

Daddy's home

It's a little past midnight and an utter silence has filled the apartment. A few steps away from the kitchen, two people occupied the living room, sitting in the dark.

Suddenly, a key opening the front door could be heard from a distance. Unbeknown to the house's residents, a figure slightly pushed the door open and entered the house.

"Jagi, I'm home" Taehyung announced but received no answer. He walked into the kitchen but nobody was there either. Upon entering the living room, he finally glimpsed two figures statically seated next to one another on the sofa.

"Jagi?" he gently caressed her hair worried that he might alarm her, however he failed to get a response. In that moment, he tried to reach out for the blanket resting on the couch's arm to cover her, only to be startled by a hand pulling on his trench coat.

"Daddy?" a little voice spoke.

"Hey there, little princess" Taehyung smiled "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you".

"It's okay, I wasn't sleeping anyways. Mommy was waiting for you too, but she spent a long night trying to put me to bed and she ended up falling asleep instead" little Shay confessed.

"I see, so this is your doing then?" he asked his daughter as she naughtily chuckled "Come, I'll tuck you in".

"But Mommy said I could have cereal once you come home" she mischievously urged.

Taehyung eyed her in amusement "Did she now? Did she also tell you that you could watch TV with Daddy once he's home?"

Sensing that her father has caught on her lie, the infant hugged his leg and lamented "How about one bowl of cereal and a story?"

Amused by the little girl's boldness, Taehyung grabbed his daughter and lifted her up "How about no cereal and a story?"

"Deal, but only if it's about Babar" Little Shay requested.

Obligated by the toddler's demand, Taehyung tucked her in bed and picked up her favorite bedtime story. He then removed his trench coat, rolled up his right arm's sleeve and initiated his storytelling by using his arm as a puppet. He has been reading these kinds of stories to his daughter ever since he

showed her his “Elephant” moles and was surprised by how entertained she was with them as a baby. Three years later, Babar’s active role-play still remained her favorite lullaby.

Although she tried so hard to fight the slumber, little Shay eventually fell asleep which took her worn out father three stories and a bonus game. Once he made sure that she was sound asleep, Taehyung finally put the book down and kissed his daughter good night after he fixed her bed.

“Well it took you long enough” an external voice abruptly whispered from afar.

Taehyung turned to find his sleepy wife standing by the bedroom door, barely keeping her balance from the obvious exhaustion.

“You didn’t have to leave your spot” he stated “I was coming back for you”.

“Were you now?” she teased “Well it’s still not too late; we can always pick up where we left off yesterday”.

Without wasting a second Taehyung walked towards her, lifted her off the floor and carried her on his shoulder.

“Ya Tae, slow down! You’re making me dizzy” she begged.

“Sorry Jagi” Taehyung slowly put her down until her feet met the floor “I got excited when you mentioned last night”.

His wife scanned him from head to toe “Too excited from what I see”.

Smirking at her provocative comment, he calmly picked her up again bridal-style and led her to the master bedroom “Feeling better, now?”

“Yes” she put her hands around his neck and planted a trail of warm kisses down his jaw line “But there is one more thing that will make me feel much better”.

“Say no more” he arrived near the bedroom and kicked the door open “Daddy’s home”.