

Realisation

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Realisation

by [curly184](#)

Summary

Ron lifts his head off the pillow, just enough to glance over Eugene's shoulder and see a mass of curly hair and the small form of Robbie cuddled against Eugene.

Ron wakes to the soft morning light flooding the bedroom, the warmth of Eugene close beside him. He turns, curling around Eugene, pressing himself flush against the smaller man's body, wrapping an arm around him. Eugene mutters sleepily but otherwise doesn't stir, determined to savour the last twenty minutes of sleep before his alarm sounds. Ron trails his hand down Eugene's lean stomach until he pushes his fingers under the waistband of the man's pyjama pants. He can think of far better ways to spend these last twenty minutes. He lets out a half frustrated, half playful growl when Eugene immediately swats his hand away. Ron lifts his head off the pillow, just enough to glance over Eugene's shoulder and see a mass of curly hair and the small form of Robbie cuddled against Eugene. He can't help but smile at the sight of his son sleeping next to Eugene.

Ron had been apprehensive about introducing Robbie to Eugene. Robbie was the result of an ill-advised fling with his friend Margaret five years ago, both on the rebound after messy and painful breakups.

Although he and Margaret remained firm friends, and always put Robbie's wellbeing above everything else, Ron felt guilt that he had somehow cheated his son out of the traditional family life and conventional upbringing he had enjoyed. The last thing he wanted to do was add any uncertainty to his son's life. Especially when Ron had spent the first years of Robbie's life in Iraq and Afghanistan and barely saw the boy at all. What if it didn't work out? What if Robbie didn't like Eugene? Or what if Eugene didn't like Robbie. He loved Eugene in a way he had never loved anyone before, and getting to this point in their relationships had not been without difficulty - tears, break-ups, freak-outs. Every moment of it was worth it for what they had now, Ron thought. But Robbie was his son, his flesh and blood. Ron couldn't bear the thought that he might not be able to have both Robbie and Eugene in his life. Not normally one for sticking his head in the sand and avoiding an issue, Ron would have been happy to avoid this particular issue for a little longer. A lot longer. Except that he and Eugene had been talking about moving in together, which meant introducing them to each other would be unavoidable.

"You're being ridiculous," Webster told him one night, and Ron snorted at the idea of David Webster telling anyone else they were ridiculous. "Eugene is obviously important to you and you're clearly serious about each other. It makes no sense to keep the two most important people in your life apart." A surprisingly helpful comment from Webster.

Ron looked at Nix, not sure what he was expecting to hear, but needing someone to share his amazement that of the three of them, Webster was the one giving out sound relationship advice. *Who'd have thought?*

Nix just shrugged and pointed at Webster, "The man's got a point." Not the helpful or supportive input he'd been hoping for but Ron had to concede they were right.

"What are you planning to do?" Webster continued, "Hide Eugene in the closet when Robbie is visiting?" A less helpful comment. More like what he'd expect from Webster. And in truth, that wasn't far from what Ron had been considering - wondering if he could somehow sync up Robbie's visits with Eugene's shifts at the hospital.

"You *are* being ridiculous," Nix said, his tone blunt but affectionate. The same tone Ron had heard him occasionally use with Winters. Except '*ridiculous*' was not a word that could ever be used to describe Dick Winters. Normally it wasn't a word that could be used to describe Ron either.

And so, at the start of last summer, Ron had introduced Robbie to Eugene. He needn't have wasted as much time worrying as he did, Robbie had taken to Eugene like he had known him his whole life, holding his hand when the three of them took the dogs out for walks in the woods, wanting to play with him, draw pictures with him, cuddle up beside him to watch movies and creeping into bed beside him in the dead of night when he was wakened by the cold or a bad dream. It was Eugene Robbie wanted when he was hurt or sick, seeming to take as much comfort in Eugene's touch and gentle words of reassurance as Ron was sure a hundred soldiers had before him.

A lesser man may have felt jealous of their relationship, but Ron felt nothing but pride, relief and joy at seeing the pair bond so easily. Robbie had Eugene wrapped around his little finger, and the man who kept himself at arm's length from almost everyone else in the world was only too happy with this arrangement. He somehow seemed more relaxed, less burdened, when Robbie was around. Happier and carefree in many ways. He slept better too, nightmares of his time in Afghanistan that had so viciously plagued him in the early days of their relationship diminished. It was now only occasionally that Eugene startled awake in the night, unsure of where or when he was. And Ron was glad. Not only because he hated seeing Eugene suffer and being powerless to do anything about it but also because he had no idea how he would even begin to try to explain PTSD to a four year old.

He leans over and presses a kiss to the soft skin of Eugene's neck, breathing in that warm, comforting scent and reaches across to rest his hand on Robbie's back, feeling the steady rise and fall of his breathing, feeling the smallness of him, the newness of him.

Sometimes, Ron thinks he is unrecognisable from the man he was before. The man he was before Robbie, before Eugene. He's softer, calmer, more open than he ever was before. No longer chasing the adrenaline rush of combat, he is content to live a peaceful life with Robbie and Eugene. But he knows that fierceness and protectiveness is still there, and would resurface at even a hint of someone hurting or upsetting either one of the people currently sharing his bed.

He lies with an arm draped over Eugene and Robbie, his face pressed against the back of Eugene's neck, perfectly content as Eugene doses and Robbie sleeps, both safely wrapped in his arms.

Half an hour later all three of them are awake for the day. Ron goes downstairs to make breakfast and after a few minutes, he hears Eugene in the shower and Robbie's footsteps on the stairs.

"Pancakes or waffles?" he asks Robbie, as the boy clambers up into one of the tall bar stools at the counter. Ron remembers the days, not that long ago, when Robbie couldn't climb up without help.

"Waffles, please."

"Waffles it is." he says, pouring the mixture into the waffle iron and starting a pot of coffee.

Robbie sits at the counter, resting his chin in his hands and watching Ron move around the kitchen. "I like Gene," he says.

Ron smiles, both at the sentiment and at the fact Robbie is one of the few people who can get away with calling Eugene Gene. "I like him too," he replies.

Robbie nods, looking thoughtful, "I think you should marry him."

Ron can't think of anything to say to that, and is saved from responding when Eugene walks into the kitchen, hair still damp from the shower, bag slung over his shoulder, ready for another day at the hospital. Ron hands him a thermal mug of coffee and a banana.

"What, no waffles for me?" he asks, giving Robbie's hair a playful ruffle.

"Nope, you have to go to work," Robbie says with a grin as Ron sets down two plates and joins Robbie at the counter. "You can have waffles with us next time," Robbie offers, "if you're not working."

"Sounds like a great idea," Eugene replies, and Ron knows Eugene will move heaven and earth to ensure he's not working the next weekend Robbie is visiting.

"See you next time, Buddy," Eugene says to Robbie, "should be back around nine," he adds to Ron, pressing a chaste kiss to his lips before he heads towards the door.

"Bye, Gene," Robbie calls after him. When the door closes, he turns his attention back to Ron, "I bet he'd say yes."

"Who?" Ron asks, not following the non sequitur of Robbie's thoughts.

"Gene, silly."

"He'd say yes to what?" Ron asks, feeling more confused.

Robbie huffs out a breath, "If you asked Gene to marry you, I bet he'd say yes." Robbie says slowly, like he is speaking to an idiot. And maybe he is, because Ron can feel an uncharacteristic dopey grin spread across his face as he imagines asking Eugene the question he suddenly realises he very much wants to ask.

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