is gonna be a Beasley fan, huh?” you asked, and Jensen laughed, leaning over the table and turning the shirt over so you could see the custom back.

PADACKLES 11

“Baby Dits is gonna be the eleventh member of our family,” Jared explained, almost shy. “All my babies are Cowboys babies. I thought that maybe, once you’re not pregnant anymore, you could get a ‘Padackles 10’ jersey to match.”

You smiled, looking down at the jersey and feeling the material between your fingers.

“I hope you don’t mind,” Jared added when you hadn’t responded, and you shook your head.

“No, it’s… it’s fine,” you assured him, going up on tiptoes for a kiss. “It’s cute that you’re excited.”

He nodded, biting the side of his lip as he looked down at you.

“I know you’re not a football fan-”

“You assume I’m not,” you cut in, shrugging. “I’ve never said anything bad about it.”

Jared frowned at you, but Jensen nodded in contemplation.

“She did know who number 11 was,” he mentioned, and you nodded.

You took a second to collect your thoughts before making a decision.

“I actually-” you cut yourself off, looking down at the small jersey in your hands. “You know, it’d be easier to show you.”

They both frowned at you, understandably confused.

“Give me a sec?” you requested, waiting for them to nod before leaving the room and heading upstairs.
Once you got to your room, you pulled out an old shoebox from underneath the bed.

You hadn’t opened it since you moved, you didn’t even look at it while you were in Austin; it just stayed under your bed.

Deliberately avoiding everything else inside, you retrieved what you were looking for and tucked the box safely back under your bed.

You paused and took a deep breath once you got to the bottom of the stairs, knowing that you wanted to share this part of your past but still finding it difficult to let them in.

“Dits, you good?” Jensen called through, and you took another long breath before making your way back through to them.

“Yeah,” you sighed, smiling awkwardly as you kept your hands behind your back.

“What’ve you got there?” Jared asked, and you nodded, sitting down and taking a drink of water.

Their eyes widened with surprised confusion as you unfolded the 2012 Cowboys jersey on top of the table.

“I got it for my birthday when I was sixteen,” you explained, looking down at your hands.

“Right,” Jared murmured, taking a seat opposite Jensen once he realised there was a story to tell.

“My- my birth mom’s boyfriend. Ex-boyfriend,” you corrected, not meeting their eyes as you continued, “James. They dated while it was coming up to my birthday and somehow he figured out that my mom was a piece of shit that never got me anything.

“He picked me up from school the Friday before my birthday and told me to tell my mom I was staying at a friend’s. I think he knew that she wouldn’t care enough to check up on my alibi, so I texted her that I was spending the weekend with a friend from theatre.

“He told me he wanted to give me a real birthday, so he was taking me to Dallas-”

“He what?” Jensen interrupted, bristling at the information.

“He took me to Dallas for the weekend,” you repeated, and he shook his head.

“Kiddo, that’s… you went to another state with some old guy?” he clarified. “When you were fifteen?”

“James wasn’t old, he must’ve been like thirty at the time,” you insisted. “Mid-thirties, at most.”

Jensen shared a look with Jared before speaking again, his tone weirdly soft.

“Sweetheart, did he…?” he trailed off, and you shook your head.

“Oh, God, no,” you assured him. “He wasn’t like the others.”

You cringed as soon as you said it, hoping that they wouldn’t have picked up on it.

“The others?” Jared questioned, and you cleared your throat.

“That’s another story for another time,” you told them, hoping that would be the end of it.
This was supposed to be a happy story, letting them into one of the only good memories you had from your teenage years, not reliving a nightmare.

“Y/N,” Jensen warned, “What does that mean?”

“Nothing,” you lied. “Look, it’s okay. James was a good guy-”

“But ‘the others’ weren’t,” he practically growled, and you swallowed, staring at the table.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Y/N-”

“No,” you said, firmly. “I want to tell you both about this, about that trip. I really want to share this with you. But I can’t talk about that.”

Jared shot Jensen a warning look when it looked like he was going to protest, and you shook your head, getting to your feet.

“Forget I said anything,” you murmured, grabbing the shirt and turning to leave.

“Y/N, wait,” Jared called, and you stopped, still facing the door. “We won’t ask any more questions.”

You looked back at them, seeing Jensen nod in agreement.

“I’m sorry, I just-” he sighed, looking up at you. “You’re my daughter.”

You nodded, walking back over and choosing to sit beside him this time.

“As your daughter, I want you to trust me that I’ll talk to you when I’m ready,” you told him, and he nodded, putting his arm around you and kissing the top of your head.

“So this James guy took you to Dallas?” he asked, and you smiled, grateful that he was willing to let it go.

“He’d packed a bag for me, not my clothes but close enough to my size so that I had a couple things to change into. We just explored the city on Saturday, and that was what I thought the whole present was,” you told them. “Like, I’d never been out of Oklahoma, I’d never got anything for my birthday before… I’d never been given anything without being expected to give something in return, so it was already the best birthday.

“But then on Sunday he drove us out to Arlington and told me we were going to the Cowboys - Giants game; bought me this jersey. I hadn’t really been into football before, but that game had me hooked.”

Jared nodded.

“That game,” he smiled, “2012, the one with the major comeback?”

“From twenty-three down,” you agreed. “We lost in the end but it was incredible. The atmosphere when we were clawing it back was unforgettable.”

“Damn, I wanted to be there,” Jensen laughed softly. “I’m actually really jealous that you got to see that live.”
You smiled, looking down at the shirt again.

“I never really saw James again after that weekend,” you admitted. “He’d broken up with my mom before we even went, so there was no reason to stay in touch with me.

“He apologised when he dropped me back home, though. Told me that he was sorry for leaving me with her, and that he hoped I’d enjoyed the weekend.”

You sniffed, nodding to yourself as Jensen rubbed soothing circles into your back.

“That was the best weekend of my entire life until I met y’all,” you admitted, smiling across at Jared. “Still my best birthday to date.”

Jared smiled back at you, reaching across the table and taking your hand.

“Thank you,” he told you, “For, you know, opening up.”

You nodded again, patting the jersey.

“Well, you won’t have to attempt to convert us to your team,” you laughed, leaning against Jensen. “Baby Dits can be a Cowboys baby, no worries.”

Jared grinned, getting to his feet and piling up all of the baby clothes.

“Gen is gonna buy herself and the baby some Seahawks stuff just to spite us, you know,” he told you, and you smiled back.

“I almost feel sorry for her,” you admitted, “You know, being so outnumbered. It’s why I never joined in with the football talk until now.”

“Don’t worry about her,” Jensen told you, smiling as he looked between you and Jared. “She likes to be the underdog.”

Your 32 week scan was attended by Gen and the boys, Jared missing out due to filming with Jensen that he couldn’t get out of.

“This pregnancy has already disrupted our filming schedule as it is,” Bob had reasoned; a conversation that required your hand in Jared’s for physical grounding purposes.

“Surely you can spare me for an hour-”

“We can’t,” Bob told him, firmly. “We could get three scenes filmed in that time.”

“Yeah, not likely,” Jared scoffed, “You’d be lucky if we finish one.”

“Which is exactly why we can’t spare you for an hour,” Bob explained.

Jared had gone to argue, but you squeezed his hand.

“We’ll bring you pictures,” you assured him, leading him out of Bob’s office as you realised his decision was final, “It’s okay.”

“I wanted to be there,” he murmured, letting go of your hand to wrap his arm around your shoulders. “I wanted to hear my baby.”
“Gen can film it,” you offered, nudging him with your elbow and trying to lighten the mood. “In a couple months you’ll be complaining about hearing the baby too much.”

He had laughed softly, reminding you that’s not what he meant before relenting.

“I just really wanted to go,” he told you, dropping the topic altogether after that.

Sitting in the waiting room, you realised you wanted him there, too.

Gen noticed your change in mood as your knee started bouncing involuntarily.

“Hey,” she murmured, resting a comforting hand on your thigh. “What’s up?”

You shrugged noncommittally.

“Nothin’,” you told her, smiling sadly. “Just kinda sucks Jared isn’t here. He’s only made it to one scan.”

“Yeah, and this’ll be only be your third,” she reminded you, shifting with Shep on her lap to face you slightly. “Besides, this way nobody can snap pictures of you leaving here with a potential baby daddy.”

You smiled, nodding and looking down at your bump.

“I hope everything is okay,” you thought aloud, and Gen squeezed your leg in reassurance.

“We have no reason to think it wouldn’t be,” she smiled. “We’re just gonna get a look at the baby, check out the placental location. This is all just for our own curiosity.”

“And for us to see Baby Ditto,” Tom added, and Shep nodded.

“I wanna see,” he agreed and you laughed softly, smiling at them both.

The coolness of the gel on your bump made you pull in a sharp breath, laughing at yourself when the sonographer smiled an apology.

“Whassat?” Shep asked, getting up and walking over beside you.

You smiled, running a hand through his hair as Tom moved to sit in Gen’s lap.

“It’s just some gel, buddy,” you explained. “It’s gonna help the machine show us Baby Ditto.”

He nodded, staying right beside you as the sonographer moved the probe over your bump, the screen picking up an image of your baby.

“Wow,” you breathed, looking over at Gen before looking back at the screen. “Baby got big.”

“Yeah?” the sonographer asked. “A bit of a change since your last scan?”

You nodded as Tom got up, standing next to Shep as the two of them frowned at the screen.

“Do you see?” you asked, and they both nodded despite still looking unsure.

You laughed softly, explaining to them what they were seeing in terms that they’d understand.

“That’s Baby Ditto?” Tom asked, and you smiled.
“Yeah, buddy,” you confirmed. “That’s your little brother or sister.”

“Woah,” Shep smiled. “Are they comin’ soon?”

“Hopefully not too soon,” Gen told him. “There’s still a couple months baking time.”

“I can tell you the sex, if you want to know?” the sonographer asked, and you shook your head.

“Oh, we know already,” you told her, carding your fingers through Shep’s hair again. “We’re keeping it a secret just in case. It’s never a hundred percent so we don’t want to confuse the boys if the baby comes and it’s not what they were expecting.”

She nodded in understanding.

“Do you wanna hear the heartbeat?” she asked, and the boys were nodding before you had a chance to answer.

Gen stood, pulling out her phone and starting up the camera.

“I promised she’d film it for the dad,” you explained.

The sonographer smiled, switching something on the monitor and moving the probe as you heard what you were waiting for.

Tom and Shep looked confused, but you and Gen were completely taken by the noise.

You’d heard the heartbeat at the last scan, but it didn’t fail to make everything more real.

“Heartbeat is in the 130s,” you were informed, and you nodded.

“That’s okay, right?”

“Oh, yes, perfectly normal,” she assured you. “Anywhere between 120 and 160 is what we expect, so this is a healthy heart rate.”

You let out a slight sigh of relief.

“So, everything seems okay?”

“Yes,” she agreed. “Position, fetal heart rate, size and development; it’s all as expected at this point.”

You nodded, feeling an incredible sense of calm wash over you as you watched your baby.

“Babe?” Gen spoke, causing you to turn your head towards her and see that she was still recording. “That’s your baby’s heartbeat. It’s incredible.”

“Yeah,” you smiled, looking back at the screen, enamoured with the image. “It is.”
Once Jensen and Danneel’s room was completely renovated in your new house, Jensen was able to move in and help with the decoration of Baby Ditto’s nursery while you weren’t filming.

It was the last room that needed to be renovated, so it was all hands on deck when you were home to get it ready.

Three of the walls were painted white, the fourth made into a feature with white and silver tree design wallpaper.

The floor, much like Tom and Shep’s room, was covered in a light blue-grey carpet, the drawers at the bottom of Baby Ditto’s crib painted navy.

You and Gen had picked out decorations for the blank walls, and as you put up the trio of ‘Guess How Much I Love You’ canvases, it suddenly hit you that this baby was going to be in your arms in a couple of months.

“What?” Gen asked as you took a step back, looking at the wall. “What’s up?”

“There’s gonna be a baby living in here,” you murmured, looking back at the crib and the shelves that were starting to fill with books for the baby. “My baby.”

“Yeah,” she smiled, admiring the room.

“That’s just… crazy,” you laughed, running a hand over your bump. “I hope I’m a good mom. I don’t wanna fuck up.”

“You’ll be a great mom,” she assured you. “And you’re gonna fuck up.”

You let out a surprised laugh, but she just smiled.

“Sweetie, that’s part of motherhood,” she reminded you, wrapping her arm around your waist and resting her temple against yours as you both looked at the wall. “I don’t want you to beat yourself up when you mess up, because that’s normal. Nobody is a super-mom in real life.”

You scoffed fondly.

“You’re a super-mom,” you argued. “You can do no wrong.”

She laughed, stepping in front of you and pulling you down into a soft kiss.

“You’re a liar,” she grinned, her arms around your neck, “But you have me to help anyway.”

“Yeah, until you have to move back home,” you murmured, gently pushing her loose bangs behind her ear. “You’re gonna leave me and it’s all gonna fall apart.”

“You’re such a martyr,” she teased, pecking your lips again. “The boys have to move back, they’re already gonna have to be homeschooled for a couple months. But you’ll have Jared. And Jay, and Mish. You know Briana’s just round the corner, too. If you really need help, she’ll be here if she’s not busy.”

“I know,” you sighed, resting your hands on her hips. “I’m just gonna miss you.”
Gen rolled her eyes.

“I’m gonna be here for another couple months, babe,” she reminded you. “Don’t mourn me yet.”

You smiled, leaning in to kiss her again, making the most of this rare moment of quiet as Jared and Jensen were keeping the boys entertained downstairs.

Well, you thought they were, but Tom walking into the nursery told you otherwise.

“Hey, baby,” Gen smiled, stepping away so that he could stand between the two of you.

“Daddy sent me up,” he admitted, and you laughed softly.

“Are you a little spy?”

“Yup,” he admitted, taking one of your hands and one of Gen’s, leading the two of you from the room.

“Alright, we’re coming,” Gen smiled, letting go of his hand and ruffling his hair so it was easier to walk behind the two of you.

When you got to the bottom of the stairs, Tom let go of your hand and rushed through to the front room.

“They were kissin’ in Baby Ditto’s room,” he announced and Gen laughed, wrapping her arm around your waist as you followed him in.

“We were having a moment,” she reasoned, smiling as she saw Shep sat on Jensen’s lap, a game of Monopoly set up on the coffee table. “Are we playing?”

“Yeah,” Jared confirmed as Tom sat down next to him, and you bit your lip, surveying the game as you took a seat.

“What’s up?” Jensen asked, and you laughed softly.

“I, uh-” you cleared your throat, nodding to the board, “I’ve never played.”

Jared looked at you, incredulous.

“You’re twenty years old and you’ve never played Monopoly,” he clarified, and you shrugged.

“Not like I had a board-game kinda family.”

Gen shot Jared a scolding look, sitting down next to you.

“It’s okay, we can be a team,” she told you, nudging you teasingly. “You can learn from the best.”

“I’m a team with Uncle Jay,” Shep announced, and Tom nodded.

“Me and Daddy are, too.”

You smiled, picking up one of the playing pieces and feeling the weight of it in your hand.

“I didn’t realise it was a team game,” you murmured, and Gen laughed softly.

“It’s not usually,” she admitted, “But you’re learning and they’re little.”
You let out a huff of laughter, placing your piece back on the board.

“Okay,” you allowed. “How do we start?”

On Saturday morning, you were woken before your VanCon alarm by your phone ringing with Danneel’s ringtone.

You swung your legs off of the bed, waking Gen in the un-elegant process as you reached for your phone.

“What time s’it?” she grumbled, and you shrugged.

“Just after six,” you told her, answering the call before it woke Jared, too.

You walked through to the nursery, trying to keep the 6am disruptions as limited as possible.

“Momma D?” you murmured, your voice low with sleep. “What’s up?”

“Baby, I’m so so sorry.”

You instantly felt more awake as her voice cracked, your heart racing as you tried to understand.

“Sorry?” you asked. “Dan, what-?”

“She’s sold a story,” she told you. “Sweetheart, she’s sold some shit on you, I’m so sorry.”

You knew who ‘she’ was instantly, but you had to clarify.

“You mean my mom?”

“Do not call her that,” she demanded, her usually soft voice taking on a sharp edge. “Not after this. She’s- she’s-”

“Hey, it’s okay,” you assured her, knowing that she was about to cry. “I knew this would happen at some point. It’s okay.”

You could hear her taking a deep breath, trying to calm herself down.

“Why won’t she just leave you alone?” she asked, her question quiet.

“Because she’s a bitch,” you reasoned. “Look… this sucks. But you’re right. She’s not my mom, you are. Whatever she’s told everyone… that’s my past, okay? You and Jen, Jared and Genevieve, this baby… y’all are my future. It’s okay.”

“How are you handling this so well?” she asked, and you laughed softly.

“I haven’t read the article,” you reminded her. “Plus, I’ve had twenty years of this woman’s shit to prepare me for it.”

She sighed, and you leant against the crib, looking over at the canvases you and Gen had put up.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart.”

“Not your fault,” you reminded her, smiling at Gen as she cracked open the door. “Thanks for warning me.”
“I just… I know it’s early but I didn’t want you hearing it from someone else,” Danneel explained, and you nodded even though she couldn’t see it. “I’m gonna see what we can do about suing the magazine-”

“Don’t,” you sighed as Gen closed the door behind her, walking over to you. “Let her have her five minutes of fame. I don’t want her to think that we care.”

“If you change your mind…”

“I’ll get Jensen on it,” you promised. “I’m gonna read that article now.”

“Alright, baby,” she sighed. “I need to check on the twins, anyway.”

“Tell Tex I miss her,” you told her, and she laughed softly.

“Of course,” she promised. “Have fun at the convention, okay?”

“We will,” you assured her. “Love you.”

“Love you, too.”

You hung up with a sigh, meeting Gen’s questioning gaze.

“Article?” she asked, and you shrugged.

“My birth mom sold something, I guess,” you explained. “I haven’t read it but I’m expecting it to be pretty shitty.”

Gen smiled sadly, pulling you into a hug.

“Well, let’s read this shit and get another hour of sleep,” she murmured. “You’ve got a busy schedule today.”

You nodded, letting her lead you back through to your bedroom, where Jared was sitting up against the headboard.

“Why’re we up so early?” he asked, his easy tone betrayed by his concerned expression.

“She Who Shall Not Be Named sold a story on Y/N,” Gen explained as you crawled into the middle of the bed, Jared instantly wrapping an arm around your shoulders while Gen retrieved her laptop from the shelf in your nightstand. “Dee called to warn us.”

Jared placed a kiss to the top of your head while Gen got in beside you, opening her computer and waiting for the browser to load.

You held your breath as she typed ‘Y/N Ackles’ into the search bar, knowing any recent news would pop up first.

You weren’t disappointed, seeing what Danneel had been talking about instantly.

‘It broke my heart when she left, but she never even looked back.’

Y/N Ackles’ real mom opens up about the heartbreak of her daughter leaving her to pursue her
‘Real mom,’” Jared read, practically spitting the words. “What the fuck is this?”

Gen clicked on the article and you all started to read it.

Speaking for the first time since the adoption was made public, Y/N Ackles’ birth mother reveals how her daughter’s actions have broken her heart.

The article continued to paint you as a terrible daughter, your birth mom coming across as a saint.

‘I hadn’t heard from her since she left,’ she told our reporter. ‘She just cut me out, and then she got adopted by this celebrity family… I wasn’t even informed.’

“Oh course she wasn’t fucking informed,” Gen grumbled. “She tried to beat you up in the fucking airport.”

“Nobody knows that,” you reminded her, your eyes still skimming the article. “Jensen’s lawyers made sure none of the videos were spread. We were trying to keep my family shit away from the public.”

‘I always knew she was a social climber. I mean, she dropped me as soon as she could,’ she continued, fighting back tears. ‘I’m her mom, you know? I’m just sad that this family can’t see that she’s just using them. Their status, their money, their power and protection. As soon as she finds someone better she’ll leave them like she left me. Y/N… she’s my daughter, but she’s never acted like it.’

You stopped reading once you were certain that it was all complete bullshit, but Gen and Jared made it all the way to the end, the two of them seething once they’d finished.

“That… entire thing,” Jared murmured as Gen closed her laptop, “Was complete bullshit.”

“Big surprise,” you yawned, laying back down properly. “Everything that woman does is to hurt me. She’s not allowed physically near me anymore, so this is all she has.”

Jared and Gen shared a look, before Gen laid down next to you.

“Y/N,” she whispered, her eyes full of sympathy.

“Don’t,” you replied, smiling softly. “I’m okay.”

Jared shifted beside you, brushing your hair from your forehead.

“Y/N, you-”

“I’m serious,” you insisted, closing your eyes and settling into the pillows. “Can we just sleep? Please.”

“Okay, baby,” Gen agreed, throwing an arm over your bump. “But you can talk to us, you know that?”

“Mhm,” you hummed, letting out a soft sigh as you finally felt Jared relax again.

“Alright,” he murmured, placing a kiss to your shoulder. “Get some rest.”
You’d decided your course of action as soon as your alarm had gone off that morning.

Once you were dressed and ready for the convention, you snapped a picture in the closet mirror with your left arm over your undeniably prominent bump.

Without responding to - or even acknowledging - any of the tweets and comments about your birth mom’s article, you posted the picture to Instagram and shared it across all of your social media accounts.

You refused to give her any kind of reaction.

You were acutely aware, however, that there would be many questions at the convention this weekend that you’d have to answer.

The article was the first public acknowledgement of her being your mother, seeing as you’d never spoken about your family to any reporters or magazines in the past. The only other times she had been mentioned were at conventions, which meant many of your followers wouldn’t have heard anything about your birth family.

You knew what you had to do to put it to rest, and as soon as you got to the convention hotel you were ready to start putting it into action.

You’d managed to talk to Rob and the band in one of the green rooms set up for the guests, getting them and Briana on board with your idea before you got called for photo ops.
You had a solo panel that afternoon, and all throughout your lunch break you were anxious about it.

Gen had met you for lunch and, sensing your nerves, she offered to ask the organisers to cancel the panel or put someone else on with you.

“That’ll just make me look guilty,” you had reminded her with a sigh. “It’s fine. I’ll be alright.”

She didn’t look convinced but promised she’d be backstage ready to crash just in case anything happened or it seemed like you weren’t coping.

As you stood backstage, waiting for Rob and Rich to call your name and welcome you out, your heart was beating erratically in your chest.

“You’ve got this,” Gen reminded you, and you nodded.

“I’ve got nothing to hide,” you told her, convincing yourself at the same time.

She went to speak again, but it was drowned out by noise from the stage.

“Please give a warm welcome to our favourite pregnant woman in the world right now, Y/N Ackles!”

You laughed at Rob’s choice of introduction, kissing Gen softly before making your way out on stage, grateful that you weren’t greeted by an unwelcoming crowd.

“What’s up, ‘Couver?” you asked into your microphone, hugging Rob and Rich before taking a seat on the stool provided as the crowd continued to cheer.

“That’s right, take a seat,” Rich teased. “God, you got pregnanter.”

“That’s not a word,” Rob laughed, and you smiled, put at ease by their easy banter.

“You know what I mean,” Rich reasoned, standing beside you and patting your bump. “The bump is growing.”

“That’s kinda what happens when you have a child growing inside you,” you told him, causing the audience to laugh.

“Really?” he asked, and you nodded. “What else happens?”

“You want to eat everything and you wake up like ten times a night to pee,” you told him, and he pulled a face. “Yeah, it’s not glamorous at all.”

“I don’t know,” Rob winked, “You look pretty glam to me.”

“Stop flirting, you’re married,” Rich told him, “And she’s… taken.”

He cringed as he said it, realising he didn’t quite know what to say to cover it up.

“I’m also super pregnant and not up for any funny business, boys,” you joked, trying to show him that his slip up was okay. “Alright, you have places to be and I have questions to answer and stories to tell.”

They laughed, kissing your cheeks in turn.
Rich whispered a quick apology, but you shook your head, letting him know it’s okay as they waved to the crowd.

“Be good to her, she’s only little,” Rich told them all, causing Rob to laugh.

“She says you,” he teased.

“She says you,” Rich shot back as the two of them finally left the stage, leaving the crowd laughing after them.

You waited for the noise to die down before lifting the mic to your lips again.

“I hope y’all are having a good time,” you smiled, looking out into the audience. “It’s my first time at VanCon even though I was already filming this time last year, but the boys tell me y’all are a good crowd?”

They cheered their agreement and you laughed.

“Glad to see my new hometown is full of so many happy people,” you told them, feeling more at ease as the time went by.

You took a deep breath before nodding to the people running the mics, letting the first person step forward for questions.

“Hi,” you smiled, and she smiled back.

“Hi, my name’s Olivia,” she told you.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Y/N.”

She laughed, nodding.

“Yeah, I’m… I know,” she reminded you, and you grinned.

“Well, I didn’t wanna assume,” you explained, shifting on your seat and resting your hand on your bump. “What’s your question?”

“It’s… I don’t wanna offend you, but it was about the article this morning,” she admitted, and you swallowed as you nodded slowly for her to continue. “I know that every story has two sides but I noticed that you didn’t try to defend yourself.”

“Yeah,” you sighed, and she cringed.

“It’s okay,” you assured her. “Ask what you wanna know.”

“I was just…” she paused, figuring out how to word what she was asking. “Was there any truth to what she said?”

You nodded contemplatively as you thought about your answer.

“Okay, so for y’all that somehow haven’t seen, someone sold an article on me,” you explained. “She basically said that I’m a terrible person and I left a loving mother behind in Oklahoma to climb my way to the top of the social ladder without so much as a phone call to check in at ‘home’.”
You sighed, running a hand over your bump; a silent apology to your baby for bringing up your bitch of a birth mother again.

“Honestly?” you asked, and Olivia nodded. “Yeah. There was some truth.”

Murmurs went around the room, but they remained quiet as they waited for you to continue.

“I did completely cut her out of my life,” you admitted, holding eye contact with a few people in the audience. “But she was never a mother to me. She openly told me, several times to my face, that she didn’t want me. She has proven time and time again that she doesn’t love me; so that’s why I left when I got the chance and never looked back. Now I’ve got a family that loves me and she wants to ruin that for me, too.”

You sighed again, biting your lip.

“Look, I know a lot of y’all aren’t gonna believe me, but that’s the truth,” you told them, meeting Olivia’s eyes again. “She was… never fit to be a mother. We weren’t as close as she tried to make us out to be in that article. She never wanted to be my mom, and now she’s not.”

You could tell that nobody knew how to react, so you smiled, changing the subject.

“I’m not gonna talk about her anymore though, okay?” you asked, and she nodded. “Danneel is my mom. I love her and Jensen and my brother and sisters with my whole heart, so they’re the only family I want to discuss.”

“Thank you,” Olivia told you, “For being honest with us.”

You shrugged.

“I’ve never been dishonest with y’all, y’know?” you assured her. “There are things I can’t tell you just yet, but I’ve never lied to y’all about anything.”

She smiled, thanking you again before finding her seat.

“Alright, if any of y’all waiting to ask question are wanting to talk about the woman who sold that article, please don’t,” you laughed softly. “I’m done letting her rule over my conversations.”

The next girl took to the microphone, smiling shyly up at you.

“Hold on a sec, sweetie. I need some water,” you apologised, having to get off of the stool to get the water bottle beside you, unable to just bend and reach from sitting because your bump was in the way. “God, being pregnant is getting old.”

That broke the tension as a ripple of laughter spread around the crowd.

“Sorry, babe,” you apologised again as you sat back down and opened the cap.

“It’s okay,” she smiled, “I wanted to ask about your real family, if that’s okay?”

You frowned at her words, but she clarified herself before you could ask.

“As in the family now,” she told you, and you nodded, taking a drink. “Well we’ve seen that you call Jensen ‘Dad’ and Danneel is ‘Momma D’, I was wondering if you refer to Jared as ‘Uncle Jared’ or-?”

You nearly choked on your water as you shook your head, swallowing before you could answer
“No, no, I-” you cleared your throat, trying to regain composure so you didn’t come across as too suspicious. “I call Jensen ‘Dad’ around the kids, but most of the time he’s still Jensen or Jay. Jared is just Jared. I… yeah, Jared.”

She laughed softly at your reaction, and you managed to laugh at yourself.

“Sorry, you caught me by surprise. It’s a… it’s a long story,” you hedged. “Too much of a story for me to share now, but… yeah, sorry.”

“No, it’s fine,” she assured you. “Thanks for answering.”

“Thanks for asking,” you smiled, taking a proper drink as she left for her seat.

The next person that stepped up for a question had a small bag in her hands, and you frowned inquisitively over at her.

“Hey,” you greeted. “How’re you?”

“I’m okay,” she told you. “Thank you for coming out to see us today.”

“Thank you for coming out to see me,” you replied, curious as to what she was holding but not wanting to ask, “I’m not very interesting.”

She shook her head.

“I’m sure that’s not true.”

You smiled, screwing the cap back onto your bottle and letting it drop to the floor, “You’re too kind. Do you have a question?”

“Oh, yeah,” she laughed, scratching her shoulder self-consciously. “I actually have something for you but-”

The volunteer at the mic went to stop her, but you interrupted.

“No, it’s okay,” you assured her. “It’s not like I have to fit it back in my case, I live like around the corner.”

The girl at the mic smiled, relieved, and you realised that you hadn’t taken her name.

“Come up here, I can’t jump down because I’m a fucking whale,” you joked, getting off the stool and walking to the edge of the stage. “What’s your name?”

“Brit,” she told you, making her way over to the stage.

“What’ve you got there, Brit?” you asked as she handed you the bag.

“It’s for the baby,” she explained as you encouraged her to join you on stage, sitting back up on the stool with the bag on your lap.

You opened it up, a grin finding it’s way onto your face at the soft knitted shark plushie inside, blue and white wool expertly used throughout.

“You tweeted in Shark Week that-”
“I freaking love sharks, yeah,” you laughed, “Oh my God, did you make this?”

She nodded, blushing profusely.

“I didn’t know if it was a girl or a boy, but you like sharks so I figured…”

“Baby Ditto’s nursery is these colours, so this will go perfect in there,” you grinned, and she smiled. “Brit, can I have a hug?”

You got up again as she nodded, pulling her into a hug.

“I love it,” you told her quietly. “Thank you so much.”

“Mhm,” she smiled as she pulled back, and you grinned at her, speaking into the mic again.

“I’m not kidding, this is so great,” you told her as she got down from the stage to find her seat again. “I can’t wait to show the dad. He’s almost as into Shark Week as I was so this baby has to love them, too.”

You put the shark back into the bag and placed it beside your chair, still grinning to yourself.

“Y’all, if it wasn’t already clear, sharks are the tits,” you laughed. “I can’t believe you made that in like… what, two weeks since I tweeted? Brit… you’re a hero.”

The crowd laughed, expecting you to move on, but now you were in the shark mood you couldn’t stop.

“Alright, time for some shark facts with Auntie Y/N that none of y’all asked for,” you announced, deciding to stay standing so you could move around. “Did y’all know that most species of shark would die if they stopped moving? Like they don’t have the right muscles to pump the water through their mouths and over their gills, so they’d drown. But as long as they keep swimming, they’re okay.”

The audience laughed, your enthusiasm seemingly endearing to them but you were too wrapped up in it to care.

“Y’all, fuck,” you laughed. “Did y’all watch much of the coverage? It was such a great week for television. It is every year.”

The crowd began talking amongst themselves about how much of Shark Week that they’d seen, but your train of thought wasn’t over.

“Humans are responsible for the death of like 100 million sharks per year, man,” you announced, resting a hand on you bump. “That’s gotta change, y’know? What if they die out and Baby Dits has to grow up in a world where all sharks are endangered? That’s why Shark Week is so important, like it gets people interested in sharks so hopefully it’ll make a difference.”

“You’re rambling, sweetie.”

Gen’s voice through the speakers surprised you as she walked out on stage to a wild applause.

You laughed, pulling her into a hug and resisting the urge to kiss the proud smile from her lips.

“Genevieve Padalecki, ladies and gents!” you introduced as if they didn’t already know who she was, causing another round of cheers from the crowd.
“I’m just here to monitor the amount of time you spend talking about sharks,” she teased, and you grinned, nodding to the bag containing the toy.

“You should see what Brit made, it’s so great,” you assured her, and she rolled her eyes.

“I like sharks as much as the next person, but we’re at a Supernatural convention, not a shark conservation seminar,” she reminded you, causing the audience to laugh. “Also, you just referred to yourself as ‘Auntie Y/N’ and well over half of the people in this room are older than you.”

You laughed, your hair falling in your eyes as you shook your head.

You pushed it back behind your ear as Gen looked towards the line of people waiting for questions.

“Next question for Miss Ackles, please,” she requested, shooting you a wink. “Try to steer clear of sharks though, or we’ll never get out of here.”

Singing during the Saturday Night Special was nerve-racking but well worth it for the payoff.

The boys were in bed when you and Jensen got home, and Jensen excused himself pretty quickly to get some sleep before their morning panel.

You found Jared and Gen on the couch, looking at something on Gen’s phone as you sat down beside them.

“What’cha looking at?” you asked, leaning into them.

“Your performance,” Gen grinned, turning up the volume. “You did great.”

You rolled your eyes, but Jared nodded in agreement.

“It’s like a big ‘fuck you’ to the birth mom without explicitly saying it,” he smiled, pride evident on his face. “Plus you sounded great.”

You laughed softly, pulling your phone out of your pocket.

“Can you send me that video?” you asked, and Gen nodded, closing the video to send you the link.

“What are you gonna do with it?” Jared asked, and you shrugged.

“Tweet,” you explained. “I guess people that aren’t at the convention need some kind of response to that article.”

Jared rested a comforting hand on your thigh as you composed the tweet.
You were back at the convention hotel again on Sunday; the only ‘main’ cast member to fully attend the whole weekend of the convention seeing as you would have to miss the next couple due to being too far along to fly.

You had a lot of photo ops to do - duos with Jared, duos with Jensen, groups with Jared and Jensen, along with some more singles and a couple of extras with Briana and the rest of the girls left over from Saturday - and a few more hours of autographs to sign before a last panel with Jared and Jensen.

Your autographs went quickly, and you received a few more gifts for the baby along with a couple of questions about your performance song choice. You answered them with as much honesty as you could while leaving out the messy truth of your childhood.

You weren’t trying to protect your mother from the truth coming out, after the article stunt you could not give less of a shit what people thought about her, but you didn’t want people looking at you like a wounded puppy or pitying you for what you’d gone through.

You were where you were because of hard work and dedication, not because of hand outs from people that felt sorry for you.

When it came to your panel with Jared and Jensen, you were entirely unsurprised to see Gen backstage with Tom and Shep.
“They’re gonna join y’all for a couple questions,” Gen informed you and you nodded, trying not to worry about the possibility of slip-ups.

“They know not to mention anything about the baby or us,” Jared reminded you, and you smiled.

“Yeah, I know,” you assured them, ruffling Shep’s hair. “They’re good boys.”

That was all the talk you got before you were all being introduced and going out on stage.

Rich and Rob stayed up with the three of you for a while, joking back and forth before leaving you to your panel.

The first few questions were for Jared and Jensen so you took a seat and listened to them telling stories, interjecting only when you had something to say.

You were surprised when the guy stepping up to ask a question next directed it at you.

“I’ve got a question for Y/N, actually,” he admitted, and you grinned, getting to your feet and standing between Jared and Jensen.

“Hi,” you smiled, and he smiled back.

“Hey,” he replied. “I was wondering… are you single?”

You could feel Jared tense beside you as you and Jensen both let out a surprised laugh.

“That’s very flattering seeing as I’m the size of a house right now,” you blushed, biting your lip, “But I’m actually still with Baby Ditto’s father and—yeah.”

He nodded in understanding, and you laughed softly at yourself for adding the ‘and’.

Where the fuck were you going with that?

“Well, if that ever goes wrong… you know where I am,” he offered, and Jensen squared his shoulders protectively.

“Hey, don’t you gotta ask me first?” he challenged, and the guy raised his hands in surrender.

“Alright, Dad! Jensen needs to chill out,” you smiled, elbowing him. “You know I’m not planning on ending my relationship anytime soon. Sorry buddy.”

You addressed the fan at the mic at the last part, and he laughed slightly.

“No problem,” he smiled. “He’s a lucky guy.”

“Yeah, try telling him that,” you teased, “He won’t let me eat candy or takeout anymore.”

Jared finally laughed at that, and you allowed a look up at him to find him shaking his head with mirth.

“That doesn’t stop you stealing my gummy bears on set,” Jensen interrupted, and you gasped in faux-offence.

“I didn’t steal anything!”

“They’re clearly marked,” he argued. “Jensen’s Bears.”
You shook your head.

“One time Momma D told me what’s yours is mine, Dad,” you reminded him.

“Which applies in the house,” he allowed. “Also, we don’t mark food in the house so yeah, fair game. Those bears were labelled, kiddo.”

You huffed in mock irritation, running a hand over your bump.

“I’m your daughter, you’re supposed to provide me with candy. Especially now I’m pregnant and craving.”

“Please,” Jared scoffed. “Kiddo, you haven’t had cravings at all. You just wanted gummy bears because you couldn’t have any at home.”

The crowd laughed and you covered your bump protectively.

“Hey, quit picking on me I’m too pregnant to defend myself,” you complained, and Jensen rolled his eyes.

“You can’t play the pregnant card for everything.”

“I can and I will,” you shrugged, causing another round of laughter. “I’ve only got that card for another, what, seven weeks? Let me have this.”

“Alright, alright,” Jensen laughed, throwing an arm over your shoulders. “Who’s got the next question?”

You wrapped your arm around his waist and leant into him as the girl stepped up to the mic.

“Hey,” Jared smiled, and she blushed.

“Hi, my name’s Y/N,” she announced, and you grinned.

“That’s an excellent name,” you told her, and she laughed.

“It sure is,” she agreed. “My question is for you, actually.”

Jensen pushed you away teasingly as you smiled for her to continue.

“I was wondering if there’s anything that you want to give Baby Ditto that you didn’t get as a kid?”

“Ooh,” Jensen nodded. “That’s a good one.”

“Yeah,” you agreed, taking a moment to think. “Well, there’s the obvious; a loving family.”

Murmurs went around the room again, but you shook your head.

“I don’t just mean me loving the baby,” you explained, “That’s a given. But Baby Dits is gonna have Momma D and Grandpa Jensen—”

“Cool Uncle Jay,” Jensen interrupted.

“And Auntie Tex,” you continued, ignoring him and making the audience laugh. “And Arrow and Zep will grow up in the grade above so they’ll hopefully be friends.”

“They’ve gotta be, they’re family,” Jensen assured you, and you nodded.
“That’s my point,” you agreed. “Plus, this baby has a father and I never had one of those. And Jared and his family, we’ve got it all. A big support system.”

Y/N nodded, and you smiled as another thought came into your head.

“Oh, and a dog.”

Jared looked down at you, raising his eyebrows in surprise.

“That’s the first we’ve heard of that,” he announced, and you nodded.

“Yeah well y’all have your own dogs,” you shrugged. “I’ve never had a pet.”

“So you want your baby growing up with a fur-baby?” Jensen clarified, and you shook your head.

“Not necessarily a baby,” you allowed. “I’m a firm believer in ‘adopt, don’t shop’.”

The crowd erupted in cheers of agreement, and you nodded.

“Plus I think having a pet teaches kids important skills,” you continued. “Like leadership and responsibility. And those youtube videos of dogs and babies? The cutest shit out there.”

Jared looked at you curiously, and you frowned.

“You really want a dog?” he asked.

“I mean, I have a house now. It’s got a yard,” you shrugged. “I could get a dog.”

He nodded slowly, biting his lip.

“Alright.”

You frowned softly, realising how suspicious it could come across.

“What, like she needs permission?” Jensen asked, breaking the tension. “Dits does what the fuck she wants. She wants a dog, she’ll get one.”

Jared laughed, and you nodded.

“Damn right,” you agreed, looking back at Y/N. “A family and a dog, that’s my answer.”

“That’s a great answer,” she smiled, and you thanked her for coming, looking up at Jared as he pulled back from the mic.

“For real?” he murmured, and you nodded.

“Yeah.”

You held eye contact for a moment until Jensen nudged you, making you remember where you were.

He changed the subject and the rest of the panel passed quickly, the boys joining you on stage for the last few minutes.

When you got backstage, Jared pulled you into a hug.

“We can go to some shelters if you want,” he murmured, and you pulled back to look at him.
“Are you serious?”

“It’s something you never got,” he smiled. “If it’s important to you, it’s important to me.”

You broke into a grin, leaning up to kiss him.

“We’re getting a dog,” you murmured against his lips, making him smile.

“I guess we are.”
Jared wasn’t kidding about looking for a dog.

You knew you needed to find one that would be good with kids - especially little ones seeing as you were due in less than two months.

Due to filming schedules you found it difficult to find time to go to shelters, but you were able to look around online for rescue dogs in the area.

One in particular caught your eye, and after a visit to her foster home after work one afternoon both you and Jared knew she was the pup for you.

The foster owner’s daughter recognised the two of you, and you just about managed to cover up why Jared was with you by telling them he had driven you while Jensen was still on set.

She seemed to buy it, happy with a picture with both of you before you left.

There was some more details you had to settle with the adoption charity, but you were sure this was the pet that would complete your home.

___________________________________________________________

The day you were ready to pick up your new dog, Jared was called onto set in the morning.

“It’s okay, Gen can drive you,” he assured you. “That way the boys can meet her before you bring her home.”

You had agreed, too excited about getting the dog to be annoyed that Jared had to go to work.

Tom and Shep were giddy the whole drive over, and you weren’t much better.

Their questioning of ‘are we nearly there?’ didn’t even bother you; you were thinking the exact same thing.

Pulling up outside, you were practically vibrating with excitement.

Gen took the keys from the ignition and turned in her seat to face the boys in the back.

“There’s people in this house who know who Daddy and Y/N are, okay?” she told them, and Tom nodded in understanding.

“We can’t say anythin’ about Baby Ditto,” he explained to Shep, who nodded.

“Like at covetions?” he asked, and Gen grinned.

“Yeah, buddy. Like at conventions,” she agreed. “That okay?”

They both nodded enthusiastically, keen to get inside and meet the new dog.

The sound of the doorbell started a cacophony of barks, Shep excitedly jumping from foot to foot when he realised there was more than one dog inside.
“We’re still only getting the one, remember that,” Gen laughed, and he nodded.

“I know but I get to pet more,” he explained, making you laugh as the door opened.

“Y/N,” the woman smiled, looking over your entourage with a soft frown.

“Sorry, Gen is my ride today. Jared had to work,” you explained. “These are her kids, Tom and Shep.”


“BaileyBaileyBaileyBailey,” Shep repeated excitedly, and you ruffled his hair on your way inside the house.

Bailey was laying on the carpet in the living room, and you crouched to snap a quick picture before she got up to greet you.

“Hey, sweetie,” you grinned as she sniffed at you. “Ready to come home?”

Tom was busy petting Ash’s dog on the couch, but Shep was stood beside you waiting - surprisingly patiently - to pet Bailey.

“She can’t hear very well,” you explained, “So you’re gonna have to learn some hand signals.”

“Yah,” he agreed. “Can I pet her?”

“‘Course you can,” Ash told him, her and Gen entering the room with Bailey’s belongings.

Using the couch to help you get to your feet - this pregnancy thing was becoming more and more of a hindrance - you beckoned Tom over to come and meet your new pet.

Ash spent a while teaching the gestures that Bailey knew to the boys, until they knew how to call her over and get her to sit, lay down, all of the basics.

“She’s a good girl,” Tom announced, and you grinned.

“She is,” you agreed. “And I get to take her home.”

“She comin’ t’Texas?” Shep asked, and Tom elbowed him in chastisement.

“Hey, don’t hit your brother,” Gen warned, and you sighed.

“Vancouver home, buddy,” you explained. “My house.”

Shep nodded, looking very much like he wanted to ask more but realising that he might be overstepping.


You motioned Bailey over to you, bubbling with warmth as she sat beside you, resting against your leg.

“How is she in the car?” you asked Ash.

“She’s great, calm as anything,” she told you, scritching between Bailey’s ears with her free hand.
“Let’s get this stuff loaded and then you can be on your way.”

Back in the car, with Bailey happily laying in the generous trunk, it was evident that the boys had a few questions.

“Alright,” you said once Gen had pulled off of the drive and into the street. “What are you thinking?”

“Is she stayin’ in Vancouver forever?” Shep asked first, and you laughed softly.

“She’s gonna live with me forever,” you told him. “On summer hiatus she’ll probably come to Texas if we can drive down, but she’ll be up here while I am.”

He nodded, looking out the window as Tom piped up.

“What’s wrong with her feet?”

“We think she was born with deformed front paws,” you explained, “But she can use them like a normal dog and they don’t hurt her.”

“Will she like Arlo?” Shep asked, and Gen let out a soft laugh at all of the questions.

“I hope so,” you told them. “She seems to get along with boy dogs better than girls, so we think she’ll be alright with Arlo. And Oscar and Icarus.”

“And she loves children,” Gen added. “Even little babies so your little brother or sister will be very safe with Bailey.”

“That was my next question,” Tom murmured. “Some dogs don’t like babies.”

“Bailey is very good with babies,” you promised, shifting to look at him. “We wouldn’t have chosen her if we thought she wouldn’t get on with Baby Ditto, okay?”

He nodded as Bailey sat up, looking out of the window at the cars passing by.

“I think she’ll like her new family,” he told you, wisely.

“Yeah,” Gen agreed, looking across at you briefly before fixing her eyes back on the road. “We’ve got a lot of love to give.”
You knew something was up the second you pulled onto your driveway after the two hour drive home and Jensen’s car was there.

It was lunchtime so he and Jared were supposed to be shooting; they’d left before you went to collect Bailey and weren’t due to be home until that evening.

“Maybe they just got done quickly,” Gen offered as you got out of the car.

“Jared and Jensen? Have you met them?” you teased, and she laughed while she helped the boys out.

“I don’t know what to tell you, babe,” she shrugged as you opened the trunk to let Bailey out.

Bailey was excited, sniffing the air as soon as the door was open to get used to her surroundings.

“Welcome home, buddy,” you grinned, kissing the top of her head before letting her jump down.

“We got you a soft bed an’ some toys an’ loadsa treats,” Tom told her, and Shep frowned.

“She can’t hear you,” he reminded his brother, but Tom just shrugged.

“I don’t care, I love her.”
You grinned as Shep nodded.

“Yeah. She’s nice.”

Tom helped Gen with the rest of Bailey’s stuff - favourite toys, blankets, things that would help her settle in - as you and Shep made your way to the front door.

You gave Shep Bailey’s leash as you unlocked the door, pushing it open so he could walk in first.

The sight of familiar little shoes in the entryway had your heart racing.

“Oh my God,” you breathed, kicking off your shoes as Gen and Tom followed you into the house, Shep letting Bailey off of her leash as you rushed through to the front room.

You stopped still in the doorway, Bailey accidentally bashing into your legs from the unexpected halt, as you took in the sight before you.

The room was full of people; castmates, friends from the crew, and - most importantly - Danneel and the kids.

“Tex,” you breathed, and she ran from her position to hug you.

“Surprise!” she grinned, and you cradled the back of her head against your side as you looked at the rest of your friends and family with tears in your eyes.

“What-?”

“It’s your baby shower,” Jared explained, stepping out of the group and smiling shyly. “Is… is this okay?”

“This is incredible,” you told him, leaning up to kiss him softly when he was close enough. “Thank you.”

You moved further into the room, letting Bailey follow you - a little more cautious this time.

“This is Bailey,” you told everyone in case they’d missed your post. “She’s a bit deaf so don’t be offended if she doesn’t come when you call her.”

JJ was already playing with the dog as you went to greet everybody, starting with Danneel and the twins.

“I’ve missed you,” you told her as you hugged her. “I’m so glad you’re okay.”

The news of the hurricane had been hard to handle, and you’d been Skyping with Danneel as often as you could to make sure they were all alright.

“We’ve missed you,” she retorted, kissing your cheek. “Whenever we get off of Skype, JJ goes on for ages about wanting to see you again.”

“How long are you here for?” you asked, picking up Zeppelin who seemed to have grown exponentially in the six weeks you’d been back in Vancouver.

“A couple months, if you’ll have us,” she smiled. “At least until Baby Ditto is back home and settled.”

Your heart fluttered as you kissed the top of Zep’s head.
“Thank you,” you murmured and Danneel smiled, squeezing your arm fondly.

“It’s what families are for,” she told you, letting you go. “Alright, greet your guests. We can catch up later.”

You did as she told you, keeping Zeppelin on your hip as you greeted everyone, surprised at how many people were there.

You frowned as Misha approached, a neatly wrapped parcel in his hands.

“What’s that?” you asked, and he shrugged.

“Swap you for the baby?”

You laughed softly, handing over Zep as he passed you the package.

“Mish… you already gave a lot towards the renovation fund,” you reminded him, and he shook his head.

“That was for you,” he explained. “This is for the baby.”

You caught Jared’s eye as he was talking to Briana, nodding him over.

He excused himself, frowning softly as he approached the two of you - three, counting Zep.

“What’s going on?” he asked, wrapping an arm around your shoulders.

“Did you know Misha was getting something for the baby?”

“I specifically told everyone who donated to the house not to give us anything else,” Jared promised, raising an eyebrow at Misha.

Misha rolled his eyes, shifting Zep on his hip to motion at the parcel.

“I’d been planning this since way before you mentioned moving up here, okay?” he reasoned. “It’s not much but I want you to have it.”

You sighed as you perched on the arm of the couch, the parcel in your lap.

“C’mon, it’s not much,” Misha promised, urging you to open it.

You relented, carefully pulling back the wrapping.

“You really didn’t have to,” Jared murmured, but Misha just shrugged.

The parcel contained various onesies for the baby, each themed with places Misha had visited in the past few months; London, Rome, Iceland, even one from Vancouver.

You frowned softly at the London one.

“We were together the whole time in London,” you murmured, looking up at him. “How did you-?”

“You used the bathroom after the Dungeons,” he reminded you. “Their gift shop was full of generic London things beside all the cool creepy stuff.”

Jared picked up one of the onesies, a grin plastered on his face.
“This is so sweet, man,” he told Misha, patting his shoulder. “Thank you.”

“Baby Ditto is gonna be well travelled anyway,” Misha explained, “This is just a head start.”

You smiled, handing the rest of them to Jared as you got to your feet, hugging Misha as best you could with him still holding Zep.

“I can’t believe you’ve been planning this since May,” you laughed softly as you pulled back. “Baby Dits is gonna look cute as hell.”

He shrugged, bashful as he handed Zeppelin back over to you.

“Take your brother before your mom tells me off for commandeering another baby,” he joked, clearly glad you liked the gift but unsure how to accept the gratitude.

“I’m serious, thank you,” you told him softly as Jared took the clothes up to the nursery.

“Of course,” he smiled. “You know I love you and the baby, right?”

“Right,” you agreed, smiling as Zep’s fingers poked at your cheek. “That’s my face, buddy.”

You laughed as you distracted his hands with your finger.

“I should talk to some more guests,” you sighed as tiny fingers grabbed at your own.

“Don’t sound too enthusiastic,” Briana teased, walking up beside you and pulling you into a half-hug.

You laughed, bouncing Zep on your hip as you kissed her cheek.

“Thank you for coming,” you told her, and she grinned.

“I was hoping to catch a glimpse of the crib we bought…” she trailed off, looking up hopefully.

“You wanna check out the nursery?” you offered, grabbing the opportunity to ditch the main body of the party with both hands.

She nodded, so you lead her out of the front room and up the stairs.

“In less than five weeks there’ll be a baby in here,” you murmured, pushing open the door.

“You’re gonna be great,” Briana assured you, taking Zep from you as she walked inside, looking around. “I love this.”

You laughed softly, nodding to yourself.

“Are the colours a hint?” she questioned as your hands rested comfortably on your bump.

“Not in the way you’re thinking, but yeah,” you admitted, smiling at the glint in her eye.

“I can’t wait to be the cool aunt,” she told you, making you laugh.

“Yeah,” you agreed. “Baby Dits is lucky to have y’all.”

Despite your natural aversion to parties, the rest of the afternoon was enjoyable.
You played typical baby shower games - your guests cut yarn to the size they thought your bump would be, played ‘The Price is Right’ with different baby items, even made predictions of the sex, weight, birth date, and name of your baby - and it turned out to be a really fun time.

Jared, Jensen, and Gen of course abstained from guessing the sex and name, having the unfair advantage of knowing for sure.

Once everyone had left and you’d had a chance to really look at the predictions, you decided that JJ’s ideas were the best.

She was upstairs in Tom and Shep’s room while the grown ups tidied up after the party, so you excused yourself to go and talk to her about it.

You knocked on the door as you pushed it open, smiling at the sight of the three of them.

They’d pulled out the trundle bed from underneath Tom’s bed, setting up the room to make it comfortable for all of them to share.

“Hey, kiddos,” you smiled, “Can I talk to Tex for a sec?”

“Yah,” Shep agreed, carrying a pillow almost the same size as him over to the trundle.

“We can get this finished,” Tom nodded, JJ walking over to you and taking your hand.

You lead her through to your bedroom, sitting down and pulling her up beside you.

“I saw your guesses for Baby Ditto,” you told her, and she smiled.

“You gonna use the name?” she asked, making you laugh softly.

“You want me to call the baby ‘Rapunzel’?” you clarified, and she nodded.

“Or ‘Flynn’ if it’s a boy,” she confirmed. “They sound good with our last name.”

You swallowed, nodding.

“But, baby,” you hedged, brushing her hair back from her face, “Baby Ditto isn’t gonna have our surname.”

She frowned, shifting slightly to face you properly.

“Baby Ditto isn’t gonna be an Ackles?”

“No, sweetheart,” you sighed. “The baby will be a Padalecki. You understand… you know that Uncle Jared is Baby Ditto’s daddy, right?”

She nodded, still frowning.

“And you have the same last name as Dad, don’t you?” you reminded her, and she opened her mouth to reply before closing it again.

You waited, knowing that she was trying to figure out how to word her response.

“But… Mama has the same name, too,” she murmured. “So you’re gonna be a Padalecki, too?”

“Momma D has the name because she’s married to Dad,” you explained, watching her carefully to
“So you’re gonna marry Uncle Jared?”

You shook your head.

“Aunt Mama is married to Uncle Jared.”

JJ crawled into your lap, resting her head on your shoulder and her hand on your bump.

“So… You’re still gonna be Ackles like me but Baby Ditto will be Padalecki like Uncle Jared?”

You nodded, turning your face to kiss the top of her head.

“Yeah, that’s right,” you smiled, glad that she understood. “Is that okay?”

“Yeah,” she smiled, pulling back enough to look up at you. “‘Punzel Padalecki is good, too.”

You laughed, wrapping her up into a hug.

“We’re not gonna name the baby after Tangled, baby,” you told her gently. “Baby Ditto already has a name.”

She nodded, hugging you back.

“It’s ‘kay,” she assured you. “You can save it for the next one.”

You let out a surprised laugh, kissing her head again.

“There might not be a next one,” you told her, getting to your feet and helping her hop down from the bed, “But you can always save those for your children.”

She hummed in contemplation as the two of you walked back towards Tom and Shep’s room.

“I already know what I’ll call my baby,” she announced, and you stopped outside the door, raising an eyebrow at her.

“Yeah?” you asked, and she nodded. “What’s that?”

She shrugged, her hand on the door handle.

“Ditto.”

Chapter End Notes

28 coming September 10th
“This episode is complete bullshit,” you announced, throwing your purse down and kicking off your shoes as you entered your house. “I don’t know what the writers are thinking- actually, yes I do. They’re thinking, ‘Hey, Y/N was rude to Eric over hiatus so now it’s time to fuck up her fucking character’. Fuck.”

You’d finished your little rant before you reached the front room, ready to fall down onto the couch and forget about Supernatural for the weekend.

Instead you were faced with a slack-jawed JJ, her mom sat behind her with her arms folded. Bailey, however, was super pumped that you were home and greeted you with enthusiasm.

But then again, she hadn’t heard you swearing your way through the hallway.

You smiled awkwardly.

“I, uh-”

“Ditto, you said a bad word,” JJ told you, and you cringed. “You said a lot of bad words.”

You nodded, scratching between Bailey’s ears to give you something to do.

“I’m sorry,” you sighed not knowing what to say. “I didn’t… I didn’t know you were home, sweetie.”

Gen had told you she’d taken the kids to the airport to say goodbye to Jared and Jensen for the weekend, and you’d wrongly assumed that meant JJ as well.

She folded her arms, her little face as stern as you’d ever seen it; an excellent impression of her mama.

“Tha’s no excuse,” she said, firmly. “Zep and Arry are nappin’ and you could’a woke them up with your potty mouth.”

Danneel’s firm resolve cracked as she laughed, leaning forward to wrap her arms around JJ and pull her onto the couch beside her.

You sat down in the armchair, Bailey following to sit against your chair, already loyal to her owner.

“In all seriousness,” Danneel began, “I know this is your house and we’re the guests, but…”

She trailed off, but you nodded.

“I honestly thought it was only you home, and I figured the twins would be asleep,” you offered, biting your lip. “I’ve had… a rough day.”

JJ’s look of chastisement turned to an expression of worry as she looked between you and Danneel.


You shrugged, resting your hands on your pronounced bump.
“Filming wasn’t fun,” you explained. “I’m gonna have to do some stuff that I didn’t really want to.”

Danneel raised an eyebrow.

“It’s not… you and Jay aren’t—”

“Oh, no,” you shook your head. “No, we were pretty firm on that and they can’t make us because he’s my dad. Just some other stuff.”

You waved a hand dismissively, sighing.

“Whatever, got a long weekend while the boys are in Pittsburgh so I don’t have to think about it.”

Danneel smiled sympathetically, tucking a loose strand of hair back into JJ’s braid.

“Do you wish you were going to the convention?” she asked, and you took a moment to think about it.

“I did kinda feel like I was missing out last time,” you allowed, “But I’m way too pregnant to be travelling and stressing myself out with panels and stuff. That kinda stress wouldn’t be good for the baby. My number one priority is looking out for the little one.”

JJ was watching you with a small frown, leaning against Danneel but her eyes never leaving yours.

“What’s up?” you asked her, and she took a deep breath.

“Are you still gonna want to play with me when Baby Ditto is here?” she asked in a rush, making Danneel gasp softly.

Your heart began to ache at the question and you swallowed to clear the dryness in your throat.

“JJ, you are my sister,” you reminded her. “You’re my best friend, and I love you very much. Do you understand?”

She nodded, Danneel staying quiet and letting you handle it.

“When the baby comes, I’m gonna be tired, maybe a little grouchy, but I will never stop loving you,” you promised. “I will always enjoy your company and, as long as I have the time and the energy, I will want to play with you.”

“And when you don’t?” she asked, quietly.

“When I don’t have the energy?” you clarified, and she nodded. “Then we can just watch ‘Punzel and take a nap.”

She grinned, getting up and running across the room.

Leaning over the arm of the couch, she hugged you as best as she could and placed a kiss on your cheek.

“Good,” she smiled, turning to leave the room. “I’m gonna go play upstairs.”

You laughed softly as you watched her go, disappearing into the hallway before you could hear little footsteps on the stairs.
You looked over at Danneel, smiling a little sadly.

“She thought I wasn’t gonna have time for her,” you murmured, and Danneel offered an understanding smile in response.

“She was the same before the twins,” she assured you. “But we told her not to be silly and she’s not thought about it since. Just an insecurity, it makes sense.”

You nodded in agreement, running a hand over your bump.

“Things are gonna be so different in a few weeks,” you mused, half in awe, half terrified.

“They are,” Danneel agreed. “You’re gonna have your baby in your arms. You’ll be able to hold and kiss and love your own child, your perfect little creation. It’ll all be worth it.”

You smiled, stilling your hands.

“My own child,” you breathed, unable to stop the grin. “I’m gonna be a mama.”

“Yeah,” Danneel grinned back. “My baby’s havin’ a baby.”

You nodded, rolling your lips to stop the smile before a thought popped into your head.

“You’re gonna be here, right?” you asked, and she frowned. “I mean, in the room. When it happens.”

“I’m gonna be wherever you want me to be, sweetie,” she assured you. “I won’t leave your side the whole way through if you don’t want me to.”

You nodded, letting out a small sigh of relief.

“Don’t think I could do it without you,” you admitted.

Danneel got up and walked over to you, perching on the arm of your chair and brushing your hair from your forehead to place a kiss there.

“You’re an Ackles girl, you’re strong,” she reminded you. “You could do it without me, but you don’t have to. I’m not going anywhere.”

You smiled, leaning against her as she dropped her hand to your shoulder.

“I love you, kiddo,” she murmured. “Sorry you had a crap day at work.”

You laughed softly.

“Sorry I said ‘fuck’ a hundred times in front of Tex.”

Danneel laughed, kissing your head once more before getting to her feet.

“I’m gonna check on the twins,” she told you. “You gonna be alright down here for a few minutes?”

“Yep,” you smiled, nudging the dog with your socked feet until she nuzzled against your leg. “I’ve got Bails to entertain me.”

The next day was spent relaxing with Gen, Danneel, and the kids.
You hadn’t really had a chance to relax with them since they’d made the long journey up over a week ago, filming as much as you could get in before the convention so the weekend wouldn’t put you behind.

It was nice to be able to catch up, to hold Arrow and Zep and speak to Danneel and JJ without a screen and a couple thousand miles between you.

Tom and Shep were happy to have JJ there to play with them, and Bailey’s gentleness around the twins reassured you that she’d be great with Baby Ditto.

“Someone’s gonna have to keep Bailey out of the room,” Gen said out of the blue on Saturday afternoon.

“What?” you asked, laughing softly.

“When it’s time for the baby,” she clarified. “We can’t have a dog in here while you’re giving birth.”

You nodded in understanding.

“Yeah, that’s Jensen and Jared’s job,” you told her, gently stroking Arrow’s hair as she slept in your arms. “They’re on kid and dog patrol.”

Danneel frowned, shifting beside you on the couch to look between you and Gen.

“Jared’s not gonna be in the room?” she asked, and you shook your head.

“I don’t want him to see me like that,” you explained, continuing when it looked like she would argue. “Plus - and this is a bigger reason - Jensen can’t look after all five of them on his own. Six, with Bailey.”

“You’re right, they really can’t relate,” Danneel offered. “If you want him with you.”

“I think…” you paused trying to remember the way you’d explained it to Gen and Jared. “I think, especially ‘cause it’s happening at home, I’m gonna want to have the two most experienced birthing partners I can get. And y’all both have more experience poppin’ out babies than they do.”

They both laughed, Gen nodding in agreement.

“You’re right, they really can’t relate,” she smiled from the armchair.

“Exactly.”

You smiled down at Arrow, admiring the way she was so relaxed in your arms and allowing yourself to imagine holding your baby like this.

“Jared will still be the first to hold the baby,” Gen explained to Danneel. “After Y/N.”

Danneel nodded, still looking slightly unconvinced; as if it was unfathomable that you’d rather have her there than Jared.

“He really isn’t the most helpful during the actual birthing part,” Gen added, speaking from experience. “He’s an incredible daddy and a great partner, but while giving birth? If I had the option of you two, you would’ve been in the room with me over him.”

Danneel visibly relaxed, now understanding more.
“So it’s not about seeing you in labour, it’s about him being a bad birthing partner.”

“Exactly,” you confirmed. “I mean, he’s seen me throwing up. He’s seen me crying and sniffing. But I need strong women with me if I’m supposed to push a freaking watermelon out of me.”

They both laughed for real that time, so much so that Arrow started fussing as she was woken.

“Hey, shh,” you soothed, stroking through her soft hair again. “It’s nap time, baby girl.”

Apparently she didn’t agree.

Her fussing turned to sniffles, and Danneel got up to take her from the room so that she wouldn’t wake Zep as he slept in his dreamer bouncer.

“Kid can sleep through anything,” Gen joked, nodding at Zep as she walked across to take Danneel’s seat beside you.

“Takes after his daddy,” you laughed softly. “Jensen can fall asleep anywhere. It’s impressive, really.”

“I’m kinda jealous,” she agreed, wrapping her arm around your shoulders as you leant into her.

“I hope the baby sleeps this well,” you murmured, making her laugh. “Hey, it’s not unheard of for babies to sleep well.”

“No, I know, it can happen,” she agreed, kissing the top of your head. “But that doesn’t mean it’s gonna.”

You huffed indignantly, her fingertips lightly running up and down your arm.

“You’ll be fine either way,” she murmured, and you allowed a small smile.

“Yes,” you sighed. “I hope so.”

It wasn’t unusual for you to wake up in the early hours of the morning.

You often found that the baby was pushing against your bladder, so waking up in desperate need of the bathroom had been a regular occurrence for the past couple of months.

Waking up with stomach cramps a little after 5am, however, was new.

You got out of bed, careful not to wake Genevieve as you tried to walk it off.

Maybe you’d just been sleeping funny and your body didn’t like it.

It seemed to fade so you went to use the bathroom seeing as you were awake anyway.

You walked around the house some more, deciding to check on the kids and the babies while you were up.

They were all sleeping soundly, and you found yourself watching them for a while.

All of these kids were going to grow up with your baby.

Two as siblings, two as friends, one as an aunt.
All as family, and you cared about all of them the same way you did about Baby Ditto.

Your back started to ache as you were standing for too long, so you decided to go back to bed.

On your way back into the bedroom you had to stop in the doorway as the cramps came back.

You pressed lightly against your bump where you felt the pain most, trying to ease it, but nothing helped.

“Fuck,” you breathed, leaning against the doorframe.

Once the pain passed again, you got back into bed, thinking that laying down might help.

It used to help with menstrual cramps and this was the same kind of pain, so maybe-

“Oh, God.”

As soon as you thought about it, you began to panic.

“Oh, God,” you breathed, propping yourself up with pillows behind your back as you shook Gen’s shoulder lightly to try and wake her.

She groaned slightly, shifting onto her stomach in her sleep.

You shook her again, harder this time as panic really started to set in.

“Gen,” you spoke, not quite normal volume but louder than a whisper.

She groaned again, propping herself up on an elbow and squinting her eyes open.

“What?” she asked, groggily.

“I don’t… I don’t know,” you admitted, the panic in your voice making her wake up fully.

“Sweetie?” she asked again, sitting up. “What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know,” you repeated, your words coming out in a rush. “I woke up with cramps so I got up and they went away but they came back like twenty minutes later and I thought laying down would help because it always helped with period cramps but then I realised… Gen, I’m not ready.”

“Hey, shh, calm down,” she soothed, cupping your cheek in a gentle palm as she shifted in front of you, her other hand resting on your shoulder. “You’re okay.”

You shook your head but took a deep breath as she did, following her lead and letting it out in a long puff of air.

“I can’t do this yet,” you told her, tears in your eyes ready to spill with a blink.

“Please don’t panic.”

She spoke softly, soothingly despite having only woken up less than a minute ago.

“It might be false labour, okay?” she reminded you. “Braxton Hicks? Remember you had them before?”

You nodded before shaking your head as you started to cry.
“It’s different,” you told her, sniffing. “Worse. A different kind of, of-”

You couldn’t bring yourself to say ‘contraction’.

If you said it, it would make it all real.

You weren’t ready.

“Okay, that’s okay,” she smiled, her voice still calm. “If this is early labour, we’ve still got a ways to go. Do you think you’ll be able to sleep?”

You could feel the incredulous look on your face but Gen just smiled softly.

“You’re gonna need your energy later,” she reminded you. “At least try and relax, get some rest.”

You nodded, leaning back into the pillows and trying not to cry.

This wasn’t how it was supposed to go.

You still had three weeks left, this couldn’t be happening now.

“You’re thinking too hard,” Gen murmured, gently carding her fingers through your hair. “Okay, I’ll be right back.”

Your eyes shot open and your heart started to race as you felt her leave the bed.

“Try to keep calm, sweetie,” she soothed. “I promise I’ll be right back. I need to get some stuff to make you comfortable.”

You nodded, trying to concentrate on your breathing as she left.

Your heart rate had stopped rising, but it was now evened out at a racing pace as you closed your eyes again.

Your hands were shaking as you rested them on your bump, trying not to panic too much about the fact that you might be going into labour at 36 and 6.

Sure, you’d been told that the baby could arrive early, but the doctors said that usually meant late September instead of your official due date of early October.

You weren’t even halfway through the month yet.

You heard the door open but you didn’t open your eyes, knowing that if you did your vision would probably be impaired by tears anyway.

“Alright, that’s enough crying.”

You were surprised to hear Danneel’s voice rather than Genevieve’s, so you sniffed as you opened your eyes.

“I know you’re scared,” she told you, walking further into the room.

She was still in her pyjamas - just a pair of sleep shorts and one of Jensen’s tees - clearly fresh out of bed as she got in beside you.

“Contractions, huh?” she asked, and you nodded, wiping your tears with your sleeve.
“I think so,” you told her.

“So you need to stop freaking out,” she told you, kind but firm. “Your baby is gonna pick up on your stress and that’s the worst thing you can do.”

You nodded again, knowing she was right but finding the practice much harder than the theory.

“We’re gonna start noting down your contractions so we can see the progression,” she continued, leaning over you and picking up your phone from the nightstand.

She unlocked it with her thumbprint, opening up your notes.

“What time was the first one?”

“I woke up at 5:07 because of the pain,” you told her, resting your head on her shoulder. “Then there was one five minutes ago.”

Danneel noted it down, kissing the top of your head.

“Okay,” she murmured. “That sounds like they were around twenty minutes apart.”

You nodded, looking up as Gen came back in with water and snacks.

“We don’t have to do much until your waters break,” she explained, closing the door and squeezing in beside you on the other side.

You all shifted so you easily fit together, and the two of them encouraged you to lay back.

They both got comfortable beside you, relaxing back into the soft pillows.

Just having the two of them there with you had already helped to calm you down.

“We should call Jared,” Gen murmured, but you shook your head.

“Don’t want to worry him,” you explained. “It might not be anything.”

They both looked unconvinced, but you were insistent.

“He has a panel in two hours,” you reminded them. “I don’t want to panic him. Please.”

They shared a look, clearly communicating between them before Danneel spoke up.

“Okay, baby,” she agreed, resting a hand on your bump.

Gen placed a soft kiss to your shoulder, shifting to lay down properly.

“Try to get some sleep,” she murmured, earning a hum of approval from Danneel.

You sighed, praying that you’d be able to get some rest as you closed your eyes once more.

When your waters broke, there was no denying that this was really happening.

The contractions were steadily getting more intense, the twenty minute gap going down to fifteen in the two hours that passed between deciding to rest and your waters breaking.

It happened on your way back from the bathroom and your shocked, choked-off cry had JJ rushing
out of Tom and Shep’s room.

She took in the sight of you and reached for your hand.

“It’s ‘kay,” she whispered. “It’s ‘kay to have an accident. I can help you clean up if ya want?”

You squeezed her hand, trying not to cry in front of her.

“I’m okay,” you told her. “I just gotta get to my room, baby.”

She nodded, keeping hold of your hand as she tried to help you back to your bedroom.

Danneel and Gen were both sat up on your bed, getting up and rushing over to you when they realised what had happened.

Danneel pulled you into a hug while Gen took JJ to sit on your bed.

“It’s really happening,” you whispered, feeling yourself start to cry.

“It is, sweetheart,” she agreed, stroking your hair soothingly. “You’re gonna be okay.”

JJ was watching on, worried about you but not wanting to get in the way.

“Alright, we’ve gotta call your midwife and get her over here,” Gen told you, and you took in a shaky breath as you pulled back from Danneel.

“I’m- I’m not-”

Danneel’s hand rubbed small, grounding circles into your lower back as they waited for you to continue your thought.

“I know I said I would do this at home, but I’m…” you paused, biting hard into your lip as you sniffed.

“Y/N, if you want to go to hospital I’m not gonna think any less of you,” Gen told you, honestly. “We had a plan, sure. But that plan didn’t involve it all happening quite so soon.”

You nodded, tears spilling over as Danneel wrapped her arm around your waist.

“Alright my love,” she whispered, kissing your temple. “JJ can you and the boys get up and dressed please?”

JJ nodded, sensing the urgency in her mom’s voice as she left the room without question.

“We’re gonna change your pants and get you comfortable then we’ll head out, okay?” Danneel told you, and you nodded.

While you were talking, Gen had pulled on sweatpants over her pyjama shorts, thrown her hair up into a bun and pulled on a sweater.

“Gen, can you help the kids? Get the twins in their car seats?”

She nodded, walking over to you and kissing you softly.

“I’m gonna call Jared,” she told you, and you shook your head.

“His panel’s only just started-”
“Y/N, you’re in labour,” she reminded you, no room for argument in her tone as she cupped your cheeks. “It’s real. It’s happening. Jared needs to know.”

You nodded as she leant up to kiss your forehead.

“It’s gonna be okay,” she promised, waiting for you to nod before letting you go.

“Meet you downstairs in ten,” Danneel told her and Gen nodded, squeezing Danneel’s arm as she left the room.

“That’s not how it happened,” Jensen insisted, Jared’s laughter cracking his faux-annoyed expression.

“That’s exactly how I remember it,” Jared grinned. “You weren’t even there, it was Nesnej.”

Jensen laughed at that, nodding in defeat as the crowd at the Gold morning panel burst into cheers for his drunk alter-ego.

“Yeah, that’s true,” he admitted as his phone started ringing in his back pocket.

He pulled it out, frowning when he saw Gen’s name on the caller ID.

“Dude, your wife is calling me,” he told Jared, making the crowd laugh as he answered on speaker. “Hey, cutie. Finally realise you wanted a real man?”

The crowd was still chuckling and Gen could hear them through the phone.

“Funny, Jensen,” she humoured him. “Jared’s phone is on silent I guess. Can you please take me off speaker and pass me over?”

Something about her tone made him oblige, instantly taking the phone off of speaker and lifting it to his ear.

“Genevieve? Is everything- are the kids-?”

“The kids are fine, but I need to speak to Jared,” she told him, and he nodded.

“Alright, here he is,” he murmured, handing the phone over and apologising to the crowd.

“Hey, babe,” Jared answered, his heart already racing as he stepped back from the mic to take the call.

“Jared,” Gen breathed, relieved that she finally got hold of him. “It’s Y/N.”

“What?” he asked, feeling the colour drain from his face. “What’s- what’s wrong?”

“She’s fine, she’s… She’s gone into labour. Her waters just broke,” she explained, as calm as possible in the knowledge that her husband would be freaking out.

“Wha- how?” he asked unintelligently.

“We’re going to the hospital,” Gen continued. “She didn’t want me to call you, but-”

“No, you did good,” he promised, aware of Jensen’s and everyone else’s eyes on him. “I’ll… I’ll be there as soon as I can.”
“Okay, sweetie,” Gen sighed. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

He hung up the phone, running a hand over his face and breathing harshly into his palm.

He handed Jensen back his phone, getting pulled into a hug as he did.

“Y/N’s in labour,” Jared whispered, not loud enough for the crowd to pick up.

Jensen pulled back, slapping his friend’s shoulder.

“Go,” he told him. “I’ll bring your stuff back with me.”

Jared nodded, stepping back to his mic.

“I’m… I’m really sorry, but there’s a family emergency and I have to get back,” he explained. “I’m sorry, I’ve got to go.”

He left the stage with calls and cheers of ‘we love you, Jared’ following him out of the hall.

Jared was on the phone the whole way to the airport, determined to find the quickest flight back to Vancouver.

The woman on the other end was very helpful, telling him that the first flight out wouldn’t get there as fast as if he waited until just before noon.

“I need the flight that will get me into Vancouver the earliest,” he explained. “There’s… I need to get back.”

She assured him that she was doing everything she could to find him the best flights.

After a few minutes of nail-biting silence, she was back on the line.

“Mr. Padalecki?” she asked as he let out a shaky breath.

“Still here,” he confirmed.

“There’s a flight out to Chicago I can put you on at 11:59,” she explained. “Landing in there at 12:39 local. Then you’d pick up a 14:10 flight to Seattle, in at 16:30 local at the destination. Finally a short wait in Seattle before a flight over to Vancouver, arriving at 18:36.”

Jared nodded, his phone between his shoulder and his ear as he jotted down the information.

“And this flight from Seattle would be quicker than driving up?” he clarified.

“Yes, sir. By around an hour,” she confirmed.

He sighed, hating how far away he was from you but knowing this was his best option.

“Alright, can you book me on those?”

“Yes, sir. I can,” she told him. “Will you need to check in any luggage?”

“No, I, uh-” he laughed softly. “It’s just me, my wallet, passport, and phone.”
Alright then, Mr. Padalecki, we can book you onto those flights. I’ll be able to check you in online so that you can go straight through to security when you arrive to cut down on time, we’ll email your tickets through to your phone.”

“Thank you,” he breathed. “Thank you so much.”

“Not a problem, sir,” she replied. “I’m just gonna need to take down some details.”

For the flight to Chicago, Jared was mostly numb. It passed without much thought, but the journey out to Seattle was a totally different story.

Jared Padalecki was a well travelled man. He had been on many planes in his life, many transatlantic and transpacific flights, but none of them had ever felt as long as this.

He’d paid for in-flight wifi so he could keep in contact with Genevieve the whole way, but that did nothing to soothe his anxieties.

Gen was in the waiting room with the older three kids while Danneel stayed with you.

The twins had been picked up by Briana when she’d heard about the situation, wanting to take some of the stress away from Gen.

Knowing that so many people were so close to you yet he - the father of your child - was still miles away, offered little comfort.

He knew that even if he was there he wouldn’t be in the room with you, but that wasn’t the point.

The thought that his baby could be born and he wouldn’t be there to hold it, to kiss you and let you know how proud he was of you, made his heart ache for you.

Knowing that you were currently in the active labour phase, according to Genevieve’s most recent message, probably wasn’t helping his predicament.

Tell that baby to hold on. Daddy’s four hours away.

His throat was dry no matter how much water he drank and he closed his eyes, willing the next few hours to go quickly.

Waiting for his final flight, Jared called Gen as soon as he could.

“I’m less than two hours away,” he told her, his leg bouncing with anxiety. “My next flight is in twenty-five minutes and then it’ll land just after 6:30. I should be with y’all by 7.”

“That’s great, babe,” Gen replied. “We’ll be waiting.”

He laughed softly, biting his lip.

“How’s… how’s she doing?” he asked, concern dripping from his tone.

“She’s doing great. Doing us proud,” she assured him. “But she’s… I’ve got to tell you, she’s 8cm.”

“Shit,” Jared breathed, sinking back into his seat. “I’m gonna miss it.”

“That’s not necessarily true,” she reminded him, “But I think she’s tired, Jare. She’s been in labour
for twelve hours.”

“I know,” he sighed. “I know. If she feels like it’s time, it’s time. I’ll get there as soon as I can.”

“I know. We love you.”

“I love you, too,” he promised. “Keep me updated.”

“Of course,” she agreed. “Fly safe.”

You were sweating, your hair sticking to your face as your jaw clenched against the pain of your contractions.

The doctors told you that you were fully dilated, letting you know that it was okay to push whenever you felt the urge.

Danneel was letting you squeeze her hand while stroking your hair from your forehead.

“You’re doing so well, sweetie,” she murmured, and you nodded as you took deep breaths. “Whenever you’re ready.”

“No,” you replied, meeting her eyes. “Not until Jared is here.”

Her expression morphed into sympathetic concern.

“Y/N… you can’t put this off,” she told you, gently. “This baby is coming whether you like it or not.”

You knew she was right as you threw your head back with another contraction.

You couldn’t deny that you were starting to feel the urge to push this baby out.

“I can’t,” you cried, trying to focus on your breathing. “I can’t, Jared-”

“When you feel the urge, you’ve gotta bear down,” your midwife reminded you. “Chin to chest. Your mom is right, this baby is coming and it’s coming soon.”

You shook your head, trying to will your baby to hold out for Jared, to wait for him to get to the hospital.

“I can’t,” you whimpered, your head turning against the pillow towards Danneel. “He needs to be here.”

“I know,” she soothed, stroking your hair back again. “I know, but you’ve-”

She was cut off as somebody entered the room.

You turned your head to see Genevieve, out of breath and haphazardly dressed in the same kind of disposable hospital coveralls that Danneel and the doctors were in.

“Jared’s here,” she told you, walking over to your side. “He’s here, sweetie. He’s here.”

You felt yourself begin to cry as she leant in to kiss your forehead.

“I’ll go get him,” Danneel murmured, stepping away.
You squeezed her hand, pulling her back in.

“Mama, please,” you breathed. “Please stay.”

Adoration crossed her expression, her eyes glistening as she nodded.

“Alright, baby,” she whispered. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Gen took your other hand, the two of them offering words of encouragement as the next contraction hit and you started to push.

You were cradling your baby against your chest, looking down at the face that you’d fallen in love with in an instant, when Jared entered the room.

He was trailed by JJ, Tom, and Shep; Gen bringing up the rear after having left to tell them of the birth.

You looked up and met Jared’s gaze as he looked between you and his baby.

“Can I-” he cleared his throat as his voice bubbled with emotion. “Can I hold her?”

You nodded, smiling as he leant in to kiss you.

“She’s beautiful,” he murmured against your lips, placing another kiss to your cheek as he pulled back. “I’m so so proud of you.”

You carefully passed him your daughter, falling more in love with him than ever when you saw the love in his eyes as he looked at her.

“I’m glad you made it,” you told him, watching as Gen stood beside him, gently stroking your daughter’s light hair.

“A sister?” Tom asked, standing beside your bed.

“Yeah, buddy,” you smiled tiredly. “That okay?”

Tom and Shep both nodded enthusiastically as JJ walked over to Danneel.

Danneel picked her up, letting her sit next to you when you shifted to make room; only slightly wincing at the movement.

“A baby girl?” JJ asked quietly, and you nodded, kissing the top of her head.

“You’re an auntie,” you whispered, and she grinned.

Danneel smiled, stroking JJ’s hair as she looked across at Jared and Gen, both still enamoured with your baby.

“Does she have a name?” Danneel asked and Jared smiled, finally tearing his eyes away from his daughter to tell her.

“Dallas,” he announced, looking at you. “You want to tell them her full name?”

You nodded as he passed her back to you, cradling her carefully as you let JJ get a better look at her.
You smiled at Danneel as you told her.

“Dallas Elta Padalecki.”

Her jaw dropped as her eyes flitted between you, Dallas, and Jared.

“Are you- are you serious?” she breathed, and Jared nodded.

“Dallas Elta,” he confirmed, and a tear slipped down Danneel’s cheek as she blinked.

“That’s perfect,” Gen smiled, her hand resting on Shep’s shoulder as he leant against her legs.

“Thank you,” Danneel whispered, wiping the tears from her cheeks. “Thank you.”

You smiled as your daughter stirred in your arms, making a small noise that melted your heart.

“We wanted her to be named after family,” you explained softly as JJ gently reached out to touch her niece’s cheek.

“I love her,” JJ breathed, sitting back as you helped her hold Dallas.

“Yeah,” Danneel agreed, taking your hand now that you had one free. “Me too.”
Jared Padalecki  @jarpad

I left #spnpitt early so I could be of my daughter. She is so beautiful. Mama is so strong. Welcome to Dallas 💖

Y/N Ackles  @dittoackles

Three weeks early but still absolutely perfect. It's good to finally meet Dallas Elta Padalecki - 09/10/
Genevieve Padalecki @rpadalecki

I love you both with all my heart, job, new mama! 🧡

Y/N Ackles @dittoackles

Three weeks early but still perfect. It's good to finally meet Dallas Elta Padalecki - 09/1
Jensen Ackles @JensenAckles

I rushed off after spnpitt and now you know why. My daughter had her daughter and named her after my wife. Could not be more proud.

Y/N Ackles @dittoackles

Three weeks early but still absolutely perfect. It's good to finally meet you, Dallas Elta Padalecki - 09/10/17 💘🌍
After you’d made the announcement on Wednesday afternoon and your immediate family had reacted, you’d all logged out of social media to avoid the inevitable backlash and to focus on Dallas.

Motherhood was a lot different than you had expected.

Since moving in with the Ackles’, you’d become more accustomed to looking after babies and - as Danneel had told you - you were somewhat of a natural.
Having a newborn, however, was a totally different story.

3am diaper changes were slowly becoming muscle memory, yet when it came to putting Dallas back in her cot you just couldn’t bring yourself to do it.

Having her in your arms, looking down into gorgeous eyes shaped like her daddy’s, you never wanted to let her go.

If you could take her back to your bed and sleep with her there, you would.

The choice not to have a bassinet in your room was all on you, and each night you were regretting that decision.

Gen caught you on Friday night, sitting in the rocking chair in the corner of the nursery with Dallas in your arms long after she’d gone back to sleep.

She leant against the doorframe, folding her arms across her faded pyjama shirt as she watched you.

“Come back to bed,” Gen murmured, and you tore your eyes away from your daughter to smile across at her.

“Sorry,” you offered, quietly. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

She shook her head.

“You didn’t, I guess my body was aware of the empty space,” she explained. “Is Dal okay?”

“She’s perfect,” you whispered, looking back down at her sleeping form.

Gen smiled tiredly.

“She is,” she agreed. “But you gotta get some rest, Mama.”

“I know,” you sighed, gently getting to your feet without disturbing Dallas. “I just… I never want to put her down. She’s so peaceful.”

Gen walked towards you and you reluctantly handed over your daughter.

“Allright, Bambina, time for bed,” she whispered, softly kissing Dallas’ forehead before laying her in her crib alongside her shark plushie.

She fussed slightly, a small sound of protest, but she remained asleep as Gen covered her with a light blanket.

“Thank you,” you laughed softly, yawning as you left the room. “I really don’t think I’d have put her back.”

“I know,” Gen smiled, pausing outside your bedroom door. “I have an idea to make it easier but it’ll have to wait until tomorrow.”

“Okay,” you agreed, leaning in to kiss her lightly. “Let’s get a couple hours before she wakes up for a feed.”

Jared was back at work with Jensen on Saturday, while you still had a few more days off with
Dallas, and Gen had taken the three oldest kids out for the day with the dog, leaving you and Danneel at home with the babies.

You were feeding Dallas in your room when Danneel came in, the twins both down for a post-lunch nap for the moment.

“Hey,” you smiled, nodding to the other side of your bed for her to sit down as your daughter continued to feed.

“How’re you doing?” she asked as she gently sat next to you, and you laughed softly, careful not to jostle Dallas.

“I’m… I’m alright,” you smiled. “Getting better at this breastfeeding thing, I think.”

“I think you’re doing great,” she told you, leaning back against your headboard, “Much better than I was at this point with JJ.”

She shrugged as you frowned at her.

You looked back down at Dallas, cradling the back of her head in a careful palm.

“I’ve got y’all to help me,” you reminded her, but she just shook her head.

“We’re not doing much,” she smiled softly. “We’re just here for moral support. Besides, you’re so much younger than I was. Don’t sell yourself short.”

A blush rose on your cheeks as you felt that Dallas was done feeding.

You readjusted your shirt, shifting her to an upright position against your chest.

Danneel reached over to open Dallas’ tiny hand with a finger, letting your daughter reflexively grab onto her.

You sat that way for a while, a comfortable silence in the room as you quietly bonded with your baby.

Danneel broke the silence with a murmur.

“I’m so proud of you, you know?”

You turned your head to look at her, finding her watching you with open adoration.

“Wha-?”

“And I’m so *honoured* that you’d give your daughter my name,” she continued, looking at Dallas with the same fondness. “And when you… when you called me Mama? My heart exploded with so much love, so much pride. Thank you.”

You smiled softly, kissing the top of Dallas’ head.

“You’re the only mom I’ve ever known,” you reminded her, quietly. “You’re… I’ve only known you really for six, seven months. You welcomed me into your home as a relative stranger, trusting Jensen’s judgement of me, and from the start you’ve always treated me as a daughter. You have shown me nothing but love and support and kindness, even before you adopted me. You mean so much to me, and I want Dal growing up knowing that her mama’s mama is the greatest, kindest woman we know. She’ll be honoured to have your name.”
Danneel wiped her eyes with the back of the hand that your daughter wasn’t still clutching tightly to, nodding as she cleared her throat.

“My girl, you always know what to say to get me right in the heart,” she joked, voice thick with emotion. “I love you so much. I’m so proud to call you my daughter.”

She leant across to place a kiss to your forehead, pressing another to Dallas’ temple.

“My babies,” she murmured against your daughter’s skin, kissing her once more before pulling back.

You smiled at her, warmed by her love and support, until the sound of Arrow starting to fuss came through the open doorways leading to where they were sleeping in Jensen and Danneel’s room.

“My other babies,” Danneel sighed, prying her finger free from Dallas’ surprisingly tight grip as she got to her feet. “You’re doing great, sweetheart.”

She smiled at you before leaving to check on the twins.

“Hey, Mama?” you called as she reached the doorway.

“Yeah, baby?” she asked, smiling back at you.

“I love you, too,” you told her. “Just so you know.”

Her smile turned even fonder as she nodded slightly.

“Yeah, sweetie,” she agreed, eyes crinkling at the corners. “I know.”

Gen’s idea to make it easier for you to put Dallas down to sleep turned out to be a side sleeping crib.

She set it up when you were in the front room with the kids, so when you went to bed that night it was a surprise.

“I figure this way you can lay down and rest without having to stop looking at her,” Gen explained, briefly worried that she might’ve overstepped.

“No, it’s perfect,” you assured her as Jared entered, carrying Dallas.

Your daughter looked even tinier in her father’s arms, the sight always melting your heart.

“I think it’s a great idea,” Jared agreed, leaning in to kiss you softly before doing the same to Gen, “Especially after you’re back in Texas and there’s nobody here to stop Y/N staying up all night in the nursery.”

You laughed softly, knowing he was right.

For as much as he was an incredible father, Jared was the heaviest sleeper you knew.

Dallas’ crying through the baby monitor barely made him stir at night until you or Gen nudged him when it was his turn to check on her.

With her sleeping in the same room, there was more of a chance of him waking up when she cried.
Plus, she’d never have to leave your sight.

“I didn’t think I’d love her this much,” you admitted as you began to change into your pyjamas.

Jared and Gen remained quiet, prompting you to continue.

You stayed facing away from them as you spoke again.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’ve known I love her since the first scan,” you murmured, stepping out of your pants. “I just… I don’t know.”

You pulled on your shorts and turned back to face them.

“I kinda thought I’d be like my birth mom,” you told them. “Like, maybe I just wouldn’t connect once she was here.”

Gen smiled sympathetically as you shrugged.

“You’re nothing like her,” she reminded you, and you nodded.

“Yeah, no, I know that now,” you smiled as you walked across to them, taking Dallas from Jared so he could get changed. “I love her so much. I’m… I’m gonna be a good mom to her.”

“For sure,” Gen agreed, kissing you softly before leaving to brush her teeth.

You began to get Dallas ready for bed, grateful that you had the practice with Arrow and Zep to get you used to handling babies.

“I wish Zeppy was as cooperative as you,” you told your daughter as you buttoned up her onesie. “You’re just a little angel, huh? So good for Mama.”

Jared’s low chuckle mixed with Dallas’ happy gurgle; two of your favourite sounds in the world coming together at once.

“When she gets older and more mobile, it’s gonna get trickier,” Jared told you, breaking off into a yawn. “But by then you’ll be a pro anyway.”

You laughed softly, leaning over to place a kiss to your daughter’s clothed stomach.

“Dallas is gonna be an angel forever,” you retorted, making Jared laugh as he wrapped his arms around you from behind.

“Yeah, but sometimes she’ll feel more Casifer than Castiel,” he teased, kissing your cheek.

Gen’s feigned gasp from behind you had you laughing as she entered, crossing over to Dallas and picking her up carefully.

“What’s Papa saying about you, Bambina?” she asked, kissing the top of her head. “Is he comparing you to the devil, my sweet princess? You’re perfect and Papa’s a filthy liar.”

You grinned at her, moving Jared’s arms from around you to pull your hair up into a bun.

“You’re not allowed to gang up on me,” Jared protested, jokingly. “You two can’t turn my daughter against me.”

“If you’re gonna call my daughter ‘Lucifer’, I think we’re entitled,” you retorted as he relented,
finally getting into bed.

“You know I think she’s the best,” he told you, yawning again as Gen handed Dallas over to you and crawled into the middle of the generous king sized bed.

You kissed your daughter once more before laying her down in her new cot, getting in beside Gen. Jared leant over to switch off his bedside lamp, leaving the room in darkness.

“Thank you,” you murmured, turning to look at Gen.

“No problem,” she replied, stroking your cheek with her thumb. “I know how it feels to not want to put them down, and I know you're too stubborn to buy that kind of cot on your own.”

You laughed softly, kissing her palm before fondly pushing her hand away.

“With me and Jared as parents, Dal is gonna grow up to be stubborn as hell,” you joked, looking across at Dallas now that your eyes had adjusted to the dark. “Poor kid.”

“She’s the luckiest girl in the world,” Gen murmured, wrapping her arm around your waist from behind as she fit herself to your back.

Jared’s soft snores filled the room as you smiled to yourself, watching as your daughter followed her father into a peaceful slumber.

JJ was completely smitten with Dallas.

You knew she was a great big sister to Arrow and Zeppelin, so it shouldn’t have been a surprise, but her gentle kindness with your daughter made your love for the little girl grow even more.

You were filling up Dallas’ bathing tub in the bathroom when there was a small knock on the door.

“You can come in,” you called out, “I’m just giving Dallas a bath.”

JJ’s head poked around the door, smiling shyly.

“Can I help?” she asked, and you grinned at her.

“Course you can, sweetie,” you told her as she closed the door behind her. “Wanna keep the baby entertained while I get this stuff ready?”

JJ nodded, sitting herself down on the floor in front of Dallas’ car seat; where you’d put your daughter so that you could get prepared for the bath.

“Hey, Dally,” she smiled, reaching out her finger so Dallas could hold onto it. “You gonna have a bath?”

“Wanna know something cool?” you asked, turning off the faucet once the water was the right temperature and depth. “This is Dal’s first real bath.”

“For real?” JJ asked and you nodded, moving the tub over to the closed hamper lid.

“Yep,” you confirmed. “Her little belly button has only just healed enough to give her a bath like this.”
JJ nodded thoughtfully as she wiggled her finger, moving Dallas’ arm and making your daughter gurgle.

“Is it an innie or an outie?” she asked, making you laugh.

“She’s got an innie, like me and you,” you told her, getting a fresh, plush towel ready beside the tub.

Once you were sure you had everything ready, you crouched down and started to undress Dallas.

“She might not like her bath,” you explained to JJ once Dallas was only in her diaper, lifting her up as you got to your feet. “We don’t know what she’s gonna be like in the water, so be ready for some crying.”

“It’s ‘kay,” JJ smiled, standing up and walking over to the tub. “At least it’s only one baby.”

You laughed softly, kissing Dallas’ forehead as you carefully removed her (thankfully unsoiled) diaper.

“Yeah, I don’t know how Mama does it with two of them,” you agreed, bouncing Dallas lightly to keep her calm before you bathed her.

“She has my help,” JJ told you, confidently.

“That’s true,” you nodded, looking down at your daughter. “You gonna be good for Mama and Auntie Tex?”

“She’s gonna be great,” JJ confirmed, smiling encouragingly at Dallas as you carefully lowered her into the shallow water.

Her little legs reflexively curled up as her feet touched the water but you kept lowering her until you could help her sit at the bottom of the tub.

“See, it’s not so bad,” you smiled, keeping her head supported as you dampened a soft washcloth. “Nice and warm, huh?”

You started to move the cloth against her skin, watching carefully for any signs of discomfort as you bathed her.

“I think she likes it,” JJ told you, wisely.

“Yeah?” you smiled as you applied some gentle soap to the washcloth. “I’m just glad she’s not screaming.”

Dallas was being surprisingly compliant, making small arm and leg movements every now and then as the cloth moved over her body but not even a hint of a sniffle or cry.

“Arry likes baths but Zep likes to play too much to sit still,” JJ said, watching with fondness in her eyes as you got Dallas’ light hair wet, your daughter’s mouth dropping open in reaction to the sensation.

“I like showers,” you murmured. “Baths are good to relax but when I wanna get clean I’d rather shower.”

JJ hummed thoughtfully.
“Mama lets me shower with her sometimes but mostly I have baths,” she told you. “I like the bubbles.”

“Oh, yeah,” you agreed. “Bubble baths are great.”

“Yah,” she nodded, reaching out to gently spike Dallas’ short hair. “You should have one with Dally.”

You smiled as your daughter’s eyes blinked lazily, quite content to be in the water.

“When she’s a little bit bigger, I will,” you assured her. “It’s a good way of bonding.”

“An’ when she’s a bit bigger she can bath with me?” JJ asked, and you laughed kindly.

“For sure,” you promised, “But we’ve gotta wait a couple months until she’s old enough for that.”

“Mkay,” she agreed.

“Can you pass me the towel, baby girl?” you asked, and JJ complied, handing it to you as you lifted Dallas out of the water.

You wrapped your daughter in the soft towel and held her against your chest, ruffling JJ’s hair affectionately with your free hand.

“Can you go ask Aunt Mama to empty the tub while I get Baby Dits dressed?” you requested, and JJ grinned up at you, happy to be of use.

“Okie dokie,” she agreed, rushing off to do as you’d asked.

You smiled at Dallas as you walked back through to your bedroom, a fresh diaper and the Rome onesie from Misha already laid out on the bed.

“Your Auntie Tex loves you so much, sweet girl,” you murmured, kissing the top of her head as she made a small noise from the back of her throat. “We all do.”

You laid her down on the bed, unable to resist pressing a kiss to her bare stomach as the towel unraveled around her.

“Just wanna eat you up,” you told her, holding her little feet. “Your tiny fingies and toes… my perfect little munchkin.”

You heard the door open where you’d left it ajar, turning your head expecting to see JJ coming in. Instead, Bailey let herself into your bedroom and trotted happily over to your bed.

“My other - slightly flawed but still perfect to me - little munchkin,” you laughed softly as she nosed your leg.

You quickly got Dallas into her diaper, not wanting any disasters to happen on your clean sheets.

Once she was dressed, you picked her up again and scritched behind Bailey’s ear before motioning for her to leave the room ahead of you.

Genevieve was leaving the bathroom as you entered the hallway and she grinned, looking between yourself, Dallas, and the dog.
“You’ve got this mama thing down,” she told you, lightly stroking Dallas’ cheek with the back of her finger. “Handling your fur-baby and your gorgeous bambina so well.”

You laughed softly, looking down at Bailey as she was watching you, awaiting further instruction.

“I’m doing my best,” you told Gen and she smiled, leaning up to kiss you softly.

“Your best is incredible.”
Dallas was fifteen days old when you first went back to work.

You were already behind on filming, having thought that you’d be working up until the end of September, so you got back as soon as you felt that you were ready.

You and Jared had both dropped out of NJcon, wanting to keep out of the public eye until the post-birth article was released and you were able to rejoin social media, so Jensen had just returned from the convention on his own.

He didn’t really want to go either but you couldn’t have all three of you dropping out seeing as Rich and Rob had both had to cancel as well.

After you convinced Jensen to go along, he had prefaced his appearance with a statement that he would not be answering any questions about you or Dallas.

When he got back, he’d told the two of you that he was glad that you were releasing your article before Toronto because he couldn’t fend off questions alone again.

Apparently, it hadn’t been a relaxing weekend at all.

Danneel and Gen stayed home with the kids on Monday but you still took Dallas to set with you, getting into the routine for when they were back in Texas.

Unsurprisingly, the tiny baby was a hit with cast and crew alike, and you had enough friends on set to watch her while you were filming without having to worry about her.

Well, that was the theory anyway.

In reality, the second she left your sight all you could think about was how and where she was.

After four fluffed attempts at an easy line, Bob called cut and approached from behind the camera.

“Sorry, I’ll get it this time,” you promised, and he shook his head.

“Where is your daughter?” he asked you, and your shoulders dropped slightly when you realised he could sense your worry.

“In the makeup trailer. She’s fine,” you told him, trying to convince yourself at the same time.

Bob nodded in understanding, motioning for an intern to come over.

“Can you go and ask one of the makeup team to bring Miss Padalecki down to set?” he asked, and the intern nodded eagerly as she left to run the errand.

“That isn’t-”

Bob held up a hand.

“Seeing your daughter will calm you down and we’ll get this scene wrapped,” he told you, waiting
for you to nod before stepping back to his place behind the cameras.

Jared smiled kindly across the library table at you.

“I’m such a mess,” you joked, trying to lighten the mood.

“It’s almost like you had a baby five minutes ago and you’re already back at work,” Jensen grumbled, Dean’s boots kicked up on the table as per the script.

“Fifteen days,” you reminded him, “And I’m fine. I’m just not good at being in a different room than her.”

He sniffed, unconvinced.

“I’m not sure you’re ready to be-”

“Jensen,” Jared warned, shooting a pointed look his way. “Y/N can make her own decisions about her readiness to work.”

You watched Jensen’s jaw tick as he looked down at his hands in his lap, clearly holding his tongue to prevent an argument.

“I’m fine,” you promised him. “Once she’s down here I’ll be alright and we can get this scene in the bag.”

“Then you can let Jessie take the fight sequence this afternoon,” Jensen told you, making you roll your eyes.

“I’m not gonna shove a little scuffle onto my stuntwoman,” you argued. “I’ve done worse before.”

Before Jensen could respond, Frida walked onto set carrying Dallas in her car seat.

“Someone ordered a baby?” she teased, bringing her over to the table so you could see her.

Dallas was awake and seemingly content, quite happily looking around her new environment.

You smiled at your daughter, gently stroking her cheek with your thumb and instantly being calmed by her proximity.

“Do you mind sitting with the baby just off camera?” Bob asked Frida, and she smiled.

“Of course,” she agreed happily, taking a seat where he directed and settling Dallas down so that she was facing you.

“Is that better?” Bob asked you, and you let out a small laugh as you nodded.

“I know it’s ridiculous but just having her in the room makes it easier,” you explained, and he nodded.

“Alright then,” he cleared his throat, director voice back on. “Let’s take it from the top.”

Everything went a lot better when your daughter was in sight.

Dallas stayed quiet all the way through the scene, letting you get it filmed from all angles without a fuss.
She didn’t make any complaints at all until you broke for lunch when she finally got hungry herself.

You took a seat while Jared and Jensen got food, taking the opportunity to feed your daughter while you got a break.

Jensen was the first back to the table, leaving the place opposite you for Jared and taking the seat beside it.

“He’s grabbing you a burrito,” he explained and you smiled, shifting Dallas so you could hold her comfortably in one arm.

“That man knows the way to my heart,” you joked, making Jensen scoff.

“Anyone that gets you food knows the way to your heart, kiddo,” he reminded you and you nodded in defeat.

“That’s… accurate,” you agreed, smiling at Jared as he made his way over.

“Gotta feed my girl so she can feed my girl,” he announced, placing your plate in front of you. “How’s she doin’?”

“She’s good,” you told him as he took a seat, picking up your burrito in your free hand and taking a bite. “She’s easy.”

“Like her mama, huh?” Jared teased, making Jensen groan around his bite.

“Can we change the subject?” he requested, putting down his fork. “I lost my appetite.” Jared rolled his eyes but dropped the teasing anyway.

“How are you feeling about this afternoon?” he asked you, and you shrugged as you swallowed.

“Gonna kick some werewolf butt,” you announced, shifting Dallas slightly as she moved her legs.

“I thought you’re supposed to let him kick your butt?” Jared asked, and you went to reply before Jensen cut in.

“It doesn’t matter, because she’s gonna let Jessie step in for the fight.”

You shot him your best bitch face.

“I’m not an invalid.”

“Fifteen days ago, you were pushing a baby out,” he reminded you. “There’s no shame in sitting this one out.”

He held your eye contact even when you drew your eyebrows into an annoyed frown.

With a huff, you put down your half finished burrito and pushed your chair out, careful not to jostle Dallas too much as you got to your feet, letting her continue to feed.

You walked around the table without a word, leaning down to kiss Jared lightly with your hand at the back of Dallas’ head, holding her against you.

“I’ll see you on set,” you murmured, completely ignoring Jensen as you walked off in the direction
of your trailer.

“Your Grandpa Jay is a douchebag,” you murmured to Dallas, smiling awkwardly at the crew members walking by when you realised that you were walking around with your tank tucked under your boob as you continued to feed your daughter.

You sighed as you looked down at her, stopping just before walking up the steps to your trailer door.

“I’ve got this, right?” you asked her, her gorgeous eyes looking up at you as she continued to nurse, undeterred by your movement.

You smiled down at her, finally letting yourself into your trailer.

“Mama can do fight choreography,” you murmured, sitting down on your comfortable couch and letting out a breath. “Mama’s got this.”

Jared and Jensen were behind the cameras when you had to film the fight.

Sam and Dean had left to look something up, but Trinity thought she could handle it on her own so she went in anyway.

Jared was holding Dallas, bouncing her lightly in his arms and keeping her facing away from you, the two of you agreeing that she shouldn’t watch you in this scene.

You knew she wouldn’t remember it as she got older, but you still didn’t want her seeing her mama getting beaten up.

The werewolf you were fighting with was a lovely guest actor named Luke, and the two of you had gone through the choreography until you were confident on it before getting in front of the camera.

“Alright, Luke,” Bob called, “You’ve just gotta run at Y/N and we’ll take the scene from there.”

You smiled at Luke as you got into position, taking a breath and closing your eyes to get into character.

By the time ‘action’ was called, you were fully into Trinity’s headspace.

You went through the fight the same way as you had in rehearsals, your body aching but pushing through it to get it done.

Once you were on the floor - pinned by Luke’s arm as he snarled down at you - you found yourself wincing, grateful that Trinity was supposed to be in pain, too.

“Little Tee,” he snarled, his nose millimeters from your own. “Not so fierce without the big bad Winchesters to back you up.”

“Just kill me,” you replied, schooling Trinity’s expression to neutral annoyance. “It’s rude to play with your food.”

“We don’t eat things like you,” he shot back, and you carefully let your eyes widen before narrowing.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”
“C’mon, Trinity,” he jeered. “You and I both know that you could throw me off of you without a blink. What I want to know is; why won’t you?”

You held eye contact for a moment as you swallowed, keeping your eyes on his until somebody called cut.

Luke got off of you quickly, helping you up to your feet as Bob started to make his way over to you.

“You okay?” Luke asked, and you smiled tightly as you nodded.

“Alright, that scene there on the floor was perfect.” Bob told you, smiling. “Might even be a one-taker. But can we go through the fight again? Maybe 25% faster this time?”

Luke shot you a concerned glance, clearly having sensed your previous discomfort, but you were nodding in agreement with Bob.

“We can do that,” you smiled, looking at Luke, “Right?”

“Sure,” he agreed, looking entirely unconvinced but unwilling to undermine you.

You got back into position as someone came up to fix your hair, taking a few deep breaths to psych yourself up for going through the fight choreography harder than before.

You were determined to get through it; you were a professional, you could work through a little pain and discomfort.

As soon as ‘action’ was called once more, and you felt Luke approach behind you, you knew it was a mistake.

You turned around, your arms raised as they were supposed to be as he lunged for you.

You aimed a kick that he easily dodged, grabbing your ankle and pulling you forward.

You were supposed to hop to keep your balance and swing a punch, but the pain shot through your groin and you found yourself crying out as you fell to the ground.

“Shit, Y/N, I’m-” Luke crouched next to you, not knowing what to do.

“It’s okay,” you tried to tell him, your voice pained. “I’m… I’m okay.”

Jensen called cut, rushing across to you and helping you to your feet.

“What did I say?” he asked, angrily. “I told you to let Jessie take this scene.”

“I’m okay-”

“You’re not!”

Jensen’s voice rose and the two of you were suddenly aware of the silence that had fallen over the rest of the cast and crew.

“You’re not,” he repeated, quieter.

You looked down at your feet, your breath still shaky with pain.
“Y/N, look at me,” he requested, and you complied. “You put yourself in unnecessary danger. Family rules don’t change just because we’re not at home, you hear me?”

You nodded, looking away before realising what you were doing and meeting his eye again.

“Next time I ask you to let the stunt team help out, you’ll do it.”

You nodded, letting him pull you into a gentle hug.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” you murmured, your cheek against his chest as he cradled the back of your head in his palm. “I thought I could do it.”

“I know, kiddo,” he murmured, kissing the top of your head before pulling back.

He looked around the room, nodding to your stuntwoman.

“Mind stepping in, Jess?” he called, and she smiled.

“Of course,” Jessie agreed, getting to her feet.

“Alright, I think Y/N needs to get home,” Jensen announced, walking you slowly towards Jared.

You hated to admit it, but you’d really hurt yourself and even walking was painful.

It really had been a bad idea.

“Are you okay?” Jared asked, checking you over with his eyes as he held Dallas close.

“Not really,” you admitted, looking between him and Jensen. “I should go home.”

“We’ll get you a car, we’ve still got some stuff to do,” Jensen told you, and Jared crouched down to put your daughter back into her carseat.

“You can take Dal home with you,” he announced, “I’m sure Gen’s getting withdrawal from her by now.”

You allowed a smile at that.

“Probably,” you agreed, smiling apologetically at Bob. “I’m sorry, I-”

“Take a couple days,” he dismissed, easily. “Wait until you’re really ready to be back. But that scene on the floor was perfect and we can fill in the rest with Jessie.”

“Thank you,” you smiled, letting Jared wrap his arm around you as he picked up Dallas’ car seat in his free hand.

“Let’s get you home,” he murmured, kissing the top of your head.

You were put on bedrest by Danneel and Genevieve the second you stepped through the door.

Dallas was getting fussy by the time you got upstairs so you quickly changed into comfortable pyjamas before settling into bed to feed her.

Gen came upstairs a few minutes later, an icepack and a cup of tea in her hands.

She placed the tea on the nightstand before sitting next to you on the bed.
“Jared said you hurt yourself in a kick?” she prompted, and you nodded.

You were sat cross legged, if your thighs were any closer together or further apart the ache became too much.

“Alright then, baby,” she murmured, gently placing the ice pack between your legs.

You winced at the sensation, earning a sympathetic smile from Gen.

“Y’know, the last time you touched me there it was a lot more fun,” you joked, making her laugh softly.

“I’m afraid there’ll be no funny business for another month at least,” she told you, leaning in to kiss you softly. “You’ve got to rest.”

You chased after her lips when she pulled back, earning another laugh as she gently pushed you back.

“What did I just say?” she asked, and you groaned.

“You sound like Jensen,” you argued.

“Your father is a smart man, I’ll take that as a compliment,” she countered and you huffed, looking down at Dallas.

“I pretty much flashed a bunch of CW crew and runners today,” you murmured, watching your daughter as she continued to feed. “Walking around with my tit out, feeding my kid.”

“Bambina’s gotta eat,” Gen smiled, stroking the soft hair at the back of Dallas’ head. “And Mama’s gotta rest.”

You nodded in agreement.

“Dallas will go down for a couple hours after she’s been fed, so I’ll try and get some sleep then,” you told her.

“I brought you up some hot tea,” she reminded you, and you smiled.

“Thank you.”

She nodded, kissing your temple before getting to her feet.

“I’ll leave you to it,” she told you. “No doubt Tom and Shep will be up here in a while wanting to tell you all about their day.”

You smiled, looking up from your daughter to meet Gen’s eye.

“Thank you,” you repeated. “For the tea, the ice… for being here.”

“There’s nowhere I’d rather be, sweetheart,” she smiled, one hand on the door handle. “Now, please, try and rest.”

You let out a soft laugh, nodding as she left the room.

A soft knock on the door half an hour after Dallas went down from her nap let you know that
Gen’s prediction was correct.

“Come in,” you called quietly, placing a finger to your lips and patting the bed beside you when Tom stuck his head around the door.

He closed the door gently before making his way over to your bed and climbing up next to you.

“Mama says you hurt yourself,” he whispered, concern evident in his voice.

“Yeah, I did,” you admitted, lifting the mostly melted ice pack in indication. “I’m okay though, just a little sore.”

He nodded, looking over to where Dallas was laying in her cot.

“Sissy’s sleepin’?”

You nodded, stroking through his hair softly.

“She’s tired from a long day of eatin’ and poopin’,” you smiled, making him laugh. “What did you do today?”

“Did some learnin’,” he told you, leaning into your side when you wrapped your arm around his shoulders. “When we go back to Texas I gotta go to school so Mama is teachin’ me stuff so I don’t get behind.”

“That’s cool,” you smiled. “Learnin’ is fun.”

“Uh huh,” he agreed enthusiastically. “Today we did loadsa different animals an’ where they come from. And we did some math an’ readin’, but I mostly liked the animals.”

You smiled at his enthusiasm, hoping that he would continue to be this interested in his education for the years to come.

“I like animals, too,” you told him and he nodded, pulling back to look at you.

“Aunt Dee said your favourite is sharks and Mama said you’ll teach me the different kinds’a sharks when you’re feelin’ better.”

“I’d love that,” you assured him, smiling down at his grinning face. “What’s your favourite animal so far?”

“Arlo and Bailey,” he answered, confidently.

You laughed softly, nodding in agreement.

“Alright, your favourite wild animal,” you clarified. “Of all the ones you learned about with Mama?”

He hummed in contemplation for a moment before nodding to himself.

“I think I like hippos,” he announced. “The babies weigh over 100lbs when they’re born an’ they’re so cute and fat, I love them.”

“Over 100lbs?” you asked, making him feel like he was teaching you something as he nodded. “Wow. Dal was only 6lbs and a little bit.”
“Woah,” he breathed, his brows drawing together as he tried to do the math. “A hippo is like… fifty times Sissy.”

You smiled softly at his attempt.

“More like sixteen, seventeen times,” you corrected. “But that’s some tricky math, you’ll get there when you’ve gone to school some more.”

“Yah, I’m only five,” he reminded you, waving his hand dismissively. “I’ll get it later.”

“You sure will, buddy,” you agreed, his eagerness to learn making you inexplicably proud of the little boy.

The two of you sat in a comfortable silence for a while until Dallas woke up and started to cry, making both of you wince at the shrill sound.

“Alright, sweetheart. Mama’s here,” you soothed, leaning over to pick her up without hurting yourself too much. “What’s all this noise for?”

“Maybe she’s hungry?” Tom offered, but you shook your head.

“She just ate,” you told him. “I think she needs a diaper change.”

He pulled a face, making you laugh again and causing your daughter’s crying to get louder.

“Alright, baby,” you shushed, kissing her temple. “Tom, can you get Mama or Aunt Dee for me, please? Whoever is free.”

He complied quickly, leaving your room in order to find someone to help you.

You knew that if you tried to move over to the changing table you would only hurt yourself further, so you had to bear with the crying until someone could come and help out.

That someone happened to be Gen, who noticed your predicament as soon as you entered the room.

“Oh, Bambina, your mama is sore,” she soothed, taking Dallas from you over to the changing table. “No need for tears, beautiful girl.”

“Sorry, Genevieve,” you murmured, shifting on the bed.

“Don’t be,” she smiled over her shoulder at you. “You’re on bed rest, I’d’ve been more annoyed if you tried to get up and do this yourself.”

You nodded, watching as she effortlessly changed your daughter and got her to stop crying.

“I can’t believe I pulled my freakin’ groin,” you laughed softly as Gen put Dallas back in your arms.

“Set back your recovery by a couple weeks, too,” she chastised fondly as she sat in front of you.

You leant your head back against the headboard, sighing.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been abstinent for that long in my entire adult life,” you complained, causing Gen to let out a small laugh.

“You’re being dramatic,” she told you, pushing your hair back out of your face. “You’ll survive.”
“I’m not sure I will,” you argued. “Maybe you’ll have to waive your reciprocation rule and just let me have my way with you.”

Another, louder, considerably more startled laugh left her lips, and you smiled in triumph.

“You can’t say that in front of your daughter,” she laughed, but you shrugged.

“Jared told her that he was going to ravage me while he was drunk once,” you reasoned, making Gen tut and shake her head.

“You two…” she trailed off, rolling her eyes. “Did you manage to get any rest?”

“Some,” you confirmed, looking at your daughter. “Dal got a good nap.”

“Good,” she nodded, leaning forward to kiss you softly.

“I’m a bit bored,” you admitted, murmuring the words against her lips.

She kissed you again before pulling back, thinking.

“I could send up JJ with a copy of Tangled. How does that sound?” she offered, and you grinned.

“That sounds perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

Can y'all believe we're here at chapter fkn thirty lmao
You’d been properly back on set for a few days before you had a reporter over to your home for the exclusive interview about Dallas and your family.

You were worried about it, nervous of what people would say when they found out the nature of your relationship, but Jared and Gen made you more comfortable as they sat beside you on your generous couch.

By the time that you’d got past the introductions with the friendly reporter, you felt a lot more relaxed.

The day that your article went public, you, Jensen, and Jared all had the morning off of filming.

You were told by PEOPLE that it was coming out the night before, so you woke up early to post the link.

Logging back into social media came with a rush of anxiety.

Unsurprisingly, your notifications were once again too many to count, with private messages coming through from pretty much all of your mutual followers.

Your follower count had gone up dramatically, undoubtedly from people looking for drama about an apparent lovechild.

Despite Jared and Gen telling you not to, you scrolled through some of the comments on your announcement post.

‘Homewrecker’ and ‘whore’ were a common occurrence, along with ‘cheap slut’ and ‘always knew she was a skank’ from some lovely commenters.

You tried not to let it get to you, knowing that they didn’t know the story, but a part of what they were saying was true at some point.

At the start of your relationship, that’s exactly what you were.

Gen noticed your change in demeanour when she found you in the kitchen, wrapping an arm around your shoulders as she took a seat next to you.

“What are you thinking?” she asked, kissing your temple.

You shrugged as you leaned into her.

“When I first joined the cast, I didn’t give a shit about you,” you admitted, just the thought of it making you want to cry. “I just wanted… All I wanted to do was fuck Jared. I didn’t care that he had a wife and kids. I just wanted him.”

“I know,” Gen whispered, her lips still pressed against your skin. “You were young. Things were different.”

“I was ready to be a homewrecker,” you continued, closing your eyes. “I was ready to make him cheat on you.”

“Alright, no,” Gen told you firmly, pulling back enough to make you look at her. “You didn’t
‘make’ him do anything. Jared was just as into it as you were. When he said no in your trailer, you backed off.”

Her gentle fingers held your jaw, making you look into her eyes as she spoke.

“Y/N, you are so loved,” she reminded you. “It doesn’t matter how we started this. You wouldn’t do anything behind my back now, would you?”

“Of course not,” you assured her, and she nodded.

“Because we love and trust each other,” she confirmed. “Everyone’s gonna know that soon. Today, even.”

You nodded and she moved her hand to cup your cheek, pulling you in for a kiss.

“We love you,” she murmured against your lips, kissing you again. “Now get over it.”

You laughed softly, nodding as she pulled away.

“You’re right,” you agreed.

“I always am,” she teased, looking up as Jared walked in, Dallas in his arms.

“I’ve made my post and shared the link to the online article,” he told you, grabbing himself a water from the fridge before handing it to you to open.

You twisted the cap and handed it back to him as he took a seat, your daughter still happy in his arms.

“I guess we should share it, too,” you sighed, holding a finger out to lightly stroke Dallas’ cheek. “Baby girl doesn’t know how controversial she is.”

“By the time she’s old enough to worry about that, it’ll be old news,” Gen told you.

You nodded, smiling sadly across at your daughter and her father.

“I sure hope so.”
Liked by nowandgen, jensenackles and 586,982 others

jaredpadalecki Despite this pic, Dallas has me firmly wrapped around her finger. I’m totally and utterly in love all over again. Myself and @dittoackles have been back at work for a while now, and it’s incredible to be able to have our daughter on set and come back home to Gen and the boys after a long day. I love my family. Please don't make assumptions about us until you've heard our side. #linkinbio #babyditto

View all 6,012 comments

nowandgen❤❤❤❤
Liked by jaredpadalecki, dittoackles and 111,406 others

nowandgen Check out our @people interview on life as a family of six! 👧🏻👧🏻👦🏻👦🏻👦🏻 Including an exclusive look into the workings of our busy home. 💫

View all 2,782 comments

people Thank you for inviting us in! A beautiful and wholesome family feature.

danneelackles512 💜
Padackles has a brand new meaning as Jared Padalecki and Y/N Ackles welcome their daughter, Dallas Elta, into the world.
The Supernatural co-stars, along with Jared’s wife, Genevieve, open up about their unconventional relationship in this exclusive interview with PEOPLE.

After months of speculation about the father of her child, Y/N Ackles, 20, revealed the first glimpse of her daughter along with the answer to the question on everyone’s lips.

‘It’s good to finally meet you, Dallas Elta Padalecki - 09/10/17’, she wrote on Twitter three days after the birth, after having previously disclosed that her baby would take its father’s surname.

Jared, Genevieve, and Y/N met with our reporter in Y/N’s Vancouver home - where the 11 strong ‘Padackles’ family is currently residing.

“It’s great to have the whole family here,” the 35 year old Supernatural actor told us. “Gen and the boys are up for another month, as are Danneel and the rest of Jensen’s family. Having us all under one roof for the first few weeks has been incredible.”

Y/N’s adoptive parents, fellow Supernatural star Jensen Ackles and wife Danneel, along with Jared and wife Genevieve, all reacted to Y/N’s announcement post before the five of them logged out of social media to focus on their newest family member.

“We wanted to avoid all of the drama,” Y/N explained. “We know people will be confused so that’s why we’re doing this.”

“We want to clear it up,” Genevieve agreed.

Genevieve, 36, also appeared in Supernatural back in season four, where she met Jared.

The pair married in 2010 and have two sons together, Thomas Colton and Austin ‘Shep’ Shepherd, born in 2012 and 2013 respectively.

“The boys are so excited to have a little sister,” Jared told us. “They were asking for a sister the second that we explained that Baby Ditto would be their sibling.”

‘Baby Ditto’ has been the family’s name for Dallas most of the way through the pregnancy, after JJ Ackles (Y/N’s four year old adoptive sister) coined the nickname ‘Ditto’ for Y/N back in May.

After the initial introductions and general family chatter, we got down to the questions that Supernatural fans were dying to know the answers to.

Firstly, the thing that’s caused the most confusion. Can you tell us the nature of your relationship with each other?

Jared: Well, Gen and I are still very much in love.
Gen: But Y/N is a huge part of our lives, too. We love her like we love each other.

So the three of you are in a polyamorous relationship?

Y/N: We’re in a relationship, yes. I don’t think there’s really any need to define it further.
Jared: I love them both, and they love each other.
Gen: And we love Jared. It’s that simple.
How did it all start?

Y/N: You can take this one

Jared: (laughing) Alright. As soon as Y/N joined the cast, I felt the same kind of pull towards her as I had for Gen back when she was on the show. I know she felt it, too.

Y/N: I wasn’t subtle about it. I’m kind of embarrassed about how I handled it now.

Jared: Things were different back then. There was an instant attraction, and I didn’t know what to do about it. I have a family, y’know? I wasn’t supposed to be wanting after this hot new castmate.

Gen: We don’t have secrets in this family, though.

Jared: Exactly. This whole thing is built on trust. I talked it through with Gen when we were home for Christmas, and she told us to go for it.

And Genevieve, you were okay with them seeing each other?

Gen: They weren’t seeing each other in that sense back then, but yes. Originally it was just a physical thing. When we realised it was more, we all adjusted.

Jared: When we came back for a long weekend in February, it evolved into this.

Gen: Y/N was totally unnecessarily apologising for everything when I noticed that she might be a little into-

Y/N: You. I was a little into you. Both.

Gen: (laughing) Yeah. And it’s all worked out for the best.

Do Thomas and Shep understand it all?

Jared: We explained everything we could to them in terms they can understand. They’re only five and three, so obviously there’s some aspects that we can’t go into just yet.

Gen: They know that we all share a bed, and they know that Mommy and Daddy kiss Y/N like we kiss each other. As they get older we’ll explain more if and when they have questions.

What do they call Y/N?

Jared: Tom started calling her ‘Auntie Y/N’ before they knew what was going on, so that stuck for a while.

Gen: Now it’s ‘Auntie Y/N’ some of the time and ‘Y/N’ or ‘Ditto’ the rest.

Y/N: I guess it’s confusing for them because JJ knows me as her sister but to them I’m more like a parent.

Gen: But they respect you like a parent, no matter what they call you. Y/N for sure has authority at home, as it should be.

Does that mean that Genevieve will be like a parent to Dallas?

Y/N: Exactly. Dallas is a lucky girl. Three parents where I barely had one my whole life.

So is she going to call you both ‘mommy’?

Gen: No. Y/N is Dallas’ mama and she’ll know that.

Jared: We don’t know what she’ll call Gen yet, really. We’re gonna let it happen organically.

Y/N: Yeah. We thought about a lot of options, like JJ calls her ‘Aunt Mama’, but in the end whatever Dallas is going to call her will happen on it’s own; it’s not exactly something we can force.
Speaking of Dallas… where did the name come from?

**Jared:** About two hundred miles north of home.

**Y/N:** (laughing) You’re a dork.

**Jared:** (laughing) No, but really. She is named after the city.

**Y/N:** Yeah, that’s true. The city means a lot to both of us, I suppose. My first trip to Dallas was the best day of my teens. Plus it’s Jensen’s birthplace.

**Jared:** And the home of the Cowboys.

**Gen:** Which is so important, obviously.

**Y/N:** (laughing) Obviously. Actually, it kinda is important. She’s named after the city, but the team is a big part of mine and Jared’s lives, too. And Elta is Momma D’s [Danneel Ackles’] first name.

**Jared:** We knew that Dallas was going to be a Padalecki, but it was important to both of us that she had a family name from Y/N’s side as well.

**Y/N:** Yeah. Danneel didn’t know that was her middle name until after she was born. Nobody did, actually, apart from me and Jared. We wanted it to be a surprise.

**Gen:** It was a great surprise. Plus, Elta is a gorgeous name anyway.

*A gorgeous name for a gorgeous girl. Jared, Y/N; how are you finding it, being back on set with a baby in tow?*

**Y/N:** Tiring.

**Jared:** Very tiring.

**Y/N:** But also rewarding, I think. I mean, we get to cuddle our daughter between scenes.

**Jared:** Having a bunch of friends on set makes it a lot easier. If we’re filming for a couple hours straight, we know she’s well looked after with Misha or Jensen, or Frida and the rest of the make-up team when the rest of us are all in a scene.

**Y/N:** They all love having a baby on set.

**Jared:** Yeah, plus Dal is an easygoing kid. She eats, sleeps, and poops.

**Y/N:** That’s the only issue, though. If she’s hungry in the middle of a scene, I’ve gotta take a quick break between takes to feed her before she gets cranky. They’ve had to edit Trinity’s wardrobe so I can quickly get out of the shirts for feeding so it doesn’t take too long out of filming time. If it’s a daylight shoot I’ll express because we can’t afford to lose the light, but we’d rather have skin-to-skin feeding than using a bottle for now.

**Jared:** Everyone has just kind of adjusted to seeing Y/N standing in her bra in the corner of a soundstage, anyway. It’s a natural thing and we’re all surprisingly mature enough to not make a big deal about it.

**Gen:** They’re really nailing this working parents thing.

*They really are. Now, the most important question we’ve all been wondering: how are Dallas and Bailey [Y/N’s rescue dog] getting along?*

**Y/N:** Bailey thinks Dallas is her own child, I’m pretty sure.

**Jared:** Definitely. She’ll lay down next to Dallas’ bouncer and get super protective if anyone but family approaches.

**Gen:** She’s growled at guests before. She’s the same with the twins and the older kids. She’s a very loyal girl.

**Y/N:** Dal is very safe with Bailey, and she’s definitely very calm around her. They make a good
Jared: Like us.

Y/N: (laughing) Yeah, like us.

For more from Y/N Ackles and Jared Padalecki on the new addition to their family, pick up the latest issue of PEOPLE, on newsstands now.
Chapter 32

It was weird, making your way to TorCon after everyone knew about your relationship with the Padaleckis.

Jared was more tactile than he usually was at the airport, unashamed to have his arm around your shoulders as you sat side by side in the departure lounge, Dallas being entertained by Jensen as he walked her around the area.

You were tense, worried about people seeing you until Jared pressed a kiss to the top of your head.

“You’re thinking too much,” he murmured into your hair. “People know now.”

“I know, but they still hate me,” you sighed, leaning into him despite your words. “This is kind of rubbing it in.”

“If I wanna put my arm around the mother of my only daughter and show affection to the girl I love, I’m damn well gonna do it,” he argued, lightly. “Babe, we’ve been hiding this for nine months. We don’t have to hide anymore.”

You nodded, resting your head on his shoulder and your hand on his thigh.

“It’s gonna take some getting used to,” you admitted, closing your eyes to block out everything apart from Jared. “Both being able to be with you in public and the hate we’ll get for it.”

Jared sighed, kissing the top of your head again as he ran his hand up and down your arm.

The movement helped you to relax, finally calm in the knowledge that at least the two of you were in it together.

You sat in a comfortable silence for a while until Jensen came back, announcing that Dallas needed a diaper change before the flight.

You moved to get up, but Jared gently pushed you back onto the seat, standing up himself.

“My turn,” he smiled, grabbing the diaper bag before taking Dallas from Jensen’s arms and leaving in the direction of the restrooms.

“Thanks for taking her,” you told Jensen, earning a shrug.

“She loves her Uncle Jay.”

He took Jared’s place, sitting down beside you with a smile on his face.

“What?” you asked, and he shrugged again.

“You looked sweet,” he told you, still smiling. “It’s nice to see you relaxed like that.”

You laughed softly, looking down at your lap.

“It’s… yeah,” you smiled. “I guess it’s good to know that we don’t have to sneak around anymore. It’s nice not to be some dirty little secret.”

“Yeah, now you’re just dirty and little,” Jensen teased, and you rolled your eyes.
“Wow. Thanks, Dad,” you joked back, elbowing his side.

“You’re welcome,” he grinned, kicking your foot fondly. “But seriously. It’s cute. Just maybe keep the PDA to a PG level around your old man, huh?”

“When have we ever-?”

“I dunno,” Jensen shrugged, still grinning. “I’m just sayin’. I don’t need to see my best friend makin’ moves on my little girl just because you don’t have to hide anymore.”

“You’re such a nerd,” you complained. “You have two actual little girls, and I’m not one of them.”

“You know what I mean,” he laughed.

You smiled, a soft blush rising with the reminder that you really were his daughter now.

“How are you feeling?” Jensen asked, causing you to frown slightly. “About flying with Dal, I mean?”

You bit your lip, looking out in the direction that Jared took your daughter.

“A bit anxious,” you admitted. “I just don’t want to be that mom whose baby won’t shut up for the whole flight. Especially because we’re in fancy class.”

He nodded in understanding.

“She probably won’t like takeoff and landing,” he allowed, “But she’s a good kid. Not much makes her cry unless she’s hungry or overtired.”

“Yeah,” you agreed. “I’m hoping she’ll feed once we’re in the air and then pass out for four hours, but the chances are slim.”

“Eh, you’ll be fine,” he assured you, shifting in his seat as he shoved his hands in his pockets. “Besides, everyone wears their headphones on planes anyway.”

Dallas didn’t enjoy takeoff at all.

You couldn’t really blame her; your first flight out of Oklahoma was scary for you at 18, you could imagine how much worse it would be if you didn’t even know what was happening.

As soon as the seatbelt symbol switched off, you got to your feet and began walking your daughter up and down the aisle to calm her.

You offered smiles of apology to the other passengers if they looked up as you passed, but nobody seemed as bothered as you were worried they would be.

The movement of walking with her seemed to relax Dallas completely and in no time she was drifting off to sleep.

You made your way back to your seat, lifting her up gently so that Jared could lean across the divide and fasten your seatbelt around you once you were sat down again.

“Thanks,” you smiled, leaning over slightly to kiss him.

“No problem,” he murmured, gently stroking Dallas’ hair.
He sighed, sitting back in his seat but still looking at his daughter as she snuggled against you.

“Sarah was mad at me,” Jared told you quietly, and you frowned.

“Your therapist?” you questioned, earning a nod.

“Yeah,” he confirmed. “Well, not mad but… She was disappointed that I hadn’t told her about the baby being mine, or about our relationship. Apparently it could’ve hindered my progress.”

You worried your lip, starting to feel guilty.

“She understood why you couldn’t tell her though, right?”

“She did, but she also reminded me that everything in our sessions is confidential,” he sighed. “She’s right but… we couldn’t risk it.”

You nodded, looking down at Dallas as she let out a tiny yawn.

“What does—” you cleared your throat, trying to play it casual. “What does she think about it all?”

“She thinks it explains why I’ve seemed happier but more anxious over the past few months,” he admitted. “Happy because I’ve found what I didn’t know I was missing, anxious I guess because I was hiding it from everyone apart from our family and close friends.”

“I’m sorry,” you murmured, watching your daughter curl her fists against your shirt.

“Why?” Jared asked with a frown. “What have you got to be sorry for?”

You shrugged, not knowing how to explain the guilt you felt.

“I guess I’ve just… I don’t know,” you sighed. “I’ve made you lie to your therapist and I’ve caused you all this anxiety. I dunno, Jare. I just… I feel bad about it.”

“Well, don’t,” he told you, kindly but firmly. “You didn’t make me do anything. I wouldn’t change a thing.”

“I would,” you admitted, reaching a hand across the divide to take his.

He let you absentmindedly play with his fingers, waiting for you to elaborate.

“I hate the way we started this,” you told him, twisting his wedding ring around his finger. “I hate that I was such a slut.”

“Hey,” he chastised, but you sighed.

“I was,” you insisted. “I didn’t have any self respect, I just saw something I wanted and I was willing to do anything to get you to sleep with me.”

Jared was quiet, but you had already opened up this part of yourself to Gen so you weren’t so scared to do the same to him now.

“I hate that I didn’t care about Gen at all.”

“You didn’t know her,” Jared reasoned, linking his fingers with yours and squeezing your hand.

“But I knew you loved her,” you argued softly. “I knew you always would but I still—”
“Alright, Y/N, stop,” he told you, shifting in his seat to look at you properly. “You seem to think this is all on you. It’s not. We both wanted this. Gen doesn’t resent you for the way we started, and neither do I. Alright?”

You nodded, kissing him back when he leant across.

“Maybe we should get you a session with Sarah,” he murmured, “Or one of her colleagues.”

You shook your head.

“I don’t need a therapist to tell me how broken I am,” you argued.

“We’re all a little broken,” he reminded you. “Look, I’m not gonna force you but I think it would be good for you to see someone. Someone neutral. There’s a lot of stuff that I don’t know about your past, but I think you should talk to someone about it.”

You pulled in a breath and held it for a moment before letting it out with a nod.

“Kay,” you agreed. “One session. If I don’t like it, I don’t have to go back.”

“Deal,” he confirmed. “We’ll book something in when we get back.”

He broke off into a yawn, covering his mouth with his free hand.

“I’m gonna try and grab a couple hours,” he told you, bringing your joined hands to his lips and kissing your knuckles before letting go. “I love you.”

“Yeah,” you smiled, grabbing Dallas’ favourite striped blanket and covering her body as you rolled her onto her back on your legs. “Love you, too.”
You arrived at the hotel on Friday evening, a grouchy baby girl in tow.

“Maybe I shouldn’t have wished for her to sleep on the flight,” you murmured as Jared carried your bags into your room.

That was another weird thing; they’d arranged for you and Jared to share a hotel room this time, reminding you once again that this wasn’t a secret anymore.

“It’s her first time travelling, she’s done a good job,” Jared reminded you as you tried to soothe your daughter.
“Says the man that’s got a bunch of sleep already today,” you raised an eyebrow at him as you sat down on the comfortable bed. “I was awake the whole time worried that Dal could fall out of my lap if I slept.”

“Well, that just means it’s my turn to be on Dal duty tonight,” he reasoned, walking over and taking her from your arms. “Besides, you have a panel tomorrow and I don’t so it’d be my job anyway.”

You raised an eyebrow at him, portraying your disbelief in your expression.

“Hey,” he protested, “I’m a good dad.”

“I know, but you’re not so used to the night shift, babe,” you reminded him. “I’m not trying to be a bitch I just…”

“I’ve got this,” he promised, sitting down beside you and placing a kiss to your cheek. “Are you tired?”

“Not yet,” you admitted, looking at the clock on your bedside table. “It’s nine but it feels like six.”

“That’s timezones for you,” he smiled, trying to distract Dallas from her grumbling with her shark plushie. “You can go see if Jensen wants to get dinner, if you want? I’ll stay back and order room service with the little one.”

“Yeah?” you asked, stroking Dallas’ hair. “You wouldn’t mind?”

“Not at all,” he assured you, kissing you softly before nodding for you to leave. “Go on. Give me some bonding time with my baby.”

“Alright,” you laughed softly, getting up and grabbing one of your room keys.

“Don’t have too much fun without me,” he teased as you reached the door, and you grinned as you looked back at him.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” you told him with a wink, closing the door softly behind you.

Your anxiety was sky high as you waited backstage for your panel on Saturday.

You had Dallas in your arms, ready to hand her over to Emily when you had to go on stage.

“Try and have fun,” Emily reminded you, sensing your nervousness. “It’s gonna be alright.”

“I know,” you sighed, forcing a smile. “They just haven’t seen me since everything came out.”

She shrugged, reaching her hands out for Dallas.

“You hadn’t seen you, either,” she mentioned, “And I still love both of you.”

She smiled sympathetically, gently waving Dallas’ arm at you as you heard your name being called
“You’ll smash it, Mama,” Emily grinned, and you quickly placed a kiss to her cheek and then your daughter’s before making your way up on stage.

You focussed entirely on Rich and Rob as Rich pulled you into a tight hug.

“Stop looking so worried,” he murmured, kissing your cheek before passing you on to Rob for him to do the same.

“You’re gonna do great,” Rob promised, pulling back and finally letting you get to your microphone stand.

“What’s up, Toronto?” you asked, grateful to receive cheers in response.

You’d half expected dead silence, maybe even booing, so the reaction helped calm your nerves slightly.

“Thank y’all for having me.”

“Thanks for coming,” Rich grinned, and you laughed softly.

“Yeah, originally we thought I’d have to cancel this weekend,” you recalled. “Y’know, seeing as my due date was the Monday just gone.”

“Might I say, you look incredible for someone who had a baby- what? Four weeks ago?” Rob added, and you rolled your lips as you nodded.

“Mhm,” you confirmed. “Four weeks tomorrow.”

There were more cheers from the crowd but you could hear murmurs going around amongst them. You told yourself not to think about it, to focus instead on Rich and Rob for now.

“Time flies,” Rich smiled, trying to put you at ease.

“It really does,” you agreed. “I haven’t been to a convention in forever, though. I’ve missed you guys. Well, I’ve missed Rob. I’ve seen too much of you directing my ass around set to have missed you, Speight.”

Rob laughed along with the crowd as Rich gasped in offence.

“Well, if that’s the case, I’ll just leave you to it,” he grumbled making to walk off stage.

“He’s just jealous of our love,” Rob grinned, wrapping his arm around your shoulders. “He can’t take that there’s someone cuter than him on stage.”

“Alright, you guys need to stop flirting,” Rich complained, pulling Rob away from you as you laughed. “We don’t need to encroach on giant territory, do we?”

You cringed internally at the meaning behind his light hearted joke, hoping that the mention of your relationship wouldn’t change the tone.

Luckily, the two of them were laughing enough to get the crowd on their side.

“Alright, alright,” Rob grinned. “We’ll leave you to your Q&A. You be good to her, Toronto!”
The crowd cheered as they left the stage, and you suddenly felt very alone.

You cleared your throat as you looked out into the audience, smiling as genuinely as you could muster.

“Seriously y'all, thanks for coming out to see me;” you told them, scratching the back of your neck awkwardly. “I know… Okay, I know there’s a lot of stuff- controversial stuff- that’s come out about me over the past couple weeks, but I’m still the same girl that I’ve always been, y’know? Nothing’s changed on my side so I really appreciate that y'all are here with me right now.”

A shout of ‘We love you, Y/N’ came from somewhere near the back, followed by a ripple of applause as you smiled.

“I love you right back;” you told the mystery voice, laughing softly. “But, yeah. I'll… I know that y'all will have questions about everything and really I don’t mind answering, but don’t push too far, y'know? I’ve always been honest with y'all so I will be now; if there’s something that I’m not comfortable answering, I might ask you for another question instead. I’m sure y'all understand that there’s some stuff that should be private, even for us actor-types.”

Laughs and nods of assent went around the room, and you felt yourself feeling calmer as you were winning the audience over.

“Alright, who’s got some questions for me?”

You smiled at the fans who were lining up to ask questions, nodding for the first to step up.

“Hi,” she breathed, and you waved slightly.

“Hey,” you smiled back.

“I’m Blake,” she told you, nervously. “First I just wanna say congratulations. On- on the birth of your baby girl.”

“Thank you, Blake,” you laughed softly, not knowing what else to say.

“I’m sure she’s just as beautiful as her parents,” she added, making you blush slightly.

“Right now I think she’s taking after her daddy,” you admitted. “Gonna be taller than me by the time she’s walking, I’m pretty sure.”

The audience laughed, Blake’s giggle getting picked up by the microphone until she slapped a hand over her mouth in embarrassment.

“Don’t be embarrassed, it’s cute,” you assured her, and she tucked her hair behind her ear as she smiled shyly. “Did you have a question?”

“Oh! Yeah,” she laughed again, seemingly more relaxed. “I wanted to know if there’s anything you can tell us about Trinity’s storyline this season?”

You were slightly taken aback by the question, having assumed from her opening that she’d want to know something about Dallas or Jared.

“Wow, um,” you crossed your arms, trying to remember what you were allowed to tell them. “There’s- there’s a big surprise coming this season. Something that really threw me off when I realised what was happening. I’m not sure-”
You cut yourself off, knowing that whatever you said was going to end up online.

“I mean, y’all will definitely be surprised seeing as I’ve been this girl for over a year now and I had no freaking clue that— yeah.”

You unfolded your arms and shrugged, not able to say any more.

“But, yes,” you smiled. “Some big surprises in store for Trinity in season thirteen.”

“Thank you,” Blake smiled back. “And I’m sure you’re a great mom.”

“Thank you,” you replied. “I’m doing my best.”

The next young fan was less nervous than the first, introducing herself without hesitation when she got the mic.

“Hi, my name’s Aliyah, and I’m fourteen and a half,” she told you.

“Hey, I’m Y/N, and I’m twenty and eleven twelfths,” you replied, earning a laugh.

“Hey,” she smiled again. “I was wondering if you have any funny stories about living with the Ackles’ over hiatus?”

You grinned, looking down as you tried to think of something good enough to share.

“I had a real great few months,” you admitted. “I think… I always talk about Momma D and Tex, even about Jay, but I don’t often speak about the twins, right?”

“Right,” Aliyah agreed, and you nodded.

“Well, I’d never really been around babies before I moved in,” you explained, “And at first I was freakin’ terrible. I couldn’t even change a diaper by myself for the first few weeks, but after I had a little breakdown and Momma D came and talked me out of a funk, I was getting better at it. There was one point, with Zeppelin, I’d just changed him without help for maybe the third time, and I was carrying him back out to the yard where everyone was. So the kid was all dressed up in fresh clothes, me and him were bonding and everything. Then just as I got outside, where Momma D, Jay, Gen, Jared, and all of the other kids… where everyone was, my little shit of a little brother spat all over me and himself.”

Your tone made the crowd laughed, and you laughed softly, too.

“I’d been really freaking proud of it,” you added. “Like, man. Everyone was looking at us as we walked outside and I was just grinning because it was still a new achievement. And then he goes and makes us look stupid. They all started laughing, and them laughing made Zep start laughing. So I’m standing there, a baby on my hip, with baby sick all over me, and the kid that did it laughing at me. It was… my baby brother did a great job at making me look stupid. God, I love that little asshole.”

The crowd went wild with laughter, and you smiled to yourself at the memory of the day.

“So that’s just a little glimpse into what it’s like living with the Ackles’,” you concluded. “It’s cool to have a family like them.”

“Thank you for answering,” Aliyah smiled. “I hope you have a fun rest of the weekend.”

“You too, sweetie,” you replied, smiling back at her. “Thanks for asking.”
You were about to greet the next fan when the slight sound of your daughter’s crying filtered through to the stage.

You knew that cry, you knew what it meant.

She wasn’t hungry, she wasn’t tired; she was scared.

It was the same cry she gave if she woke up and couldn’t see you in the room, and it broke your heart.

“I’m- I’m really sorry guys, can you give me a sec?” you murmured, not waiting for a response before quickly rushing off stage.

Emily was still holding Dallas, trying to calm her by bouncing her slightly.

“I’m sorry,” Emily told you, “I’ve tried-”

“It’s okay,” you assured her, taking your daughter in your arms. “She’s a mama’s girl.”

Dallas turned her face into your shirt, sniffling and clenching her little fists.

“It’s alright, baby girl,” you murmured, kissing the top of her head. “Mama’s here.”

“What are you gonna do about the panel?” Emily asked, and you shrugged.

“If you can bring one of these stools out there and tell people not to be too loud, I’ll take Dal with me,” you decided, and she raised an eyebrow to check that you were sure. “Yeah, I still have like forty minutes of panel. It’s alright.”

Emily did as you asked, explaining to the crowd that they had to promise not to scream too loud as you were going to bring Dallas back on with you.

You cautiously walked back on stage, sheltering your daughter’s head with your hand just in case they didn’t get the hint.

There was applause and a few cheers, but nothing to make Dallas any more grumpy in your arms as you sat down, taking the microphone from Emily as she moved the stand to the side.

“Thank you,” you told her and she winked, waving to the crowd as she left the stage.

You adjusted Dallas so she was comfortable, holding the mic in your right hand.

“So, this is Dal,” you laughed softly, earning quiet laughs from the audience. “She’s… a lil’ bit sniffly because she missed her mama, but she should be good from here out.”

After that, the rest of the panel went smoothly.

As you’d expected, a few people had questions about your relationship, but none of them were inappropriate so you answered them with as much honesty as you could afford to.

When it got to the last two minutes, you decided to go for some quickfire questions to finish of your panel.

“I wanna get through as many of y’all as possible,” you explained, Dallas now against your chest with her head on your shoulder as you softly rubbed her back, “So all of y’all in line, if you can think of some questions I can answer quickly, that’d be great and I can talk to all of you.”
You gave them a moment to think of them before nodding to the first fan to go.

“Uhh, what’s- what’s your favourite colour?” she asked, and you grinned.

“Green, like mint ice cream,” you answered, nodding for the next fan to continue.

“Who’s funnier: Jared or Jensen?” he questioned, making you laugh.

“I can’t answer that! Whatever I say, I lose!” you complained. “Um… who’s funnier? Oh! Misha.”

He laughed, moving back to find his seat.

“Do you have a favourite author?” the next person asked, and you nodded, patting your daughter’s back when she made a soft grumble.

“Me and Dal love Sam McBratney,” you told her, “He’s written some great children’s books and they always put her right to sleep. And I love the poet Rupi Kaur, if that counts.”

She nodded in confirmation, thanking you before leaving for her seat.

“What’s your favourite album?”

“Oh, like music?” you clarified, and the girl at the microphone nodded. “All time or current?”

“Both,” she shrugged.

“All time, Midnight in the Garden by Lily Kershaw,” you answered, “Helped me through some crap a few years back. Current, Rainbow by Kesha. I love it, that album is helping a whole generation of young women learn to love themselves.”

At the mention of Rainbow a few whoops of agreement went around the room, making you wink and point to the culprits.

You were so busy searching them out in the crowd that you hadn’t even noticed the next person take the mic.

“What’s Jared like?” she asked, and you frowned at her before she added, “In bed, I mean?”

The Creation volunteer gasped, ready to tell her that it was an inappropriate question.

For a moment you were going to let her, but at the last second you decided to answer instead. You could see the challenge in her eye, daring you to ask someone to make her leave, but you weren’t going to give her the satisfaction.

“He’s great,” you confirmed, “But not as good as Genevieve.”

Shocked laughs and cheers went around the room, and you covered Dallas’ ears as the noise got louder.

“You daddy’s gonna kill me,” you laughed softly away from the mic, kissing your daughter’s temple.

The girl that had asked the question was staring at you in shock, and you just shrugged.

“I’ve told y’all before, I’m always honest with you when I can be,” you told her, looking to the side of the stage as Rich made his way back up.
“Alright, on that saucy note,” he teased, winking at you, “This little Q&A has come to an end.”

“Oh, damn,” you grinned, “Don’t you wanna hear more about my sex life?”

“I’m not sure your daughter wants to hear about all her parents’ bedroom activities,” he shot back, and you nodded in defeat as you got to your feet.

“Alright everyone, thanks for coming out!” you called into the audience, turning Dallas around in your arms to wave at them. “I’ll see you in ops and autos.”

“And you’ll be back in here tomorrow for a panel with your daddy and your baby daddy,” Rich reminded you, letting your daughter grab onto his finger. “You’re closing the show, you better turn up.”

“I’ll be here,” you promised, “Probably with the baby again seeing as she can’t be without her mama for five minutes without throwing a fussy fit.”

The crowd laughed, clapping as you kissed your daughter’s head and waved again.

“See y’all around!”

You got down from the stage, feeling pretty good about how the panel went.

Sure, Jared wasn’t going to be thrilled that you told everyone that Genevieve was better than him in bed, but you got through the whole thing without any major dramas so you felt that was a win.

Your handler took you through to the green room while you had a short break before going to autos.

Your diaper bag was at the table where you’d left it before your panel, so you slung it over your shoulder and grabbed a bottle of water for yourself.

“Is there somewhere I can change my little pee monkey?” you asked your handler, patting Dallas’ butt as you held her in one arm.

“Yeah, of course,” she confirmed, leading you away from the rest of the cast that were breaking for lunch.

The two of you walked in silence for a while, but you could feel something building.

Eventually, your handler gave in.

“Can I ask you something?” she questioned. “It’s okay if you say no.”

“Go ahead,” you shrugged. “I’m pretty much an open book.”

She laughed slightly, nodding.

“I was just wondering… what’s it like?” she asked. “Your daughter’s dad is best friends with your dad, to the point that they call each other ‘brother’. What’s the dynamic like in that sense?”

“I don’t know, I mean-” you sighed, shrugging the bag up your shoulder, “Jared didn’t like it at first, when I mentioned that Jay and Danneel wanted to adopt me. He was worried about what they thought of him, but they had this big dramatic boy talk one day and he got over it.”
She nodded in understanding.

“And for you?”

“For me, it’s not that weird,” you admitted as she pushed open a door, revealing a clean handicapped restroom with a pull down changing table. “I’d always seen Jensen as an older, familial figure, but I was always attracted to Jared. It’s just how it is, I guess.”

“Yeah,” she hummed. “Sorry, that was really unprofessional of me.”

“Nah, you’re just curious,” you smiled, nodding to the changing table. “Can you pull that out for me? I’m guessing I should be somewhere soonish?”

“You’ve got time,” she assured you, doing as you asked. “You’re a lot cooler than people seem to think you are, if you don’t mind me saying.”

You laughed, laying the travel changing mat out on the table before putting Dallas down.

“Yeah,” you nodded, tickling your daughter’s clothed stomach to stop her grousing about changing time. “I get that a lot.”
When you finally got back up to your room on Saturday evening, Jared was in almost the exact same position he was in when you’d left that morning.

He was sat on your bed, his phone in his hand, scrolling through emails when you entered.

"Have you actually left this room today?" you questioned, and he shrugged.

"Went out for food with Jensen," he explained. "Plus we had some press photos to do. Oh, and we got a chance to read through the next episode."

"Oh, yeah?" you asked, kicking off your shoes and putting Dallas down in her travel cot. "Any more major character developments that weren’t even hinted at for all of last season?"

"Nothing as crazy as yours," he relented, getting to his feet as you started to undress, walking over to check on his daughter.

"That’s good to hear," you murmured, stepping out of your jeans and wrapping a towel around yourself.

Jared looked across at you as you unclasped your bra, keeping the bath towel around yourself as you did so.

"Why are you hiding?" he asked, and you laughed softly.

"Because I have a gross post-baby bod and I don’t want my hot hunk of a man to see me like this," you reasoned, pulling the towel tighter around your chest.

"Babe, I think you’re gorgeous anyway," he assured you, picking up Dallas and kissing the top of her head. "Your body gave birth to this little angel, there’s no shame in that."

"Sure," you rolled your eyes, leaning up to kiss him softly. "Can you change her while I’m taking a shower?"

"Of course," he agreed as you walked towards the bathroom, "But I’m serious, Y/N. You’re gorgeous."

"Mhm, yeah," you hummed, humouring him as you started to close the door behind you, "Love you, too."

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Dallas hated the sound of a hairdryer.

The second you switched one on, she would start to cry.

Over the past few weeks, you’d realised that it was just easier if you let your hair air dry than to try and calm your daughter down after blow drying.

You were sat on the couch in your hotel room, Dateline providing background entertainment as you fed Dallas in your pyjamas, your damp hair brushed straight down your back.

"Anything interesting on tonight?" Jared asked, leaving the bathroom in nothing but boxer shorts.
“Not really,” you sighed, “Some unsolved mystery disappearance.”

“The right kind of entertainment for a four week old,” he teased, and you laughed softly as you helped Dallas to change sides. “Do you want me to braid your hair? It’d look cute if it dries wavy for tomorrow.”

You looked over your shoulder at him as he picked up your hairbrush, frowning at him.

“You know how to braid?” you asked, surprised that you hadn’t discovered that before.

“Gen taught me when she was pregnant with Tom,” he told you, walking behind you and starting to brush through your hair. “She wanted me to be prepared if I had a daughter. Which, now I do.”

You hummed contentedly as he dragged the brush through your hair, loving the sensation.

“Dal’s a lucky girl, having a daddy like you,” you told him, closing your eyes.

“She’s got a pretty great mama, too,” he replied, putting down the brush. “One, or two?”

“Braids?” you questioned, and he hummed in confirmation. “Two.”

“French or Dutch?”

“Are you serious?” you asked, laughing slightly.

“Yeah, Gen doesn’t mess around with her teaching,” he told you, and you could hear his smile. “I’m better at Dutch, though, if that sways you?”

“Let’s go with that, then,” you agreed, rubbing your daughter’s back as she continued to feed.

Jared’s fingers made quick, neat work of your hair, the sensation making you lethargic.

“I had to bring Dallas on stage today,” you told him, finally opening your eyes again. “I hope you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind you taking her on stage,” he confirmed, tying the first braid as he reached the end. “I don’t mind you telling the fans that I’m bad in bed.”

“Hey, I never said you were bad,” you defended as he tugged lightly on your braid. “How did you find out about that?”

“News travels fast,” he murmured, starting on the second braid. “Do you really think I’m worse than Gen?”

“I never said worse,” you reminded him. “I said you were great.”

“But Gen is better.”

“Jared-”

“No, really,” he sighed. “Is… is there something she does that I don’t?”

“Jared, it was a stupid-ass answer to a stupid-ass question,” you told him, trying to turn your head and face him but he kept it in place to finish your braid. “You’re great in bed.”

“You’re avoiding the question,” he told you, tying the second braid and walking away.
Dallas stopped feeding, and you rearranged your shirt as you stood, holding her against your chest and patting her back as you watched her father run his fingers through his hair.

“C’mon, babe,” you sighed, switching off the TV and walking towards him. “It was a joke.”

“But there’s some truth to it, right?” he questioned. “I can tell by how you’re acting. Avoiding what I’m asking.”

“I can’t believe we’re having this conversation,” you murmured, wiping Dallas’ mouth with a muslin before laying her down in her cot and sitting beside Jared. “I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“She’s better than me.”

“Can you honestly say that me and Gen are both the same in bed?” you questioned, and he frowned at you.

“You’re different,” he answered, and you nodded.

“Exactly,” you agreed.

“But I wouldn’t say either of you were ‘better’,” he told you, getting under the covers.

“For fuck’s sake,” you grumbled, getting into bed beside him and making him face you when he tried to roll away.

“Jared, you’re not worse than Gen in bed,” you told him, “There are just some things that only another woman would think to do.”

“What if you showed me?” he asked, blinking slowly. “I want to make it good for you.”

“You do,” you insisted, cupping his cheek. “You really do.”

“But you and Gen could show me what it is,” he pressed. “There’s two of you. You could teach me how to make it better.”

The sincerity in his eyes made you lean forward and kiss him, wishing you could take back your stupid, flippant answer earlier.

“Alright,” you agreed, kissing him once more before pulling back. “But we’ll have to wait until I’m all healed up before we start any lessons.”

He nodded, biting his lip.

“Or, we could practice on Gen back home,” you offered, making him laugh lowly.

Jared pulled you closer and wrapped his arms around you, kissing your temple.

“Her reciprocation rule wouldn’t really agree with that,” he reminded you, and you smiled softly.

“Yeah, maybe we can convince her,” you suggested, glad that he was in a better mood. “Sorry if I upset you. It really was just a joke earlier.”

He shrugged, playing with one of your braids where it rested against your pillow.

“I know,” he sighed. “But if it’s gonna improve our sex life, I’m glad I got pissy about it.”
You laughed, regretting it instantly when Dallas started to fuss.

“It’s your turn,” Jared told you. “I had her last night.”

“I had her all day,” you argued, putting your cold feet on his legs and pushing.

“Hey, no fair,” he laughed, scrambling out of bed to get away from your feet. “Underhand tactic.”

“You love me,” you smiled, closing your eyes and burrowing into the pillows as you heard him pick up your daughter.

“Yeah,” he relented, shushing Dallas. “You and your freezing toes.”

Sunday at the convention was hectic.

Your line for duo ops with Jared was almost twice as long as usual, meaning you had to rush through some of them so Jared could get his solo’s done in time before the panel.

The final panel was weird, too.

This time, you were prepared to take Dallas on stage with you.

You had her in a baby wrap attached to your front so that you could easily carry her around, and the audience noises didn’t seem to be bothering her.

“She’s already a seasoned con baby and she’s only been to one panel,” Jensen commented, pride evident in his tone.

“It’s almost like her parents and grandparents are all actors that have been in the public eye for years,” Jared teased, and Jensen rolled his eyes.

“Less of that ‘grandparents’ crap,” he argued. “Dee would kill you.”

“She’s not here,” Jared shrugged, a glint in his eye, “I can say what I want.”

“Anyway,” you interrupted, not wanting the grandparents argument to start up again, “Technically Dal went to a bunch of conventions in my belly.”

“That’s true,” Jared agreed. “Babies can get used to voices in the womb, maybe she got used to con noise.”

“I sure hope she wasn’t listening in all the time, if y’know what I mean,” Jensen murmured, and Jared punched his shoulder.

“Dude!” he complained. “That’s your daughter!”

“I’m just sayin’, trailer walls are thin,” Jensen replied, arms up in surrender.

You could feel your cheeks heating up as you covered Dallas’ ears with your hands.

“We’ve talked way too much about my sex life at this convention,” you grumbled. “Dal doesn’t need to be hearing this.”

“You’re right, you’re right,” Jensen allowed, peeling your hands away from your daughter. “I’m sorry, baby girl.”
“This is… the weirdest panel I’ve ever been in,” you announced, grateful for the laughter in the crowd. “All of this is going to end up online. There’ll be evidence of this when our kids are old enough to search for it.”

“Babe, there’s so much worse online for my kids to find of me,” Jared laughed, his strong hand resting on your shoulder. “They’re all gonna be scarred for life.”

You tried not to react to the endearment, but it was hard.

Jared seemed to have settled into the fans knowing about your relationship a lot quicker than you had, unashamed to use pet names or look at you a little too long or a little too fondly.

He frowned down at you and you realised that you’d been staring.

“Something on my face?” he asked and you blushed as you laughed, wrapping your arms underneath Dallas despite your daughter being held up by the sling wrap.

“Just a couple weird moles,” you answered, “But all the girls seem to love you anyway.”

The crowd laughed and Jared threw his arm around your shoulders, leaning down to place a kiss to your temple.

“Alright, enough of your gross flirting,” Jensen interrupted. “I believe we have some questions to answer.”

“Oh, yeah, right,” Jared grinned, gently pinching Dallas’ cheek before pulling away from the two of you. “This is a Q&A panel.”

“It is,” you smiled, nodding to the line of fans waiting patiently. “That’s what all these people are waiting for.”

“Let’s not keep them,” Jensen laughed. “Who’s up first? Make it a good one.”

“I’ll try,” the fan smiled. “My name’s Mollie.”

“Hello, I’m Jared,” Jensen replied.

“I’m Jensen, this is Y/N,” you continued, motioning to your daughter.

“I guess that makes me Dallas,” Jared finished, the crowd laughing along with the three of you.

“Sorry,” you apologised to the fan. “What was your question?”

“I was wondering what the hardest scene to film was,” she told you, “From all of season twelve.”

“I have a couple different answers,” Jensen spoke up, and you looked at him as you waited for him to continue. “A lot of the scenes in Regarding Dean were quite hard for me.”

The crowd cheered at the mention of a fan favourite episode.

“I’ve said before that I loved shooting that episode, and I stand by that,” Jensen continued, “But it was tough. A lot of emotions brought to the surface that I haven’t had to call upon for a few years on this show.”

“If it makes it any easier, it was an Emmy-worthy performance,” Mollie told him, and he smiled.
“Thanks, that means a lot,” he told her.

“And the other?” you asked. “You said you had a couple answers?”

“The other was watching you get beaten up in the finale,” Jensen told you, averting his gaze to the audience as he did. “It’s… obviously we know it’s fake, but Y/N is an incredible actor. She made it seem so real that it was so hard to watch. I actually didn’t watch that scene in the final cut.”

“Yeah, me neither,” Jared agreed, and you frowned.

“Wait, for real?” you asked, and they both nodded. “Guys… it was fake.”

“But it looked real,” Jensen insisted. “We didn’t want to see you get beaten up.”

“That’s… really sweet,” Mollie spoke up, and you laughed softly.

“I guess it is,” you agreed,

“Thank you for your question,” Jared told her.

“And thanks for coming out,” Jensen added, making her blush as she went to go find her seat.

The next fan stepped up to ask her question as Jared took a drink from his water bottle before handing it to you.

You took a sip, not realising you were thirsty until it was offered.

“Hi, I had a question about your- about your relationships,” the fan told you, and you put the lid back on your bottle and tossed it behind you. “If that’s okay?”

Jensen shrugged.

“Depends what it is,” he answered honestly. “If it’s too much, we’ll let you know.”

“That’s fair,” she agreed. “I was just wondering, what came first? Like, from our perspective, we’ve known Jensen as Y/N’s father for longer than we’ve known Jared as your… lover? Partner?”

“We have no idea what word to use, either,” Jared assured her. “We’ll go with partner.”

“Right,” she laughed softly. “So, is that the order it really happened, or…?”

“It’s… no,” you answered, starting to bounce Dallas slightly to keep her entertained. “I kinda talked about this in my panel yesterday, but I always saw Jensen as family. But the thing with Jared started before I started living with the Ackles’. So, really that was first.”

“I saw Dits as a daughter as soon as she moved in, but we didn’t make it official until… some stuff went down,” Jensen added, “So, yeah. Officially, they were together before I became her dad.”

“Okay, thanks for clearing it up,” she smiled, and you nodded.

“Thanks for not judging us,” you told her, earning another smile in response.

“This isn’t so bad,” Jared murmured away from his mic as he picked up the water bottle again.

“We’re getting through it,” you agreed, smiling when Jensen lightly stroked your daughter’s hair.
“Our first panel that they know we’re all family.”

Your Padackles family panel turned into a Winchester family panel when Sam and Jeff crashed for the last ten minutes.

Dallas had started to get fussy, getting a little hungry and probably bored, and the noises had drawn the attention of the gatecrashers.

“Is that the sound of our granddaughter we hear?” Jeff asked, the two of them coming up on stage to generous applause. “Or, would that be great-granddaughter?”

He looked between Jared and Jensen, laughing at himself as Sam kissed your cheek.

Jeff pulled the boys into hugs before grinning down at you.

“Hey, sweetheart,” he smiled, pulling you into a hug being careful of your daughter.

“Hey,” you smiled back as he kissed the top of your head.

“Mind if I…?” he trailed off, nodding to Dallas.

You grinned, keeping an arm around your daughter as you began to unwrap the sling.

“You want the sling or just the baby?” you asked, and he rolled his eyes.

“Just the baby, I think I can manage not dropping her,” he told you, making Jensen laugh.

“You hoping to get your practice in for your new baby girl?” he asked, making Sam gasp as her memory was jogged.

“Of course!” she laughed. “I never said congratulations!”

“Well, thank you,” Jeff grinned as you lifted Dallas free.

“Alright, take the baby,” you offered, handing her over.

Jeff smiled down at your daughter as he took her into his arms, lifting her up to kiss her temple.

“If you’re the great-grandparents, does that make your unborn child a great-aunt?” Jared asked, making Sam laugh.

“Gusy is already a great-uncle, by that logic,” she reminded Jeff, who was too interested in entertaining your daughter to care.

“I don’t like this logic,” Jensen argued. “I’m too young to be a grandpa.”

You looked up at him, raising an eyebrow.

“I’m your daughter, and I have a daughter,” you reminded him. “You’re literally her grandpa, not just in this Winchester line. Your denial is getting ridiculous.”

Jensen opened his mouth with a counterpoint but Jeff got there first.

“Why are we arguing?” he questioned. “There’s a beautiful baby here that’s part of our Supernatural family. It doesn’t matter how we’re all fake related because she’s gorgeous and healthy.”
“I agree,” Sam smiled, nudging Jensen playfully. “Cheer up, grumps.”

Dallas was getting even more fussy despite Jeff’s attempts to calm her, and you took her back with an apologetic smile.

“She’s hungry,” you explained as her fussing turned to crying, earning ‘aww’s from the crowd. “This is gonna keep up until I whip a boob out, so I hope you don’t mind if I get out of here early and leave the last five minutes as a real Winchester special.”

Jared laughed, kissing your cheek as you waved to the cheering crowd.

You left the stage, asking for somewhere private enough to feed your crying daughter.

“Shh, calm down baby girl,” you soothed, giving her your knuckle to suck on in the meantime. “We nearly made it all the way through.”

Your handler led you back through to the green room where there were less spectators.

Rich and Rob were just leaving to finish the convention at the end of your panel, giving you almost complete privacy to feed your baby.

“How was your first con with a baby?” your handler asked as you sat down.

“Better than I thought it would be,” you admitted, smiling softly down at your daughter. “She’s been an angel, really, considering how crazy this must have been for her.”

“She has,” she agreed. “I’ll give you some peace. I’ll be outside if you need me.”

You smiled in appreciation, unbuttoning the top of your shirt to feed Dallas as she left the room.

You arrived back at your Vancouver home on Monday afternoon, following a slightly less restful flight with Dallas.

It was more how you’d imagined the first flight to go - a few more tears, a lot more distractions needed.

You fed her, burped her, carried her through the aisle, but in the end the only thing that seemed to relax her was the shark plushie.

“She loves that thing,” Jared had commented when she was finally calm. “She’s gonna grow up a huge shark fan.”

“With us as parents, she doesn’t stand a chance,” you had joked.

You posted a picture to Instagram as soon as you got home, thanking the fan that had given you the shark in the first place.
Danneel took Dallas from you, claiming that she’d missed her too much and needed some bonding time, giving you a chance to make yourself a cup of coffee.

“I missed coffee so much when I was pregnant,” you murmured as you took the first sip, making Jared laugh.

“I know you did,” he teased, “You’d always demand a kiss after I’d finished a cup.”

You grinned over the rim of your cup.

“You noticed that?” you asked, and he laughed.
“I noticed that,” he confirmed, smiling.

Gen entered the kitchen, leaning up to kiss Jared hello as she wrapped an arm around his waist.

She looked across at you as she pulled back, her expression difficult to read.

“How are you feeling?” she asked you, and you shrugged.

“A bit tired but good,” you told her.

She nodded, worrying her bottom lip slightly as she did.

“Are you alright?” you questioned, putting down your coffee.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she promised, pulling away from Jared and nodding towards the door. “Can I talk to you? Upstairs?”

You frowned, walking towards her and taking her outstretched hand.

“Are you sure you’re good?” you murmured as she lead you out of the room, Jared watching the two of you with the same confusion that you knew your face was showing.

“Yeah,” she insisted, keeping ahold of your hand as you reached the stairs. “Please don’t freak out.”
“Please don’t freak out.”

That simple sentence had your heart racing, even more questions on your mind as you followed Genevieve upstairs.

Your grip tightened in her hand in question, but she didn’t say anything more as you approached your bedroom.

When she pushed open the door and lead you inside, your heart dropped.

“What the fuck,” you breathed - not a question - as you dropped her hand and took a step towards your bed.

Gen closed the door behind her, leaning back against it.

“Y/N, don’t-”

“Don’t fucking what?” you asked, seeing your old shoebox on top of the duvet. “That’s private.”

“I thought it would be a nice surprise-”

“If you went through my belongings?” you cut her off, seething with anger. “I don’t own a lot of shit, but this? This is fucking private. How could you?”

“No!” she insisted, stepping towards you. “I just wanted to clean our room while you were away, and I found it under the bed-”

“So you opened it,” you stated, stepping back. “You must’ve done or you wouldn’t be acting like this.”

She nodded, looking down.

“I was going to throw it out,” she explained, “But I figured I should check that it wasn’t anything important.”

You laughed humorlessly, taking a seat on the edge of your bed and running your hands through your hair.

Gen stayed in place, watching you as she worried her lip.

“So you’ve seen… everything?” you questioned, finally looking at her. “You’ve seen it all?”

She swallowed, nodding as she took a tentative step forward.
When you didn’t protest, she carefully made her way over to the bed, sitting down a safe distance away from you.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered and you sniffed, wiping your cheeks with the heel of your hand.

You sat in silence for awhile, not knowing what to say.

Gen reached out a hand to cup your cheek, and you flinched but didn’t pull away.

“Y/N… sweetheart,” she began, her voice soft, “Do you have a kid?”

You sniffed, forcing a small laugh.

“Yeah, her name’s Dallas,” you told her, weakly. “You’ve met.”

She didn’t find it funny, dropping her hand to open the box.

“Gen, you don’t- you don’t have to-”

“Y/N,” she repeated, retrieving exactly what you knew she would from the box.

She closed the lid again, resting two ultrasound scans on top; one of which had slightly faded fold lines through it.

“Genevieve-”

“This is Dallas,” she told you, tapping the pristine image. “This is not.”

You looked away as she picked up the scan, willing yourself not to cry.

“It’s your name, sweetheart,” she murmured softly. “But the date-”

“November 23rd, 2012,” you replied, your voice hoarse.

You didn’t expand more than confirming the date on the image, and Gen reached out to lay her hand on your thigh.

“Sweetie, why didn’t you tell us that you have another child?” she pressed gently.

You didn’t respond again, causing her to request that you look at her.

“Please,” she murmured, and you met her gaze with teary eyes. “We love you, you know that. You could have told us that you-”

“But I don’t,” you finally interrupted. “I don’t have another child.”

She frowned softly, gently carding her hand through your hair and tucking it behind your ear.

“Did you give it away?” she asked, and you shook your head.

“Her,” you corrected, wiping the tears that fell as you blinked. “And, no. I didn’t give her away.”

Her frown deepened as she cupped your cheek once more, catching your tears with her thumb and wiping them away.

“Did you-” she cut herself off, unsure how to word what she was asking. “Did you go to a clinic?”
Your chin started to quiver as you felt yourself begin to cry.

“Hey, shh,” Gen soothed, moving the box to the side as she pulled you into a hug, letting you cry into her shoulder. “Baby, it’s okay.”

You were sobbing against her as she stroked through your hair, pressing kisses to your temple.

“It’s okay,” she repeated. “Sweetie, you were young.”

You shook your head against her neck as she rubbed circles into your back.

“We love you so much,” she reminded you gently. “It’s okay. We love you.”

You shook your head again, more violently this time as you pulled back, wiping your face with your sleeve.

“I didn’t- I didn’t,” you told her through sobs, shaking your head. “I didn’t abort her. I wouldn’t- I couldn’t-”

“Hey, shh,” she soothed again as you started to hyperventilate. “Alright, sweetheart. I didn’t mean to assume. I’m sorry. It’s okay.”

You tried to get your breathing under control, giving up on trying to wipe your tears as they continued to fall without any sign of stopping.

Gen sat patiently, holding your hand as you clung to hers as she waited for you to calm down.

“I’m sorry,” you sniffed, and she shook her head.

“I should be apologising to you,” she told you, kissing your wet cheek. “I’m sorry I pried.”

You swallowed, your throat incredibly dry as you tried to speak.

“I lost her,” you told her, your voice more of a croak than a whisper.

Gen’s heart broke at the soft confession, wrapping her arms around you.

“I’m so sorry,” she whispered. “Was it- how-”

She cut herself off, shaking her head and kissing your hairline.

“You don’t have to explain anything,” she murmured. “I’m so sorry, sweet girl.”

You sniffed again, hugging her back so that you didn’t have to look at her as you spoke.

You took a deep breath, pressing your temple to Gen’s and closing your eyes.

“It was… it was my mom,” you whispered, holding her tight as she tried to pull back and look at you.

“What happened, Y/N?” she asked, leaning her head against yours in solidarity.

You swallowed, keeping your eyes closed as you tried to get some moisture to return to your mouth.

“I was late,” you recalled, your voice as quiet as you could make it, “A couple months. I took a test and-”
You broke off, taking another deep breath.

“It was positive,” Gen supplied, and you nodded.

“So I went for the scan,” you continued, letting her pull back and take your hands.

You kept your eyes downcast and she didn’t ask for anything else, knowing this was a huge step for you.

“She was thirteen weeks in that picture,” you breathed, Gen squeezing your hands in reassurance. “I was terrified, but I- I loved her.”

You’d never spoken about this before, and your heart was racing as you tried to bring up the courage to continue.

“Take your time,” Gen encouraged gently.

“I kept most of the scans in my bedside cabinet,” you admitted. “I looked at them every night. But I came home from school a couple weeks later and- and my mom had found them.”

Tears started streaming again but you continued, needing to get it out.

“She was shouting at me, calling me all kinds of names,” you told her. “She ripped them all, and she told me- ordered me to get an abortion. I said no, so she- she-”

You let go of one of Gen’s hands as you looked up to the ceiling, trying to stop crying.

“She hit me,” you sniffed, still looking up. “It wasn’t the first time, but she hit me and she didn’t stop. She punched me in the- in the stomach.”

Gen gasped softly, realising where the story was headed.

“I tried to protect myself,” you continued, “I never never hit her back, but I ran. I tried to cover my stomach and I ran for the door. I managed to get out of the apartment, but she- she caught up. I guess she pushed me down the stairwell.”

“You guess?” Gen asked and you nodded, finally looking at her to see the concerned heartbreak in her eyes.

“I blacked out,” you explained, breaking eye contact again. “I woke up at the bottom of the stairs, our downstairs neighbour called an ambulance. The hospital carried out an ultrasound and- and they couldn’t find a heartbeat.”

“Oh, baby,” Gen murmured, cupping your cheek again.

“I had- I had to have a D&E,” you whispered, leaning into her palm and meeting her eye. “They put me into labour. I was- I was all alone. I was barely sixteen and I had to deliver my baby on my own. It took- it took hours, and when it was over I didn’t- there wasn’t any crying. She wasn’t crying, she wasn’t breathing. My baby, Gen. My- my baby.”

Gen didn’t speak, stroking your cheek with her thumb as you took a deep, steadying breath.

“They told me the sex, that’s- that’s how I know,” you whispered. “And they let me hold her little body. She was tiny- so tiny, and then they took her away.”

There was a strange sense of relief, along with all of the pain and the hurt, at finally telling
somebody your heartbreaking secret of almost five years.

“My mom, she told the authorities that it was my- that it was the baby’s father that did it,” you continued, your voice breaking. “He wasn’t- he wasn’t a good man, he was on their radar for violence anyway, so it wasn’t questioned. I was too numb to dispute it. I just… I couldn’t.”

You swallowed again, pulling back and picking up the scan, running your finger lightly along the fold lines.

“This is all I have of her,” you admitted, softly. “The rest were ruined - she ripped them in front of me and burned them after. But this one was in my wallet. I’m so… so thankful that I have it.”

“I’ll bet,” Gen murmured, brushing your hair back behind your ear. “I’m so sorry for intruding.”

“It’s alright,” you sniffed, smiling softly. “I think… I think I’m relieved to have told someone.”

“Thank you,” she whispered. “Thank you for telling me. Thank you for letting me in.”

She leant in to kiss you softly, gently, portraying a thousand emotions through the slow press of lips.

“I’m so proud of you,” she told you. “You’ve gone through so much, and you’ve come out as this strong, gorgeous, intelligent, loving, kind young woman. You’re absolutely incredible.”

You laughed slightly, wiping your cheeks now that tears were no longer cascading down them.

There was a soft knock on the door, followed by Jared’s voice.

“Is everything alright in there?” he asked, concern evident in his tone.

The sound of his voice brought you back to reality, sniffing back all emotion as you started to move.

You quickly placed the scans back into the box and tucked it back underneath your bed.

“Give us a minute, please,” Gen called back through, standing up to take your shaking hands and making you look at her.

Your heart was racing again, and you could feel the panic in your expression.

“Y/N, he loves you,” Gen reminded you, quietly. “He won’t think any differently-”

“You can’t tell him,” you whispered, “Or Jensen. They can’t know.”

“Why not?” she asked, frowning softly. “They love you so much, sweetheart.”

“Exactly,” you insisted, trying to keep your words quiet so Jared wouldn’t be able to hear through the door. “They’d want to do something about my- about my mom. I just want to forget about her.”

You held her eye for a moment, pleading silently as Jared’s knock came through again.

“For now,” she whispered, pulling you into another kiss - a promise that you were going to talk about this again.

She pulled back, squeezing your hands once more before letting go and walking over to the door.
She plastered on a smile, opening the door to meet Jared’s concerned gaze.

“Are you alright?” he asked, looking into the room and noticing your tear stained cheeks. “What’s wrong?”

Gen looked back at you, smiling reassuringly before returning her gaze to her husband.

“Just girl stuff,” she told him, leaning up for a soft kiss. “Don’t worry.”

He didn’t look convinced, but when you nodded in agreement with Gen he let out a sigh.

“Okay,” he relented, squeezing Gen’s shoulder. “We’re all pretty pooped, so Jensen suggested take out for dinner.”

“Pizza?” Gen asked, and he nodded.

“Pizza,” he confirmed, looking over at you again. “Sound good?”

You nodded, wiping your eyes with the heels of your hands.

“Sounds great.”

You took a shower while the pizza was being ordered, needing to wash away the emotion of the day and the horrible stuffy feeling you always had after a flight.

You made your way downstairs in your pyjamas after checking on Dallas and the twins, all of whom were down to sleep already, to find the rest of your family in the front room, the opening of Tangled paused on the TV.

Jared smiled softly as you entered the room with damp hair, two hair ties around your wrist and a brush in your hands.

“Wanna braid?” you asked, and he patted Shep’s thigh for him to get off his lap so that he could stand from his seat beside Genevieve and Tom.

“Let’s see if I can get this done before the pizza comes,” he smiled, kissing you softly. “You good?”

“Yeah,” you smiled, pecking his lips softly before sitting down in the armchair so that he could stand behind you.

Bailey instantly got up from where she was resting against the couch, instead sitting herself down at your feet.

“Like before?” Jared asked as JJ got down from Jensen’s lap and walked across to you.

“Please,” you told Jared, smiling down at JJ. “What’s up, Texas?”

“Can I have a hug?” she asked reaching her arms up.

You grinned, beckoning her to crawl up onto your lap, Bailey nosing at the two of you until you scritchted between her ears.

“I see how it is,” Jensen grumbled. “She hasn’t seen her daddy all weekend but the second her sister walks in, I’m dropped like an old toy.”
“Can you blame her?” you asked, keeping your head still so Jared could work while you wrapped your arms around JJ. “She’s my best girl. She’s missed me.”

“Yah,” JJ agreed, kissing your cheek before shifting around so that she was sat in your lap. “I love ya, Daddy, but Ditto’s my friend and family.”
Danneel laughed, patting Jensen’s thigh as she leaned in to kiss his cheek.

“Your daughter just told you that you’re not her friend,” she teased, making Jensen pout dramatically.

“I used to be her best friend,” he complained, and you rolled your eyes as you wrapped your arms tighter around JJ.

“Shouldn’t have introduced her to someone as great as me, then,” you teased, wanting to press kisses to her cheeks but not wanting to ruin Jared’s work on your hair.
You settled instead for tickling her sides, making her squirm in your lap.

“Stoppit!” she laughed, leaning back against you and making your arms wrap around her again.
Tom got up from Gen’s lap, opting instead to go and sit beside Jensen.

“You’re my friend, Uncle Jay,” he told him, making Jensen laugh softly.

“Thanks, buddy,” he smiled, wrapping his arm around his shoulders. “You’re my friend, too.”
The sound of the doorbell came just as Jared was tying your second braid, so Danneel and Jensen got up to collect your food.
You laughed softly as you heard the delivery guy murmur ‘holy shit’ before a string of apologies until Jensen stopped him.

“It’s alright,” Jensen’s muffled voice came through the hallway. “Do you wanna come in and meet everyone?”

“Are you serious?” he asked, their voices getting louder as they made their way back through to the front room.

“Yeah, of course,” Danneel laughed, “Dude, you brought us food, you’re our hero right now.”
You smiled as they entered, putting the boxes of food down on the coffee table where paper plates and drinks were already waiting.

“I can’t believe I got sent out to deliver to the Supernatural cast,” he murmured, making Jared laugh softly.

“We’re too lazy to cook tonight, so you’re doing us a massive solid,” he told him, offering a hand. “Jared.”

“Mikey,” the delivery guy replied, shaking Jared’s hand. “This is crazy.”
Jensen took out his phone, grabbing your attention as he held it up with the front camera on.

“Thumbs up, everyone,” he instructed, and the kids complied without question - raising their thumbs into the air with huge grins.
“Good idea,” Jared agreed, bringing Mikey in between himself and Jensen as Jensen raised his phone, angling it to include all of you.

“Smile,” he encouraged as he snapped the picture, Mikey looking bewildered but totally thrilled.

Jensen pocketed his phone before getting his wallet and pulling out enough to cover the food, plus a hefty tip.

“Woah,” Mikey breathed as he was handed the cash. “This is-”

“An October bonus,” Jensen finished for him, patting his shoulder. “Buy yourself something fun.”

“You guys are awesome.” Mikey laughed, readjusting his brand cap as he smiled at you. “My older sister loves Trinity, she’s gonna freak when I tell her about this.”

“Aw, thanks,” you smiled back. “And thank you for bringing the pizza.”

“Smells yum,” JJ agreed, making him laugh again.

“I should leave you to it,” he said, backing up towards the door to the hallway. “Thank you so much for making this job so much more exciting.”

“I’ll show you out,” Danneel smiled, leading him back through to the front door.

“Can we eat and watch ‘Punzel now?” JJ asked you, and you kissed her cheek.

“I think so,” you confirmed. “But I don’t think I want to let you go so you can get a slice.”

She hummed in agreement, thinking for a moment before looking up at Jensen and bat ting her gorgeous lashes.

“Uh, no,” Jensen folded his arms in mock offence. “You can’t ditch me and then use your cuteness to get me to serve you pizza.”

“But Dad,” you and JJ drawled at the same time, making Jared and Gen laugh as Jensen groaned in defeat, picking up a plate and loading up a few slices.

“You’re damn lucky that I’d kill for you, kiddos,” he grumbled, shooting you a wink.

You swallowed, kissing JJ’s cheek as you caught Gen’s eye across the room.

She was watching you with a strange intensity as you shifted to get yourself and JJ into a comfortable position.

With your movement, she seemed to snap out of her minor trance as she blinked, offering you a small smile.

You gave a smile in return, looking up at Jensen as he handed JJ the plate.

“It’s not all for you,” he reminded her. “You have to share with your sister.”

JJ nodded, choosing a slice and lifting it up for you to take a bite, taking her own bite of the same slice right after.

“Mhm,” she agreed, swallowing her little mouthful. “Sharin’s carin’.”
After the movie was over and the majority of pizza was finished, you all called it a night and decided to go to bed early.

Jared took a shower while you fed Dallas, Genevieve joining you in the bedroom after brushing her teeth and putting Tom and Shep to bed.

She stayed quiet while she got changed, crawling into bed beside you and resting her head on your shoulder.

You could tell she was thinking something - she had been since you caught her eye over dinner - but you waited for her to speak rather than asking what was up.

It didn’t take long.

Gen shifted slightly, looking down at Dallas before meeting your eye.

“She’d—” she paused, worrying the side of her bottom lip before continuing as a whisper, “She’d be the same age as JJ, wouldn’t she?”

You swallowed around the lump in your throat, cupping the back of Dallas’ head as you nodded.

“Yeah,” you breathed. “Due May 29th. JJ was born the day after.”

Gen leant in, pressing a kiss to your temple.

“No wonder you have such a special bond,” she murmured against your skin, pressing another, longer kiss to the same spot beside your brow.

“Don’t,” you whispered as Dallas blinked up at you. “It’s… can we not talk about it? Just for tonight?”

“Oh course, sweetheart,” she agreed, pulling back and leaning against the headboard.

Another silence fell in the room, barring the slight suckling sound as Dallas continued to feed.

“I love you,” you murmured, turning your head to face Gen. “I love you so much.”

“I love you,” she repeated back to you, leaning in just enough to kiss you. “How could I not? I’m very much in love with you, my incredible, gorgeous, sweet girl. Nothing’s changing that.”

You nodded, blinking back tears and kissing her again.

“Thank you,” you whispered against her lips, “For everything.”

She shrugged, leaning her head on your shoulder once more.

“We’re a team, Y/N,” she reminded you. “Always will be.”

Chapter End Notes

Warnings: mentioned abuse, violence, miscarriage
You were back on set on Tuesday, getting straight back to work after your weekend off.

Gen had graciously not pressed the issue of telling Jared what you’d disclosed to her the day before, so you managed to push the memory of your first pregnancy to the back of your mind - where it had been for the most part of the last four years.

Dallas was gruffer than usual, no doubt due to flying the day before, so filming was a little more difficult than you were used to.

Luckily, you didn’t personally have much to film that day; Trinity’s part in the current episode was minimal, just the odd appearance to update Castiel or the Winchesters on what she’d found out about her past.

You worked as quickly and efficiently as you could; all pranks that you usually played on each other shoved right to the back of your minds in order to get your scenes done in time to avoid any Dallas tantrums.

By the time you broke for lunch, you were exhausted.

Jared was grabbing you food while you sat down, bouncing Dallas to try and get her to calm down a little bit.

She wasn’t hungry and she’d recently been changed, she was just grumpy.

Jensen cleared his throat as he sat next to you, putting his plate down and taking a sip of his coffee.

“What’s up?” you asked, resorting to the shark plushie in a last-ditch attempt to calm your daughter.

“Have you checked your social media?” he asked, and you frowned.

“Not really,” you admitted. “I posted something but I haven’t really had time to look at notifications and stuff.”

“Good,” he nodded, looking straight ahead as he took another sip from his cup. “Don’t.”

You shifted your hold on Dallas and her toy, reaching into your pocket for your phone.

Jensen moved swiftly, grabbing your phone from your hand and shoving it into his pocket before you could take it back.

“You need to leave it a couple days.”

“Jen,” you argued, “Give me my phone.”

“I’m not gonna do that,” he murmured, picking up his fork. “It’s confiscated.”

You narrowed your eyes, snatching his fork out of his hand.

“It’s confiscated,” you echoed, causing him to sigh.

“Y/N… I’m trying to help you,” he explained, taking his fork back and shifting his chair away so you couldn’t reach to steal it back without disrupting Dallas. “You need to leave it a couple days.”
Jared put your plate down in front of you, sitting opposite you and leaning across to tickle Dallas lightly.

“You’re not gonna give me my phone back for a couple days?” you questioned, and Jensen shook his head.

“You can have it back when we go home,” he reasoned, “But you’re not allowed to check social media.”

“Good plan,” Jared agreed, uncapping his soda and taking a drink.

You glared across the table at him.

“So, you’re both allowed to see the crap people are writing about me, but I’m not?” you asked, irritated.

“Who said people are writing crap?” Jared tried to argue, and you rolled your eyes.

“Your expressions,” you shot back.

“Doesn’t matter,” Jensen dismissed around a bite of pasta. “It’s not good for you to read it. We don’t read our hate, you shouldn’t read yours.”

“So there is hate,” you confirmed, pushing your plate away from you.

You looked down at your daughter, your jaw clenching tensely.

“Eat, Y/N,” Jensen told you, bringing your plate back towards you.

“I’m not hungry,” you murmured as he took Dallas from you, taking her shark along with her.

“It wasn’t a request.”

“You’re ordering me to eat, now?” you asked in disbelief.

“Hey,” Jared interrupted, nodding to your plate. “You need to eat so you can make enough milk to feed Dal. Gotta get your nutrients.”

You pulled a face, finally picking up your fork.

“Don’t talk about my boob milk at the dinner table,” you complained, shoving your pasta around your plate.

“Eat, Y/N,” Jensen told you again, expertly holding Dallas while shovelling his own lunch, your phone still tucked deep into his pocket. “We can discuss this at home.”

You were wrapped for the day a good few hours before either Jared or Jensen, meaning that you got the chance to go home earlier after quickly changing Dallas in your trailer.

It was for the best, really, seeing as she really wasn’t enjoying being on set too much that day.

You were so keen to get her home that you didn’t even think to get your phone back from Jensen until you reached to get it out of your pocket to let Gen know you were on your way home.

“Crap,” you sighed, leaning your head back against the headrest.
Clif caught your eye through the mirror, raising an eyebrow.

“You alright back there?” he asked, and you laughed slightly.

“Yeah,” you assured him. “Just remembered that Jay stole my phone at lunch and never gave it back.”

Clif laughed softly, rolling his eyes dramatically.

“Dads, huh?” he scoffed, making you laugh.

“Yeah,” you agreed, stroking Dallas’ cheek as she was sat in her car seat, calm for the first time all day. “Your grandpa’s still a douchebag, baby girl.”

Clif stole fond glances back at you and your daughter as he drove you home, making sure the two of you were comfortable in the back.

It was a reasonably short drive so you were pulling up to your house in no time, Clif getting out, as usual, to help you down from the back.

“I’m not so fragile anymore,” you protested fondly, accepting his help.

“It’s on your girl’s orders, I’m afraid,” he told you, walking down to the other side of the car to help you with Dallas’ car seat. “Take it up with the boss.”

You laughed, taking your daughter from him.

You didn’t even protest the mention of Gen being the boss, you knew how intimidating she would’ve been when telling him to help you.

“Well, thank you for your services, kind sir,” you smiled, leaning up to kiss his cheek. “Now get back to work and make sure those boys behave.”

“Yes ma’am,” he grinned, patting your shoulder before getting back behind the wheel.

You dug your keys out of your pocket, sending Clif a quick wave over your shoulder before finally making your way inside.

You were down to the last few days with Danneel, Gen, and the kids in Vancouver, so as soon as you got home, Gen took Dallas from you for some snuggle time.

“You get this every day, I’m taking it while I can,” she reasoned, and you grinned as you handed her over.

“Take her, she’s been moody all day,” you told her, and Gen gasped in mock offence.

“That can’t be right, can it?” she asked Dallas, kissing the top of her head. “My bambina is never moody. Never ever.”

“Try telling that to the sound crew,” you murmured, leaning in for a soft kiss before pulling back and stretching. “I’m gonna grab a shower if you’re willing to keep grumpy butt entertained.”

“Of course,” Gen agreed, grabbing your hand and squeezing slightly as you walked past. “How are you holding up, Y/N?”
“Alright, tired,” you answered, knowing that she was talking about your past but not wanting to talk about it. “I really need that shower, though.”

“Oh, okay, sweetheart,” she murmured, letting you go. “Love you.”

You smiled, waving to your daughter as you made your way towards the stairs.

“You too,” you agreed, turning and practically jogging up the stairs.

Danneel was with the rest of the kids in Tom and Shep’s room, so you popped your head around the door on your way past to let them know you were home.

JJ ran over to you, hugging you tight.

“Come play?” she requested, and you ruffled her hair fondly.

“I’ve gotta go shower, baby girl,” you explained, and she pouted.

“Can I come?”

Danneel laughed from her position on the floor, Arrow and Zep crawling between her and the boys.

“Dits doesn’t want you in the shower with her, darlin’,” she told her daughter.

“Sorry, sweets,” you agreed with Danneel, picking up JJ onto your hip so that you could kiss her cheek. “You can come sit with me while I dry my hair after.”

“Dally?” she questioned, confused.

“Aunt Mama has Dally downstairs, so we can use the blow dryer,” you explained.

She nodded excitedly as you put her down.

“And I can help?”

“‘Course,” you smiled, earning a huge grin back.

“Alright, let her go,” Danneel laughed, nodding JJ over. “Go freshen up, sweetie.”

“Thanks,” you laughed, catching Tom and Shep’s eyes as you left. “Be good for Auntie Dee.”

“Yeah,” they both agreed, barely looking up from the twins.

After JJ drying your hair and the two of you taking Bailey for a walk, you finally had a chance to sit down with your laptop.

Jensen still had your phone, but that wasn’t your only access to the internet and you were determined to find out what they were so insistent on you not seeing.

You were in your room, Dallas sleeping beside you after undoubtedly wearing herself out with all of her grumbling, once you finally logged onto twitter. Bailey and the other kids were downstairs with Genevieve and Danneel as they awaited their husbands’ return.

You bypassed your twitter home page, heading straight for your notifications and mentions.
“Here goes, baby girl,” you murmured to Dallas, despite the fact that she was asleep and wouldn’t understand you anyway.

As soon as the page loaded, you knew why Jared and Jensen had tried to keep you away from it.

Can you believe @dittoackles would talk so crudely in front of her DAUGHTER? Talking about her sex life in both panels. Gross. #TorCon

So @dittoackles is way more into @realGpad than she is @jarpad. Anyone else think she used him for the baby and now he’s just their beard?

Lemme get this right… @dittoackles gets herself a dog, then she leaves it at home for @realGpad to look after along with Tom and Shep (½)
    (2/2) so that she can go to Toronto to spend the weekend fucking Gen’s husband and talking about it on stage? And people still support her???

Nobody else gonna mention the fact that Jared is clearly more into Y/N than she is him? @jarpad, @dittoackles is using you. Go back to Gen.

Feeling sorry for the Ackles’ right now, having their name shat all over by @dittoackles at #TorCon. Bet Jensen’s regretting that adoption.

So… @dittoackles brings her daughter to the convention, leaves her with @bigEswallz only to bring her out on stage anyway? #BadParenting

It’s crazy, this time last year @dittoackles was a nobody… now she’s a nobody with a rich baby daddy and a claim-to-fame daughter. #TorCon

‘Not as good as Genevieve’… so… @dittoackles is using Jared as a beard to hide her sexuality?
    She’s not infiltrating their marriage to (½) get with Jared but to be with Gen. Open your eyes, @jarpad @realGpad! You guys are soulmates. Y/N is a gold digger. She’s using you.

You sniffed, wiping your cheeks with the back of your hand as you signed out of twitter, looking up as you heard the door creak open.

Jared frowned when he saw you, closing the door gently behind him.

“Gen said you were napping,” he murmured, unbuttoning his outer shirt as he made his way over to the bed.

“I told her I was,” you admitted, sniffing as you closed your computer and placed it back on your nightstand.

His eyes focused on your movement, understanding why you were upset.

“You went online,” he stated, and you nodded.

“I… I had to see. I needed to know,” you murmured, using your sleeves to wipe away your tears. “They’re so mean.”

Jared smiled sympathetically, tucking your stray hairs behind your ears.

“Why did you think we didn’t want to you to look?”

You shrugged, unable to defend yourself.
He sighed, standing up to remove his shirt, leaving him in his jeans and undershirt as he sat down next to you, wrapping his arm around your shoulders and pulling you into him.

You rested your temple on his shoulder, curling your legs up into you as you leant against him.

“Do you think I’m a bad person?” you asked quietly as he placed a kiss to the top of your head.

“I think you’re an incredible woman,” he answered, his voice soft. “You’re a great mom and an amazing partner.”

You scoffed, rolling your eyes even though he couldn’t see it.

“I’m serious,” he assured you, shrugging his shoulder slightly so that you would move your head to look at him. “Y/N, those people don’t know you.”

“But that’s what they think of me,” you told him as the door opened and he cupped your cheek in a strong palm.

“I really think you should see Sarah,” he whispered, his eyes flitting between yours until you nodded, your slow blink causing tears to fall.

He wiped them away with his thumbs, pulling you into a kiss as Gen shut the door behind her.

You smiled sadly across at her as you met her eye, earning the same expression back.

“You decided to tell him?” she guessed, and your eyes widened.

You took a breath as you shook your head, knowing that Jared was frowning at you.

“Tell me what?” he questioned, and Gen shook her head.

“Doesn’t matter,” she told him, walking over to you and pulling you up into a hug. “What’s wrong?”

“Just read some tweets,” you murmured, drawing a soft sigh from her lips as she pulled back.

“They’re all bullshit,” she whispered, and you swallowed.

“I told her that,” Jared agreed, making Genevieve nod. “We’re gonna set her up with my therapist.”

“That’s a good idea,” she agreed, looking at you. “You’ve got a lot of stuff you need to talk about, I think.”

“Yeah,” you breathed, wiping your eyes again as Dallas began to stir.

Gen placed a kiss to your lips, and you lingered slightly before you turned to pick up your daughter, walking through to her nursery so you could change her.

Jared stood up, walking over to Gen and pulling her into a hug.

“What’s going on with her?” he whispered.

She pulled back, keeping her arms wrapped around his waist as she looked up at him.

“A lot,” she admitted, biting her lip. “I can’t… it’s not my place.”

He frowned, pulling away from the embrace.
“But she told you,” he reasoned, and Gen shook her head.

“Not by choice,” she explained, taking his hands in hers. “I broke her trust, and I’m trying to win it back. I can’t do that if I go behind her back and tell you something she’s not ready to share.”

Jared shook his head, pulling his hands free and turning towards the door.

“I can’t do that to her,” Gen told him quietly, causing him to stop in his place.

“Y’ know, I-”

He cut himself off, reaching for the door.

“Jared-” Gen tried, and he turned back to face her with his hand on the door handle. “What are you thinking?”

He took a breath, looking at the floor as he shook his head.

“I’m thinking,” he murmured, meeting his wife’s eyes again as he opened the door, “That maybe some of those tweets weren’t as far off as I thought.”

Genevieve was stunned, stuck still with shock as Jared left the room, unable to believe what she’d just heard.

Jared was already halfway down the hallway before she was able to get her body to move again.

“What?” she asked in disbelief, following him out.

He kept walking towards the staircase, but she wasn’t ready to let this go without a conversation.

“Jared Tristan, you look at me right now,” she demanded, and he turned to face her, his jaw set firm. “What the hell did that mean?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” he snarked, the commotion causing you to come out into the hallway with a freshly changed Dallas in your arms, “Maybe it means I’ve noticed the fact that y’all have got closer. Maybe I’ve picked up on the fact that y’all prefer to sleep with each other than with me. Maybe - well, shit, maybe I just realised that the two of y’all are keeping secrets from me.”

You swallowed, not knowing what to say as the tone of her father made your daughter start to cry.

“Jared, that’s not-”

“That’s exactly what this is!” he shouted, Jensen and Danneel appearing on the staircase to check on the situation. “This whole relationship was built on our mutual trust and respect. The whole ‘no lies’ thing was set up from day one. But now the two of you are shutting me out, and I can’t help but think-”

“That what?” Gen asked, her anger rising as you felt yourself begin to panic. “That all of a sudden we don’t want you?”

“What else am I supposed to think?” Jared practically yelled back. “Y/N will barely look at me and you’re keeping secrets from me. If y’all want out, just fucking say so and stop playing with me.”

Gen took a step back, hot tears of anger welling in her eyes.
“Jared-’” she breathed, and he shook his head.

“I don’t know what’s going on with you,” he admitted, anger giving way to sadness. “I hate it.”

Gen swallowed, glancing towards you but not meeting your eye before looking at Jared.

“It’s not my place,” she whispered, causing Jared to sigh and turn around, splitting Jensen and Danneel as he made for the stairs.

Your heart was pounding, the sound of your bloodstream filling your ears as you felt yourself speak without thinking, knowing that the only way you could stop their heartbreak was to share your own.

“I lost a baby,” you blurted, regretting it instantly when all eyes snapped to you.

Jared turned around, looking towards you as you focused your eyes on the floor, bouncing Dallas slightly as she continued to cry in your arms.

“What?” Jared asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he took a step forward.

You sniffed, realising that you were crying now as you continued to look down, unwilling to meet anyone’s eye.

“I lost a baby when I was sixteen,” you admitted, letting Gen take Dallas back into her nursery without raising your eyes from the ground, using the new freedom of your arms to fold them protectively in front of yourself. “Gen- Genevieve found the scan.”

You could see in your peripherals that Jared took another step towards you and you finally looked up at him, your jaw clenching as you deliberately avoided looking at your parents.

“You told me that all those tweets were crap,” you reminded him. “You told me not to let it get to me, then you go and accuse us of- of- of whatever.”

“Y/N,” he whispered, and you shook your head.

“I love you, Jared,” you told him, wiping your eyes as you schooled your expression, “I just can’t do this right now.”

He stepped aside as you walked past, making your way downstairs without meeting anyone’s concerned expressions.

The kids were all in the front room, Tom looking up in concern as you reached the doorway.

“What’s happening?” he asked, and you offered what you hoped was a reassuring smile.

“We’re all okay, buddy,” you told him. “Can… can you and Sheppy look after Arry and Zep while I talk to JJ?”

They nodded, and JJ got up and walked over to you instantly.
“Uncle Jay and Auntie Dee will be down in a minute,” you promised, taking JJ’s hand and leading her through to the kitchen.

“I love him very much,” you promised, holding her a little tighter. “There’s just some things we need to talk about; some things we need to clear up.”

“Mkay,” she agreed, pulling back enough to squeeze your cheeks between two small palms and kiss you quickly.

“Love you,” you told her, and she grinned.

“Love you more.”

You laughed softly, picking her up off of the counter and onto your hip.

“Love you most,” you finished, kissing her nose as you kicked a foot stool into place.

You set her down so that she could reach the countertop, smoothing her hair down as you did so.

“Now,” you breathed, leaning over the sink to wash your hands, “Wanna help me cook?”
You and Dallas stayed in Vancouver while everyone else went back to Texas that weekend.

The original plan was for you to go down with them, putting Bailey in the kennels so you could all go to Austin City Limits, but you just weren’t in the mood.

You’d been sleeping on the couch for the last few days, despite Jared and Gen’s insistence that you should come to bed with them. You just couldn’t bring yourself to join them.

Everyone was walking on eggshells around you, unsure what to say and being careful not to mention anything that could upset you.

You helped the kids pack up their bedroom on Thursday, putting their clothes in their cases and their bedsheets in the washing machine.

You hugged each of them tight, waving from the doorstep as they piled into the cars for the airport.

“Come with us,” Jared pleaded as he held Dallas, kissing the top of her head.

“I’d just be a downer,” you reminded him. “I want y’all to have fun. A couple days apart might do us good.”

He didn’t look convinced but he didn’t press you, leaning in for a final kiss before handing Dallas back over.

“I’ll see you on Sunday night,” you murmured, making him sniff as he nodded. “I love you.”

“Yeah,” he smiled sadly. “Love you, too.”

You spent the weekend trying to tidy your house, changing the sheets not only on the kids’ beds, but on Jensen’s and your own, too.

You wanted everything to be fresh and clean by the time that Jared and Jensen got back, and it wasn’t as if you had anything else to do.

The first night without them there, you tried to sleep in your bed again.

It felt wrong, being in that huge bed all by yourself, so you brought Dallas’ side sleeper downstairs, so that you wouldn’t have to go up to her nursery if she got fussy, and stuck to the couch.

Seeing Genevieve’s instagram live on Friday night had a twinge of regret running through you as you watched your family and friends having a great time without you. They were all happily drunk, buzzing with excited energy and for a moment you wished you’d just gone along with them.

The next morning you were glad you didn’t as you witnessed the hate unfold on Danneel and even Genevieve, people claiming that their night off made them terrible mothers.

You knew that if you were there, you’d have got it even worse. Plus, you were still underage for a couple weeks, so if you’d been pleasantly buzzed along with them you’d be labelled a bad influence as well as a shit mom.

Still, you couldn’t bear to see the mean comments that some ‘fans’ had posted go without any kind
You didn’t reply directly, knowing that it would create more shit for all of you if you did, but you composed a new tweet and sent it off before putting your phone down and leaving it for the rest of the day.

Being alone with Dallas for a few days was strange.

You didn’t have full conversations with anyone apart from brief interactions at the store or while walking Bailey, and the isolated time with Dallas had you noticing more and more about how she’d grown in her five short weeks of life.

She’d hold her feet, reach for your hand or her toys if you held them close to her - her understanding of her own body growing by the day.

You could show her things and she’d watch with interest, her little face copying yours as best as she could while you spoke to her.

By Sunday evening, the two of you had even worked up somewhat of a routine when it came to feeding or sleeping, knowing she was tired by huge yawns coming from her tiny body as she balled her fists and rubbed her eyes.

You were feeding her on the couch, Bailey laying on the rug in front of you as you curled up under a blanket, stroking through the soft hair at the back of Dallas’ head in the dimly lit front room when Jared and Jensen arrived home.

“Daddy and Grandpa are home,” you murmured, your daughter blinking lazily up at you as she continued to feed. “Good thing you’re nearly done, huh? They’re gonna want cuddles.”

Jensen put his head around the door, smiling at the sight of you.

“We’re gonna go put our cases upstairs but then we’ll be right down, ‘kay?” he asked, and you smiled.

“Sure,” you agreed. “We’ll be here.”

Bailey hadn’t moved from her spot, facing away from the door, and you couldn’t wait for the moment that she realised they were home.

Jared was the first to come down, and his steps into the front room had Bailey’s tail wagging as she felt the vibration of his feet underneath her.
“Welcome back,” you told him, and he smiled as he approached.

Bailey got to her feet, her tail wagging as fast as you’d seen it as he crouched in front of her.

She sniffed him all over, licking his face until he playfully pushed her face away.

“You missed me, huh?” Jared grinned, fussing her as she continued to sniff at him. “You can smell Arlo, can’t you, girl?”

“Did you have a good break?” you asked quietly as he got to his feet.

“Yeah,” he smiled, looking at you a little sadly. “Missed you, though.”

“Yeah,” you sighed, stroking Dallas’ hair again. “Us, too.”

“I’m gonna go wash up after that Bailey bath,” he teased, scritching between her ears. “Hopefully by then I’ll be able to hold my baby.”

“She’s on boob number two,” you informed him, making him laugh softly. “Go freshen up, you’ve had a long flight.”

“Jackles wants Chinese, so I think we’re having a lazy evening,” he told you, motioning for Bailey to sit and calm down.

“Sounds good to me,” you agreed, letting Dallas grab at your finger.

____________________________________

Dallas was down in her nursery when you and Jared called it a night, the two of you making your way upstairs after you pressed a kiss to Jensen’s cheek.

“I noticed the bed wasn’t slept in,” Jared commented as the two of you got changed, and you nodded despite facing away from him.

“I stuck with the couch,” you explained, opening your pyjama drawer and knowing exactly which set you were going to choose. “Felt wrong.”

“Alright,” he murmured. “I’m gonna check on Dal.”

You hummed in agreement, leaning into him as he pressed a kiss to your temple before leaving the room.

You quickly changed into the shirt and boxers from that first night over nine months ago, always loving the way that his clothes drowned your smaller frame.

You pulled your hair up into a loose bun for sleeping, checking the baby monitor before turning out the main light and leaving the room in the gentle glow of your bedside lamp.

Jared returned as you stretched your arms above your head, your back clicking in the process.

His eyes roamed over your choice of pyjamas, a small, confused smile forming on his lips.

You got into bed, patting the space beside you.

Once he was under the covers, you rolled onto your side to face him, searching his questioning eyes.
“Can we… can we pretend this week never happened?” you asked, quietly.

He reached out a hand to cup your face, stroking your cheek with his thumb.

“I’d love to pretend I wasn’t such a dick to you,” he whispered, “But I can’t forget… what you told me.”

You nodded, leaning into his touch.

“I don’t want you to,” you admitted softly. “I don’t really want to talk about it, but I’m not asking you to forget. I just want to forget the argument and the way I acted after.”

Jared leaned in, pressing a gentle but firm kiss to your lips.

“Of course,” he murmured. “But I don’t blame you for any of it, you’ve got to know that. I was… I was insecure, and I was mean. I forced you to share with me something so personal- your reaction was understandable. I hope you can forgive me.”

You nodded, kissing him again, this time longer and full of emotion.

“I love you,” you told him, shifting your body closer as he moved his hand to your waist, pulling you in.

“I love you, too,” he promised.

“Let’s not fight again,” you murmured, snuggling up to him and tucking your head under his chin as he wrapped his arms around you. “I’ve missed you.”

“We missed you, too,” he told you, kissing the top of your head. “But you were right. I think the space did us good.”

“Mhm,” you hummed, kissing his shoulder. “But I’m happy to be back in this bed with you.”

“No more wallowing on the couch,” he agreed.

“I’m gonna facetime with Gen tomorrow,” you informed him, “While y’all are filming.”

Jared’s hand ran up and down your back as he hummed in agreement.

“She’d like that,” he whispered, leaning over to switch off the lamp. “Let’s get some sleep while Dal is quiet.”

You nodded against his chest as he rearranged his body to get comfortable.

“Love you,” you repeated as he tangled his legs with yours beneath the sheets.

“Love you, too,” he assured you, kissing your head again.

For the first time in days, you managed to drift into sleep without trouble.

The current episode barely involved Trinity at all, no doubt due to your lack of composure on the Skype call over summer, despite it being one of your eighteen contracted episodes, so you had a lot of alone time even after Jared and Jensen returned.

You called Gen while they were on set, grateful to be able to talk with her alone for the first time
since the incident in the upstairs hallway.

“Sweetie, I’m so sorry,” she told you when you brought it up. “I wouldn’t have told him.”

“I know,” you assured her. “But… I don’t know, I spoke to him yesterday. I think I’m glad he knows, in a way. One less secret.”

“Yeah,” she smiled sadly, something in her eyes changing as she looked down from the screen. “I was… It’s silly, now, but I was worried that you might not be there when the boys got back.”

“What do you mean?” you asked, starting to make your way upstairs with your phone in hand as Dallas began to fuss from her nap.

“I wondered if maybe you didn’t come with us because you were going to leave,” she admitted.

The thought of leaving, of packing up and running away, hadn’t crossed your mind since that morning back in Austin before your adoption was even a thought in the air.

It broke your heart that Genevieve was still worried that you might be a flight risk.

“I just needed some time,” you told her. “I think… I don’t know. But I was never going to leave.”

She nodded and you rested your phone on the shelf as you walked over to pick up your daughter, knowing from the tone of her cry that she just needed some contact with her mama.

“Alright, that’s enough cryin’ baby,” you told her, walking back over to your phone and pointing to Gen’s face on the screen. “Who’s this?”

“Bambina,” Gen cooed, “Be good for your mama, please.”

“She’s just grumpy because mean old mama tried to get her to nap,” you explained, making Gen laugh.

“You’re not mean or old,” she reminded you. “But I should leave you to be a mama. Gotta pick up the boys soon.”

“Yeah,” you sighed, picking up your phone so that you could make your way back downstairs with Dallas. “Gotta take the dog out before the bigger boys get back.”

“Fun mama jobs for us all,” Gen smiled, and you smiled in return. “Glad things are looking up.”

“Yeah,” you agreed, “Love you.”

“Love you,” she blew a kiss. “Don’t be a stranger.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” you promised, blowing a kiss back and waving Dallas’ arm as you hung up.

You went with Jensen to the tattoo studio on Thursday, giving Jared and Dallas some bonding time together.

The design was gorgeous, a real tribute to JJ, and Jensen was grateful to have you along for moral support and as a distraction.

“Have you got any ink?” Jason - Jensen’s tattooist - asked you while he gave Jensen’s skin a
moment to breathe.

“Oh, no,” you admitted, swinging your legs as they didn’t quite reach the floor from your stool. “I love tattoos, I just…”

Jensen raised an eyebrow at you, waiting for you to continue as Jason resumed shading his tattoo.

“I guess I have commitment issues,” you shrugged. “Never had a lot of permanency until the old man took me in-”

“Less of the ‘old’, missy,” Jensen warned, his tone and expression fonder than his words.

Jason frowned at you, and you laughed slightly as you self consciously scratched the back of your neck.

“What?” you asked, and he shook his head.

“You guys aren’t blood?” he clarified.

“Nope,” you confirmed. “They adopted me a couple months ago.”

He nodded in understanding, his steady hand and eyes still focussed on his task.

“You’re close,” he commented. “It’s cool to see fathers being close with their daughters.”

Jensen smiled across at you and you offered a bashful smile back.

“Well, this dad loves his daughter so much that he’s going through hours of pain to get a permanent tribute to her,” you reminded him. “He’s a great father.”

“I have my moments,” Jensen agreed, a slight blush rising at the compliment growing on his cheeks until he decided to change the subject. “Have you ever thought about getting any? Tattoos, I mean. You already have a daughter.”

You laughed softly, biting your lip in thought.

“Yeah,” you told him. “I’ve had a couple of ideas, but I’ve never been happy enough with them to bring myself to do it.”

“I get that,” Jensen agreed. “I mean, we’ve had JJ for years and I’m only just getting around to this, so there’s no rush.”

“Yeah,” you hummed, crossing your legs. “No rush.”

By the time you left for New Orleans, your relationship with Jared had almost gone back to normal.

It took a frank conversation consisting of you assuring him that he didn’t need to treat you any differently than he did before anything came out, but after that you were really working on building your relationship back to what it was.

You were surprised to find JJ sitting on your bed when you checked into your hotel, a wide grin on her face as a squeal left your lips.

“What are you doing here?” you asked, letting go of Dallas’ stroller so you could pull your little sister into a hug.
“Mama’s comin’ to the convention,” she explained, holding you tight. “So she let me come, too.”

“Mama’s here?” you asked, picking her up onto your hip and turning to face Jared as he carried your bags in. “Did you know?”

“That Danneel was coming to the con?” he clarified, and you nodded. “Yeah. She’s from here. Her and Gino are gonna run a Family Business Beer stand.”

“Uncle G is here, too?” you grinned, bubbling with excitement. “This is gonna be the best weekend.”

“Glad you’re happy.” Jared murmured, stepping towards you and placing a firm kiss to your lips. “I’ve got Dal. Go see your family.”

JJ reached up to kiss Jared’s cheek as you held her on your hip, earning a soft laugh from both of you.

“Love ya, Uncle Jare.”

“Love you, too, little birdie,” he grinned, gently patting your ass to get you moving. “Go. See Momma D. Me and Jay can keep Dallas entertained while you catch up.”

“You’re the best,” you told him, letting JJ down so you could lean in to kiss Dallas’ cheek. “Be good for your daddy.”

JJ took your hand and started to lead you towards the door.

“Mama wants to take you ‘splorin’ the city,” she told you, and you laughed softly.

“We’re gonna explore?” you clarified, and she nodded as she waited for you to open the door.

“Yep.”

You hadn’t expected your afternoon out with Danneel, Gino, and JJ to end in a tattoo parlour.

You’d just been exploring the city, letting Momma D and Uncle G show you around a place that held a lot of happy memories for them growing up.

Danneel caught you looking into the window of a tattoo shop as you passed, a small smile growing on her face.

“You getting the urge to get inked?” she asked as Gino picked up a tired JJ onto his hip.

You laughed, biting your lip as you looked at some of the designs in the window.

“I mean…” you trailed off as you noticed Danneel grinning at you.

“If you’re game, I am,” she told you, raising an eyebrow.

You looked between her and Gino, earning a shrug from the latter.

“She’s impulsive,” he reminded you. “I can take the little one back to the hotel if you want to go in and check it out.”

“C’mon, Ditto,” Danneel grinned, reaching for your hand. “I’ve got one for the twins. Jensen has
one for JJ. It’s about time we got one for you.”

“I didn’t even bring my wallet,” you laughed as you took her outstretched hand.

“Call it an early birthday present,” she shrugged, kissing your cheek before looking up at her brother. “You sure you’re good with the little one?”

“Uh, duh,” he smiled, kissing JJ’s cheek and making her giggle. “We’ll have fun. Go, check it out.”

“Love ya,” Danneel told him before squeezing your hand. “Let’s look. If you don’t want anything, you can just help me choose something for me.”

“Sounds like a deal,” you agreed, waving back at JJ as Danneel lead you inside.
After your experience at the last convention, Creation had agreed to keep your stage time minimal to try and prevent any more backlash.

You only had one panel, together with Misha on Saturday, and the rest of your time was spent between autographs, photo ops, and helping Gino and Danneel with their booth in the vendor’s room.

Having your family at the convention meant that you could leave Dallas with them while you and Jared were busy without people hating on you for leaving her with a stranger.
You made your way through to the vendor’s room on Sunday afternoon, after you were completely done with photo ops for the whole convention, to find Gino and Danneel talking to fans at their stall, Gino holding Dallas as people asked for selfies with Danneel.

You walked up behind them, leaning down so that you were by Gino’s ear before speaking.

“Abducting children is frowned upon,” you told him, revelling in the way his shoulders jumped before he realised it was you.

“So is sneaking up on people,” he retorted, grinning over his shoulder at you. “Besides, Dal’s family.”

“True,” you grinned as you straightened up. “I can take her back now, though. All done.”

“Or,” he bargained, “You can help me sell these lovely people our merch while I get to snuggle the baby.”

You laughed softly, pulling up a seat beside him as you smiled at the fans.

“Sorry, y’all,” you apologised as the line waited patiently. “Uncle G met Dal for the first time this weekend. I think she’s a hit.”

They laughed as Danneel rested her hand on your shoulder.

“Y’all are lucky,” she told them. “Three generations of the family here while you get your Family Business merch.”

“Y/N’s part of the brewery?” someone asked, and Gino frowned.

“Well, yeah,” he laughed slightly. “I mean, not officially until she’s twenty-one, but very much so.”

“I’m technically not allowed to be involved until Tuesday,” you expanded, linking your fingers with Danneel’s at your shoulder as she tensed at the question. “But… the brand is the ‘Family Business’, so-”

“She’s family,” Danneel added. “As much as I am. As much as Jensen is.”

The fan that had asked the question nodded nervously, trying to shrink back into the line as Danneel leant down and kissed your temple.

“When are they gonna get it?” she murmured, and you shrugged, smiling sadly.

“I don’t know, Mama,” you breathed. “I don’t know.”

Jared woke up in your Vancouver home on Tuesday morning to the gentle tune of his alarm.

You both had the day off for your birthday, so he kept his eyes closed as he reached to switch it off before rolling over to wrap his arm around you.

Only, his arm was met with nothing but duvet.

He blinked his tired eyes open with a frown, taking in the room around him.

Your side of the bed was empty and cold and the door through to the hallway was completely
You usually left it open when you were sleeping, doing the same with Dallas’ nursery door so you could hear her fussing even if the baby monitor failed.

Jared threw back the covers, pulling on a pair of boxers before making his way to the door.

His heart was racing as he reached Dallas’ nursery to find it just as empty as your bed.

He tried to take deep breaths to stop himself from panicking, but nothing seemed to work as neither you nor his daughter were in Tom and Shep’s room, either.

He rushed downstairs, racing through the house for any sign of where you were, but there was nothing to calm his hammering heart.

Running out of ideas, he made his way back upstairs, knocking insistently on Jensen’s bedroom door.

“Ugh,” Jensen grumbled through the door. “I don’t have to be at work until this afternoon.”

As soon as he opened the door and he was faced with Jared’s worried expression, all grogginess went away.

“Dude, what’s wrong?” he asked, and Jared looked around the room fruitlessly.

“Y/N,” he breathed, tears pricking in his eyes. “She’s not here; she’s gone.”

“What?” Jensen asked, resting his hands on Jared’s shoulders to try and get him to calm down.

“What do you mean?”

“She’s not here,” he repeated. “She’s taken Dallas and she’s gone, Jay. I’ve looked everywhere. She’s got Dal’s stroller and diaper bag, her purse and coat. She’s gone.”

Jensen felt his own heart begin to race but he tried to stay calm for Jared’s sake.

“Have you tried calling her?”

Jared shook his head, so Jensen grabbed his cell from his nightstand and dialed your number on speaker.

“Hey, you’ve reached the voicemail of Y/N Ackles. Don’t bother to leave a message. Just text me, I hate phone calls.”

Your voicemail message usually made them laugh, but at this point it just made them more anxious.

“She’s gone,” Jared repeated, and Jensen didn’t know how to reply.

The sharp ring of the doorbell grabbed their attention, Jared’s eyes widening at the sound.

“Maybe she just forgot her key,” Jensen offered as Jared rushed down the stairs, practically running to get to the door.

“Surprise!” Gen grinned as the door opened, frowning as she saw Jared shirtless on the other side. “Babe, you were supposed to get Y/N to answer the door.”
“I know, I-” Jared cut himself off, trying to sniff back tears, “I know.”

“Babe?” she asked, stepping closer and reaching up to cup his cheeks. “What’s going on?”

He sniffed again, swallowing to clear the thickness in his throat.

“She’s missing,” he told her, a tear falling down his cheek as he blinked. “Y/N’s gone.”
“Y/N’s gone.”

Gen took a step back, her hands dropping to her sides.

“Wha- what?” she asked, blinking in confusion. “It’s her birthday.”

“I know that,” Jared sighed, wiping his cheek. “I know.”

Gen picked up her bag and made her way inside, Jared closing the door behind her.

“When did you last see her?” she asked, making her way through to the kitchen where Jensen was pacing nervously.

“Last night,” Jared answered as Gen greeted Bailey, the poor dog having no idea what was making everyone act so strangely. “By the time my alarm went off this morning, she was gone. She’s taken Dallas, left no note.”

“Her phone goes straight to voicemail,” Jensen added, leaning against the counter. “She hasn’t replied to texts.”

Gen swallowed as she looked between the two men, concern practically radiating from them and filling the room.

“She could’ve just gone for a walk,” Gen tried to reason, and Jared shook his head.

“She would’ve taken Bailey,” he reminded her.

“Surely she’d have taken her if she was running away?” Gen questioned, absently petting the dog. “She practically begged to get a dog - and this house, too. It doesn’t make sense for her to leave it all behind.”

Jensen was worrying his lip, and the habit caught Jared’s attention.

“What?” Jared asked. “What do you know?”

“It’s nothing,” Jensen sighed, rubbing his temple. “Dee said someone said something at the Family Business table. Something about being surprised that Dits was a part of it.”

“You’re kidding,” Gen breathed, leaning against the wall. “After everything, they’re still trying to get her to prove herself?”

“It’s bullshit,” Jared exploded, bringing his fist down onto the kitchen island. “Every time we’re building it all back up, gaining her trust, shit like this happens. Just when she’s feeling like part of the family, someone tries to make her into an impostor. God, some fans suck.”

“I didn’t think she let it bother her,” Jensen sighed. “Gino said she handled it well and just carried on.”

“Maybe it was bubbling,” Gen murmured, running a hand through her hair as she pulled out her cell. “I’m gonna try her again.”

Just as she lifted her phone to her ear, the three of them were startled by the sound of keys in the
lock of the front door.

“Y/N,” Jared breathed, rushing back through the hallway.

You pushed open the door, bumping Dallas’ stroller up over the threshold and frowning at the sight of Jared - still shirtless with messy hair and a slightly heaving chest.

“Y/N,” he whispered, leaning down and pulling you into a hug, his face buried in your neck. “God, Y/N. I love you.”

“I love you, too,” you laughed slightly as you pulled back, looking past him to see- “Genevieve? Oh, my God. What are you doing here?”

You grinned as you moved past Jared to hug her.

“Birthday surprise,” she murmured, kissing back as you pressed a chaste kiss to her lips.

You pulled back as Jared closed the door, lifting Dallas out of her stroller and holding her close.

“Don’t ever do that again, please,” he murmured, looking directly at you.

You frowned again, looking between him and Gen.

“What?”

“You left, in the middle of the night for all we knew,” Jensen explained, leaning against the doorframe that lead to the kitchen. “No note, nothing. And you didn’t answer your phone.”

You cringed, realising what it must’ve looked like.

“Y’all thought I ran away, huh?”

Jensen sighed, shrugging in a ‘what were we supposed to think’ kind of way.

“Where did you go?” Gen asked, and you laughed softly.

“Uh… Lemonade,” you answered, walking back to Dallas’ stroller and picking up the bag that you’d hooked onto the handle.

“The gluten free bakery?” Jared frowned, still holding your daughter against his bare chest.

“Yeah,” you confirmed, biting your lip.

“Kiddo… We’ve got you a cake,” Jensen murmured, and you laughed again, awkwardly this time.

“I know, I just,” you shrugged, looking down at the bag in your hands. “Habit.”

They were all looking at you in confusion, and you sighed softly.

“Can you go and get my shoebox?” you asked Gen, walking towards Jensen. “And come back to meet us in the kitchen?”

“Of course,” she agreed, her hand brushing across your back as she walked towards the stairs to retrieve the box.

Jared followed you and Jensen into the kitchen, where you sat at the island and pulled a small box out of the plastic bag.
Jensen took a seat next to you, wrapping his arm around your shoulders and kissing your cheek.

“Leave a note next time, huh?” he murmured, and you laughed softly.

“I didn’t realise you all still think I’m a flight risk,” you replied, quiet enough that it was just for him. “I wouldn’t leave without telling you.”

Jensen searched your eyes, frowning softly.

“But you would leave?” he questioned, keeping his voice low so Jared wouldn’t hear.

“I didn’t say that,” you murmured. “I didn’t…”

“Oh, shh,” he whispered, kissing your temple. “It’s alright. It’s your birthday.”

You laughed softly, pulling away.

“Twenty-freakin’-one,” you breathed, smiling across at Jared where he was crouching with Dallas, letting her reach for Bailey. “This year has been crazy.”

“Crazy good, I hope,” Gen interjected, holding your shoebox as if it was fragile as she entered the room.

“For the most part,” you agreed as Jensen got to his feet, letting Genevieve take his place beside you.

“You gonna tell us all why you woke up at the ass-crack of dawn… to go to a bakery?” Jared asked, pulling up a stool and sitting at the end of the island.

“Yeah,” you smiled softly, opening the shoebox to retrieve a single, half-melted, orange birthday candle and small box of matches before closing the lid again.

You pushed the shoebox away, everything else in there was a story for another time, and opened the small bakery box in front of you.

“Alright, get ready for some super depressing storytime fun,” you joked, earning a tut from Jensen as you tried to make light of a serious situation. “Sorry.”

You gently lifted the Chocolate Campfire cupcake from the box, resting it down on the cool countertop.

“Y’all know my birth mom never gave me a birthday. The only real birthday I got was my sixteenth,” you murmured, pressing the candle through the toasted Italian meringue and into the cupcake. “The first year I had money, I woke up early and bought myself a cupcake. I got this candle, and these little matches, and I took it all home before my mom had even woken up. It was… I guess I wanted to celebrate my birthday, even if she didn’t care. So I lit the candle, made a wish, and finished the cake before she had time to come downstairs and tell me off for spending money that could’ve gone to her.”

You pushed your hair behind your ear as you looked down at the little cake.

“I found Lemonade last year and nobody noticed me leave set in the morning,” you shrugged. “Nobody knew it was my birthday.”

“You didn’t tell us until like a week later,” Jensen reasoned. “We’d have celebrated with you if we knew.”
“I know,” you smiled sadly up at him. “This was always just… I don’t know. A personal thing.”

You cleared your throat, your fingers fiddling with the matchbox.

“I kind of thought that you’d all still be in bed when I got back,” you told them. “That’s why my phone was off. Just some me time.”

You reached over to stroke Dallas’ cheek with the back of your finger.

“Us time,” you corrected.

“We can leave you to it.”

“God, no,” you interrupted Gen, laughing slightly. “I didn’t know you were coming. I’d’ve waited.”

She smiled, taking the matchbox from you and lighting the candle before leaning in for a soft kiss.

“Happy birthday,” she murmured as she pulled back, and you smiled at her before looking at Jared and Dallas.

“Make a wish, Mama,” Jared told you as you closed your eyes and blew out the candle.

When you opened your eyes, to see Jensen watching you expectantly.

“So,” he probed. “What did you wish for?”

“Can’t tell you,” you winked. “Can you grab a knife? And a plate.”

He did as you asked, and you carefully peeled back the cupcake casing before placing it on the plate and slicing it into quarters.

You pushed the plate to the middle of the island, motioning for everyone to take a piece.

“Y/N-”

“It’s gluten free,” you reminded Gen. “It’ll fit with your diet week.”

“That doesn’t start until tomorrow,” she laughed slightly. “But that’s not the point. This is yours. Your tradition.”

“It was mine because I didn’t have anyone that I wanted to share it with,” you assured her, nodding to the plate again. “Now I want to share it with you.”

“You’re sure?” she clarified, and you rolled your eyes as you picked up a piece and held it up to her mouth.

Gen took a bite before lifting her hand to hold the other half as she chewed.

“Go on, boys,” you told Jared and Jensen as you picked up your own piece. “Cake for breakfast.”

“It should be your birthday more often,” Jared joked as he took his first bite, moaning disgracefully at the taste.

“You’re just saying that because then you could get over your stupid age hangups,” Gen told him, swallowing her her mouthful.
He nearly choked on his bite as Gen shrugged, licking some meringue from her thumb.

“I’m twenty-one, now,” you laughed slightly, disbelieving. “All kindsa legal.”

“Damn right,” Gen winked, getting to her feet and kissing your temple. “It’s all fun from here out.”

“Gross,” Jensen complained, pulling a face.

Gen just grinned at him, carefully putting the candle and matches back into the shoebox.

“I’m gonna take my bags up and tuck this back away,” she told you, kissing Jared and squeezing Dallas’ little hand before she picked up her things and left the room.

“You guys knew she was coming?” you asked, as you brushed the crumbs from your hands onto the plate.

“Mhm,” Jensen confirmed. “She’s got a whole day planned, I’m pretty sure.”

“She wants to make this your best birthday ever,” Jared added, and you laughed softly, taking Dallas from his arms and kissing the soft hair at the top of her head.

“She only really has one to compete with,” you reminded them, bouncing your daughter. “And it’s already the best.”

Jensen raised an eyebrow over his shoulder as he washed his hands, turning back around and wiping his hands on his pyjama pants.

“Yeah?” he asked, and you nodded. “How so?”

You smiled, leaning against Jared as he wrapped his arm around your waist.

“I have a family,” you explained, earning a kiss to your shoulder. “What more could a girl want?”

Your day was incredible.

Once Jared and Jensen had got dressed and Gen had showered and changed out of her airplane clothes, Gen made you a cup of coffee and lead you through to the front room to sit.

Gen was holding Dallas - keen on hugging her as much as possible as the two weeks apart were apparently too much for her - as the boys made their way downstairs.

You nearly choked on your coffee as they appeared in the doorway, gifts stacked high in their arms.

You put your cup down, wiping your mouth with the back of your hand.

“Guys-”

“If you say something stupid like ‘You didn’t have to’, I’m kickin’ your ass,” Jensen told you, and you laughed softly. “Kiddo, it’s your twenty-first. Plus, it’s your first birthday as my daughter and as a part of their family. Let us spoil you.”

You blushed tucking your legs up under yourself in the armchair.

“I’m not used to it,” you reminded them, trying to cool your cheeks with the backs of your hands.
“But… thank you.”

“We love you,” Gen reminded you, nudging your knee with her socked toes from where she sat with Dallas on the nearest couch.

“I love y’all,” you agreed, biting your lip as Jared and Jensen placed the gifts down in front of you, the two of them choosing to sit on the carpet rather than taking a couch.

Bailey moved from beside you to plop down next to Jared, resting her head on his thigh.

“She’s jealous that you’re getting all the attention,” he joked, scratching between her ears before patting her side and resting his hand against her fur.

“You ready, kiddo?” Jensen asked, and you laughed softly.

“I don’t know where to start,” you admitted, still in disbelief at the sheer number of gifts in front of you.

“The ones from all of us,” Gen offered, and Jensen nodded as he handed you a parcel.

You carefully pulled back the wrapping, revealing a beautiful photo album.

On the top centre of the black leather binding, silver embossing read ‘Padackles Family Memories’, a thin leather bow holding the wrap around back cover to the front.

You took in a breath as your fingers traced the word ‘Family’, the prickling sensation of tears forming making you sniff.

“It’s beautiful,” you breathed, meeting each of their eyes as you blinked back tears.

“Open it up,” Jared told you, smiling kindly.

You did as he suggested, carefully untying the bow and starting to flick through the album.

Gen’s elegant script adorned the inside cover, the silver ink glistening from the cream page.

On your 21st birthday we wanted to give you something special. Inside this album you’ll find photographs from the moment we met you all the way up until now, with room left for you to continue to preserve your family memories.

Happy birthday, Y/N.

We’re lucky to have you in our lives.

With lots of love from

Gen, Jare, Jay, Dee, Tex, Tom, Shep, Arrow, Zep, and Dal

As you turned the first page, you were surprised to see a picture from your first shoot for Entertainment Weekly when you were first announced for the show.

It was of you leaning against Baby’s passenger door and flicking through John’s journal while Jared and Jensen seemed to be having a conversation over the top of the car.

“It’s the first picture of the three of us,” Jensen explained, seeing you frown slightly. “We did say from the moment we met you.”

“I’d just forgotten about that shoot,” you admitted, smiling at him.

As you continued to flick through the pages, memories of your past year came flooding back to
you.

From the photo of the three of you walking away in the airport and some from your adoption party, to ones you’d never seen before - like something snapped by Jared while Gen was talking to your bump, or pictures of you and JJ asleep while watching tangled on her birthday.

There was even one, taken in your Vancouver home after you’d adopted Bailey but before you’d had Dallas, of Tom and Shep helping each other to cover you in a blanket after you’d fallen asleep on the couch.

As you got towards the last few pictures, you couldn’t help but smile as you saw one of all six of the kids together, Tom holding Dallas and looking down at her with open adoration as Shep and JJ helped the twins sit up and focus on the camera.

The final photo had a soft frown pulling at your brows once more.

Dallas’ ‘PADACKLES 11’ jersey was pictured on your dining table, next to an adult jersey with ‘PADACKLES 10’ printed on the back.

“Wha-?”

Jared handed you another parcel, cutting off your question as you opened it to reveal the Cowboys jersey from the photograph.

“We know your old one means a lot to you,” Jensen told you.

“This is great,” you assured him, smiling as you tied the bow on the album and folded the jersey. “I love y’all so much.”

“This is only the beginning,” Gen grinned, letting Dallas bring her knuckle into her gummy mouth. “Mine next.”

“Parcel or box?” Jared asked, and she hummed in thought.

“Parcel,” she answered. “Stick with the theme. Then box.”

You laughed softly, still unable to believe that they’d gone through all of this effort for you, as Jared handed you the parcel.

You carefully opened the wrapping, grinning as you pulled the Seahawks jersey out.

“Look at the back,” Jared prompted, and you turned it over to see ‘HOT MAMA 21’ printed there.

You let out a surprised laugh, having expected another ‘PADACKLES’.

“I figure when Seahawks are playing anyone but the Cowboys…”

“I’ll support your team,” you confirmed, earning a grin.

“That’s something I’ve never got Jared to agree to,” she admitted. “Knew there was a reason I loved you.”

You rolled your eyes fondly as you folded the jersey and placed it with your other opened gifts.

“This one next,” Jared announced, handing you the box.
“Jesus, they never stop coming,” you blushed, slightly embarrassed by the attention you were receiving while you unwrapped the gift.

You recognised the pink striped box immediately once the wrapping was pulled away, and you shot a glance at Jensen before looking at Gen.

“It’s nothing risqué,” she assured you.

You were still unconvinced as you opened the lid, revealing a gorgeous satin kimono.

“Gen,” you breathed, feeling the material in your hands. “This is beautiful.”

“There’s more,” she told you. “Underneath.”

Lifting the robe revealed classy yet sexy matching lingerie, and your cheeks flushed as you placed the robe back over the set.

“I can’t believe you just made me open lingerie in front of my dad,” you murmured, placing the lid back on the box.

Jensen remained silent as Gen laughed softly.

“It’s not like we made you model it for us,” she reasoned before dropping her voice to a stage whisper, “We can save that for later.”

“Gen, c’mon,” Jensen protested as your blush deepened. “Stop embarrassing her on her birthday.”

“Sorry, baby,” Gen apologised, and you laughed softly as you willed the flush to leave your cheeks.

“It’s okay,” you assured her. “They’re… it’s all gorgeous. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” she smiled, crossing her legs under herself without disturbing Dallas - who was seemingly content with Gen’s presence. “There’s more from me but they’re not physical presents.”

You frowned in question but she just shrugged.

“You didn’t have-”


You laughed awkwardly nodding in defeat.

“Alright,” Jared interrupted. “Mine’s a bit mundane in comparison, but it’s my turn.”

“I’m sure I’ll love it,” you assured him and he laughed as he had to shift Bailey off of him to hand you the large box.

“Jesus,” you laughed, surprised by the weight of the box as you set it in your lap.

“Yeah, it’s… it’s a hefty one,” Jared told you, worrying his lip somewhat anxiously.

You frowned at his expression as you opened the gift, your frown turning into a smile as you saw
“A coffee machine?” you asked, excited.

“A fucking fancy coffee machine,” Jensen murmured, earning a nudge from Jared.

“I figured, for someone who loves coffee so much, you shouldn’t only have instant,” he told you, and you grinned as you inspected the box.

“There’s so many functions,” you announced, earning a soft laugh from Gen.

“You’re cute,” she told you, making you blush.

“I’ve never had something this fancy before,” you defended, “And I really do love coffee.”

“I know,” she smiled, “I’m not teasing. It’s nice to see you so excited.”

“You nerd,” Jensen added, making you laugh softly.

“There’s a couple different bean blends in the kitchen to try out,” Jared explained, encouraged by your enthusiasm. “I know it’s more of a practical gift than an exciting one...”

“I love it,” you promised, handing him back the box so that the armchair wasn’t too crowded.

“Good,” he smiled, Bailey letting out an unimpressed huff as she was shifted once more so he could put the box down.

“There’s... the boys wanted to get you a little something,” Gen told you, and the thought warmed your heart. “It’s only small-”

“If it’s from them, I’m sure I love it,” you cut her off as Jared handed you the smallest, lightest gift yet.

The whole thing fit in your palm and was wrapped haphazardly, letting you know that Tom and Shep did it themselves.

You grinned as you pulled back the wrapping, finding a beautiful silver pair of hammerhead shark earrings.

“They saw them while we were out and told me we had to get them for you,” Gen explained.

“I love them,” you smiled, taking out your simple silver studs and replacing them with your new ones. “They’re gorgeous. I’ll have to FaceTime the boys later and show them I’m wearing them.”

“They’d really love that,” Jared smiled, “They’ll be so happy you like them.”

“Speaking of kids you should FaceTime today,” Jensen interrupted, picking up another box, “This is from JJ.”

The box was wrapped to the best of a four year old’s ability, undoubtedly with a little help from Danneel, with a tag attached on top.

It contained a mix of JJ’s scrawl with Danneel’s elegant script, causing a twinge in your heart.

To Ditto,
Happy birthday! I love you lots!
Love from
Lil Miss Texas

JJ’s writing of your name and hers had improved even in the short time that you’d been apart, and you suddenly couldn’t wait to see her again.

“You miss her,” Gen murmured, and you laughed softly, wiping a tear that you didn’t realise was falling until it hit your cheek.

“She’s my girl,” you mumbled, sniffing your tears back. “I’m being stupid.”

“You’re allowed to miss people, Y/N,” Jensen reminded you, kindly. “Gen’s set aside a couple hours later for you to call Dee and the kids. I’m sure JJ will love to chat with you.”

“Yeah,” you laughed slightly. “Yeah, I’d love that.”

“Alright,” he smiled, nodding to the parcel, “Now open up. Still got a couple more to go.”

You slowly opened the gift, trying to get your emotions under control.

Just a simple note from your little sister affected you way more than it should have, so you tried to get your emotions under control as you opened the gift.

Inside the paper was a shoebox, and you lifted the lid with a soft frown.

Within the box was a pair of black and brown leather cowboy boots, decorated with coloured flowers and leaves.

“These are gorgeous,” you breathed, your fingers tracing the design.

“We were all walking by Allens and JJ dragged us all in,” Gen explained softly. “She wanted you to have a pair so y’all could update the wall picture from the twin announcement, and these were her favourite.”

“The wall picture?” you questioned, and Jensen laughed softly as he pulled up his Instagram post from last August.

“All our boots in a row,” he explained. “Looks like JJ wants yours to be a part of it.”

The prickle of happy tears started behind your eyes again, and you laughed as you wiped your eyes with the heel of your hand.

“Now you’re trying to make me cry,” you accused, teasingly.

“You’ve got a family, kiddo,” Jared smiled, and you smiled back.

“A huge one,” you laughed softly. “This is crazy.”

“That little girl loves you so much,” Gen reminded you, and you nodded.

“The feeling is mutual,” you replied, putting the lid on the box. “I’m wearing these later.”

“Save them for tonight,” Gen told you, causing you to frown.

“Why?” you asked, but she just shrugged in response.
“It’s a surprise.”

“Alright,” you allowed, gently placing the box on the floor.

“Two more,” Jensen told you, and you nodded. “These… these are the big ones, despite the small parcels.”

“Jen-”

“Hey,” he chastised fondly. “My daughter is turning twenty-one. That doesn’t happen every day.”

“You’ve only known me for a year,” you protested weakly, and he shook his head.

“That just means we’ve got years to catch up on,” he assured you. “Look, Dee and I… we wanted to get these for you. We don’t want you to feel guilty about it because you deserve to be happy, okay? You deserve to be spoiled for once.”

“He’s right,” Jared agreed, quietly. “Let yourself be happy.”

“Still kind of a new concept,” you joked, and they both laughed slightly.

“We love you,” Jensen reminded you, handing you a small, square parcel. “JJ helped to choose this one.”

The wrapping contained a ring box, and you gasped as you opened it to reveal a stunning white gold crown ring.

“Jensen,” you breathed. “This is too much.”

“JJ thinks you’re a real life princess,” he reasoned. “We were shopping for your final gift and she saw it, and we knew we had to get it. We know you wear rings regularly and we just… we had to.”

You nodded, shifting your simple silver rings around on your fingers so that you could gently place the beautiful new one onto your right ring finger, your old jewellery paling in comparison.

“It’s gorgeous,” you whispered, showing it to Gen when she beckoned for your hand.

“Wow,” she agreed, squeezing your hand. “Padackles’ don’t skimp out when it comes to diamonds, that’s for sure.”

“Yeah,” you laughed in disbelief. “I- thank you.”

“Our pleasure, sweetheart,” he smiled, holding the final box in his hands. “This is the last one of your physical presents.”

“There’s already been so many,” you laughed softly, pushing some of the wrapping paper from your lap onto the floor and watching as Bailey started to play with it.

“You’re only twenty-one once,” Gen reminded you, and you nodded.

“I guess so.”

Jensen got to his feet, leaning in to kiss your cheek as he handed you the gift.

“Happy birthday, kiddo.”
“Thanks, Dad,” you murmured in response, wrapping your arms around him as you kissed his cheek in return.

“Alright,” he smiled, kissing your temple as he pulled back, taking a seat beside Gen and taking Dallas from her arms to rock her peacefully. “Now, open that. I’m getting anxious.”

You laughed softly as you started to take off the the paper, before recognising the robin’s egg blue box with a white bow even before you took off the bow and read the brand name.

“Jensen,” you whispered, and he shook his head, nodding for you to open it.

You lifted the lid, revealing a small, black necklace box, the same Tiffany & Co. branding etched on the inside lid.

Contained within was a delicately beautiful key pendant on a white gold chain, the beauty of the jewellery taking your breath away.

“Twenty-one used to be the age that you became an adult,” Jensen explained. “Traditionally, people used to receive a key to the door at that age, given to them by their parents. It’s an old tradition I always planned to uphold with my children, and Danneel felt the same.”

“How much-”

“It doesn’t matter,” he interrupted, looking down at your daughter. “We wanted you to have this. We thought… maybe when Dallas turns twenty-one, you could pass it down. It could be like an heirloom, if- if you wanted.”

You felt yourself start to cry again, unable to stop the tears this time.

You couldn’t believe it.

You couldn’t believe that you had a family that wanted you.

You couldn’t believe that they would be so thoughtful on your birthday.

You couldn’t believe that you were so lucky, so loved.

“Thank you,” you mouthed, unable to make any sound for fear of it coming out as an embarrassing sob.

“It’s our pleasure,” he repeated, nodding to Jared. “Want to help her put it on, man?”

Jared got up, leaving Bailey to play with the paper as he gently perched on the empty arm of your armchair.

“May I?” he asked, and you nodded wordlessly as you handed him the box.

He gently picked up the necklace, the jewellery looking so dainty in his large hands, and you swept your hair to the side so that he could fasten the clasp without getting it caught.

Your hand reached up to feel the pendant as it fell perfectly against your chest.

“Gorgeous,” Jared murmured, wiping the tears from your cheeks with his thumb. “Happy birthday, baby.”

“Thank you,” you laughed softly, sniffing as you leaned against him. “Thank you all. For
everything, not just the gifts.”

“You’re family, sweetie,” Gen reminded you, getting to her feet and stretching her arms above her head before bending down to clear up all of the paper, much to Bailey’s dissatisfaction. “We’d do anything for you.”

She stood back up, noticing your coffee cup on the table.

“Including making you a fresh cup of coffee,” she announced, crumpling the paper as she picked up the mug.

“A fancy cup?” you questioned, and she laughed.

“Yeah, baby,” she promised. “A fancy cup.”

Jared placed a soft kiss to your lips before standing and picking up your new coffee machine.

“You want one, Jay?” he asked, and Jensen looked at you for confirmation.

“If that’s alright with the birthday girl?”

“For sure,” you confirmed, getting up to sit next to your father and daughter as Jared and Gen moved through to the kitchen, Bailey following you over to the couch.

“If there’s anything you want to exchange, we have receipts,” Jensen murmured when you leaned your head against his shoulder.

You instantly sat up, looking at him in shock.

“You’re kidding, right?” you asked, and he shook his head. “I wouldn’t change any of this for the world. It’s… this morning has been incredible.”

“It has,” he agreed, pulling you back onto his shoulder and holding Dallas in one arm. “Apart from the part where you ran off with the baby.”

You laughed softly, reaching out and letting Dallas grab onto your finger, still surprised by her newfound strength.

“We just went for a walk,” you reminded him, and he smiled, kissing the top of your head.

“I know, kiddo,” he murmured.

“Sorry for scaring y’all.”

“It’s forgotten,” he told you, smiling down at your daughter as she looked up at him with big, beautiful eyes. “I love you girls.”

You smiled, bringing your finger up to stroke Dallas’ cheek with her fist still holding on.

“We love you, too.”
You were a bit wary when Genevieve told you that she’d organised a VIP tour of Vancouver Aquarium for your birthday, but she was already aware of the hangups you might have.

“They really care about their animals,” she had promised. “They’re super involved with ocean conservation. They’re good people.”

Once you were convinced, you ended up having a great time.

The experience let you feed the animals as well as learning more about their natural habitats. Your guide was impressed with your knowledge of sharks and sea otters, and you found yourself getting carried away as the two of you chatted.

“Sorry,” you apologised, noticing Jared watching you with a small smile.

“It’s nice to see you so animated,” he assured you, pushing Dallas’ stroller back and forth to keep her moving and content.

“And we’re learning stuff,” Gen agreed. “Don’t apologise.”

“It’s good to show people around that are actually really interested,” your guide told you. “Half the time it’s kids that just want to say they fed an octopus.”

“That’s why I tagged along,” Jensen teased, and you laughed as the guide rolled her eyes fondly.

“Luckily, that’s where we’re headed next.”

Jensen had to leave for set almost as soon as you got home from the aquarium, apologising for not being there for the rest of your birthday.

“It’s fine,” you assured him. “I’m lucky as it is that they gave me and Jared the day off.”

“Still,” he shrugged before wrapping you up into a hug. “Hope you have a good evening.”

“I still don’t know what Gen’s planned,” you laughed, leaning into him as he kissed your temple.

“You’ll have fun,” he promised, slipping his shoes on. “Love ya, kiddo.”

“You too,” you smiled, turning back towards the front room once the door closed behind him.

Gen was playing with Bailey on the floor while Jared held a fussy Dallas, your daughter in need of a feed and a nap.

“Don’t cry, baby girl,” Jared shushed. “The milk maker is here.”

“Hey!” you chastised fondly. “I’m ‘Mama’ not ‘the milk maker’.”

“He’s just jealous that he’s got useless man nipples,” Gen teased, making both of you laugh as you took Dallas into your arms.

“Mama’s here,” you soothed, taking a seat in your armchair and curling your legs up under yourself.
Jared handed you a muslin from Dallas’ diaper bag as you rearranged your outfit so your daughter could feed.

Once she was in position and the two of you were comfortable, you looked down at Gen and Bailey; the pair still playing together on the floor.

“She needs a walk,” you murmured, and Gen smiled up at you.

“Me and Jare will take her in a sec,” she told you, looking at Jared for confirmation as he took a seat on the couch. “While you’re talking to Dee and the kids, Dal can have a nap and we can take Bails out.”

“You really planned this whole day out, didn’t you?” you grinned and she laughed softly, a blush adorning her cheeks.

“My girlfriend was turning twenty-one and I knew I only had a couple days with her,” she reasoned. “I had to maximise the fun and mix in the practicals.”

You felt yourself begin to blush, rolling your lips and biting down, closing your eyes as a smile spread across your face.

It felt wrong when you or Jared referred to each other as boyfriend or girlfriend, but Genevieve doing so made you feel warm inside.

“Mama’s blushing, Bambina,” Gen told your daughter, Dallas too busy feeding to pay any attention to anything but you.

“I’ve never had a girlfriend before,” you reasoned, stroking Dallas’ hair absentmindedly. “I kinda like it.”

“Good,” Gen winked, crawling towards your chair before placing her hands on the armrests and leaning in for a kiss. “I kinda like it, too.”

You leant forward, careful of Dallas as you placed a quick kiss to her lips.

She was grinning as she got to her feet, motioning for an excited Bailey to sit down as she turned to face Jared.

“I have a girlfriend,” she stated, causing her husband to raise an eyebrow.

“I’m aware,” he agreed. “You have for quite a while.”

She was still giddy as she sat down in his lap, the two of them looking over at you from the couch.

“My girlfriend is kinda cute,” Gen murmured, deliberately loud enough for you to hear, making the heat rise in your cheeks once more.

“Even cuter when she blushes,” Jared agreed, making you laugh in frustration.

“That’s enough,” you told them, glaring teasingly. “Go walk the mutt and stop picking on me.”

Jared stood up, making Gen get up from his lap as he did.

“We do it out of love,” she promised as Jared leaned down to kiss the top of your head, motioning for Bailey to follow him out into the hallway.
“I know,” you assured her, “My cheeks are just gonna burn up if you carry on.”

“Sorry, sweetie,” she told you, her smile letting you know that she wasn’t sorry at all. “Dee is expecting your call between three and five, ‘Couver time. She’s got all the kids over today.”

“That’s a lot of work,” you murmured, and she shrugged.

“Pretty sure Gino’s over, too.”

“You did say all the kids,” you grinned, making her laugh softly.

“Alright, we’re off,” she told you, hearing Jared call through that they were ready. “If you’ve got milk left when she’s full, express it.”

You frowned softly but didn’t argue, knowing it was better to agree than to question at this point.

“We’ll be like an hour,” she smiled, blowing a kiss as she left the room.

You laughed fondly, looking down at your daughter as she blinked up at you, her hands tensing against your chest as she fed.

“I love that woman,” you murmured, smiling as Dallas reached a hand up towards your face.

You gave her a finger to hold as she continued to suckle gently.

“One day, you’re gonna learn what an incredible woman your mama and papa love,” you whispered, looking straight into her eyes. “You’re gonna learn how kind and supportive and loving and strong she is. She may not be your mama, but I hope you grow up just like her.”

Dallas blinked slowly, and you bit your lip as you laughed softly.

“Just don’t grow up too fast,” you told her. “Mama wants you to be her baby forever.”

After you’d put Dallas down for a nap and pumped the rest of your milk, you set yourself up in your bedroom, fixing your hair to be slightly more presentable before calling Danneel.

Just as you got your phone out, a notification popped up from Jensen’s Instagram, so you clicked that first.

[Image of Instagram post with text: jensenackles]
You laughed softly at the last hashtag, liking the post before swiping through the pictures.

There were a couple more from the aquarium - one of you holding Dallas and trying to draw attention to a shark, and you knew instantly that you wanted that framed for her nursery - followed by a picture that you were sure would get you a lot of hate but you loved it anyway.

Jensen had taken it that morning while you were blowing out the candle on your cupcake. Your eyes were closed while Jared and Gen watched you - Jared with Dallas cuddled against his bare chest and Genevieve with her arm on the back of your seat - with open adoration in their expressions.

It was a real family photo, and your heart swelled as you screenshot the image to save it to your phone.
The last picture was blurry but it made you smile just as much as the rest.

It was a selfie that Jensen had sprung on you at the aquarium, lifting his phone out to take the picture as he kissed your cheek.

You were laughing, his eyes crinkled at the corners as he kissed you and snapped the image.

The photo was blurred because the two of you were shaking slightly with laughter, but it captured your relationship and the love between yourself and your father perfectly.

You typed out a quick comment, thanking Jensen for making your day so fun and repeating his #adoptdontshop tag with a wink emoji.

You were still grinning as you pulled up Danneel’s contact information to start up the FaceTime call.

It took her a while to answer, but when she did you could tell why.

All of the kids were in the shot with her and Gino; Tom, Shep, and JJ singing ‘Happy Birthday’ enthusiastically while Arrow and Zep clapped their little hands and laughed.

“God, I love you guys,” you told them once they’d finished, and JJ moved up closer to Danneel, putting her face front and centre on your screen.

“Did ya like ya presents?” she asked, grinning.

“Ask if she likes the earrings!” Tom shouted from behind, causing Danneel to wince and pull the phone away.

“Alright, kiddos,” she sighed. “Mama gets to talk to Ditto first and then I promise y’all will get your turn.”

You laughed softly as JJ pouted, pulling out the puppy eyes on Danneel.

“But, Mama,” she complained, “I wanna go first.”

“Hey, Tex?” you offered, grabbing her attention. “If you let Mama go first and then Gino and the boys… then you can go last and get the longest time. But you’ve gotta be good for Uncle G until then.”

You watched as she contemplated the compromise before nodding.

“Mkay,” she agreed. “I’m always good for Uncle G.”

“You’re a liar,” Gino chimed in, picking her up onto his hip and kissing her temple before looking into Danneel’s phone. “Happy birthday, kiddo.”

“Thanks,” you smiled back, watching as Danneel told the kids to be good before leaving to find somewhere private to talk to you.

“I love those kids but they’re so loud,” she told you, taking a seat once she got to Jensen’s office.

You laughed, nodding in understanding.

“I miss y’all but it’s quite nice to have some peace,” you agreed. “Well, when Dal isn’t grumbling.”
“God, I miss that girl,” Danneel sighed, smiling at you. “How is she?”

“Full and napping,” you told her. “I’m sure she’ll be up soon so y’all can say hi.”

“Let her sleep, I wanna talk to the birthday girl,” she grinned. “How’s your day going?”

“It’s been… amazing,” you admitted, your fingers automatically finding the key pendant. “Thank you so much for everything.”

“You deserve it all,” she dismissed kindly. “My baby girl turned twenty-one.”

You laughed softly, leaning back against your headboard.

“Did you see Jay’s Instagram?” you asked, and she shook her head.

“I haven’t had a second to myself until just now,” she admitted, her camera being paused as she went in search of what you were talking about. “Gino being here is keeping me sane.”

“Never thought I’d hear that,” you teased, and you heard her laugh softly.

“I told Tom and Shep’s nanny to take the day off and I’ve regretted it since five minutes in,” she admitted, her tone light. “Alright, Instagram.”

“Yup,” you confirmed, waiting for her to find it.

She laughed softly.

“God, I married a dork,” she sighed, a tapping sound letting you know she was commenting before her face reappeared. “Adopt don’t shop.”

“I mean…”

“I wish I’d thought of that,” she grinned. “I’m glad y’all have had a good day.”

“It’s been incredible,” you sighed, biting your lip. “I’m a lucky girl.”

“You deserve it,” she shrugged. “I’d’ve come up, too, but Gen has a plan I don’t think you’ll want your mama there for.”

You pulled a face, feeling your cheeks flush.

“Nothing’s going on so long as Dallas is waking up every couple hours,” you reasoned. “I’m taking all the sleep I can get.”

“Mhm,” she hummed, looking entirely unconvinced. “Well, the day’s not over yet.”

“I’m aware,” you laughed softly. “Nobody’s telling me what’s happening though so I’m just rolling with it and hoping for the best.”

“It’ll be great,” she promised, looking at you knowingly.

“Stop,” you requested, feeling your cheeks start to heat again and not wanting a repeat of earlier.

“Sorry, sweetheart,” she smiled. “Let’s talk about something else. How’s work?”

You ended up staying on FaceTime for almost two hours.
You spoke to everyone, Danneel and Gino even showed you to the twins so you got a chance to see them again. You couldn’t believe how much they’d grown already.

Tom and Shep were thrilled that you liked the earrings, and they were happy to chat away to you about school and their friends and what they’d done with their nanny yesterday.

You loved that they wanted to tell you everything, that they’d accepted you into their family without question and cared about you enough to think to ask how you were as well.

You really were a lucky girl.

Talking to JJ took up the biggest chunk of your time.

Jared and Gen had returned and Dallas had woken up by the time that you got her on the phone, so you let them all say hello before you were left with your little sister again.

“How ya doin’, sweetness?” you asked her once Gino had left her in her room, clutching Danneel’s phone with both hands to look at you.

“I miss ya and Dally but I’m ‘kay,” she assured you, making you laugh softly.

“What about Daddy? Or Uncle Jared?”

She shrugged, moving the phone with her as she did.

“They too but mostly you.”

You smiled sadly, adjusting your position to get more comfortable.

You’d moved to Dallas’ nursery when she woke up, so you were still sat in the rocking chair while Jared and Gen spent time with the baby downstairs.

“Thank you very much for helping choose my ring,” you told her, the mention of it causing her to beam.

“It’s a princess crown b’cos you’re a princess,” she told you, enthusiastically. “You’re like ‘Punzel and Elsa and Tiana and Moana.”

“Moana wouldn’t like it if she heard you calling her a princess,” you reminded JJ, making her roll her eyes.

“Well, yeah. But her daddy is the chief,” she reasoned. “Our daddy is the chief and you’re still a princess.”

You knew that in her mind that was sound logic, so you didn’t bother to try and argue your point.

“I guess you’re right, baby girl,” you allowed. “And thank you for my boots. I’m wearing them later today.”

“D’ya like them?” she asked, looking intently at the screen.

“I love them,” you promised. “So so much.”

“You’re gonna be on the wall like us,” she told you, and a smile grew on your lips.

“Yep, like a real family.”
“Mhm,” she agreed. “Mama said Aunt Mama is takin’ you to the ‘quarium.”

“Yeah,” you confirmed. “We went with Daddy and Uncle Jared already.”

“And Dally?”

You laughed at her expression.

“Nah, we left her here on her own,” you teased, earning a soft gasp. ‘I’m kiddin’, kiddo. Dallas came with us.”

“I was gonna say,” she sighed dramatically. “Ditto, she’s a baby.”

“Which is why she came with us,” you promised. “I’m a good mama, I swear.”

“The best mama,” she agreed, making you scoff lightly.

“No way,” you disagreed. “Mama and Aunt Mama are the best mamas.”

She hummed, thoughtful.

“You’re the joint best, then,” she concluded, making you smile.

“Alright, baby girl,” you told her. “Now tell me about you. How’s Texas? Are you lookin’ after the babies for Mama?”

“Arry keeps sayin’ ‘Dada’ and Mama’s tryin’ to get her to say ‘Mama’,” she giggled. “It’s just cus she’s a baby, not cus she doesn’t love her.”

“Poor Mama!” you exclaimed, over-dramatic to make JJ laugh. “They’ll get there someday.”

“They’re nearly a whole year old,” JJ agreed. “I could talk when I was a whole year.”

You frowned, narrowing your eyes slightly.

“I’m not sure you could, kiddo,” you hedged, and she nodded.

“Mhm, I’m a genius.”

“I don’t believe you, monkey,” you told her. “I’m gonna have to check with Mama.”

She cracked, laughing as she shook her head.

“I’m kiddin’! Babies can’t talk.”

“I know,” you grinned. “You’re tryna trick me.”

“Maybe,” she smiled, flopping down to lay on her bed. “I miss ya.”

“I miss you, too,” you smiled sadly.

The two of you stayed looking at each other on the screens in front of you for a while, until JJ took in a deep, excited breath.

“What?” you asked, grateful for a distraction from how much you were missing her.

“Can I show you my new toy?” she asked, already getting up.
“Of course,” you confirmed, watching as she searched around her room for what she was looking for.

The next half hour was spent talking to JJ, your sister changing the subject every so often to keep you talking, and you were ready to keep talking but you were interrupted by a light knock on the door.

“Come in,” you called, apologising to JJ.

“It’s ‘kay,” she assured you, getting up and walking back out of her room, probably in search of Tom and Shep.

Gen slowly entered the room, a grumbly Dallas in her arms.

“She misses her mama,” she apologised as you got to her feet.

“That’s okay,” you smiled, trading your phone for your daughter, letting Gen hold all of you in view for JJ.

“Hey, Birdie,” Gen smiled and JJ kissed the camera.

“Hi, Aunt Mama,” she replied. “I’m takin’ you to see my boys now.”

“Her boys,” you murmured softly to Gen, making her smile.

“Thanks kiddo.”

“Hey, Tex?” you asked, and she hummed in acknowledgement. “I’m gonna try and make Dal stop being a grumpy butt, but you can keep talking with Aunt Mama and the boys for a bit, ‘kay?”

“‘Kay, love ya,” she agreed before instantly chatting away to Gen.

You took Dallas through to where you could hear Jared in your bedroom, Bailey standing at the foot of the bed while he explained to her why she wasn’t allowed up onto the mattress.

“She can’t hear you,” you reminded him, fondly. “Even if she could, she wouldn’t understand.”

“Me and Bailey have a special bond,” he argued, and you laughed softly as you sat at the foot of your bed, laying Dallas on your lap and letting Bailey gently nose at her.

“You’ve got a profound bond, huh?” you teased, making Jared laugh as he sat next to you, stroking Dallas’ cheek as you and the dog managed to get her to relax. “I think Dal has the real profound bond.”

“I think you’re right,” he agreed, leaning in to kiss you softly. “Did you get to talk to everyone?”

You nodded, kissing him again and letting yourself linger a little longer this time.

“What was that for?” he asked quietly, sweeping your stray hairs behind your ear with a soft finger.

“Just wanted to,” you shrugged. “Thank you for today.”

“It’s not over yet,” he smiled, kissing your cheek before getting to his feet.

“Y’all keep saying that and I don’t know what it means,” you grumbled fondly, pushing Bailey away so that you could lift up Dallas now that she was calmer.
He shrugged, reaching for his daughter.

You handed her over, loving to watch as she reached for his face and he playfully nipped at her fingers.

“You will,” Jared told you, giving Dallas his finger as something to hold and kissing the back of her hand. “Soon.”

Gen’s plans involved skimpy cowgirl costumes and a Dallas-free night.

She’d arranged with Jared that he’d spend the night in with your daughter while the two of you hit the bar for your first legal drink.

“Jared can go out and get a beer with you whenever,” Gen had reasoned. “I’m only here for a little while.”

She had a point.

The tiny cowgirl outfit had less of a legitimate reasoning, however.

She knew that JJ had chosen your boots, and figured that she could incorporate them into your halloween costume.

You weren’t convinced, but her excitement for the night encouraged you to put on the outfit just to see her happy.

By the time you were ready to leave you’d expressed enough milk for Jared to feed your daughter along with some formula just in case, and you were dressed in tiny Daisy Dukes with a flannel shirt and cowboy hat - the boots from JJ completing your ensemble.

You felt stupid but if Jared’s reaction was anything to go by, you looked great.

Genevieve, on the other hand, was owning it.

“I feel like I’m back in Wildfire,” she grinned, running her fingers under the legs of her denim cutoffs to smooth them out.

“Kris didn’t wear pants that showed her ass,” Jared reminded her, and she laughed as she tipped her hat slightly.

“I think it’s the hat and the boots,” she reasoned, turning back to face you. “Ya ready for a night on the town, lil’ darlin’?”

Her accent had you laughing slightly, tugging on the hem of your flannel.

“You look incredible,” Jared assured you, holding Dallas as he leaned against the wall in the hallway. “Go out and have fun. Dal and I can hold down the fort.”

“You don’t have work tomorrow,” Gen reminded you, dropping her accent and kissing you quickly before linking her fingers with yours. “Let’s have some fun.”

You nodded, leaning up to kiss Jared back when he approached.

“Have a good time,” he told you, and you offered a soft smile.
“I’ll try.”

“Oh, you will,” Gen assured you before slipping back into her ridiculously dramatic southern accent. “This is gonna be the greatest night of your life.”

Despite your initial reservations, you and Genevieve ended up having a great night.

You were onto your third bar of the night - pleasantly buzzed from the alcohol in your system but still totally in control - when your favourite song started playing.

You finished the rest of your drink, nodding at Gen to do the same.

She laughed softly before knocking it back, gently placing her glass down onto the bar.

“Dance with me,” you murmured, and she frowned, not catching your words over the buzz of the Halloween crowd.

You leaned in closer, holding onto your hat so it didn’t fall as it brushed hers.

“Dance with me,” you repeated, pulling back to meet her eyes.

Even though your relationship with each other was no secret, the two of you had been keeping everything almost platonic all night so as not to attract too much attention - especially after you’d been recognised and stopped for selfies on the way between bars.

Genevieve raised an eyebrow as she worried her lower lip.

“You sure?” she asked, and you nodded as you grabbed her hand, pulling her into the throng of tipsy dancers on the floor.

The two of you danced together, losing your inhibitions as you moved to the beat and mouthed along to the words.

As the song came to an end, the smile on Genevieve’s face had you giddy with excitement.

“Kiss me,” you requested, taking her hands.

“Y/N,” she hedged, stepping in closer as the next song started to play.

“I love you,” you grinned, pecking her cheek. “I wanna kiss my girlfriend on my birthday.”

You weren’t willing to do anything without her agreeing to it, but you squeezed her hands as you saw a small smile growing from her concern.

“C’mon, sweet thang,” you urged, emphasising your own southern drawl. “Gimme some sugar.”

She laughed at that, letting go of your hands to drape her arms over your shoulders.

She picked up your hat with one hand, taking it off your head as she leant in to kiss you.

You grinned against her lips as you cupped her face between your palms, deepening the kiss when she opened up for you.

“I love you,” she told you once you pulled back, and you smiled as you leaned in to whisper in her ear.
“Take me home.”

Gen led you straight upstairs once you got back, her hand warm in your own as you made your way through the hallway towards your bedroom.

You frowned when she opened the door to reveal an empty room.

“Where’s Jared?” you asked, and Gen grinned as she took your hat and rested it next to hers on the dresser.

“With Dallas,” she informed you. “Sleeping in Jensen’s room.”

You bit your lip as her hands found your waist, dipping under the hem of your flannel.

“Where’s Jensen?”

“Crashing in his trailer,” she answered.

You blushed as her fingers slipped into the waistband of your shorts, teasing at the top of your panties.

“You really thought of everything,” you laughed softly as you draped your arms over her shoulders, kissing her sweetly.

She shrugged, a smile tugging at her lips.

“I guess. Maybe… maybe your present was for me as much as it was for you.”

“Oh,” you feigned surprise, letting her hair out of the braids that she’d put it in for her costume. “So do you think I should go and get changed? Slip into something more comfortable?”

“I mean… I wouldn’t say no…” she trailed off, her smile spreading as you moved your hands to her wrists, gently encouraging her hands away from your ass.

You moved over to your closet, pulling out the Victoria’s Secret box before walking to the door.

“I’m gonna go freshen up,” you told her, watching as she started to unbutton her flannel, your eyes drawn to her tan skin as more was exposed.

“I’ll be waitin’,,” she drawled, shooting you a wink before turning her back to you and letting her shirt fall to the ground.

You let out an involuntary groan at the sight, causing her to laugh and look over her shoulder at you.

“Go get changed, then you can look all you want,” she told you. “I’ll even let you touch.”

“You’ll be the death of me,” you murmured, pushing open the door in an attempt to get yourself moving towards the bathroom.

“Go,” she laughed fondly, running a hand through her hair.

You reluctantly did as she asked, making your way through to your bathroom in the knowledge that she’d still be waiting for you when you came back.
Once into the bathroom, you opened up the box to find that all of Gen’s presents were inside.

Not just the kimono and lingerie, but the Seahawks jersey, too.

Without a second thought, you took off your cowgirl getup and pulled on the new panties, foregoing the bra in favour of slipping into the jersey.

You placed the lid back onto the box and dumped your costume into the hamper, looking at yourself in the mirror with a satisfied smirk.

The jersey was big on you, but Genevieve had known that was how you would want it.

You were always fond of wearing Jared’s clothes and drowning in them - despite the caveman ribbing that you and Gen gave him whenever he offered you his shirts - so she’d ordered a size up.

The hem covered your panty-clad ass, falling just above mid-thigh as the sleeves stopped a couple inches above your elbows.

You felt like a college cheerleader, wearing her boyfriend’s team jersey to turn him on after one of his games.

Only, you weren’t in college, nor were you a cheerleader.

You were a Cowboys fan in a Seahawks jersey because you knew that Gen would love it.

You left the pink box on top of the closed hamper before slowly making your way back to your bedroom.

You let your hair down as you walked, knowing that Gen liked to run her fingers through it whenever she got the chance, carding one hand through the roots as you gently knocked on the door.

“Come in,” came Gen’s soft voice, and you bit your lip in anticipation as you opened the door.

She was sat on the edge of the bed in her lingerie, a different pattern of the same satin kimono elegantly draped over her body.

As soon as she saw you, she got to her feet.

“I get it, now,” she breathed as you closed the door behind you.

“Get what?” you asked, suddenly feeling self-conscious as her eyes roamed over you.

“Jared’s ‘caveman’ thing,” she explained, walking towards you and resting her hands on your shoulders. “It’s hot seeing you in my team colours.”

You were blushing as she kissed you, your embarrassment quickly falling away as she started to walk the two of you back towards your bed.

“It’s been a while,” she murmured against your lips, falling back onto the mattress and pulling you with her.

“If you got rid of your reciprocation rule, Jared and I could’ve shown you a good time before you moved back home,” you reminded her, crawling up the bed until you could lay against the pillows. “Speaking of Jared…”
“It’s just us tonight,” she answered, crawling over you to kiss your cheek, jaw, neck.

You bit your lip, trying to figure out how to word your thoughts without sounding pathetic.

“I asked if he’d join us when we got back,” Gen continued, reading your mind as her hands pushed up the hem of your jersey so they could rest against your skin. “He declined on the basis that—”

“I’m not as hot as I was before I had Dallas,” you interrupted, squirming away slightly.

“No,” Gen insisted, pulling back enough to look down at you in confusion. “No, God, no.”

Her eyes were full of concern and when you searched you couldn’t find anything but honesty and love in her expression.

“Y/N, nothing about your body now is even slightly a turnoff,” she promised, placing butterfly kisses to your cheeks. “Jared, he’s not a small guy. You know that. He was worried that maybe you’d try to do too much, too soon, and end up hurting yourself.”

She looked into your eyes again, making sure you understood.

“He loves you, sweet girl,” she assured you, “And he’s dying to get back into your pants.”

You laughed at that, earning a small smile from Gen.

“Consider this a test run,” she told you, placing a lingering kiss to your lips. “Let me show you how much we love you. Let me make you feel good, birthday girl.”

You couldn’t really argue with that when her fingers were already dipping into your panties.

You pulled Genevieve into a kiss, your fingers tangling in her hair as hers worked to get you out of your underwear.

It’d been too long, just the touch of her fingertips to your inner thighs had you moaning into the kiss.

She slid the kimono from her shoulders after removing your panties, gently placing it on the floor beside the foot of your bed.

She stayed down that end of your mattress, her hands lightly skimming your legs until she could push up your shirt, pressing kisses to your thighs as she did.

“Fuck,” you breathed, carding a hand into her hair as her lips moved closer to your core.

She hummed against your skin, spreading your legs with her palms against your inner thighs.

It had been so long, so the first careful flick of her tongue over you clit pulled a whimper from your lips.

“It’s okay,” Gen murmured, pulling back slightly. “Relax. I’ll make this good for you.”

You didn’t doubt that for a second.

She waited for you to shift into a comfortable position, your fingers lightly moving through her hair as you nodded for her to continue.

“I love you,” she told you, before biting lightly at your inner thigh, causing you to let out a breathy
laugh.

All thoughts left your mind as she started to eat you out, her tongue bringing you pleasure that you hadn’t felt in months.

Every flick of her tongue over your clit caused a pulse throughout your body; seemingly a natural reaction to everything Gen did.

You could feel yourself getting wetter, and when one of Gen’s hands moved from holding your thighs to between them you took in a deep breath.

One gentle finger slowly tested at your entrance, and you tugged at her hair slightly to tell her that you could take it.

She moved slowly, carefully, pulling back enough to watch your expression as her fingers entered you.

It didn’t take long for her to find your g-spot, your previous times together giving her intimate knowledge of every part of your body, and you could feel your heartbeat between your thighs as she grazed her fingertips over the bunch of nerves.

Your hips bucked and she grinned, placing a kiss to your stomach where your jersey had ridden up.

“Gen,” you murmured, softly carding your fingers through her hair.

“It’s okay,” she repeated, her words whispered against your skin. “Let go, Y/N.”

She moved back to focus on your clit, sucking lightly and flicking her tongue as her fingers continued to work inside you.

It didn’t take long for the combined stimulation to have you close to climax. Genevieve knew exactly what to do to bring you pleasure, her fingers and mouth bringing you right up to the edge.

From the rate of your breaths and the sounds you were making, she knew that you were barely holding it together.

With one talented graze of her fingers and a lick of her tongue, you were gone.

You came with a soft moan, your hips convulsing as Gen worked you through your orgasm until it was too much.

“Please,” you breathed, and she finally pulled back, letting you come down on your own.

You could feel her watching you as you caught your breath, biting her lip in the knowledge that she had made you that breathless.

She smiled as she got up off of the bed, and you watched as she made her way over to the wardrobe, opening the pyjama drawer.

“What are you doing?” you asked, your heart still thumping in your chest.

“Getting comfortable to sleep,” she explained, pulling out a pair of sleep shorts.

“Oh,” you frowned, propping yourself up on your elbows.

“Oh?” she asked, turning back to face you.
“I thought I was gonna get to help you out of those panties,” you told her, biting your lip as you let your eyes rake over her lingerie-clad body. “My last gift to unwrap.”

“Oh,” she repeated, a glint in her eye as she put down the shorts and walked back towards the bed. “I was gonna forget about the reciprocation rule. I figured this whole night was about you.”

“It still is,” you shrugged, moving onto your side and reaching for her wrist when she was close enough to pull her onto the bed.

She laughed as her hands fell onto your shoulders, looking at the jersey before meeting your eye.

“I can’t believe you’re wearing it,” she admitted, and you smiled as you rolled her onto her back, kissing her chastely.

“Don’t tell Jared,” you teased as you started to kiss down her neck.

“No promises,” she breathed, a hand carding into your hair. “I think he’ll want to hear every detail of tonight.”

“Is that so?” you asked, your lips against her clavicle as your hands moved under her back to unclasp her bra.

“Mhm,” she hummed in agreement, and you cocked an eyebrow as you met her eye.

“Then we better make it a great story.”
In the morning, you woke to your phone blowing up with notifications.

Someone had taken pictures of you and Gen, dancing and kissing in the final bar, and spread them around.

You sighed when you saw them, waking Genevieve up to show her what was being said, but she just shrugged and fell back into the pillows.

“We had fun,” she murmured. “They’re just jealous I got to party with the hottest cowgirl in town.”

You laughed, putting your phone down and kissing her softly.

“More jealous of me, getting to make out with Kris Furillo’s older, sexier body double,” you smiled, slapping her ass through the comforter as you got to your feet, stretching your arms above your head and making your jersey ride up. “I should probably watch Wildfire at some point.”

“You’re a tease,” she complained as you pulled the hem back down, grinning at her. “You’ve not even seen my season of Supernatural.”

“I don’t have a lot of free time,” you reasoned. “I’ve got a baby and a show.”

“Next hiatus we’ll do a catch up of all of our acting disasters,” she told you, watching as you pulled on a pair of shorts. “Jay and Grandpa Ackles did a real interesting movie a few years back that he hates us bringing up.”

“Can’t wait,” you smiled. “I’m gonna check on Dal and Jared.”

“I’m gonna grab ten more minutes,” she mumbled. “Remember to pump if your boobs get heavy, and-”

“Don’t breastfeed until this afternoon,” you finished for her, and she hummed in agreement.

“My girlfriend is the smartest,” she murmured, her voice muffled by her pillow as you left the room.

Genevieve had to fly back to Austin on Thursday morning, leaving everything back to normal in your Vancouver home.

You and Jared were both working long hours to make up for your time off, leaving yourself tired and your daughter grouchy.

“In a week, we’ll be in Hawaii, then it’ll be Thanksgiving break,” Jared reminded you the next Friday when you were getting ready for bed. “We’ve got some real time off.”

“I know,” you smiled tiredly, leaning up to kiss him when Dallas started crying.

You sunk back down onto your heels, resting your forehead on his chest as he wrapped his arms around your shoulders.
“She’s so grumpy lately,” you complained, and he laughed softly as he kissed the top of your head.

“She’s a baby,” he smiled, kissing your temple as he pulled back. “I’ve got this, get into bed.”

“You sure?” you clarified, already pulling back the covers.

“I’m sure,” he promised. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

You never got to Hawaii, not even for the convention.

You were scrolling through your twitter feed after work on Monday when you came across Danneel’s retweet of Sophia’s post sharing an article from Variety.

Reading the title, ‘One Tree Hill’ Cast, Crew Accuse Showrunner Mark Schwahn of Sexual Harassment, had bile rising in your throat.

Just three paragraphs in, you dropped your phone, running to the bathroom to half throw up, half sob into the toilet bowl.

You were still crying when Jensen appeared in the doorway, leaning against the frame and watching you in concern.

“You’re not pregnant again already, are you?” he asked, teasing.

You sniffed, wiping your mouth with some tissue before flushing the toilet, getting to your feet and walking across to the basin.

You splashed some water on your face, swilling some around in your mouth to get rid of the horrible taste before spitting into the sink and rinsing it down.

“Kiddo?” Jensen probed, the teasing gone from his tone. “What’s up?”

“She—” you cleared your throat, swallowing down the ache. “She had to work with him.”

He instantly knew what you were referring to, pulling you into a comforting embrace.

“I know, sweetheart,” he whispered, resting his cheek on top of your head. “I know.”

You were crying against his shirt but he didn’t care, whispering reassurances to you as his hand stroked your back.

“I hate him,” you sniffed, and Jensen held you tighter.

“Me too, kiddo,” he agreed. “Did you— did you read the letter?”

You shook your head against him, trying to stop crying.

“I only got a few lines into the article,” you admitted, and he nodded, pulling back enough to kiss your temple.

“Dee signed a letter, calling him out,” he explained, his voice soft. “Sophia and Hil wrote most of it, but so many of them signed it. It’s tough but they’re going to make a difference. It’s… it’s a tough read, but they’re finally able to speak out.”

“Yeah,” you breathed, sniffing.
“Yeah,” he echoed as he pulled back, looking into your eyes.

“I hate men,” you grumbled, earning a soft laugh as he tucked you under his arm and lead you out of the bathroom.

“You sound just like your mama,” he murmured, and you huffed a laugh.

“Good,” you told him. “She’s the strongest person I know.”

He smiled, kissing the top of your head and rubbing your shoulder.

“You and me, both.”

Jared was in the nursery - reading ‘Guess How Much I Love You’ to Dallas, his soothing voice sending her to sleep - when you finally got around to reading the whole article without having to stop to sob or run to the bathroom.

Your heart was broken, knowing what Danneel had suffered through, and all you wanted was to be close to her.

But you were in Vancouver and she was thousands of miles away, in a timezone that meant it was too late to call or facetime, leaving you with no option but to curl up in bed and cry.

You cried for all of the women who had signed that letter. You cried for your family and close friends. You cried for the complete strangers, named and unnamed. You cried for the injustice of it all.

A part of you, pushing its way to the forefront of your mind, cried with relief.

Relief that they’d spoken out, relief that they were finally able to fight back, and relief that you didn’t have to suffer that way on your ‘big break’ show.

You felt guilty for even thinking it, but the idea that you could’ve had someone like him running Supernatural, in charge of your career, made you nauseous all over again.

You could have left Oklahoma, thinking you’d left everything bad behind you, only to find the same thing happening to you in the place that was supposed to be your fresh start; your clean slate.

You didn’t know how long you’d been silently crying when you felt the bed dip beside you.

Jared sat against the headboard, gently rolling you over so that your head was in his lap. You were still curled up, your knees as far to your chest as they could go, but you rested an arm over his thighs as his hand began to stroke through your hair.

Eventually, your tears dried up and you found yourself laying in silence, numbness filling your body.

“You don’t have to come to Maui, you know?” Jared told you, his voice soft.

You pulled back, pushing yourself to sit up as you looked at him, wiping your cheeks with your sleeve.

“You don’t even have to come to Honolulu,” he continued. “Creation will understand, so will Gen and I.”
“We’ve been… we’ve planned this for weeks,” you protested weakly. “Our first vacation.”

“And of course we’d love it if you came,” he agreed. “But we understand if you need to be with Danneel.”

You swallowed, not knowing what to say as he wrapped his arm around your shoulders, pulling you into his side.

“This… your reaction to everything,” Jared paused, trying to find the right words. “Kiddo, if you need your mama, you need your mama. There’s no shame in wanting to go home- wanting to be with her. I get it.”

“The fans-”

“The fans will understand, Y/N,” he promised, his lips against the top of your head. “I’ve had to leave conventions early before, and everyone gets over it.”

You wrapped your arms around his middle, leaning further into him.

“I’m not saying you have to go to Texas,” he clarified, tucking a strand of hair behind your ear. “I don’t want you to think I’m telling you you can’t come to Hawaii. I just want you to know that the option is there, and nobody will think any less of you for taking it.”

You didn’t know how to reply, but Jared didn’t need you to as he started to slowly trail his fingers up and down your arm in a comforting movement.

“We still have a couple days,” he whispered, his fingers stilling as he wrapped a strong arm over your shoulders and pulled you closer. “Just think about it.”

You nodded, still unable to form an audible response, but you didn’t need time to think about it. You knew where you needed to be.

Danneel and the twins greeted you at the airport on Thursday lunchtime and, the second you saw them, tears started to well in your eyes.

You let go of Dallas’ stroller as you reached them, throwing your arms around Danneel and burying your face in her neck.

“Hey, shh,” she soothed as you felt yourself begin to cry. “You’re okay.”

“Are you?” you asked, pulling back and cradling her face in your hands, checking her over. “Are you-”

“I’m alright, sweetheart,” she promised, kissing your forehead. “Let’s get you home.”

She took over Dallas’ stroller as you took the twins’, looking down into their gorgeous eyes and sniffing back your tears.

“You guys need to stop growing every time I look away,” you mumbled, stroking Arrow’s cheek as she was in the top basket.

“You’re telling me,” Danneel agreed, looking down at Dallas. “Two seconds ago she was a newborn.”
“Yeah,” you murmured, starting towards the exit. “Taking after her daddy already.”

You had a few hours alone with Danneel and the babies, during which she talked to you more about the article and what happened while she was working on One Tree Hill.

It hurt to hear her talking about it, to see her reliving the moments, but she assured you that now was the time for them to come forward; that they were already making such a difference by talking out about it.

“Besides,” she had reminded you, her arm around your shoulders as she kissed your temple, “I had great friends around me at the time, and I’ve got an incredible family with me now. I’m good, kiddo.”

By the time Danneel’s phone alarm went off, telling you that it was time to pick up JJ, the two of you were smiling and joking with each other.

“I didn’t tell JJ that you were coming,” she told you as you strapped the babies into their car seats. “She’s gonna freak out.”

“I can’t wait to see her,” you smiled, checking over Dallas’ seat as Danneel did the same for the twins.

You leaned in to kiss Dallas’ cheek, shutting the door before climbing into the passenger seat and smiling across at Danneel.

“Let’s get going,” she grinned, starting the ignition.

You were grinning as you watched the kids file out of the preschool classroom from your seat in the car, running excitedly towards their parents and carers to talk about their days.

You were waiting in the car with the babies to prolong the surprise, but your grin changed to a soft frown when you noticed that JJ wasn’t as enthusiastic to see her mom as she usually was.

You stayed quiet while Danneel helped her into her carseat, and JJ didn’t offer any kind of conversation either.

Once Danneel got behind the wheel, she turned back to face the kids.

“JJ, are you gonna say hi to your sister?” she prompted, and you turned around to smile at her.

“Hi,” she murmured, looking out the window.

“Hey, kiddo,” you responded, turning back to Danneel. “What-?”

“I don’t know,” she replied, starting up the car again. “She won’t tell me anything.”

JJ was sitting quietly in the front room when you and Danneel had finished getting the babies out of the car.

Danneel took Dallas from your arms, nodding towards JJ.

“See if you can get her to talk?” she requested, and you smiled sadly.
“I hate seeing her like this.”

“Me too,” she agreed, kissing your cheek. “But if anyone can get her to feel better, it’s her big sister.”

You hoped she was right as you made your way through to the front room, sitting down on the floor opposite JJ.

“Hey, Texas,” you murmured, lightly knocking her chin with a knuckle so that she looked at you. “You wanna tell me what happened today?”

JJ nodded, her lip starting to quiver as her eyes filled with tears.

“Oh, sweetheart,” you breathed, cupping her cheek in your palm. “What’s wrong?”

She sniffed, leaning into you for a hug.

You wrapped your arms around her, kissing the top of her head and waiting for her to talk.

“I was- I was playin’ with the truck,” she began, sniffing and speaking against your top. “And Ben stole it from me while I was playin’.”

You swallowed thickly, already furious with this ‘Ben’ character.

“Did you tell him you were still playing with it?” you asked, and she nodded against you before pulling back.

She still had tears in her eyes and you wanted nothing more than to make them go away.

“I said I was playin’ and that he could have it after me,” she told you, sniffing. “I’ve learned sharin’ and I know that it’s important so I said he could have it when I was done but he just took it. And I told Miss Daisy because I was still playin’ and he stole it but she- she-”

“What did she say, kiddo?” you asked kindly.

“She said he was just bein’ a boy and I’m a mature lady and I don’t need to get upset about it,” she told you, trying to wipe her own tears.

You saw red, trying not to get angry because you didn’t want JJ to feel any worse.

“Alright, baby,” you breathed, taking her hands in your own. “I want you to listen to me, okay?”

“Mhm,” she nodded, still sniffing.

“‘Boys will be boys’ is not an acceptable excuse for mean behaviour, and I’ll be having a chat with Miss Daisy about that tomorrow,” you explained, and JJ nodded again. “If you told Ben that he couldn’t have the truck yet, he shouldn’t have taken it without your permission.”

You cleared your throat, trying to keep your tone steady.

“No means no, kiddo.”

“No means no,” she repeated, and you nodded.

“That’s right,” you agreed, ruffling her hair until she smiled slightly. “So, what do you say next
time another kid takes the toy you’re playing with without permission?”

“I say ‘no means no’,” she told you.

“That’s right, and you take the toy back.”

“I take it back,” she nodded, and you smiled, tapping her nose.

“Yes,” you confirmed, “Because you never let anyone take away your decisions or your voice.”

“No means no,” JJ murmured, and you kissed her cheek.

“Alright, Tex, go wash your face,” you told her, getting to your feet and pulling JJ up with you, “Put on some comfy clothes, ‘kay?”

She smiled, running off to do as you asked after stopping to hug Danneel’s legs in the doorway.

Danneel still had Dallas in her arms as she stepped into the room, watching you with a concerned expression.

You shrugged softly, folding your arms.

“I fixed her bad mood,” you explained, and she nodded.

“You did, thank you,” she hedged, biting her lip. “What was all that about?”

“She needs to know that it’s not okay for boys to walk all over her,” you shrugged defensively. “I’m gonna talk to her teacher.”

“I agree, and I’ll go with you,” Danneel told you, “But, Dits… the whole ‘no means no’ talk…”

You swallowed, taking a step back when you realised what she was getting at.

Danneel took a tentative step towards you, concern furrowing her brow.

“Talk to me,” she requested softly. “What happened?”

You shrugged, looking away.

“Nothing,” you murmured. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

One look at her face told you that Danneel wasn’t buying it.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” you tried, your voice soft.

“Oh, sweetheart,” she sighed. “You can tell me anything.”

You swallowed again, looking down at the floor.

“Come on, it’s me,” she pleaded. “You’re my baby. Let me help you.”

As soon as the words left her lips, she could see your expression change.

“I’m not your baby,” you spat, causing Danneel to flinch slightly. “You’re not my real mom.”

Danneel nodded, her hold on Dallas tightening protectively as your demeanor changed.
“I know that, sweetheart,” she offered softly, “I know-”

“No, you don’t know,” you snapped, and Danneel’s mouth suddenly shut in shock as you started to shout. “You don’t know what it was like. You don’t have any idea what it was like! You weren’t there, so stop acting like you know me when all you’ve ever seen is ‘Ditto Ackles’, because - guess what?”

Danneel had never seen you like this before, her heart was pounding hard and fast inside her chest as she let you continue to rant.

You stepped back, motioning around the room.

“This isn’t me,” you told her, harshly. “This… this whole thing is bullshit! ‘Ditto’ is bullshit. The ‘me’ you know is a fucking lie. So I’m sorry that I’m not ready to let you in on all my deep dark secrets just because you’ve ‘known’ me for five whole minutes.”

You stopped, your chest heaving as Danneel looked at you as if she’d never even met you - as if you were a stranger in her home.

The two of you faced each other for a while, both too stubborn to break eye contact.

This was new territory for Danneel. JJ was still too young to argue with her to such an extent, but she knew in that moment that you needed a parent.

Not to hug you and tell you everything was okay, but to set boundaries and let you know when you’d crossed them. To set rules for your own benefit and to inflict consequences when you acted out.

Danneel squared her shoulders and set her jaw, rearranging Dallas so that your daughter was against her chest.

Dallas balled her fists, snuggling in against Danneel’s neck as she was moved.

“It’s a good thing I’m not your real mom,” Danneel spoke, taking you by surprise. “I hate to think what she’d’ve done if you ever spoke to her like that.”

You swallowed, finally breaking eye contact.

“But you do not get to talk to me like that,” she continued, her voice even and strong. “I know you’re hurting. I don’t know why because you refuse to talk to me, but I appreciate that you’re dealing with something huge. Whatever it is, whenever you’re ready, I’m here to listen. Judgement free. But you never speak to me like that again, you hear me?”

You nodded, still looking at the floor.

“Look at me,” she demanded, and you obliged with wide, frightened eyes. “I haven’t known you forever, you’re right. But I’m your mother, and you used to respect that.”

You swallowed, dumbstruck.

You couldn’t believe that you’d said all of that, that you’d blown up at her in order to protect yourself from telling her everything.

“Dee, I’m sorry,” you breathed, “I-”

“I don’t want to hear it,” she cut you off.
Every bone in her body was telling her to let you know that you were forgiven, to give you a hug and assure you that everything would be okay, but she didn’t.

You needed discipline; you needed order.

“Go to your room,” she told you, and you blinked at her. “Now, please.”

“Give me my daughter,” you requested.

Danneel didn’t move, hoping that you’d just go upstairs and calm down without her, but you took a step forward and held out your arms.

“Give her to me,” you repeated. “Please.”

She handed her over, and you were instantly grounded by the weight of your daughter in your arms.

Danneel stepped out of your way, and by the time you got to the top of the stairs you had tears in your eyes.

By the time you got to your bedroom, you were crying.

Dallas was fussing in your arms as you sat on your bed, and you tried to shush her through your own tears.

“It’s okay, baby girl,” you murmured, kissing the top of her head. “Mama’s okay. You’re okay.”

You took a few breaths, trying to calm down for the sake of both yourself and your daughter.

“I’m so sorry for shouting,” you whispered, stroking her hair. “You’re not allowed to repeat any of my behaviour. Or any bad words you might’ve heard.”

Dallas blinked, looking up at you with gorgeous eyes.

“You’ve gotta respect Dee, too,” you sighed, leaning against the headboard. “She’s the best thing that ever happened to us and we should remember that.”

You sniffed as you heard a little knock on the door, looking up to see JJ peeking into the room.

“Hey, kiddo,” you sighed. “I’m in trouble so I can’t play right now.”

“I know,” she told you, walking in.

You laid Dallas down on the bed next to you, frowning slightly at JJ.

“I’m just sayin’ I love ya,” she told you, climbing up into bed to hug you.

You hugged back, resting your chin on top of her head.

“I love you, Texas,” you assured her, closing your eyes.

She held you for a moment before you pushed her back, kissing her cheek.

“Now get out of here before I get you in trouble.”

She laughed softly, leaning down to kiss Dallas’ forehead before leaving the room as quickly as she entered.
You carefully laid down, moving onto your side and lifting Dallas so that she was laying on her back beside you.

Her eyes were blinking heavily, and you smiled softly as she let out a big yawn.

“Think we both need a bit of a nap, huh?” you murmured, letting her hold your finger as you leant into the pillows. “It’s been a long day for both of us.”

You woke to the sound of your bedroom door opening.

Your eyes fluttered open to see that Dallas was still snoozing beside you, her expression content and calm, and a soft smile fell over your face.

The door closing reminded you what had woken you up, and you carefully pushed yourself to sit without disturbing your daughter.

Danneel entered, a steaming mug in her hands and a soft smile on her face.

“Hey, sweetheart,” she murmured, placing the hot tea down on your nightstand and perching beside you on your mattress.

“Hi,” you whispered, looking down at your hands.

“I love you,” she told you, smiling sadly. “I love you so much. But you can’t talk to me like you did.”

“I know,” you sniffed, your voice hoarse, “I’m sorry, I-”

“I know you are,” she promised. “I know. I love you, and I’m worried about you. You can’t shut me out.”

You nodded, feeling yourself start to cry again.

“Oh, baby,” she breathed, moving closer and pulling you into a hug.

She held you until your tears dried up, until Dallas’ soft grunts of waking up broke the two of you apart.

Danneel picked up your daughter, shushing her in her arms as she smiled down at her.

“I gave her your name,” you murmured, watching the two of them. “I wanted her to grow up with your grace, and your kindness. I wanted her to know that her mama’s mama means everything to us, and I just-”

“It’s okay,” Danneel insisted, cutting you off. “You lashed out, I forgive you. It’s okay.”

“It’s not,” you whispered. “It’s not okay. You’ve taken me in, you’ve taught me what it means to be a parent, and I just threw it all back at you because I didn’t want to talk.”

Danneel nodded, swallowing around nothing as she looked down at your daughter before looking back at you.

“You can tell me anything,” she reminded you. “You can talk to me.”

You nodded, clenching your jaw and looking back down at your hands.
“I wish I was your real daughter,” you admitted, biting a hangnail.

“Honey, you are my real daughter,” she assured you, pulling your hand away from your mouth.

“But I’ll always be adopted,” you reasoned. “And… and she will always be my birth mother. I hate that I come from her. I hate that I can get like her. Why couldn’t I come from you?”

You sounded so young, so sad, that it broke Danneel’s heart to hear you.

“Oh, my girl,” she whispered. “I wish, with all my heart, that I could’ve carried you inside me.”

You nodded, a tear falling down your cheek.

Danneel caught it with her thumb before you had a chance to wipe it, keeping one hand cupping your face while the other held Dallas.

“Sometimes, I-” she sighed, stroking your cheek. “I feel guilty that I wasn’t there from the moment you were born.”

She was looking at you, her eye contact constant but not intimidating so you didn’t feel the need to look away. She was opening up to you and letting you in, even after everything.

“You only carry a baby in your belly for nine months,” she continued, moving her hand from your cheek to hold Dallas as she shifted her position on the bed. “But you carry your child in your heart forever. That’s the place that it counts.”

You nodded, breaking eye contact only to look down at your daughter who was watching Danneel intently.

“You do come from me,” Danneel insisted, “And from Jay. And giving birth to you… that wouldn’t have made me love you any more than I already do.”

“Really?” you whispered, and she shrugged.

“Would it make you love me any more?”

“No,” you answered instantly. “That’s crazy.”

“Okay,” she nodded. “So how about we both stop acting crazy, huh?”

You nodded, wiping your eyes with the heel of your hand.

“Alright, come here.”

Danneel held her arm out to you and you fitted yourself against her side, leaning your head on her shoulder.

You sniffed as she turned her head to kiss the top of yours, trying not to cry.

You wanted to tell her everything, but you couldn’t. Not yet.

“I’m sorry,” you whispered, looking down at Dallas. “I’m not… I’m not ready.”

“That’s okay,” Danneel replied with the same softness, kissing your forehead. “I’ll be here whenever you are, my love. I’m always only a phone call away.”
I may or may not have taken a lot of inspiration from The Fosters with this one
Chapter 40

For the first time in your life, you spent Thanksgiving with family.

Not with Jared, Genevieve, and the kids, but with your parents, siblings, and daughter.

Spending that time together, without having to worry about work, was exactly what you needed after a stressful week.

Your relationship with Danneel hadn’t quite returned to normal, you figured that it probably wouldn’t until you were ready to tell her everything and that wouldn’t be for quite some time, but the two of you hadn’t had any kind of friction since your talk in your bedroom.

She’d spoken to Jensen when he got back from Honolulu, filling him in on your original argument and letting him know what buttons not to press so as not to cross any lines again.

It felt weird, knowing that they were talking about you, but you appreciated that it was probably the best thing to do. He needed to know, and you didn’t have any reason to keep it from him.

After a brief conversation about what had happened, and a slight telling off for going off at Danneel like you did, Jensen hugged you and assured you that you were still very much an Ackles girl. It wasn’t until you’d heard it from him that you really believed it.

When the holiday was over and you had to head back to Vancouver, you were surprised that Danneel and the kids were flying up with you.

“We figured we could all use a bit more family time,” Jensen explained, JJ on his hip as the seven of you made your way through the airport. “This little monkey doesn’t have school like Tom does so we can take her wherever.”

“I’m not complaining,” you smiled, winking at JJ as you continued to push Dallas’ stroller. “More Dits and Tex time. But I haven’t made up the kids’ room.”

“Jared’s on it,” Danneel assured you. “Jay told him we’re all heading back so he’s setting up JJ’s bed.”

You nodded, smiling down at Dallas at the mention of her father.

“I’ll bet you can’t wait to see him,” Danneel commented, noticing the look.

“It’s only been a week, but yeah,” you laughed softly. “I’m sure Dallas will get a lot more attention than me, though.”

“She is cuter,” Jensen teased, earning a slap on the chest from JJ.

“Don’t be mean to Ditto,” she chastised, causing Jensen to kiss her cheek in apology.

“We figured y’all would want to sit together, too,” Danneel added, speaking to you and JJ. “We’ve got Tangled on the iPad to keep JJ happy if you need a break.”

“I’ve never needed a break from my best girl,” you smiled, responding to the high five that JJ offered. “But I wouldn’t mind watching ‘Punzel again.”
Danneel Ackles was cast as a recurring character in Supernatural and you - her adopted daughter and good friend - were one of the last cast members to find out.

It took you an embarrassingly long time to figure it out, too.

You’d even caught her running lines with Jensen, but you’d thought that she was just trying to help him learn his.

It wasn’t until she took a seat next to you in the makeup trailer that it finally clicked.

“No fucking way,” you breathed, finally fitting all of the pieces together and shifting to face her. “You’re Sister Jo.”

Danneel laughed as Frida sat you back in the right position to continue with Trinity’s makeup.

“Yeah, kiddo,” she smiled. “Surprise.”

“I can’t believe you didn’t tell me,” you laughed, earning a tut.

“I can’t put your face on if you keep talking,” Frida complained lightly, and you smiled an apology.

“We didn’t tell you because we thought it would be fun to see how long it took you to figure it out,” Danneel explained. “Jared won the bet, by the way. Jay and I gave you too much credit and thought you’d have figured it out by now.”

“Misha thought you wouldn’t realise until Trinity and Jo met on screen,” Frida teased, and you opened your mouth to respond until she raised an eyebrow and tapped your chin. “Give me two minutes to finish up and you can complain as much as you want.”

Danneel laughed and you shot her a sideways glare. Not that you could really be mad.

You got to work with both of your parents for a while, and come home to all of your siblings. You couldn’t be mad about that.

It was just after 3am when you heard the door to the kids’ room open.

You’d woken up to feed Dallas so you were in the nursery, but you stepped out into the hallway to see JJ moving towards Jensen’s room.

“Hey, kiddo,” you whispered. “That’s not the way to the bathroom.”

She turned around to face you, wiping her eyes with her pyjama sleeve.

“Don’t need t’pee,” she sniffed, and you adjusted your hold on your daughter so that you could free one hand to reach out for JJ.

She took your hand, letting you lead her through to the nursery so as not to disturb anyone else.

Jared, Jensen, and Danneel all had work in the morning, so you didn’t want to wake them up if you could help it.

“What’s wrong, baby girl?” you asked, shutting the door behind you and switching the baby monitor off.
“Had a bad dream,” she admitted softly, sitting down in the rocking chair.

The quiet admission tugged at your heart, and you sighed as you began to burp your daughter.

“Do you want to talk about it?” you asked, keeping your voice soft and open.

“You were fighting,” she whispered, and you frowned as you waited for her to continue. “With mama.”

Your heart shattered.

Your biggest fear when becoming a mother was your daughter being as traumatised by your behaviour as you were by your birth mother’s.

It turned out that it wasn’t only your daughter you had to worry about; you’d already hurt your sister in that way.

You swallowed thickly as you rubbed your daughter’s back, slowly lowering her down into her crib.

Once she was settled, her shark plushie within reach and her blanket pulled over her, you made your way over to JJ, crouching in front of her.

“Sweetheart, I-”

“You were shouting, and mama was shouting,” she continued, sniffing.

“Baby girl, mama and I have talked to you about our argument at home, haven’t we?” you approached, bringing a hand up to rest on her knee.

She nodded, eyes closed.

“I was… baby, I was upset,” you whispered. “I took it out on mama, but I love her very much. And your mama, she… she never shouted at me, sweetheart. Mama wouldn’t do that.”

“She did in my dream,” JJ whispered back. “You were both so angry an’ I tried to stop it but you both shouted at me.”

You swallowed, trying to erase the emotion from your voice before you spoke.

“Baby girl, your mama would never shout at you for trying to help,” you assured her. “And I’m so sorry that you had that dream. We love you so much. So much.”

“Yeah?” she sniffed, and you cupped her cheek as you nodded.

“Always,” you promised. “You think you’ll be able to sleep again? It’s still really early.”

She bit her lip, nodding even though she didn’t look sure.

“Alright, go pee and wash your face,” you told her, kissing her cheek as you helped her up. “I’ll meet you in your room.”

“Like a sleepover?” she asked, and you laughed softly, stroking her hair.

“Yeah, but we’ve gotta do real sleeping, okay?” you told her. “I’ve got a whole day of kiddo duty tomorrow and I don’t need a grumpy Tex because she didn’t sleep enough.”
“Mkay,” she smiled. “I’m gonna go wash up.”

You smiled as she left the room, checking on Dallas and switching the monitor back on.

She was back off to sleep, her little hand clutching onto the blanket as calm as ever.

Before getting through to the kids’ room, you quietly returned to your own bedroom, grabbing the other monitor from your nightstand so that your daughter didn’t wake Jared up.

You smiled as you entered the kids’ room, noting that JJ had chosen to sleep on the trundle bed despite Tom and Shep not being in their beds. You put the baby monitor down on the chest of drawers, turning on Shep’s nightlight before getting under the covers on Tom’s bed.

JJ stood in the doorway, looking at you with a soft frown.

“Come and lay down, Texas,” you murmured, and she nodded as she pushed the door most of the way closed.

She made her way over to the trundle bed, sitting down but not getting back under the covers.

“What’s wrong?” you asked, and she pulled at her pyjama sleeves self-consciously.

“Can… maybe…” she faltered, biting her lip.

“Wanna share the bed?” you guessed, and she nodded. “Get in here, princess.”

You lifted up the covers, letting her crawl in beside you.

She snuggled up against you, her arms curled up between your bodies.

You kissed her forehead, wrapping your arm around her and carding your fingers through her hair.

“You’re safe,” you whispered. “You’re loved. We love you. I love you.”

“I love you more,” she replied.

“I love you most.”

She sighed in content as she let her eyes close.

The two of you lay there in silence, and you waited for her to drift off before trying to sleep yourself.

When her breathing hadn’t evened out after fifteen minutes, you started to card your fingers through her hair soothingly, trying to coax her into a peaceful sleep.

You didn’t know where it came from, but you found yourself humming a familiar tune.

After a while, with JJ’s breathing slowing into relaxation, you put the words to the tune, singing her softly to sleep.

“Flower, gleam and glow. Let your power shine,” you sang quietly, still stroking her hair gently. “Make the clock reverse, bring back what once was mine.”

She shifted, sighing sleepily.

“Heal what has been hurt,” you whispered, “Change the Fates’ design. Save what has been lost,
bring back what once was mine.”

JJ was asleep, and you softly kissed her forehead before closing your eyes and murmuring the last line into the darkness.

“What once was mine.”

You woke to the slight creak of the door being opened, your eyes fluttering open to see Jensen in the doorway, Arrow perched happily on his hip.

“Mornin’,” he smiled, and his voice caused JJ to wake up.

She pushed herself to sit up, smiling down at you before looking across at her father.

“Hiya,” she yawned, causing Jensen to laugh softly.

“Heya, kiddos,” he replied as you sat up yourself, wrapping your arms around JJ and kissing the top of her head. “Did you guys have a slumber party?”

“Not intentionally,” you explained.

“Yah, I had a bad dream,” JJ explained, making Jensen’s brow furrow as he walked into the room, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Are you okay, baby?” he asked, and she nodded as Arrow reached for her.

“I was gonna go see you an’ mama,” she explained, taking her sister as Jensen handed her over, “But Ditto fixed it so I didn’t have’ta wake you.”

You helped arrange Arrow on JJ’s lap, shrugging at Jensen when he raised an eyebrow at you.

“I just wanted y’all to get a good sleep,” you explained. “I don’t have to work today.”

“Thanks, sweetheart,” he smiled. “Twins slept most of the night through.”

“Dal was up twice,” you informed him, “But the second time was when Tex got up, too.”

“Good timing, Birdie,” Jensen nodded. “Do you mind watching Arrow while I jump in the shower?”

“Sure,” you smiled, stretching your arms above your head and clicking your back. “The Ackles girls, all together.”

He smiled back at you, leaning across towards the three of you and kissing your cheeks in turn before getting to his feet.

“Alright, my lil’ darlin’s,” he grinned, laying his accent on thick, “Mama’s got Zeppy and Jared’s downstairs with Dal.”

“Go shower,” you told him, wrapping an arm around JJ and ruffling Arrow’s hair. “I got this.”

“I know you do,” he winked, finally turning to leave.

The twins’ birthday was celebrated quietly amongst family on the day.
All of you were still on set, JJ spending the time you were filming with Vicki and Maison, so you could only really celebrate in the evening.

Vicki brought the kids - West included now that he was out of school - over to your house to join in the celebrations, where you gave your gifts to the twins and they finally got to experience cake for the first time.

It was a mess, but the joy on their little faces as they tasted the small amount of sugary goodness was priceless.

You held a bigger celebration when you all got back to Texas. Uncles, aunts, and grandparents congregated along with close family friends at the Ackles residence to spoil your brother and sister rotten.

You were standing in the doorway, watching the Dr. Seuss themed hubbub in the front room, when Genevieve appeared behind you, wrapping her arms around your waist.

“What are you thinking?” she asked quietly, resting her chin on your shoulder.

You sighed, letting your shoulders sag.

“I’m happy for them,” you murmured. “The kids. They’re lucky.”

“But..?” she prompted.

“I never got this,” you whispered, turning to face her, your back mostly to the room. “Dallas won’t get this.”

Gen frowned, pushing your hair behind your ear.

“What do you mean?”

“She’s got Jared’s parents and siblings, sure;” you explained, “But she’s not got mine.”

She swallowed, looking into the room.

“Honey, your whole family is right in there,” she reminded you.

“I know, but…” you shook your head, not knowing how to explain yourself.

Gen took your hand and began leading you from the crowd, towards the back of the house.

“Jared’s siblings are adults. They have stories of him growing up that they can tell Dal, teach her about all of the silly things her daddy did when he was younger like Josh and Mack do with JJ and the twins,” you expanded. “I never grew up with siblings that can tell my daughter about embarrassing things I’ve done. There are no baby pictures to show her of her mama. There aren’t any pictures of me at all until I was a high school junior.”

Watching the families laugh and joke about their past really had taken its toll on you, and it wasn’t until Gen asked that you realised how lonely you still felt.

“I grew up all alone,” you murmured, swallowing back emotion.

“All alone,” Gen echoed, opening the back door and leading you into the chilly garden. “Whether you like it or not, alone will be something you’ll be quite a lot.”
You laughed softly, wiping your eyes.

“Is that Seuss?”

You’d never been read the Seuss classics, your mother wasn’t exactly the ‘read to your baby’ type. You were familiar with The Grinch, but otherwise you’d only picked up snippets from reading One Fish, Two Fish to Dallas in the cycle of books that helped to get her to sleep.

Gen nodded, leading you towards the bench.

“And when you’re alone, there’s a very good chance that you’ll meet things that scare you straight out of your pants,” she continued, sitting down and pulling you down so you were squished right up beside her. “There are some down the road, between hither and yon, that can scare you so much you won’t want to go on.”

She took your hand, looking straight ahead as she continued to recite.

“But on you will go, though the weather be foul. On you will go, though your enemies prowl. On you will go, though the Hakken-Kraks howl. Onward up many a frightening creek, though your arms may get sore and your sneakers may leak,” she paused, looking at you. “On and on you will hike, and I know you’ll hike far, and face up your problems, whatever they are.”

You swallowed, taking a breath.

“Gen-”

“You’ll get mixed up, of course, as you already know,” she continued, holding your gaze with soft eyes. “You’ll get mixed up with many strange birds as you go. So, be sure when you step. Step with great care and tact, and remember that life’s a great balancing act. Just never forget to be dexterous and deft, and never mix up your right foot with your left.”

She paused, closing her eyes as she took a breath.

When they opened again, they were full of sympathy and love.

“And will you succeed?” she murmured. “Yes, yes indeed. Ninety-eight and ¾ percent guaranteed.”

You laughed, letting tears fall from the corners of your eyes as she squeezed your hand.

“Kid, you’ll move mountains,” she continued, resting her forehead to yours as you shed silent tears. “So. Be your name Y/N, or Ditto, or ‘Babe’ - or Trinity, ‘Mama’, whatever we say - you’re off to great places.”

You smiled as she’d altered the words, not knowing what they were before but appreciating the personalisation.

“Today is your day,” she told you, pulling back and meeting your eyes again. “Your mountain is waiting, so get on your way.”

You held each other’s gaze for a moment, both of you with tear tracks on your cheeks, before you threw your arms around her and buried your face in her neck.

“I love you so much,” she told you, her comforting palm finding the back of your head. “Your life is so different now.”
You nodded, still not ready to pull back.

“You’re still young,” she continued, placing a kiss where her lips met your head. “You’re making new memories, new silly stories with JJ that she can tell Dallas all about someday. Arrow and Zep will grow up with you as a sister, and if they have kids then you’ll have stories for them.”

You nodded again, pulling back and letting her cup your face, wiping your cheeks with her thumbs.

“Like that time you changed Zep and he spat up all over the two of you,” she added, succeeding in making you laugh. “Sweetheart, you might be physically alone sometimes, but I promise you’ll never be all alone again. We’re all just a phone call or plane ride away. You say the word and we’d all drop everything to help you. We’re you’re family.”

You nodded, leaning in to kiss her.

The kiss was simple, a firm press of lips that was full of emotion. You placed a few extra, softer pecks before pulling back, holding her hands as they dropped from your face.

“Thank you,” you whispered, knowing that everything you wanted to say was portrayed through the kiss.

You sat in silence, looking out into the garden as you rested your head on her shoulder.

“I can’t believe you just recited a whole poem,” you murmured after a while, causing Gen to laugh and get to her feet.

“That wasn’t even half of it,” she told you, pulling you up after her.

“But you know it by heart,” you added, and she nodded as the two of you made your way back inside.

“It’s my favourite Suess book, ‘Oh, the Places You’ll Go!’” she explained. “I’ve always loved the message.”

“I’ll have to get it,” you agreed, “Read it to Dallas.”

“Kid, you’ll move mountains,” she repeated, taking your hand and leading you back into the front room.

Your plans for Christmas were simple. You were to spend Christmas Eve with the Ackles’ before going back to the Padaleckis’ to spend the evening and Christmas morning with them.

That all went out the window thanks to Justice Jay Ackles.

Jensen was helping you to get Dallas ready to leave for the Padalecki house when JJ came into the front room, frowning when she saw you putting a little knitted hat on your daughter.

“Dal’s goin’ outside?” she asked, and you nodded.

“Yep, and so am I,” you confirmed, leaving Jensen to sort her shoes while you donned your scarf.

“You gonna walk the doggos?” JJ questioned, making you laugh softly.

“No, baby,” you told her, crouching in front of her. “Me and Dal are going home. To Uncle Jared.”
“An’ then you’re coming back, yeah?” she clarified, and you nodded.

“Tomorrow afternoon, so I can give y’all your presents,” you confirmed, and her frown deepened as her hands reached for your scarf.

“But you’ve gotta be here tonight,” she insisted, keeping her hands on your scarf as she looked at her father who was now sat with Dallas ready in his lap, watching the exchange. “Daddy, tell her.”

“Sweetheart,” Jensen hedged, “You know that Y/N and Dallas have another family, too.”

“But it’s her first Christmas!” JJ complained, stepping back as her eyes kept looking from you to Jensen. “She’s gotta be here.”

You swallowed, getting to your feet so that you could sit next to Jensen, encouraging JJ up onto your lap.

“You know that Dallas has to sleep in the same house as me, right?” you told her, and she nodded.

“’Cause she gets hungry at night.”

“Right,” you confirmed. “It’s important to me that Dallas spends her first Christmas Eve night and Christmas morning with her mama, and her daddy, and her brothers, and Gen.”

JJ nodded, looking at Dallas as she sat happily on Jensen’s lap.

“But it’s your first Christmas, too,” she murmured, and you frowned.

“What do you mean, kiddo?” you asked, gently pushing her hair behind her ear.

“Mama said that this was gonna be your first Christmas,” she explained. “She said that means it’s gotta be extra special. I thought that means that you get to do all the traditions with us.”

You swallowed again, looking at Jensen for help.

“Birdie,” he sighed, “Dallas should be with both of her parents tonight, and her siblings, don’t you think?”

“Yah, but so should Ditto,” she insisted.

You didn’t know how to answer without upsetting her, but luckily Jensen spoke up.

“I have an idea,” he announced, nodding for JJ to move from your lap before passing over Dallas to you. “Give me twenty minutes.”

Jensen’s idea was to insist that Jared, Gen, the boys, and the dog all stayed over that night.

It was ridiculous and an extreme solution, but he knew that JJ would kick up a fuss if you had actually left.

You realised, as you sat in the kitchen, watching JJ and Tom help Danneel to decorate cookies now that the sun was completely set, that this was probably the happiest you’d ever felt at this time of year.

Your whole unconventional but loving family was under one roof, and you couldn’t stop yourself from smiling.
“Ditto?”

JJ’s voice pulled you from your thoughts, and you smiled up at her.

“Hey, Texas,” you answered.

“Are you gonna do a cookie?” she asked, holding up an undecorated one for emphasis.

You stood up, walking towards her.

“Is this one of the traditions?” you questioned, and she nodded.

“We make them today and leave some for Santa tonight,” she explained as Danneel handed you some icing. “Then we get to have some tomorrow.”

“Can Santa have one of my ones, please?” Tom asked, and you smiled at him as Danneel ruffled his hair.

“Of course,” you assured him, winking at JJ. “He can have one of each, he’s a busy man.”

Gen and Shep came to fetch you and JJ from the kitchen, saying that you were needed in the front room before helping Tom and Danneel clean up and pack away the cookies.

As you walked through to see why you had been summoned, JJ was practically bouncing from foot to foot with excitement.

“Another tradition?” you questioned, and she nodded enthusiastically.

Jensen was sat on the floor with Arrow and Zeppelin, a Christmas-paper-wrapped shoebox in front of him, as Jared sat with Dallas on the couch.

“Hey,” you smiled softly, leaning in to kiss Jared softly as you perched on the arm of the couch, JJ joining Jensen and the twins on the floor.

“Hey,” he smiled back, bouncing a sleepy Dallas in his lap just to keep her awake a little while longer.

“Alright,” Jensen cleared his throat. “I know that JJ knows what’s in here, and the twins have seen it, too, but I doubt they remember, but Y/N… this is new to you, right?”

You nodded, resting your head against Jared’s as he leaned on your shoulder.

Jensen lifted the lid off of the box and retrieved what was on top - an old stocking.

“My mama made this for me the year that I was born,” he explained, turning it round so that you could see his name neatly hand-sewn on the front.

“Gramma,” JJ clarified, and you laughed softly.

“Yeah, Grandma,” Jensen confirmed. “She made them for Josh and Mack as well. It was sort of her thing.”

“That’s sweet,” Jared smiled as Jensen moved onto his knees so that he could hang his stocking above the fireplace.
“Yeah,” Jensen agreed, getting out another stocking. “She made one for Dee, too. The first Christmas that we were married, she gave it to her and told her to open it on Christmas Eve.”

He hung Danneel’s stocking up beside his own - the same design but considerably less worn, and with her name in the same elegant embroidery.

“Then, along came Justice,” he continued, handing her stocking over to her.

JJ got to her feet, showing it to you up close before reaching to hang it beside her mom’s.

“Texas!” you gasped, faux-shocked. “That’s got your real whole name on it! And you’re not even in trouble!”

She rolled her eyes as she folded her arms.

“Gramma and Grampa can still call me that,” she reminded you. “But for you I’m Tex ‘less I’ve been naughty.”

You grinned, leaning forward to tickle her side until she laughed and sat down.

“And Arrow and Zeppelin,” Jensen continued. “Kiddo, can you help me with these?”

You nodded, getting up so that you could pick up Zeppelin onto your hip, taking his stocking when Jensen handed it to you.

“Is is yours?” you asked, and Zeppelin reached for it. “You gonna help?”

“Yeh,” he gurgled, holding onto it as you hung it up beside JJ’s, Jensen doing the same with Arrow.

You put Zep down, ruffling his dark hair as you perched on the arm of the couch once more.

“Alright,” Jensen breathed, sitting down with Arrow in his lap. “Now, I didn’t know until very recently about this, but…”

He lifted the two remaining items from the box, and you gasped when you saw the identical stockings with ‘Y/N’ and ‘Dallas’ stitched onto the front.

“Mom gave them to me at the party and told me not to tell you until today,” he explained. “She said she’d made one for every Ackles baby for decades, and she wasn’t about to stop now.”

You swallowed, overcome with emotion.

You didn’t know Donna very well. You’d met a few times over the past year, and the two of you had got along when you had, but you’d not bonded in such a way that you’d have expected something like this. The party for the twins was the first time she’d ever met Dallas, and they hadn’t had much chance to interact even then.

“She sees you as a granddaughter,” Jensen continued, “The same as JJ and Arrow. You’re right there with them, so you deserve to be in the tradition.”

“I don’t know what to say,” you breathed, trying not to cry. “I-”

“And Dallas,” he interrupted, “She’s… sweetheart, she’s so thrilled to have a great granddaughter. She asks me about the two of you whenever we talk. She has a picture of you both and JJ as one of her screensavers.”
You couldn’t quite believe what you were hearing.

“Jared, you want to help Dal with hers?” Jensen asked, and Jared smiled as he got to his feet, talking quietly to your daughter as he hung the stocking, leaving a gap for yours to fit in between.

JJ took Arrow from Jensen so that he could stand, walking across to you and pulling you up into a hug.

“You’re family, kiddo,” he whispered as you held him tight. “This is your family.”

You nodded, holding on for a moment longer before pulling back.

“I love you,” you whispered, and he cupped your cheek before stepping back and handing you your stocking.

“You, too.”

Jared was still stood by the fireplace as you made your way across, and he wrapped his arm around your shoulders once you were close enough.

Your hands were shaking slightly as you hung the final stocking, taking a deep breath before smiling up at Jared, a tear finally falling from the inner corner of your eye.

“Happy Christmas, baby,” he whispered, kissing your temple.

You leaned into him as he turned the three of you around to face the room. Your eyes flitted between your family as you realised just how true his words were.

“Happy Christmas,” you murmured, finally allowing yourself to feel complete.
Christmas passed in a blur of excitement.

Having everyone in one house meant double the noise and double the mess, but also double the fun.

You spent the day with your whole family in one place before returning to the Padaleckis’ in the evening, your impressive haul in tow.

Gen put Dallas down to sleep in her nursery while you and Jared split up to put the boys to bed, all regrouping in the bedroom to get changed into pyjamas for a relaxed night in.

“How was your first Christmas?” Jared asked you as you began to change.

“Incredible,” you laughed softly, stepping into your flannel pyjama pants. “Thanks for coming over. I know that wasn’t the plan.”

“We had fun,” Gen assured you. “We would’ve ended up over there, anyway.”

“And this way, we don’t have to clean up,” Jared added, making you laugh softly.

“But we have your sister here tomorrow,” you reminded him. “I’m sure the boys will manage to make a mess.”

“Don’t remind me,” Gen smiled, wrapping her arms around your waist and kissing your cheek from behind.

Jared laughed, running a hand through his hair.

“How do you girls feel about a glass of wine and a Christmas movie?” he asked, and Gen kissed behind your ear before pulling back.

“In bed?” she offered, and you bit your lip as you turned your eyes to Jared.

He raised an eyebrow, a smirk growing on his lips.

“Then I’ll go grab the bottle,” he smiled, winking at your surprised expression before he left.

You were upstairs in the nursery when you heard the doorbell, signalling that Megan had arrived.

Silently, you thanked your daughter for needing a feed, giving you an excuse to not meet her at the door.

You settled in to feed Dallas, sitting down in the comfortable armchair as you listened to the
commotion of the greetings taking place downstairs.

It’s not that you didn’t like Megan, the two of you barely knew each other and the times that you
had met you got along fine, but you hadn’t seen her at all since you had Dallas and your
relationship with her brother went public.

None of Jared’s family had any idea about the relationship prior to your announcement and you’d
felt awkward about it ever since.

Dallas was feeding calmly, looking up at you with her daddy’s eyes as she did and making your
stomach flutter with love.

These moments of bonding were always special to you. Even when you were up in the middle of
the night to feed your daughter, you loved that you got to develop that skin-to-skin contact, that
bond with her.

You found it hard to believe that your mother would have ever taken these moments with you.
You’d never spoken about it, but you assumed that you must have been bottle fed. You couldn’t
believe that she could have taken these moments with you and still treated you like she did.

There’s no way you could have spent this time with Dallas and not fallen completely and utterly in
love.

You were smiling softly, still looking down at your daughter when there was a light knock on the
door.

“It’s me,” Gen’s voice came through, and you laughed softly as you invited her in.

She opened the door slowly, a smile on her face.

“How’re my favourite girls?” she asked.

“We’re good,” you assured her as she perched on the arm of your chair.

“You’re not just up here to hide then?” she teased.

“Dal just needed to eat,” you reasoned unconvincingly.

“Alright, beautiful,” she smiled, kissing your temple before getting to her feet again. “Come down
when you’re done, please.”

You swallowed, looking down at Dallas as you nodded.

“Sweetheart, don’t overthink it,” Gen told you. “You’re a part of this family.”

“I know,” you agreed, meeting her gaze as she opened the door. “We’ll be down.”

“Good,” she smiled, closing the door behind her and leaving you to it.

You took a little longer than necessary to get Dallas ready to come downstairs.

You changed her outfit and fixed your own hair before finally making your way to see the rest of
the family downstairs.

The chatter was coming from the front room but you decided to make a detour via the kitchen,
holding Dallas in one arm as you got yourself a bottle of water.

“Alright, Baby Dits,” you murmured, leaning down to kiss your daughter’s forehead. “Showtime.”

You plastered on a smile as you entered the room, instantly getting the attention of Shep.

“Look! Dally and Mama are here,” he exclaimed, making Gen frown slightly before he self-corrected. “Y/N. Dal and Y/N.”

“Yeah,” you smiled awkwardly, perching on the arm of the couch that Jared was sat on and handing him the water for him to open. “Dallas needed a feed at just the wrong time.”

Jared handed the open bottle back to you as you smiled an apology to his sister.

“No, it’s fine,” Megan promised, smiling warmly. “I’ve been catching up with the boys while we waited.”

“We had to wait for you and Dal before we could do presents,” Tom explained, and you cringed.

“Y’all could’ve started without me,” you murmured, and Megan frowned.

“And let the boys get their presents before Dallas?” she asked. “That’s hardly fair.”

You were dumbstruck, unsure what to say as Jared reached to take Dallas from you.

You handed her over, capping the water bottle and clearing your throat.

“I didn’t-” you shook your head. “You didn’t have to get anything for Dal.”

She laughed slightly, clearly disbelieving.

“She’s my niece,” she reminded you, “Of course I did.”

You were completely taken aback, surprised that she saw Dallas the same way she saw Tom and Shep.

“Thank you so much,” you whispered, feeling like you might cry.

Megan laughed again, getting to her feet and pulling you into a hug.

“Sweetheart, we haven’t had a chance to get to know each other,” she reminded you, cupping your cheek and smiling kindly, “But I’d very much like to. And, even though we’ve never met, I love Dallas.”

You let out a slight laugh, nodding.

“Like it or not, you’re family now,” Jared told you as you sat back down, your heart full of warmth.

“Can we do pressens now?” Shep asked, clearly getting restless.

“For sure,” Megan agreed, sitting back down next to her bag full of gifts. “Get ready to be spoiled rotten.”

The day with Megan went so much better than you’d anticipated.
She really was keen to get to know you, and seeing her interact with your daughter made you happier than you could explain.

She was accepting the two of you into her family - she was accepting your relationship with her brother and sister-in-law - without question, and you were so thankful for that.

You walked into your bedroom that evening to find Genevieve sat on your bed, holding Dallas and looking down at her fondly.

“Gen,” you breathed, sitting down beside her, “I’m… I’m sorry.”

You hadn’t had a moment alone since her coming into the nursery that morning, and she frowned at your apology.

“What for?” she asked, clearly confused.

“Shep,” you explained. “This morning.”

She shook her head, looking back down at Dallas.

“There’s nothing to apologise for,” she assured you. “You’re his parent.”

“I know, but-”

“Look, baby,” Gen sighed, “I talked to Shep. He hears us call you ‘Mama’ when we’re talking to Dallas. It was bound to happen.”

“But you’re his mama,” you reasoned, and she just shrugged.

“Yeah, and I explained to him that you’re ‘Mama Y/N’,” she told you. “Look, I love you. The kids love you. I don’t mind if they call you Mama Y/N, because that’s what you are to them. That’s who you are.”

You looked down at Dallas, nodding slowly.

“How would you feel if this little bambina called me ‘Mama’, by accident?” she asked, and you shrugged.

“You’re her parent,” you answered, suddenly realising her point. “So, you really don’t mind?”

“Of course I don’t,” she promised. “Mama Y/N. Sounds good, don’t you think?”

“Yeah,” you smiled, leaning in and kissing her cheek. “It does.”

New years was spent skiing with the Padaleckis.

Well, they were skiing. You didn’t know how and you used Dallas as an excuse not to learn, staying back in the gorgeous chalet that you’d rented.

Spending that time together with your family was amazing.

Spending the first few hours of 2018 with Jared and Genevieve was even more incredible.

The focus was more on the two of them than it was on you - your body was still sensitive after having Dallas and while you were still breastfeeding - but they always kept it fair for all of you,
ensuring that all of you had a good time.

By the time you were settling down to sleep, the three of you were well sated and relaxed, happy to have started the new year how you planned to continue - together and in love.

With Gen and the kids with you in Canada, coming back home from work was incredible. It felt like it had when you’d only just had Dallas, minus the influx of your siblings.

It was great to have your family together, especially for Genevieve’s birthday.

The very next day, however, you and your daughter left all of them behind to fly back to Texas on your own.

When Jensen had realised that he would be working over the opening of the brewery, he was gutted. Yourself having a few days off, you realised that you needed to go down, to even out the Ackles/Graul representation.

Dallas was staying home with your siblings and their babysitter while you and Danneel made your way to the brewery on Wednesday.

You were both anxious and excited, looking forward to the opening but nervous about how the day was going to go, but Gino’s enthusiasm when you got there helped to calm your nerves.

“Y/N, where do you want to be?” he asked, handing you a brand baseball cap.

“Do I have to wear this?” you murmured to Danneel, earning a huff from your uncle but a laugh from your mother.

“It’s the cap or the tee,” she answered, “But your outfit is cute today so I’d stick to the cap.

You grumbled as you put it on backwards, folding your arms and looking up at your uncle.

“Happy?” you questioned, and he nodded, smiling.

“You didn’t answer my question, though,” he reminded you. “Do you want to be at the bar, with the merch, or on cleanup?”

“Obviously she wants to be on the bar,” Danneel answered for you, and you nodded.

“Yeah,” you agreed. “I wanna be where the party’s at.”

Gino laughed softly, nodding in understanding.

“And you know all the notes?” he clarified.

Jensen and Danneel had both been telling you all about the different drinks and their attributes so you were sure that you had enough information to do a good job.

“This is her business, too,” Danneel reminded her brother. “She knows her shit and she can go where she wants.”

Gino rolled his eyes, pushing Danneel’s shoulder playfully.

“You can’t gang up on me,” he argued. “I was just making sure.”
“Go cry to mama,” she grinned, wrapping her arm around your shoulders. “We’re gonna go sample some products.”

“Don’t get drunk before we open,” he warned, patting your cheek before leaving to check on someone else.

You laughed softly at their antics, letting Danneel lead you behind the bar.

“What do you want?” she asked, motioning to the taps.

“Uh,” you pondered, worrying your lip, “Soda?”

Danneel looked at you in disbelief.

“I offer you any of our delicious range, and you say ‘Uh, soda’?”

“Mama, ya girl can’t handle her drink,” you reminded her. “And this is the first time I’ve been old enough to work behind a bar. I want to have a clear head.”

“Not even a Grackle?” she offered, pulling herself a half-pint.

“I wanna do a good job,” you reasoned. “I don’t want anyone to have any legitimate reason to shit on me about being here today.”

She sighed, getting you a soda.

“One day, everyone will realise there’s more important shit to worry about than what you do with your life,” she assured you, passing over your drink. “Until then, we’ll keep kicking as a family and ignoring all the bullshit, right?”

“Right,” you confirmed, resting the glass down on a coaster. “I can’t believe we’re actually opening today.”

Danneel laughed, grateful for the topic shift.

“We’ve been planning for this day for years,” she agreed. “I’m glad you could make it down.”

You smiled, your hands subconsciously shifting your cap slightly.

“Yeah,” you sighed. “Me too.”

By the time closing time rolled around, you were exhausted.

The response to the opening had been incredible, people coming from miles around to show their support, but that meant that you barely had a second to yourself all day between work and selfies with fans of the show.

You couldn’t wait to get home to relax with your daughter and siblings.

You hadn’t quite appreciated that JJ would already be in bed once you got back, and apparently the disappointment was evident on your features.

“You can go in and say goodnight,” Danneel told you. “The babies will be okay for a few minutes.”
You smiled, kissing her cheek before making your way up to JJ’s room.

Her door creaked as you pushed it open, causing her to stir.

“Ditto?” she mumbled, squinting through the dark as you perched on the edge of her bed.

“Yeah, princess,” you smiled, stroking her hair. “Didn’t mean to wake you, just wanted to say goodnight.”

“Was it good?” she asked, blinking sleepily up at you.

“It went really well,” you smiled, leaning down and kissing her temple. “We can talk about it in the morning.”


“Love you more,” you laughed softly, stroking through her hair once more before getting to your feet. “Goodnight, baby girl.”

“Love you most,” she whispered, her heavy eyes closing once more.

You were back in Vancouver when the women’s marches were taking place, and you had the day off to go with Gen.

You’d never attended anything like that before, and you weren’t sure what to expect.

It was incredible to see the number of people out to march, the sheer amount of women even younger than you being proactive in an attempt to make the world a better place.

It wasn’t until you were listening to the speeches that you realised that maybe you had made a mistake by coming along.

You were stood with Gen, Dallas in the sling wrap held against your chest as you heard woman after woman share her story.

Suddenly, you felt like you couldn’t breathe.

You turned without a word, trying to find a way out of the crowd so you could get some air.

An arm wrapped around Dallas protectively as the other helped to move the people in front of you to clear a path.

Gen caught up with you once the crowd had dissipated slightly, reaching a hand out to rest on your shoulder.

“Sweetheart-?”

“Can you take the baby?” you interrupted, already unwrapping the sling.

“Of course,” she agreed, reaching her arms out to take Dallas. “Y/N, what-?”

“I can’t do this,” you whispered, still able to hear the speeches through the speakers. “I can’t… I can’t do this.”

With the weight of Dallas being taken off your chest you could finally breathe again, but the panic
was still rising and you knew that you were beginning to spiral.

“Let’s go home,” Gen suggested, holding Dallas in one arm and taking your hand. “You need to get out of here.”

You nodded, trying to steady your breath as she lead you down a side street, further and further from the action.

By the time you reached the car, tears were streaming down your face and you weren’t trying to stop them. You got into the passenger seat while Genevieve strapped Dallas in the back, fastening your belt and looking out of the window as tears continued to fall.

You weren’t exactly upset, but hearing those women talk, hearing how many people related to such horrifying subject matter, really hit home. You felt how you had when you’d first read about Danneel’s time on One Tree Hill, panic and anger manifesting in tears.

Genevieve got in behind the wheel, strapping herself in and resting a hand on your thigh.

“You’re safe,” she reminded you, starting the engine without asking you to look at her. “You’re okay.”

You nodded, sniffing and offering a small smile.

“Can we go home?” you asked quietly, your voice breaking on the last word as you wiped your tears with your sleeves.

“Of course,” she assured you, checking her mirrors before pulling out. “We’ll run you a bath, get you some tea. I’ve got the kids, you’re just gonna relax.”

You sniffed, smiling through your tears.

“I love you.”

She smiled sympathetically, briefly looking across at you before focussing on the road.

“I’ve got you, sweetheart,” she promised. “Always.”

You couldn’t get to sleep that night.

After an hour of trying, you carefully got out of bed and made your way downstairs.

You didn’t know why - maybe you were curious, maybe you were sadistic and wanted to torture yourself - but you found yourself looking through speeches from other women’s marches across America.

The one that caught your attention the most, due to the large amount of coverage it had received on different kinds of social media, was Halsey’s speech from the New York City march.

When you clicked the link to the video, you didn’t know how much it was going to affect you.

Just over a minute in, your arms were prickling with goosebumps.

Two minutes in, tears began to stream once more.

Three minutes and you were silently sobbing, clutching your stomach with one hand as you held
your phone with your other.

By the fourth minute you weren’t watching anymore, your eyes clenched shut as you listened and cried, the last words of the powerful poem hitting you right where it hurt.

It was past 2am when you eventually pulled yourself off of the couch, grabbing Jensen’s keys and leaving your house.

You opened the door to his car, getting in behind the wheel and locking yourself in, tears still streaming down your face as you leaned your head back on the headrest.

Your phone was still in your hand and, without thinking about the time, you called Danneel.

You were about to hang up when she answered, her voice groggy and concerned.

“Y/N?” she murmured. “Is everything- is Dallas-? What’s-?”

You let out a sob at the sound of her voice, covering your mouth with your free hand.

“Baby girl, what’s wrong?” she asked quietly, her worry coming through the phone.

“Mama,” you breathed, trying to catch your breath, “I’m… I’ve- Mom.”

“Hey,” she whispered. “I’m here. I’m here, you can talk to me.”

You took a breath, nodding to yourself even though she couldn’t see it.

She waited, no more prompting as she let you take your time.

All of a sudden, words came out and didn’t stop.

“You told me that I could call you whenever I was ready to talk and I know it’s the middle of the night but I think- I think I need to talk now,” you explained through tears. “We went to the march and- and it brought everything up again and I- Mama, I need to talk to someone.”

“I’m here,” Danneel promised. “What happened?”

“She used to let them- she used to let them fuck me,” you told her, your voice cracking. “When she- when she ran out of money, she used to-”

You cut yourself off with a choked sob, covering your mouth with your hand once more as you closed your eyes.

“She let them fuck me,” you repeated, whispering. “I didn’t- I was- I was just a kid. I didn’t- Mama, I didn’t want to.”

“Oh, baby girl,” Danneel whispered. “My sweet girl, I’m so sorry.”

“They were big and I was young and I didn’t- I couldn’t say no,” you continued. “She let them- she didn’t care what they did. She didn’t- she just wanted drugs so she let them do what they wanted and I couldn’t stop them. I just- I just let them.”

“Y/N, sweetheart, this is not your fault,” Danneel told you. “None of this is your fault.”

“I didn’t want to-”
“Of course you didn’t,” she agreed. “She had no right to treat you like that; like you were worthless. Like you were expendable.”

“That’s how I got pregnant,” you whispered, needing everything to be out in the open to at least one person. “I guess the men weren’t- they weren’t always using protection. And when she found out she- she beat me up. She pushed me down the stairs and that’s how- that’s how I lost my baby. She killed- she killed her.”

“Y/N,” Danneel breathed, her heart breaking. “Y/N, sweetheart. You’ve been keeping this to yourself all these years?”

“I never- I never trusted anyone,” you admitted. “But I read about what you went through and you were so honest, and then at the march… and I watched some speeches, then when Halsey said ‘every friend that I know has a story like mine’ I knew that I had to tell you. I had to- I had to-”

You broke down, sobbing once again.

The windows of Jensen’s truck had steamed up from your breath and tears as you leant forward, resting your forehead to the steering wheel.

Your whole body was shaking with your sobs, convulsing harshly as you let years and years of pain out into the open.

“It’s okay,” Danneel was murmuring softly. “You’re okay. You’re safe now.”

“I’m broken,” you breathed. “I’m not- I’m broken.”

“You’re beautiful,” she assured you. “You are loved. You are safe. Nobody - nobody - is ever going to hurt you like that again. You have a family. You have friends. You will never be touched again without your permission. You will never be used. You will be loved, and cherished, and appreciated for as long as I’m around. As long as Jensen, as JJ, as the twins are around.”

You sniffed, willing yourself to believe her.

“We are your family, my sweet, sweet angel,” she promised. “What you have with Jared, with Gen, that’s different. They’re there for you, too, I’m sure of it. But we are your family. We’re your parents and your siblings, and there will never be a time that we aren’t here for you. There will never be a time that you have to feel worthless or unwanted, because you are worth the world to us. I will want you in my life until the day that I die. Do you understand me?”

“I’m broken,” you repeated, a whisper.

“My girl, you are whole,” she corrected. “What they did to you… that’s unforgivable. They knocked you down, I know. I know how you feel. But you are not broken. You are strong. You are powerful. You are a hero, and men cannot break you. You know why?”

“Why?” you asked, wiping your nose.

“Because you’re an Ackles girl,” she answered. “Nobody can break you.”

You laughed softly, trying to sniff back tears.

“I wish I could hug you right now,” she murmured, and you nodded.

“Yeah,” you agreed. “I’m sorry.”
“Baby girl, there is nothing to apologise for,” she insisted. “I will always be here for you.”

You nodded again, wiping your eyes with your sleeves as you heard Danneel yawn.

“Where are you?” she asked, and you laughed softly.

“In Jensen’s truck,” you admitted. “I didn’t want… I didn’t want anyone to hear.”

“You should go back inside,” she suggested. “Try and get some sleep and call me in the morning.”

“Yeah,” you breathed, sniffing once more and opening the door, stepping down onto the driveway and realising your feet were bare.

“I love you,” Danneel reminded you. “So much.”

You smiled sadly, locking the car before letting yourself back into your house.

“I love you, too.”

“Alright, sweetheart,” she sighed. “Are you going to be alright if I go to sleep?”

“I think so,” you told her, locking the door behind you and leaning against it. “Thank you. For listening.”

“Thank you for letting me in,” she replied. “Get some rest, baby.”

“I will,” you promised. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, my love.”

You hung up your phone, quietly padding up the stairs and into the bathroom.

You washed your face and blew your nose before making your way through to check on Dallas.

She was sleeping soundly, peacefully, and your heart swelled with love as you watched her.

You gently moved her striped blanket so it covered her more fully, placing her shark within reach as you softly stroked her hair.

No harm would ever come to your little girl. You would make sure of it.

You surprised yourself when you walked back into the hallway, your feet leading you towards Jensen’s room rather than your own.

You knocked quietly on the door, pushing it open slightly before waiting for an answer.

“Dad?” you whispered into the darkened room, watching as his sleep-heavy form shifted at the sound.

“Yeah, kiddo?” he murmured back, sleepily.

You closed the door behind you, taking a step forward.

“Can I…” you paused, wondering if what you were about to ask was too weird. “Can I sleep in here? Just- just for tonight.”

“Any time,” he promised, patting the space beside him.
You walked over, getting underneath the covers and rolling onto your side to face him.

“Bad dream?” he guessed, his voice low.

“Something like that,” you whispered. “I just needed my dad.”

“I’m right here,” he assured you, pulling you in so you were tucked against him. “I’ve got you. Try and get some sleep, kiddo.”

His hand carded into your hair as you closed your eyes, comforted by his paternal care and proximity.

“I’ve got you,” he whispered again, and your heart rate finally began to settle.
You woke with a start as someone burst into Jensen’s bedroom, pushing the door open wide with no warning.

Your heart pounded with the shock awakening as Jensen sat up beside you, frowning at the intrusion.

Jared was in the doorway, chest heaving beneath his sleep-shirt as he ran a hand over his face.

“Man, what-?” Jensen asked, leaning against the headboard.

“We woke up and Y/N was gone,” Jared explained as you got out of bed, rubbing at your eyes.

“She just had a bad dream,” Jensen assured him, and you nodded.

“Something like that,” you confirmed, walking over to Jared. “I told you, I’m not gonna leave in the middle of the night.”

“I know,” he sighed, wrapping you up in a hug. “I just… Gen said you had a tough time at the march and-”

“I’m okay,” you murmured, sliding your arms around his waist and resting your cheek to his chest. “Just needed my dad.”

He nodded, looking at Jensen over your head.

“Sorry, man,” Jared apologised, “I just-”

“It’s fine,” Jensen assured him. “I know how you get with her, it’s okay.”

Jared nodded, kissing the top of your head.

“I’m gonna take a shower,” you told him, pulling back and smiling at Jensen. “Thanks for letting me stay.”

“Any time, kiddo,” he replied, and you leant up to kiss Jared’s cheek before making your way to the bathroom.

You knew that Jared was going to want to talk to Jensen, and you were grateful that you hadn’t explained further what was bothering you last night. You still couldn’t decide whether you were glad or regretful that you told Danneel everything, but you needed to push it to the back of your mind and get ready for work.

A shower seemed like a good place to start.
By the time you were able to break for lunch, you’d almost managed to forget about your middle of the night breakdown.

Jared was changing Dallas in his trailer while you and sat down to eat with Jensen and Alex.

You were smiling, listening to the two of them joke with each other when Jensen caught your eye.

“How are you finding it, kiddo?” he questioned, and you nodded as you swallowed a bite.

“Good,” you assured him. “It is weird to be back on set, though. A lot changes in one ep.”

“And you’ve come back as my aunt,” Alex teased, making you roll your eyes.

“Trinity isn’t Jack’s aunt,” you reminded him, “She’s like… a cool big sister.”

“Cas called her ‘sister’ and he’s Jack’s dad,” Jensen reasoned, and you resisted the urge to flick your food at him.

“I’m too young to be Jack’s aunt,” you complained.

“You’re several millennia and he’s like… six months,” Alex reminded you, his mouth opening to continue before his eyes caught something above your head. “Oh, Jay. I didn’t realise your family was visiting.”

Jensen frowned, looking up from his plate to see what he meant.

“Me neither,” he murmured, and you turned around in your seat.

Danneel was walking towards your table, JJ on her hip.

“Oh, my God,” you breathed, dropping your fork and getting to your feet.

Danneel put JJ down, letting her run the last few steps into your waiting arms.

“Texas,” you whispered, tears welling in your eyes as you lifted her up onto your hip.

“Surprise,” she grinned, kissing your face repeatedly as she wrapped her legs around your waist.

“God, I love you,” you murmured, returning the affection.

Danneel walked around the table to greet Jensen while you continued to hold JJ, just taking in the fact that they were really there.

“What are you doing here?” Jensen asked, laughing softly as Danneel hugged Alex in greeting.

“We’re visiting for a few days,” she explained, meeting your eye. “Felt like we needed the family all together for a while.”

You nodded, gently letting JJ down so that she could go and hug her father.

“Can I have a word, kiddo?” Danneel asked, and you agreed wordlessly as you followed her away from the table.

Tears finally fell as she wrapped her arms around you, and you buried your face in her neck as she held you tight.

“Alright, sweetheart,” she soothed. “I’m here.”
You nodded, your arms wrapping around her even tighter than before.

“We stopped by the big guys on the way in,” she murmured. “You’ve got one short scene this afternoon with Alexander and then you’re not needed until Wednesday evening. I’m gonna be here for you that whole time.”

You sniffed, nodding against her.

“We can talk about whatever you want,” she continued, “Or we can not talk about anything. But I’m here for you.”

You pulled back, smiling sadly.

“Thank you,” you murmured, and she smiled as she stroked your cheek.

“That’s what mamas are for, baby,” she reminded you, looking back to the table. “Speaking of babies…”

“Jared’s changing Dal,” you answered, laughing slightly, “So you’ll get a nice, fresh Baby Dits to cuddle when he’s done.”

“Good,” she smiled, wiping your cheeks with her thumbs before kissing your temple. “Go finish your lunch. I’m not going anywhere.”

You wiped your own tears as you made your way back to the others, smiling when you saw JJ sitting in Alexander’s lap.

“You good?” Jensen asked, and you nodded.

“Yeah,” you smiled, leaning across the table to pinch JJ’s cheek as you sat down. “My best girl and my mama are in town.”

“And your other siblings,” Danneel announced, sitting beside you and stealing a bite from your plate. “We dropped the babies off with Gen and the boys before coming in.”

Jensen choked on his water, making JJ reach over to pat his back.

“You came all this way with all three kids?” he asked his wife. “On your own? Are you insane?”

“One of my babies needed me,” she shrugged, looking at you from the corner of her eye.

“And mama is Wonder Woman,” JJ added wisely, making you smile as Danneel linked her fingers with yours underneath the table.

“Yeah,” you smiled, squeezing her hand. “She is.”

Getting through your scene that afternoon was surprisingly a lot easier with Danneel and JJ on set.

JJ was no distraction at all, spending time with her father and Jared in Jensen’s trailer as they weren’t needed in the scene, and having Danneel behind the cameras with Dallas made filming run smoothly.

You knew she was safe with Momma D, and she was less likely to fuss with someone so familiar, so there was no need for you to worry about needing to step in. Danneel knew what each of your daughter’s noises meant and dealt with them swiftly, giving you and Alex the chance to film
Once the scene was through, you took Dallas from Danneel, grinning down at your daughter.

“You want to grab Tex?” you murmured, and Danneel nodded, lightly pinching Dallas’ cheek before leaving as the episode’s director approached.

“Good work, Y/N,” Amanda told you, patting your shoulder. “You’re done until Wednesday.”

“Yeah, I know,” you smiled, bouncing your daughter. “What are we filming next time, though? Like, who am I with?”

“Scenes with Sam and Jim,” she told you, “And we might need to reshoot something from this morning, depending on how it looks when we check it later.”

You nodded, smiling as she stroked Dallas’ hair.

“Alright, get home with your family,” she told you. “I’ll see you in a few days.”

“Good luck with the boys,” you replied, making her laugh softly.

“Yeah, got a feeling I’m gonna need it.”

Danneel walked up behind you, JJ on her hip again.

“Ready?” she asked, and you nodded. “Let’s go home.”

Tom and Shep were thrilled to have JJ stay with you for a few days, and Jensen was just as happy to have all of his kids under one roof again.

Everybody knew that the reason Danneel had brought them all up had something to do with the reason you slept in Jensen’s bed the night before, but nobody pushed either of you to explain further.

Once the kids were all in bed that evening, the five of you settled down in the front room to watch a movie.

You and Gen were squashed comfortably together in the armchair, Gen’s arms wrapped around your waist while Jared, Jensen, and Danneel took the largest couch.

You leaned your head on Gen’s shoulder, smiling as you listened to Jared and Jensen lightly bicker about what to watch.

“Ten Inch Hero,” Gen piped up, making Jared click his fingers in agreement.

“Great idea,” he laughed, and Jensen groaned, tipping his head back.

“That’s-” Danneel paused, biting her lip as she looked at you. “I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

“Why?” Gen probed. “You don’t want Y/N seeing your-”

“I don’t want Y/N seeing a few of those scenes right now,” she admitted, and Jensen caught her eye with a soft frown.

Danneel swallowed, breaking eye contact as she picked at her jeans.

“Sounds good,” Jensen agreed, getting up to put the disc in, “But if the songs wake up JJ, you’re responsible for putting her back to bed.”

“I can’t believe two grown men just decided that Tangled was the best movie to watch,” Gen laughed, the sound making you smile.

“It’s a classic,” you and Danneel replied at the same time, making yourselves laugh.

“It is,” Jensen agreed, sitting down and pressing play. “Now shut up and watch, because ‘This is the story of how I died’.”

You and Danneel took Bailey and the babies on a walk the next day.
Gen kept the older kids busy at home, giving you some much needed time with your mom.

It was a clear day, so you sat down outside at the park cafe and ordered a drink so that you could talk and feed Dallas comfortably.

Once your drinks had arrived, Danneel took a deep breath, looking across at you.

“You can ask,” you murmured, stroking the back of your daughter’s head as she fed. “We can talk about it.”

“Sweetheart, I don’t know what to say,” she admitted. “Nothing I can say will take away the fact that she let them hurt you. Repeatedly. She let them rape you-”

“Wha-?” you cut yourself off, your heart thumping. “I wasn’t- that’s-”

“Baby girl, did you want it?” she asked, knowing the answer as you shook your head. “Everyone involved knew that you didn’t want it to happen. That doesn’t sound like consent to me.”

You swallowed, looking down at your daughter and taking a moment to breathe.

You hadn’t thought about that before.

You knew that you didn’t want it, you never wanted it, but you had never associated what had happened with… that word.

But she wasn’t wrong.

“I hadn’t…” you paused, shaking your head. “I never thought about it like that.”

Danneel smiled sadly, her hands warming around her coffee cup.

“I never thought about it at all, really,” you admitted. “But since Gen found my old scan, and you signed that letter, and then at the march…”

“It all came back,” she finished, and you nodded. “I’m sorry, baby.”

“No,” you sighed, rubbing Dallas’ back. “Don’t be. I think… It feels good. Not good, but… I’m glad you know now. I’m glad it’s not all a secret anymore.”

Danneel nodded, pulling a toy from her bag and handing it to Arrow to stop her from fussing.
“Is there… Are you going to tell the others?” she asked, and you sighed.

“I don’t know,” you admitted. “I think… I think I want to. But I’m worried about Jared and Jensen.”

“They won’t think any less of you,” she promised. “None of us will.”

“That’s not what I mean,” you murmured. “I don’t know what they’d do. About my- about her.”

Danneel nodded in understanding, taking a drink from her cup.

Dallas finished feeding so you fixed your top, burping your daughter against your chest as you waited for Danneel to speak.

“They wouldn’t like it,” she allowed. “They would want to press charges-”

“I don’t-”

“I know,” she assured you. “I know, sweetheart. They would never do anything that you didn’t want them to. They love you a lot, and they want to protect you, but they will always support and respect your decisions. You must know that.”

You took a drink from your cup, turning your face away from your daughter.

“I won’t tell them,” Danneel murmured, “But I won’t lie and say everything is okay.”

“I’m not asking you to,” you replied, getting up to place Dallas back in her stroller. “They already know something is wrong.”

“They won’t pressure you,” she told you. “But they’re there for you, when you’re ready.”

You sat back down, looking at your child and siblings as they sat contently in their strollers.

You didn’t want any of them to have to grow up like you did. You wanted them to keep their innocence for as long as possible.

“I’ll tell them,” you murmured. “I will. Not just yet, but… I will.”

“Alright, my girl,” Danneel smiled, reaching across the table to take your hand. “I’m here for you, whenever you decide.”

You smiled sadly, linking your fingers with hers and squeezing.

“Thank you,” you told her, “For coming here. For everything.”

“You’re my daughter,” she reminded you. “I’ll drop everything for you, whenever you need me.”

Danneel and the kids were booked on flights back home to Austin on Sunday so, on Friday night, you called on your sitter to look after the kids so that the five of you could go out.

You still hadn’t told everyone about what happened to you, but you were working up to it. You just wanted to spend one evening forgetting about your problems and having a good time.

By the time you got home you were all happily buzzed, Jensen giving the sitter a generous tip as she’d handled all six kids and got them all into bed without a fuss.
Jensen and Danneel excused themselves to their room, leaving you, Jared, and Gen to make your way upstairs together.

Jared and Gen were giggly drunk, stealing kisses and touches as you made your way towards the bedroom.

You rolled your eyes fondly as they helped each other to remove their shirts, deciding instead to change into your pyjamas.

“Y/N,” Jared slurred, flexing his naked chest. “C’m’ere.”

“It’s okay,” you laughed slightly, “I’ll take the couch.”

You walked over to them, kissing both of their cheeks before going to grab a blanket from the wardrobe.

“Join in,” Jared requested as Gen’s arms wrapped around his waist from behind.

“I’m alright,” you smiled, turning to leave. “Have fun.”

Jared reached forward, his hand wrapping around your wrist.

“C’mon, kiddo,” he drawled. “It’ll be fun.”

Your heart started thumping and you swallowed down your panic as you turned back to face them.

“I don’t want to,” you whispered, your eyes downcast.

Jared instantly let go of your wrist as Gen stepped back from him.

“That’s okay,” she assured you.

“Sorry, baby,” Jared apologised.

You met their eyes, the flirtiness gone from both of them and replaced with concern.

“You go ahead,” you assured them. “I really don’t mind taking the couch.”

You watched as they looked at each other, seemingly having a silent conversation.

“We would rather just lay in bed with you,” Gen murmured, and Jared nodded.

“If that’s okay?” he added, tucking his hair behind his ear nervously.

You nodded dumbly, letting Gen take your hand and lead you over to the bed as Jared pulled on a shirt.

That had never been an option before. Saying ‘no’ without giving a reason had never been good enough before.

You were reminded again of what Danneel had said on the phone.

You will never be touched again without your permission.

She was right. So long as you were a part of this family, you were safe. You had no reason to panic in your own bedroom anymore.
“You okay?” Jared asked quietly, seemingly sober compared to the tipsy version of him you had seen mere moments ago.

“Yeah,” you smiled, leaning into his touch as he cupped your cheek. “Thank you.”

“Of course,” he told you, the three of you getting into bed together. Unusually, you ended up in the middle.

Gen wrapped her arm around your waist as Jared fit his chest to your back, and you blinked slowly as you looked into gorgeous dark eyes.

“We love you,” she murmured. “You know that, right?”

“Yeah,” you whispered, leaning back into Jared. “I love you, too.”

“Get some sleep,” Jared told you, kissing your neck.

You sighed, closing your eyes and letting yourself drift off as you thought about how much your life had changed over the last eighteen months.

You were in bed with people who loved you, in a house that you owned, with a huge family down the hall. You had a job that you enjoyed and a support network that spanned the continent.

Everything was going better than you ever could have dreamed that it would, but there was still an elephant in the room.

There would be until you were ready to tell them everything. With the love and support that you had received from Jared and Gen that night, that conversation was going to be sooner rather than later. You just had to work up the courage.
When you made your way downstairs on Saturday morning you found Danneel in the kitchen, waiting at your coffee machine.

“Mornin’,” she mumbled in greeting, her voice almost an octave lower than usual as she adjusted the hem of her pyjama top.

“You sound like you need that coffee,” you teased lightly, earning a rough laugh.

“Yep,” she confirmed, popping the ‘p’.

You got yourself a glass of water, building up the courage to say what you wanted to.

“Will you help me?” you blurted, earning you a concerned glance over the rim of her finally filled cup.

She took a long drink before placing her coffee down.

“To tell the others,” you clarified, tapping your glass with your nail to stop yourself from picking at hangnails. “I want- They need to know. They deserve to know, but I can’t- not on my own.”

“Of course,” she agreed, instantly. “But, just so we’re clear, nobody ‘deserves’ your story. Nobody is entitled to know it. Not me, not your father, not Jared and Gen.”

You nodded, looking at your glass.

“You’re allowed to hold anything back that you’re not ready to share, y’know?” she continued. “I’m not saying ‘don’t tell them’, I think it’s a good idea. I just… you’re allowed privacy. Everyone in this family knows just about everything about each other, but you don’t have to spill all of your secrets to be a part of it. You already are.”

You sniffed as you nodded, wiping your eyes with your pyjama sleeve.

“Yeah,” you breathed, taking a drink of water to clear the sleep and emotion from your voice. “I want to tell them. Not because I think I should, I just- I want them to know.”

Danneel smiled, walking around the island to pull you up into a hug.

“When?” she asked, kissing your temple as she pulled back.

“Tonight?” you offered, nervously. “When the kids are asleep.”

She nodded, gently cupping your face and stroking your cheek with her thumb.

“You’re one of the strongest and best people I know,” she murmured, holding your eye contact.
“Ditto,” you smiled, causing her to laugh softly, placing another kiss to your head.

“Alright, my girl,” she murmured, reaching for her coffee. “I should put some clothes on today.”

“Yeah,” you laughed, noting your own attire. “I just came down to grab milk for the baby.”

“Ah, yes,” she smiled, grabbing a pre-pumped bottle before you could get to them. “Can’t have Baby Ditto getting all drunk on your alcohol boobs.”

“I didn’t drink that much,” you reasoned, and she nodded, a smile fighting for purchase on her carefully neutral expression.

The sound of Zeppelin screaming let her out of replying, instead keeping her cup in her hands as she called up the stairs.

“Mama’s coming!” she promised, slowly making her way towards the shouting. “No respect for hangovers, this one.”

You laughed softly at her utterance as you followed her upstairs, wanting to get to your daughter before she followed in her young uncle’s footsteps and decided to scream the house down.

You bumped into JJ as she was making her way out of the bathroom, smiling down at her beaming face.

“Can we walk Bailey?” she asked, looking hopeful. “Jus’ me an’ you an’ Dally?”

“Sure thing, sweets,” you smiled, ruffling her hair with the hand not holding your daughter’s bottle. “Let me get dressed?”

She nodded enthusiastically, rushing back to Tom and Shep’s room. You laughed fondly as you made your way to your bedroom, overcome by adoration for your whole family.

Walking Bailey with JJ was the break that you didn’t know you really needed.

Just having that time with your little sister and your daughter was enough to take your mind off of your past and focus wholly on the present.

“D’ya like havin’ us here?” JJ asked, out of the blue.

You laughed softly, taking a hand off of Dallas’ stroller to pinch her cheek.

“I love having you here,” you promised. “If it was possible I’d have all of us together all of the time.”

“Yah,” she agreed, both hands holding Bailey’s leash as your dog dutifully trotted beside you.

“Do you like coming to see us?”

“Duh,” she rolled her eyes. “I’m gettin’ real good at planes.”

“So you won’t need to snuggle and watch Rapunzel when we fly together anymore?” you asked, and she made a small noise of disagreement.

“I like doin’ that,” she told you. “We can still watch ‘Punzel.”
“Of course,” you assured her. “Me, Mama, Daddy, Uncle Jared, and Aunt Mama watched it the other night.”

JJ stopped still, Bailey coming to a halt too as your little sister looked at you in disbelief.

“Without me?” she questioned, and you nodded, biting your lip.

“Sorry, baby girl,” you apologised. “I’ll watch it again with you before you go home to Texas, deal?”

“Deal,” she confirmed, starting to walk again. “I’m gonna be ‘Punzel when I grow up.”

“You sure are,” you smiled. “Your hair is halfway there already.”

You took your time putting Dallas to bed that night, staying in the nursery long after she’d drifted off.

Your heart was racing with anxiety, but you knew that you wanted to tell your family. You didn’t want this to be a secret that Danneel had to keep from her husband, from her best friends. You looked down at your sleeping daughter, taking a few deep breaths.

She was so peaceful, so calm, so perfect. You knew that you had to do this, to share your story, for her. You never wanted her to worry about the kind of things that you had to as a child. The stronger you were with sharing your truth, the stronger and safer she would grow up to be. You were sure of it.

“Wish me luck, princess,” you murmured, finally stepping back from her crib.

You met Danneel out in the hallway, nodding slightly to let her know that you still wanted to go ahead.

“Alright, baby,” she whispered, taking your hand and leading you downstairs.

The others were sat in the front room with a beer, relaxing. You hadn’t told them that you wanted to talk to them, figuring you’d just bring it up once you were settled.

Your tenseness, however, let them all know that you had something important to say.

“What’s wrong?” Gen asked, and Danneel shifted beside you on the couch, moving closer to show solidarity.

“I, uh,” you cleared your throat. “I have something to tell you guys.”

Bailey moved from her position in front of the TV stand to lay at your feet, and her proximity served as a comfort as your eyes flitted between your family.

“So you are pregnant?” Jared asked, making you laugh softly.

“No,” you assured him. “We’ve barely done enough since Dallas for that to even be possible.”

“I know, but it only took once last time,” he reasoned, and Jensen tutted.

“Can we not?” he requested, before looking at you. “What’s up, kiddo?”

You swallowed and Danneel took your hand, linking her fingers with yours.
“So, Dee came up because I called her in the middle of the night,” you admitted. “Before I went into Jay’s room. I called her in a panic and she listened and calmed me down and told me to go inside, and then she showed up with the kids.”

They nodded, waiting for you to continue.

“I thought I had dealt with my past, but the march taught me that I haven’t,” you explained, your eyes filling with tears as you worked up to talking about it again. “My… my birth mom used to- I guess she- she used to sell me? For- for drugs.”

You swallowed, grounding yourself in the squeeze of Danneel’s hand.

“When she couldn’t pay her dealers, she let them use me,” you expanded, wiping your eyes with the heel of your hand. “She let them have sex with me so she could get high.”

You couldn’t look at any of them as Danneel wrapped her arm around your shoulders, pressing a kiss to the top of your head.

“I was fourteen the first time,” you sniffed, resting your head on Danneel’s shoulder with your eyes closed. “It’s how… it’s how I got pregnant. It’s her fault. It’s her fault I lost her, too.”

“What do you mean?” Jensen approached, gently.

“She- she beat me,” you sniffed. “When she found out. Pushed me down the stairs.”

“Who?”

Your eyes shot open at the sound of JJ’s voice, and you pulled away from Danneel, wiping at your cheeks.

“Go back to bed please, JJ,” Jensen requested calmly.

“Why’s Ditto cryin’?” she asked, concern lacing her voice.

“Please, Justice,” Jensen repeated. “Please.”

She didn’t move, just staring at you in worry.

“It’s okay,” you whispered, reaching a hand out. “Come here.”

She walked towards you, letting you pull her into your lap.

“Why are you up, kiddo?” you asked, and she shrugged.

“Can’t sleep,” she told you. “Who pushed you?”

You swallowed, nodding to yourself as you continued to avoid the gaze of the rest of your family.


“She did?” she asked, and you nodded. “Why?”

You pulled in a shaky breath, unwilling to lie to her but wanting to preserve her innocence.

“She did some bad things to me,” you admitted. “She hurt me pretty bad, sweetie.”

She looked like she was going to cry, so you cupped her cheek and stroked it with your thumb.
"But I’m okay now," you assured her. “When you’re older I can tell you more, but right now all you need to know is that I’m okay, I’m safe, and she can’t get to any of us anymore. Alright?"

She nodded, wrapping her arms around you.

“I love you,” she whispered.

“I love you more,” you replied, closing your eyes and kissing where your lips met her head.

“I love you most,” she finished, and you smiled as you pulled back.

“Can you go back upstairs?” you requested. “You need to sleep.”

She nodded, getting off of your lap and patting Bailey on her way to the door.

“Do you want me to put you to bed?” Danneel asked, but JJ shook her head.

“I’m ‘kay,” she promised. “Stay with Ditto.”

She left and you heard her little footsteps on the stairs, aware again of everyone’s eyes on you.

“Yeah,” you breathed. “So… that’s why I panicked at the march. And why I slept in Jay’s room and Dee came up. I’m kinda fucked up.”

“None of that is your fault,” Danneel reminded you.

“None of it,” Jared confirmed, his voice strained.

You looked up to see him with tears on his cheeks, Genevieve fending much the same.

“I’m so sorry,” Gen whispered. “You didn’t… you didn’t deserve any of that.”

You nodded, your whole body numb.

You didn’t really know how to process what was happening. You’d told your secret to four of the people you loved most in the world, and nobody was looking at you any differently. They were sad for you, of course, but nobody seemed disgusted or repulsed. They were supportive and worried.

“Sweetheart, what she did to you,” Jensen sighed, running a hand over his face. “What she did to you was… not just wrong, but very, very illegal.”

“I know,” you murmured.

“We could see about pressing charges,” Jared offered.

“She doesn’t want to,” Danneel answered for you, and you nodded in agreement.

“I’ve… we’ve already got the restraining order.” you reminded them. “If she comes near me again, she’ll be in trouble. I don’t want to bring it all up in court.”

Jensen nodded and you looked at Jared, his jaw ticking as he offered a sharp nod.

“I know,” you whispered. “I know you don’t like it. But I can’t- I don’t want to deal with her ever again. I don’t want to have to testify. I don’t want to have to see those men. I don’t-”

“I get it,” he assured you, and Gen took his hand. “I do. I can’t imagine what you’ve had to go through.”
“She deserves to be locked up,” Gen murmured, “But not at the cost of your personal limits. We support you.”

“Wholeheartedly,” Jensen agreed. “Whatever you do or don’t want to do about it. We’ve got you.”

“Every step,” Jared confirmed.

You smiled, finding yourself crying for a totally different reason.

The tears falling now weren’t ones of grief or fear, they were tears of relief.

You were so relieved that nobody had insisted you press charges, nobody had left, nobody had done anything but sit, listen, and support you.

“Told you,” Danneel whispered, rubbing your back reassuringly. “We’re here for you.”

You nodded, drying your cheeks with your sleeves and sniffing back the rest of your tears.

“You,” you told the room. “For everything.”

“Thank you,” you replied, Jared and Jensen nodding in agreement.

You leaned into Danneel again.

You trusted them with your past. You trusted them with your life.

You couldn’t remember a time that you’d ever felt this safe and loved.

It was nice.

You laughed softly, causing them all to frown.

“Sorry,” you apologised. “I just… I feel good.”

“Good,” Gen smiled kindly. “Glad to hear it.”

“I know that- that telling you all will make you all think about it,” you admitted. “I don’t want you to dwell on it, though. It’s… It’s my past and I’m working through it, but I don’t want you to think I’m fragile or… I’m not about to break, y’know? I’m- I think I’m in a good place, right now.”

“Nobody thinks you’re fragile,” Jared assured you.

“You’re an Ackles girl,” Jensen smiled. “The strongest kinda girl there is.”

“Damn right,” Danneel confirmed. “Ackles and Padalecki girls could take on the world.”

“Oh, for sure,” Gen agreed. “Padackles forever.”

You smiled across at her, nodding in agreement.

“You,”

It wasn’t much later that you all decided to call it a night.

The emotions of the evening were high, and you could tell that everyone needed some quiet time to reflect on the new information that you had provided.
You got changed in relative silence before checking on Dallas, letting Jared and Gen have some
time alone. You figured they would need a chance to talk over everything without you there.

Dallas was sound asleep, her lightly clenched fists up beside her head as she softly snored. As you
were watching her, the door to the nursery opened quietly.

You turned to see JJ peeking into the room, looking at you with big, puppy-dog eyes.

“You should be asleep,” you whispered.

She nodded, walking further into the room until she was beside you.

“You okay?” you questioned, picking her up onto your hip and kissing her forehead.

“Are you?” she replied.

You sighed, resting your temple against her own.

“I will be,” you told her. “I’m just dealing with some stuff.”

“The mean lady,” she murmured, and you nodded.

“Yeah,” you confirmed. “But we’re going to be alright. Everything will be fine.”

You kept JJ on your hip as you adjusted Dallas’ blanket, placing her shark within reach and
stroking her hair before pulling away.

“Let’s get you into bed,” you told your sister, quietly leaving the room.

“Can I-” she cut herself off, pulling back enough to look at you. “Can I share with you?”

You swallowed, stroking her hair back from her face.

“Baby girl, I share with Uncle Jared and Aunt Mama,” you reminded her.

“But your bed is real big,” she whispered, and one look into her gorgeous eyes had you caving to
her wishes.

“Alright, sweet thing,” you sighed, pushing open the door to your bedroom to find Jared and Gen
already in bed.

Jared propped himself up on an elbow, smiling kindly across at you.

“Is J-Bird staying with us tonight?” he questioned, and JJ nodded.

“If that’s okay,” you added.

Gen laughed softly, shifting closer to Jared to free up more space on your side of the bed.

“Of course,” she confirmed, and you put JJ down so that you could get under the covers.

JJ took her place between you and Genevieve so that, should you need to get up for Dallas, you
wouldn’t disturb her sleep.

“You okay, sweetie?” Gen murmured, stroking JJ’s hair.

“Yeah,” she whispered as you turned out the light. “Just wanted to be with Ditto.”
You smiled sadly, resting your arm around her.

“You’re a good girl,” Jared told her, sleepily. “Looking after your sister.”

“Mhm,” JJ hummed, her eyelids heavy as she blinked. “We’re fam’ly.”

“Get some sleep, kiddo,” Gen told her. “Got a long flight tomorrow.”

“G’night,” she whispered, rolling to face you.

“Goodnight, princess,” you replied, kissing her forehead and closing your eyes.
Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

I've been busy with college and full-time work, so this chapter time jumps from the end of the last chapter to now.

You were pacing back and forth behind the curtain, mouthing the words on your printed pages to try and calm your nerves as you heard the chatter of the crowd.

Genevieve stood up, unable to watch you pace any longer as she reached a hand out to you.

“You’re gonna be fine,” she assured you, squeezing your hand. “You’re strong. You’ve organised this whole thing.”

“I know,” you smiled, pulling her into a hug. “I can do this. I want to do this. I just… I don’t want to mess up my words.”

“You’re speaking from the heart,” she reminded you, placing a light kiss to your lips. “You might stumble a little bit, but nobody is going to take any notice. They’re here for a good cause and to hear your story, okay?”

You nodded, knowing she was right.

After opening up to your family, you had felt a strong urge to share your story more publicly. Not because you wanted sympathy, not even because you wanted more people to know, but to reach out to others that might have been in your situation and let them know they had options, that they could get out.

You had been in contact with SAFE, a charity based in Austin, since April to arrange this event. It was being held in a marquee on the land of the brewery, your family more than happy to provide the location and refreshments. High profile family friends and acquaintances had been invited, along with a few media representatives and some of the people that had been helped by the charity.

The marquee was packed full, almost everyone invited was in attendance, and every single person was waiting to hear your voice; waiting to discover the real reason that they had been invited along.

“Alright,” Gen sighed, pulling you back to the moment. “Are you ready?”

“Sure,” you smiled, accepting one last gentle kiss.

Genevieve pulled back, running her thumb under your lip, assumably to make sure your lipstick was still in place.

“I’ll go get this started then,” she told you, letting go of you completely.

You took a deep breath as she walked through the curtain and out onto the stage.

“Ladies and gents, can I get your attention?” Genevieve’s voice sounded through the speakers, the
chatter of the crowd instantly dimming down. “You know we’re all here because Y/N invited us, and I’m sure you’re all curious as to why. I’d like you to all keep an open mind and an open heart as she comes out here.”

Your heart was pounding as you walked towards the gap in the curtain, waiting for the official welcome.

“Please give a warm hand for our host, Y/N Ackles!”

You walked through to a deafening applause, trying to keep your hands still so the audience wouldn’t notice your papers shaking.

Gen pulled you into a hug as you reached the podium and microphone, placing a kiss to your cheek.

“I love you,” she whispered as you pulled back, making you smile.

“I love you, too,” you replied, placing your speech on the stand and looking out into the crowd.

Your eyes instantly zoned in on the table where your family was sat, Genevieve leaving the stage to join them.

The children were being entertained inside the brewery - they weren’t old enough to hear what you had to say, but you wanted them near - but your parents, partners, and extended family were all there in support. Seeing Danneel’s slight nod grounded you completely, and you took a long breath before addressing the room.

“Good evening,” you spoke, clearing your throat as it tried to close up. “Thank you for coming, and I’m sorry for the mystery around tonight. It really means a lot to me that you’ve all come out in support with very little knowledge of what I’ve called you here for.”

You paused, looking down at your speech and nodding to yourself.

“I’m… I’m gonna tell y’all a little story,” you continued. “All I ask of you is that you listen, like-like Gen said, with an open heart.”

A shout of ‘we love you’ from the crowd had you smiling despite your nerves, recognising the voices of Kim and Briana even if you couldn’t make them out amongst the many faces.

You paused, ready to begin the speech that you’d practiced in front of a mirror countless times.

“I have a sister who is five years old and doesn’t see anything bad in the world. She sees the best in everyone around her. No harm has come to her, nothing has taken her innocence, and I’m determined to keep her safe.

“I have a sister who is twenty months old and she’s growing up fast. She can say my name and sense emotions. While I was trying to write this, my laptop in front of me as I sat in the living room, my baby sister pointed at me from our mom’s lap and said ‘Ditto crying’.

“I have a daughter who is almost eleven months old. She is lucky enough to have two mother figures in her life so that, when I fall short, she has someone else to look up to.

“And I do fall short. Constantly.”

You swallowed, trying to keep the emotion down as you changed a new page.
“I have a son who is six years old. He’s only been my son for a year, but since my daughter being born I’ve been lucky enough to earn the title of ‘Mama Y/N’. He’s a smart kid. He’s been in tune with my emotions before I even understood them myself.

“I have a son who is four years old and he lights up my world. Like his brother, I haven’t been a parent to him for his whole life but I’ve earned that respect. I’ve listened to them and learned from them and we’ve helped each other to grow.

“I have a brother who is twenty months old. He has older sisters, a twin sister, and a niece who is less than a year younger than him. He’s growing up surrounded by women, and we’re all working together to ensure they all look out for each other.

“We’re all working together to ensure their safety and happiness throughout their lives.”

Your hands were shaking but you pressed on.

“When I first became a mother, I believed that to ensure my child’s happiness and safety, she couldn’t see me be weak. Whenever I felt like I needed to cry I did my best to leave the room so she wouldn’t see me in that state. I hated myself if I got angry or frustrated while I was in the same room as her. Her mama should be strong, someone to look up to.

“But tears aren’t weak. Showing emotion isn’t showing weakness. And women do not need to prove their strength to be powerful.”

Applause erupted in the room so you took a moment to compose yourself as you let the noise die down.

“See, I never had a mama growing up. I had a mother, sure. She gave birth to me and housed me and sent me off to school when I was old enough, but she wasn’t a mom. On the rare occasion that we’d be seen out of the apartment together, I wasn’t allowed to call her ‘mom’. She wouldn’t hold my hand or pick me up, as soon as I could walk I was on my own.

“Inside the apartment I was nothing. I could come home crying from school and she wouldn’t even stir.

“For the longest time I tried to justify her behaviour. To friends, to myself. She was young when she had me, really young. My biological father didn’t want me at all, so she was alone. By the time I was a young teen, I realised she was dependent on drugs.

“It wasn’t her fault, I’d tell myself. She’d had a tough life. Which, yeah. She had. But that didn’t give her an excuse to treat me like she did.

“I’m not talking about the not holding my hand, or the not caring if I cried. I’m not talking about the verbal abuse, the telling me she wished she never had me, the constant reminders that I was worthless. I’m not even talking about the times she got physical.

“But get me wrong, no parent should do any of those things to their child. I’m in no way excusing that behaviour from anyone.”

Your hands were shaking so you placed them on the podium, holding on as if your life depended on it.

“I was fourteen when it first happened. It was a Saturday and I was home alone, looking over my homework that I’d already finished on Friday night. My birth mother came in with a man. I recognised him, he’d been over before. At the time, I’d thought he was her boyfriend.
“He was looking at me with dark eyes so I cleared my work away to give me something to do and stop myself from focusing on the uncomfortable tension in the room. She asked to speak to me, so I went through to her bedroom while the man stayed in the front room.

“She told me that he liked me. That he really liked me. That he wanted me. I told her that I didn’t understand even though I knew what she meant, I was never enough of a child to be naïve, but I didn’t understand why.

“She told me that it didn’t matter why. Didn’t I want him to want me? This was the same woman who told me that she didn’t want me, that I was worthless. Of course I wanted to be wanted. But I didn’t know him.

“She told me that she’d told him that he could have me. I didn’t want to disappoint him, did I? Of course I didn’t. But I was a virgin. And he was a stranger. And he was older. But none of my reasons were good enough.

“She told me I was being stupid. She told me that she’d been having sex at my age. She told me that I would enjoy it. She told me that he wanted me, and I’d be an idiot not to go for it. Think of his experience. Think how good he’d be. I didn’t know why she was pushing it so hard, but I gave in. I’d thought that maybe - just maybe - if I went for it, if I did what she asked, I’d earn some respect. So I let him. I let him do what he wanted.

“My mom left the apartment and I let him fuck me on the couch that I called my bed.

“I was fourteen years old.”

Your voice cracked as gasps went around the room.

“It had happened eight times, some with different men, before I figured it out. These men, these guys that I thought she knew and trusted, weren’t her boyfriends. Or her friends. Barely even acquaintances. These men were her dealers.

“See, she’d ran out of money, she couldn’t afford to feed her addiction. I was used in place of payment. My own mother, the woman who brought me into this world, was whoring me out for drugs when I was fourteen years old. Once I figured it out, I asked her why she did it. She told me they wanted me. She told me they enjoyed it.

“When I told her that I didn’t want it, that I didn’t enjoy it, that I wouldn’t do it anymore, she hit me. It wasn’t the first time, but it was the worst so far. But after that, there weren’t any men for a month. I thought it was over, but she was just waiting for my bruises to fade.”

You felt yourself begin to cry, but you sniffed it back. You had more to say.

“It kept happening. It carried on for over a year before the inevitable happened. Less than a month after I turned sixteen, I found out that I was pregnant. Thirteen weeks. She wasn’t happy about that.

“I tried to hide it from her, but she found out hit me. She hit me in the stomach and pushed me down the stairs. I lost the baby. My daughter.

“They arrested the father. She had told the authorities that it was him that hit me, and they believed her. I wasn’t in any state to dispute it. He would have been charged anyway. I was underage, he had no business fathering my child. He had no business being anywhere near me.”

The entire room was silent and the hitch in your breath echoed through the speakers.
“Now that I was sixteen, she gave me a choice. I could get a job at the weekends or I could continue the way we had been going. I chose to get a job and give her all of my money. Almost every cent. The only money I kept for myself was a few dollars to buy myself a cupcake, a candle, and a small box of matches on my seventeenth birthday.

“I was eighteen when I realised the true extent of what she had done to me. Or, what she had let those men do to me. I was at a party and there was a guy there. I knew he wanted me, and he was a bit drunk. I wasn’t interested, but he was. My entire experience with men up to that point was that exact same thing.

“So I let him grind on me. I let him kiss my neck and push me against a wall. I let him put his hand under my skirt. I would’ve let him do whatever he wanted. I didn’t want to sleep with him, but I would have let him.

“If it wasn’t for my friend pushing him off of me and taking me away, I would’ve just taken it. My friend told me something that night that I’ve never forgotten. She told me, ‘If you don’t want it, he doesn’t deserve it, and he has no right to take it.’ It sounds simple enough, but to me, that was a lightbulb moment. An epiphany.

“I realised that I’d never wanted it. Not really. I’d come to accept that it was going to happen, and I never fought them, but I never wanted it. I hadn’t really appreciated until then that I was in charge of my body and nobody - not those men, nor my birth mother - had any right to tell me what to do with it. I realised that night that I was a victim of sexual assault.”

You looked up for long enough to catch Danneel’s expression, tears running down her face but a proud smile in place.

“You say victim. I know that it’s become more common to say ‘survivor’ or something more positive, but back then I didn’t feel like a survivor. I felt like a victim because that is what I was.

“I was targeted and victimised specifically, and I never even realised the magnitude of it. It messed me up, to be honest. It messed with all of my future relationships.

“I spoke to my birth mother for what I thought was going to be the last time, and I moved to LA on a scholarship for drama school the August before I turned nineteen. Now that I was in charge of my body and there was nobody there to tell me what to do, I slept around. I never stayed with anyone longer than a few nights together.

“I’d realised that I wasn’t totally straight by then and I’d fooled around with girls and guys, but I wouldn’t commit. I remember someone asking if I’d be their girlfriend, and I panicked and called everything off. I didn’t want to be anyone’s anything. I wanted to be my own person. I’d thought, if I’d given myself the title of ‘girlfriend’ then that person would have the right to my body whenever they wanted it. I wasn’t ready for that to happen again.”

You looked to Jared and Genevieve, smiling through the anxiety.

“I’m lucky enough now to have two partners, both of whom I love wholeheartedly. They have taught me what love is. They have taught me self respect in place of self loathing. They have taught me how to be myself.

“I’m also lucky to now have two loving parents, who have taken me in and treated me as one of their own.

“It wasn’t until a conversation with my new mom back in January that I realised I’d been raped. Repeatedly. For years. I’d never used that word, not even to myself. It still scares me to use it now,
because I didn’t fight or scream or try to call for help. I wasn’t held down at gun- or knifepoint. But I didn’t want it. I didn’t want to be touched or used and everyone involved in the situation was aware of that. I cried when I realised that what had been happening was rape.”

Your voice cracked on the word. It always did.

“They weren’t tears of a survivor, they were tears of a victim. They were tears of a little girl who was scared. A little girl who wanted her mother’s love and approval. A little girl who didn’t want to be hurt anymore.

“But from my tears I’m here to light a fire. Or add fuel to one that has been burning from the tears and tales and triumphs of the victims who have stood up before me. The survivors and warriors who have been making a difference and changing the world for years.”

Applause sounded again and you smiled, wiping the tears from your cheeks as you took a deep, grounding breath.

“So that brings me to why we’re all here tonight,” you continued. “I’m excited and honoured to announce that I am now an ambassador for SAFE Austin. For those of y’all unfamiliar with the charity, SAFE stands for ‘Stop Abuse For Everyone’. SAFE’s aim is to end sexual assault and exploitation, child abuse, and domestic violence through prevention, intervention, and advocacy for change. As you can imagine, when I heard about this, I couldn’t help but get involved. Helping people get out of the kind of situation that I was in, helping rehabilitate them, is exactly what I want to do with my platform.”

Your family clapped along with the rest of the room, matching expressions of pride on each of their faces.

“I want my children and siblings to grow up in a safer world, a world where the kind of abuse that I suffered for years is unheard of. I want to be a part of that future, and I want them to be able to see us fighting for a better tomorrow.

“I am determined to be a good influence, a strong role model, for all of them. When they are old enough, they will watch the video from tonight and hear my story and I’m no longer afraid of them seeing me cry, because I know that it’s not a weakness. It’s a sign of strength.

“I want to thank you all for coming out tonight, I know that some of you have travelled a long way. There are a few people who have been helped by SAFE in the marquee tonight, and I’ve had the pleasure of getting to know some of them, and learning how SAFE has made their lives better. I’m absolutely honoured to now be a part of this incredible charity.”

You picked up the envelope on the podium and held it in one hand, showing it to the crowd.

“There are a few envelopes like this on each table,” you explained. “Inside, there’s more information about the charity and what they do to help men, women, and children get out of bad situations. There’s also an opportunity to donate with forms inside, but that’s not why you’ve been invited. We’re not necessarily looking for donations, we just wanted to raise awareness, but your generosity would obviously be greatly appreciated by the charity should you feel so inclined.

“I’ll also be working with Represent to create a charity tee and possibly other merchandise, so I would appreciate your support in promoting that in the weeks to come.”

You cleared your throat, folding your papers in half as you prepared to bring your speech to an end.

“Again, I wanna thank all of you for coming and for listening, and hopefully I will get a chance to
talk to you all throughout the night. But, yeah. Food will be served shortly and drinks are available as always. And, in the words of my best friend and partner... always keep fighting. I love y'all.”

The crowd erupted in applause, everyone that was able getting to their feet in a standing ovation, as you made your way from the stage to see your family.

Danneel met you halfway, wrapping you up in a strong hug.

You buried your face in her neck, breathing in her grounding scent.

“I’m so proud of you,” she whispered, kissing your temple. “You did amazing.”

You pulled back, smiling slightly as she cupped your cheek.

“My girl, you’re my hero,” she told you, turning your small smile into a grin.

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After dinner, the rest of the evening was spent mingling with all guests. Most offered their sympathy but all praised your bravery in sharing your story.

You and Jared were sat at a table with some friends you’d invited while at SDCC when Jensen rested a hand on the back of your chair.

“Dits, kiddo. Sorry to interrupt,” he smiled, leaning down to talk to you quietly. “Dallas is fussing and the sitter can’t seem to calm her.”

You nodded, looking to Jared before making a decision.

“Bring her in,” you murmured. “The kids can come in now, the sitters have done a great job but it’s not like they’ll hear the things we didn’t want them to at this point.”

Jensen nodded, affectionately patting your head before leaving to get the kids from the brewery.

“What’s up?” Emily asked from across the table, your conversation with your father too quiet for her to hear.

“Jen’s bringing in the babies,” you explained. “Our little star’s getting grouchy.”

“Probably missing her mama,” she smiled. “She’s done a great job not to cause a fuss so far.”

“She’s quite used to it,” Jared explained, and you frowned at him.

“That makes me sound like a bad mom,” you argued, and he laughed softly.

“I just mean that she’s used to being on set,” he corrected. “She’s good without us during takes.”

“Nobody thinks you’re a bad mom,” Stephen assured you.

“We all use sitters, no judgement here,” Cassandra agreed, and you smiled softly.

“Yeah, and the kids love theirs,” Jared nodded. “Dal just can’t cope without her mama for too long.”

“Can’t blame her, Y/N’s a catch,” Emily grinned, and you couldn’t stop the smile back.
“I think you’ve got enough partners already, don’t you?” Jared teased, causing you to roll your eyes.

“Jealousy is ugly on you,” you told him, smiling as Jensen and Danneel entered the tent, all six kids in tow.

Jensen made a beeline for you as Dallas visibly squirmed in his arms.

“She’s got big,” Cassandra commented, and you nodded in agreement.

“One next month,” you reminded her. “Plus, her father’s a giant.”

Jared ignored your comment as Shep came running towards him, pushing out his chair so that he could bring his son up onto his lap.

“Have you had fun?” Jared asked as you stood up.

“Yah, we had pizza,” Shep stage whispered, and the table gasped as if this was the big news he clearly thought it was.

Dallas was reaching out for you as you walked to meet Jensen, and you scooped her up into your arms as soon as you were within reach.

“Alright, sweetheart,” you murmured, kissing her head. “Mama’s here.”

Dallas’ hands reached for your hair, and you shifted her into one arm so you could let it down from its ponytail.

Jensen kissed your temple, murmuring something about wrangling the twins before leaving to help Danneel as you made your way back to the table.

Your daughter wrapped your hair around her fingers, sucking the thumb of her other hand and calming herself down just by your proximity.

“She… is adorable,” Grant told you, as you took your seat between him and Jared once again.

“She’s a handful,” you retorted, shifting until you were both comfortable in your seat. “But this whole night is for her anyway. And for the other kids. Gotta help make the world a better place.”

“We’d love to help out,” Emily piped up, earning nods from the rest of the table. “When you start your campaign I’ll promote it for sure.”

“Yeah, us too,” Cassandra agreed. “Let us know anything we can do.”

“‘Bout what?” Shep asked, sitting in Jared’s lap.

“We’re getting some shirts designed, buddy,” you told him. “For charity, like what Daddy and Uncle Jensen do sometimes.”

“We’re helpin’ people?” he clarified, and you nodded.

“You sure are,” LA confirmed, smiling across at him. “Everyone here is helping people because of your Mama Y/N.”

“Good job,” Shep told you, making you laugh.
“Thanks, baby,” you smiled, and Jared kissed the top of his head.

Dallas shifted in your arms, leaning her head against your chest and closing her eyes.

“What time is it?” you asked Jared, and he checked his watch.

“Just after nine,” he told you, and you nodded as you looked down at the kids.

“No wonder they’re exhausted.”

“The event’s ending soon,” Jared reminded you, “Then we can all go to sleep.”

“Y’all are staying with us?” you asked the table.

“I believe so,” Cassandra confirmed.

“We’re with Jay and Danneel,” Grant added. “Figured all of us crashing your house would be a bit too much.”

“Yeah, maybe,” Jared laughed, standing up with Shep on his hip.

You got to your feet, careful not to move Dallas too much in the process.

“We should mingle a little more,” you explained, bouncing Dallas lightly. “But, seriously, thank you for coming.”

“It’s our pleasure,” Stephen told you, earning nods and hums of agreement from the others. “Thank you for sharing your story. It will help a lot of people.”

“That’s the plan,” you smiled, leaning into Jared as he wrapped his arm around your shoulders. “Then it will all be worth it.”
The video of your speech went viral. Your story was shared across the continent, everything that you’d kept secret for so long was now common knowledge, and surprisingly the response had been overwhelmingly positive.

Blogs that had previously been less than complimentary had suddenly come out in full support of you and your work. SAFE Austin had received an influx of donations, meaning that they were able to start planning for a new safehouse for women and families that they didn’t think would be possible for at least another year.

You couldn’t believe the response that you had received, your Represent campaign having sold well over the target amount within the first week, and the support from your friends, castmates, and family was limitless.

Your daughter was growing up fast, and you had agreed with the writers and producers that Trinity taking a backseat in the next season was for the best for your family along with the plot of the show; allowing your episode count to be cut meant that you could travel back to Texas more frequently, giving Dallas more time with her siblings as she grew, while still spending time with her father when you were working.

You had been back at work for almost a month by the time Dallas’ birthday came around, and Danneel and Gen brought the rest of your family up to Vancouver a few days beforehand.

You followed behind Clif to pick them up, having finally passed your test over summer, making the journey back from the airport very entertaining.

“Can Dally walk on her own yet?” JJ asked you from the back seat, your daughter strapped in happily beside her.

“Not quite yet,” you told her, causing Genevieve to laugh from the passenger seat.

“Birdie, we saw Dal a couple weeks ago, this stuff takes time,” she reminded her. “She’s still little.”

“She’s nearly one,” Tom informed you both, letting his sister grab at his fingers; Danneel and the other kids were travelling back with Clif.

“She’s getting a lot better at walking with help,” you allowed. “She’ll get there.”

“Course she will,” Gen agreed. “Can’t wait to give her a big hug at home.”

“Me first!” JJ cut in, earning a grunt of disapproval from Tom.

“Nuh-uh,” he argued. “I get first hugs, she’s my sissy.”

“Alright, no arguing,” you chided. “When we get home it will be nap time for Dallas and the twins, then we can all have cuddles.”

The kids both grumbled as Dallas let out a big yawn between them.

“Deal?” you asked, and Tom and JJ reluctantly agreed.

Genevieve looked across at you as you puffed out a breath.
“Think I forgot what it was like having multiple children,” you joked, signalling onto your block. “At this rate it’ll be nap time for me, too.”

“For all of us,” Gen agreed, looking out the window.

You couldn’t quite believe that your daughter, your baby girl, was turning one.

You had been a mother for an entire year and you were almost unrecognisable from the woman you were before. Not physically, of course, though your body was still not quite the same as it had been pre-Dallas; it was as if something had been missing for your whole life and having Dallas had taken that feeling away and replaced it with love and strength.

The morning of her birthday, you were changing Dallas’ diaper in the nursery when Gen knocked on the open door, her hair still damp from her shower.

“Come in,” you smiled, securing the new diaper and kissing your daughter’s bare stomach.

Gen walked over to the two of you, smiling down at Dallas as she reached for her.

“Ba,” your daughter gurgled. “Baba.”

“That’s right, Bambina,” Gen grinned, picking her up and kissing her cheeks. “Happy birthday, my angel.”

Your daughter laughed, clapping her hands together.

“Alright, you’re the favourite,” you told Gen, kissing her lightly and ruffling Dallas’ hair. “That means you can have the honour of dressing the birthday girl while mama takes a shower.”

“I’ll take her down when she’s dressed so you can dry your hair,” she offered, and you nodded.

“Sounds good,” you smiled. “Gonna check on the others first.”

Gen put your daughter in her crib as you left the room, knocking on the kids’ door before letting yourself in.

Danneel was in there with all of the other kids, looking rather dishevelled and smiling at you with tired eyes.

“How’s it going, Mama?” you asked, and she laughed softly.

“Ditto!” Zep shouted, grinning from her lap.

“Good morning,” you smiled, noticing that JJ was still in pyjamas and looking back to Danneel.

“I was supposed to put her in the bath this morning,” she reasoned, “But I’ve kinda got my hands full.”

You nodded, knowing Jared and Jensen were out getting things for Dallas’ birthday and not around to help.

“I’m about to have a shower,” you told her, looking down at JJ again. “Tex can come with, if she wants?”

She got to her feet instantly, stepping around Tom and Shep to take your hand.
“You sure?” Danneel asked, looking hopeful.

(Of course,” you confirmed. “Gotta get us nice and fresh for Dal’s birthday.”

“Alright, my girls,” she smiled, gratefully. “Be good for Y/N.”

“I will, Mama,” JJ promised, dragging you through into the hallway and towards the bathroom.

Jared and Jensen had been granted the day off for Dallas’ birthday, meaning all of you could spend the day as a big family. Of course, your daughter was too young to properly understand what was going on, but spending the time with all of the kids together was important to you. The boys interacting with their sister was something you would never get bored of, and Dallas being around the twins was good for her development, your daughter trying her hardest to keep up despite being nine months younger.

Bailey was revelling in the attention that naturally came along with everyone visiting, the noise of six children in the house obviously not bothering her, and she was as patient as always with each of them whenever they wanted to play.

The day was filled with Disney movies, sweet treats, and laughter. For once, the entire day passed with no tantrums from anyone, and your love for your family was reinforced tenfold.

Come evening, you were sat with Dallas asleep against your chest, the rest of the children already in bed.

“Can’t believe I’ve been a mom for a year,” you murmured for what must have been the fifth time that day.

“Time flies when you’re constantly tired,” Danneel teased, and you laughed as you stroked your daughter’s hair.

You were all in the front room, just relaxing in the peaceful quiet after the hectic day. It was nice, for once, to just sit in the content silence of each other’s company.

“A couple years ago,” you began, talking quietly and looking down at Dallas, “I wouldn’t have believed it that I would ever be a mother, let alone so fast. I didn’t want kids at all.”

Jared smiled sadly, turning his head to place a kiss to your temple.

“Then I met y’all,” you smiled, looking across at where Danneel was sat across Jensen’s lap in your armchair. “And I instantly fell pregnant because none of us know how to keep it in our pants.”

“Dits, kiddo,” Jensen chastised. “No bedroom talk around your parents.”

You laughed again, nodding in agreement.

“Yeah,” you sighed. “But seriously, meeting you all, becoming part of your family… saying it’s changed my life is an understatement. You’ve taught me how to be a parent.”

Danneel smiled, nodding.

“You’ve taught us stuff, too,” she told you. “Showed us that all we need to do to get JJ to calm down in any situation is to show her videos of you.”

“I, for one, have been taught a whole lot about sharks,” Gen added, and you grinned.
“Yeah, I ramble,” you admitted. “Just wanna thank you all for being so patient and kind. I know I’m difficult, and all my baggage… it’s not easy to deal with, but this family makes it a lot less painful.”

“You’ve been family since you joined the cast,” Jensen assured you, “You know that, right? Before the relationship, before the adoption.”

“I know,” you smiled, feeling Dallas shift against you and deciding it was time to put her into bed. “Come kiss the birthday girl goodnight.”

You got to your feet as they all did just that, taking it in turns to say goodnight to your already sleeping daughter.

You made your way upstairs, humming a lullaby as you changed Dallas into her pyjamas, the excitement of the day having warn her out enough for her not to wake up throughout the whole process.

“Goodnight, my grown up girl,” you whispered, kissing her once more as you placed her down in her crib. “Sleep well.”

Your 22nd birthday was spent in Austin, helping out at the brewery’s Halloween event during the day. You were working behind the bar, your favourite place to be while you were there, enjoying serving the customers and chatting to the rest of the staff. Within the Family Business team, every single employee you had come across were just as passionate about the business as your parents and uncle were. They all clearly loved their job, and their enjoyment was infectious whenever you were working there.

You left early, taking JJ and the twins back with you to the Padaleckis so you could all get dressed up for trick or treating with the boys.

Your costume was considerably more conservative than the skimpy cowgirl of the previous year. This year, you were dressed as Mother Gothel, with JJ as your Rapunzel and Dallas looking extremely cute in her Pascal outfit. Arrow and Zep were absolutely adorable in their little cowboy boots as Woody and Jessie, Jared joining the Toy Story theme as Andy, while Genevieve and the boys opted to be a band of pirates for the evening. Jensen and Danneel were able to have a quiet date night as you looked after the kids, giving them a chance to properly spend time together without worrying about their family, knowing that the children were well entertained and looked after. They’d argued, at first, that it should have been you, Jared, and Gen that got the night off, but you had assured them that there’s no better birthday gift than spending the night with your children and siblings.

Seeing JJ so patiently helping Dallas to walk from door to door was the highlight of your day. She had so much love for your daughter, and it warmed your heart as she slowly held her hand and took small steps so that Dallas could keep up. After a while, Tom took her other hand, your daughter a much more confident walker when she had support from both sides.

“She doesn’t even need us anymore,” you quietly complained to Jared as you walked behind with the twins. “Practically an adult already.”

“She’s such a mama’s girl,” he reminded you, ignoring your whining. “She’s never gonna stop needing you.”

You smiled, watching on as they continued to walk ahead of you, down the driveway towards the
next house. You knew that he was right.

After growing up the way you had, with such a terrible relationship with your birth mother, you had been worried that your daughter might not form a connection with you. You couldn’t have been more wrong. Your relationship with your daughter was so strong, her love for your family so obvious even though she did not yet have the vocabulary to express it.

“Mama Y/N?” Shep asked, looking back at you.

“Yes, my love?” you smiled.

“Is this a good birthday?” he enquired, making you laugh softly.

“Sheppy, this is the best birthday,” you promised him, picking Arrow up onto your hip when she tugged at your hand. “Thank you for spending it with me.”

Christmas and New Year were spent much like the year before, this time all of you agreeing not to even try to split you and JJ up on Christmas Eve night.

Dallas was a whole lot more interested in the hanging of the stockings this year, toddling over to Jensen to take hers from him when he said her name. You helped her place it next to yours above the fireplace, picking her up and kissing her cheek as you moved to sit back on the couch.

“Mama,” she giggled as you continued to kiss her face. “Mama.”

“Mama just loves you, baby,” you answered, smoothing her hair down.

“Dally happy,” Zep told you, wisely, making you laugh.

“She is, it’s Christmas.”

“Tomorrow,” Arrow corrected, making you look at Jensen in exasperation.

“These kids are too smart,” you complained. “Correcting me at two years old.”

“Ackles girls are th’ smartest,” JJ told you, getting to her feet and reaching for Dallas. “Can we go help with cookies again, please? Tom and Shep are gonna finish ‘em all.”

“Course,” you smiled, letting the pair walk ahead as you leant across to kiss Jensen’s cheek. “Happy Christmas, Grandpa.”

He scoffed, fondly pushing you away.

You’d caught him calling himself ‘Grandpa’ to your daughter when he woke her from a nap back in Vancouver, and you still hadn’t let him forget it. After all his talk about wanting to be ‘Cool Uncle Jay’ and refusing to admit that Dallas was, in act, his granddaughter, it had taken him less than a year to give in to his title of grandparent.

“Don’t make fun of me for loving my girls,” he requested as you started to leave the room.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” you told him, turning to face him with a glint in your eye as you pulled the door closed. “Grandpa.”
Your work on the season’s episodes was finished by the middle of February, so you decided to take Dallas and Bailey on a road trip down to Austin to start off your long hiatus. Besides a motel stop in mid-Washington, you made your first real road trip stop in Idaho. You stayed with Genevieve’s family for a couple of nights so that they were able to spend time with Dallas and you could hike in the beautiful countryside with Bailey, before hitting the road again in the early morning. As you entered Texas a few days later, you looked across at your daughter in her car seat and realised you were going to take an extra stop before making it to Austin.

“Gonna take a detour, baby,” you told Dallas, and she turned her head to face you. “Gonna have to wait ‘til tomorrow to see everyone.”

“Bambi?” she asked, and you laughed softly, reaching across to stroke her cheek while keeping your eyes on the road.

“Yeah, kiddo,” you told her. “But tomorrow we’ll be seeing your Bambi and your brothers, and-”

“Tes,” she interrupted you, and you nodded.

“And Tex,” you confirmed.

Your daughter’s use of language never ceased to make you smile. She knew the names of her whole family, pets included, but her pronunciation was still cute enough to make you grin. ‘JJ’ was too difficult for her to say, so she took on your nickname for her with her own 17-month-old twist. After all of the questioning you had all had about what Dallas would call Genevieve, it had grown naturally over time. As she was learning that you and Jared were her ‘mama’ and ‘dada’, your daughter had taken to calling Gen, ‘baba’. Once she was able to pronounce more consonant clusters in single words, she had taken to calling Genevieve, ‘Bambi’, which you quickly realised was because Gen still constantly referred to Dallas as her ‘bambina’.

Your daughter’s head rested back against her car seat headrest, and you turned your car radio on low, humming quietly along to the CD that had been in your car since you had first passed your test. There were still over five hours until your new destination for the night, and you were happy to have Dallas asleep for as much of it as possible.

*****

You checked into your hotel and left your bags in the room, after having found a pet-friendly suite near the city centre during your last gas station stop, before taking Dallas and Bailey for an evening walk. You found a familiar park and took a seat on the bench, getting Dallas out of her stroller and sitting her on your lap.

You pulled out your phone, opening up facetime and calling Genevieve.

Bailey sat patiently at your feet, resting her head on the bench beside you.

“Hey, girls,” Gen smiled, answering the phone on the third ring.

“Bambi!” Dallas grinned, reaching for your phone.
“Hello, Bambina,” she laughed. “Hope you’re being good for your mommy.”

“She’s an angel,” you promised. “Sorry for taking another day to come home.”

“No, don’t be,” Gen assured you. “I’m glad you’re taking some mama-baby time.”

“Bale,” Dallas added, and you nodded.

“Yeah, and Bailey.”

“But we’ll see you both tomorrow evening, right?” Gen checked. “You’re not gonna suddenly decide on another stop?”

“We’ll be back tomorrow,” you confirmed. “Can’t wait to see y’all.”

“Alright, my loves,” she smiled, blowing a kiss. “I’ll see you tomorrow. Be safe.”

“Love you,” you told her, waving so that Dallas would copy you.

You hung up, putting Dallas back in her stroller and patting Bailey’s head.

“Okay, girls, let’s get some rest,” you told them, beginning to walk back to the hotel. “We can explore more tomorrow.”

*****
Your first real Daddy-Daughter fun day with Jensen took place once they had wrapped for the season. Of course, the two of you had spent quality time together before but, as JJ assured you nearly two years beforehand, Daddy-Daughter days were a whole new level of fun.

Dallas stayed at home with Jared, Gen, and the boys when Jensen whisked you away one evening, not telling you where you were going but to pack a weekend bag. It was the first time since Dallas had been born that you spent a night away from her, but Gen sent pictures sporadically throughout the weekend without you asking her to, just knowing that seeing your daughter would calm your
nerves. Plus, you knew she was in safe hands with both Jared and Genevieve, and it was good for her to spend time with the boys without you there. You knew she was a mama’s girl and, as much as you loved how much she loved you, it was important to you that she learned to be independent from you.

The next morning, Jensen told you that he was taking you to a funfair. You’d mentioned, in passing on set once, that you had never been to a state or county fair, and Jensen had remembered that, planning the trip so that you could experience one together.

“I don’t even know where to begin,” you murmured, looking up at the entrance and back at Jensen. “I’m so excited.”

“We’ve got two days,” he reminded you, grinning. “Come on.”

*****
jensenackles Can't believe it’s only been two years since we adopted this absolute firecracker. Dits, you've completely changed our lives. I’m so grateful to be able to call myself your father. Here's to the first of many funfairs together. 💖
You were buzzing with excitement once you got back to the hotel the first night, and Jensen helpfully reminded you that it was probably due to all of the sugar.

“You’ll crash soon,” he teased, and you rolled your eyes.

“Don’t tell me I can get what I want and then tell me off for getting cotton candy,” you argued,
flopping down on your bed. “I’m always gonna get cotton candy.”

“And you’re always gonna have a sugar crash,” he reminded you, sitting on the edge of your bed. “I can’t wait for Dal to be old enough for me to fill her up with sugar and send her back to you for the crash.”

You laughed, turning your face towards him.

“Jared and Gen would be more fussed than me,” you sighed. “Actually, don’t go sugaring her up. She’s hyperactive enough as it is.”

Your phone started buzzing on the nightstand and you huffed as you moved your body to sit up.

“Bet that’s them,” Jensen murmured, getting up to grab a bottle of water.

You reached for the phone, frowning when you saw that it was your agent calling.

“Hey,” you smiled, resting the phone between your ear and shoulder as you answered. “Got me a new job already?”

“No, no. Nothing like that,” Amanda told you, and you shrugged at Jensen when he frowned at you.

“To what do I owe the pleasure?” you asked, and you could hear her take a breath.

“It’s- it’s about your mom.”

“Danneel?” you frowned, getting Jensen’s attention again.

“No, sorry,” Amanda sighed. “It’s your birth mother.”

You rolled your eyes, flopping back down into the mattress.

“Please don’t call her my mom,” you reminded her. “And if she’s sold another story I really don’t give a sh-”

“She’s in hospital, Y/N,” Amanda interrupted, and you could feel your heart start to pound. “They called me. I think she put this contact as her next of kin. She doesn’t have much time.”

You sat up slowly, Jensen sitting opposite you when he sensed something change.

“I don’t…” you swallowed, throat suddenly dry. “I don’t-”

“They’ve asked if you would go to see her,” Amanda continued, keeping her voice soft. “I think she’s been asking for you.”

You didn’t know what to say, worrying your lower lip.

“I’ll send over the details,” she told you. “Take your time, sweetheart. Just don’t leave it too long.”

You hung up the call, blinking to regain your focus as you looked over at Jensen.

“It’s my birth mom,” you whispered, and he moved to sit next to you, wrapping his arm around your shoulders.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, and you swallowed again.
“I have to see her.”
Jensen drove you over the border and into Oklahoma in silence.

You didn’t want to talk, you had far too much to think about to keep up conversation.

If what Amanda had told you was accurate, your birth mother had been asking for you. She was on her deathbed and she wanted to see you.

You couldn’t quite believe it. After everything, she wanted to see you before she passed. Maybe you would finally get the reconciliation that you didn’t realise you still craved.

“We’re five minutes out, baby,” Jensen murmured, bringing your attention back to the moment. “It’s not too late…”

He trailed off, letting you finish the sentence yourself.

“It’s not too late to change your mind. It’s not too late to turn around.

But something in the back of your brain, small and insistent, completed the sentence differently.

It’s not too late to fix things. It’s not too late to make things right.

“I want to,” you told him, meeting his eye before he looked back at the road.

He swallowed and nodded without a word, continuing to drive in silence.

“I’m sorry,” you whispered, and he looked across at you, his eyes flitting between you and the road with a gentle frown.

“What for?” he asked, and you shrugged as you looked down at your hands.

“Wanting to see her,” you mumbled, individually cracking your knuckles to distract yourself.

“After everything she’s done to me- to us.”

“Sweetheart,” Jensen sighed. “That’s not something you need to apologise for.”

You frowned down at your hands, not quite believing him.

“You frown down at your hands, not quite believing him.

“Whatever happens today, you’re still my daughter,” he told you, signalling into the hospital’s parking lot. “Me and Dee? We’re still your parents. The kids are still your siblings. Whatever happens.”

You dragged the back of your wrist under your nose, sniffing as you blinked back tears.

“Yeah?” you smiled weakly.

“Yeah,” he confirmed, backing into a space and shutting off the engine. “I’ve got you.”

*****

Jensen’s hand was resting protectively on your lower back as you made your way to reception.

He introduced the two of you to the receptionist, having to use your mother’s surname when he didn’t recognise your name as the next of kin.
“You’re here to see your mother?” he clarified, and you cleared your throat.


“Alright, a nurse will be right with you,” he smiled kindly, and you offered a tight smile back as Jensen lead you away from the desk.

“You okay?” he asked, and you nodded even though your heart was pounding.

Jensen sighed, pulling you into a hug and kissing the top of your head.

“You’re so strong,” he told you. “But you’re still shit at lying.”

You huffed a laugh, hugging him back.

“I’m a bit… I’m a bit scared,” you admitted, pulling back enough to look up at him.

“It would be crazy if you weren’t,” he murmured, brushing your hair back from your forehead. “But I’m here.”

You nodded, leaning into his palm as he cupped your cheek.

“Y/N?”

You turned to see a tall man with a folder, smiling apologetically.

“I’m here to take you to your mother.”

“Birth mother,” you replied instantly, feeling bad about it as soon as you said it and his smile faltered.

“If you’re ready?” he hedged, and you nodded, letting Jensen wrap his arm around you as you began to walk. “Have you been informed of her condition?”

Jensen squeezed your shoulder as you cleared your throat.

“She hasn’t got long,” you recalled what Amanda had told you.

“She’s awake, but yes,” he told you. “She’ll likely not make it past the weekend, which is why you were contacted.”

You swallowed, nodding to yourself.

“Drugs?” you asked, and he sighed.

“A culmination of things, but the years of drug abuse-”

“Finally caught up,” you finished, and he nodded, pausing outside a room.

“I don’t know when you last saw her but maybe prepare yourself for a bit of a shock,” he told you, resting a hand on the door handle.

“Do you want me to wait outside?” Jensen asked, and you looked up at him, wide-eyed.

“Don’t leave me,” you requested, and he squeezed your hand.

“Not until you ask me to,” he assured you, and you looked up at the nurse.

****

She was always underweight, for as long as you could remember. You knew that she was stronger than appearances would have you believe, the bruises on your body throughout your teenage years had proved that, but she always looked as if a strong breeze could knock her over and break her.

Walking into the hospital room, despite the nurse’s warning, you weren’t expecting to see what you did.

She was pale, her cheeks hollow, her skin practically hanging off of her bones. She looked, for the want of a better word, dead. If it weren’t for the rise and fall of her chest you wouldn’t know she was alive.

“There’s someone here to see you,” the nurse told her softly, and you watched as her eyes fluttered open and tried to focus.

The nurse turned to you, smiling kindly.

“She can’t talk much, but she can hear you.”

You stepped closer, noticing the moment that your birth mother recognised you.

“Hi,” you murmured.

She frowned at you, and you could feel the calming force of Jensen behind you.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, her voice low and scratchy.

“They called me,” you answered, your jaw tensing as she scoffed. “I’m your next of kin.”

“I put you as that-” her cough cut her off, and you blinked as you waited for her to stop. “I put you down to pay the bill.”

You stepped back, bumping against Jensen.

He rested his hands on your shoulders, running them reassuringly over your upper arms.

“You can leave,” she told you, breaking into a fit of coughing and wheezing again.

You let out a pained laugh, trying to stop yourself from crying as you turned to leave.

“Wait,” Jensen murmured, and you did as he asked, watching as he approached your mother.

Your eyes were prickling with unshed tears as he stood by her side, waiting for her to stop coughing.

“She got the call and dropped everything to come here,” Jensen told her, calmly. “For whatever reason, after everything you’ve done, she’s come to see you.”

“I wish she hadn’t,” she wheezed, and Jensen’s jaw ticked.

“I wish she hadn’t,” she wheezed, and Jensen’s jaw ticked.

“Yeah,” he murmured, running a hand over his face as he stepped away. “Me too.”

You held back your tears until you were out of the room, the nurse tending to your birth mother as
you followed Jensen out.

He pulled you into another hug and you started to cry, sobbing against his chest.

“I’m so sorry, baby girl,” he told you, rubbing your back as your tears continued to fall. “I shouldn’t have brought you here.”

You wanted to tell him that it wasn’t his fault, that you had wanted to come, but no words would come out as you were unable to stop crying.

“Let’s get out of here.”

*****

Jensen took you back to a hotel outside of town, answering a call from Jared on the short drive.

You had called home before you went up to Oklahoma, informing them all of the situation, and Jared had wanted to check up on you.

You could still barely speak without breaking down, so Jensen explained what went down at the hospital, and you listened as Jared offered his comfort over the phone.

You appreciated it, you really did, but you still couldn’t say anything more than a weak ‘thank you’.

When you got to the hotel, Jensen sat down beside you on your bed and wrapped an arm around your shoulders, letting you curl up into him and process what had happened.

You had finally cried yourself to sleep when your phone rang again at 5am, and Jensen answered your phone before it could wake you, speaking to the hospital staff in a hushed voice.

He let you sleep through it all, eventually moving over into his own bed in order for you to get a real rest, but he didn’t sleep a wink.

*****

You woke up to the sound of the shower running, sitting up and running your fingers through your hair. You reached for your phone, smiling at the pictures of Dallas and the boys that Gen had sent you while you were sleeping. You made to call home, pausing when you opened your phone app and saw a recent answered call from the hospital.

Your heart stopped when you realised Jensen must have answered the early morning call, and you had a sinking feeling as you contemplated what the conversation would have been about.

Your birth mother, of course. You doubted it had been good news.

You put your phone back down and got out of bed, knocking on the door of the bathroom as the shower had stopped running.

“Give me a second, sweetheart,” Jensen called back, and you nodded even though he couldn’t see it. “I’ll be right out.”

You took a clean towel from the wardrobe, draping it over your arm as you waited for him to come out.

Jensen opened the door, rubbing a towel through his hair as he stepped out of the bathroom.
“Shower’s free,” he told you cautiously, taking in your expression and dropping his hands to his sides. “You okay?”

You nodded, worrying your lip as you breathed out heavily.

“She’s gone, isn’t she?” you asked, hating that your voice cracked as you did.

Jensen sighed, nodding slowly.

You took a shaky breath, nodding back as he stepped towards you, pulling you into a hug.

You hugged back, burying your face in his neck, surprised that you weren’t crying.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart,” he murmured, and you smiled sadly as you pulled back.

“It’s okay,” you told him.

“It’s not, but I love that you’re being so brave,” he murmured, cupping your cheek. “We’re supposed to go back and pick up her things. They said we could say goodbye but-”

“I don’t want to see her,” you interrupted and he nodded.

“I thought as much. We just have to sort out her belongings,” he assured you. “We might have to stop by the apartment to make sure it’s presentable enough to be given over to the realtor.”

You nodded, swallowing hard.

“I can go on my own if you don’t want to face it,” he offered, and you shook your head.

“I’ll be okay,” you told him. “I’ll have a shower then we can make a move.”

“Alright, princess,” he smiled, kissing your cheek before making his way towards his bed. “I’m gonna give Dee a call.”
Chapter 48

You directed Jensen to your mother’s apartment after collecting her things from the hospital, your hands playing with the keys in your lap.

“There’s parking to the left,” you murmured as he turned onto the block.

Jensen nodded, pulling into an empty spot and shutting off the engine.

Neither of you moved, both just sat staring out of the windscreen blankly.

“I can go up alone,” Jensen offered after a while. “I understand if you don’t want to.”

You shook your head as you unbuckled your seatbelt.

“I’ve got this,” you assured him, getting out of the car.

*****

You deliberately ignored the shaking of your hand as you unlocked the front door of the complex, and you were grateful that Jensen didn’t mention it at all.

You lead him up the stairs without a word, pausing on the second floor landing as your heart started to thump.

“This is where I woke up after she pushed me,” you commented, your voice light as you continued up the final flight of stairs.

“Y/N,” Jensen murmured, but you spoke before he could continue.

“Good times,” you joked. “Fun memories.”

You knew he was going to chastise you so you tried not to give him the opportunity, opening the apartment door and stepping inside.

Everything looked exactly the same. The same ancient wallpaper, the same flooring, the same rug under the same coffee table.

The same couch.

A lump grew in your throat as you looked at the couch, turning to face Jensen as you motioned to it.

“So this was my bed,” you told him, keeping your tone light, as if you were the current owner showing him the property. “This is where they raped me.”

Your voice cracked on the word as it always did, so you turned away to continue your tour.

“Hey,” Jensen said, softly, as he gently turned you back to face him with a hand on your shoulder. “Sweetheart, it’s okay to feel things.”

You looked down, unable to meet his eye.

“You don’t have to be okay with being back here,” he continued. “This place was hell for you.”
You nodded, sniffing as you felt your nose begin to run and your eyes fill with tears.

“You’re so brave,” he whispered, “So strong to even have come to the city after everything that happened here. You’re allowed to feel whatever you’re feeling. And, with me, you’re allowed to let your guard down and be vulnerable.”

You clenched your jaw to stop the tears from falling.

“If I don’t joke about it I’ll cry,” you told him, teeth clenched, and he pulled you into a hug so he could offer you comfort without forcing you to look at him.

“Then cry,” he whispered, his hand cradling the back of your head.

You shook your head against him but he held firm, shushing you gently and rubbing your back until you couldn’t hold in the tears any longer.

“It’s okay,” Jensen murmured, kissing the top of your head. “Let it out, baby. You’ll never have to come back here again. You’ll never be hurt like that again.”

He could feel you shaking with sobs against him, and with every broken sound that escaped you his heart lurched for you.

He knew that you had been through a lot in this apartment, you had been slightly more open about everything since holding your event, but he’d never fully appreciated just how much it had affected you. Holding you as you sobbed in the middle of a room that caused you so much pain, he realised just how strong you were.

“Hey,” he murmured once you had stopped shaking, pulling back enough to cup your face in his hands.

“Hey,” you sniffed, offering a weak smile.

He smiled back, wiping your cheeks with his thumbs.

“You are amazing,” Jensen told you, causing you to frown slightly. “Don’t look at me like that. You are incredible, sweetheart.”

“I’m crying like a baby,” you reminded him, sniffing.

“It would be fucking weird if you weren’t,” he whispered, the bluntness taking you by surprise. “I’m serious. But the fact that it took you being back here for you to break down like this…”

He trailed off, leaning forward to kiss your forehead.

“You are so strong,” he told you. “The strongest woman I know; and I know your mama.”

“Now you’re just being nice to me because I’m sad,” you protested, and he shook his head.

“I’m being nice to you because you deserve it,” he corrected, and you swallowed, looking down at your feet. “And because I want you to have at least one good memory in this hell hole; one memory of your parent being honest with you. The memory of me telling you how proud I am of you.”

You smiled sadly, wrapping your arms around his shoulders and kissing his cheek.

“Thank you,” you whispered, pulling back completely and wiping your cheeks. “Now let’s get this shit sorted so we can get out of here.”
Luckily there wasn’t much in your birth mother’s apartment that you really needed to sort through. All of the clothes went into a bag to be donated to charity, and most of the furniture could be left in the apartment as it was in good enough condition to be kept by the next tenants. The couch, however, Jensen insisted was taken to a recycling centre and disposed of. You weren’t going to argue about that.

You left to go back to your hotel, allowing Jensen to organise the apartment to be cleaned before handing everything back over to the landlord.

After a shower to wash away the horrible feeling that being back in that place had left on you, you sat down on your bed and called home while Jensen was out getting you something to eat.

Jared answered the call with Dallas sat on his lap, the sight of the two of them causing tears to well in your eyes before you had even said ‘hello’.

“Oh, Mama,” Jared sighed, smiling sympathetically. “How are you holding up?”

You laughed, wiping your eyes with the hand not holding your phone.

“I’m just happy to see you both,” you assured him.

“We’re happy to see you, too,” he promised. “Aren’t we, little bean?”

“Yah,” Dallas agreed, playing with her daddy’s hands as they were holding her waist. “Home soon?”

“Soon enough, baby,” you told her, smiling sadly. “Are you being good for Daddy and Bambi?”

“She is,” Jared nodded. “We had the twins round for a sleepover last night to give Dee a bit of a break and they were all angels.”

“Gonna give you such a big hug when I get back,” you told your daughter. ”Been missing you so much.”

“What about Daddy?” Jared asked, and you laughed as you noticed the glint in his eye.

“I’ve missed Daddy, too,” you replied. “I’m sure he’ll get a little more than a hug when I come home.”

“Gross,” Jensen groaned, having entered the hotel room while you were answering.

“Whosat?” Dallas questioned, the sound catching her attention.

You switched the camera over to show Jensen as he walked towards you, handing you a paper bag.

“Grampal!” Dallas laughed, and Jensen grinned at the sound of her voice.

“Yeah, Grandpa is here, baby,” he told her, sitting beside you so you could turn the camera and have you both in view for your daughter.

“Hi,” Dallas grinned, and Jensen smiled back.

“Hello, gorgeous,” he replied, his words causing her to preen. “I’ve been looking after your mommy for you, I promise.”

*****
“Goo’boy.”

You laughed at her response, knowing she’d picked up the phrase from how you all spoke to Arlo, Oscar, and Icarus.

“He’s the best boy,” you smiled, resting your head on his shoulder. “We’ve gotta go or our food will get cold but I’ll talk to you tomorrow. Okay, sweets?”

Your daughter nodded, and you smiled.

“I’ll text you later,” Jared told you before addressing Jensen. “Take care of her.”

“Always,” Jensen agreed, blowing Dallas a kiss and making her giggle before hanging up.

You smiled as you placed your phone down beside you, picking up the takeout bag and looking inside.

“You’re an angel,” you told your father, pulling out the foil-wrapped burrito he’d picked up for you.

“I know.”

*****

You and Jensen were staying in Oklahoma until the funeral on Thursday, the two of you having rushed it through due to just wanting it all to be over, so you decided to take your father on a trip down memory lane. A good one, this time.

You woke up in the morning before Jensen got up, leaving the hotel to get him breakfast from the diner that you worked for at weekends during your high school years.

It wasn’t until the bell rang above the door as you entered that you remembered that you might be recognised in Empire City.

“Oh, my God,” the woman behind the counter beamed. “Y/N?”

“Hey,” you smiled, walking into your old boss’ embrace as she practically ran from behind the service counter to hug you. “Long time, no see.”

“What’re you doing back here?” Rosa asked, leading you over to the counter and offering you a bar stool. “Is work really that thin that you’re back here handing in your resume?”

You laughed, nodding.

“Yeah, leaving Supernatural really hit me hard,” you joked, and she rolled her eyes.

“I don’t believe you for a second, sugar,” she smiled.

“No, I’m not looking for work,” you finally answered her. “I’m actually showing my dad around the place I grew up, at the moment. Starting with my favourite diner breakfast.”

Rosa beamed, scribbling down an order before you even told her what you wanted, putting it on the pass to the kitchen and dinging the bell as if it were the most important order in the world.

“To go,” you reminded her, and she nodded, repeating your words in a yell back to the kitchen. “What have you ordered me?”
“Your usual,” she smiled. “The same order I’d have made up for you every Saturday morning before your shift. Times two, for your new handsome dad.”

You rolled your eyes at the comment on Jensen’s looks.

“At least let me pay, this time,” you requested, reaching for your wallet.

“Nope,” she told you, stubbornly.

“Rosie,” you laughed softly. “I must owe this place thousands by now. Let me pay for this.”

“Sugar, you’ve not paid for a meal the whole time I’ve known you,” she reminded you. “You’re famous now. Just leave us a good review on TripAdvisor under your real name.”

You knew she was joking but you got your phone out to do as she’d asked anyway.

“That will get us more custom without you spending a dime.”

“You realise I have money now, right?” you questioned. “Like… more money than I know what to do with.”

“I know that,” Rosa smiled, waving at another customer as he left and nodding one of the servers over to clear his table. “I also know you have a little girl and two boys to spend every penny on.”

“I’ll put it in the college fund,” you assured her.

“Good,” she smiled. “Now, tell me about your life. It’s been a while.”

*****

You returned to your hotel room, food in hand, with a huge smile on your face.

Learning from past experiences, you had left Jensen a note telling him where you were going, so by the time you got back he was dressed and ready for the day. No more panicking that you’d run away in the night.

“Fresh from the finest diner in town,” you told him, handing him a container of food before taking a seat at the desk with your own.

“Thank you, darlin’,” Jensen smiled, opening the box and laughing softly.

“My old boss made us my usual,” you explained as he frowned down at the food in front of him. “Pancakes and waffles with sausage, eggs, and syrup.”

“The fact that you’re not 500lbs still surprises me,” he teased, and you rolled your eyes.

“Waffles and pancakes?”

“Also known as the Y/N Special,” you informed him. “Customers started asking for it after a while. Like a secret menu item.”

“Two of everything, please,’ isn’t a secret menu item, kiddo,” Jensen teased, and you baulked at his tone.

“How dare you, sir?” you defended. “There is no bacon here.”

Jensen laughed, a real laugh with crinkles forming at the corners of his eyes and his head thrown
back, and you smiled back at him.

“Dig in,” you told him, uncapping the little tub of maple syrup. “It’s best if you just put everything together.”

“Syrup on eggs?” he questioned and you nodded as you took your first bite, groaning as the taste took you back to the few good memories that you had in the city.

“Syrup on eggs.”

*****

You took Jensen on a tour of the good memories that you had in Empire City - from the high school where you were scouted, to the bakery you’d started your birthday tradition at - and by the time you got back to the hotel Jensen felt like he knew you even better than he did before.

He had heard you talk about these places fleetingly over the past couple of years, however being there with you and seeing you interact with those places really let him in to your past.

You were woken up the next morning by a phone call, and you groaned as you answered your cell without fully opening your eyes.

“Mornin’,” you grunted, flopping back down into your pillows.

“Morning, princess,” Jared laughed lightly. “What’s your room number? Gonna send you up some breakfast.”

“214,” you yawned. “Grandpa’s gonna want OJ.”

“Alright, sweetheart,” he replied fondly. “I’ll add OJ to the order.”

“Thanks, baby,” you sighed, rubbing your eyes. “Can I call you back when I’m awaker?”

“That’s not a word,” he reminded you and you groaned. “Of course you can. Room service will be up in a few.”

“Love you,” you yawned again, finally sitting up.

“You too,” he told you. “Speak to you later.”

You hummed an agreement before hanging up the phone and stretching your arms above your head, revelling in the satisfying pop of your spine as you did so.

“Gen?” Jensen guessed of the phonecall, and you shook your head as you turned to face him.

“Jared,” you answered. “He’s sending us up some breakfast.”

Jensen nodded, reaching for his phone.

“Am I taking first shower?” you guessed, and he nodded again, making no attempt to even sit up.

*****

Jensen was in the bathroom when a knock came on the hotel room door, and you tossed your hairbrush onto the bed and grabbed a tip from your wallet before going to answer.
“Morning,” you smiled as you opened the door, the rest of the words dying in your throat as you took in what greeted you in the hallway.

Standing where you had expected a member of hotel staff to be with a breakfast cart was Jared Padalecki himself, your daughter in one arm and a large paper bag in the other.

“Oh, my God,” you breathed, reaching for your daughter and bringing her into your arms. “Oh, my God.”

“Mornin’,” Dallas smiled, placing a big kiss on your cheek.

Jared stepped past you into the room, taking the ten dollar bill from your hand and placing the bag on the desk.

“Thanks for the tip,” Jared commented, and you laughed softly as you shifted your daughter onto your hip.

“Come here,” you requested, and Jared stepped closer, letting you tuck his hair behind his ear. “I’ve missed you.”

“We’ve missed you, too,” he murmured as you brought him in for a kiss, ignoring the way that Dallas was wriggling to get down.

Jared kissed back, and you melted into the sense of ‘home’ that you got from just being near to him.

You relented, placing Dallas down on the bed and wrapping your arms around Jared to kiss him properly.

He smiled into the kiss, carding his hands into your hair.

“Grampa!” Dallas giggled, standing up on your bed as Jensen emerged from the bathroom, and you broke apart in time to see a grin grow on his face.

“Hey, gorgeous,” he beamed, picking her up into a bear hug. “What’re you doing here?”

“Daddy,” Dallas explained, pointing to Jared as he stood beside you.

“We figured y’all could use some company the next couple days,” Jared reasoned, and Jensen nodded, kissing your daughter’s temple as she sat happily on his hip, resting her head on his shoulder.

“How’s Gen?” you asked Jared as he started retrieving breakfast items from the bag he had brought with him, “And the boys?”

“They’re doing good,” he assured you, handing a pastry and an orange juice over to Jensen’s free hand. “Everyone’s just been missing you a whole lot.”

“We’ll be home soon,” you sighed. “Just gotta get Thursday out of the way, first.”

*****

You didn’t sleep properly on Wednesday night. Of course you didn’t. It was the night before your birth mother’s funeral and all you could think of was the terrible, terrible things that she put you through.
You had been staying in a family room with Jared and Dallas, but when you couldn’t sleep you made your way back to room 214.

Letting yourself in with your keycard, you made your way over to the bed you had used for the first few nights until Jensen’s voice stopped you.

“Come here,” he murmured groggily, making space for you in his bed.

You got in next to him, letting him place the covers over you.

“I’m getting too old to share the bed with my dad,” you argued weakly.

Jensen shook his head as he reached for your hand, bringing it up to his lips.

“Never,” he whispered. “Not as long as you need me.”

You smiled slightly as he pulled you closer, tucking your face into his neck.

“This time tomorrow it’ll all be over,” he reminded you, and you nodded against him. “Let’s get some rest, sweetheart.”

*****

Jensen, on your request, had arranged a notice to be put in the local paper of the time and location of your mother’s funeral. You wanted anyone who knew her and cared about her to be able to say goodbye properly.

Jared and Jensen were by your side all morning, sitting at the back of the service hall with you and Dallas as you watched a few people that you didn’t recognise settle in.

Five minutes before it was due to start you turned as the doors opened, tears prickling in your eyes as you saw Danneel enter the crematorium.

You got to your feet, walking towards her despite being desperate to run.

“T’m here, baby,” she smiled sadly as you practically fell into her arms. “I’m here. We’re gonna be okay.”

“Thank you for coming,” you whispered.

Danneel kissed your head, wrapping her arm around your shoulders and leading you back into the room.

Jared and Jensen were stood with Dallas, meeting you in the aisle and moving to sit in the row behind the rest of the attendees so as not to be quite so far removed.

*****

A few people entered minutes after the short service started, but you kept looking straight forward, your arms wrapped around Dallas as she sat on your lap.

The whole thing was very generic - there were no readings of her favourite poems or eulogies by people that would miss her - and you were surprised to find yourself feeling absolutely nothing as her coffin was taken behind the curtain.

Once the service was over, Jared immediately took Dallas to a park as a treat for sitting so well
while you and your parents stayed behind. You waited for everyone to leave before getting to your feet, smiling at Jensen and Danneel as they stood with you.

“You ready?” Jensen asked, and you nodded, letting Danneel take your hand and lead you out into the aisle.

You looked back at Jensen when you realised he wasn’t following you out of the row, and you found him looking towards the doorway.

You turned to see what he was staring at, your mouth suddenly going dry as you saw a familiar man stood, watching you.

He waved slightly as he noticed you looking at him.

“Who is that?” Danneel asked quietly, but you didn’t respond.

You couldn’t form any coherent thoughts other than wondering what he was doing there and why he was waving like you were old friends.

Rather than replying, you walked straight towards the man, Jensen and Danneel following after sharing a look of confusion.

“Hi,” he breathed as you stopped in front of him. “It’s good to see you.”

You swallowed, folding your arms, and he faltered.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know if you know who I am,” he smiled awkwardly. “My name’s-”

“I know what your name is,” you interrupted. “I know who you are.”

He nodded, swallowing as you turned to your parents.

“This is the guy who knocked up my birth mom and then abandoned us both,” you told them, turning back to face him. “This… this is my father.”
“This is my father.”

Jensen raised his eyebrows before taking a step forward towards your father.

“What are you doing here, man?” he asked, sounding more tired than anything else. “We’ve had a real long week, we don’t need any more drama.”

“I don’t want drama,” your father told him, raising his hands in defence. “I just… I came to talk to Y/N.”

“It’s a bit late for that,” you told him, leaning into Danneel as she wrapped an arm around you.

“Look, Y/N, your mom—”

“Birth mom,” Danneel corrected, and he nodded.

“Sorry,” he apologised. “Whatever your birth mom said about me… I’m not sure it’s entirely true.”

“So you show up now?” you questioned, irritated. “After she’s died? Now she can’t speak for herself, you show up to tell me that she’s a liar as well as a shit mom?”

“Y/N,” Jensen tried to soothe you but you shook your head.

“It’s bullshit,” you argued, looking directly at your biological father. “I hated my mom for what she did to me. But I hated you more.”

Tears started to fill your eyes, hot and angry as you swallowed hard.

“You left me with her,” you seethed. “You left me to grow up with her without so much as a birthday card, then you turn up at her funeral—”

“I- I sent birthday cards,” he interrupted, the same look of confusion on his face that you felt at his next words, “Every year until you moved away. I sent a card and a cheque.”

“You… what?” you asked, taken aback.

“For college, or- or a car, or something,” he expanded, taking in the surprised looks on all of your faces. “Look, can I buy you a coffee? Just one. Just so we can talk somewhere that isn’t a crematorium.”

You looked between Danneel and Jensen, finding them both with carefully neutral expressions.

“Can I have a minute to think?” you requested, quietly, and your father nodded.

“Of course,” he agreed, opening his wallet and handing you a business card. “Just call, or text if you- if you decide you want to meet. I’m in town until tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you,” Danneel smiled slightly, and he nodded as he turned to walk away.

He turned back after only a step or two, and you swallowed as you waited for him to speak.

“If you don’t call, I can’t leave without you knowing that I really do care about you,” he told you,
looking at the floor. “I always have.”

*****

You decided to meet with your father that afternoon, after having talked it through with Jared and your parents.

For as long as you could remember, you had hated the guy.

Your mother had always told you that he left her when she was pregnant because he didn’t want you. It had been one of the things she said to you in the long list of ways that you ruined her life.

Yet, from what he was telling you, he had cared about you.

You had to hear him out, even just for one coffee.

Danneel came with you, leaving Jensen and Jared to keep Dallas entertained as you didn’t want your daughter to be involved at all.

You arrived at the cafe a few minutes earlier than planned, surprised to see your father there already.

You began to approach his table until Danneel placed a hand on your arm, leaning in to talk to you quietly.

"I don't know his name," she admitted, and you grimaced slightly as you continued walking.

"I'll introduce you," you told her, smiling awkwardly as you rested your hands on the back of the chair across from your biological father.

He stood impulsively, looking between the two of you with a hopeful smile.

"Mom, this is Michael," you introduced, motioning to him and then Danneel in turn. "Michael, my mom."

"Danneel," she informed him, shaking his hand before looking to the counter. "I'll go grab us a drink."

You looked at her, a mixture of general anxiety and outright fear running through you that Michael obviously picked up on from your expression.

"You can both go," he offered. "Or- or I can order for you and you can stay here. I don't want you to be uncomfortable."

You swallowed, feeling your cheeks start to heat as you looked at the floor.

"Thank you," Danneel accepted the offer, telling him your order before sitting down and urging you to do the same.

"Sorry," you murmured, causing her to laugh softly.

"You're a big wuss," she told you, and your jaw dropped until she tapped your chin to close it. "You are. But judging by the way he handled that…”

She trailed off, and you raised an eyebrow.
"He's trying to make you comfortable," she pointed out, and you looked down at your hands. "Maybe cut him some slack."

You nodded, stopping yourself from picking at your nails by placing your hands on the table in front of you.

****

Michael explained everything to you while you just sat and took it all in.

According to his record of events, his relationship with your mother was very short. They were young and experimenting and, by the time he found out she was pregnant, his family had moved and he’d transferred schools.

“*I tried to support her,*” Michael had told you. “*I got a job, to save for the baby. But she told me she didn’t want my help.*”

Apparently she’d taken his family moving as a personal attack on her pregnancy, despite Michael not even knowing that she was pregnant at the time.

He kept saving from that job, and he sent the money in birthday and Christmas cards addressed to you, specifically.

“*It wasn’t until I got married that I realised you might not have been getting my cards, so I tried to disguise them.*”

“*Married?*” you had asked, and he nodded. “*Does she know?*”

“*Yes,*” he had nodded again. “*She gave me the idea to send the cards a week or two early, in plain brown envelopes so that your birth mom wouldn’t open them.*”

Of course, she opened all of your mail and you never received any of it.

Michael had contacted her, apparently, around your sixteenth birthday, asking if he could meet you. She had told him that you wanted nothing to do with him, and she had told you the same of him when you asked.

Your only contact had come from that one Twitter message back when you first got cast, and you had blocked him on everything after your blunt response.

You felt bad about that, now.

Sitting opposite him as he opened up about it all made you feel like you’d done something really horrible.

“I thought you didn’t want me,” you murmured, playing with your coffee cup as Danneel’s hand rubbed slow, soothing circles into your back.

“I realised that when I- when I watched the video,” Michael told you, meeting your eye before looking back down. “From your event with SAFE.”

You nodded, biting your lip.

“I’m so sorry that happened to you,” he murmured, but you just shrugged.

“It’s fine,” you told him, and Danneel spoke up for the first time in the conversation.
“It’s not,” she corrected. “But she’s strong. So strong.”

Michael returned her sad smile before looking at you.

“In your speech, you said I never wanted you,” he recalled, “And it wasn’t until then that I realised what she’d done. That she’d kept us from each other by saying we didn’t want to meet.”

You nodded, putting down your cup and giving yourself a moment to think it over.

“Your wife,” you began, folding your hands in your lap, “Does she know who I am?”

“Yes,” he answered, swallowing. “She knew I had a daughter when we met, and she knew your name from the cards I would send you. I’d love you to meet her. And... and my girls, if possible.”

“You have daughters?” you questioned, feeling Danneel tense slightly beside you.

“Yes,” he smiled, his eyes lighting up as he reached for a photograph in his pocket and slid it across the table to you. “Emma just turned thirteen, Kira’s almost eleven.”

“They look like you,” you murmured, not sure what else to say. “Do they... do they know about me?”

“They know that I have another daughter,” he hedged. "They don't know their sister is Y/N Ackles, though."

"I'm not their sister," you blurted, causing his face to fall slightly. "I'm sorry. I just- I'm not."

"I understand," he nodded, and you shook your head.

"I'm not sure that you do," you told him, watching his face fall further. "I really am sorry, I'm not trying to be a dick. I know that this... that it's not what you wanted to hear."

"It's okay," he assured you. "Tell me what you're thinking."

"I have two sisters," you began, and he nodded. "No. Their names are Justice and Arrow. I have a brother called Zeppelin."

You looked at Danneel, finding her carefully looking at the table.

"Michael," you sighed, "I'm glad you came, and I'm really glad I heard your side of everything, but I have a family. Jensen is my dad, he and Danneel are my parents and genetics aren't going to change that."

Michael nodded in understanding as you passed the picture of his daughters back to him.

“I appreciate you giving me a chance to talk,” he told you. “I understand that we’re not... I know we’re not your family.”

He looked at Danneel, smiling apologetically.

“I didn’t mean to get in the middle of what you have,” he told her, meeting your eye and pausing, figuring out what to say next. “It would mean a lot to me if you would meet them.”

“Your daughters?” you clarified, and he nodded.

“Just once,” he added, hastily. “They- they don’t even have to know who you are. Emma watches
your show, so she knows you as Trinity and she follows your socials, but that’s all they have to know. They won’t know that you’re their- that you’re biologically related. I just… just one picture of the three of you together. That’s all I want.”

You swallowed, not knowing what to say.

“Can you give her some time?” Danneel asked, starting to rub your back again. “Today has been a lot.”

“Of course,” Michael agreed. “Of course. You have my number, right?”

“Right,” you confirmed, absentmindedly.

“We have your number,” Danneel smiled kindly. “Thank you. For reaching out, I mean.”

“I had to,” he laughed slightly, scratching the back of his neck and pushing his chair away from the table. “Thank you for coming.”

You stood as he did, and you accepted his handshake.

“It was good to meet you,” you told him, mostly because you felt like you should.

“It really was,” Michael smiled, genuinely meaning it as he shook Danneel's hand. “Both of you. I’m… I’m really glad we did this.”

You smiled awkwardly through the goodbyes, grateful when Danneel pulled you into a hug as Michael left the shop.

"You did great," she murmured, and you nodded.

You pulled back, running a hand through your hair as you absentmindedly surveyed the café until your eyes lingered on the man waiting at the counter.

"Oh, my God," you breathed as recognition dawned on you, and Danneel frowned, turning towards the direction you were looking in.

"Who's that?" she asked, concerned until she realised you were grinning and making your way towards him.

"Oh, my God!" you exclaimed, louder, getting his attention as you approached him.

He turned to face you with a frown, taking a moment to realise who you were before he threw his arms around you in a warm hug.

"Y/N?" he asked, pulling back and resting his hands on your shoulders as you nodded up at him.
"Look at you. You're all grown up!"

You grinned, turning to wave Danneel over as she was watching you in confusion.

"Mama, this is James," you explained and realisation dawned on her face.

"From your 16th?" she clarified, and you nodded.

Danneel pulled James into a hug, taking you both by surprise as she held him tight.

"Thank you," she told him as she pulled back. "Thank you for looking out for her."
"She told you about me?" he asked, bemused.

"She did," Danneel smiled. "She tells her daughter about you, too."

You could feel your cheeks heat up at the admission, and the fact that James was beaming at you had the blush growing even deeper.

"You have a daughter?" he asked, and you nodded, pulling your phone out.

"Her name's Dallas," you told him, lighting up your cell and showing him the picture of her and Jared on your lock screen.

"She's gorgeous," he told you, accepting his takeout coffee from the barista as she politely got his attention. "You've told her about me?"

"You're... pretty instrumental in how she got her name," you admitted, and he let out a slow breath.

"Wow," he breathed, opening his mouth to speak until his watch beeped. "Oh, God, I'm gonna be late but I want to keep talking."

You laughed softly, shaking your head.

"I don't want to make you late," you told him as Danneel pulled a pen from her purse and began scrawling on a napkin.

"Y/N's personal number," she explained, handing it over to James. "We'd really love to stay in touch."

James looked to you with a raised brow, making sure it was alright with you that he had your number.

"Please do," you smiled. "I'm so happy I bumped into you."

"Me too," he agreed, giving you a quick, one armed hug before starting to head for the door. "I'll text you!"

"Can't wait," you smiled, meeting Danneel's eye to find her watching you with a fond smile.

“What?”

“I’m really glad we came here,” she told you, squeezing your shoulder.

“Yeah,” you bit your lip through a smile. “Yeah, me too.”

****

James texted you after his meeting, and you let him know that you were going home but he was always welcome to visit. In fact, you encouraged him to come down so you could show him around Austin like he'd shown you Dallas all those years ago.

You drove back that evening, keen to get back to normal.

Jared was getting your bags from the trunk while you carried Dallas’ sleepy form back into the house.

“We’re home!” you called out, apologising to your daughter as she groaned in protest.
“It’s been a long day, huh?” you whispered, kissing the top of her head as you quietly made your way inside.

“Mhm,” she hummed.

“In the kitchen!” Gen called back, just the sound of her voice perking Dallas up instantly.

“Bambi!” she giggled, squirming to get down.

You carefully put her down just outside the kitchen, letting her run through with all the speed that a 22 month old could muster.

"Ciao, Bambina," Genevieve laughed as you followed her in, watching as she swooped her up into her arms and kissed her cheeks.

She nodded at Tom and Shep as they looked at her expectantly, and they got up and walked over to you.

"I've missed you, boys," you told them, crouching down as Tom handed you something before throwing his arms around you. "Thank you, baby."

He pulled back and you looked down at the handmade card in your hands.

*Welcome home Mama Y/N!* was scrawled on the front in Tom's handwriting, and you opened it to find *We love u x* from Shep.

"I love you, too," you told them, kissing them both on the cheek before getting to your feet again. "Have you been good for Mama?"

"Yeah, I helped walk the dogs," Tom told you proudly.

"An' I did the chickens," Shep added, making you grin as you walked over to Gen and Dallas.

"Ciao, bella," Gen smiled, and you pressed a firm kiss to her lips.

"Love the Italian," you murmured, and she stole another quick kiss as you were about to pull back. "Love the card."

"That's all the boys' idea," she told you, and your heart swelled with love as you smiled down at them both. “They’ve been missing you loads, wanted to go with Dad and Dal when they left.”

“But then Mama would be all alone,” you reminded the boys, and they both shrugged.

“Wanted to go with Sissy,” Tom told you, and you ruffled his hair.

“Well Sissy and Mama Y/N are home now,” you smiled, wrapping an arm around Gen’s waist and leaning against her as she held Dallas on her opposite hip. “Not gonna leave again for a long time.”

“Apart from conventions,” Gen murmured, and you grimaced.

“Oh, yeah,” you agreed. “Apart from cons, but that’s just a couple days.”

“Daddy’s home, too,” Jared spoke from the doorway, looking down at the boys as they barely even reacted to his presence.

“Daddy’s clearly not as exciting as Mama Y/N,” Gen teased, and Jared growled jokingly as he
approached the boys.

He scooped Tom and Shep up together, one in each arm, and kissed both of their cheeks.

“We saw you on Tuesday,” Tom reminded him, and Shep nodded in agreement.

“Mama Y/N’s been gone a whole week.”

“Dad’s old news, I get it,” he sighed, putting them down.

Gen pouted in sympathy, and you took Dallas from her so she could go to Jared.

“It’s okay, I missed you,” she told him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders and going up on tiptoes to kiss him in greeting. “Our bed is far too big for me to be in there alone.”

“We shared with Mama,” Shep told you, and you raised an eyebrow at her as Jared let her go from their hug.

“And Bailey and Arlo and Koda,” Tom added, making Jared roll his eyes.

“So me and Y/N leave and all the rules go out the window?” he questioned, and Gen put on her best hopeful smile.

“She was lonely,” you defended, unable to resist that look.

“Alright,” Jared relented, smiling as he leaned down to kiss Gen again.

He pulled back, looking at the clock on the oven and then down at his kids.

“I think it’s past everyone’s bedtime,” he told them, and Gen agreed when the boys groaned.

“You could stay up to welcome everyone home, that was the deal,” she reminded them. “Upstairs. Mama Y/N will come up for stories after Dallas has gone down.”

They grumbled in agreement as they did as they were told, and you felt Dallas get heavier in your arms as she drifted off.

You smiled down at her before looking across at Jared and Gen.

“Bedtime,” you confirmed.

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