### The Charmings

**by** justanoutlaw

**Summary**

A collection of AU one shots dealing with the Charming family. Based on my own personal headcanons and prompts that are submitted.

**Notes**

I have wanted to do my own Charming family one shot series for a while but wanted mine to be different than other people's. Today, I got a pretty good idea (at least in my mind it is). They're all going to be AU, meaning while they will have the characters and the family, outside their backstories for most of them (I'll specify if they're not for whatever reason),

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they won't be based on the events in the show after Emma came to Storybrooke. Some may be AU of one of them going through the wardrobe with her, her being raised in the EF, them just being regular people in Storybrooke, etc. I'm going to try to keep ships out of this and keep them to one shots only. This is mainly a way for me to get the million different little AU plot bunnies I have for this family but don't have enough ideas/time for it to be multi-chapter. However, I will take prompts for new ones. Anyway, hope you all will enjoy them and let me know what you think, which ones you want to see in the future. I can't promise how long all of these will be.

For the first one, I'm sort of basing it off the pilot of Supernatural. Snow went through the wardrobe while she was still pregnant with Emma and found August. She raised both kids while they tried to locate their family. Emma got fed up with them telling her the story and took off. Now that they've found Storybrooke, Snow tracks Emma down to convince her to come with them.
Emma let out a long sigh as she climbed out of her bug, adjusting her purse over her shoulder. It had been a long day and all she wanted to do was make some cocoa (maybe sneak some brandy in there), eat her cupcake, soak in a tub and go to bed. She had to be back into the precinct early the next morning. She would never regret getting her criminal justice degree, but no one warned her the hours would still wear on her 6 years in. She headed inside to her apartment and threw her jacket onto the chair beside her blanket and dug through the bag the nice man at the corner store had stocked her items in. She pulled out her cupcake and stuck in the candle, fumbling to find a lighter. Once she lit the wick, she let out another sigh.

Her one wish? That she could be reunited with her mom and brother again. Or at least the ones that she had once been able to put up with. The three of them had constantly been on the move as a kid, trying to track down Emma’s long lost birth father that according to her mother had been “cursed” along with August’s father and the rest of the “kingdom”. As a little girl, she thought the story was cool and exciting. But as she got older, she told them they could drop the act. She understood, sometimes dads just walked away. That Mary Margaret had adopted August and didn’t want him to feel like he had been abandoned. She told them over and over again that they could drop the act, that they could just settle down.

But they didn’t listen, they kept insisting it was real. So, they would move. Too often for Emma to ever really make many friends, settle down, have roots. Yes, she had them but they just seemed so delusional. She didn’t mean for it to happen, but by her 16th birthday, she resented them. She hated them, but loved them at the same time. It all came to a head when her mother got a “lead” about California. Emma was nearing the end of her senior year and she told them they could go, but she wasn’t. She took off for Massachusetts where she would go to college, make something of herself. She had barely spoken to either of them since. She missed them, more than anything. But she couldn’t do it anymore. She couldn’t feed their delusions.
Her father had walked out on her mother, he wasn’t Prince Charming. August’s father had abandoned him on the side of the road, he wasn’t Geppetto. And Emma definitely was no savior.

Closing her eyes, she blew out the candle and suddenly heard rapid knocking on her door. Raising an eyebrow, she headed to the door, opening it. She nearly slammed it shut when she saw who was on the other side.

“Emma, wait,” Mary Margaret said, holding out her hand. She looked older, age clearly catching up with her along with the stress. Emma wanted to pull her into a hug, she looked so tired. But then she remembered what letting her mother back in meant. The lies, the delusions…

“What are you doing here?” Emma asked, trying to keep her heart closed out.

Mary Margaret looked over her daughter, a smile on her face. She looked so good. The mother had worried so much about her. “Just let me in…we need to talk.”

Emma wanted to really shut the door and go back to her cupcake, but she remembered her wish. “Alright, fine. Come in.” She stepped aside and watched her mother come in.

“Happy birthday,” Mary Margaret said, going to give her a hug, but Emma wouldn’t allow it.

“Where’s August?”

“He’s already on his way to the next place,” she explained. “I told him I would handle this.”

Emma rolled her eyes. August always sent her a postcard whenever they moved again, in case she wanted to join them. “So, you’re a currier now? Personally delivering the cards?”

“Emma,” Mary Margaret gave her a weary look.

“I never show up. In the past 10 years, I have never once gone to help you guys.”

“I know.”

“Then why are you here now?”

“Because this is it,” Mary Margaret told her. “We have confirmation, this is where your father is.”

Emma groaned. “Mom! Come on! Haven’t you caught on by now? He doesn’t want to be found. You have spent 28 years doing this and for what?”

“I know you don’t believe anymore,” Mary Margaret told her softly. “But this is really it. If you just come with me to Storybrooke…”

“Storybrooke?” Emma moved closer and looked into her mother’s eyes. Mary Margaret shifted, uncomfortably.

“What are you doing?”

“Checking to see if your pupils are dilated and if you’re on drugs.”

“Emma Ruth!” Mary Margaret chastised.
“Well come on! All you’ve ever done was go on and on about how you’re Snow White and August is really Pinocchio, that we’re all from a faraway land. Now, you’re expecting me to believe there’s really a place called Storybrooke?”

“It’s in Maine,” her mother continued, as if she hadn’t just accused her of being a junkie. “We know that Regina is there…”

“Right, the Evil Queen,” Emma dropped into her arm chair, knowing she would need more than just Brandy laced hot chocolate after this conversation.

Mary Margaret’s eyes drifted to the baby blanket that hung off of it. She smiled and moved closer, grabbing hold of it. “You still have this.”

“The one sane thing I have left,” she told her.

Mary Margaret sighed. She knew that maybe she had screwed up when it came to telling Emma the story. She didn’t stress about her being the savior, she didn’t want her to feel pressured. But she told her the truth, always. Emma had believed it as a little girl. What kid wouldn’t want to believe that their parents were Snow White and Prince Charming? That they were a princess? She wasn’t sure exactly when Emma stopped believing, probably around the start of junior high. Emma knew better than to tell anyone the story, so it wasn’t that other kids told her she was crazy. But it came with Emma connecting the dots. She had long stopped believing in Santa and the Tooth Fairy, so if they weren’t real…how could her mother and brother’s story be? After that, Emma constantly told her to just stop, to let them stay settled.

But she couldn’t. Mary Margaret as Snow had promised she would find her husband. It took her 28 years but she finally had. It had broken her heart when Emma chose not to move with them after she graduated. She almost gave up, almost moved to just be closer to her. David would not want her to lose her relationship with Emma at the expense of finding him. But August had convinced her to keep going, to keep searching. She tried to stay in contact, but Emma hadn’t wanted to. Anytime she visited, Emma clearly wasn’t comfortable and eventually asked her to just stop. She respected it, as hard as it was. But she couldn’t, not anymore. She was sure she could find a way to break the curse but that wasn’t the point. Finding David didn’t mean a thing if they couldn’t be a family.

“Please,” Mary Margaret said, kneeling in front of Emma.

“I have a life,” Emma told her. “I can’t just give it up to go on a wild goose chase.”

“I am so proud of you, what you’ve done for yourself.” Her mother looked around the apartment, it was nicer than some of the ones they had to live in over the years. “I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t think this was the real deal.”

Emma shut her eyes. A part of her wanted to believe her mom, indulge her one last time, but she couldn’t. She had gotten out of the game 10 years ago and she wasn’t going back. “I can’t. I’m sorry, Mom.” She got up and headed for the kitchen. “I know it’s hard for you to accept, but my father doesn’t want us, he doesn’t want you or me. I wish it wasn’t the case, for both of us, but it is.”
Mary Margaret had to think, fast. “A week.”

Emma turned around, confused. “Huh?”

“Just come with me for a week. It’s all I ask. If you still don’t believe me, if nothing can be done, I’ll understand.” Mary Margaret swallowed, hard, not wanting to say what came next, but she had to. “I won’t… I won’t bother you about it again. I’ll give up. I’ll even come back here with you and we can work on everything.” She did really want to work on their relationship and knew that finding David wouldn’t magically make it better, but they could work on it anywhere.

Emma looked into her mother’s eyes and saw that look, the same she had seen over the years. The one filled with desperation and hope, the one she had grown to hate. She understood her mom’s side, as insane as she found it. She didn’t want to believe that her true love had really walked out on her. She could also tell when her mom was being serious, not just when she believed her own delusions. She meant what she said, if this “Storybrooke” was a bust, it would finally be over. Maybe she could get her mother back…

“Allright.”

Mary Margaret smiled. “Seriously?”

Emma nodded. “One week, that’s it,” she said. Suddenly, her mother’s arms were being thrown around her. “Oh.” She reluctantly returned the hug, she couldn’t deny that she had missed her mother’s hug…

“You won’t regret this, Emma,” Mary Margaret whispered. “I promise.”

Emma rested her chin on her mother’s shoulder. “I hope not.”
This AU was sparked from a re-watch of 1x06. In this one, Regina didn’t split up Mary Margaret and David in the curse, but made them miserable because they couldn’t have a child—the one thing both of their cursed selves wanted. What she didn’t count on was Gold accidentally placing a baby with them—their own daughter, Emma. The rest, you’ll have to read to find out. I will add, in this, Snowing never did that awful, OOC thing that the writers had them do in S4. You’ll see why that’s important later…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mary Margaret sat on her sofa, the bundle of perfection in her arms. For as long as she could remember, she and her husband, David had been trying for a baby. Nothing seemed to be working and she just felt like she should give up. Then, out of almost nowhere, the town’s ruthless landlord, Mr. Gold, was knocking on their door.

The two had heard horror stories about him being a ruthless landlord and being notorious for hating those who went back on deals. However, since David worked for the pet hospital and Mary Margaret was a teacher, they didn’t have much experience with him. He seemed to actually be nice when they found him on their porch. In his arms was a baby wrapped in a blanket that read “Emma”. He explained she had been in the foster system for the past six months and needed a forever home. Gold had heard about their infertility struggles and offered them the chance to adopt her.
As excited as they were, they were also weary. Not that they didn’t want Emma to have a good home, but they were unsure if Gold was trying to play a trick, if somehow the baby would be taken away. They couldn’t bear the thought. However, Gold had newspaper clippings and other paperwork stating that the child had been abandoned and that he was truly doing it out of the kindness in his heart. So, they happily accepted the offer and had already fallen madly in love with her.

Emma was such a precious baby, big green eyes and already some wisps of light blonde hair, almost white actually. Though she was constantly wiggling, she loved to be held and would coo contentedly up at her new parents. They hated putting her down and luckily, both David and Mary Margaret’s bosses were giving them some time off to adjust to having a new baby in the house.

David stood in the doorway, smiling at his girls. Mary Margaret had taken quite well to being a mother and he was glad she finally got her wish. He couldn’t even remember who the doctor said was at fault for them not being able to conceive on their own but it didn’t matter anymore. They had their little miracle. As if being able to feel his presence, Mary Margaret looked up, the smile not leaving her face.

“Look Emma, it’s Daddy,” she said, adjusting the baby so she could see her father. David’s smile widened.

“Look at my girls,” he said, crossing over to them, kissing Mary Margaret’s cheek. “We’re already out of diapers.”

“Oh, I’ll go out and get some more.”

“No, you stay, keep staring at our princess,” David assured her. “I’ll go.”

Mary Margaret tilted her head up to kiss him. “My prince charming.”

David chuckled. “You could say that.” He kissed her one last time before doing the same to Emma and heading out the door.

The drive into town was a short one, which was good for his commute since the animal hospital was right on Main Street. Not far from it, was the grocery store. Once inside, David grabbed a basket and headed straight for the infant care. The store always seemed to be well stocked, which meant the diapers were there as usual. He knew Mary Margaret had dinner taken care of, but wanted to get her something special. She had been the one insisting to get up with the baby at night, no matter how many times he offered. He knew just what her favorite chocolate was and planned on heading to the aisle when suddenly someone stepped in front of him.

“Madam Mayor,” he said, politely. Regina Mills folded her arms over her chest and gave him a look, one David couldn’t quite understand. She was known for being a good leader, but wasn’t very friendly. She especially seemed to hold a disdain for the Nolans, not that they understood why. “I didn’t think you’d need anything from this aisle.” He gestured to the variety of wipes,
formula and other baby essentials.

Regina just shook her head. “And you do?”

“I’m sure you heard that Mary Margaret and I have become parents.”

“Yes, Gold told me.” She inspected the basket. “Didn’t have diapers for her?”

“She’s been with us for 2 weeks, we ran out.”

“Right. I just don’t think this is a suitable time for the two of you.”

David raised an eyebrow. “Excuse me?”

“Mary Margaret is an educator in this community, her students rely on her and we can hardly afford the sub in her place.”

“It’s just for a month or two,” David told her. From what he knew, maternity leave was standard.

“Even so. What happens when she goes back to work?”

“Granny has been kind enough to offer to swap shifts with Ruby so she can watch her.”

“I’ll just say this,” Regina stepped closer to him. “I may not be the principal of that school, but if this baby comes between your wife and her job, I have the final say. So, I would make sure that her priorities are straight or you won’t be able to afford your little miracle.”

David’s eyes narrowed. He and Mary Margaret had waited too long to become parents, nothing was going to get in their way. “She’s ours, we signed the paperwork. Not you or anyone else is going to take her from us.”

Before the mayor could say anything else, David headed right for the checkout, nearly forgetting all about a present for his wife. It wasn’t until he was halfway to his truck that his anger over the mayor’s hallow threats disappeared and remembered. He didn’t want to go back into the store and risk having to deal with Regina, but he caught sight of Gold’s Pawnshop. He could get Mary Margaret something far nicer than candy. He headed over to it, the bag from the grocery still hung over his wrist.

The shop was empty when he first walked in. He hadn’t ever remembered going in there before, but Gold had said they were welcome anytime. According to the talk around town, most of his items were one of a kind. However, the aforementioned Mr. Gold was nowhere to be seen as he searched the shop.

“Hello?” He called out. No response came back.

David’s eyes continued to search as he took in all the different items. There were two very creepy wooden dolls propped up against some books, which made him jump a bit. Well, those were definitely not going to be added to Emma’s collection. In one of the few display cases, there was a
china tea set, a collection of steins on the top. None of that seemed right. Turning his head, he spotted something else, hanging by a lamp.

It was a mobile, made of blue and clear glass. The little figurines were unicorns and the noise that came from them clattering together were pretty. David smiled, this could be it. It would be more a present for Emma, but Mary Margaret loved unicorns. They were her favorite stickers to give out to her class and they had a few figurines in their house. Despite the grocery stories having every day baby essentials, Emma’s crib and changing table had been harder to come by. They eventually got them from a nice couple who had children that obviously outgrew them, but no mobile came with it. Mary Margaret had been searching for the perfect one…this could be it.

David moved closer to the mobile, to inspect it better. As beautiful as it was, he was a little nervous about glass hanging over his daughter’s crib. Reaching out, he touched one of the unicorns, nearly knocking it over as he got hit by a flashback.

David entered a room, but it wasn’t in his home in Storybrooke, no it was in his castle. Snow was smiling, her hand on her middle as she watching Sneezy hang it above the crib.

“What’s this?” He asked.

Snow turned to face him. “Ella sent it, it’s our baby’s first present!” David ginned, wrapping his arms around her. “Unicorns. Do you like it?”

“I love it.”

“Me too.” She looked up at him. “I have hope, Charming. We’re going to beat Regina, she won’t take our child from us.”

“Nothing is going to tear our family apart,” he confirmed, kissing her.

David let go of the unicorn as the rest of it came flooding back. His childhood, his real childhood. Having to take James’ place, meeting Snow, their wedding, Regina’s threats. The day their baby was born, him rushing to take her to the wardrobe, only just making it.

Slowly, his hand went to his shirt and he pulled it back a bit. There was a scar there, a scar his cursed self thought that he got from being mugged as a teenager, but he could remember clearly now. It happened when he was rushing to get to the nursery, as he fought off the knights trying to protect….

Emma.
Despite what he had just remembered, he couldn’t help but smile. Regina had failed. She had tried so hard to keep them apart, to keep them from having their happy ending. But Emma had ended up with them. His girls, they were okay, they were at home.

Forgetting all about the mobile, he sprinted out of the shop, not noticing Mr. Gold (or in reality, Rumpelstiltskin) had appeared from the back with a knowing smile on his face. He broke probably numerous traffic laws to get back to the house, but it didn’t matter. He had to make Snow remember, together they could find a way to lift the curse off the town and defeat Regina once and for all.

Slamming on the breaks once he pulled into the drive, he ran into the house, his breath heavy. He headed into the living room, doing his best to catch his breath. He could see Mary Margaret, no, Snow rocking the baby and singing a soft lullaby. Once he could finally speak, he did.

“Snow,” he said, hoping it would work.

She froze in place and for a minute, he wondered if she would turn around and find him crazy for saying it was snowing in April. Finally, Snow turned to face him, a smile on her face.

“Charming.”

A smile broke out across his own. “Yeah.”

Snow looked down at the baby in her arms and realized just who she was. “Do you think…I mean…”

“The blanket,” David said, moving closer and stroking the name that was embroidered. “It’s the same one that Granny made her before she was born.”

Tears of happiness sprung to Snow’s eyes as she continued to stare down at her daughter before looking back up at her husband. “It didn’t work,” she whispered. “Well, it did, but we won.”

“We still have some fighting to do, I don’t think everyone else knows yet.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Snow shook her head, moving closer to him. He bridged the gap by wrapping his arms around both her and Emma. “We’ll get everyone’s memories back, we’ll defeat Regina. But she failed, we were never apart and it didn’t take us long to get our baby back. We won.”

His grinned widened. “We definitely did.” He leaned in, kissing her as Emma cooed up at her parents.

Chapter End Notes
I promise, not all of these will be AU situations of them breaking the curse, it just so happened to be the first two that came to mind. When I was re-watching the episode, I just couldn’t help but wonder what would’ve happened if the mobile had what made him remember his real life. I do take prompts for this verse, so if there’s an AU Charming Family situation you want to see, you can send it in on here or to my fanfiction Tumblr account: justanoutlawfanfiction. Until next time, friends. =)
On the Other Side of the Door

Chapter Notes

This is an AU based on some conversations I had with people regarding SPOILER WARNING: 6x17 over Snowing’s choice to shut the door. I, for one, agree with what they did as heartbreaking as it was. However, in the discussions I had, it was agreed that the town was pretty lucky that Snowing saw Emma in a seemingly happy place and had they seen her in the flashback from 6x11, a different decision would’ve been reached. So, in this, Snow brought the magical flower to David 3 years earlier….

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow threw the pixie dust into the air, thinking desperately of her baby girl. The last time she had seen her, she had only been minutes old. According to Rumpelstiltskin, 7 years had passed since then and she was anxious to see their daughter. A door materialized in front of them and while Snow just stared at it, David reached over and turned the handle. To their surprise, it just seemed as though a glowing yellow fog was there, no picture or sign of anyone, let alone Emma. Snow stepped forward and pressed her palm to it for a few seconds before stepping back. The fog subsided and there was an image of a strange place, the location was under a bridge somewhere. David’s brows furrowed, this couldn’t be right.

“Are you sure you were thinking of Emma?” He asked.

“Yes, of course,” Snow said, feeling confused herself. It was dark but a few bonfires had been set up in trashcans. She focused more and then she saw it, hearing the gasp from her husband, she could tell he had seen it too.

Sitting in front of one of the smallest fires was a little girl-their little girl. It had to be her, she was the perfect mix of both of them from her blonde curls to her green eyes.
“She’s beautiful,” David whispered, feeling tears come to his eyes. 7 years didn’t seem like that long, but it had made his baby girl grow so much. They clearly had missed a lot.

“Is she…is she alone?” Snow finally found her words, snapping out of her awe.

The clothes Emma was wearing were worn and she clearly didn’t have a proper jacket, her baby blanket was strewn over her lap to keep her warm, a thin beanie was atop her head. A book was in her hands and she reached inside, ripping out a page and feeding it to the fire. David was searching for someone, anyone, to be with her. In the distance, there were groups of a few young adults, but no one with her. Snow was right...she was alone.

“Oh my God,” Tears clouded Snow’s eyes. “What have I done?”

David broke away from Emma to look at his wife, seeing the guilt and sadness. “Snow, it’s not your fault.”

“Yes it is, look at her David,” she gestured back to the image before them. Emma clearly couldn’t hear them nor was she aware that she was being watched. “She’s out there in the freezing cold. She’s so little…she can’t be there.”

“Then let’s go.” He took hold of her hand and managed a smile. “Let’s go get our little girl.”

Snow nodded and together, they stepped through the door. The winds were a little harsher, but they had the proper attire. Slowly, they walked over to Emma, unsure of what to say. They didn’t want to scare her and they were unsure of what she knew. From Snow’s cursed memories, this world worked differently from their own. She could remember watching a ghastly cartoon based on her life story. At the time, she didn’t understand why she hated it so much, but of course now it all made sense. She could see the book Emma was ripping pages from was a book of fairytales, exactly what they were considered in that realm.

She had to tear out their stories in order to keep warm. The guilt continued to pile on and Snow was sure even once Emma was in her arms, it wasn’t going to go away.

David held tightly onto her hand as they finally approached her. “Emma?” He asked, softly.

Emma glanced up, her eyes looking panicked for a moment before quickly trying to put up some sort of protection. “Are you with social services?” Her voice was sharp, sharper than a little girl’s should be.

Snow shook her head. “No, sweetie, we’re not. What are you doing out here?”

“That’s none of your business.” Emma reached back into the book and went to grab another page but David removed it from her hand. She glared at him. “That’s mine.”

“Are you alone? Do you have…parents?” Snow asked, looking around.
“Does it look like it?” Emma gestured to the general air around her. She could tell the adults before her weren’t going anywhere anytime soon and she might as well talk. She folded her arms over her chest and pouted a bit. “I ran away, from a crappy group home.”

Snow shut her eyes, wanting to cry all over again. She had clung to hope that maybe her new family had fallen on hard times, maybe they were out trying to find a way to support her. But instead, her baby had ended up in the foster system. David was bewildered by this. She was an adorable little girl, how could no one want her? He didn’t fully understood what a group home, but clearly it hadn’t been a good place for her.

Emma didn’t understand why what she had said was upsetting these strangers. No one had ever cared before. She assumed she had people who once cared, the family that she assumed was her real one until they sent her back when she was 3. Turned out that she had been abandoned on the side of the road. No one wanted her, no one ever had as far as she was concerned.

Snow managed to pull herself together and removed her hand from David’s. She moved closer to Emma. “Emma…”

“How do you know my name?”

“Because…” She sighed. “I’m your mother.”

Emma’s eyes widened a bit and she tilted her head, looking the two over. What the two didn’t know, was that she had a superpower. She had developed it in her short life out of necessity, the ability to tell when anyone was lying and this woman wasn’t.

“Go away,” Emma replied, simply. The words hit both parents like a dagger in the heart, but it wasn’t as if they could blame her. She had clearly faced so much in her life.

“We’re not going to do that,” Snow said, gently.

“You left me on the side of the road! I don’t want to be anywhere near you!”

David and Snow exchanged yet another look, having yet another one of their silent conversations. Where exactly had that wardrobe taken her? They didn’t even know where they were at the moment, specifically. Their eyes drifted back to Emma’s.

“Sweetie, you have to believe us,” David said, his voice almost pleading. “We didn’t leave you there. We…”

Snow had to take over, David had been in a coma for his cursed time. He didn’t know how the real world worked, his run in with Grumpy at the hospital had proved that much. “It’s a very long story,
but I can promise you that we didn’t mean for you to end up in this position. We were trying to
give you your best chance.” Emma scoffed. “We really were. We had been put in a dangerous
situation and had to keep you safe, if you had stayed with us, you would’ve been hurt too.”

Emma just stared at them, wanting to believe what they said, but how could she completely?
Everyone else that had claimed to care really hadn’t. How did she know that these people weren’t going to up and leave her again?

“How long have you been out here?” Snow asked.

Emma bit her lip. “A few days.”

“Why don’t we find a diner and we’ll buy you something to eat. We’ll try to explain everything there.”

Snow held out her hand and Emma hesitated. She had learned in her short time on the streets that
the only person you could trust was yourself. All her survival instincts should’ve been telling her to run. Yet, they weren’t kicking in at that time. Maybe it was the hunger or the lack of sleep, perhaps even the bitter winter Minnesota air, but she figured one more time of trusting someone wouldn’t hurt. At the very least, maybe she’d get a grilled cheese out of the deal.

Emma rose to her feet, moving her blanket under her arm and slid her hand into Snow’s. The woman felt like crying again, feeling the tiny one in her own, it was so cold. She kept her grip tight—though also gentle and gave her a reassuring smile while David took Emma’s other hand. They weren’t exactly sure what the next few days would bring, if they would go back to Storybrooke right away or settle wherever they were. There was much to consider, choices to be made. All of that could wait.

At the moment, all that mattered was getting their little girl out of the cold.

Chapter End Notes

So, I hoped this was a good place to stop? Like I said, I did agree with Snowing’s choice, I just thought this was a good prospect for an AU. I do take prompts for AU one shots regarding the Charming family, so if you want to see any, send them in whether it be here or to my fanfiction Tumblr: justanoutlawfanfiction.
A few people asked for a sequel to “On the Other Side of the Door”, so here it is. I won’t do another with them breaking the curse or anything, because I feel like that’d be leading into a multi-chapter fic and I want these to stay one shots. Anyway, I wrote this not long after I wrote the first and I debated posting it because it’s got little dialogue but it’s a sequel nonetheless and gives you an idea of what happened to them after they left.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Snow and David had told Emma everything at the diner over grilled cheese, onion rings and hot chocolate. Most little girls would’ve automatically been happy to believe that the beloved Disney classics were real stories. Emma wasn’t like most kids her age though, she was already so jaded. However, there was something about their story. It wasn’t exactly like the one she had read, there were lots of changes. She could tell they were telling the truth and by the end of the meal, she acknowledged her belief. The newly reunited family had gotten a motel room for the night and while they watched their little girl sleep, Snow and David discussed the next step.

Snow still had her cursed self’s wallet and it contained enough to get them somewhere to start over. They realized that Storybrooke wasn’t the safest place and they had a good 21 years before Emma would be able to break the curse anyway. Emma had told them they were in Minnesota, placing them in the Midwest. No one was looking for the little girl that had run away, which angered Snow and David to no end. Yes, it made things a bit easier for them, but how could no one care that she was missing? She was just a little girl who had devoured two sandwiches in less than 20 minutes and fell asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. It didn’t matter anymore, they were there and she was safe.

They kept in mind that while no one was searching now, it would be better for them to leave the state and probably that area of the country. Snow was scared to step anywhere near the East, just in case Regina could somehow get hold of them, she didn’t want to live their lives in constant fear. Eventually, they settled on Portland, Oregon.

It was a near 2-day bus ride and Snow and Emma spent the time trying to teach David about the world they were stuck in, while they all tried to get to know each other. Emma was very hesitant to open up and at most just revealed that she had a family until she was 3 and they sent her back. She bounced around for the next 4 years until they found her. It broke Snow and David’s hearts, she seemed so much older than 7 after all she had been through. They were determined to give her an actual childhood, the one she deserved.

Snow had a teaching degree from the curse, finding work at the elementary school and David managed to get a job at a pet store. They found a little apartment that was the furthest thing from a palace, but their family was safe and together, that was all that mattered. Emma was enrolled at the same school her mother taught out and started to make new friends. To everyone else, Snow had to be “Mary Margaret” again and they took on the last name of Nolan. Emma knew that her parents’ true identities had to be kept secret, as did their backstory. As far as anyone knew, they had never been separated. It was a lie they wished more than anything could be true.

Emma had adjusted well to her new environment, she had been used to moving around. It was having actual parents that was the mystery. These people actually cared about her, they loved her. She understood why they had given her up once, but was still scared that they’d send her away again. They tucked her in at night, she never wanted for anything and she was happy. She got to actually be a kid and she didn’t want any of it to go away. Still, even after 6 months of being together, she was waiting for the other shoe to drop.
Things seemed to come to a head one Saturday morning. Snow had gone to the grocery store and David was in the shower, so Emma was left unattended—a rarity. She was running around with the doll her dad had brought home the night before, pretending it could fly. The living room was small and she was meant to play in her room, but she had gotten bored. She was going so fast she missed that a section of the rug had curled up, causing her to trip and knock over a vase that sat on the coffee table. It shattered into a million pieces on the floor. Emma gasped and tried to pick up the pieces, only to get cuts all over her hands. She looked around at the mess and heard the shower turn off in the bathroom. To Emma, there was only one thing to do.

David stepped out of his bedroom, changed into fresh clothing about 15 minutes later. “Alright Em, I was thinking maybe we could get out of here for today…” He trailed off when he realized his daughter wasn’t in the living room. He saw the broken vase on the floor and sighed. “Emma, were you running around in the living room?” No response. He headed into her bedroom and came up empty. Suspicion rose inside him as he walked back into the common areas, the door was unlocked and he specifically remembered locking it after his wife had gone to the store.

His heart sunk in his chest. Emma was gone. He had been in the shower 25 minutes tops and he hadn’t heard the door open. There were no signs of a break-in and her shoes were gone, she had left on her own.

Scribbling out a note for Snow, he grabbed his keys and headed out the door. They only had one car and his wife had taken it, so he set off on foot. Emma could only go so far. He checked the corner store that was next to their apartment, but she wasn’t there. None of the local shops that fell along the strip had seen her. His heart pounded heavily as he made his way to the park, nearly getting hit by cars as he zoomed across the street.

“Emma!” He started shouting when he reached the playground, his eyes darting around. He probably looked like a crazy person to the other people, but he didn’t care. “Emma! Where are you?!?” He had to find her, he wasn’t going to lose her, not again. All sorts of irrational thoughts came to his mind, what if Regina somehow found a way to her? What if she had placed people on all parts of the country? If not her, maybe social services. Snow had faked a lot of paperwork for Emma, but they were always on high alert. They could put her back in the system and they’d never see her again.

Just when he felt as if he didn’t have any breath left in him, he came across a group of play houses that none of the other kids had flocked to. Out of the corner of his eye, he swore he saw Emma’s baby blanket. He threw the door open to the plastic shelter and a few of the tears he had been holding back fell.

“Emma,” he breathed. She looked up at him, mistaking his winded expression for anger. She
pulled her legs closer to her and held her blanket closer. “You knuckle head.” He pulled her into his arms and hugged her as tight as he possibly could, cradling the back of her head. Emma felt caught off guard. “Do you have any idea how badly you scared me?!?”

“I…” Emma was speechless.

“You can’t run away like that! Oh my…” He planted about a dozen kisses to her head.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.

David didn’t say anything more, he just held her close for another moment, wanting to make sure it was real. He hadn’t lost her, she was still there.

“What were you thinking?” David finally asked.

Emma’s lip trembled. “I…I accidentally broke the vase.”

“The vase can be replaced,” he said, not really understanding it.

“But…when I broke things in my other homes, I got in a lot of trouble…and I…I thought you were going to send me away, so…”

David shut his eyes, the realization hitting him like a ton of bricks. He took a deep breath and moved his hand to her cheek. “Emma, you are worth more to me and your mother than some stupid vase.”

“But…”

“No buts. I was so worried when you took off, you can’t do that, Em. I need to know where you are, at all times. It’s dangerous out here, you can’t be by yourself. You know you’re not supposed to touch the door without one of us, let alone cross the street.”

Emma looked down, feeling silly. “I really thought you wouldn’t want me anymore.”

“Hey,” David tipped her head up. “Emma, there is nothing you could do to make us not want you. We spent so long without you, we’re not going to miss another second.”

A tear trickled down her face. “I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“Please just don’t do this again,” he kissed her forehead. “I love you so much, Princess.”

“I love you too,” Emma croaked out.

David felt his heart soar. They had tried to fit that four-letter word in as much as they possibly could, they hadn’t been able to for 7 years. Emma had never said it back and they didn’t blame her. Everything was still so new. Emma had loved them, she was just scared to say it, for so long she was so worried they were going to send her back. She was starting to realize they were different, they loved her and she loved them. That was all that mattered.
Emma rest her head on David’s shoulder and allowed her to carry her home. She allowed him to clean up her cuts, smiling when he kissed them to make them better.

Yes, this place was definitely different.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked it. As always, let me know if you have any requests, as that’s what’ll run this little series.
Children of the Dark

Chapter Notes

This was a request I had from oncer4life11, to include Henry in some way. I’m combining this with another idea I had where Snowing, Mal and Rumple only turned dark because they took the darkness out of their children before they were born and put it on themselves. They don’t torture people and are still loving to their kids, but as a result they can be cold to others and paranoid, so their children for the most part have only grown up knowing each other. (Obviously, I’m fudging the timeline a bit and Bae wasn’t born until around the same time the girls were.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma laid back on her bed, “sleeping in” for the 2nd week in a row. It was all she could do to hide the secret that was brewing inside of her. She didn’t know how to tell her parents the truth, how could she? They had spent so long trying to protect her, even if it had gone too far at times. She was a princess but spent most of her time trapped behind the castle walls. The outside was “dangerous”, her parents had gotten too many enemies while learning to control their darkness. Emma knew she and her brother were loved, but the older she got, the more she wanted to explore.

The only times she actually got to leave the palace were to visit the children of the only two people her parents trusted. Lily and Baelfire had become her best friends, they had to be considering Maleficent and Rumpelstiltskin handled them the same way. Whenever the three of them got together, they spent the time complaining about their overprotective parents and dreams of one day exploring the world. As they all reached 18, it seemed to be more of a possibility. Their parents didn’t intend to keep them hidden away forever, they were just hesitant of the day to come. They had regrets for how they first reacted to the darkness, but knew it was necessary. They would
rather it be them than the kids. It was under control for now, they only truly slipped when it was needed to protect them.

Eventually, the three started finding ways to sneak out. A few times, Emma and Baelfire were the only ones who were able to, which lead to them experimenting. One night in the woods went further than either of them planned, which had landed her in the predicament that she was currently in.

She had sent word to Bae at the Dark One’s castle, hoping he would get to it before his father or new step-mother. Lily had gotten permission from her mother to sleepover the night before and laid beside Emma, taking in the information her best friend had just told her.

“You can’t hide it forever,” she told her.

Emma shut her eyes. “But why?”

“Well for one, you’re tiny,” Lily pointed out. “That baby bump is going to be noticeable.”

“My dad is going to crush Bae’s heart.”

“He wouldn’t do that. Our parents have that truce.”

“That doesn’t include his only daughter becoming with child.”

Lily sighed. “At least you know who the father is. My mom says I won’t, it’s a dragon thing.”

“I think that’d actually help me.”

“Have you at least told Neal?”

“No, the entire palace would know.”

“Just come out with it. The sooner they have time to get over it, the better. Plus, think of it this way: our parents have enemies. This baby may be a target and he or she will need all the protection it can get.”

Emma resisted the urge to throw a pillow at her best friend. She seemed to always be the wise one of the group. She knew she was right and sat up, placing a hand on her non-existent bump.

“I could help you?” Lily offered.

“No, it’s best I do it myself. Plus, I think your mom sent a carriage for you.”

Lily rolled her eyes and got out of bed with her. The two headed down the stairs to the main parlor.
Sure enough, Lily’s personal guard was waiting on her. Emma leaned in and hugged her tight. Lily returned it, whispering for her to send word once they knew. Emma agreed and watched her read. Snow gave her a small smile.

“You two were asleep for quite some time, darling,” she said, placing a hand on her cheek. “Are you feeling alright?”

“Actually…there’s something I have to talk to you and Daddy about.”

Snow raised an eyebrow. The family had no secrets as far as she knew. “Alright. I believe he’s in his study.”

The pair made their way down the long corridor to where David was going over some paperwork. He looked up with a smile. Emma shifted a bit, she knew it was a genuine one but she had witnessed him snap before when she had been put into danger, not at her, but the person going against her.

“There’s my girls.” He rose, walking over to his wife.

Both of the royals were dressed in dark clothing, heavy eyeliner and makeup. Emma had seen portraits of before they accepted the darkness and they looked much different. They were still happy, there was no doubting that, but she could still see the different look in their eyes. The one that did everything it could to fight off the darkness inside, the guilt they felt over how they had to raise her and Neal. Only they knew that their voices had long lost the light touch and they had to use the last bits of brightness in their hearts to speak with love to their children. Luckily, when Snow had become pregnant with their youngest, he did not come with the predisposition for darkness. No one knew why the prophecy had stated just Emma, Lily and Baelfire, but it had. Had their parents not done what they had, they could’ve wreaked havoc on the kingdoms and they couldn’t have that on their conscience. It was something Emma was grateful for, yet something she wished they hadn’t had to

“I have to tell you two something and you have to promise not to get mad,” Emma blurted out.

David’s brows creased together, letting his daughter’s words sink in. They never snapped at their children, their son and daughter had no reason to fear them. In fact, if anything, they had been too lenient with them to compensate for the childhood they had to have. Why would Emma think anything she could do would make them upset?

“Honey, whatever it is, you know we’ll always love you,” David said, reaching over to touch her arm.
Emma frowned. “I… I’m going to have a baby.”

Snow stared at her. “You don’t mean in the future, do you?” Emma shook her head, sticking her hands into the smock of her dress.

David felt as if he was going to be ill. He didn’t understand how it was possible. Emma didn’t associate with males except for… “Is Baelfire the father?” He asked, his voice very, very quiet.

“Y…yes. It was only once.”

“Once is all it takes,” Snow told her.

“I know that now.”

Snow was unsure of what to say. Emma had just celebrated her 18th birthday. She was still a baby herself. How in the world was she meant to raise one? Not to mention the threats that still loomed over their heads. Her grandchild was going to be a part of all of it. She glanced over at her husband, who’s jaw was now clenched. She knew just what he wanted to do to Rumple’s son and as much as she had her own worry over the situation, she had to stop him.

“David,” she said, gently.

“I’m going to kill him!”

“David!” Snow took his face into her hands. Normally it was him that had to bring her back to earth, now it was her turn. “Stop.”

Slowly, she could see the black drain from his eyes. None of their hearts were completely black, true love is what kept them grounded, all of them. For David, it was the love of his wife and children. He tilted his head back and then looked over at his daughter, who was clearly scared. He stepped forward and put his hands on her shoulders.

“We’re going to sort this out,” he said.

Emma raised an eyebrow. “So, you’re not mad at me?”

“I’m not exactly pleased,” he said.

“However, we probably should acknowledge our own role in this,” Snow cut in. “We didn’t exactly give you the chance to have healthy relationships like other girls your age.”

“I’m the one that chose to do this,” Emma said.

“We know, we still didn’t help matters,” Snow pushed some hair out of her daughter’s face. “We’ll handle this. I can’t say that Rumpelstiltskin and Belle are going to be pleased, that just comes with the territory. You two are very young, only 18. We know you’ve been very sheltered and again, that is our fault. That’s not what matters anymore, though. A baby is on the way and we must prepare, helping the two of you in any way we can.”
Emma was starting to feel better. She knew it wasn’t going to be easy and that her parents were handling it surprisingly well, that the crap would hit the fan and their true worries would come to head. For the moment, though, she’d take it. “That is if Baelfire sticks around.”

“Oh, he will, if he knows what’s good for him,” David muttered.

8 months later, a newborn’s cries fell out over the kingdom. Doc wrapped the baby prince into a blanket and placed him on Emma’s chest. On one side of her was Baelfire, the other was her mother. Rumple, David and Belle were waiting in the sitting room with Lily, Neal and Maleficent.

Emma grinned down at the bundle of perfection that was connected to her now. She knew that their lives were still complicated, that she was going to have to protect him from the same things her parents had her, but she could do that. The one thing this baby wouldn’t lack for, was love. He had two sets of grandparents to spoil him along with an uncle and godmother plus a great-aunt. Sometimes love is all you need.

“Welcome to the world, Henry,” Emma whispered, stroking his cheek.

Snow beamed down at her daughter, kissing her temple. “Shall I go get everyone else?”

Emma nodded, wiping a single tear that fell. “Yes, it’s time for him to meet the rest of his crazy family.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked this one. As always, if you have prompts, let me know. I take them via comments or on my fanfiction Tumblr: justanoutlawfanfiction.
A Happy Beginning For The Charmings

Chapter Notes

Because it’s Mother’s Day (in America) and Ruth and Robert deserve better. This AU takes place as though Robert wasn’t killed and Ruth didn’t have to die to ensure Snowing could have kids. Snowing has just welcomed Emma and her grandparents are going to be meeting her for the first time. Apologies for how short it is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“The garden looks lovely, darling,” Robert said, as he watched his wife fuss over the area for yet the millionth time. He knew there was no use, they had been married so long, it was like asking for the sun not to rise each morning.

“I want things to be perfect for Emma.”

“She’s all of a week old, I highly doubt she’s going to notice.” Ruth simply waved him off and Robert grinned, moving closer to her, wrapping his arms around her waist. She turned to look at him, beaming.

“Can you believe we’re finally grandparents?”
If Robert was being honest, he did find it hard to believe. The past few years had seemingly passed by in a blink of an eye, but so much had happened in them. When it was revealed that James had died, David had been forced to take his place. It was supposed to be a temporary thing, that turned into him being manipulated by King George into becoming engaged to Princess Abigail. They most likely would’ve never seen their son again, if he hadn’t met Snow White. She seemingly changed the course of his life in a single meeting. The two battled George and the Evil Queen, finally reigning over their kingdom.

Of course, once all had settled, Snow and David had insisted that Ruth and Robert join them in the palace. There was more than enough room and Snow pointed out that if her parents were still alive, they’d be living with them as well. Ruth and Robert gave it some thought, but in the end, turned them down. While living there would’ve made their lives easier, they couldn’t help but connect it to the upbringing that their other son had lived. They had heard about the man that James had become and Robert still had nightmares from the times he tried to save him, but to no avail. David had insisted that if that was the case, then he would at least fix the farm. The couple no longer had to worry about work and their cottage had been updated and expanded. They didn’t see David as often as they’d like to, but they understood why.

Now that their first grandchild had been born, they hoped all that would change.

Horses could be heard in the distance and they both grinned at each other. Some time ago, that sound would’ve meant fear, now they just knew it was their beloved son coming home.

Soon, the carriage appeared in front of them, the guards stepping down and opening the door. David walked out first, embracing both of his parents quickly. They relished in the hug, knowing that their boy was home, even for a brief moment. It wasn’t like before, even when he did leave, he would always return.

“Mother, Father,” he said, with that charming smile of his. “I want you to meet the newest member of our family.” He turned to the carriage and helped Snow down the steps. In her arms was a tiny baby that could barely be seen under her large knitted blanket. It was all white, trimmed with purple ribbon, with the inscription that read her name.

Snow beamed at her in-laws, she had grown to love them so much. How could one not? She stepped forward, David’s hand on the small of her back as she did. “Ruth, Robert, I am delighted to introduce you two to your granddaughter, Emma Ruth.”

Tears prickled Ruth’s eyes as she met Snow’s. “Are you serious?”

“If you hadn’t told us where to get the magic water, George’s curse would still be upon us, we wouldn’t have our precious girl,” she explained. “It’s only fair.”

A tear trickled down Ruth’s face and her husband’s grip around her tightened, he could feel himself getting choked up as well. “May I?” Ruth asked, extending her arms.
Snow nodded and placed the infant into them. Ruth instantly cradled the little one. She was so squirming, wouldn’t stay still for a moment. Just like her father. They could see she already had pale blonde hair, yet green eyes. She seemed to be the perfect mix of her parents.

“Well hello there, Emma,” Ruth whispered. “I’m your Grandma Ruth.”

“And I’m your Grandpa Robert,” Robert said, softly.

Snow leant against her husband, feeling his arms go tightly around her. They knew it would be hard to bring Emma often and understood his parents’ hesitation to come to the castle, but they would make it work. Emma deserved to know her amazing grandparents. They were selfless and brave people, who had done all they could for their sons. Without them, David wouldn’t be the man he was and they wouldn’t have their little bundle of joy. Emma was a very lucky little girl, she would never lack for love.

Chapter End Notes

As always, prompts are accepted! Feel free to follow me on Tumblr. I have a main account (just-an-outlaw) where I post random fandoms and then a fanfiction account (justanoutlawfanfiction) where I accept prompts and answer questions about my series.
This was a prompt submitted to me by an anonymous user on Tumblr from a prompt post I reblogged: “I trusted you.”

I’m combining this with a request I got from CharmingsDaughter to see Emma having an older brother who’s just as protective as David, and Emma ends up getting in trouble with both of them. In this universe, they were never royalty or anything, they just lived in Storybrooke, Maine. Mary Margaret and David had three children: Charlie (18), Emma (16) and Neal (13).

Mary Margaret and David had been told that things got easier when children were teenagers. Now that they had three of them under one roof, they were wondering just how genuine that advice actually was. They were dealing with college prep for their oldest son and their youngest was going through puberty, which was oh-so fun. Lately, however, most of their issues had come from their middle child and only daughter: Emma.
Emma had been premature, as well as a big surprise. She remained that way her entire life. While Charlie was a copy of David, with blonde hair and blue eyes, and Neal was practically Mary Margaret’s twin with dark locks and green eyes, Emma was a perfect blend of both. She had David’s blonde curls and smile, Mary Margaret’s eyes and chin. One thing she had also inherited from her mother: the ability to sneak.

David and Mary Margaret had met when the latter was a runaway, living on the streets after escaping her awful step-mother. David was trying to get out of the clutches of his father as well. The two married, welcoming Charlie not long after that.

They loved their kids, there was no doubting that. Lately, they had just been driving them crazy. Especially since Emma was going through quite the rebellious phase.

In her mind, it wasn’t her fault. She thought her parents were too overprotective. She didn’t understand just why they had to know where she was at all times. She had expected Charlie to be in her corner most times, but of course he ended up siding with them. She didn’t find that exactly fair, especially since she had been covering for him. She decided it was time to cash in on the favor. Her best friend Alexandra had arranged for them to go on double dates with seniors. However, since she had been caught sneaking out recently, she had to play it carefully.

She knocked on Charlie’s open door the morning of the scheduled dates. He looked up, smiling. “Hey little sis,” he said. “What’s up?”

“I need your help with something,” Emma walked into his room. “I’m telling Mom and Dad that I’m studying at Alex’s tonight, but I need you to drop me off at Granny’s Diner instead.”

Charlie raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

Emma knew she couldn’t tell her brother she had a date, he’d flip out just as much as David. “We’ve barely gotten to spend any time together lately and we don’t really want to be cooped up studying. You know Mom and Dad are still hesitant to let us go out since we went to that party.”

“Can’t say I blame them.”

She rolled her eyes. “Come on, Charlie. I covered for you last weekend when you and your friends went to Boston. Mom and Dad still think you were at Roland’s.”

Charlie sighed. He knew Emma had a point. He did like Alex and trusted her. Her parents were just as strict as their own, so he figured they couldn’t get into too much trouble.

“Alright, but only if they okay the studying. I don’t want to have to help you sneak out of the house.”
Emma beamed, throwing her arms around his neck. “Thanks, Charlie!” She kissed his cheek. “You’re my favorite older brother.”

“I’m your only older brother,” he pointed out with a chuckle.

Mary Margaret and David okayed the studying with no problem. Even though Sean and Ashley weren’t going to be home, they figured there wasn’t much harm that could be done. That night, Charlie drove Emma to the diner. Luckily, the boys hadn’t shown up yet.

“I’ll be back around 10 to pick you up,” he told her.

Emma thought about it for a minute. She supposed that could work. If anything, they could head back to Alex’s and she could ask him to pick him up there. “Alright,” she said. She got out of the car and headed inside. Charlie watched her meet up with Alex before driving back home.

When he got back there, he found Neal buried in his video games, as he typically was. Sometimes it was so hard to believe that his baby siblings were getting so old. He could still remember meeting both of them at the hospital. He was going to miss them when he headed off to NYU come the fall.

“You’re back,” Mary Margaret said, kissing his cheek as he entered the kitchen.

“Yup, Emma’s all settled in.” He looked from her to his father. “What are we doing for dinner?”

“Neither of us feel much like cooking, we were thinking we’d go to Granny’s.”

Charlie paled. If they went to Granny’s, his parents would know that he had helped Emma out while she was still grounded. He shifted from one foot to another, trying to come up with a good plan.

“Neal probably won’t want to get away from his video games,” he finally said, lamely. “Why don’t you call and I’ll go pick it up?”

David chuckled. “It’d do your brother some good to go out in public, the moonlight won’t kill him.”

Charlie gnawed on his lower lip. “Yeah, well, I passed the diner on my way back from dropping off Emma. It’s packed, there’s no way we’d get a table.”

Mary Margaret raised an eyebrow. “Sean and Ashley live on the other side of town, why would you have passed Granny’s?”

Shit, Charlie thought to himself. He had inherited his mother’s inability to keep a secret sometimes.
“Charlie,” David said, his voice turning to his stern father one. “Your mother asked you a question.”

“Um…”

“Charles David Nolan.”

The full name. He was definitely in trouble and he knew it.

“Alright, I may have dropped Emma off there to hang out with Alexandra.”

“I thought they were studying.”

“Emma asked me to cover for her. She knew she was still grounded, but just wanted to get out of the house and do something fun.”

Mary Margaret shook her head. “I thought you knew better than this, Charlie. When one of you is grounded, we mean it. We allowed her to study because school should come first.”

“I know, I just…I felt bad. I know how bored she is.”

“Well maybe she’ll think about that before she sneaks out again. Now come on, we’re going to go pick her up.”

“Please don’t embarrass her,” Charlie pleaded. “This is partially my fault, I agreed…”

“Your sister is a big girl,” David said. “She knew what she was doing. Trust me, you’re in trouble as well for aiding her, but her grounding is now doubling. Please keep an eye on your brother while we’re gone.”

Mary Margaret and David headed to the diner, in pretty much silence. The thing was, they had been thinking about lifting Emma’s grounding, they thought maybe the message had sunk through to her. Apparently, they were wrong.

Soon, they arrived at the diner. It didn’t take long for them to spot two blonde teenagers through the window, but they realized they weren’t alone. On the other side of them were two older boys, they looked about Charlie’s age. One of them was holding onto Alex’s hand and the other was looking Emma up and down. David felt his fist clench. Mary Margaret realized that they hadn’t been the only two that were lied to that evening. There was no way Charlie would’ve helped Emma go on a date. While she was allowed to do so, David and Charlie were still pretty protective when it came to boys.

“Let’s not embarrass her,” Mary Margaret whispered to him. “I’m not happy with her either, but it’s not those boys’ fault that she’s not supposed to be there.”
“Do you see how that punk is looking at her? She could do so much better,” David grumbled.

“I know, I know. Just give me a minute.”

She dialed a number on her cell phone, Emma picking up a moment later.

“Hey Mom,” she said.

“Hey sweetie. How’s Alex’s?”

“It’s good, we’re getting a lot of studying done.”

“Oh, I bet. I can also see that Steve McKibbon is getting to study you very well.”

There was silence for a minute. Emma had been busted.

“You have two choices. Either you and Alex get up right now and come out here-because I know she’s grounded too-or we can come inside.”

Emma hung up the phone and the parents could see her whispering something to Alex, who turned pale herself. The two exchanged some words with their dates before getting up and walking out. Alex tried to give a charming smile to Mary Margaret and David.

“Hey Mr. Nolan, Mrs. Nolan, I think I’ll be going…”

“I don’t think so,” David said. “We’ll be dropping you off at home. I know your parents are working, but I’ll be calling to let your father know what you were up to this evening.”

A pout fell across her lips. The teenagers followed Mary Margaret and David to the car. The ride to the Herman’s was pretty silent. Alex and Emma hugged goodbye once the former was dropped off and once again, not much was said until they reached their house. Mary Margaret and David sat down with Emma on the porch swing.

“Care to explain, young lady?” Mary Margaret asked.

“Ax said she got us dates with Steve and Kyle, we had been trying to go out with them for months,” she said with a sigh. “I knew you’d never let me go out right now, so I lied.”

“Not to mention, you know if you have a date, we need to meet the person,” David said. It had been the agreement he and Mary Margaret had come to when Charlie got to dating age.
“I know, but I also knew you wouldn’t let me go out with a senior.”

“You were right on all counts. You didn’t just lie to us, you lied to your brother too and let him get into trouble.”

“Please don’t be mad at him,” Emma said, looking from her mother to her father. “It was all my idea.”

David and Mary Margaret held back a smile. Their kids could fight like cats and dogs, but they were also loyal when it came down to it.

“Charlie’s punishment is between us and him. As for you, you can tack on another two weeks to your grounding,” Mary Margaret said.

Emma let out a frustrated sigh. “But Mom…”

“No buts. Now come on, let’s go inside.”

The three walked into the house and Emma trudged to the kitchen. Charlie had started on dinner, figuring it would lower the blow for his parents. He gave his sister a sympathetic smile when he saw her.

“I’m sorry, sis, I had to tell them.”

“It’s fine,” she replied, looking a little guilty. “I wasn’t exactly honest with you either.”

Charlie raised an eyebrow. “Oh?”

“I was meeting up with Alex…but we had dates…with Kyle and Steve.”

He put down the spoon that was in hands. “Those boys are in my class.”

“I know.”

“You tricked me into driving you on a date with a guy that Mom and Dad had never met nor would approve of.” Emma slowly nodded and he frowned. “I trusted you, Emma.”

“I know and I’m really sorry. They know you didn’t know about the date.”

Charlie didn’t say anything else. He just turned back to his cooking. He wasn’t really sure what to say. Emma had lied to him and he didn’t like that. On the other hand, she didn’t particularly like his silence. He never gave her the silent treatment before. She bit her lip and headed up to her room.
Emma had already ate at the diner, so she stayed upstairs for most of the night. After Mary Margaret and David had come in to say goodnight, she snuck back downstairs and got some chocolate cover pretzels from the cabinet before going to Charlie’s room. He was laying back on his bed, reading a book for school.

“Hey,” Emma said, softly. He looked up at her and didn’t say anything. She held up her treats. “Peace offering.”

Charlie’s lips twitched, though he didn’t smile. “Chocolate covered pretzels?”

“Your favorite.” She walked in and handed them over. “I’m really sorry, you know.”

Charlie sighed and pulled her down next to him, wrapping an arm around her. He kissed the side of her head.

“I love you, kiddo, but you have to be honest with me. That’s the only way this whole teaming up thing is going to work.”

Emma nodded. “I know. Do you forgive me?”

He looked down into her big green eyes. “Of course I do.” He kissed her forehead and offered her one of the pretzels, which she happily accepted.

On the other side of the door, David and Mary Margaret were spying on the kids. They knew they’d make up quickly.

Being the parents of teenagers definitely wasn’t easy, but the sweet moments made up for it.

Chapter End Notes

As always, prompts are accepted! Feel free to follow me on Tumblr. I have a main account (just-an-outlaw) where I post random fandoms and then a fanfiction account (justanoutlawfanfiction) where I accept prompts and answer questions about my series.
A little Father’s Day one shot. If you want more Daddy Charming feels, both JustMeAndMyKeyboard and loboselina both put up Father’s Day one shots today, totally check them out (and their other work). As for this, it’s set in a universe where David took Emma through the wardrobe. Also, if you like the Charming Family, make sure to check out my new story featuring them: Only Hope!

David hadn’t even known Father’s Day was a thing when he first arrived to this new land. The first 4 months of their lives were pretty complicated. They had lived in a shelter to start out with until an older lady took pity on them and allowed him to work in her store. One morning when he woke up in the little apartment they lived in above the shop, he found Mrs. Beady cooking him breakfast, handing him a handmade card with Emma’s tiny handprints on the front.

“Happy Father’s Day,” she had told him.
David had been putting up a front, pretending he wasn’t from some faraway land where he had once been a prince. So, he just smiled and said “thank you”, doing the same whenever a customer would. Emma didn’t seem to know what was going on, but when she smiled up at him, he felt his heart soar.

A few years later, he woke up to Emma toddling over to his bed, barely being able to hold the tray in her hands. An overflowing bowl of Fruit Loops was on it, along with a mug filled with orange juice. She was grinning from ear to ear and recited the words just like Mrs. Beady had taught her.

“Happy Father’s Day, Daddy!” She said, excitedly.

David grinned, pulling her onto his lap. He wasn’t a big fan of the sugary cereal—he had bought it mostly to bribe Emma when need be—but he ate every bite, accepting the craft she had made him in daycare.

Over the years, David made sure to not make a big deal of Mother’s Day. Emma knew that Snow hadn’t abandoned them, she understood that she wanted to be with them. She also knew that Geppetto and Blue had lied until the very last second, meaning that David didn’t have time to make sure she could go with her. Even so, that day was always hard. He would find out ahead of time when they would be making the crafts and pull her out. They’d do something special the second Sunday of May, far away from any festivities.

Father’s Day was different. He received handmade presents and cards, got breakfast in bed. She’d plan out some activity for them to do. Even when she was 6 and David got a new job, allowing them to move out of the teeny apartment and she no longer had Mrs. Beady’s help. Emma adored her father, to her he hung the moon. David never expected anything and was never disappointed, but in the back of his mind, he always knew there’d be a celebration of some kind.

That was until Emma turned 14. That year had seemed to be the hardest one for them and it came out of nowhere. David had heard from the other mothers that it was coming, that pre-teen girls were notoriously hard to deal with. Emma didn’t seem to be going through that phase. She had stayed exactly the same. Once she turned that magic number though, something seemed to hit.

Deep down David wondered if it was because she was halfway to being able to break the curse, not that he said it. They didn’t talk about her being the savior too much—he didn’t want the pressure to be on her.

They fought, all the time. They had butted heads over the years, there had been tantrums (Emma had two stubborn parents, of course that trait got passed down), but nothing as long as those 4
months. In a way, David would take back all those sleepless nights and dirty diapers if meant not another door slamming followed by “I hate you! You’re the worst Dad ever!”

Things had seemed to come to a head when Emma had told him-not asked—that she was going away with her friends to a house on the lake. These were older ones that she had made, no parental supervision was going to be there. He informed her she was not going, which lead to another argument. Emma had been giving him the silent treatment for the past week. He was sure that year, there would be no Father’s Day celebration. It was the least of his worries, anyway.

The third Sunday in June, David woke up and took a shower. He headed down the hall to Emma’s room, only to find she wasn’t there. That seemed odd, she normally took every opportunity to sleep in when she didn’t have anything to do. He headed down the stairs and found her in the kitchen, removing stuff from a Dunkin Donuts bag. Two cups of coffee were on the table along with a wrapped gift. He arched an eyebrow.

“Em?” He asked. “What’s all this?”

She looked up at him, with that same scrunched up face when she thought he was being ridiculous. “It’s Father’s Day,” she replied, as if he was stupid. It was the first words she had spoken to him in days.

“I know. I just…you haven’t been happy with me lately.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “You suck, but you’re still my dad and I still love you. I rode my bike to Dunkin Donuts, got all your favorites.”

A small smile went across his face. She wasn’t the same angelic little girl that she had been 11 years prior, but he would take it. He stepped forward, being so bold as to kiss the top of her head.

“Thank you, Princess,” he said.

“Whatever,” she mumbled in reply, pushing the coffee forward. “Milk, lots of sugar.” She didn’t add that she had gotten the same for herself. David’s smile widened. He knew if Snow was there, he probably would’ve kicked his ass for letting her get addicted to coffee, but it was all about small battles.

They settled down at the table, not talking as they ate the bacon and egg sandwiches she had purchased. Once he had finished eating, she pushed forward the present. A few years prior, she had stopped with the handmade stuff. Mrs. Beady had long since passed away, but her daughter still ran her shop and let Emma work there a few hours a week for some pocket money. She claimed that handmade stuff was for little kids. David smiled at the silly Hallmark card. It didn’t have the typical heartfelt message, but there was a “Love, Em” at the bottom. He opened the gift, finding a gift card to his favorite coffee chain laying atop a jacket. He did a lot of work outside for his job
and often ran cold. His old one had been getting worse for wear, but he had been putting off going to the store—he hated shopping.

“It’s just like your old one,” Emma told him with a shrug. “Figured maybe your crew would take you more seriously if you didn’t have a hole in your pocket.”

He chuckled and she got up to throw out the trash. He rose to his feet and walked over, wrapping his arms around her. Just as he always did, he cradled the back of her head. For the first time in months, she returned the hug. He knew that the teen drama wasn’t over, but he also figured this was a peace offering to find their new groove as father and teenage daughter.

“Happy Father’s Day, Daddy,” she said.

David felt choked up, just as he had the first time she had ever called him that. It had been a few months since she had ever uttered that word. “Thanks, Princess.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, prompts are accepted on my Tumblr accounts: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction!
Mary Margaret finished writing out the note before looking down at her baby girl, letting out a deep breath. She had given this a lot of thought and knew it was the right choice. For years, her parents had tried to control her and form her into their version of a perfect daughter. They were so ashamed of her for getting pregnant at 16, though maybe even more ashamed that she had refused to marry Victor. They were too young, not even love. Apparently Victor had been offended that she had turned down his proposal (which had actually just been him staring at Emma with zero emotion and saying “Guess we should get married now”, exactly what every little girl dreams of), too, because she had barely heard from him over the past year. He’d drop by to coo over Emma a bit and then disappear.

The final straw had been when Eva told her that she couldn’t hack it on her own. She knew that she was wrong and she was going to prove it to her. She had packed up what she could fit into two
suitcases and bundled Emma into her stroller. She didn’t know where she was going, she just knew she had to get the hell out of Augusta.

Her parents were busying themselves getting ready for some fancy party or another (she no longer had to attend since she had a baby to look after). She knelt next to Emma, giving her a small smile.

“I need you to be very quiet, okay?” She whispered. “We’re going on an adventure, you and I. It’s going to be lots of fun, or at least, I hope it is. Don’t worry, Mommy is going to take care of everything.”

Mary Margaret set the note on the table before walking out to the car, knowing there was a good chance that her father would have it repossessed the moment he read the words “Dear Leopold and Eva…”

She drove for at least an hour, Emma staying quiet in the backseat. Eventually, she came across a sign for a town called “Storybrooke”. It called out to her, she hadn’t ever heard of it, but it seemed perfect. Soon, she was pulling onto Main Street, looking around. There was a hardware store and nearby, an inn.

Mary Margaret was probably the definition of spoiled princess. As unfair as her parents had been over the past year, they had provided everything that she and Emma had needed. She needed to make an honest living, get out from under their thumb. That was just what she would do. She parked her car and took Emma into her arms, walking straight inside.

Eugena Lucas, or Granny as most called her, had seen a lot of things over the years. This was definitely a first. A young girl, couldn’t have been older than 16, stood there holding an infant in her arms. The teenager strode up to her desk, clearly trying to look as confident as possible.

“My name is Mary Margaret Blanchard. I’m looking for a job, any job,” she told her.

Granny slid her glasses up her nose, looking her up and down. “A job?”

“Yes.”

“Do you have a resume?”

“I’ve never worked before,” Mary Margaret replied. “But I’m a fast learner.”

Granny still stared at her, unsure. “And that baby…”

“My daughter, Emma.”
“Daughter. You can’t be that old yourself.”

“I’m 16. But again, fast learner.”

Granny sighed. The girl had either been kicked out or ran away, that much was certain. As confident as she was trying to look, she knew she was desperate. A mother herself, she would want whoever her daughter showed up to, to take her in and be there for her. She couldn’t send the teenager and baby back out into the cold.

“You’ll start out as a maid,” Granny finally said. “I’m assuming you have no place to live?” Mary Margaret nodded in response. “I have an old potting shed out back, my granddaughter fixed it up before she left for college to stay in when she visits. It’s got a bed and a tub. You can stay there, rent free.”

Mary Margaret grinned. “Thank you so much.”

“As for the little one, I’ll look after her for you. It’ll come out of your paycheck, you know I can’t pay you much.”

“I understand. I just need something…anything.”

Granny nodded and extended her hand. Mary Margaret’s smile widened and she shook it, quickly. She looked down at Emma, cuddling her close.

“We’ve done it, baby, we’ve found a home!”

Emma took her first steps on the inn’s floors. It had also been where Mary Margaret had taken her first ones, as an independent woman. It wasn’t easy, not in the slightest. She picked up her job, quickly though. The other maids didn’t seem to like them, but she just thought they were slow. Granny seemed impressed and gave her a raise after a few months of her being there.

She had been right about her parents taking away her car. They hadn’t even shown up to do it themselves. She just swore she would save up for a new one. In the meantime, the inn was in close proximity to everything she needed to get to.

Months turned to years and Emma grew before Mary Margaret’s very eyes. On her first day of kindergarten, she lead her to the door, feeling very nervous. Emma wasn’t, though. She had been planning for that day for a long time. Her red backpack was slung over her back and she had her outfit carefully picked out. Before anyone could do anything, another little girl with raven hair ran over to them.
“Hi, I’m Regina,” she said to Emma. She held up a box of crayons. “Wanna color with me?”

“Sure!” Emma quickly hugged her mother’s legs. “Bye Mommy!” Soon, she was running off to join her new friend.

Later that day, Mary Margaret would make her first real best friend of her own. Granny’s granddaughter was moving back to town to work in the inn’s kitchen. Ruby took to Mary Margaret right away, talking a mile a minute about her own life, the young woman could barely keep up.

After that day, Emma wasn’t seen very far from Regina and she noticed that she was spending more time in the kitchen. Ruby fed her tons of cookies and danced with her. She’d babysit the rare times that Mary Margaret went out and come up with all sorts of games. She didn’t know her grandparents so well, so Granny and Ruby were like the only family she had outside her mom.

Victor continued to come and go, mostly the latter. Ruby often told Mary Margaret to kick him to the curb, but she didn’t. She said the door would always be open for him and it would be Emma’s choice of when it closed. She wasn’t sure if that was the right choice or not, she just wasn’t going to be the one to take that from her.

Years continued to go by and Mary Margaret made her way up the chain at the hotel. She went from maid to bell hop to concierge and finally, when Emma was 10, she became manager. She was nervous, but Granny assured her she was qualified. With her new power, she hired Leroy. While grumpy, he was still very good at his job and seemed to have a soft spot for their little family.

That was also the year she met David Nolan.

The diner had opened a couple of years prior, back before she could afford to eat out more often. However, she was doing a lot better for herself. She and Emma had gotten their first house, finally moving out of that potting shed. It had been hard for Emma, she loved living at the inn. At the same time, she also loved finally getting her own room.

One day after unpacking from the load of boxes she thought would never end and dropping Emma off at school, she headed to David’s Diner before work, desperate for a cup of coffee. She was in a rush, but the diner was packed. She decided to use her charm to get a quick cup. She walked up to the blonde haired, blue eyed owner, smiling.

“Hi, I need coffee,” she informed him.

He waved his hand in the direction of an empty bar stool. “Go sit down.”
“I don’t have time to wait, can’t you just pour me a little bit? Please, pretty please.”

David let out a frustrated sigh. It had been a long morning and his other server had called out, meaning he was alone in waiting tables. The last thing he needed was this (albeit very pretty) woman, pestering him.

“I’ll be with you in a minute, besides, it seems you don’t need any more coffee.”

Mary Margaret was quiet for a minute as she followed closely behind him around the diner. “What’s your zodiac sign?”

“What?” He asked, setting some eggs down in front of a patron.

“Your zodiac sign, what is it?”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Just tell me.”

David sighed, wanting nothing more than for this conversation to end.

“Sagittarius,” he finally replied.

Mary Margaret nodded and turned to another customer who was flipping through the paper while they drank their tea. “Mr. Clark, may I borrow that?”

The pharmacist nodded and handed it to her. She flipped through to the horoscopes and ripped out the Sagittarius one before handing it back. She reached into her purse and pulled out a sharpie. She scribbled something down and handed it to David. He looked down at it.

You will meet an annoying woman today. Give her coffee and she’ll go away.

David couldn’t help but smirk. This woman was clearly a piece of work. He set down Mr. Clark’s order before walking around the counter and pouring out a takeout cup of coffee, handing it to her.

“There you go, princess.”

She smiled. “Thank you, Charming.” She took a sip and let out a long sigh. “Now that’s good coffee.” She could see David was still holding the horoscope. After setting down some money, she turned to leave but then looked over her shoulder. “Hold onto that, the horoscope, it’ll bring you
luck.”

David may have given her the coffee, but Mary Margaret didn’t go away. For at least one meal a day, she showed up, with Emma in tow. They loved his pancakes the most (along with his coffee). David was known as the town recluse, he didn’t talk to many people. He found himself drawn to the Blanchard girls, though. He would feed them, banter with Mary Margaret and ask Emma how school was going. When the young girl caught the chicken pox and would only eat mashed potatoes, he delivered them daily to their house. He got her something for her birthday every year. He’d even offer Mary Margaret advice every so often.

Ruby saw just how close they were on Emma’s 13th birthday. He showed up late, but carrying two bags of ice.

“My hero!” Mary Margaret exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck. He grinned and hugged her back.

The chef wasn’t the only one to notice, though. Most of the town did, too. What the two of them called banter, everyone else called flirtation. Even Emma noticed it after a while.

“Do you like David?” She asked one night as they walked home.

Mary Margaret nearly spit out the coffee she had just taken a sip of. “Excuse me?”

“You just always seem to be flirting with him.”

“I do not flirt!”

“Yeah, you do.”

“We just have banter going on.”

Emma shook her head. “I’m not a baby anymore, I can see these things. Plus,” she shrugged, sipping her cocoa. “Everyone in town thinks you’re in love.”

“Yeah, well, this town needs to learn to keep their traps shut.”

The thought stayed with Mary Margaret, though. Did she like David in that way? It had been so long since she had dated. She wasn’t a nun or anything, but never anything too serious. She didn’t want to hurt Emma or get her hopes up.

She paid attention over the next few days. She found herself laughing more at David’s corny jokes, staring at him more. He was so attractive. As much as she teased him for his obsession with plaid,
the way it hung on his body…

But then his ex-girlfriend showed up to town. Kathryn, as she was known to everyone else. The two got back together and that seemed to be the end of it. Around that time, Victor started coming around more, claiming to wanting to be a family with her and Emma. She decided to give it a shot.

Two more years went by and Victor was back to being a mystery person again. Emma didn’t even seem to be heartbroken about it like she used to be when she was younger. Kathryn and David had gotten married, but it ended in a quick divorce when she cheated on him. As always, David was there for her when Victor split town and she comforted him the day the entire town found Kathryn making out with Frederick Andrews.

On Emma’s 16th birthday, she entered the diner arm in arm with Regina, who was still her best friend. Mary Margaret was throwing her a party that night, but couldn’t join them for breakfast at the diner, as she had to work. Together, the best friends sat at the counter. David walked over to them, snatching the menus from their hands.

“Wrong seats,” he said.

Emma raised an eyebrow. “Since when is there assigned seating?”

“Since the coffee cake I made and the balloons I blew up for you are over there.” He pointed to the table behind them.

She grinned, leaning over to kiss cheek. David had been more of a father to her over those past 6 years than, Victor had been in the past 16.

“Thanks, David,” she told him, sincerely.

“Happy birthday, Em.”

That night, the party was in full swing. While Mary Margaret’s relationship with her parents was still rocky, she and Emma had built a family out of the town. Ruby and her fiancé, Dorothy, were the best aunts/sisters to the girls in the world. Leroy was the grumpy uncle with a heart of gold. Granny, though retired from the inn and mostly handing things over to Mary Margaret and Ruby, was more of a grandmother than Eva ever was.

“Like the cake, sweets?” Mary Margaret asked as Emma dug into it.

“It’s delicious, thanks Aunt Ruby,” she said, shooting a smile to her.
“Lucky girl, getting two cakes,” Regina teased, bumping elbows with her.

Mary Margaret raised an eyebrow. “Two cakes?”

“I forgot to tell you, David made me a coffee cake this morning. He blew up balloons, too.”

“Seriously?”

Emma nodded. “It was super sweet.”

Mary Margaret’s eyes went to the doorway where David was chatting with Ashley Hermann. She felt her heart swelling. She knew how deeply David cared for Emma, but given all they had been through with Victor over the past two years, this meant a lot. He had been their rock and continued to do that. He was even doing what he hated the most, socialize with people, just for his Blanchard girls.

When David stepped out to take a breather, Mary Margaret followed. “A bit much?” She asked.

He chuckled. “You know I only do this twice a year.”

“My birthday and Emma’s.” He nodded. “She told me about the coffee cake and balloons.”

David shrugged. “It was no big deal.”

“It’s a very big deal. These past 6 years…you’ve…you’ve always done things for us.”

Another shrug fell across his shoulders. “I…I just like seeing you guys happy.”

David stared down into her green eyes, both of their hearts racing. She stood on her tip toes, kissing him. He wrapped his arms around her, deepening it. Emma spied from the window, grinning from ear to ear.

The best birthday present she could’ve asked for.

A few nights later, Mary Margaret and David went on their first date. They went out of town so there’d be no spies. Together they sat by candlelight, smiling at one another, but not saying anything. What could be said? They had known each other for 6 years, had been best friends. Now they were trying it out…dating. It was all so new.

“I’m trying to remember…” Mary Margaret finally spoke up. “How’d we meet?”

David smiled. “You really don’t remember?” She shook her head. “Well, once upon a time, I was working a busy morning shift. This woman comes in, pestering me for coffee. I tell her to sit and wait her turn.”
“I bet she did,” Mary Margaret replied with a grin. “Because she sounds lovely.”

“Oh, you’d think, but she wouldn’t let it go. Finally, she switches it up, starts bugging me for my zodiac sign. I give it to her and she pulls out a horoscope, writing something down. She hands it to me and it says You will meet an annoying woman today. Give her coffee and she’ll go away.”

Mary Margaret smirked. “But she didn’t go away.”

David shook his head, still smiling. “She told me to hold onto it, that it would bring me luck.” He reached into his pocket, pulling out his wallet. He removed the faded newspaper clipping. Sure enough, it still had Mary Margaret’s neat handwriting. Her mouth fell open.

“I can’t believe you kept that for…”

“6 years.”

“6 years,” she repeated.

He reached over, taking her hand. “Mary Margaret, I need you to know, whatever this is, I’m in. All in.”

She met his glance, tears clouding in her eyes. “Same here.”

Two more years of glorious dating and nights spent at the loft above the diner, they found themselves at Ruby and Dorothy’s wedding. Mary Margaret was maid of honor, Emma was the bridesmaid. David couldn’t believe how sexy Mary Margaret looked or how grownup Emma now was. Soon, she’d be graduating from high school. How the time had flown by.

They danced the night away, Mary Margaret being very surprised at his abilities. That night, Emma had Regina sleepover at their house, while her mom headed back to David’s. The following morning, Mary Margaret woke up and headed straight for the coffee pot. She found a black velvet box sitting inside. Her eyes widened as she removed it and flipped it open. Inside was a ring with an emerald stone sitting in the middle.

“Do you like it?” Mary Margaret turned around to find David standing there. “It was my mother’s.”

“David…it’s beautiful.”

He walked over to her, removing it from the box. “I love you, Mary Margaret. I love Emma, too. I know we’ve always sort of been a family, but I want to make it official…”

“Yes,” Mary Margaret said.

He smiled. “I didn’t even get to ask yet.”

“You don’t have to. Yes, David, I will marry you.”
The wedding was a casual affair, though the entire town came. Almost everyone was glowing as they said “I told you so” to the bride and groom. Neither listened, though, they never did. They exchanged their simple vows, kissing as soon as the priest gave the okay.

Since David’s parents had long since passed and May Margaret’s still weren’t supportive, they had forgone the typical parent/child dances. Instead, Mary Margaret danced with James, her new brother-in-law and David took a spin around the floor with Emma. She had selected the song “He Didn’t Have To Be” by Brad Paisley.

“So, you’re finally a Blanchard,” Emma teased him as they slowly danced.

David chuckled. “I guess I am.”

“I’m really glad you married my mom. I know you love her.”

“I love you too, Emma, you have to know that.”

“I do.” She was quiet for a minute. “You know, over the past 8 years, you’ve been more of a father to me than Victor ever has.”

David bit his lip. He always tried to keep his opinion of the deadbeat to himself. “Emma…”

“No, it’s okay, really. It’s just…I know I’m 18 and everything, so you can’t really adopt me…but would you be okay if I called you Dad?”

Tears welled up in his eyes, a watery smile spreading across his face. “Emma, I would love nothing more.”

A few months later, Mary Margaret and David walked into the house. She set her purse down, looking around the house. David put his hand on the small of his back.

“I guess we’re empty nesters,” he said.

She looked up at him. “Only for another 8 months or so.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Are you…I mean…”

“I didn’t want to say anything in front of Emma, I didn’t want to make her first day of college all about me, but…yeah.” A smile went across her face. “We’re going to have a baby.”

He smiled brightly, kissing her. Their family was growing.

17 years ago, Mary Margaret ran away from home to find happiness and she had found it. In David. In Emma. In the Inn. In Ruby, Granny, Regina, all the family she had found. The truth was,
Storybrooke had brought her all of that.

Maybe there was magic in that little town after all.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this one! As always, prompts are accepted on my Tumblr accounts: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction!
I have decided to do something fun that my friend JustMeAndMyKeyboard did back in May and is sort of doing now this week. I’ll be doing it in July and it’ll be called: July Jamboree. Every day in July I’ll be writing at least one shot for this story. You guys can send in prompts and it's an anything goes type thing. So, even if it’s from canon, I will do it. The only thing I won’t do is cover any Emma ships. So, Captain Swan, Swanfire, Swan Queen, Gremma, whatever, even if I ship it, I won’t be writing about it in this story. However, anything Charming Family will be accepted, as long as it has interaction between two members (which are Snow, David, Emma, Henry and Neal). However, AU prompts are also gladly accepted. I’ll even write sequels to other ones if you guys want. You can start sending them in now, but this won’t start until July 1st. If you need inspiration, I’ll be reblogging some sentence starter/prompt list memes on my Tumblr: justanoutlawfanfiction.

As for today, awhile back, izflamer18 requested a one shot where Snowing had lots of babies. So, this is my way of showing that. Takes place as though there was never a curse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Snow always knew she wanted a big family. Growing up, she had been an only child and while her life had been just fine, she was sort of lonely. David felt the same way, especially since he never got to know his brother. They decided to start trying for children a year into their marriage. Things in the kingdom had finally settled down, Regina wasn’t a threat anymore and George was safely locked away.

Emma Ruth came first, one month early. She had to make an entrance, in her own way. Snow and David loved the joy that came with parenthood. Things were hard, sure, and tiring, but they made it work. They swore they’d use nannies as little as possible, so wherever they went, so did she.

Two years later, Snow found herself pregnant once again. Neal Robert arrived a few days later than expected, in contrast to his big sister. Emma loved her baby brother and doted on him as much as she could. There were times she got jealous of her parents, but in some ways, two was easier than one. David and Snow could each spend some one on one time with both.

They were going to wait a bit before expanding their family, but when Neal was 6 months old, after their first night away from the kids, they had a bit too much wine at a ball and got a little frisky on
the carriage ride home. 9 months later, Mathilde Eva made her debut. At that point, they were feeling a little in over their heads. Neal was still breast feeding and Emma began to regress a bit, wanting her parents attention as much as possible. For the first time, they really felt like it was a struggle to balance both their responsibilities to the kingdom and to their children. Regina stepped in to give them both some help, as did Red and Granny.

“It’s okay to ask for help,” the elderly woman had told Snow one night. She was rocking Neal to sleep while Snow fed Mathilde. A few rooms over, Red was assisting David in tucking Emma into bed.

“I just never wanted that for them,” Snow admitted, letting out a sigh as she looked from her youngest daughter to her son. “I was raised by nannies.”

“You know better than to abuse the fact that you have them, though. You’ll make time for both, I know you, Snow,” Granny told her, reaching over and squeezing her hand. “You can’t burn out in the meantime.”

A few weeks later, they hired Beatrice. She came highly recommended from another family in the kingdom, who’s children were now grown. She was great with the children and they seemed to love her. It also made the time they spent with their parents all the more special. Snow and David found it easier to be both better royals and parents with the help.

Shortly after Mathilde’s 3rd birthday, they welcomed another son, Charles David. Emma, now 6, was becoming quite the bossy one to all her siblings. They followed her around like little ducklings (though Neal was easily her second in command). They seemed to be getting in the swing of things.

“Do you have the picnic basket?” Snow asked her husband, adjusting Charlie in her arms. It was the one day a week they took off from any business and spent time with the children. Even if only an hour was possible, it’s what they would do.

David nodded, holding it up. “Yes. Emma, Neal and Mattie are at the door, ready to go.”

“What about you, bub? Huh?” Snow asked, smiling down at her baby boy. “You ready to go on a picnic with your brother and sisters?” The little baby simply blew bubbles up at her.

The walk to the meadow was a short one. David held onto Emma and Neal’s hands while Mathilde clung to her mommy’s skirt. They settled down by the brook, enjoying the sandwiches that the cook had fixed them, having cookies for desert. The children ran around like crazy, having the time of their lives. Eventually, David joined in, pulling out the wooden swords he had brought for the occasion. Emma was clearly a little natural. He couldn’t help but wonder if she’d be their first ever female knight.

Years seemed to go by quicker than they would’ve liked. Soon, they were celebrating Emma’s 10th
birthday. However, that wasn’t the only thing worth celebrating, Snow had her hand over her growing baby bump. Neal was now 8, Mathilde and Charlie were 7 and 4 respectively. The novelty of getting a new little sibling hadn’t seemed to wear off. The youngest member of their brood had been a little hesitant, but after a pep talk from his older siblings, he was more excited. He was just insistent that he’d be the baby boy. He was a Mama’s Boy (as was Neal, but Charlie was more so) and didn’t want that to change. Emma thought the baby would be a girl too, but Mathilde and Neal were convinced they’d be getting another baby brother. Snow and David grinned to themselves, having used Ruth’s necklace as they always did to find out. However, another tradition, it was a secret to all but Granny (who’d make the blanket for the next member).

A few months later and Diana Snow made her appearance to the world. As the kids all fussed over her (Charlie and Emma bragging about being right, they were David’s children after all), Snow and David had another one of their silent eye conversations. They were so happy with their 5 kids. It was in that moment, they knew it. Their family was officially complete, with of course enough love to go around.

Chapter End Notes

I’m very hesitantly also opening up requests to include these characters too. This is Charlie’s second appearance (though in this, he was younger than Emma, I just wanted to keep ages somewhat canonically correct). I hope you guys enjoyed this one! As always, prompts are accepted on my Tumblr accounts: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction!
Henry had grown up listening to the legacy of his father. He knew he had been a knight that died in battle before he had a chance to be born. There was a portrait dedicated in his honor, hanging up in their main ballroom. He’d find himself staring up at it quite often, wondering if he could ever be half the knight he was. He knew that his father hadn’t started out royal, neither had his grandpa. Henry was a prince, he had been raised to protect and defend his kingdom. He knew that one day his mother would be queen. As she was an only child, he’d be king, but again, that was a far time off.

He didn’t want to just be a spoiled prince that sat on his butt doing nothing. He wanted to protect
and serve. He wanted to be a hero.

So, he had gone to David and talked with him about becoming a knight. He was so proud of him and said that he would be happy to train him, only if Emma approved it. Sometimes, it was hard for he and Snow to distinguish that they weren’t the teenager’s parents. Henry was a complete surprise, Emma was only 18 when he entered the family. Since she was a single mom his whole life, they stepped up to help her raise him. They knew there were times they may have overstepped and they were trying to learn from that.

Emma wrung her wrists when her father brought up the idea over tea. “I don’t know,” she admitted.

David nodded. “What about it scares you?”

“It’s just…” She bit her lip. “This is exactly how I lost his father. It’s how your brother died, too. I can’t lose him, Daddy.” Tears welled up in her eyes.

He reached over, squeezing her hand. “Listen to me, Henry couldn’t be in better hands. I will teach him everything I know. He won’t be going into battles any time soon, I’ll make sure of it.”

Emma gnawed on her lip. She found it hard to deny Henry anything. She constantly worried that she was messing up at motherhood, which is why she let her parents take over so much. “This is really what he wants?” She asked.

“Yes, very much. I think he wants a connection to his father, to me.”

She inhaled, letting it out through her nose. “Alright,” she said. “As long as he is very, very careful.”

“I would die before I let a thing happen to him, you have to know that.”

“I trust you, Daddy. I do.”

The next morning, David woke Henry up early so they could get started. He had cleared his schedule to make sure their first day of training could be a full one. They had a quick but hearty breakfast before heading out into the field.

“Where’s my sword?” Henry asked.

David chuckled. “Whoa there, we’re not going to start with that.”

Henry’s eyebrows knitted together. “We’re not.”

“Nope. You’ve still got to use your wooden ones for a bit.”

“I’ve been using those for years!”

“It’ll take you time before you wield a real one. For now, you must come tend to your steed.”
He lead Henry to the stables where the horses were. Each member of the family had their own, the youngest member had received his a few years prior. As Henry fed Alto his apple, David got some stuff together, handing it over to him.

“What’s all that?”

“What you’ll need to clean up after him.”

“That’s what the stable hands are for.”

“Not now that you’re going to be a knight,” David explained. “Each knight is responsible for their own horse. It helps build a better relationship, so when you go into battle, he’ll respect you.”

Henry tilted his head, he never thought about that, but realized his grandfather was probably right. He started to clean up after the black and white horse, while David tended to his own. Once they were done, Henry turned to his grandfather, beaming.

“Can we sword fight now?”

“Patience, my boy,” David told him, with a laugh. “Now we go change so we can head out into the village.”

“The village? Do we need supplies?”

“Not quite, come on now.”

Henry went upstairs to get dressed. When he returned downstairs, he found some of the other knights waiting for him. David had instructed them to treat Henry no different than any other one in training, simply because he was a prince. Together, they headed into one of the poorer parts of the village where they handed out blankets and food, along with toys for the little ones. Henry had done charity work over the years, it was something his mother and grandma believed in greatly, but he didn’t think knights did it.

“What was the point in that?” Henry asked as they headed back to the carriage.

“Well, we like them to know that even though they may not be royalty, we’re still going to protected, that we think about them,” David explained. “They’re not below us, simply because they don’t have a higher status. It’s important to me, when I was your age, I was in their shoes. You have to remember you’re in a very fortunate position, Henry.”

That stuck with him as they headed back to the palace. While the other knights went off to take their positions around the castle and finish up their duties, David lead Henry to his study. He pulled
out some books, laughing once again at Henry’s frustrated face.

“Just because you’re a teen doesn’t mean your learning is over. Being a knight is more than the physical training, read a few chapters and then you can run laps.”

“Mom isn’t really okay with this, I knew it.” Henry felt like he was being fooled. “This is just busy work.”

David shook his head. “The opposite. I promised her you wouldn’t be a knight until you were ready and I’m doing all I can to prove to her that you are. Being a knight is more than just riding a horse and wielding a sword, Henry. That’s the kind of thinking that got my brother killed.”

That was once again more food for thought that Henry mulled over as he studied before running laps around the field under his grandfather’s watch. He didn’t expect to even get started on sword training that day, but after lunch, David approached him.

“Tired yet?”


David moved his hand behind his back, revealing two wooden swords. “Ready for a little one on one?”

Henry beamed from ear to ear, following his grandfather back outside. Soon, they were in a lively battle, having tons of fun. David knew he’d have to teach him how to seriously do it, but also reminded himself that Henry was still a boy. He had some time before he would be a man.

Meanwhile, Snow and Emma watched from the balcony that hung off the latter’s room. She felt her mother place a hand on the small of her back.

“He’ll be a wonderful knight, Emma,” she told her.

Emma nodded. “Yes, he will.”

“He’ll be fierce, I feel better know he can protect you once your father and I are gone.”

That was the first clue for Emma, the clue that something was wrong. She felt something in her wanting to argue that, that she was a grown woman. She was the savior, she could protect all of them.
But then she pushed the thoughts out of her mind. That was all crazy talk, her imagination getting to her. She was a princess, she was from Misthaven. Storybrooke didn’t exist, at least not outside her dreams.

Her mother was right, Henry would make a fine knight someday.

Chapter End Notes

I couldn’t resist adding that last part, given where I set this universe, haha. As always, prompts are accepted on my Tumblr accounts: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction!
This was a request sent to me on a guest by here, where Emma gets pregnant young and has to come clean to Snowing. She’s very scared, but they’re supportive. Since I already covered this happening in the EF in “Children of the Dark”, I’m setting this in the “On The Other Side of the Door” verse. Which, if you never read it, is a twist on 6x17 where Snowing did reunite with Emma via the door.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma and her parents had been going through a bit of a rough patch and it all had to do with a boy. He wasn’t her first boyfriend and Snow knew he wouldn’t be her last, which is why she tried to let it go at first. But then she got a call in the middle of the night, Emma had been arrested for shoplifting with this particular boyfriend. At that point, she agreed with David that he had to go. Emma didn’t take to it to well and continued to see him anyway. They even agreed to run off together. She had packed up the bug she had bought with her savings and was all set to go.

He never showed, wouldn’t answer his cell phone and wasn’t in any of his normal places. He was gone. She had been left.

Emma had spent the past 10 years trying to get over her early life in the system, where she was bounced around from one home to the next. Having Snow and David in her life had taught her that not everyone always left. Unfortunately, sometimes, people still did.

(Only because they were threatened by August Booth, but that’s not something she would find out for yet another 10 years.)

She was heartbroken and spent most of her time holed up in her room. Her parents had a feeling that the relationship had gone sour and had offered to be there as support, not that she took them up on it. She claimed they didn’t understand, that they were probably happy that her heart was broken because they hated him all along. No amount of Snow and David assuring their little girl that they hated seeing her in pain worked. So, they decided to just give her some space.

A few weeks later, Snow noticed that almost as soon as she would buy a certain type of food, it would go missing. Emma was quickly to put the blame on her younger brother, but it always things that he wouldn’t want to touch. Snow didn’t understand why Emma was lying, she thought they had covered her food insecurities. She wondered if the recent breakup was rehashing old wounds.
David also noticed that Emma was tired a lot more. She had never quite been a morning person, but this was different. She’d end up going to bed far earlier than usual, then not waking up until she was practically dragged out of bed. She seemed very flushed and was sluggish throughout the day. He was getting worried, as was his wife.

One morning, they decided it was time to say something. Emma stumbled down the stairs, still in her pajamas and looking a little green. Snow pushed forward some toast and orange juice to her. Emma mumbled thanks before plopping down at the island to eat it.

“Emma, I made an appointment for you with Dr. Trinidad this afternoon,” Snow told her.

Emma felt her heart racing. Dr. Trinidad had been her doctor since they moved to Portland all those years ago. She had skipped her last physical without informing her mom, because she knew just what would pop up. Had her mom caught on that she hadn’t gone?

“I don’t need to see the doctor,” she replied, breezily.

“I’d say differently,” David piped up. “You’ve been walking around like a zombie for the past couple of months Emma. We don’t mind about you eating, but on top of it, you seem to be getting sick often. You’re always sleeping. There could be something seriously wrong.”

She bit her lip, her eyes staying on the glass. Something was seriously wrong, but she didn’t think she could tell them. Snow could see her daughter’s “don’t give a damn” was melting and that she looked terrified. She didn’t understand why Emma would be so scared. She liked Dr. Trinidad, she never minded seeing him before. Sure, she didn’t exactly like immunizations or medicine, but she usually would agree to go see the doctor to try to prove her point…

Unless Emma already knows what’s going on.

Suddenly, it was all making sense. Snow couldn’t believe she hadn’t caught on before. The overindulging on food, throwing up a lot and then sleeping all the time. All coinciding with a high school romance. Now that she thought of it, Emma hadn’t seemed to be low on tampons either since her ex disappeared.

Back where they come from, sex before marriage happened (she and David hadn’t exactly been virgins on their wedding night), but it wasn’t like America. She and Emma had several talks on what a big deal the first time was, how to be safe. She was so young, come fall, she’d be starting her senior year of high school. She was just a baby herself.
But Snow knew she couldn’t judge, not then. Emma needed support, she needed to be loved.

“Emma,” she said as gently as possible. “Do you know why you’ve been so sick?”

Emma met her mother’s eye and there was something about it, how kind she always was. Sometimes it was still so overwhelming. She broke down into tears, which lead to Snow wrapping her into her arms.

“Oh baby,” she whispered.

“It was only a couple of times,” Emma choked out. “I don’t…I don’t understand how…”

David caught onto just what was going on and felt sick to his stomach. He wasn’t blind to his baby girl being a teenager, but he hadn’t wanted to think about just what she and that boyfriend had been up to. He wanted to track him down in the deepest corner of hell, bring him back to life and snap his neck. It was bad enough he broke her heart, but to do it when she was going to have his baby?

“I’ll kill him,” he said, clearly.

“Daddy, please,” Emma met his eye. “He doesn’t even know. I found out a few days after he vanished.”

David let out a long sigh, running his hand through his hair. “Doesn’t excuse his role in things.”

“I… I don’t know what to do,” she admitted. She had tried so long to pretend she was all grown up and had things figured out, but for the first time in awhile, she was petrified. She wanted her mommy and daddy to fix it and make it better.

“This isn’t a choice we can make for you,” Snow told her, rubbing her back soothingly. “However, whatever it is you choose to do, we’ll support you.”

Emma sniffled. “Really?”

“Really. I can’t say it’ll be easy, because parenthood definitely isn’t. You just won’t be alone.”

David stepped closer to his girls. He still had a lot of conflicting emotions, he wasn’t quite sure if he felt that Emma was ready for any of it. That wasn’t really an option anymore. He would support his daughter and be there for her, he loved her more than anything in the world. He joined in on the hug, cradling the back of her head.
“Your mother’s right, sweetheart. You’ll never be alone.”

Months passed by and there were more discussions, along with some arguments. The spare bedroom mostly used for storage was cleaned out for a nursery to be set up. Some of Emma’s friends distanced themselves from her, the same happening with Snow and David for supporting their daughter. In the end, all of the drama didn’t seem to matter anymore when they added a new member to the family.

To this day, they consider Henry David Nolan the best thing to ever happen by mistake.

Chapter End Notes

The title of this one shot and the last line is inspired by the song “Babies Making Babies” by Miranda Lambert. A reminder that July Jamboree will start in just one week, so start getting your prompts in! If you want to give me an idea, but are stuck, on my fanfiction Tumblr: justanoutlawfanfiction, I have a new tab titled “July Jamboree Ideas” where I’ve linked my favorite sentence starter/promp lists. You can also submit me original ideas and if you have a preference for it to be Mama Snow or Daddy Charming or even Neal instead of Emma, just let me know. As always, prompts for any of my verses are accepted on here, on the Tumblr mentioned above or my other Tumblr: just-an-outlaw.
This was a request sent to me by a guest who wanted to see Evil Snowing who have little Emma and love her, despite their darkness. To make me more comfortable writing this, I’m not setting this in Isaac’s universe, because I don’t like the idea of Snow forcing David to do things with his heart. In this, they’re still true loves.

A reminder that tomorrow is July 1st, which means it is time for July Jamboree. Please submit prompts. The one day that I know for sure there will only be 1 one shot being posted is Sunday, because I’m working 16 hours, so I’ll be posting a pre-written one before I leave for work. Outside that, I hope to post as much as possible and have a few ideas, but I love the prompts you guys send in. You can submit as many as you like and I’ll try to tackle them all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Snow and David hadn’t always been so dark, but the times they weren’t seemed like a whole other
lifetime ago. Their hearts had been turned to almost pure black as they did what they could to protect the child that she was carrying. If not for Emma, they would probably be completely dark. However, she was their one light. Despite the curse not being set, she was still the savior, the pure heart of the kingdom.

They knew they had created enemies in the midst of it all. It came with the territory and it wasn’t as if they weren’t used to it. With their darkness, however, they could fight them off easier. Snow had long since charmed her arrows, they wouldn’t just injure the person they struck, but cause them a long and painful death.

Very few people believed they could be good parents with their darkness, only their trusted friends knew and understood. Maleficent had dealt with something very similar when it came to her daughter Lily. It was why Snow and David chose to have the two move into the palace. Together, the three could protect their daughters from those who did not understand that even the darkest of hearts could love.

One morning, Snow went to Emma’s nursery, pushing open the door. “Emmy, sweetheart,” she called out, only to pause in her tracks. Emma’s bed was empty, her blanket torn on the floor. The window had been thrown open and there was some red stains on the walls. Snow felt her blood run cold. “DAVID!”

Everyone in the palace was put on high alert. Maleficent took Lily to a part of the palace that not too many people knew about while guards came out to the yard with the royal couple.

“We are getting the princess back,” David commanded to them all. “I do not care who we have to kill in the process, she will be returned to mine and the queen’s arms by midday or so help me, we will have problems.”

“Yes, your majesty,” the knights called out.

David and Snow took off on horseback through the woods, calling out their daughter’s name. He wielded his sword while she had one hand on the reins, the other on her bow and arrow. Suddenly, she caught onto just where her daughter might be.

“To the fairies hideaway,” she commanded to the horse, who went even faster.

David didn’t even question his wife’s commands. The fairies, once their closest allies, were now their greatest enemies thanks to Blue. It was her fault they had become the way they were, she claimed it was the new prophecy. Yet, while she trusted them as rulers, she didn’t agree that they
were properly raising Emma. There had been several debates that she should be raised by people who could teach her the right way to do magic.

They made their way to the tulips and found Emma sitting on the ground, looking quite frightened. Tiger Lily was desperately trying to comfort the young girl. She hadn’t agreed with what Blue had done, while she didn’t agree with the Charmings, she knew that they were good parents. Emma looked up and saw her parents on horseback.

“Mommy! Daddy!” She cried out.

“We’re here, precious,” Snow promised her, feeling her heartbeat decrease a tad.

David jumped off the horse and pulled Emma into his arms, cuddling her close. Snow dismounted, checking the little one over. Despite her torn nightgown and tangled hair, she seemed to be okay. That is until they saw that she had a few scratches on her arms. Snow’s jaw clenched. David recognized the look in her eyes and made sure that Emma’s face was hidden against his chest. Tiger Lily held up her hands in surrender.

“Your majesties, I didn’t want this. I told Blue it was a mistake,” she told them.

“I believe you, Tiger Lily,” Snow replied, her voice frostily. “Where is your superior?” Tiger Lily stood frozen, not sure what to do. She didn’t want to upset the royals, but also felt loyalty to Blue. “I’ll make this simple, either you find her or I tear through these tulips looking for her!”

“No need for the dramatics, Snow,” an equally cold voice called out. Snow turned to face the Blue Fairy, her eyes narrowed. “I’m right here.”

“We are taking our daughter back,” she told her.

“This isn’t the end,” Blue told her. “I will not allow her to be raised by you monsters.”

“Oh, yes, this is the end. David, cover Emma’s ears.”

He obeyed the command and Blue’s jaw locked.

“You wouldn’t do anything to me, not in front of your daughter. Not even you are that evil.”

Snow shook her head, pulling back the bow, causing the arrow to go flying towards the fairy. She caught it with her quick reflexes and smirked, before dropping to the ground in pain. Snow put her hands on her hips, watching the fairy suffer in agony.
“Never again will you touch a hair on my daughter’s head. You are done being a menace to this kingdom,” Snow informed her. She turned to David, taking Emma into her arms, kissing the center of her forehead. The toddler sniffled, tear stained green eyes meeting her mother’s.

“I wanna go home, Mommy.”

“That we will, my angel,” Snow promised, kissing her forehead. “Daddy and Mommy will always find you, I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this one! As I said at the start, send in those prompts! Until tomorrow, friends. =)
Welcome everyone to the first day of July Jamboree! This first one is one of my own, it’s a Storybrooke version of “Always Room For One More”. So, there’s no magic in this one or anything, just a regular family living in our world.

Mary Margaret and David were never people to really care what people thought about them. Sometimes though, the words other said got under their skin.

After Emma, people would constantly ask Mary Margaret when they’d be trying for a boy. Some nosy townspeople were asking before Emma left the hospital. A couple of years later, when she did get pregnant again, so many said they’d hope it’d be a boy so then they could be done. That just made the couple laugh. They had no intentions stopping at Neal.

Mathilde followed not long after their youngest son, Charlie coming a few years later. By the time Diana entered the scene, people seemed to be almost offended.

“Another?” They’d ask. “Don’t you have your hands full with the four you’ve got?”

Were their lives hectic? Sure, they wouldn't pretend it was all sunshine and roses. There were definitely days that Mary Margaret was tempted to take off to Mexico, David joking that he’d join her. Every time there was an argument about a toy or Charlie getting one of Neal’s old hand me downs. Whenever Emma would pitch a fit about sharing a room with Mathilde, because most of her friends had their own. The sleepless nights with Diana, practically starting all over again (they had just gotten their youngest son out of pull-ups).

“What were we thinking adding a fifth?” Mary Margaret mumbled one night as she flopped down on the bed after yet another feeding.

David groaned, covering his hands with his face. “I don’t know. This seemed so much easier when Emma was a baby.”

“It wasn’t, that nostalgia is what got us into this mess.”

There were other times though, that they were reminded the real reason why they ended up with so
many children. On Halloween, they were all set to head out trick-or-treating. Well, the younger members of the family were. 10-year-old Emma had proclaimed that to be for babies and was going to a party at her friend Alexandra’s house. However, a big storm hit the small town in Maine before anyone could exit the house. The roads weren’t safe to travel on, meaning all of their plans were cancelled for the night.

“This blows,” Mathilde said with a pout, as she threw her plastic tiara to the ground. David rubbed her back.

“I know, I’m sorry kids. Maybe they’ll reschedule trick-or-treating for tomorrow.”

“It took Mom forever to do my makeup,” Neal pointed out, he was dressed as Jack Skellington. “I don’t want to sit through that again.”

“I want candy, you said there’d be candy,” Charlie reminded his parents.

Diana started fussing in her mother’s arms, clearly uncomfortable in her piglet costume. Emma was leaning against the door, her arms folded over her chest, pouting almost as much as her 7-year-old sister. Mary Margaret looked around at her kids, she knew if she entertained them being this upset, they’d be pouty the whole night.

“Alright, that’s enough of that,” she told the kids, causing them to quit their whining. “David, please get all that gunk off Neal’s face. Emma, help Charlie and Mathilde out of their costumes please, all of you get into pajamas then report to me and Daddy’s room.”

Everyone stared at her skeptically for a moment, but when she didn’t back down, they all headed off to do as they were told. Mary Margaret loaded up on snacks and beverages before going upstairs, getting herself and the youngest member of the family into comfy pajamas. Not 45 minutes later, everyone was piled into their humungous bed digging into the snacks. David found a showing of Hotel Transylvania and they all started watching. Emma and Mathilde were leaned against their father’s chest while Neal and Charlie were curled into either side of Mary Margaret while Diana rested contently in her arms. The boys and the baby were asleep by the end of the first movie, while the girls drifted off in the middle of Halloweentown.

David and Mary Margaret looked down at their children, watching them all sleep peacefully. It was a rare moment of quiet, as they got to reflect on the beautiful babies they had brought into the world.

“We make cute kids,” David remarked with a smirk.

Mary Margaret chuckled, curling into his side. “That we do.”
It was a crazy life, but it was theirs. One that they wouldn’t trade for anything in the world.

Chapter End Notes

As always, prompts are accepted on my Tumblr accounts: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction!
A guest wanted to see Evil Snow and little Emma spending time together after Snow has had a busy day of ruling.

Snow made her way through the corridors of the palace, feeling exhausted. Dealing with Jafar was never easy, unlike most rulers, they didn’t back down to her demands. A lot of haggling had to be done in order to keep their kingdoms safe. She headed into her chambers to wash up, which was where she found Emma at her vanity. She had somehow gotten into her makeup. Dark mascara had been spread across her cheeks and the apple red lipstick had been used to draw shapes on her forehead. Snow’s hands immediately went to her hips. Emma was meant to be napping and her nanny was on a break.

“Emma Ruth,” she said, her voice not nearly as cold as it would be had this been anyone else. Emma spun around, some dropping the blush that was in her hands.

“Hiya Mommy,” Emma replied, swinging her legs back and forth.

“Aren’t you meant to be napping?”

“I’m not tired,” she replied, matter-of-factly. “Now I’m pretty, just like Mommy.”

Snow felt herself lighten a bit. She dropped her hands to her side and walked over, carefully putting away all the makeup. She scooped Emma up and brought her through to the washroom, using a rag to wipe off her face. Emma squirmed a bit in her arms while she did, frowning.

“You’re already very beautiful, Em,” Snow told her. “You don’t need any of that stuff.”

“You wear it.”

“Because I’m a grown up. Now, how about instead of a nap, we go for a walk around the garden.”

Emma nodded excitedly. Snow carried her outside to where all the different flowers were planted. It was a beautiful spring day, with the sun still hanging high in the side. Snow set Emma down so they could walk hand in hand together. Emma ran over to where the snowbells were planted.

“These are my favorites,” she said.
Snow smiled a bit, one she only ever got around her daughter. “Your daddy had those planted. They’re snowbells.”

“Just like you,” Emma breathed.

Snow nodded. She remembered when David planted them, long before the darkness came. He said they would bring them good luck. In a way, they had, even if it wasn’t in the way they thought. Snow located some daisies and dropped to her knees, starting to weave the flowers together. Emma sat beside her.

“Whatchya doing, Mommy?”

“I’m making you a daisy chain.”

Emma nodded and grabbed a few of the snowbells. She tried to tie them together like her mom was doing with the daisies, but they just looked like a jumbled mess. Snow placed the crown properly on Emma’s head before taking the others from her and tying it around her wrist.

“Good job,” she praised, causing Emma to beam in response to it.

The rest of the afternoon was spent with them having a tea party (complete with Emma’s favorite dolls and stuffed animals), followed by dinner in the main hall. Emma was such an energetic and happy child, Snow could feel some of the light rubbing off on her. She talked a mile a minute and cuddled up to her at any chance that she could. Sometimes Snow wondered if she was what Emma deserved. Despite how happy she was, she wondered if one day she would want to push her away.

Once Emma was in her nightgown, she tugged on her mother’s dress. “Mommy, can I sleep in your bed tonight?”

Snow felt a smile playing on her lips once again. She could never say no to that request. She lifted Emma into her arms and carried her through to her and David’s chambers. Together, they cuddled up in bed, Snow singing a soft lullaby until she drifted off to sleep. Snow felt her own eyelids growing heavy when the door opened. In the glow of the torch on the wall, she could see David standing in the doorway. He crept over to the bed, staring down at his two girls.

“We have a visitor, I see,” he whispered.

“That we do. How was your trip?”

“We can talk about it in the morning.” He kissed her gently before stroking Emma’s cheek. “Did
my girls have a fun day?"

Snow’s eyes drifted to their daughter, who was curled up as far as she possibly could into her side. Maybe there would come a day when Emma would struggle with how dark her parents could be with others, but for now they hung the moon. She would enjoy that while she could.

“Yes,” she replied with a small smile. “We really did.”

Chapter End Notes

As a reminder, this month is July Jamboree, so I’ll be posting at least 1 one shot a day this month. Keep up the requests, whether it’s on here or my Tumblr: justanoutlawfanfiction.
**Same Love**

Chapter Notes

This was a request sent to me by Isaiah Flamez: Emma and Neal both come out as gay. Setting this as though there was never a curse, so their age gap is much closer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow White and David’s romance had not been arranged. In fact, it came about while the latter was being forced into marriage. Believing that love was not something that could be arranged, they had always told their children that they would never push them to get married. However, their oldest children could feel the pressure of their kingdom.

Emma and Neal fell in at 18 and 16 years old respectively. As the next heir to the throne, Emma knew that she especially had all eyes on her to find a prince charming of her own, Meanwhile, Neal was the head knight and everyone was wondering when he’d find his damsel in distress. The truth was, though, that it wasn’t what they were looking for. They had already found the loves of their lives, just not what anyone would expect from them.

Neal had found love with the stable boy, Declan. Meanwhile, Emma was smitten with Elsa, who was heir to be queen of her own kingdom. The only ones who knew, were the siblings who had always been close and confided in one another. The secret wasn’t due to the status of their significant others, but the gender. They that their aunt Red was bisexual and that their parents were accepting of it, but that was different. Declan’s parents had been okay with people who were gay, but when he came out, they tossed him out of their house, which is what forced him to become a stable boy to keep food in his stomach. Neal and Emma couldn’t bear to face the thought that their parents would react the same.

Emma walked into Neal’s chambers, finding him looking a bit forlorn. She sat beside him, placing a hand on his knee.

“What’s wrong?” She asked.

“I just had a riding lesson,” he mumbled.

Emma understood. Both she and Neal had learned how to ride quite young. “Riding lessons”, was merely code for when he’d be sneaking around with Declan.
“Did the two of you have a fight?”

Neal shook his head. “Not really, he understands my hesitance. It’s just, we were almost caught. He said that he can’t lose his job, which I also understand. I think it’s time to tell them. I just don’t know how.”

Emma chewed on her lip. The benefit of Elsa being a princess in a different kingdom, was that it was a tad easier to sneak around, especially now that she was 18 and allowed to go on “diplomatic missions” by herself. Elsa’s parents never paid her much attention, so they could get away with their alone time.

She had always done all she could to protect Neal as they grew up, she felt it was her job as his big sister. Maybe she couldn’t protect him how their parents would react, but she could be there with him and come clean as well.

“I’ll do it with you,” Neal’s eyes, which perfectly matched their father’s, looked up at her. “It’ll make it easier.”

“Are you sure?”

Emma nodded, taking his hand. “Come on. We’re have true loves and I’m tired of hiding them.”

Together, they walked down to their parents’ study. David looked up, setting his quill down before nudging his wife, who did the same. They knew their children very well and could tell when something was up with them.

“What’s going on you two?” Snow asked.

“We um, have something to tell you,” Emma said, her voice shaking a bit.

Had they been the ages of their younger siblings, Snow would’ve been tempted to ask if they had broken something. She nodded, to prompt them to go on.

“Well, you know how you said that you wouldn’t arrange our marriage? You would just let us find our true loves,” Neal took over for his sister.

“Yes. Why, have you two found them?” David questioned, a small smile going on his face.

Emma nodded. “Yes. Mine is Elsa, of Arendelle.”

“And mine is Declan,” Neal added, so quickly that it was nearly missed. “The stable boy.”
Snow and David smiled at each other before standing up and walking over to the kids, David pulling Emma into a hug while Snow did the same with Neal. The siblings were very confused as they hugged them back, before their parents switched. Snow placed a hand on Emma’s cheek.

“Congratulations,” she said.

“Declan’s a fine young man,” David told Neal, putting a hand on his shoulder. “You made a good choice.”

Emma’s mouth dropped open. “You mean…you guys don’t care?”

“Love is love,” Snow said, matter-of-factly. She took her husband’s hand. “We of all people know that. It doesn’t matter if you find that with the opposite gender or your own. You knew we were okay with Red and Dorothy.”

“Yeah, but Declan’s parents were okay with people who were gay too, and then…” Neal trailed off, not wanting to think about that.

“We would never do that,” Snow looked over at him, with a mixture of seriousness and love. “This will always be your home. We love you both the same, we always will.”

Emma and Neal felt their hearts swell. They were so blessed to have such understanding and accepting parents.

A few weeks later was the ball to kick off the summer season. Emma and Neal entered the room with the rest of their siblings, following Snow and David. As the king and queen began their first dance, Emma spotted Elsa and took her by the hand, Neal doing the same with Declan (Snow had insisted that the tailors make him a suit). It was their way of coming out to the entire kingdom. They knew not everyone would be accepting, but it didn’t matter. They had their true loves and the love of their family. That was all they needed.

Chapter End Notes

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Neal's Favorite Babysitter

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by oncer4life, where Emma babysits Baby Neal and doesn’t realize her parents overhear a sweet moment between them. Takes place in canon, sort of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma sat in the armchair, rocking her baby brother to sleep. It was so strange how they could look so alike, while different at the same time. Both had inherited their father’s blonde hair and their mother’s chin. Their eyes differed, though. Emma’s were like emeralds much like Snow’s while Neal had David’s baby’s blues. Even as an infant, he had inherited the family’s stubborn gene, not letting his parents get much sleep. That was exactly why Emma had insisted they take a night off to themselves. Things had been hectic between dealing with Neal and moving onto the farm, they deserved a night off.

“I guess if I just keep rocking you like this,” Emma said, softly. “You’ll stay quiet, huh?” Neal sleepily gazed up at her, sucking on his pacifier. “You never do this for Mommy and Daddy.” She paused upon realizing the words that had come out of her mouth. “Tell them I referred to them as that, and I’m selling you.”

What Emma didn’t know, was that her parents had already made their way home. They had a lovely dinner and walk through the woods together, but missed both of their children so much. So, they decided to forgo coffee and head home. Neal looked so comfortable in his big sister’s arms, wrapped in the blanket that Granny had made for him, somehow just in time for his christening party (just as with Emma, she had been one of the few allowed to know his name).

“I forgive you for peeing on me earlier, just so you know,” Emma rambled onto him. She knew he couldn’t really understand what she was saying, but she liked talking to him anyway.

Snow covered her mouth to hide a giggle. She wasn’t sure how many times she and David would have to remind her that with boys, you had to cover them while you changed them. Emma’s fake memories with Henry were fading, so she clearly didn’t “remember” that phase of his life.

“I do love you, kid,” she told him, kissing the center of his forehead. “I know I’m not the most expressive person in the world, I probably don’t say it enough.” She frowned for a minute, it was something she still struggled with. While she no longer blushed when someone shared affection with her, she wasn’t the best at giving it in return. Even with her parents, she only said those three
words every so often. She was working on it. “I had a very different childhood than the one that you’re going to. I didn’t have lots of hugs or kisses. The only thing we had in common was that our baby blankets were made by Granny.”

Snow and David both frowned at that. They would never be over the horrible childhood that she was forced to lead. They knew without it, Emma might not be the person she was, but it was still hard.

“I know I’m the savior and the sheriff, it may seem like I’m busy a lot. I know most days, I don’t get home until late,” she made a face at that. “But you have to know, no matter what, I’m always going to be here for you, I will always protect you. We may not have the average brother/sister relationship, but average is overrated, right?” Neal let out a laugh, causing her to laugh. “I’ll take that as a yes. I better get you to bed.”

She stood up and headed up the stairs to his nursery, her parents ducking behind the wall before they could be seen. David embraced Snow, kissing her temple. It wasn’t often that they saw Emma so emotionally vulnerable and that had been such a precious sight.

“Should we tell her that we heard all that?” He asked.

“No,” Snow shook her head, wiping a few stray tears from her eyes. “It’ll just make her self conscious.”

They pretended to open and close the door enough so Emma would think they had just arrived home. They headed into the kitchen to fix some hot chocolate for Neal’s favorite babysitter.

Chapter End Notes

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OnceLover requested to see a one shot where Emma got hurt while saving Baby Neal from Zelena, leading to Charming Family feels. I’m altering the events of 3B a bit for this to work.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

David walked into the hospital room, the baby close in his grip. A part of him never wanted to let his son down, but also knew that Snow would want to hold him the second she set his eyes on him. His wife was currently curled up in bed, looking distraught. He coughed to get her attention and she looked up, a relieved smile going across her face. He settled the baby into her arms and she kissed the top of his head, marveling at him. David kept a hand on her shoulder, watching as she checked to make sure that he wasn’t harmed. She looked up at him and then the door, looking a little confused.

“Where’s Emma?” She watched David bite his lip. “David!” She had just gotten one child back, she could not lose the other.

“She’s going to be okay.”

“Going to be?”

“She fought really hard to get the baby back and ended up getting her powers back, but not before she got blasted against the wall of the barn. She’s broken her leg, they rushed her off to surgery.”

Snow felt her heart sink her chest. Could her family not have one moment of happiness? Going from saying goodbye to Henry’s father to losing her son moments after his birth to finally getting him back and now her daughter was injured. She made a silent vow, as busy as she was about to be with this baby, she was going to dedicate just as much time to taking care of Emma.

Emma was released from the hospital the same day as her mom and brother were. To help her feel better, they had shared that they were naming him after Neal, which made her feel really good. She insisted she would be fine up in her old room, but David and Snow were just as stubborn and gave her their bed, setting up everything in the loft upstairs. Henry was going to be staying with Regina for a bit, to make up for lost time and due to how hectic things were.

“Emma!” Snow let out an exhausted sigh. “What are you doing?” She had come down from settling Neal down for a nap to find her trying to get out of bed.

“I was just going to get a snack.”
“You heard what Whale said, you can’t use your crutches for another few days.” She settled her back down and turned to David who was walking out of the bathroom. “Get a snack for Emma, please? Something healthy preferred.”

Emma rolled her eyes. Her parents had been fussing over her the past few days and she felt guilty. “Aren’t you exhausted?” She asked. “You have a newborn, you shouldn’t worry about me.”

“Plenty of parents manage to balance two children, it’s not as if I’m a first time mother,” Snow said.

“Well, kind of. You’re actually going to raise Neal.”

“Even so, I became a mother 30 years ago and there’s no changing that.”

Emma gave her a small smile, just as David walked in carrying a can of coke and some crackers, a balance of what both of the girls would want. He settled them down on the night stand and made sure that Emma’s leg was properly elevated.

“It’s almost time for your pills,” he told her.

“I’ll go get them,” Snow piped up before her daughter could refute anything.

Emma watched as her parents worked to make sure she had everything she needed. It was nice, she had to admit that. There was still a nagging question in her mind though, one she had had for weeks ever since she got her memory back. Once they had each sat down on her bed, fiddling with the T.V, she found her voice.

“Did you only curse yourselves to find me so I could save Neal?”

The words broke Snow and David’s hearts. They struggled to find the right answer. Of course they had wanted to find Emma and Henry from the moment they were brought to the Enchanted Forest. They hadn’t so they could live a normal life and because they also believed that they couldn’t ever cast the dark curse again. They hadn’t realized that someone outside Regina even could.

Yet, they had done it, just in time to save their second child. The timing looked suspect and they couldn’t blame Emma for questioning it.

“Sweetheart, we wanted to come find you and Henry from the minute we got sent back to the Enchanted Forest,” Snow replied, softly, after a few moments of silence. “We just knew that you two were finally happy, you could have a normal life.”

“It wasn’t real, though,” Emma pointed out.
“I know. We also didn’t know how to get to you, not at first anyway. We thought that Regina was the only who could cast the curse and well, the one thing she loved most was with you. Not that we would ever dream of crushing Henry’s heart for any reason,” Snow clarified quickly.

“The timing is odd, we understand that,” David chimed in. “I knew I had to give myself up to save Neal, but also so you could at least have one of us in your life again. We trusted that you would save Neal and break the curse, but I was doing it for you too, Emma. I knew that even with your fake memories with Henry, you’d have the same childhood. We took memories of you being loved and cherished by a family, I wanted to give you back what I could.”

Emma bit her lip. She hadn’t thought about it like that. Her father had died for her twice now. Her mom had risked becoming a widow and raising her newborn alone, just to save everyone. They were heroes, people to look up to. They were the role models she wanted to surround Henry with.

All this time, she had wanted to move back to New York, but not anymore. She knew that she had to stay in Storybrooke, where her family was.

“I believe you,” she finally whispered. Relieved looks settled upon their faces and they each kissed the top of her head. “I love you, Mom, Dad.”

Snow and David felt the tears gather to their eyes. Emma had only called them that once before, when they thought they were going to die. Never before had she said “I love you”, either. Together, they pulled her into a tight hug, David cradling the back of her head as he did.

They still had things to work through, especially now that Neal was born, but they would figure it out, one day at a time.

Chapter End Notes

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This was a prompt submitted to me by lilyflower101: Rather than bringing Emma to the police station when he comes across her as a kid, he decides to take her to Storybrooke. Along the way they run into Baelfire and together, they break the curse.

Emma wasn’t sure if she had made the right decision to follow the teenager that she had just met, but being a child herself, she thought maybe he’d be better than another crappy foster home. He explained the story of the Enchanted Forest to her and she was unsure if she believed it at first, until they came across Baelfire. He also claimed to be from that strange land, saying he had been trapped in Neverland for so long. Her inner lie detector that she had developed so young let her know they were telling the truth.

It took them time to be able to get from Minnesota to Maine. Baelfire was only 14, but August managed to get them both fake IDs so they could work. Emma spent her time hiding wherever they did. The three orphans became a family, something Emma had never had before. It took a few months, but finally they had enough for bus tickets to the small town. When they arrived, Baelfire came across his father, who instantly regained his memories upon hearing his name. It wasn’t long until Emma came across John Doe in the hospital, being visited by “Mary Margaret Blanchard”. True love’s kiss from the little girl broke the curse.

There was so much excitement over the curse being broken and the fact that they had their daughter in their lives so soon before they expected, that Snow and David didn’t question how she had been able to travel with two teenage boys with no one looking for her. Emma believed that they had given her up to give her the best chance she could have, but she was still nervous that they would get rid of her. At only 7 years old, she had been through so much rejection and heartbreak.

It wasn’t long until August let Emma’s past slip out to the former king and queen. The two felt their hearts sink in their chest. Snow had run away and was forced to live in the wild, she didn’t want the same for her daughter, especially so young. Suddenly, her obsession with eating food so quickly and refusing to unpack her little backpack made sense. She was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Emma got off the school bus that day, surprised to see both of her parents standing there. Ever since the curse broke, Snow had taken over as mayor and David decided to start his own farm, which is why they had moved into a large house with lots of land. Because of his work, he was normally the one to pick her up.
“What’s going on?” She asked as they each took her hand.

“We just wanted to spend some time with you,” Snow said. “Is that okay?”

“I guess.” Emma shrugged a bit.

They spent the afternoon going out for ice cream and running around the park, followed by Emma’s favorite meal at Granny’s diner. That night, after watching Alice in Wonderland, she could feel both of her parents staring at her.

“Emma,” Snow began, softly. “August told us about your past.”

Emma froze in her seat. When she broke the curse, she had dodged any questions dealing with her past. It was bad enough that she was 7 years old, she knew that most people wanted a baby, but the fact that she had a complicated history made her think she’d be even less desirable. She bit down on her lip, folding her arms over her chest.

“Princess,” David spoke up. “We cannot imagine how hard that was on you.”

Emma just shrugged. “I dunno.”

“You have to know that’s not what we wanted for you when we put you through the wardrobe.”

“I do. I’m sorry August told you. I’ll be good, I promise. I won’t run away, I…I’ll listen and follow the rules. I really like it here. Please don’t make me leave.”

“Oh, Em.” David pulled her onto his lap, cuddling her close and kissing her cheek. “We will never ask you to leave.”

“You’re our baby girl,” Snow assured her, rubbing her back. “We’re not ever going to let you go again. We know it’s hard to believe, after all you’ve been through, but it’s the truth.”

“We’re a family, we’re not going anywhere.”

Emma sniffled, rubbing at her eyes with her fists. “Promise?”

“We promise,” David cradled the back of her head as he hugged her for a moment. “We love you.”

Emma buried her head in her father’s shoulder. Having a family that cared was going to take some getting used to, but she would adjust, she wanted to. She loved Snow and David more than she ever had anyone else. Maybe with their help, she could finally feel whole.

Chapter End Notes
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Princess Emma

Chapter Notes

This was an idea I had, inspired by writing about Emma breaking the curse early. Set as though she did so at age 8 and they headed back to the Enchanted Forest soon after.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Emma had been excited when her parents announced they’d be moving back to the Enchanted Forest. Ever since she discovered the storybook in the back of a bookcase in her group home, she knew it was about her. It wasn’t long before she was reunited with her parents and they were using a portal to go back to their kingdom. A year had passed, however, and the excitement had died down.

She didn’t miss the modern technology. Growing up in the system, it wasn’t like she had video games or anything. T.V had been great, but she had always preferred to climb trees and run around. There was a lot more room to do it in the palace’s gardens, so that was a plus. She liked having a private tutor, classes seemed to go by faster. She also was making more friends than she ever had when she was living in Boston. She had more toys than she could’ve ever imagined. Her parents were amazing and made sure to spend lots of time with her.

The one thing that Emma didn’t like was being a princess. Sure, it had seemed like a good thing at first, but she wasn’t sure she was very good at it. She wasn’t one for frilly dresses, which her parents respected. As long as it wasn’t a ball or an important event, they had tailors make her clothes that she would feel comfortable in. However, that did mean that she found it hard to move in dresses when she did. She was getting lessons that every proper royal would, but she wasn’t seeming to catch on as quickly. At the last ball, she had stepped on her father’s toes so many times. He hadn’t minded, but others had noticed. She could hear their whispers when she would chow down quickly at meals. The maids seemed to be impatient over her wanting to clean up after herself, it was just second nature to her.

The final straw came when at a banquet held for visiting dignitaries, she heard a few people say they felt sorry for Snow and David for being “stuck” with a child who was clearly not fit to be a princess. Emma felt her heart sink in her chest. She knew her parents would never ask to her leave, but also believed they could do better than her. She had been excited when Snow got pregnant, she had always wanted a little sibling. Now she was wondering if perhaps it was best for her brother to be an only child.

Snow and David had noticed Emma was being quiet more often and spending a lot of time focused on her study. One morning, they entered her room to find her throwing some things into a bag.
“Emma, what are you doing?” Snow asked, scanning her mind to remember if she had a sleepover planned with her best friend, Melody, the daughter of Eric and Ariel.

“I’m leaving,” Emma announced.

David raised an eyebrow while Snow cocked her head. Slowly, they walked over to her, crouching down to her height.

“Em, why would you want to leave?” David asked.

“This isn’t about Neal, is it?” Snow asked, thinking of her 2-week-old son. There had been some minor jealousy, but she thought they were over it.

Emma shook her head. “No. I love him, I just think you guys would be better off with one child.”

“Oh Emma, how could you think that?”

“Everyone thinks so!” Tears clouded Emma’s eyes as her lip trembled. “I’m a terrible princess. I step all over Daddy’s toes and I eat too much. I heard Beatrix and Nancy saying that you deserve better for a daughter.”

Snow felt her jaw lock at the last statement. She pulled Emma into her arms, hugging her tight.

“You listen to me, Emma,” she said, pulling back a bit. “You are an amazing princess. You’re still learning and even if you always step on toes, that’s okay. The only thing you need to be a good one is just being you.”

She sniffled. “But I’m not from here. I don’t belong.”

“Yes, you do. This is where your family is. Don’t listen to the stupid people who don’t know two figs about being a princess. I’ll tell you one thing, you’re a far better one than I was at your age.”

Emma’s mouth dropped open. “That’s not true.”

Snow wiped away her tears with her thumb. “Yes, it is. I was very spoiled and selfish. You are kind to everyone, you learned lessons I didn’t until I was much older.”

“I know how hard it can be to be thrown into this position,” David chimed in. “I wasn’t always a prince, you know.”

Emma nodded, she remembered his story. “You’re a good one, though.”

David smiled, stroking her golden curls. “Thank you, and you are a good princess.”

“I guess I could stay, as long as you want me to,” she told them.
Snow cupped her cheek. “Of course we do, this is your home Princess Emma. It’s where you belong.”

Chapter End Notes

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This was a prompt sent in by Oncefan123: Snow realizes that Henry is having trouble staying awake in class. When she talks to him, he finds out Emma is having nightmares.

Being Henry’s teacher had always been a perk for Snow, especially once Emma moved into her own place. Of course, she and David had insisted it wasn’t necessary, but Emma said that it was time. Most 30-year-olds weren’t living with their parents and eventually she might meet someone, it would be awkward to bring dates back to her parents’ home. So, by teaching, she was able to see him at least once a day and catch up on all that was going on his life (David found the same perk by working with Emma).

However, lately, Snow had noticed that Henry had been more tired throughout the day and was falling asleep in class. That wasn’t like him, at all. He seemed to be a morning person, unlike Emma. After talking to the other teachers, she realized that it was happening in their classes as well.

She decided to talk to him about it when she found him snoozing against his textbook one day after the bell had rang. She waited for the other students to leave before gently shaking him awake. His head shot up and he blinked a few times.

“Grandma?” He asked, groggily.

“You fell asleep, Henry. Again.”

He winced. “I’m sorry.” He started to gather up his books, but Snow took them from him.

“What’s going on, Henry? This isn’t like you. You’ve been falling asleep a lot lately.”

Henry sighed. He knew there was no point in trying to lie to his grandmother. “I’ve been going to bed on time lately, but whenever I spend the night at Emma’s, it’s hard to get sleep.”

Snow drew an eyebrow. She didn’t think that Emma would bring dates back to the house while he was there, but was still a bit unsure. “Why is that?”

“She keeps waking up in the middle of the night screaming. At first she tried to claim she was fine, but I knew better so I kept badgering her about it. Finally, she admitted she was having nightmares about being the dark one.”
Snow frowned. She didn’t understand why Emma hadn’t just come to her and talked about it. Emma said that once the darkness was out of her, she was fine. Snow felt like a fool for believing that.

She spent the rest of the afternoon in game plan mode. That night was the start of Henry’s week with Regina, so she knew he’d be getting a good night’s sleep. She talked with a few other people before going to Emma’s house.

“Mom,” she gave her a soft smile. “What are you doing here?”

“I wanted to talk to you and this didn’t seem like a phone conversation.”

“Well, come in,” Emma stepped aside, allowing her to walk inside. They headed into the kitchen, settling down at the table with ice tea. “What’s going on?”

Snow decided to just bite the bullet and start talking about it. “Henry’s been having trouble staying awake in class lately.”

Emma frowned. “Oh no. He didn’t mention anything was wrong.”

“I know, it seems you followed suit when it came to your own parents.” Emma’s brows furrowed. “He told me about the nightmares, Emma.”

Emma bit her lip. “Mom…”

“Why didn’t I hear it from you?”

“You’ve got enough going on, between Neal and working. Plus, I put you all through enough when I was the Dark One. I don’t think it’s fair for me to dump my problems on you.”

“I’m your mother, Emma. I’m always going to be here for you,” Snow told her, firmly but lovingly. She took her hand. “You don’t have to keep things from me.”

Emma sighed, rubbing her eyes with her free hand. Henry wasn’t the only one who felt completely exhausted. She was trying to avoid sleep every night so she wouldn’t have those terrible nightmares, not that it worked.

“I just want it to go away,” she whispered.

Snow nodded. “I know, sweetheart. Which is why I came up with a plan. I know you love your time with Henry and you’ll still get it, but I think for now it’s best if he sleeps at Regina’s. He needs his sleep.”

Emma knew she couldn’t argue there. She would’ve come up with that herself had Henry told her he wasn’t sleeping. “Agreed.”

“I’ve also made an appointment for you with Archie.” Before she could refute, Snow held up a palm. “I know you don’t want to, but honey, you obviously need it. You’ve been through so much,
maybe he’ll have some coping skills to help.”

Emma chewed on her lip. She hated talking about what she was going through. Growing up, she had been taught that talking about your feelings only lead to less than desirable results. She had bad experiences with guidance counselors not doing anything to help her. At the same time, she knew that Archie had done good for the other people in the town, Henry included.

“Will you go with me?” Emma asked.

Snow smiled. “Of course I will, baby.” She leaned over, kissing her forehead. “Your father and I have also arranged a schedule so one of us will be here each night to be there for you after a nightmare.”

“You don’t have to…”

“We’re your parents, Em. We’ll always be here for you.”

Snow got up to get more ice tea and Emma smiled after her. How did she get so lucky to have such a caring family?

Chapter End Notes

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This is a prompt I’m moving up due to it being a holiday themed one. Anonymous wanted to see the Charming family celebrate the 4th of July together.

The residents of Storybrooke didn’t really celebrate Independence Day. While they knew that they were all American citizens, they tended to focus more on the holidays from the Enchanted Forest. The one family that was an exception to that was the Charmings. Emma had grown up celebrating it and Snow loved any excuse to decorate the house in holiday theme. That day, David and Emma asked that Merida and Thomas take over at the station so they could spend time with the family.

It was the one time that Emma didn’t mind waking up early. She went on a hike with David and Henry, followed by sword fighting at the top. When they returned, Snow had a nice breakfast waiting for them. Following that, she and Emma practiced their archery while Henry read to Neal a children’s book about the importance of the day.

They all headed to the beach where they went swimming. Neal was now 3 years old, so he could properly enjoy the ocean. Emma held him on her hip so he could go out further with the rest of them. Once they had enough of the water, they had a sand castle building contest: girls against guys. Neal didn’t understand that it was a competition, though, and kept bringing his mom and sister shells to decorate theirs with.

As it got later in the day, they headed back to the farm and changed. David fired up the grill while Snow set up a campfire. They enjoyed burgers, hot dogs and s’mores, while they chatted aimlessly. Emma put an arm around Henry as the fire crackled in front of him.

“What do you think, kid?” She asked. “Pretty good 4th?”

“Yeah.”

Emma could tell that he seemed a tad disappointed. “What is it?” He was still quiet, so she nudged him gently in the ribs. “Come on, tell me.”

“In all my books, there’s always fireworks on the 4th. I understand why there’s none here, I just think it’d be cool.”

Emma suddenly got an idea. Normally, fireworks would upset the animals, but she did have magic,
she could come up with special ones that only the family could hear. She ran into the house, grabbing some headphones for Neal, just in case. She slid them on his ears, much to her parents’ confusion. Together, they all stood on the back deck while Emma lifted her hands towards the night sky. She focused her attention and remembered the spell that she had perfected years ago. Soon, fireworks appeared in the sky. Henry’s mouth dropped open and his eyes filled with amazement. Neal squealed from his father’s arms.

“Pretty!” He exclaimed.

David nodded in agreement. “You’ve got that right, bud.”

Snow pulled Henry closer, kissing his cheek as they all watched the beautiful show. When it finally fizzled out, Emma turned to her family.

“Well?” She asked, giggling as soon as Henry threw his arms around her.

“That was amazing!”

They retired to the living room, where they watched fireworks in other parts of the world for a bit until Neal and Henry began drifting up to sleep. Snow carried Neal up and David gently put Henry over his shoulder to do the same. Emma watched her parents as they did, throwing the quilt designed like an American flag over her. It had been a long but fun day. Growing up, she never had a family to do any of that stuff with. She was glad to break the cycle for Henry and Neal.

Chapter End Notes

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Emma and Snow had just returned from the Enchanted Forest and already she was missing again. Together, the two marched straight to Regina’s mansion, banging on the door. While she had been acting better, she was still at the top of their suspect list. Regina opened the door, almost seeming relieved to see them.

“It’s about time you two idiots showed up, I’ve been calling you for over an hour!”

“We’ve been looking for Emma,” Snow replied, folding her arms over her chest. “Where is she?”

“Come in.”

Regina lead them inside, much to their surprise. That should’ve been the first clue that something was off. Laying in the center of the room in an old Moses basket was a baby. Not just any baby, though. David caught sight of those big green eyes and knew for sure, those were the ones he was focused on as he dashed to the wardrobe.

“Emma,” he breathed.

Snow felt as if she were going to faint. “What happened?”

“Miss Swan was dropping off Henry for a visit and asked for my help with magic lessons. She got distracted and well…” Regina gestured to the baby.

Snow bent down, taking Emma into her arms. The baby smiled up at her, cooing a bit. She felt tears gather in her eyes, she was so precious. She wanted to be selfish and just walk right out the door, not bothering to fix it. She knew that wasn’t right, though. She loved Emma, every version of her. She was an adult and had a life to get on with. Regina could see the hesitation in her eyes.

“I already fixed it, however, the spell takes 24 hours to take effect. All I can say for now is, enjoy her.” She used her magic to conjure up a car seat and diaper bag. “This should have everything you need.”
David wanted to question why she was being so nice, but for once, decided to just say thank you. Snow was reluctant to put Emma down, but wanted her to be safe. The baby began to fuss as soon as she was settled in.

“Don’t you worry, my angel,” Snow cooed. “We’ll be home soon. I promise.”

The ride home was slower than usual, David feeling as though he was carrying very precious cargo in the back. When they arrived, he took the opportunity to lift her into his arms. He felt his heart melting over his sweet princess.

“Hey there, oh well aren’t you the cutest angel in the whole world?” David said, softly. “I love you so much, don’t you know?”

Snow put a hand on his back. “I’m pretty sure she knows.”

“I think we should take Regina’s advice,” he told her, though his eyes remained on his daughter. “Enjoy our time with her like this. Come tomorrow, things will be back to normal.”

Snow couldn’t help but agree. Together, they took her upstairs and at first just marveled at her. Soon, Emma was crying, clearly hungry. Snow held Emma while David fixed her a bottle and then they swapped so he could feed her. When it came time for a diaper change, he offered to do it so Snow could sort through the things in the diaper bag. What he wasn’t expecting was for Emma to poop on him.

“Oh come on, kid,” he groaned.

Snow giggled. “I guess even in baby form, she’s got to raise a little hell.” Emma was just giggling at her father’s sour expression.

“You are so lucky you’re cute,” he informed her as he finished changing her.

They took turns holding her and playing with her. David sung to her so she could take a nap and Snow put on a puppet show to make her giggle once she woke up. After another bottle, they could tell she was getting tired, so together they bathed her in the sink before changing her into some pajamas. They lowered down with her in the bed, her nestled gently between them. Together, they stroked her cheeks and watched as she gazed sleepily up at them. Snow felt her throat catch.

“It’s weird, I’ve had fun today, but I’ve missed Emma,” she said.

David nodded, Snow didn’t even have to clarify what she meant. “I know. At the same time, I’m
going to miss this.” He sighed. “Everyone say that children grow up in a blink, for us that’s been literal.”

“We just have to be grateful that we’re a family at all. I wasn’t sure that we’d ever get a chance to be one with Regina’s curse,” Snow admitted. “I’ll take any version. Whether it’s like this…” She gestured to the baby. “Or with our crazy, sarcastic 29-year-old Emma.”

“She is pretty amazing, no matter what.”

“That she is.”

The two kissed (for once not having to hear how gross it was) and drifted off to sleep. Come morning, Emma was back to normal. She was (rightfully) a little wigged out to wake up in between the two, but soon understood. After that, things seemed to shift between the three, for the better. While Emma couldn’t remember her time as a baby, her parents’ affection had rubbed off on her. There was something familiar of Snow’s scent, that she found herself giving more hugs. She stood closer to the kitchen while David cooked, because he’d hum that same lullaby and it quickly became her favorite song.

Snow and David noticed the changes too. Maybe they’d never get to properly raise Emma, but they were starting to become their own kind of family. It was all any of them could ask for.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by OnceFan for a sequel to Revenge of the Dark Ones: Evil Snow and Evil Charming soothing one of little Emma’s nightmares about one of her parents’ enemies.

Snow had been a light sleeper ever since her bandit days. She slept a few hours at a time, just to get enough energy to keep going from place to place. It only got worse when she became a mother. She never wanted to miss when Emma would need her. 4 years later, it was still present. Screams coming from the room next door caused her to rush to her feet and run to it. Emma was thrashing about in her bed, sweat pouring down her face. Snow sat next to her and gently shook her.

“Em, Emmy, baby, please wake up,” she pleaded. Emma’s eyes flickered open and in the darkness, she saw through the light of the torch that her mother was there.

“Mommy!” She cried out, latching herself onto Snow. Snow gathered her into her arms, ignoring her rather tight grip on her nightgown as she rocked her back and forth.

“Shhh, my darling. It’s alright, it’s all going to be alright.”

“What’s going on in here?” David’s voice came from the doorway, but Snow didn’t even look up at him.

“Daddy!” Emma called out. “Want Daddy too!”

David rushed to the bed, sitting next to his wife and rubbing his daughter’s back. “Daddy’s here too, Princess,” he whispered.

David stroked her hair and rubbed her back while Snow rocked her, knowing they weren’t going to get a coherent answer out of her before she calmed down. They kept it up for a long time, David eventually grabbing for his daughter’s baby blanket and favorite teddy bear. Emma sniffled and took them both, cuddling them tightly. Snow wiped her tears with her thumb and kissed the top of her head.

“What happened, baby?” She asked. “Bad dream?”

Emma nodded. “That mean fairy was back. She took me again.”

Snow felt her muscles tighten. A year later and Emma’s kidnapping was still fresh in her mind. She
constantly asked if Blue would be back to take her. They didn’t want to tell her that she was dead, as dark as they were, they wanted to protect her from that. They had promised her that she couldn’t hurt her again, they made sure of it. The trauma still lingered, though.

“Sweetheart, it was just a dream,” David explained, knowing his wife was too worked up to speak. “Mommy and Daddy told you that Blue will never hurt you again.”

“How do you know?”

“Have we ever been wrong in the past?” He asked. That caused the little girl to be quiet. “See?”

Emma sniffled, rubbing at her eyes with her fists. She didn’t like the bad dreams, they made her think not so nice things. She just wanted her mommy and daddy. They made everything feel better. She buried her head into Snow’s chest.

“Can I sleep in your bed? Please?” She begged.

David nodded. “Of course you can, come on.” He took hold of Snow’s hand and together they walked back to their room.

Snow settled onto the bed with Emma curled up on her chest, her teddy bear and blankie still clutched in her hands. She shut her eyes as her father sang a soft lullaby, drifting off once again. David stroked Snow’s cheek, looking into her eyes that so perfectly mirrored their daughter’s.

“What’s on your mind, my love?”

“She’s going to find out one day,” she whispered. “What we did. Not just to Blue, to everyone.”

“We had to protect Emma.”

“This isn’t who we were, David. I hate having these thoughts. I find myself torn between who I was and the darkest thoughts I’ve ever had. I feel like I’m drifting more towards the latter lately.”

David sighed. “I know. I feel the same.” He took hold of her hand. “But there’s no going back now, all we can do is protect Emma.”

Snow nodded. “I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“And you’ll never have to.” He kissed her. “Now let’s go back to sleep. I think tomorrow, a lie in is in order.”

Chapter End Notes
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Their Little Girls

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by a guest: Emma and Lily show Snow and Maleficent the video tape of them as young teens.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Maleficent and Snow shifted uncomfortably beside one another. They had come a long way over the past year. Maleficent had spent it focusing on reconnecting with Lily, rather than focus on getting her revenge. Snow had been busy with dealing with Emma becoming the dark one and battling the Black Fairy. They didn’t exactly see each other around town. Now that things were calming down and they did, they were cordial with each other. They knew they’d never be best friends, Snow knew that she didn’t deserve Maleficent’s and was just grateful that they didn’t start a fight with her when they entered Granny’s at the same time.

However, that day, Emma and Lily had asked for them both to gather at Emma’s. They knew their girls had rekindled their friendship, but didn’t understand why they’d want them together. It wasn’t as if they were blind to their mothers’ lack of relationship (not to mention, Lily had her own issues with Snow). They promised it’d be worth it, though.

Eventually, Emma and Lily walked back into the room holding tea for their mothers, with hot chocolate for them. Maleficent and Snow accepted the cups.

“Thank you, darling,” Maleficent said to Lily. Snow nodded and gave Emma a soft smile.

“Not that I don’t love an invitation over here,” she said. “But, why did you want us over?”

Emma looked over at Lily, who nodded. “Well, as you both know, there was a period of time when we were teenagers when we were on our own. Mom, you saw my video from my time with Ingrid, however, it wasn’t the only one that I had.”

“We had filmed some together,” Lily finished up for her. “The two of you are very different, but you do have one thing in common. You didn’t get to see us as children, outside a few glimpses here and there. We thought you might appreciate this.”

Emma hooked up the video camera to the T.V. Lily turned it on and they flipped through a few other things until they finally reached the clips of them as teenager. Snow felt her heart soar upon seeing a teenage Emma, smiling and giggling along with Lily. Maleficent’s hand flew over her mouth, tears gathering up in their eyes. Their girls were just so beautiful. They were wearing similar outfits, their hair pulled back. There were a few others of them exploring the house and taking turns with one filming the other.
A tear was trickling down Snow’s cheek as she heard Emma’s little voice, that she almost missed a hand slip through her own. She looked up and noticed it was Maleficent, who still had her eyes on the screen. That alone made her heart skip a beat. Maybe the two would never be on the same level as her and Regina, but perhaps a friendship could be struck.

Eventually, the screen faded to black. Emma and Lily turned to their mothers, biting down on their lips. Snow and Maleficent jumped off the couch, throwing their arms around the girls, showering the tops of their heads with kisses. The videos would never make up for the years without being a family, but they gave them a piece of it back. Once they pulled away, they sat back down, Snow starting up the video again. Emma smiled and leaned against Lily, who wrapped an arm around her. They wished just as much as their mothers that they could’ve grown up with their respective families. However, they were also grateful, that for however brief, they had each other during those dark times.

Chapter End Notes

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This was a prompt submitted by A: The Black Fairy vs Snow. The Black fairy is trying to kill Emma.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Snow had been separated from Emma enough times over the past 30 years. First when she was forced to put her through the wardrobe, then again when Regina had to stop Pan’s curse and then a few smaller times when Zelena, Isaac and the darkness took over. She was not going to let it happen again. She had vowed to Emma that she would never stop trying to protect her, no matter how far she had to go.

They had long since figured out that Gideon was being controlled by the Black Fairy. There was a new enemy to try to defeat, while also trying to protect both Emma and Gideon. However, just as her husband liked to say, there were quiet moments within the big ones. They had to take breaks, to sleep and eat. Emma was insistent that if she was fated to die, she was going to spend her last moments surrounded by family—even if they insisted that those final moments wouldn’t be happening for many more years.

After picking up dinner from Granny’s, Emma and Snow headed back towards the loft on foot where the guys were waiting on them. Suddenly, a dark cloud of smoke appeared in front of them. The Black Fairy stood there, that sadistic smile on her face. Emma immediately held up her hand to blast her away at a moment’s notice.

“Get back,” she commanded.

The Black Fairy rolled her eyes. “Do you really think this is where I would start the final battle?” She asked. “My, my, you really are a shepherd’s daughter.”

Emma’s jaw locked. “Do not bring my father into this.”

“You can’t win this battle, savior,” she continued, ignoring her last comment. “You won’t make it out alive, then I will be free to do to this town what I wish.”

“You won’t hurt my family or any of these citizens. I won’t let you.”

“How will you control that? You’ll be worm chow by the time that’s any worry of Storybrooke.”

Snow had enough. She had been carrying a larger purse than usual for a reason. She reached in, pulling out her bow and arrow, pushing Emma behind her, aiming it at the fairy. The fairy’s nose
“And just what are you going to do?” She asked.

“You will not hurt my daughter,” Snow told her, firmly. “I will let you crush my own heart before you go anywhere near hers.”

“You’re awfully confident.”

“And you’re weak. You won’t even fight my daughter yourself, you’re using your own grandson.” She made a disgusted face. “As a grandmother myself, I think that’s despicable.”

“And you’re mother of the year, are you?”

“I’ve made mistakes, I won’t deny that. I also love my family and would never dream of intentionally putting them in harm’s way.”

Snow stepped closer, her hand dangerously ready to lodge the arrow into the fairy’s heart. Emma’s eyes were wide, though not really out of shock. By now she knew just how fierce Snow could be. The Black Fairy wasn’t completely aware, however.

“So I dare you,” Snow continued. “Have Gideon touch a hair on my daughter’s head. See how well that works out for you.”

The Black Fairy mocked fear. “I’m so scared.”

“You should be.”

Snow released the arrow and it went flying for The Black Fairy. She quickly disappeared before it could lodge into her skin. Instead, it the center of a nearby tree. Snow gave a confident smile to it. She had known that she could just disappear like that, but the message was clear. No one messed with her little girl. She turned to Emma, who was still staring at her mother.

“Are you okay?” She asked.

“I’m fine,” Emma replied, gnawing on her lower lip. “I’m just sorry that you’re stuck having to do this, again. I feel like all we’re ever doing is trying to stop some villain from turning me dark or killing me.”

Snow put her bow into her bag and settled the take out bags on the ground. She placed a hand on Emma’s cheek, looking into her eyes.
“I will always protect you, Emma, no matter what happens. I know you can look after yourself just fine, but I am your mother. As long as I am around, no one can ever hurt you. Understand?”

Emma nodded, giving her a small smile. “Yeah, I do.”

“Good. Now, come on. Let’s get this food to the guys before it gets cold.”

They linked arms together and started the walk back to the loft. Snow kept a confident smile on her face, but inside her mind was reeling. She had been able to stop the Black Fairy and would do all she could as long as she was there. But the fairy was determined that Emma would fight the final battle alone. Could there really come a point when Snow couldn’t protect her daughter? She didn’t want to think about that.

Chapter End Notes

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Princess Emma: Part II

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by CharmingsDaughter: A Princess Emma sequel where Emma is older and wanting to be more independent but can't seem to get away from the guards and goes to drastic measures. Takes place when Emma is 15.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma was starting to feel suffocated. She knew her parents cared about her and were on high alert ever since George had managed to escape from his cell, but it seemed to be going way too far. She had the same restrictions that her younger siblings had, for Heaven’s sake. She wasn’t going to put up with it anymore, but she had to be careful. When her parents were busy with their royal duties, she had a guard assigned to her. They were meant to stand outside whatever door she was behind or if she was strolling around the garden, stay within 10 feet. She didn’t see how it was any different from Neal and Charlie’s nanny, Jolene.

Finally, one day, she found her perfect escape. Some of her friends wanted to hang out at the docks and play in the ocean for a bit. She knew that both of her parents would be in meetings and all day and Jolene was taking her brothers to play in the garden. Her usual guard, Javier, was on duty and he was fun. She figured she could get away with a few things.

“Javier, I’ve had a long day,” she told him. It wasn’t quite a lie, she had magic lessons with Regina and that did take a bit out of her. “I’m going to take a nap before tea with my mother.”

“Alright, princess,” he replied. “I’ll be just out here.” Putting on her usual show so he wouldn’t think anything was up, she rolled her eyes. He gave her a patient smile. “You know it’s just your parents’ rules until we catch George.”

“I have a princessy request,” she replied with a smirk. “Do it soon, so I can go back to living my life.”

Javier chuckled. “I’ll try.”

Emma went into her room and headed to her wardrobe, quickly changing for a trip to the beach. A less experienced princess would probably have gone the route of sneaking out the window, but she knew better. She had been practicing relocation spells with Regina and had finally perfected one within short distances. With a flick of a wrist, she made it to the stables. She hopped on her horse and guided him to the woods, heading towards the beach. She couldn’t believe she had actually gotten away with it.

What she wasn’t expecting, was for the stable boy to arrive early to feed the horses. He noticed
Emma’s was missing and headed straight to the castle to inform the king and queen. Snow and David frowned, it wasn’t like Cinnamon to escape. They knew that the stable boy and Emma did a good job of making sure that all the steeds were locked up in between grazing times and feeding. They headed up to Emma’s chambers where they spotted Javier on duty.

“The princess is taking a nap,” he explained.

“Unfortunately that’ll have to be cut short,” Snow said.

He nodded and stepped aside, allowing them to enter. When they did, they noticed the room was missing. Before they could panic, David noticed the clothes his daughter had been wearing at breakfast scattered on the floor. Snow walked to the wardrobe and saw that her beachwear was missing.

“She snuck out,” she said with a sigh.

“I swear your majesties, I didn’t see her leave,” Javier quickly defended himself.

“We know, Javier,” David replied. “And I don’t think she used the window, because we have guards in the garden. She most likely used her magic.”

“Her swim costume is missing, I think I know where she went,” Snow told her husband.

Together, they headed down to get her own horse. They followed the path that Cinnamon had made in the trail, though they quickly noticed that it had stopped halfway. Raising an eyebrow, they stopped and started to search by foot. Soon, they heard groans of pains. Worrying it was their Emma, they rushed over to the source of it. Emma was there, but she stood there without a scratch. George, however, was on the ground, tied up by some magic rope. He had a gash on his head, clearly from hitting it on the tree. Emma looked up at her parents and gave them a smile, clearly thinking this would mean she was not in trouble.

“Found him,” she said.

They didn’t say a word as they got George up onto Snow’s horse. She rode him back to the palace while David rode with Emma. Once there, George was locked back up, with even more security. They lead Emma to their chambers, arms folding over their chest. It was only then Emma realized she was in trouble.

“What? I caught George.”

“Do you realize how dangerous it was to go off in the woods alone?” David asked. “Yes, you were able to capture him, but what if he wasn’t alone? What if you got hurt?!”
“Well, I didn’t. I can clearly take care of myself.”

“That little stunt didn’t prove that, Emma. If anything, it proved that you need to be watched over even more.”

Emma’s mouth dropped open. “But, I caught George! You said once we found him, you’d loosen up again.”

“You’ve showed us that we can’t trust you, Emma. Did you even think about how much it would scare us to come up to your room and find you gone?” Snow asked.

Emma bit down on her lip. She hadn’t exactly thought of that. “No, but…”

“We’re very proud of you, we don’t want to take away from that. At the same time, what you did was dangerous. As of right now, we can’t trust you. You’re grounded for 2 weeks and Javier will stay as your personal guard during that time.”

Emma let out a frustrated sigh, stomping out of the room and back down the hall to her own. This was the thanks she got for trying to save the kingdom?

Chapter End Notes

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Two Worlds Collide

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by Arrian+Mithrenes: Emma tells 'non-magical' versions of her parents' backgrounds to friends at university. I’m setting this as though she broke the curse as a pre-teen.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Emma wasn’t embarrassed of her parents or where she came from. She had long since accepted who she was: the savior, a princess of a long lost enchanted kingdom. However, that wasn’t exactly a believable story. If she had told anyone outside Storybrooke that story, they’d think she was some sort of freak.

So, instead of talking about them as Snow White and her prince charming, she said they were Mary Margaret and David Nolan. They had her when they were only 16 (since they were cursed for 12 years, it looked a little weird that an 18-year-old had seemingly 34-year-old parents). She said they had met when they were kids and that her father owned a pet store, her mother was a teacher. It was easier than saying that Snow shared leadership of their small town with Regina and that her father had a farm filled with mythical creatures from their land (including a few unicorns).

What she had forgotten to do was tell her parents the story was she spreading. So, when it came time for her parents to visit her at Boston University, things got a little strange.

“There’s my baby!” Snow exclaimed, throwing her arms around Emma, squeezing her tight. Emma blushed, hugging her mom in return. Leave it to her to embarrass her within 5 seconds. “You look skinnier, have you been eating? Sleeping well? How often do you do your laundry?”

“Let the girl breathe,” David said with a chuckle, managing to pry his wife off of Emma to give her a hug. “Hey, kiddo.”

“Hey Dad,” Emma replied with a smile. She looked over at her mother, who was still looking her up and down. “I do eat, I’m sleeping just fine and I do my laundry once a week.”

“I’m sorry. You know I just worry. It’s so weird not getting to see you every day,” Snow told her.

Emma nodded. “I know. It’s weird for me too. I wish you could’ve brought the kids.”

“They can’t wait to see you at Christmas.” Snow put an arm around her. “Now, come on. Show us around the campus.”

They walked around a bit, Emma showing them her favorite tree to read under and pointed out
some of her classrooms. Finally, they made it to the café on campus. Emma was showing the
different options (telling her mom that of course she ate vegetables with at least two meals a day-
even though she barely touched them once every other week). They were heading towards their
table, when Emma’s art professor stopped them.

“Emma, how are you doing today?” She asked.

Emma grinned. “I’m great, Professor Callahan. These are my parents.”

“Virginia Callahan,” the woman introduced herself, shaking hands with Snow and David. “Emma’s
in my art theory class.”

David nodded. “Very nice to meet you. I’m David and this is my wife…”

“Mary Margaret,” Emma interrupted before he could finish, suddenly remembering. Both of her
parents looked at her strangely.

“Emma’s told me all about you two,” Professor Callahan said. “She said that one of her paintings
was inspired by your students, Mrs. Nolan.”

Snow realized that the professor must have been talking to her and nodded with a small smile.

“Yes, Emma is quite talented.”

“Well, I’ll let you enjoy your meals. See you in class on Tuesday, Emma. Don’t forget you have
that project due.”

She walked off and Emma could feel her parents staring at her. She sighed, leading them over to a
table to sit at.

“Why would you lie about us?” Snow asked.

“It’s not that I wanted to. It’s just…” She let out another sigh. “You don’t understand. You’re both
from the Enchanted Forest and most of your cursed memories have faded by now. Storybrooke has
been enough of an adjustment. Here in the real world, your stories are just that, stories.”

“Poorly told ones,” David mumbled, hating his representation in the Disney classic.

Emma couldn’t help but laugh a bit at that. “I know. But even so, that’s what they are. If I tried to
say that I was the daughter of Snow White and Prince Charming, no one would take me seriously. I
had to come up with alternate versions, it just makes life easier. I know the truth, so do you guys.
It’s just for when I’m at school.”

David and Snow nodded, trying to understand. They wanted Emma’s college experience to be a
good one, they just hated that she had to lie about everything. She was a princess after all, they
wanted her to be able to shout that from the rooftops. It also made them realize something. Emma
bringing friends home from college, probably couldn’t happen, unless they could convince all of
Storybrooke to pretend to not be themselves. If Emma met the love of her life at school and wanted
to get married, would she ever tell them the full story? Would they forever have to pretend to be people they weren’t?

Staying in Storybrooke had been the right thing to do. The Enchanted Forest just wasn’t safe to return to. At the same time, it came at a price. One where their daughter that was raised in this world would have to lie to those outside their small community and where when they had outsiders visit, they could never truly be themselves.

Chapter End Notes

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Unusual Mother/Daughter Bonding

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest: Emma and Snow go out drinking. Snow gets sappy and Emma is just too drunk to care.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma and Snow knew by then that their relationship was unique. Not only were they the same age, but because of that, they ended up doing things together that mothers and daughters would do. One of those was going out for a girls’ night at Aesop’s Tables. Emma was a bit hesitant to go. After her first run-in with her mother’s drinking with Regina, she didn’t want the night to be over before it began. Snow assured her that she had only been such a lightweight because she just had a baby. Neal was nearly 3 by that point, she insisted she’d be fine.

Much to Emma’s surprise, her mother was correct. After a couple of drinks, she was just fine. They were actually having fun. Outside insisting that Emma actually eat the appetizers they ordered so she wouldn’t drink on an empty stomach, it was almost reminiscent of the days before they found out they were mother and daughter.

However, Emma got a little carried away and ordered some shots for them. It didn’t take long before both of them were getting wasted. Snow looked over at Emma, staring at her in wonder.

“What? Do I have cheese on my face?” Emma slurred.

Snow giggled, shaking her head. “No, you silly goose. You’re just so pretty.” She cupped her face. “Don’t you know how beautiful you are?”

Emma smiled. If sober, she’d be embarrassed by all the affection. Apparently, alcohol made it easier. “I look like you,” she replied. “And Dad. I have his smile.” She tried to copy the one that both she and David would use to charm their way out of a situation.

“Yes, you could be our twin,” Snow insisted. “I just want you to know how proud I am of you. You’re the best little girl I could ask for.”

That should’ve been a clear signal that Emma had too much to drink, she didn’t even protest being called a little girl. “You’re the best mom in the world. I love you sooo much.”

“I love you more,” Snow told her, resting her forehead against her before grabbing for more peanuts.

As they continued to have a couple of more shots, some guys headed over to the bar. They knew
better than to hit on Snow, all too aware of her husband at home and his sword. Emma, however, was single. They figured a wasted savior would be an easy target. One of the guys, leaned up against the bar, smirking.

“Can I buy you a drink?” He asked.

“Sorry,” she shook her head. “I’m hanging out with my mom.”

“Well then we can drop her off at home and then you and I can have a little fun.”

“Hey!” Snow jumped up. “She said she’s hanging out with me.”

Her eyes narrowed, stepping in front of Emma, folding her arms over her chest. The man scoffed, clearly not wanting to bother with her. He stomped off while Emma marveled after her mom.

“Damn, Mama, you kick ass!” She turned to the bartender. “Another margarita for my mama the bandit!”

A few moments later, David entered the bar, smiling over at the dwarfs. Emma and Snow hadn’t even noticed they had come in for their guys’ night. Leroy had noticed how much the girls were having to drink and figured it was time they went home. Henry had agreed to watch Neal so he could head out to get them. David approached the two of them and Emma beamed up at him.

“Daddy!” She exclaimed.

David chuckled, it was rare he ever heard that one. “Hey Princess,” he replied, figuring he’d take advantage of that while he could.

Snow looked up at him, tilting her head. “Hey, this is my time with Emma! You get her all the time. Is one night too much to ask?” She pouted.

“It’s not, but I think your night is over for now. Emma looks a little tired,” he fibbed a bit, knowing it’d be the only way to get them out of there.

Snow looked over at her daughter. “Oh, I guess she does. Come on, baby.”

She stood up and Emma went to follow suit, only to stumble. David scooped her up, putting her in a fireman’s hold as he carried her out of the bar with Snow following. Emma was asleep by the time they got home. David took his daughter to her room and laid her on the bed, removing her shoes before draping a quilt over her. He kissed the top of her head and then headed down to his and Snow’s room. She was laying on the bed, still in her dress and heels. David took the opportunity to remove her shoes as well before she sat up, giving him a sultry look.
“You’re such a good husband, ya know,” she told him. “You work so hard to provide for us, you looked after Neal even though you had a long day just so I could bond with our daughter and now you’re taking care of me. I should thank you.”

“And I would love for you to, when you’re sober,” David replied, kissing the top of her head and gently laying her back down. Snow yawned, her eyes flickering shut.

“My prince charming,” she mumbled.

He smiled, making sure that she fell asleep okay before getting up and making sure both her and Emma’s night tables had aspirin along with a glass of water. They were going to need it come morning. He figured to make things even easier, he’d take the boys to Granny’s for breakfast.

Chapter End Notes

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A prompt for Oncefan123: Trigger A gun man at the Storybrooke School. Emma and David go in to find the gun man and are worried about Snow and Henry. Emma ends up getting injured.

This kind of stuff happens far too often where I live and it disgusts me. If you must own a gun, keep it away from children. Also, if anyone can guess where the title is from, you get 10 points and clearly have great taste in T.V.

It happened far too often in the country, that much Emma said every day. Even as a sheriff who owned a gun, she made sure it was locked up and kept out of reach of the kids in the house, David did the same. Her parents were just as secure with their other weapons.

Unfortunately, not everyone was as strict with their kids, especially villains. Stromboli had a son that was Henry’s age. Henry, bless his heart, had tried to do his best to turn Ray around. Nothing worked, however, and one morning, Ray brought a gun to school. He began firing without a real target, causing nothing but chaos for the high school.

Snow was in a classroom with Henry when it occurred and followed the procedure that was written down. She hated having to lock the door, in case any students needed a safe haven, but it was policy. She got all the kids to get as low to the ground as they could. Henry scooted close to her and she wrapped an arm around him.

Emma got the call from the principal and instantly sprung into action. She knew her mother and son were both in there. Trying to keep themselves composed, she and David sped to the school where many of the parents had gathered, Regina included. She was doing her best to calm the citizens down, but Emma could tell she was worried about their son as well.

Carefully, the two sheriffs entered the building. The hallways were littered with abandoned backpacks and jackets, but there were no kids present. They made their way to the library, Emma still had memories of documentaries of the Columbine massacre and wondered if this was a copycat.

Snow was quietly talking with her students, when she heard shots fired once again. Many of the teenagers started to cry and Henry clung to her side. She rubbed his back, kissing the top of his head.
“It’ll be okay, it’s all going to be okay,” she said, half trying to reassure herself as well.

10 minutes later, the door was broken down with some other officers that Emma and David had hired for the station. They lead all of the students out of the building and all of them ran off to see their parents, Henry flying directly into Regina’s arms. Snow looked around, knowing her husband and daughter had to be around there somewhere. Before she could question Regina, the door to the school opened again and Ray was being escorted out by David, who looked shell shocked. Thomas took over, leading the teen the rest of the way to the squad car. Snow put her arms around his waist.

“David, are you alright?” She asked.

He didn’t respond, he just bit down on his lip. “Where’s Henry?”

“He’s over there, he’s fine. I’m fine. Where’s Emma?”

“Snow, I need you to remain calm…but she got hurt.”

Snow’s eyes widened and as if on cue, Emma was being carried out of the building on a stretcher. She rushed to her side, taking her hand. Emma gave her a small smile.

“I’m alright, I told them that, they’re just being dramatic,” she told her.

The EMTs brought her to the ambulance and started to look her over. As they lifted up her shirt, they revealed a bullet proof vest. Snow felt like she could breathe again. It was such a small town, she was unsure if Emma even owned one. As it turned out, the bullet that hit her stomach, had only left a nasty bruise as a result. She was given some cream for it and told to ice it and relax before being released to her parents. Henry rushed over to her, hugging her tight. Emma groaned a bit, but returned it.

“Hey kid,” she kissed the top of his head. “I’m so glad nothing happened to you.”

“Did Ray shoot you?” Henry asked, looking her up and down.

Emma nodded and saw the color drain from his face. “But I’m okay, this is why your grandpa and I wear those vests.”

“Your mom just needs lots of rest,” Snow said, placing a hand on her back. “I think we should head home.”
Emma couldn’t argue there. David slipped his arm around Snow’s waist and she rested her head on his shoulder. Luckily, outside Emma’s bruise, no one else had been injured. Things could’ve been so much worse.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Notes

I am going to be combining two prompts here: CharmingFan wanted to see the family bonding and a guest wanted to see Henry spending time with his grandparents while Emma bonds with little Neal.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With their lives being so busy, Snow and David didn’t get to spend as much time with their grandson as they would like. Emma felt the same when it came to her little brother, so they came up with an idea. They would split up to spend the day with Neal and Henry, then meet up for a nice family dinner at night. Henry was excited to spend that Saturday with his grandparents, he had really missed them.

“What are we going to do today?” He asked. “Another driving lesson?”

David chuckled, remembering his attempt to seem cool back when Henry didn’t remember him. “I think your moms would kill me if I tried to do that again,” he replied as they made their way to his truck. “No, you’ll see what we’re doing soon enough.”

Together, they drove to the movie theater where the latest Marvel movie was showing. David took it upon himself to buy Henry a bunch of popcorn, candy and soda, while Snow linked arms with him, talking about how excited she was to see this one. They ended up being the loudest ones in the theater, laughing and letting out ooo’s, with every single plot twist. Henry was surprised to see that his grandma could actually polish off an extra-large slushie. She had a blue tongue to prove it, too.

After the movie let out, they headed to the arcade where they let Henry play whatever games he wanted. He and Snow got into an air hockey competition with David acting as the referee.

“Aw, come on David!” She called out as the little disc slid through her goal. “That has to be out!”

“Nah, definitely in,” David replied with a wink.

Henry smirked. “I could let you win, Grams, if you’d like.”

Snow shook her head, rolling up the sleeves of her cardigan. “No, I’ll gladly beat you in my own way.”

Meanwhile, Emma was running around the park with her little brother. Both of them were holding super soakers, shooting at one another. The 4-year-old was giggling as he spun the Nerf gun around
to get a better shot.

“I’m winning, Emmy!” He called out.

“I don’t know about that!” Emma replied, continuing to fire off.

Suddenly, Neal hit her in the back with water. She decided to have a little fun and threw herself onto the ground, making dramatic noises that she did. Neal let out a roar of laughter and ran over, jumping on top of her. Emma’s eyes flickered open and she started tickling him. As he threw his head back, giggling, she took him in. She couldn’t believe how big he was getting. What had happened to that tiny baby presented to everyone at the diner? Much like her parents with Henry, she felt as though she never spent enough time with Neal. Between her duties as sheriff and just the craziness of everyday life, there were times that she didn’t even see him during the week. She wanted that to change now and hoped that they could make this at least a biweekly thing.

Eventually, she could tell that he was getting a little tired. They headed back to Snow and David’s where they changed into some dry clothes and curled up on the couch. Emma read to him from a few books as he drifted off to sleep on her lap. She stroked his damp hair once he had, feeling her own eyes grow heavy. Perhaps they would both benefit from a nap before they had to meet up with the rest of their family for dinner.

That night, Emma and Neal headed into the diner where they spotted Henry, Snow and David in a booth together. Neal skipped over, giving his parents a hug.

“There’s my big guy,” David said, pulling him onto his lap. “Did you have fun with your sister today?”

“Oh huh! We had a water gun fight and then read books,” he said.

Emma slid into the booth next to Henry, ruffling his hair. “What’d you guys do?”

“We went to the movies and then the arcade.” Henry made a face. “Grandma beat me at air hockey.”

Snow grinned triumphantly as she sipped her tea. “I told you I could win.”

Emma shook her head, watching as the family all joked with one another and started to decide what they wanted to eat. She could tell her parents were definitely happier after getting to spend time with their grandson, as was Henry. Emma made a mental note, just as she would spend more time with Neal, she’d talk with Regina about dedicating at least a couple of days a month to let Henry have some bonding time with his grandparents.
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Revenge of The Dark Ones: Part IV

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by oncer4life11: A sequel to Revenge of the Dark Ones where Emma comforts a little sibling.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma was getting older and slowly starting to realize the darkness in her parents’ hearts. She knew that they loved her and her siblings more than anything in the world. At the same time, the darkness did cause some issues for their family. Despite Blue no longer being around, they had other enemies. Recently, the castle had been swarmed by a nearby kingdom during a ball they held. There was an attempt to take the younger members of the family, but Emma had come into her powers and was able to stop it.

Her parents hated leaving them, but they had to meet up with their allies to make sure that the other kingdom never hurt them again. Maleficent agreed to look after the children, so they wouldn’t know anything was up. Emma and Lily were 13 by then, though. They knew better than that and were just trying to help Maleficent with Neal, Charlie and Mathilde.

One afternoon while all of the little ones were meant to be napping, Emma was in her room, trying to practice a new spell. She heard crying coming from a nearby room, Neal’s to be specific. She made the sparks in her hands fizzle out and then ran to it, pushing open the heavy doors. Neal was sitting up in his bed, panting a bit as he sobbed. Emma sat on his bed, slowly rubbing his back.

“Hey, it’s okay Nealy, what’s wrong?”

Neal sniffled. “The mean people were back. They took me, Charlie and Mathilde.”

Emma sighed. Nightmares of Blue still sometimes popped up for her, even now that she knew the truth. She pulled Neal onto her lap, cuddling him close. The benefit of having an 8 year age gap was the unique bond that they had built. She kissed the top of his head as she slowly rocked him, humming the lullaby that her father used to do for her when she was his age. Slowly but surely, Neal began to calm down.

“They can’t hurt you anymore,” Emma promised him. “Mom and Dad are making sure of it.”

Neal sniffled, rubbing his eyes. “Why did they try to take us, Emmy?”

Emma bit his lip. She could remember being Neal’s age, blind to just what was going on in their
castle. She didn’t want him to have to grow up quicker than he needed to. “Well, sometimes kings and queens have enemies.”

“But Mommy and Daddy are good.”

As he was distracted by looking for his teddy bear, Emma shut her eyes. While, their parents were kind and loving to them, the best parents anyone could ask for, she knew that not everyone saw them in the same light.

“It’s going to be okay, they’ll never hurt you again.”

“I want Mommy and Daddy.”

“I know. They’ll be home soon. Why don’t you go back to sleep, you have about another hour left of nap time.”

Neal nodded but didn’t move from her lap. “I know you’re a big girl, but will you stay with me?” Emma softly smiled. “Sure, kid.”

She laid down, cuddling Neal close. The door slowly pushed open. 3-year-old Charlie and 2-year-old Mathilde made their way into the room, clutching their respective baby blankets. Emma raised an eyebrow.

“Aren’t you two supposed to be sleeping?” She asked.

“Nealy was crying,” Charlie replied, softly as he rubbed his eyes. “Can we sleep here too?”

Emma sighed, knowing they were all supposed to be in their own beds, but she didn’t want any of them to be alone. She gestured over to the bed and the toddlers scampered over. Emma helped them up onto the bed. Mathilde curled up on her chest while Charlie cuddled against Neal. The teen looked down at all of them. Sometimes her little siblings could really get on her nerves. Other times, they were very sweet. She could feel her own eyes closing heavily after a bit. She always insisted she was too old for naps, but her siblings’ sleepiness seemed to be catching.

About an hour later, Snow and David returned to their castle. After checking in with Maleficent, they went upstairs to Mathilde’s chambers first to check on her. They had a near heart attack when they saw her toddler bed was empty. They rushed to Charlie’s room, finding the same. They could hear soft snoring coming from Neal’s, which was odd considering only one of their kids actually snored. They dashed across the hall and into his chambers. They felt their heartrate lower as they found all 4 of their children piled up in Neal’s bed, sleeping soundly. Even Emma, who was the source of the snoring, was out like a light.
They smiled a bit as they walked over, pushing hair out of their oldest’s face. It had been a challenging couple of days, but they were glad to finally be home with their babies. They would always do all they could to protect them.

Chapter End Notes

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Role Reversal

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Ghostwriter: Emma saves David from a villain. Takes place in season 4.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

David made his way slowly towards the ice cave. He hadn’t told anyone where he was going, he knew that Emma would tell him that he was being crazy, that they had to be careful with Ingrid. He couldn’t just sit back and wait anymore, though. Ingrid was threatening to tear apart his family, to take away his daughter. He had that happen enough times in his life and he wasn’t about to let it happen again.

“Show yourself, Snow Queen!” He shouted out into the cave. She appeared, a smile on her face.

“Well, well, well, Sheriff Nolan. How can I be of service?” She asked, putting her hands on her hips.

“You’re going to stay the hell away from my daughter.”

“Your daughter?” Ingrid laughed. “Since when? A couple of years ago?”

David’s jaw locked. “She has always been my daughter.”

“She wasn’t when you put her through that wardrobe, forcing her to grow up alone. Before me, she said she didn’t have a family, she said she wanted me to be one. How happy she was to finally have a mother figure in her life.”

David knew that she was trying to get under his skin and he was doing all he can to not let her. “Snow was always her mother. I won’t deny that you took care of Emma, but given that you wiped her memories of her time with you, you clearly weren’t that great.”

“I have my reasons for doing that.” She looked him up and down. “She spoke of you often, Emma that is. I once apologized that I couldn’t give her a father and she said that was okay, she didn’t need one. I think that’s still true now.”

“You don’t know what Emma needs.”

“I know you have a new child now, a son. Can you honestly tell me that you feel a needed for Emma anymore?”

“I will always need my daughter!” David stepped closer to her. “I reviewed the security tapes at the station, I saw how you tried to get to her, tell her that we didn’t love her and that we were using her. We love her, she is our little girl. You failed in trying to get her to turn against us and you always will. You won’t destroy this family.”
Ingrid stepped closer to him, a sick smirk on her face. Before he could say anything more, she forced him up against the ice wall, choking him without even touching his neck. He could feel the oxygen leaving him as he tried to fight it. His sword would be no match for her in this moment. Suddenly, Ingrid was blasted against the opposite wall and he fell to the floor with a thud.

“Dad!” It was Emma. She helped him up and he held his head, moaning a bit. “Come on, let’s get out of here.” She focused on a spell she had been working on with Elsa and managed to poof them out of there and over to her bug. “Are you okay???”

“I’m fine, just a bit of a headache.” He rubbed his head and then looked down at her. “Are you?”

“I’m not the one that was being choked by Ingrid.”

“How did you know where I was? I didn’t tell your mom.”

“I stopped by the station and saw you weren’t there, so I borrowed a locator spell from Regina.”

She let out a frustrated sigh. “What the hell were you thinking?”

“Excuse me?”

“You tell me all the time not to run in without thinking, you could’ve gotten yourself killed! What if I showed up just 5 seconds later??! Do you realize that since you and Mom share a heart, if you die, you both do? Do you want Neal to grow up an orphan? Do you want me to lose both of my parents???”

David could see the fear in Emma’s eyes and suddenly felt guilty. He would never apologize for trying to protect her, but also never wanted to hurt her. He pulled her into his arms, hugging her tightly. She immediately threw her arms around him, burying her head in his shoulder. The past few weeks had been a hard transition for her. Becoming a big sister and learning that her parents weren’t just hers anymore seemed to be harder on her at 30 than it would’ve been when she was 2. She knew now that her parents loved both her and Neal the same, that they loved her just as she was. But she wasn’t going to lose them, not again.

“I’m not going anywhere, kiddo,” he told her, stroking her hair. “I’ll always be here.”

“Not if you do stupid stunts like this,” she mumbled into his shoulder.

“I’m not sorry that I did this, I was just trying to stop her from hurting you. Just as scared as you are to lose me, I don’t want to lose you.”

Emma bit her lip, pulling away a bit. “I understand. Just next time, can we please do this together? There’s power in numbers.”

David smiled a little. “I promise next time I’ll let you go. I’m sorry that I worried you, I’ll try for it not to happen again.”

She let out a tiny sigh and then started laughing. “When did our roles get reversed.”

He chuckled as well. “I don’t know.” He put an arm around her. “What can I do to make up for
nearly giving you a heart attack:"

Emma thought about it for a minute. “Mom took Neal to another Mommy and Me class. Think you could make me chocolate chip pancakes for lunch?”

David grinned. “I think that sounds like a great meal.”

Chapter End Notes

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This was a prompt submitted to me by OUAT: Emma has a fever and cuddles up with Snow while Henry takes care of Neal and David rushes around to get medicine.

Emma hated to admit she was sick, but there were times that she just couldn’t hide it. Working outside in the dead of winter had caused her to develop a fever. It was a little high so she was feeling a little delirious. She was curled up into Snow’s side, refusing to let go of her. Her mom had said she was going to go to the store to get some medicine, but Emma pitched a fit.

“Don’t go,” she whined, clinging tighter to her top. Snow sighed, stroking her curls.

David gave them both a soft smile. “I’ll head to the pharmacy and pick it up,” he said. “I’ll pick up some dinner as well so you don’t have to cook.”

“You really are my prince charming,” Snow replied, kissing him when he leaned down for one. He bent down to pick up Neal, but then he started to fuss.

“Playing,” he insisted, pointing to his toys.

“You can play when we get back, bud. We have to get Emmy some medicine.”

“No!” Snow had been fussing over Emma all day and he was in a bit of a mood as a result.

Henry stepped out of the kitchen. “I’ll keep an eye on him, Gramps, so you can leave him here.”

David put a hand on Henry’s shoulder, kissing his head. He had really stepped up since his mother got ill, offering to help out more. He was really becoming a great young man.

“Thanks, Henry, I’ll grab your favorite candy bar while I’m out.”

Henry smiled wide. “Sweet.”

Snow smile at the boys before looking down at a moaning Emma, who was folding her arms over her chest.

“I’m freezing, Mama,” she whispered.
“I know you feel that way, but you’re burning up.”

“Just one blanket, please,” Emma pleaded, giving her mom a puppy dog pout.

Snow debated it for a moment before grabbing a light blanket that hung over the couch. She tucked it over Emma, kissing her forehead, trying not to wince at how hot she was. Emma sighed in content, continuing to cuddle up with her mom.

Henry got on the floor, playing with Neal and letting him show off every Rescue Hero that he had. They eventually started coloring, Henry convincing Neal to make Emma a get well card while he worked on his own. Finding Dory played on the television, which had something for everyone.

Half an hour later, David walked through the door with a few bags. He had gotten Emma’s medicine and some juice to help bring down her fever along with food for everyone. He knew his daughter’s appetite was low, so he got her some broth and crackers and everyone else’s favorites. Emma seemed just fine with that, especially when David promised her a popsicle once she finished that up.

Everyone gathered together on the couch, watching the movie together. Neal and Henry passed Emma their cards. She smiled at them, giving them each a weak kiss on the cheek.

“These are great guys, thank you so much.” She could hear Neal trying to talk to her, so she turned to him, pulling him onto her lap. “What’s going on?” He started to point out everything on the card, attempting to explain it. Emma nodded, pretending to understand.

It got later and Henry took Neal up to bed, promising he would head in for the night himself after it. David lead Emma upstairs to her room, while Snow helped her lay down. She laid a cool compress across her forehead, kissing the top of her head.

“We’ll come in and take that off in a bit, you can take more medicine the morning,” she told her daughter.

Emma nodded, her eyes slowly closing. “Okay, Mama.”

“We love you,” David said, stroking her warm cheek.

“Love you too,” she mumbled, before drifting off to sleep.

Snow leaned into David as they walked out of the room. There were certain things they would never get to do with Emma since she hadn’t grown up with them. They would never be happy that
she got sick, but they were grateful that they could take care of her when she was. They had heard about her childhood and how she would be alone most of the time when she was ill. Together, Snow and David had made a vow. Never again would their little girl have to face being sick alone. She would always have them, no matter what.

“It’s been a very long day,” David whispered. “How about we head in ourselves? I have a feeling tomorrow will be more of the same.”

Snow nodded. “Thank you for running around like a crazy person. Tomorrow, I’ll take over for that. You can be the one she cuddles.”

“Well how could I turn down cuddles from my favorite little girl?” He asked with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

As a reminder, this month is July Jamboree, so I’ll be posting at least 1 one shot a day this month. Keep up the requests, whether it’s on here or my Tumblr: justanoutlawfanfiction. Even if you’ve already requested, you’re always welcome to leave more prompts.
This was a prompt submitted to me by Codi: Snow finds Emma curled up asleep with her baby blanket. Emma wakes up embarrassed.

Growing up alone, Emma’s baby blanket was all she had sometimes. There was even a point when she had been sent to a new foster home with nothing but the blanket. To her, it was also a tiny bit of hope. While she always felt abandoned by her biological parents, she thought that they must have loved her at some point. The blanket was very beautiful and carefully stitched together. Clearly, it had been given to her out of nothing but love. Maybe somewhere, out there, they were looking for her. The hope disappeared as she got older, only to return when she broke the curse. Her parents had asked Granny to make the blanket because they did love her. It only made it that much more precious.

Emma had stopped publicly sleeping with the blanket when she was 10 years old and experienced a not so great reaction. After that she’d keep it on her pillow and when she got her own place, she kept it draped over her couch. Now that she was living with her parents, she wasn’t afraid to keep it folded neatly at the foot of her bed. She only cuddled with it when she was truly stressed or scared. As of late, both were happening.

Between taking on the darkness, losing it, going to the Underworld and coming back, realizing all the mistakes she had made by doing so, she was drained. She needed comfort that she didn’t feel anyone could provide. After their return from the Underworld, Emma had moved back in without much questioning it. Her parents were insisting she get more rest to make up for all the sleep she had lost over the past few months. She seemed to be hibernation mode. She would sleep for most of the day, only coming down to eat a ton of food before going back up to her room to rest. She knew Henry was safe with Regina and that her father could handle the station for the time being.

One day after settling Neal down for a nap, Snow decided to head up and check on her daughter. She found her curled up on the bed, snoring lightly. It was a sight that relieved her mother. She had a feeling that a few more days of being in this weird sleep cycle, she’d be back to normal. Though, she’d be tempted to ask her to take more naps. If not every day, at least a few times a week. She couldn’t keep burning out the way that she had.

She walked around the bed to make sure that she was warm enough and found her baby blanket clutched in her hands. Snow’s hand went over her mouth as her heart melted. She had always been touched that Emma had kept her baby blanket all these years, but had assumed she’d never get to really see her hold it. She understood, her daughter was an adult. However, in this moment, it
seemed so sweet. She took a picture, merely to send it to her husband and then bent down, kissing the top of Emma’s head.

Emma’s eyes flickered open on the movement, blinking a bit and lazily smiling up at her mom. She felt a familiar fabric in her arms and instantly sat up, dropping it onto the floor.

“Mom…I…I can explain,” she stammered, trying to wake up fully.

Snow shook her head, gently placing a hand on Emma’s cheek. “Sweetheart, it’s fine.”

“No, it’s not. I’m not a child, I’m 30-years-old. I shouldn’t be cuddled up with my blanket.”

“You’ve had a rough time lately, your blanket serves comfort to you. It’s perfectly fine to need it. Heck, even if you didn’t, I know plenty of adults that still have comfort items,” she said. Emma gnawed on her lip. Having her mom’s reaction was an unexpected game to what she was used to. Snow could tell her daughter was thinking about something. “What is it, baby?”

Emma sighed. “It’s just…I would sleep holding my blanket for a long time as a kid, longer than most of my foster siblings would with their comfort items. I got sent to a new home and the parents seemed nice enough at first. Then on my first night, the mom saw me laying down to cuddle with my blanket. She made a face and told me I was too old to sleep with it. husband agreed and they made me keep it under my pillow. I guess their son had been attached to his own blanket and didn’t want my “bad influence”.”

Snow felt her muscles tightened. This was by far one of the tamer stories Emma had told her of her childhood, but it still got under her skin. How could someone be so mean to a child? Apparently, they had done the same to their own, taking away his. Growing up, she had a similar experience with a nanny taking away her favorite teddy bear when she was “too old”. She had insisted that she would never do the same to her children and hated that she wasn’t there to stop it from happening to Emma.

She bent down, picking the blanket up off the floor. “Emma, there is nothing wrong with needing your blanket. You can hold it whenever you need to. I’m sorry you had people that made you feel wrong. Your father and I had this made especially for you, it means the world to me that you still have it.” She settled it into her arms.

Emma ran her fingers over the purple ribbon and then looked up at her mom. “You sure?”

“I’m sure.” She kissed the top of her head. “You still look exhausted. How about you go back to sleep for a bit? I’ll have mac and cheese waiting for you when you wake up.”

Emma nodded and curled back up, holding her blanket tightly to her chest. Snow stood there watching her drift back to sleep as she stroked her hair. If anyone tried to take Emma’s blanket from her again, they’d have to deal with her.
So, this was actually the last prompt on my list! Make sure you keep sending them in for July Jamboree. You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest: Emma getting hurt very badly and needing Snow and David to help her with most everything. Emma is so hurt/loopy on pain killers she slips up saying “Mama” and “Daddy”.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

David had never trusted that damn yellow bug. He knew that it was stolen, so there was no knowing just how old it was. He would insist Emma get regular checks every so often and that wasn’t enough. However, there was nothing he could do. Emma was an adult and she could drive whatever she wanted.

The breaks didn’t work and Emma ended up crashing into a pole. It was one of the scariest calls that Snow and David ever received. The bug was crushed and it was a miracle that Emma made it out alive. She ended up in surgery for her broken arm and leg, staying in the hospital for a couple of days to be monitored. When she was able to go back to the loft, she couldn't exactly make it around by herself. Snow and David insisted on giving her their bed, both taking time off work so they could take care of her.

Under normal circumstances, Emma would’ve protested her parents fussing over her, but the painkillers she had been prescribed were making her quite loopy. She felt very clingy to her parents and hated being apart from either of them. To make things easier, Ella was taking care of Neal during the day, so they just had to worry about their daughter.

David walked into the kitchen, watching Snow rush around to finish up Emma’s lunch. He put a hand on her shoulder, giving her a small smile. “You okay there?”

“Fine, I just want to make sure she eats with her medicine.”

“Emma’s fine, you can take a breather.”

Snow smiled at him in return, leaning against his chest. “It is nice to get to take care of her like this, I just hate seeing her so injured.”

“She’ll be in top shape in no time.”

“Have you started looking at cars like I asked you to?”

David made a face. “After all this, you want her to drive?”

“Not really, but she’s a grown woman, she won’t want us driving her everywhere.”
He sighed, knowing she was right. After grabbing the pills from the counter with a glass of water, he headed back into the bedroom where Emma was watching some T.V.

“It’s time for your pills, Princess,” he told her, putting them on her tongue and holding up the glass so she could sip.

Emma let out a tiny groan, but weakly smiled up at him. “Thank you, Daddy.”

David beamed down at her. Emma had slipped a lot lately with their names. He knew it was only because she was in so much pain and on some pretty strong pain killers, but he would take it. He loved hearing that word escaped her mouth. He kissed the top of her head and sat next to her as they waited for his wife to come through.

When Snow walked in with the soup, she fed it to Emma, since she was too weak to lift her good arm. Once she finished, she could see Emma’s disgusted face.

“What is it?”

“I feel gross,” Emma complained, sticking out her tongue a bit. “Can I take a shower?”

“You can’t get your casts wet or stand on your feet that long,” Snow gently reminded her. “But we have those covers for them, I can help you with a bath if you’d like.”

Emma nodded. Snow helped her out of bed and lead her into the bathroom, making sure she leaned on her enough. After getting the protective wear on the yellow casts, she started the bath and helped Emma into it. She could see her daughter’s disgust turn to sadness.

“I hate this, Mama,” she mumbled.

“Oh baby,” Snow stroked her cheek. “I know. You’ll be all better soon.”

“I’m sorry you’re stuck taking care of me.”

“Don’t be. This is my job as your mom.”

Snow guided her through the bath, almost feeling as though she was making up for lost time. Sure, it wasn’t like bathing Neal in the sink, but it was still getting to take care of her baby. When she was done, she dried her off and managed to help her into some pajamas as well. Emma leaned heavily into her, her eyes starting to close. Clearly, the most recent dose of medication was really kicking it.
“I think it’s time for a nap, huh?”

Emma nodded. When she was better, she denied ever agreeing to one. “Uh huh.”

“David!” Her husband appeared in the doorway. “I think she needs more support than I can offer.”

He smiled. “Say no more.”

David lifted Emma into his arms and carried her back to bed. Snow pulled the cork out of the tub, wiping her hands on her jeans. Nap time sounded good for all of them, indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Mommy and Daddy Need A Date Night

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by an anonymous user on Tumblr from a three-word starter post I reblogged:
"Don’t leave me!"

Setting this as though there was no curse and Emma was raised in the Enchanted Forest.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow looked over at David, who was being absolutely no help at that point, he was about to break himself. Emma was throwing a full blown tantrum, with no sign of stopping. Snow sighed, running a hand through her hair.

“Maybe we should just reschedule,” she said.

Before David could rebut, Red stepped in, shaking her head. “No, absolutely not, I won’t hear of it. You need this night, especially with…” She trailed off, remembering that little ears were listening. “Well, you know.”

Snow let out another sigh, gathering her toddler daughter into her arms. Emma never liked when her parents left the palace for any reason, but had been especially clingy ever since Snow had announced that she was expecting once again. It was all so new for the 3-year-old and she hated any mention of the upcoming baby. She insisted on being with her parents at all times. However, the stress of running a kingdom, pregnancy and looking after Emma was clearly wearing on Snow. She needed a break, desperately. So, David had arranged for the two of them to have a much needed date night. Red had agreed to babysit. Now it was time to go and rather than sneak out, they had made the mistake of saying goodbye to Emma.

“Don’t leave me!” Emma pleaded, tears falling down her face.

“Daddy and I will be back soon,” Snow repeated for what felt like the millionth time.

“I wanna come with you!”

“It’s just for Mommy and Daddy,” David said, gently, wiping away some of her tears. “We’ll do something fun tomorrow, just the three of us.”

“No, no, no! Mommy and Daddy have to stay.”

“Come on Munchkin, don’t you want to have fun with Auntie Red? I think she brought some fun toys.”
Emma sniffled, folding her arms over her chest. It was such a confusing time. She already felt like she was being replaced as the baby of the castle, now her mommy and daddy wanted to go. She knew they went on date nights, but she didn’t want to be away from them.

“If you’re a good girl for Auntie Red,” David continued. “I’ll make my extra special chocolate chip pancakes tomorrow morning for breakfast.”

Emma bit her lip at that. “You promise?” She held out her tiny pinky, causing him to smile and latch onto it with his own.

“I promise.”

She sighed and buried her head into Snow’s neck, who gave her a cuddle in return. Once David had done the same, he passed her over to Red. They gave their daughter one last kiss before holding hands and walking out of the palace.

The date night was exactly what they needed. They had a picnic in their favorite part of the woods before taking a small hike. It was a beautiful evening. There was no one asking them to sign a contract or begging for just one more bedtime story. No, all was calm and serene. They loved ruling and even more so, they loved Emma with everything in them. Even so, it was nice to get out of the palace and have some one on one time. It was going to be even more rare once the baby arrived.

“We still need to plan on special nights with Emma once the baby comes, maybe nights with just one of us and her, plus ones with us both. I’m sure Red would be more than willing to babysit,” Snow suggested.

David grinned. “That sounds like a great idea.”

Back at the palace, Emma was being tucked into bed. Red wasn’t as good at reading bedtime stories to her as her daddy, but she did do funny voices like he did, so she accepted it. Once she finished, she received a kiss to her forehead and was bid goodnight. Her aunt left the room and she cuddled her baby blanket close. When her parents left, that was the one thing that made her feel closer to them. It wasn’t long before she drifted off to sleep. She didn’t even wake up when her parents came in to check on her once they got back home.

The next morning, she woke up pretty early and with her baby blanket in hand, she padded down the hall to her parents’ bedroom. She frowned when she saw that they weren’t in there. She turned around and carefully walked down the stairs (after remembering there was a rule about no running inside). She made her way to the kitchen and a big smile spread across her face. Emma could smell chocolate chip pancakes, which meant only one thing.
“Mommy! Daddy!” She shouted as she ran in, being swept up in a big hug by them both, cuddling them.

Emma had missed them both so much when they were gone, but she knew one thing. No matter what happened, they would always come back to her.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by PolskaChic18. It’s a long one, so you’ll have to read and see. All I’ll say, it’s a canon divergence of season 2.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

David and Emma hated working the night shifts, but they had to be covered one way or another. So, they’d equally split them. It was his night to listen out for the rare dangerous situation or drunk person who would not leave the Rabbit Hole. Little did he realize; the latter was going to happen sooner than he expected. He grabbed his badge and gun, driving down to the bar.

When he arrived, he did spot Emma’s yellow bug outside and that confused him. She wasn’t the type to frequent that kind of place. She drank, but she hated the Rabbit Hole. It was all cleared up when he saw August’s motorcycle nearby. Emma had been spending more time with him and Neal, the three burying the hatchet for the past. They also figured it was good for Henry to see them getting along. David walked a little faster, he didn’t want the disoriented person going near his daughter.

As soon as David walked inside, he found himself being guided towards a booth in the back. Emma was lunging towards August, ready to punch him in the face. Neal was holding her back, though he clearly looked afraid. It only took a few seconds for David to smell the alcohol on her breath and realize she was the one who had the cops called on her.

“Emma, you need to calm down,” Neal told her.

“Let me punch him! Let me punch him!” Emma insisted.

“You don’t really want to do that, you’re drunk.” He spotted David and let out a sigh of relief. “Thank God.”

“What’s going on here?” David asked as he pulled Emma into his arms, wrapping them around her own so she couldn’t punch her friend.

“Everything was fine,” August replied, straightening his jacket, clearly realizing how lucky he was that Neal had been strong enough to hold her back. “Then she started having a bit too much to drink and started yelling at us for abandoning her. We thought she was past all that, but clearly not.”

David sighed. He did really believe that Emma had forgiven the two men, but sometimes alcohol made you say things you had hidden deep inside. Chances were when she was sober, she was going
to regret all of that.

“I’ll take her home,” he said.

“I don’t want to leave!” Emma protested, trying to get out of her father’s grasp, but to no avail.

“That’s too bad. Neal, August, I’d head home yourselves.”

He lead his daughter out to the car and made sure she buckled her seatbelt before texting Snow so she’d be ready to handle their drunk daughter. The entire ride was quiet and soon, they were in front of the apartment building.

“I’ll help you upstairs,” David told her, turning the keys to shut off the car. Emma just continued staring out at the road in front of her. “I know you’re not happy with me, but I had to get you out of there. You don’t want to punch August.”

“Maybe I don’t,” she slurred. “But he deserves it, they both do. All of you do.”

David raised an eyebrow. “What do you mean we all do?”

“August, Neal, you.”

“You want to punch me in the face?”

“I want to make you hurt the same way you hurt me, all of you. All my life, men have left me. First you, then August,” she was ticking off the people on her fingers, one by one. “Then my first foster dad, followed by all of them. Neal was the last one.”

David bit his lip, feeling his heart sink in his chest. He knew that Emma was still dealing with abandonment issues from her whole life. He had heard about the moment that she and Snow had shared in the Enchanted Forest, that Emma acknowledged she understood why they had done what they had. Clearly though, there was a part of her that still felt like he had let her down. She wasn’t alone, he felt like he had too. He still knew it was the right thing, but couldn’t take back that it hurt her so badly.

“I’m sorry, Emma,” he whispered, causing her to look at him. “If there was anything I could’ve done, you know I would’ve. Putting you through the wardrobe alone, it was a last result.”

“You still weren’t going to be with me. Mom was.”

“Because we were lied to. Emma, do you really think I would pick being cursed over getting to be your dad?” He asked. “If there was any real way for us to be a family, I swear to you I would’ve done anything to find it. I am so sorry you’ve been let down in your life, sweetheart. I wish I could’ve been there to protect you.”

“Well you weren’t there.”
“I know, but I am now. I’m willing to do whatever I have to in order to prove that I’m not going anywhere, baby.”

Emma bit her lip, throwing her head back. Clearly, she was starting to sober up a bit. He reached over, taking her hand and she squeezed it back after a minute. He could tell she wasn’t willing to have the rest of the conversation just then and that was okay. He also knew his actions had to speak louder than his words. It was going to take time to prove to Emma that he wasn’t going anywhere again. He had gotten his little girl back and if anyone wanted to take her away again, they’d have to rip her from his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrls: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Lady Emma of the Enchanted Forest

Chapter Notes

Just one of my own. We see a lot about Emma becoming a princess, but what if she became her kingdom’s first female knight? Set as though there was no curse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma had never been a typical girly girl. She hated wearing frilly dresses, even as a young child. Dolls and tea parties were just not her thing. She would much rather play outside and get dirty. Her parents supported whatever she wanted to do, allowing her to wear what she wanted, outside formal events. Others in the kingdom judged the royals for how they handled it, but they didn’t care. Emma was their daughter and they would support her in whichever way they could.

Growing up, Emma had always watched the knights practice, she found it fascinating. Her father had taught her how to sword fight gradually growing up and she got her first real sword for Christmas when she was 13. Around the age of 15, she started asking about becoming a knight. She had never seen a female one in the kingdom’s cavalry. There was much discussion between David and Snow about this. It had nothing to do with her gender, they would be doing the same if it were one of their sons. The truth was, being a knight was dangerous. At the same time, if it was Emma’s dream, who were they to stand in the way of that? The one condition was that she had to go through the same training as the rest of the knights.

That Emma did. She worked out and trained hard, focusing a lot of her time and energy on it. After a year of grueling practice, she was ready to be knighted.

Snow and David stood at the ceremony, waiting for Emma’s announcement. Their other children stood nearby, smiling, the rest of their kingdom circled around as well. Snow could feel David’s hand slide through hers and she squeezed. This was a big day for their little girl and they couldn’t be prouder.

“Presenting, Princess Emma,” a voice called out before trumpets blared.

All turned to the door as it was opened by two of the older knights. Emma walked in, a pensive look on her face. She was dressed in silver armor, with bits of red (including her cape). A matching helmet was under her arm as she made her way down the path to her parents.

Snow turned to David and whispered, “Look at our baby, she is so grown up.”
David nodded and smiled. “I know. Where did the time go?”

Emma finally reached them and shared a small smile with them both, so fast that no one else could see. This was a family occasion, but they still had to be serious. She knelt before her parents. Snow took the sword from David.

“What do you Princess Emma, undertake to accept the accolade of knighthood?” She asked.

Emma nodded. “I do.”

“And will you conduct yourself in all matters as a knight befits of this realm?” David questioned, trying to keep professional, but could not hide the smile on his face.

“I will,” Emma agreed.

Snow and David quickly glanced over at their other children, who were about jumping with excitement. They had been just as supportive as their parents during this whole time, especially their other daughter. They already looked up to Emma and thought it was so cool that she was going to be a knight for the kingdom.

“It is with pride in our hearts,” Snow said, beaming down at her daughter. “That we Queen Snow and King David of the Enchanted Forest, do dub you…” She tapped the sword over each of her covered shoulders. “Lady Emma of the Enchanted Forest.”

The crowd erupted in applause and Emma rose to her feet, accepting the sword from her parents. She turned to the crowd, a huge smile on her face. She had worked so hard for this day and while it was great that her family was proud of her, she was proud of herself. She knew she would face challenges being the only female knight. There were already a few old fashioned ones that didn’t think it was appropriate. She was just determined to prove them wrong. Plus, their thoughts didn’t matter.

Her parents had fearlessly defended the kingdom for years. Now, it was her turn. As knight, she would use the lessons they had taught her. For the first time in a long time, she finally felt like she was in the position she belonged in.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Sometimes, it was still so surreal to Snow that she was a mom. 30 years later and she couldn’t believe that she had given birth to her precious angel. Though, of course her experience as one had been a bit different than your standard mother. She had given birth to Emma, had to give her up to protect her from a curse and only reunited 28 years after. She didn’t have to change diapers or have late nights, but she also missed out on first words, steps and so much more. Even now that she had her newborn son, she knew nothing would make up for all of that. However, she was trying to take a chapter from her husband’s book and focus on the moments.

Since Emma had decided she wanted to move back to Storybrooke with Henry for good, the loft had been a mess of boxes. It seemed that in their alternate reality, she and Henry had accumulated a lot more stuff that they could not live without. It was quite the contrast to when Emma had first moved to town years ago with just a couple of them. Snow wasn’t sure if it was inappropriate to feel happy about that that. All of this was leading to Emma unpacking all of them while Henry spent the day with Regina and Robin. She had been working hard all morning, skipping breakfast. Snow decided to bring her up some lunch.

“Hey honey,” she said, causing Emma to look up from yet another box of clothes. She held up a plate which contained a sandwich and some chips. “I brought you something to eat.”

“You’re the best, thank you,” Emma gratefully accepted the plate and took a bite.

She started eating so quickly as she always did, she could polish off food faster than any of them. A stray piece of cold cut hung from her lips when she finally sat it down to take a sip of the water that Snow offered her. She noticed Snow smiling at her strangely and tilted her head.

“What?”

“You’re adorable, you know that?”

Heat came to Emma’s cheeks and she folded her arms over her chest. “What?” She asked with her mouth still full.

Snow reached over, carefully brushing it away from her mouth. “You heard me, you’re adorable.”
Emma rolled her eyes, taking a sip so she could clear her throat all together. “I’m not adorable, I’m an adult.”

“Sometimes there are little moments when you seem like a kid, not in a bad way. We all have moments like that.” She shrugged. “I guess it’s just nice to get to wipe your mouth every once in a while.”

Emma couldn’t help but smile at her mother’s comments. Just like Snow, she was aware there were moments that they could never get back. But there were also times where she felt they had small breakthroughs. Snow had been right about one thing a year prior, their relationship was unique. They had a combination of an adult child and parent relationship, with bits of a younger child mixed in at times. There were obvious things that they could never experience together, but they’d take what they could.

“Are you sure it’s okay that Henry and I are moving back in here?” Emma asked, wanting to change the subject a bit. “You know, I’m sure I could talk to Gold and try to rent an apartment…”

“Emma, absolutely not,” Snow interrupted her. Truth be told, she had been afraid that this is what they would do as soon as Emma announced they’d be staying. “Your father and I want you here with us.”

“You just had a baby though,” Emma pointed out. “I’m sure it’s hard to have a newborn and two other people under foot. I mean, I know our stuff has been everywhere lately.”

She shook her head. “We’re a family, we’ve been separated far enough. I want us to be under one roof, no matter how small it is.”

Emma smiled and took hold of her mom’s hand. Snow squeezed it in return and leaned forward, kissing her forehead. The moment didn’t last long, it just wasn’t their nature. Emma finished up her sandwich and then went back to unpacking, with Snow’s help. Neal was napping and David was downstairs with him. She would live in the moment and help her adorable daughter officially move back home.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by an anonymous user on Tumblr: Emma wets the bed as an adult and Snow finds out. Emma freaks out, assuming she’ll be in trouble.

Emma couldn’t believe it was happening again. She thought she had finally outgrown it decades ago, but apparently, she was wrong. Luckily for her, Henry was at Regina’s for the week, so he wouldn’t be disturbed by her running around. Unluckily for her, however, the washer and dryer was downstairs in the apartment, shared by the other tenants. Emma would have to sneak past her parents’ bed and back without them noticing. She bundled up her sheets and snuck down the stairs barefoot, heading straight for the door.

What she wasn’t expecting was for her mother to be up, just finishing up Neal’s late night feeding. She heard a small creek in the floorboard and headed to investigate. In the moonlight that streamed in from the window, she could see her daughter standing there in her pajamas, holding her sheets. She yawned a bit, stretching.

“Emma? What are you doing up?”

“Oh, um, I read this article saying it was best to do your laundry at night,” Emma lied. “So I was just going to throw in a new load.”

Snow arched an eyebrow. “Did I not just throw your linens in with my own yesterday?”

Emma internally cursed herself. She had forgotten all about that. Before she could find another lie, Snow stepped forward and grabbed the sheets out of Emma’s hands. It didn’t take long for her to find the issue. She went to speak, but Emma bolted past her and into the bathroom. Figuring she was just going to take a shower, Snow headed downstairs to the laundry room. She wasn’t judging Emma, not at all. Sometimes adults had accidents, it wasn’t anything to freak out about.

She headed back up once she got that settled and put new linens onto Emma’s bed, checking to make sure that her baby blanket hadn’t gotten soiled in the accident. She went back downstairs and waited for Emma to see if she went back to bed okay. But as minutes turned to a half hour, she realized that the shower had been off for a while. She walked over, knocking on the door.

“Emma?” There was no response. “Emma, honey.” Still, Emma didn’t respond. “Please, let me
Snow gave it another few seconds before opening the door. She found Emma sitting on the floor in her robe, her legs curled up while she stared out into space. Her hair was dripping wet and onto the floor, which wasn’t like her. Snow sat beside her, putting a hand on her back. Emma’s head snapped up, her eyes filled with sorrow and fear.

The first words out of her mouth were, “I can be out as soon as tomorrow.”

Snow’s brows furrowed in confusion. “Excuse me?”

“I’m sure I can’t get a new place that fast, but I can get a room at Granny’s. You won’t have to put up with me anymore or handle this.”

“Emma, you’re not going anywhere.” Snow was sincerely confused. Where had all of this come from? “So you had an accident, it doesn’t matter. Everyone does once in awhile.”

“I don’t know what happened,” she mumbled. “I thought I had it under control, I have for years.”

“27 years is an awfully long time, anything can cause this. Maybe you drank too much water before bed?”

Emma shook her head. “It’s not that. Well…it is, but not really. It’s embarrassing to explain.”

“I won’t laugh, I never have, you know that,” Snow gently stroked her hair.

She sighed, adjusting herself so she was sitting upright. “From what I can tell from my records, I was just starting potty training when I left my first foster family, the one that gave me up. My next home wasn’t that great. Not abusive just…not exactly concerned with tackling that. It took me awhile to get potty trained, but when I did, I had a lot of accidents since it took so long. I learned early on, most foster parents weren’t okay with a 7-year-old wetting the bed. I managed to outgrow it completely by the time I was 10. But I guess all that water I drank tonight brought it all back up.”

Snow felt angry on the behalf of Emma when it came to her old foster parents. How could they have reacted poorly to just an accident? It wasn’t as if she could help it. It was yet another reminder of how her daughter had been let down along the way.

“I am so sorry you went through all that,” she whispered. “But I promise it’s not like that here. You had an accident. Even if you have one every night, you will always have a home here.”

Emma sniffled, rubbing her eyes. “I’m sorry I freaked out like that.”

“Don’t be. You’ve been through a lot and I understand.” She kissed her temple. “How about you go put on pajamas? I put fresh linens on your bed and your blankie is all dry. I’ll tell your dad you’ll be going to work late tomorrow, you need rest.”

Emma nodded and stood up with her. “Night, Mom. I love you, thanks for anything.”

“I love you too, sweets,” Snow told her. “Anytime.”
She watched Emma sleepily walk out of the bathroom and back up to her room. She decided to get some more rest herself, so she’d be equipped to help her babies when they needed her.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by an anonymous user on Tumblr:
Emma comes home super drunk Snow is trying to get her to drink some water but she keeps spilling so she puts it in one of Neal's sippy cups.

Snow was really happy that Emma had made friends with Mulan and Merida once the new couple decided to move to Storybrooke to be closer to the Merry Men. However, Merida was a night owl. She wanted to go out all the time and split time between the Rabbit Hole and Aesop’s Tables. It meant that more often than not, Snow was up waiting for Emma to come home. She knew it wasn’t necessary, but she was a mother. She couldn’t rest until all of her children were home.

David had half-fallen asleep on the couch while waiting up while Snow tried to focus on the Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt, wanting to catch up to where Emma was so they could bond over it together the next day when her daughter would no doubt have a hangover. Around midnight, she could hear the lock turning, causing her to look up. Emma stumbled through the door, a lazy smile on her face.

“Hey parents!” She near-shouted. She saw her brother snoozing and dropped her voice into a stage whisper. “Sorry, didn’t realize the kid was out.”

“Well it is midnight.”

“Almost surprised you’re home this early,” David mumbled, waking up a bit himself.

Emma threw herself down next to her father. “Merida is crazyyy,” she dragged out the word and started laughing. “She got this booze from where she’s from, it’s got some long name I can’t pronounce. She just kept giving me shots.”

Snow shook her head, knowing that couldn’t be any good. She got up and headed over to the kitchen, filling up a glass filled with water. She carried it back to Emma, holding it out to her.

“You need to stay hydrated with something that’s not Scottish whiskey,” she informed her. “Drink this.”

“Thanks Mama,” Emma said, shakily taking the glass. She tried to sip it a few times, but spilt it. Eventually the contents of the glass had ended up entirely on her shirt. She giggled a bit. “Oops.”

“Maybe we should get her a bib like Neal,” David joked, searching for some napkins.
Snow knew a bib wasn’t realistic, but she did think of something else. It was a bit extreme, but Emma had to get some fluids in her. Chances were, she wouldn’t even remember it come morning. She headed back to the kitchen and rooted through the cabinets, finding one of Neal’s sippy cups. She filled it up with some more water and carried it back to Emma, who had stripped down to the tank under her shirt.

“Here, try this,” Snow said, offering it to her. Her suspicions had been right, Emma was too drunk to even question it and started sipping right away. David watched with an amused smile from nearby, looking over at his wife. “I just want her to get something in her, this was the only way.”

“No one can ever say that you’re not resourceful, love,” he told her, getting up and kissing her. “When she’s done, do you want me to carry her upstairs so she can get some sleep?”

“That’d be great, thank you.”

Emma pretty much passed out once she had finished all of the water. David lifted her into his arms, carrying her upstairs to be tucked in. Snow took the used sippy cup to the sink. Neal was too young to care about sharing and he had plenty. It was the least she could do in that situation.

The following morning, Emma slept in pretty late. It was her day off to the station, so David headed off alone. When Emma did manage to stumble down, she looked a wreck. Her curls were going off into different directions and her eyes were blood shot.

“Coffee,” she mumbled, zombie walking to the pot.

Snow snickered. “Feeling the hangover?”

“I think I’m getting too old for this,” Emma replied, pouring herself a mug. “Maybe next time we’ll just get a pizza and watch Netflix.”

“Sounds good,” Snow agreed. She watched her daughter slowly sip her hot beverage. “Be careful, I don’t want a repeat of last night.”

Emma raised an eyebrow. “What does that mean?”

Snow realized she really didn’t remember and figured that was for the best. “Never mind that, I’ll make you some toast and then we can watch Netflix. I finally caught up on Kimmy Schmidt.”

Emma shrugged in response, that sounded good. She guessed it was best she didn’t know exactly what she had done last night in her drunken state...

Chapter End Notes
Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrls: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
David and Snow really loved their new home. While the loft had been great, they loved the space that they had now. Their bedroom was actually surrounded by four walls, they had plenty of space to raise animals and a garden. Plus, Neal had more room to run around. Even Emma seemed to be thriving in the new house. Not having to share a room with her teenage son was definitely a huge plus.

A negative of having actual walls around the rooms though, was that a lot of stuff could go unheard. If Emma hadn’t fallen asleep on the couch that night, Snow and David may have never heard her screams and wouldn’t have been there when she needed them the most.

Once a week, the Charmings had an obligatory “family night”. They’d all gather together in the living room, play some board games, watch a movie and just catch up on everything. Neal had fallen asleep in Snow’s arms before the movie was even over and Henry headed up not long after. David had turned to ask Emma if she wanted to watch another, but found her cuddled up on her end of the couch, fast asleep. He smiled and draped a quilt over her. She had been working long hours at the station lately and he was glad to see her finally catching up on some sleep.

When Snow came down, they cuddled up on the couch together, watching reruns of Seinfeld. About halfway through the second episode, they noticed that Emma was thrashing about in her spot. It wasn’t long before she started screaming “No!”, over and over again in her sleep. Concerned for their daughter, David and Snow leaned forward, gently shaking her awake.

“Emma, wake up, honey,” Snow said frantically.

Emma’s eyes flickered open and they seemed to be wild from fear, not realizing it was her parents at first. “Get off me!” She shouted, pushing them away and cowering up in the corner of the couch.

“Sweetheart, it’s just us,” Snow told her.

David nodded. “It’s Mom and Dad, you were having a bad dream.”
Emma slowly tried to calm down upon hearing their words, but her breath was shaky. David hopped up and went into the kitchen, returning a moment later with a glass of water. Snow was slowly rubbing Emma’s back, whispering soothing words to her. David sat on the other side, holding up the glass to his daughter’s lips.

“Slow sips. Nice, slow sips.” She followed his instructions, slowly sipping the cool beverage. “Good girl.” He kissed the top of her head and looked worriedly at Snow as they waited for her to calm down.

Eventually, Emma leaned back against the cushions of the couch. David set the glass down, while still keeping a hand on her arm so she’d know that he was still there. Her breathing was slowly returning to normal.

“You ready to talk about it?” Snow asked her, gently rubbing her back.

Emma sniffled, rubbing her eyes a bit. “Tomorrow is Henry’s birthday,” she softly replied.

David’s eyebrow arched. “Well, yes, it is.”

“I always have this nightmare around that time, ever since he was born. When he was, I didn’t hold him,” she bit her lip. “I thought it’d be too hard and that I’d keep him. In the fake memories that Regina gave me, that proved to be true. Anyway, I always had this dream where I actually asked to hold him and they let me. But before I can look down at him, they rip him away from me. They tell me that I’d be a terrible mother and that I don’t deserve him. I end up breaking down and having a panic attack, just like I did after they took him away from me the first time.”

Snow bit her lip, hating how much she could relate to that. There were times that she still had terrible nightmares about when David took Emma to the wardrobe. She could still hear Emma’s cries as she was taken out of the room, clearly wanting both of her parents. Each time, there was nothing that she could do to save her daughter, no matter what happened. No parent should ever have to experience such a trauma.

David and Snow wrapped their arms around her, cuddling her close. Emma sniffled, resting her head on Snow’s shoulder while clutching onto David’s shirt. In the past, she was always alone when she had that nightmare. She’d wake up and not only not have her son, but also no one else. This time was different, though. Upstairs, her son was sleeping peacefully, she would get to see him come morning. She was also in her parents’ arms. She wasn’t alone, not anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Emma sat in the backseat of her social worker Sylvia’s Toyota. She had actually been hopeful enough to believe that McGregor’s were going to be her forever family. They had chosen her from the group home and were very kind to her. She actually had her own room and got along with their other children. Things had been going really well. Then one day, Emma had come back from school and found Sylvia sitting with her foster parents. They explained that it just hadn’t been working out, they weren’t sure if they could handle Emma. They stressed it wasn’t anything that she had done, but that wasn’t the way she heard it.

The group home she had been staying in prior to that was full up, so Sylvia was taking her to a new one. This one wasn’t actually in Massachusetts, but in Maine. Sylvia kept trying to talk the place up, she said it was on the water and that the home took many trips to the beach. She also pointed out that there was a 12-year-old that had just been adopted from it, so there was hope. Emma tuned her out for the most part, just staring out the window.

The sun was setting on the horizon and the directions that Sylvia had been given didn’t seem to be working. She knew it was getting close to dinner time and they definitely wouldn’t be at the new group home until much later.

“Are you hungry, Emma?” Sylvia asked, glancing back in time to see a shrug. “Alright, I don’t see a sign for a rest stop.”

“Just pull there,” Emma pointed to a sign that said Storybrooke, Maine.

Of course, she was the only one that was able to see it. Sylvia was desperate at this point, just wanting to get some coffee in herself, so despite not seeing anything, she pulled into the town. It didn’t take her long to pull onto Main Street and eventually find a place called “Granny’s Diner”. She and Emma got out of the car, heading inside. They were greeted by a woman dressed in short shorts and a crop top. Emma couldn’t help but admire the red streaks in her dark hair. She snapped her gum and studied them a bit.

“Welcome to Granny’s,” she finally said in a bored tone. “You can sit anyway.” She gestured to
the mostly empty diner. “I’ll bring you menus in a bit.”

Together, Sylvia and Emma made their way to a booth towards the back. Emma slid across from her social worker, not even looking over the menu once it was brought to them. Nearby sat Mary Margaret, who was trying to decide what she wanted to get herself. She looked up and could see Sylvia trying to ask Emma what she wanted, only to get mumbled responses. Mary Margaret couldn’t help but smile. She didn’t recognize the pair, but thought the little girl was adorable. She seemed to be the age of her students and she always knew how to get them to talk.

Mary Margaret approached the table. “Hi, I’m Mary Margaret, I don’t recognize you two.”

“We’re just passing through,” the other woman explained. “I’m Sylvia, this is Emma.”

“A pleasure to meet you.” Mary Margaret sat next to Emma. “Not hungry?” She got a shrug from the young girl. “Well, what’s your favorite food?”

“Grilled cheese, I guess,” she replied, only answering because she was taken off guard. No one had cared enough to ask her that before. “And I like hot chocolate.”

“Well luckily for you, Granny’s makes the best grilled cheese and hot chocolate there is. I like actually put cinnamon in mine.”

Emma’s nose crinkled a bit. “Cinnamon?”

“Yup, it’s very good.”

When the waitress came by, Emma ordered Mary Margaret’s suggestion before asking about a bathroom. Sylvia watched her walk off before turning back to Mary Margaret.

“Thank you so much for your help,” she said with a small sigh. “It hasn’t been an easy journey.”

“Are you guys moving?” Mary Margaret asked.

Sylvia shook her head. “Well, Emma is, sort of. I’m bringing her to a new group home.” She could see the bewilderment on Mary Margaret’s face. “Oh, I’m not her mother, I’m her social worker.”

“Oh.” Mary Margaret frowned. “So, she’s in the foster system.”

“Since she was a baby. Poor thing was just left on the side of the road.”

Mary Margaret clucked her tongue. She had always wanted children, a family. It was why she became a teacher. Mr. Right had yet to show up and her baby fever was running high. It didn’t seem that people that were going to just abandon a beautiful little girl like Emma could become parents.
“I hope I don’t sound insensitive, but how has Emma not been adopted yet?” Mary Margaret asked.

“I’m sure I could get in trouble for telling you about all this, but Emma did a family until she was 3,” Sylvia explained. “Then they had a baby until she was 3, so they put her in the system. Ever since she’s bounced around a lot. The older these children get, the less likely they are to be adopted. I’ve tried so hard to find Emma a forever family, but nothing seems to work. I worry she’ll be in and out of group homes until she ages out.”

Mary Margaret chewed on her lip. She wanted children, so very badly. She wasn’t getting any younger either. She was simply a school teacher, she couldn’t offer Emma the world, but she did have a spare room in her loft. It seemed crazy and impulsive, but she realized that she wanted to be Emma’s very last stop. Everyone needed someone and she could be that someone for her.

Emma eventually came back from the bathroom and Mary Margaret returned to her table. She ate her own meal while glancing over at the two new people in town. The more she looked at Emma, the more she knew in her heart what she wanted. Just as they got up to leave, Mary Margaret approached them.

“Wait,” she said. “I know this is going to sound a little crazy, but I want Emma to stay with me.”

Emma’s mouth dropped open. No one had ever done anything like this before. “What?”

“I…I’m not very rich, I just live in this loft, but I have a spare room,” Mary Margaret explained. “I teach 4th grade at the elementary school, I make enough money to support us both. I love children, I’ve always wanted my own. I don’t want to see Emma go to another group home, it’s not what’s best for her.”

Sylvia stared at this woman, taking her in. Normally, this would be very unorthodox. Mary Margaret wasn’t a licensed foster parent, she hadn’t had a home study. Yet, she wanted Emma. The look in her eyes told Sylvia that she’d fight for her. She looked down at Emma, who seemed to be a mixture of surprised yet also intrigued. It was the happiest she had looked since they left Boston. She had always vowed to find Emma a family, maybe this could be it.

“I suppose Emma and I could stay here for a couple of more days,” she finally replied. “Just enough time for me to get you a license.” It would take lots of strings, but she could do it. “And do a home study, make sure that your loft is suitable for a child. Other than that, if Emma is okay with it, then I’m willing to fight with my supervisors to make this happen.”

Mary Margaret looked over at the little girl, her heart filled with hope. Emma stared up into her eyes, smiling a bit. She wasn’t sure if it was going to work out with Mary Margaret, but she wanted to try. She was choosing her, she wanted her, after only knowing her a little bit. A part of her felt drawn to this woman.
“I want to stay with Mary Margaret,” she confirmed.

Mary Margaret beamed, her mind already reeling with things she had to get in anticipation. She was going to have a child!

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Emma opened the door and nearly shut it again at the sight on the other side, but held herself back. There Kathryn-no, Abigail stood, holding a box, a small smile on her face. Emma hadn’t seen her since it was determined that she wasn’t dead. By then, David had explained to her their story from the Enchanted Forest. She knew that her parents hadn’t exactly been innocent in all of what happened, but she didn’t like how Abigail had treated her mother during the curse. Other woman or not, she felt very protective of her and didn’t appreciate her slapping her.

“Hey Emma,” Abigail said, politely, breaking the silence. “Is your father home?”

“Um…why?” Emma knew that wasn’t the best way to answer, but the last thing she wanted was for her to cause drama for their family.

“Frederick and I are moving out of our apartment and into a house, finally,” she awkwardly chuckled a bit. “Anyway, I found this stuff, it was his from when we were…” She stopped herself from saying married. She knew they had never really been. “From when we were cursed.”

“Right.”

Before Emma could say anything else, David appeared behind her in the doorway. He smiled at Abigail, having no issues with her. Both he and Snow were aware that they had all been cursed. She wasn’t a threat to his marriage and they hadn’t met to hurt her. In fact, both he and Snow had been on a few double dates with Abigail and Frederick.

“Hi Abigail, what’s up?”

“Frederick and I are moving,” Abigail explained again. “I found some stuff that belonged to you during that crazy time.” She extended the box, but Emma didn’t move so he could take it. Gently, David nudged her to the side so he could accept it.

“Thank you, I appreciate it.”

“It’s no trouble. We hope to have you over once we’re all settled in,” she glanced over to Emma and smiled. “All of you.”
Emma didn’t say anything else, she just folded her arms over her chest and did all but glare at her. David gave Abigail an apologetic smile and thanked her once more before shutting the door.

“Emma, I expected better from you,” he chastised. She may have been an adult, but he wouldn’t accept her treating people in such a fashion. “You were incredibly rude just then.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Forgive me if I’m not nice to the woman that slapped my mother.”

David sighed. “We were cursed, she thought we were married. I don’t like it either, but Abigail has apologized.”

“And sorry is just supposed to make it all better.”

“You know that your mother and I are friends with Abigail, I helped her be able to be with Frederick.”

“That doesn’t mean that I should have to see her!” Emma snapped before stomping over to the couch.

David didn’t understand Emma’s outburst. She didn’t hold anyone’s cursed pasts against them, even his own for how he had treated her mother. Why was Abigail any different? After setting down the box, he headed over to the couch, sitting next to her.

“What’s going on Emma?”

“Nothing.”

“Something.” When she stared ahead, her arms still folded over her chest, he sighed, turning her a bit so she was facing him. “Talk to me, you know I’m not going anywhere.”

Emma let out a frustrated sigh, they were far too much alike. “I don’t hate Abigail.”

“Then why were you acting like that?”

“Because I hate what she represents. The fact that you could leave again, you almost did.” David raised an eyebrow, not understanding. “Before I broke the curse, you were getting ready to leave town and go to Boston. I would’ve broken it and had Mom, but not you. I would’ve lost you again. Because of Abigail, during the curse, Mary Margaret and I had a family, but we weren’t. Every time I’m around her, I’m scared of losing you again.”

David felt himself soften. He had never thought about it that way. After he and Snow reunited, the apartment in Boston had long left his mind. He had nearly forgotten that that’s what he had been on his way to do. If he left, there was no way that he would’ve remembered who he was, ever. He never would’ve gotten Snow back, he never would’ve had a chance to know Emma.

“Oh Em,” he whispered. “I’m not going anywhere.”
“You almost did.” She was doing her best not to fight off tears. “I can’t lose you, not again. I know sometimes I’m not the best at showing it, but I need you.”

David pulled her into his arms, cradling the back of her head as he did. She buried her head into his shoulder, allowing herself to feel vulnerable in that moment.

“I’m never going anywhere. I wish more than anything that in the curse, we could’ve been a family like you and Snow were. But that doesn’t matter anymore, we’re one now. Can that please be enough?”

Emma sniffled and nodded, though then realized he couldn’t see her. “Yes,” she mumbled.

“Your mother is the love of my life, nothing would ever tear us apart,” David promised her, lifting up her face a bit to wipe the tears from her face. “Just like nothing could ever tear me from you.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Chapter Notes

This is a prompt submitted to me by CharmingsDaughter: A sequel to “Little Things” where David and Emma have a similar conversation.

David was happy whenever Emma was, even if that meant that she was in a relationship. He was nervous about her dating again after her past boyfriends, but this guy seemed to be treating her well. Tarzan had come over through Fiona’s curse and he was adjusting well to Storybrooke. Henry teased his mother for falling for icons from different Disney movies, which only got him a playful punch in the shoulder.

Despite working on the farm and that Emma had plenty of help at the station, David would still come by to help her every once in a while. So, when she decided that it was finally to update the computer system with ones from this century, he was more than happy to lend a hand. Regina had found money in the town’s budget to get them some updated ones, but said it was up to them to install them.

“Please don’t electrocute yourself,” Emma said as she watched David hook up the wires. “I think Neal might be frighten if you suddenly lost your eyebrows.”

David rolled his eyes. “I won’t if you don’t keep distracting me.”

Emma could see he was confused about which wire went where. “Maybe I should just call August, he’s really good with this stuff.”

“Absolutely not, I’d actually read the directions rather than call a puppet for help.”

“Former puppet,” Emma corrected with an eyeroll.

“Can you just go stand in front of the monitor and see if it comes on?”

Emma did as her father said and soon, the Mac came to life with its trademark sound. David stood up, punching his fist in the air.

“Yes!”

A voice came from the doorway. “What are we celebrating?” Emma turned around and smiled upon seeing Tarzan standing there.
“My father not electrocuting himself while setting up the new computers,” she replied. “What are you doing here?”

“Your mom told me what you two were up to, so I figured I’d drop by some lunch.” He held up the bags. “Grilled cheese for you, ham and swiss for David.”

“Thanks, Tarzan,” David replied, taking the bags and setting everything up.

“Are you going to join us?” Emma asked her boyfriend and he shook his head.

“I can’t, I promised Henry I’d go on a hike in the woods. I’ll see you tonight.”

He kissed her cheek and headed out the door. David couldn’t help but notice the small smile that was on his daughter’s face. She was tough as nails, but he knew that smile. It was the same one that Snow gave him all the time, one of true love.

“You’re adorable, you know that,” he pointed out.

Emma turned around to face him, raising an eyebrow. “Excuse me?”

“You just seem like a lovesick teenager sometimes.”

She rolled her eyes, settling down into her chair. “That’s not true.”

“It is.” He passed her the food along with a soda. “So, how are things going between you two anyway?”

“They’re pretty good. Henry actually likes him, a big improvement from you-know-who.”

David nodded. He knew that had been one of the reasons it didn’t work out, along with the type of person he had been. “And he treats you right?”

Emma sighed. She knew her parents were protective by nature, but they had been even more so since her last breakup. They didn’t want her to end up in another abusive relationship. Of course they would never blame Emma for that, they just wanted to make sure that she was okay.

“Yes, I wouldn’t let anyone hurt me like that again.”

David set his sandwich down, giving her a look that contained all the love in the world. “You know your mother and I just care, right? I know it seems that we’re a bit overprotective, it’s just…”

“I haven’t always made the best relationship choices.”

“Emma…”

“No, I know it’s true. I also know it’s not all my fault and I didn’t deserve to be treated the way I was. It’s why I’m being careful with Tarzan. We’re going into all of this slowly. Both of us have had heartbreak in the past and we’re just getting to know each other. No moving too fast on any
account.”

David nodded. “Good. And you know your mother and I will always be here for you.”

“I do.” She was quiet for a moment before speaking again. “Thank you, Dad.”

“For what?”

“Being a concerned, overprotective father.”

David smiled. “You’re welcome, Princess.” He took a sip of his water. “Does this mean you won’t complain the next time you see me spying on you guys?”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Don’t get that far ahead of yourself.”

David chuckled, at least he tried.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Stormy Nights

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest: Emma kept Henry and she grew up with her parents. One night when Henry is a baby storm knocks the power out. She carries Henry into their room not wanting to be alone in the dark while she feeds him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Motherhood was far harder than Emma had ever expected. She wasn’t blind enough to think that it’d be a walk in the park, but she also had heard about those alleged good babies. It wasn’t that Henry was bad, he just didn’t seem to want to sleep at night. Snow and David offered to help her, but she was insistent on doing it on her own. She had gotten herself into it, she would do take care of him alone. They had gone through the wardrobe with her, having little knowledge of the modern world or how it worked. At least Emma had grown up in this realm and had time to read parenting books during her pregnancy. If they could do it on their own, so would she.

Snow and David always reminded the 18-year-old that they would be just down the hall if she needed anything. Henry never kept them up, but they wouldn’t have minded Emma waking them up for help. Not that it ever happened, of course.

One night, Emma was woken by the shrill crying through the baby monitor. Letting out a soft sigh, she climbed out of bed and headed next door. She bent down, lifting her son from the crib. Glancing over at the clock, she realized it was time for a feeding. She turned on the shepherd lamp that sat on the dresser, only to have it go out moments later. It was only then that she realized that it was still storming outside, just as it had been when she went to bed. Henry had stopped crying, though he was still whining in her arms.

Emma may have been 18, but a part of her still hated the dark. She didn’t like to be alone in it. Down the hall, she could hear her parents talking, clearly up due to the storm. She stroked Henry’s cheek.

“Why don’t we go visit Grandma and Grandpa, huh?” She asked him.

She headed to their room, lightly knocking on a door. After being granted entry, she stepped inside, getting a surprised look from her parents. They had assumed it was one of their younger children wanting to cuddle with them due to the power outage and storm.
“Emma, is everything okay?” Snow asked.

“Fine, it’s just time to feed Henry and the power’s out…I don’t think he likes the dark,” she lied lamely.

Snow and David smiled, knowing the truth, not that they were going to say that to her. They moved apart a bit in bed, leaving enough space for Emma. She sat between them, adjusting her pajamas so her son could start eating. Snow watched her daughter in almost awe. It was strange sometimes seeing a baby with a baby of her own. She had been skeptical about Emma becoming a mother at 18, but she had been proven wrong. She was so amazing with Henry, knowing his needs at every moment. Both Snow and David wished that Emma would let them help more, but understood why she was so stubborn.

“You’re a good mommy,” Snow told her, softly.

Emma looked up. “You really think so?”

“Yes, you’re doing an incredible job.”

“All parents need a break, though,” David pointed out. “I think tomorrow you should head out for a couple of hours. Go to the beach or take a drive. We’ll keep an eye on Henry.”

Emma sighed. Here they went again. “Dad…”

“I know what you’re going to say, you’ve said it all before, but you need it Emma. You do such a great job taking care of Henry, but if you don’t take a break, you’re going to burn out.”

“You two didn’t get any breaks,” Emma mumbled under her breath, causing her parents to smile softly at her.

“Well, we actually did,” Snow replied. Emma had a moment of confusion go across her face. “Your father would watch you so I could get out for a while and vice versa.”

Emma made a face. “Married couple privilege.”

Snow chuckled, wrapping an arm around her daughter. “You may be single, but you’re not alone. You have your father and I to babysit. Henry will still be here when you get back and I’m sure he’ll appreciate a well rested mommy.”

Emma sighed again, looking down at Henry. She loved him very much, but a break sounded tempting.

“He is almost out of diapers and I need a few other things from the store,” she admitted.

“We’ll keep an eye on him while you go to the store,” David told her, stroking her hair. It wasn’t the outing they were hoping for, but it was a start.
Once Henry finished eating, he drifted back to sleep. Emma didn’t move from her spot in her parents’ bed, feeling quite exhausted herself. It didn’t take long for her to join her son in dreamland. David and Snow smiled down at the two, giving them each a kiss. Never before had they been so grateful for a storm.

Chapter End Notes

So, this was actually the last prompt on my list! Make sure you keep sending them in for July Jamboree. You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Stay With Me

Chapter Notes

This is one of my own based off a scene from one of my favorite scenes from One Tree Hill. You have to wait to read and see what it’s about, but I’ll just saw it’s a Storybrooke AU with no magic.

Quick note about requests. I know that there are only so many scenarios that can be done, so things like drunk characters or bed wetting is fine to submit. But I have been getting prompts that are word for word ones that are submitted to another Charming family writer. I delete those, because I know you already had that request filled with her.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

David sat next to Mary Margaret’s hospital, staring at her just as he had for the past few days. After all they had been through, how hard they had fought to stay together, battling step-parents, eloping in secret, could this really be how they ended? He was refusing to accept that, no matter what the doctors said.

When Mary Margaret had discovered she was pregnant, the pair had been ecstatic. It wasn’t planned, but that didn’t matter. David went to work baby proofing the house and setting up a nursery. When they found out they were having a little girl, the woman who worked at the diner set to work on knitting a baby blanket. However, shortly after that, they discovered that Mary Margaret had pretty bad case of placenta previa. It meant that Mary Margaret had a very high chance of hemorrhaging when she gave birth and the doctor was trying to persuade her to terminate the pregnancy. She flat out refused, there was no way she wasn’t going to bring her baby in this world. David supported her, as scared as he was. He didn’t want to lose his wife or his daughter and this was one thing he couldn’t save them from.

Mary Margaret had spent the rest of her pregnancy on bedrest, which drove her crazy. David spent as much time as he could with her when he wasn’t at work, while their friends Ruby and Ashley visited in between. They had hope that things would be okay.

Until one day when David was waiting for Mary Margaret to come back in from the bathroom and when he walked in, he found her laying on the ground, bleeding. He called for an ambulance and the rest was a blur. A C-Section was performed, bringing their baby girl into the world. According to the doctors, she was perfectly healthy. As for Mary Margaret, they were taking it an hour at a time. She had slipped into a coma and they weren’t sure just when she’d wake up.

David let out a sigh, hoping that talking to his wife would help some. “I’m in a little over my head
here,” he admitted. “I took her home and I’m doing what I can…she needs her mom. I need her mom.” He could feel the tears coming on as he looked over at Mary Margaret. “She has your eyes and I’m afraid you’ll never get to see that. She’s so beautiful…but she doesn’t even have a name. We were supposed to pick that together.” He brought her hand to his lips, kissing it. “I can’t do this without you. And I’m just…afraid, that we’re going to lose you and it’s going to be the two of us.” He bit his lip, looking down. “She doesn’t even have a name,” he repeated.

They had argued for months over what the right one was, but could never agree on anything. At this point, he would agree to just about anything if it meant he could see her beautiful smile one more time.

“Emma,” a soft whisper came from above his head, causing David’s head to shoot up, his eyes widening. Mary Margaret laid there awake, her eyes partially open. “Her name is Emma, okay?”

David couldn’t help but laugh out of relief. “Emma Nolan, you got it. God, you scared me.” He leaned forward, kissing her forehead, feeling like his heart had finally started beating again 5 days later. He rested his forehead to hers and looked down into her eyes as she smiled weakly up at him. “I’m so glad you’re awake.”

Suddenly, the door opened and Ruby walked in, coming to check on her best friend and husband. She saw the sight and let out a huge sigh of relief. “Mary Margaret!”

Mary Margaret looked over at her. “You said you’d disown me if I left without permission.”

Ruby and David both let out a laugh. “Yeah, I’m about to be your second best girl. Why don’t you meet your new one?”

Mary Margaret looked over at David. “Is she okay?”

“She’s beautiful,” he told her. “5 pounds, 6 ounces, big green eyes.”

“Can I see her?” She didn’t know how much time had passed since she gave birth, but she didn’t want to miss another second.

“She’s right outside,” Ruby confirmed. “Just give me a second.”

She disappeared into the hallway and David went back to staring down at his beautiful wife, pushing hair out of her face.

“I should go get the doctor.”

Mary Margaret shook her head. “No, I just want it to be me, you and our daughter for a minute.”

David smiled. “Okay.”

The door opened again and this time, Ruth walked in, the baby in her arms. “Well, well, look who’s awake.” She walked over to her son and daughter-in-law, placing the baby into the latter’s arms.
Mary Margaret looked down at Emma, tears gathering in her eyes. “Hey Emma, remember me?” She stroked the baby’s cheek. “I missed you. I’m gonna love you forever.” She felt the tears fall down her cheeks before looking back up at her husband, smiling like crazy. He grinned in return, kissing her, before both looked back down at their bundle of joy. “She’s perfect.”

Once again, evil hadn’t won. They were a family and no matter what, they always would be.

Chapter End Notes

My request list is currently empty, so keep sending them in! Whether it’s on here or on my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
Emma and Snow are going on a morning jog and Emma starts coughing but says she’s fine. She has an asthma attack.

Snow was doing her best to keep up with Emma on their run. 30 years ago, she would’ve had no trouble. Hell, back before she had Neal, she was probably faster than her daughter. However, this time there had been no curse to erase her pregnancy weight and she was struggling to do it the old fashioned way. Knowing how in shape her daughter was, she asked her to be her personal trainer of sorts. Emma had agreed and was trying to go easy on her mom, but sometimes found herself getting ahead of herself. Emma came to a stop when she saw her mother taking a water break.

“You’re doing really great, Mom,” she told her.

Snow sighed. “I just feel like this is never coming off.”

“I felt the same way after Henry,” Emma offered sympathy. “It took me a few months after I got out of jail to get back to my old body. It wasn’t easy and I didn’t have a kickass trainer like me.”

Snow rolled her eyes. “You’re cocky, just like your father, you know.”

Emma went to respond but then began to cough. Snow stepped forward, handing her a water bottle. Emma nodded her thanks and took a sip.

“You okay?” Her mother asked, concern filling herself.

Emma waved her off before taking another sip. “I’m fine. Come on, first one to Granny’s doesn’t have to buy breakfast.”

She took off again on foot, with Snow picking up her pace. Emma had a feeling what was going on, but hoped that the water would help. She hadn’t had an asthma attack in years, not since long before she ended up in Storybrooke. Her parents knew about it, since they had tagged along with her to a doctor’s appointment when she got quite ill. They had been pretty protective over her when it came to all that ever since. She didn’t want to worry her mom, though.

Pretty soon, Snow was in the lead with Emma lagging behind, coughing and wheezing. Snow
looked over her shoulder, ready for some playful banter, until she saw Emma’s pale face. She rushed to her side and only then realized that Emma was having an asthma attack.

“Em, where’s your inhaler?” She asked.

Emma gestured to the fanny pack that was around her waist. Snow dug through it and dug out the inhaler, shaking it and holding it up to her mouth. Emma took the puffs as needed before sinking down onto the sidewalk. Snow sat down beside her, rubbing her breath.

“Can you copy my breathing?” She wanted to make sure that Emma didn’t have to go see Whale or anything. Slowly but surely, Emma started copying her breaths. “That’s my girl.” She passed her the water bottle again and watched her down it. “Why didn’t you ask for a break when you were feeling so bad?”

Emma bit her lip. “I guess I was just having a lot of fun. We don’t get to spend a lot of time together. These morning jogs are sometimes the only time I see you before dinner. I didn’t want it to be cut short just because my lungs suck.”

Snow smiled, pushing some of Emma’s sweaty hair out of her forehead. “Em, I love these too, but your health comes first and foremost.” She could still see Emma pouting so she got an idea. “As your mom, I think I’m going to order you to stay home today and rest with me on the couch. We can watch some Netflix and I’ll even let you get out the candy stash I know you’ve been hiding.”

Emma couldn’t argue with that. Snow decided just to be safe she would call David to come pick them up. As she did that, Emma watched her, leaning into her side. A chocolate bar sounded very tempting just then…

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Emma’s boyfriend couldn’t have picked a worse day to decide he wanted to meet her family. Despite her telling him that her mom was out of town with her younger brother on a field trip, he said he wanted to meet her dad. She wondered if that was a bad sign, that he was willing to meet the former king of the Enchanted Forest, turned sheriff of Storybrooke.

But as it also turned out, it was the day that her father had decided to clean his gun. It wasn’t intentional, Emma wasn’t planning on telling him until the last minute that he was coming over. She hoped he would finish up in time, but Beck’s car had pulled up in the driveway when he was still in the middle of cleaning it.

Emma sighed before putting a smile on her face and walking into the den where her father was. She set another cup of coffee in front of him. “There you go.”

He smiled up at her. “Thanks, Princess.”

“So…Beck’s outside.”

David raised an eyebrow. “Beck Danielson?”

“It’s a small town, do you really know another Beck?”

“Why is here?”

“We’ve um…sort of been dating.”

David chewed on his lip for a minute. Was Emma old enough to date? She was 16, which would be dating age in the Enchanted Forest, but things were different here. She was his little girl. He wasn’t ready for her to be ready for all that.

“Isn’t he a bit old for you?”
“We’re both juniors,” Emma replied, patiently.

“I thought you weren’t interested in any boys from around here,” David pointed out, remembering what she had said to Snow when she started questioning about the topic.

Emma rolled her eyes. “Daddy. Did you honestly think that was the truth? I was just trying to get Mom off my back.”

David sighed, knowing he didn’t really have much of a choice here. Not without Snow killing him anyway. “He’s out there?”

“He wants to officially meet you.”

David nodded before cocking his gun. “Bring him in.”

Emma groaned. “Be nice, please.”

“Define nice.”

“Him leaving here without a bullet in him.”

“No promises.”

Emma let out another groan before going to the door and opening it, leading Beck inside. Luckily, David had put his gun down, though it was still in plain view behind him. Beck extended his hand to the sheriff, who shook it.

“Nice to meet you Sheriff Nolan,” he said.

David merely nodded. “Are you two going out tonight?”

“Yes, sir. We’re just going to catch a movie.”

“Uh huh. You’re going to have her back at a reasonable hour?”

“Of course. It lets out at 8 and then we’ll head to Granny’s and get some hot chocolate.”

“Good to know.” He looked from Emma then back to Beck. “Well, have fun. If you two need anything, I’ll be here, just doing some cleaning.”

He sat back down and resumed cleaning his gun. It took all Emma had to not turn fifty shades of red in that moment. She kissed her father’s cheek before heading out the door with Beck. David followed them, leaning in the doorway as they walked to his car.

“Buckle up,” he called out. He didn’t miss Emma rolling her eyes before she got into the car.

He watched them drive away and let out a long sigh. They were definitely at a new stage when it
came to Emma. He knew she could take care of herself and probably even do more damage than him if Beck’s intentions were not honorable.

Even so, just to be on the safe side, when he saw the headlights pull back into the drive later that night, he may or may not be cleaning his gun.

No matter how old she got, David would forever protect his little princess.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by JustMeAndMyKeyboard (who, by the way, you should check out if you haven’t because she’s an amazing Charming family writer): A jealous recent ex-boyfriend of Emma's taking her hostage inside her home with a gun. Snow gets in to try and defuse the situation and get Emma out.

Trigger warning for discussions of domestic violence. This one isn’t going to be CS friendly…

Emma couldn’t believe she had been outsmarted by the pirate, again. She felt so stupid for not taking up her parents’ offer and moving back in with them sooner. Now, here she was, a prisoner in her own home. Killian had stolen her gun and had it on him at all times. She couldn’t even use her magic to defeat him, he had thought of everything and brought a magic preventing cuff. He had done quite the number on her. She didn’t have access to a mirror, but given how swollen her right eye felt, she was sure it was black and blue. She had been bleeding for a bit, but managed to make a bandage by ripping her shirt.

Killian paced in front of her, his hook on full display. She could see the gun in the holster on his belt, his hand on it so it was protected at all times.

“Hook, please,” she tried to bargain yet again. “Just let me go.”

“I told you, not until you agree to get back together with me, Mrs. Jones. We belong together.”

“It’s not Mrs. Jones,” she bit back. Even when they had been married and supposedly happy, she had refused to change her last name. Swan just meant too much to her, she had chosen that name as a child and she wasn’t ever going to let it go. “And I will never get back with you, no matter how badly you hurt me.”

This was partially why their relationship had come to an end in the first place. He had always been talking her down and a danger to those around her, but one night, she reached her limit when he slapped her across the face with his hook. She threw him out that very night and changed all the locks, but he had somehow managed to get back in.

She was starting to feel hopeless. Killian had stolen her phone and texted her mom, pretending to be her, saying that she was going out of town for a few days, so they wouldn’t worry. Henry was with Regina and he had made sure that he knew this lie too. She could barely move anymore.
Little did she know, Snow had been suspicious of her daughter’s texts. Emma wasn’t one to type in chat speak, in fact she said on several occasion how much she hated it. So, when she used the letter u rather than the word “you”, she felt her maternal instincts kicking in. She had brought her bow and arrow just to be on the safe side. Sure enough, when she showed up, she could see Emma’s bug in the garage. There is no way that she would travel any other way. She carefully made her way up the steps and used her key to open the door.

“Emma?” She called out.

“Mom!” Snow could hear her daughter’s panicked voice. “Mom, get out of here! Get help!”

Snow rushed to the living room where she found her daughter beaten and bruised on the ground. Her eyes widened and she gasped at the sight, going to rush towards her. That was until she saw Killian. She drew an arrow, but before she could fire it, Killian pulled Emma up to him, holding the gun to her head.

“You take one step closer and your baby girl will get her head blown off,” Killian threatened.

Snow knew she had to be careful. She didn’t really believe that her former son-in-law had it in him, but also didn’t want to be rash. “You wouldn’t do that.”

“It wouldn’t be the first Charming I’ve killed.”

Snow wanted to punch him in the face for that comment alone, let alone what he was doing to her baby girl. She could see the fear in Emma’s eyes and didn’t want to make it any worse.

“If you kill her, then what?” Snow questioned, not moving her position from being ready to release the arrow at any moment. “What will that do? You want her to take you back, if you kill her, that’s not going to be possible.” She could tell that thought hadn’t occurred to him. “You’ve hurt Emma in the past, but never anything that drastic.”

Outside the window, Snow could spot David’s car had pulled up in the driveway. Clearly he had gotten the same suspicious text and was there to check it out. He hadn’t come alone, though. Regina and Thomas were also with him. She watched as they went to enter through the back of the house. They were so quiet, that Killian didn’t even hear the back door opening.

He and Snow continued to have their standoff until the other three people entered the living room. With a flick of her wrist, Regina was able to get the gun out of Killian’s hands and into Thomas’. Snow instantly dropped her bow and arrow to the floor, pulling Emma into her arms to inspect her. Emma broke down in tears, clinging to her mother. Before Killian could react, David attacked him to the ground, handcuffing him. Snow soothingly rubbed her daughter’s back while Regina called
“It’s okay, baby,” Snow whispered. “It’s all okay, you’re safe now.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Emma sat in the back of her mom’s car, her arms folded over her chest. If people didn’t know any better, they’d think she was the younger sibling in the backseat. Abigail and Frederick had settled into their new home and had invited the family over for dinner as promised. While Emma felt more comfortable when it came to Abigail and her father, she was still skeptical about her and her mother. She didn’t see them interact much and despite the fact that they often went on double dates, she didn’t know her motives. Emma still felt very protective of her mother and wanted to make sure that Abigail wasn’t trying to get some revenge for what was going on during the curse. She would’ve found an excuse to get out of going at all if she weren’t worried for her mother’s safety.

Eventually, they reached the cute cottage settled near the beach. The family got out of the car, Snow taking Neal from the back. She could see the look on Emma’s face and internally sighed. David had told her about what happened when Abigail came by to drop off his belongings, but also said Emma seemed to feel more comfortable with the idea of her. She decided to give her daughter the benefit of the doubt, but did give her a stern mom look, which just made Emma roll her eyes. She was a grown woman, her mom didn’t scare her.

Abigail opened the door, a huge smile on her face. “Hi! Welcome!” She kissed David’s cheek before giving Snow a big hug and beaming down at Neal. “Oh my God, he’s getting so big.”

“I swear he puts on a pound a day,” Snow joked, linking arms with Abigail as they walked inside. Emma trailed behind her parents, resisting the urge to cross her arms over her chest. Frederick made his way out of the kitchen, greeting everyone as well.

“Dinner’s about ready,” Abigail said. “I made chicken parmesan.” She looked over at Emma, who was the only one to not say anything since they entered the home. “Do you like that?”

Emma shrugged. “It’s okay, I guess.”

Snow gave Emma another look, strike two in her mind. There was an uncomfortable silence filling the room.
“Well, is anyone thirsty?” Frederick asked, trying to lighten the mood. “We have beer, soda, milk.”

“I’ll come help you with those,” David offered, following him into the kitchen.

Abigail lead the ladies over to the couch, but Emma refused to sit. Snow stared at her for a few moments, but when Emma didn’t move, Snow turned to Abigail. Strike three.

“Would you mind watching Neal for a moment? I think I left the dessert in the car.” Abigail nodded, taking the baby out of her arms. Snow turned to Emma. “You’re going to help me.” She gently took her daughter by the elbow and lead her out the door. “Emma Ruth, what is going on with you?”

“Nothing,” Emma tried to fib.

Snow fixed her eyes on Emma, clearly not having any of it. “I know you had issues with Abigail in the past, but I thought you and your father worked past this.”

“We did.”

“Then why are you acting like a toddler?”

Emma’s mouth dropped open. “I’m not!”

“Really? Because pouting and mumbling, refusing to be polite, doesn’t show that you’re the Emma I know.” She saw Emma duck her head. “Now, I can understand if you’re worried about Abigail and if you had brought that up, we could’ve discussed it like your father did. She’s not a threat to any of us, she’s now friends with your father and I. You don’t have to be friends with her, but I do expect you to be respectful. I know you’re an adult, but I can still create consequences for you.”

Emma bit her lip, not used to her mom’s tone. It wasn’t scary in a bad way, but more in the way of a mom who cared, which is why she was being so tough. Emma knew she was being unfair to Abigail and not even giving her a chance. She would still keep her guard up around her, but find a way to be respectful. She didn’t want to test her mom to find out just what those consequences would be.

Much to Snow’s surprise and happiness, once they went back inside, Emma’s mood seemed to change. She was polite to both Abigail and Frederick, she even took part in the small talk. When they left, Emma thanked them for having the family over. David wasn’t at all surprised by her sudden shift of attitude, he had seen Snow lead her out earlier and figured what she had been up to.

More importantly, that night gave Emma a chance to get to know Abigail better. She really was a nice person and was far different than her cursed persona. She could see how close her parents were with her and Frederick. A part of her felt bad for jumping to conclusions right off the bat, but she had learned her lesson. Above all else, to listen to Snow’s “mom look” from the first time she saw it.
Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by A:
Henry, Little Neal and David go out for the day for a guy’s day. Emma and Snow have a girl’s day. Emma is pregnant with a girl and has not been sleeping and is exhausted because of how active the baby is.

David smiled as he watched Henry and Neal chase each other around the playground. Both had NERF guns in their hands. He and Snow knew that with Emma’s new baby coming in a few months that there was still a lot to get ready for. But, all of that wasn’t exactly of any interest for the boys. Henry had been patient with all the baby talk and prep, but they all remembered how bored he had been during Snow’s pregnancy. So, while the girls went shopping for the nursery furniture, he decided to take them out for the day. They had ice cream at Granny’s and were now running off all that sugar at the park.

Eventually, Neal dropped his gun and ran over to his dad. “Daddy, can we go on the swings?”

“Sure, that sounds like a great idea,” David took hold of his hand and put an arm around Henry, leading them over to the swing set. He settled Neal into the toddler swing, slowly pushing him while Henry sat in the swing next to it.

“Where’s Mommy and Emma?” Neal asked. “Are they going to join us soon?”

“No, bud. They’re out shopping for the baby.”

“I have a feeling the house is going to look like a pink monster threw up in it,” Henry teased with a smirk.

David chuckled. “I don’t know. Your mom chose red for the nursery.” He continued to push Neal on the swing. “How do you feel about becoming a big brother?”

Henry shrugged. “I don’t know. It’s kinda weird. I mean, by the time they’re Neal’s age, I’ll be off at college. We’re going to have a weird age difference, I don’t think we’re going to be all that close.”

“Hey,” David put a hand on his grandson’s shoulder. “You know, your mom and Neal have a bigger age gap than you and your sister are going to. Look at how close they are. It’s not a typical brother/sister relationship, but they still have a bond.” He looked down at Neal. “Nee, what do you do with Emma?”

“We play games and go to the park, oh! We build forts and we go on adventures,” Neal listed off all his favorite things to do with Emma, his eyes sparkling at the thought of his big sister.

Henry smiled a little bit at his uncle, seeing David’s point. “I guess you’re right,” he said.
“You’ll be a great brother,” David assured him. “If anything, I’m sure she’ll be the most educated little girl in all of Storybrooke. I haven’t missed the stack of children’s books you’ve been buying.”

Henry chuckled. “Well, what can I say? Books are my thing.”

Meanwhile, Emma was doing her best to not fall asleep on the spot as her mom looked through all the baby clothes. She was wondering why she had agreed to any of this in the first place. While she enjoyed hanging out with her mom, she was overly exhausted. She was far along in her pregnancy and the baby was extra active. This meant that she wasn’t getting any sleep and was very uncomfortable.

Snow turned to her, holding up a onesie. “Isn’t this adorable?”

“It’s so precious, I might just hang it up in a museum,” Emma snapped, holding onto her swollen belly.

Snow raised an eyebrow. “Emma, I know that baby clothes shopping isn’t your favorite thing, but your baby can’t very well be naked. You’re not letting me throw you a baby shower, so…” She trailed off as she watched Emma lean against a rack, shutting her eyes. “What’s wrong?”

Emma sighed, blinking a few times. “I’m sorry. I know I’ve been in a horrible mood all day. It’s just that the baby has been so active lately. I haven’t been able to get any sleep or really get anything done. I’m just exhausted.”

Snow couldn’t help but smile at her daughter. She remembered feeling the exact same way when she was pregnant with Emma. She barely got any sleep those last few months with all the kicking that was going on. Only one thing worked and she figured it was worth a shot with Emma. She put an arm around her daughter.

“We’ve already arranged for the furniture to be shipped to your house. How about we go back there and watch a movie? I’ll fix us some lunch and you can just relax.”

“But the clothes…”

“I’ll order them online. Regina showed me a few sites that deliver to this town. Come on, let’s go.”

Snow drove them back to Emma’s house where she had her settle down on the couch. She fixed them some grilled cheese and hot chocolate with cinnamon before going back in and finding a romantic comedy on the T.V. She sat next to Emma, slowly rubbing her stomach and softly humming a soft lullaby. Emma could feel the baby’s movements slow down a bit. She looked up at her mom, surprised.

“How did you do that?” She asked.
Snow smiled. “Your father did the same with me when I was pregnant with you. You were quite the active one. Surprisingly, Neal was the opposite.”

“Guess it’s just a Charming girl trait,” Emma said with a small grin.

Her mother giggled. “I suppose so.”

Emma rested her head on Snow’s shoulder while they watched the movie. Snow continued to rub her stomach, looking down into her beautiful green eyes. There were so many traits that she and Emma shared, she couldn’t help but wonder if her granddaughter was going to inherit them.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Bed Rest

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by CharmingsDaughter:
Emma getting sick and Snowing trying to keep her in bed but Emma trying to sneak out to go to work.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Snow could hear shuffling going up in Emma’s room and let out a sigh, looking over at David. “It’s your turn,” she said.

David nodded, setting down the book he had been reading. “Guess naptime is over early for one of our kids.”

Emma had come down with a nasty case of the flu. Whale had said the best thing for her would be to go on bed rest. Those were two words that Emma hated to hear and she was not taking it too well. Despite David’s assurance that Regina had found a competent temporary replacement for her, she kept trying to sneak out. It had gotten a bit too much for Snow to handle on her home, so David had taken the day off to help her. At first he thought his wife was just overreacting, but it was quite clear now that she wasn’t. Emma had attempted to leave the house at least three times in that afternoon alone. They had gotten suspicious when she agreed to take a nap around the same time her little brother did and clearly were right.

David headed up the stairs to his daughter’s room and opened the door. Emma was trying to figure out how to open her window. What she didn’t know was that they had called Regina to charm the windows so Emma couldn’t open them. Luckily for her parents, the flu had made it impossible for her to use her powers, so they didn’t have to worry about her attempting to poof away.

“And just where do you think you’re going?” David asked. Emma spun away, her face even paler than it had been before. “Back in bed, now.”

“But Dad…”

“I don’t want to hear it. Let’s go, Emma.”

He gently lead her back to the bed and tucked her in. Emma folded her arms over her chest, glaring up at him.

“You’re not being fair.”
“No, you’re not being fair to your body,” he replied, a little stern. “You’re sick, Emma. You heard what Whale said.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Forgive me for not trusting a guy that got his medical degree from a curse.”

“He actually was a doctor back in his own land,” David reminded her, only leading him to another eye roll. “The town is fine, Regina has one of the top guards from her old castle on duty for you until you’re better.”

“It’s been my job to protect this town for years.”

“Then you’re long overdue for a break.”

Emma sighed, looking away from him. That was part of the problem. While she loved her job, there was a tiny bit of her that was happy to have this break. She felt guilty about that. The town needed her and she was just laying there. She did deserve a break and it sucked that the flu was the only way for her to get it, but she would never admit to that.

“You know, I’ve been thinking,” David said, practically reading her thoughts. He felt the same way sometimes when it came to sharing duties with her. “I think you need designated time off. One weekend a month.”

“Dad…”

“I don’t want to hear it,” he interrupted, holding up a hand. “The flu may have been from lack of getting your immunization, which you will be getting next year and I don’t want to hear anything about that either, but I know it’s not healthy for you to overexert yourself the way that you have. Everyone that works for the station takes breaks, Emma. Myself included. You’re the only one who doesn’t.”

“You have a baby,” Emma pointed out. She had been guilty of making the schedule so she covered the less desirable shifts so her father could spend more time with Snow and Neal.

“And you have a son and a family as well,” David told her. “You deserve to spend time with them just as much as I do.” He kissed the top of her head. “We’ll discuss this more when your well. Can you please just try to take a nap? I really think it’ll help you feel better.”

Emma sighed, but nodded, shutting her eyes. David sat next to her on her bed, pushing the hair out of her face. His little savior needed all the rest she could get.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
The past month had been incredibly hard for both Snow and David. From the moment he had touched the unicorn mobile, both had regained their memories. However, the entire town still remained under their curse, with the exception of Rumpelstiltskin. As soon as they realized that Emma was their daughter, they wanted to wrap her in a big hug and never let her go. Their daughter, their beautiful baby girl, was all grown up. She was perfect in every single way and a mixture of them both. They both knew she had been through so much. Every time she made a comment about growing up in the system or having no family, they wanted to tell her. But they couldn’t. Emma didn’t even believe Henry that there was a curse in the first place. If they tried to convince her of who they were, she would hightail out of Storybrooke and they’d never see her again. As hard as it was, they had to pretend to be “Mary Margaret Blanchard” and “David Nolan”. However, if they had to play along, they were going to do it by their rules. David had officially left Abigail (or Kathryn as she was known in this world). It had brought a lot of drama to the quiet town, but they could care less. Once the curse was broken, no one consider them cheaters. They just had to wait it out.

One night, they were enjoying a quiet evening at the loft. Emma had gone out, not saying where. That was one hard thing about not being able to tell her the truth of where they were. It was alright to care, but they had to be careful. Roommates didn’t interrogate the other about their whereabouts and try to convince them to stay in for the night. They had curled up on the couch, quietly talking and having some cocoa, when the door swung open.

From the moment Emma walked in, the two could smell the booze on her. Both exchanged a worried look. It had been a few weeks since Graham’s death and Emma had been repressing all emotions about it. Her attack on the toaster had been the most they had seen of her grief and she swore that was only because Regina had fired her. As angry as Regina could make her, they knew she wouldn’t cause her to drown her sorrow in Jack Daniels.
“Emma, have you been at The Rabbit Hole?” Snow asked, gently.

Emma didn’t respond. She just took two steps, before nearly tripping over her own two feet. David rushed over, steadying her. Emma groaned, laying her head on his shoulder. That was another sign she was drunk. While she had told Mary Margaret she was fine with him moving in, it was no secret that Emma was skeptical of him. She didn’t know the full story, so she assumed that he was just like the man she had tracked down before she ended up in Storybrooke: a cheater who skipped out on his family. Before anything else could be said, she threw up all over her red leather jacket before slipping out of consciousness.

Snow let out a sigh. “Do you think you can manage to take her upstairs? I have to prepare a hangover cure for tomorrow.”

David nodded and lifted Emma into his arms. To him, it was just like 28 years prior, as if no time had passed at all. He carried her up the stairs to her bedroom and laid her down onto the bed. As carefully as possible, he removed her jacket and set it on the ground, inspecting her to make sure she hadn’t thrown up anywhere else. Snow came up the stairs a moment later, setting two aspirin and a glass of water on her nightstand. They sat on either side of their daughter, stroking her hair. It was a rare moment that they got to look at her in such a way. They were guilty of sneaking up into her room and watching her sleep, getting lucky that she never woke up.

“I wish we could just tell her,” David whispered. “I want us to be a real family, all four of us.”

“I do too, but even Henry agrees that telling her that would be a good thing,” Snow replied, softly. Of course, they had told him that they were awake. It was a little surreal being grandparents, but Snow had watched the boy grow up and always felt some connection to him. “We just have to give it time.”

“But how much? She’s spent 28 years without us, I don’t want to miss another minute.”

“I wish I knew. For now, we just have to find a way to be a family without the truth being out. We already found one tonight.”

David let out a sigh, reaching over to hold his wife’s hand. He knew she was right, he just hoped they didn’t have to wait too much longer.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Seeing Clearly

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Sarahlee:
Snow finds Neal playing with a box and doesn’t know what it is, so she takes it from him. She finds out that they’re Emma’s contacts, which surprises her as she didn’t know she wore them.

I have to admit that I love the flashbacks of Emma in her glasses (I even have a custom made funko of her wearing them), so this one was fun to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Neal was getting to the age where he was getting into everything. As a result, Snow and David found themselves putting breakables up on high shelves. Snow made sure to keep the homework to grade in a desk drawer that he couldn’t get into, while David never left his phone unattended (Henry had learned that lesson with his DS after it got a trip in the toilet). Emma had been told to do this with her own possessions several times and for the most part, she was good.

Other times though, she was just so used to throwing stuff to the side and leaving it behind. When the curse first broke, it had been sweet to Snow and David, it meant that she considered it her home (in contrast as to when she first moved in and kept her stuff in its boxes). But now, it could be dangerous to Neal or lead to her stuff getting ruined. The latter of which ended up happening one Saturday afternoon.

In addition to getting into everything, Neal had also mastered climbing out of his crib. David had ordered a toddler bed, but it wouldn’t be arriving for another week. Typically, Snow would hear him getting out, but that day she had been listening to music while cleaning and missed it. As she passed by Emma’s room, she noticed Neal sitting there holding a tiny box of something.

“What are you up to mister?” She asked, walking in with her hands on her hips.

Neal looked up, a huge grin on his face. “Mama!” He squealed, holding up his arms, causing more of whatever was in the box to spill out.

Snow lifted Neal up and gave him a cuddle before taking the box from him. It was for prescription contacts. She wondered if Emma had picked them up for someone, as she sometimes offered to buy prescriptions for some of the elderly people of Storybrooke. But much to her surprise, the name on the back was “Emma Swan”. She found that Neal had not only opened the box, but tampered with the package inside. Tiny bits of crushed contacts were all over the floor. As far as she could tell, he hadn’t ate any, so she focused more of her concern on Emma.
She had no idea that she even wore contacts or that she had problems with her vision. Even when they were just roommates at the loft, she never once saw her changing out her contacts or wearing glasses. Ever since they moved into a bigger place, she supposed it would’ve been easier to hide, but she didn’t understand why Emma had decided to keep it a secret at all.

Later that day when Emma returned from dropping Henry off with Regina, Snow sat down beside her on the couch, deciding to bite the bullet and ask.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you wore glasses?” She asked. Emma looked up at her in shock, so she decided to explain. “Neal got into your contacts, he managed to open up and destroy them. Luckily he didn’t eat any.”

Emma let out a sigh. “That pack was almost done anyhow, I have a new box coming in next week, guess I’m stuck wearing my glasses until then.”

“Again, you never told me about those, even back as Mary Margaret.”

Emma shrugged. “It never came up back then. After the curse broke, you were one of those moms.” Snow raised an eyebrow at that and Emma chuckled. “Not in a bad way, but you just find everything adorable. I knew you would be the same with my glasses.”

Snow smirked, she couldn’t even pretend to be offended. “Well, you’re right. So, go on.”

Emma let out a tiny groan, but rose to her feet and grabbed her purse before going into the bathroom. When she emerged a few minutes later, she was wearing her glasses. Snow couldn’t help it, an aw escaped her lips. She always thought Emma looked precious, but she looked especially so in her glasses. Her daughter rolled her eyes before sitting down next to her.

“I got them right before I ran away from my last foster home. The family actually got me some optical care and found out one of the reasons I struggled in school was because I couldn’t see too well. I didn’t end up getting contacts until I started being a bail bondsperson,” she explained. “Broke one pair too many trying to chase idiots down.”

Snow laughed, putting a hand on Emma’s cheek. “Well, I happen to like you in your glasses. Think you could be persuaded into wearing them even when your contacts come in?”

Emma thought about it for a moment. Glasses were actually a bit easier to deal with. “I’ll see how I feel after wearing these for a week.” Maybe it was time for a new look after all.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my
Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by DC the Cat:
Snow and David try to throw Emma an over the top birthday party, but end up running into Murphy’s Law. They feel like they let Emma down, but she is truly just touched by their efforts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow and David hated that Emma’s birthdays were never really celebrated over the years. Had she grown up with them, there would’ve been a grand ball every year with tons of gifts and a delicious cake. Emma had shown up to a cursed Storybrooke on her 28th birthday, had been stuck in the Enchanted Forest during her 29th and was cursed to forget them in New York for her 30th. Since they could be with her for her 31st, they were determined to make it the best birthday ever.

They had arranged with Regina to transform a rental space into what her birthday would’ve been like growing up. They would have a spectacular ball. Snow had a dress being made for her daughter, making sure it was exactly something she would love. Everyone in town had been invited to celebrate the big day.

Little by little, things started to go wrong. Regina ended up with a cold that meant that she couldn’t use her magic. Even Rumple had caught it, so neither of them could use his to transform it. As it was a surprise, they couldn’t very well ask Emma to do it. So, they went with Plan B. It wouldn’t be Enchanted Forest themed, but it would still be very nice.

Until there was a huge storm that ended up flooding the space. There was no way that it was going to be fixed by Emma’s birthday. So, they turned to Plan C: Granny’s. Sure, it’d be a tight squeeze with the entire town, but they could make it work. That was until there was a kitchen fire the day of, meaning that the place was shut down for a couple of days for renovations.

The loft was far too small to host everyone and it was raining yet again, so any outdoor venue was out of the question. Rumple and Regina were still too ill to host it at their homes and the loft was too small for everyone. Snow accepted that the party would have to be cancelled. She had been in charge of the cake, so there would still be that at the loft along with pizza. But it was a far cry from what they had planned.

Since all of this was meant to be a surprise, Emma had no clue the stress her parents had been under. She was quite happy to just have people to spend her birthday with. Playing Wii with Henry
and peek-a-boo with Neal was quite nice for her. Before cake, she could tell that her parents were feeling guilty about something.

“What gives guys?” She asked, looking from one of them to the other. “Did you guys not like the pizza?”

David sighed. “It wasn’t the pizza, Emma. It’s just…” He wasn’t even sure if they should tell her what they had planned, afraid she’d be disappointed. At the same time, he couldn’t lie to her. “You see, your mom and I had this whole big party planned for you.”

“First it was supposed to be a big ball, but Regina got sick and the place flooded with the last storm,” Snow explained. “Then there was that fire at Granny’s. We’re really sorry Emma. It’s our first proper birthday with you and we let you down. We promise we’re going to make up for it next year.”

Emma felt so touched. Her parents thought they had let her down because they didn’t give her a huge party? She threw her arms around them both, squeezing them tight. They were caught off guard by that, but returned the hug. She pulled away, smiling at both of them.

“Guys, you didn’t let me down,” she said.

“Emma, you’re a princess…” Snow started to say.

“I know, and it really means a lot to me that you were willing to go through so much trouble. The truth is, while yes, my birthdays before you guys were pretty nonexistent, I wasn’t really looking for anything so big. I’m not a fan of over the top parties. I’m sure I would’ve loved the ones you guys were planning,” she assured them, not wanting to hurt their feelings. “They just make me feel uncomfortable, I remember feeling that way at the ball I went to in the past. Being here with you guys, my family, it’s all I ever wished for growing up. Do you think we could just do it again next year?”

Snow and David couldn’t help but smile at each other. They had spent so much time worrying about wanting to give Emma the best party possible, they forgot about what she would truly enjoy. Maybe they had let a bit of the guilt of Emma growing up alone get to them too much.

“Of course,” David replied. “Whatever you want, after all, it is your birthday.”

“Hey guys,” Henry called out from his spot in the living room, causing everyone to look at him. “I think we should have cake!”

Emma chuckled, turning back around to her parents. “Let’s not keep the kid waiting any longer, huh?”
Her parents nodded in agreement, each linking an arm through hers as they all headed into the kitchen. It only took 31 years, but they could properly celebrate Emma’s birthday together as a family.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Emma’s eyes flickered open and she looked up into the sky. The sun was coming over head, which meant only one thing: it was her birthday.

It was hard to believe it had been a full year since Henry showed up at her doorstep, bringing her on the craziest adventure of her life. Now here she was, trapped in the Enchanted Forest with Mary Margaret, no, her name was Snow White. She was the daughter of Snow White and Prince Charming, that was going to take some getting used to.

The curse had broken a day before her 29th birthday and she knew it had been a full 24 hours since. Not that she expected Snow to remember. They had ended up having a small breakthrough when she jumped out of the beanstalk. Snow had actually been acting like her mother, like she cared. Emma wanted to believe more than anything it was true, but there was still that nagging feeling that it wasn’t going to work out. They were the exact same age, technically. Her mother had sent her through a wardrobe and no matter what her intentions, she spent 28 years alone. On top of that, one of the few people she had ever let in, turned out to be that mother. She just needed some time.

The others in their camp also started waking up so they could finish their walk to the castle. Aurora and Mulan headed off to find some more clean water, while Snow stayed back with Emma. The blonde couldn’t help but notice that Snow kept going through the bag that Mulan had provided her with.

“What are you doing?” She asked.

“Trying to find something for breakfast.”

“We should really eat while we walk, it’ll be quicker.”

Snow didn’t listen and Emma rolled her eyes, leaning against a tree. Eventually, her mom pulled out a roll they had been given back with Lancelot. Next, she grabbed some matches that she had in her own pocket from back in Storybrooke, used for lighting candles. She stuck one into the roll upside down and then used another to light it.
She walked over to Emma, singing. “Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Emma. Happy birthday to you.”

Emma was in such shock by the gesture, she wasn’t sure what to do at first. She stared at the roll with the makeshift candle kind of dumbly. Snow knew it was her birthday? And she was actually doing something about it?

“I know it’s not a party or anything, but we can fix that when we get back home,” Snow explained once Emma had blown it out, more to make sure her mother’s finger didn’t get burned than anything. “Along with a proper cake.” She giggled a bit as she broke the roll in half for them to share.

“I…how did you know it was my birthday?” She managed to get out.

Snow smiled. “You don’t think I know my own daughter’s birthday?”

Emma wasn’t sure to what to say as she nibbled on the slightly stale roll. Not the cupcake from her favorite bakery in Boston like the year prior, but that didn’t really matter. Her wish had come true, she wasn’t alone anymore. She still wasn’t entirely positive how she felt about Snow or their relationship, but she knew that she was at least trying.

“Happy birthday, sweetheart,” Snow said, putting a hand on top of Emma’s. She watched a genuine smile go across Emma’s face. Those were so rare that when she saw them, they made her heart explode with joy.

“Thanks,” she whispered softly in return.

Soon, Mulan and Aurora would be back with the water and they’d have to continue their journey. But in that moment, they took the time to celebrate Emma’s first birthday. Well, her first birthday with her mom.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Postpartum Depression

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Isaiah Flamez:
Snowing has a larger family and with Snow struggles with postpartum depression. Set as if there was no curse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

David knew his wife very well. After being married for 12 years and having 5 children, he knew how she acted when something was wrong. And ever since the birth of their youngest daughter, Diana, alarm bells had been going off in his head.

Snow had been fine for the first week or so. Things were tiring, especially with 4 other children other foot, but no more than when the others had been babies. However, not long after Snow seemed to be spending a lot more time in bed, not tending to any of the children. She would stay in her nightgown all day, barely eating anything. She would be fine if the kids came and laid with her, but outside feeding Diana, she barely touched her.

David was doing all he could to keep up with his duties as king and a father. He had the help of the nanny along with their oldest, Emma. She was only 10-years-old but wasn’t blind that something had to be wrong with her mother. So, she would help the nanny with Neal, Mathilde and Charlie throughout the day. It broke David’s heart to see how much things had changed around the castle.

He spoke with Doc who came to visit his sister, diagnosing her with postpartum depression. David had heard of it before, but unfortunately there wasn’t much that could be done except with Snow talking about how she felt and time.

One morning, Snow laid in her bed, having just finished up feeding Diana. She felt terrible that she felt the way she did, that every time she held Diana, she seemed to cry. All of it was just becoming too much, to the point that she just couldn’t feel like she could leave bed. She wanted more than anything to leave bed and go back to being a queen, raising her children. But depression made it hard to even get out of bed. It was hard for anyone who hadn’t been through it to understand.

Suddenly, she heard a knock at the door. After calling whoever it was in, the door was pushed open and Emma walked in, trailing over to the bed and climbing up next to her.

“Are you going to come downstairs today, Mama?” She asked.
Snow sighed, shaking her head. “I don’t think so, sweetheart.”

“Oh.” She paused for a minute. “Can I stay here with you?”

“Don’t you want to go outside and play with your siblings?”

Emma shook her head and curled up into her mother’s side. Snow wrapped her arms around her, kissing the top of her head. The two were quiet for a few moments, the only sounds that could be heard was Snow’s heartbeat through her chest, which Emma’s head was pressed against.

“I miss you, Mama,” she whispered.

Snow chewed on her lip. “I’m right here, baby,” she replied, though she knew exactly what Emma meant.

“You’re not the same as before. You don’t play with us or even tell us to eat our vegetables.”

Snow stroked Emma’s hair. She knew that Emma was getting older, a thought that broke her heart even more. The past 10 years had gone by so quickly and now, she was missing more of all of her children’s lives, especially Diana. She wished there was a magic potion she could take to make her feel better, but she couldn’t.

“Honey, sometimes people get hit with something called depression,” Snow softly explained. “They become sad, even if there’s nothing really that caused it. Sometimes it happens to mothers that have just had a baby. It’s not Diana’s fault, though. It’s no one’s.”

Emma bit her lip. “When are you going to be better?”

“I don’t know, honey. But things will be okay, eventually.”

She wasn’t sure how badly she believed that, but she wanted to. She wanted to believe that tomorrow would be a brighter day.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Guardian Angels

Chapter Notes

I got some pretty depressing prompts the past couple of days, haha. This was a prompt sent in by Emil03:

Snowing passes away, leaving Emma to raise Neal. She tells him their parents’ story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Emma had grown up always feeling like an orphan. For 5 short years, she was able to feel otherwise once she was reunited with her parents. Unfortunately, she became a real orphan not long after her 33rd birthday. It had happened so quickly. Most would assume that the death of the royal couple would be a result of one of their villains, but instead they were taken due to something that any average person could: a car accident. It was a stormy night and they were on their way home from their biweekly date night. David died on impact and because they shared a heart, so did Snow.

Getting the call was the hardest thing that Emma ever had to face. Especially since her baby brother was half-awake in the next room watching a movie. She couldn’t even find a way to tell him, she had Regina do it for her. Emma stayed stone cold for as long as she could, until the reading of their will, when she found out that her parents had left Neal to her. The fact that they trusted her and loved her that much, was just too much for her to take. She broke down in the bathroom of Gold’s Pawnshop (where Rumple had read the will as the royal couple’s formal attorney). Never again would they hug her, kiss her. She wouldn’t hear her father interrogate a boyfriend and never did learn that family pie recipe from her mother.

Once she calmed herself down, she was unsure if she was going to be able to do take care of Neal. She loved him more than anything, but she hadn’t even raised her own son. Maybe Neal would be better off with Ruby and Dorothy or maybe even Ella and Thomas. She could return to Boston, get her old job back.

All those fears went away when she got back to her house where Neal was being babysat by their godmother. He ran to her, throwing his arms around her legs and saying how much he missed her. That’s when she knew, she could never let her baby brother go again.

Was it hard? Of course. Emma wasn’t the only Charming sibling to be grieving. Neal tried to use the fact that his parents had died to get away with everything, but the rest of his family was quick to shut that down. It lead to a very heartfelt conversation between he and Emma about bottling up anger. Together, they started sessions with Archie.
3 years later and they had found a new normal. Of course they missed their parents every day, but they had found a routine. Emma would walk Neal to the bus stop and then head to work herself. She no longer worked night shifts, with Thomas and Dorothy covering the co-sheriff and deputy positions. After school, Neal would get his homework done and have a snack. There might be some extra circular activities, or they’d just relax. After a healthy dinner (Regina and Belle had taught Emma some recipes they knew would make Snow proud) and one last T.V show, they’d head upstairs where Neal would shower and get ready for bed. Now that he could read, he’d usually read her a chapter of his newest book. But that night, he had a different request, one hadn’t had in ages.

“Can you tell me a story, Emma?” He asked as she tucked his teddy bear under his arms.

“Sure, bud. Which one?”

“Mommy and Daddy’s story.”

A small smile went across Emma’s face. That was one that she used to complain about hearing so often, but she would give anything to hear her parents’ bicker over who was right and wrong one last time. She just hoped she could do it justice.

“Well, once upon a time there was a princess who had to be a bandit and a shepherd pretending to be a prince. The princess’ name was Snow White and the shepherd, a man she would later call Charming,” Emma began the story. “One day, Snow White took a ring from Charming’s carriage.”

“She stole it.” Emma could practically hear David’s voice as she remembered the last time he told it.

“It was always meant to be mine, so I wasn’t stealing.” Snow would always refute.

“But it was a very important ring, it had been given to the shepherd by his mother before he was forced to leave home. She said to always give it to his true love. He vowed that he would find the bandit and eventually he did, so he tied her up in a tree. By then, Snow White had sold the ring, so they went on an adventure to find it. When they did, she saved him from the ogres. She tried on his mother’s ring and that was the moment, the two fell in love.”

Neal sleepily smiled up at her and his eyes shut for a moment, but then they flickered open. His eyes were as blue as their father’s, which made Emma’s heart swell and break at the same time.

“I miss Mommy and Daddy, Emma,” he whispered.

Emma sighed. “I know, kid. I do too. But I think they’re somewhere out there watching over us.”
And Emma was right. Somewhere, out there, they had two guardian angels making sure that they were always safe.

Chapter End Notes

That…hurt to right. But, I’ve done it. So, please, no more Snowing death ones lol. Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
One Day At A Time

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by LyssLovessSnowing33:
When Snow and Emma go through the portal in 2x01, Emma is turned back into a baby like how she was when she was last in the EF.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow woke up, feeling her hand over some soft fabric. It wasn’t leather, but she didn’t think anything strange of it at first. She blinked a few times and found two strange women standing above her. One looked about ready to kill Snow, while the other was cautious. Things were still fuzzy, so she couldn’t really speak.

“My name is Snow White,” she explained.

Mulan shook her head. “We’ve heard legends of Snow White, she’s trapped in some other land.”

“I know, I was, but it really is me. I’m sure the legends have also spoken of my daughter Emma? The savior?” She didn’t move Emma from her arms, but she did show the part of the blanket that had her name stitched on it.

Mulan looked it over, unsure of what to think. It could all be a weird coincidence. At the same time, she could see the desperation in her eyes. Carefully, she helped her up.

“I am Mulan, that is Aurora,” she gestured to her friend. “You have 5 minutes to explain yourself.”
As quickly as possible, while still rocking Emma, Snow explained everything, including that the wraith had been released by someone other than herself. She added in that her daughter and herself had been sucked in as a result. Mulan was still skeptical, but she couldn’t hurt a mother, much less a child. Aurora inspected Snow’s head to make sure she was alright.

“We need to get out of here,” Mulan said, finally.

“Where?” Snow asked, cuddling Emma close. She knew they were back in the Enchanted Forest, but as far as she knew, it was destroyed.

“A few of us have set up refuge and made a camp. You are welcome to travel with us.”

Snow agreed, cuddling Emma closer to her as she mounted up on the horse. To her surprise, she managed to ride it just fine while holding the baby. As they rode, she stared down at her cooing baby, unsure. How long would this last? They had to find a way back to Storybrooke, their family was there. When they returned, would Emma turn back into an adult? Everything was just so uncertain. Snow decided to take the opportunity to care for her daughter, she always would, no matter how old she was.

She quickly realized that with Emma being aged back, she had also gained back one of the things she would’ve had postpartum to feed her daughter. As she did just that, she worked out a game plan with Mulan, Aurora and Lancelot once they reunited. She knew that there was a wardrobe in her castle that could transport realms. Since she had been lied to, she thought it would only take one, but it was worth a shot.

It was another couple day’s passage to the castle and to Snow’s surprise, Emma was growing just like a newborn baby might. It made her realize that this change could be permanent. She may actually get a chance to raise her. At first the thought gave her gave her great hope, until she was hit by another fear. Emma had Henry, she had a life. While the bits she knew about it weren’t the best, it was still her own. Was it fair that she just lose all that?

As they entered the castle, she realized there was nothing that could be done about it. What happened to Emma was out of her hands. She just had to focus on getting them both back home.

She could’ve walked to the nursery blindfolded. Many days had been spent in there, preparing for Emma’s arrival. Pushing open the heavy doors, she felt her breath taken away. It was in shambles, her crib knocked over, the precious unicorn mobile nowhere in sight. All the stuffed animals and dolls that had been carefully selected were scattered about the floor. Snow kept a tight hold of Emma as she bent down and picked up one of them, picking off some fuzz. Emma just yawned and blinked a few times
“Oh Emma,” she whispered. “This was supposed to be your room. I was going to teach you how to walk and talk. We’d dress for your first ball here, everything.” She bit her lip as she looked around. “Giving you up was the single hardest thing I ever did. No matter what happens when we go back there, I need you to know that I will always love you, I will always protect you. You will always come first, angel.”

The tears fell down her face as she took one last look around the nursery, before making her way to the wardrobe. She opened it up and crawled inside, shutting the doors and holding Emma close.

“Let’s go back to our family,” she whispered.

There was a bright light and a moment later, she found herself on hard concrete. She realized that she was sitting in the middle of Main Street. In her arms was still an infant Emma. Raising to her feet, she inspected her to make sure that she had made the trip okay. Suddenly, she could hear a voice from behind her.

“Snow?”

She turned around and felt a rush of relief fill her upon seeing her husband standing there. She rushed over to him and he pulled her into his arms, kissing her. When he pulled away a bit, he saw the baby in her arms. He didn’t even have to ask who she was, he would always remember those eyes.

“How?” He whispered.

“I don’t know, when we arrived in the Enchanted Forest, she was like that. She’s been growing like a normal baby would these past couple of days and I’ve been able to feed her. I think…I think she’s going to have a chance to grow up with us.”

Just like his wife, this filled David with a bittersweet feeling. He knew while this was a good thing for them, it was going to hurt Henry, it was taking away the life that she had before then. At the same time, who were they to question fate? Right now, Henry was living at the loft for the time being while Regina tried to get better, so they knew he would be safe. They had their daughter and each other. They could figure it out one day at a time.

That was just what they did. It was a hard adjustment for Henry, but with the support of his family and sessions with Archie, he handled it fine. Regina proved that she wasn’t going to hurt anyone and he returned to living with her, still seeing the rest of his family. Snow and David had to go out
and buy everything for their baby, soon moving into a new home. Almost a year later, David woke up one night and found the other side of the bed empty. Going down the hall, he found Snow rocking a half-awake Emma.

“She was a brave warrior,” Snow cooed. “She fought hard to break the curse and save everyone, she was willing to give even the most evil a second chance. She was a hero, but it came at the cost of having a happy childhood. So, fate gave her a second chance.” It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure who she was talking about. She kissed the top of her head. “I love you Emma, that promise I made in the nursery is still true. I hope this time around, you have everything you ever want and more.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrls: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Empty Nesters

Chapter Notes

I know I have a few requests lined up, I just wanted to write out one of my own before I forgot the idea. Set as though after Neal, both Emma and Snow had babies within days of each other. 18 years later, they send their kids off to college at the same time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Charlie was carefully planned, Maggie was a happy surprise. While Charlie was born on his due date, Maggie was born 2 weeks early. They were meant to be uncle and niece, but ended up being a lot closer, almost like twins. Since Emma lived right down the street from her parents, her mom would watch her daughter until she got done with work. Together, the kids grew up playing, fighting and getting into trouble. They went through many firsts together, including one major milestone: graduating high school.

It wasn’t either Emma nor Snow and David’s first child to go off to college. Neal had left 5 years prior and had already returned, actually moving into the loft his mother and sister had lived in during the curse. Henry had long graduated from college, still living in Boston with his wife and children. However, this was different. For all three parents, these were the last babies heading off into the big, bad world. They were going to the same college, but unlike Neal and Henry who had stayed local, they had selected one across the country in California. It made their parents nervous, it wasn’t as if they could get there quickly if something happened, but it was their dream.

After tearfully dropping them off at the airport, they headed back to Storybrooke. Neither felt as though it would be easy to go back to their empty homes. So, they gathered at Granny’s. Nearly a quarter of a century later and their orders were still the same. Emma picked at her grilled cheese and her parents could tell that there was an extra twinge of sadness to her. While they still had each other, Emma was a single parent. She had even put up her home for sale, saying that it was far too big for just her. She had been looking into to getting an apartment in town. Moving out of her parents’ had been easy, she had her kids. But for the first time since she moved back to Storybrooke, she was going to be alone.

“Emma, we’ve been talking,” David said, getting her attention. “We’re not sure we’re quite ready to be empty nesters yet.”

Emma smirked a bit at that. “A bit late for that.” Just as she and Snow had welcomed children at the same time, they had also gone through the change together.

“It would be, if we didn’t have a daughter who was looking for a place to live.” Her mouth dropped open and he smiled. “We know why you moved out all those years ago, you wanted your own space to raise your kids. Now, though, they’re all grown up.”
“You’ve always had your own room at our place,” Snow added. “So has Magnolia.” They had bought a house big enough so each of their children and grandchildren would always be able to come home if need be. “You don’t have to be alone again.”

Emma felt tears spring to her eyes. She felt so touched. Years ago, when she announced that she was moving out, her parents had tried to tell her that she didn’t have to, but she felt she did. She was about to have another baby, as was her mom. She felt that two newborns under one roof on top of a teenager and a 5-year-old would’ve been just too much. Now, it was just the three of them, except for when the kids would be home for breaks. It could be almost like old times, before Neal or any of the other kids were born, before she had partial custody of Henry. Just her and her mom, with her dad as well. How could she ask for more?

“I’ll start bugging my realtor to find a buyer, so long as you guys are up to helping me move,” Emma finally replied.

Snow and David grinned, each taking one of her hands. “Of course,” he told her, leaning forward to kiss her forehead.

Their dynamic had always been unique. Being the same age could make things awkward, but it also made others, like being empty nesters, easier.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrls: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by Oncefan123:
Emma walks in on her parents again. This time it is just her and she hears noises coming from their bedroom. With so many people trying to hurt her family in the past Emma thinks they might be hurt.

It had been a mostly quiet morning on the farm. Her dad had finished up his work outside and Emma had the day off. Henry was at Regina’s for the week, so she was keeping an ear out for her brother. She knew her parents’ were exhausted between work and caring for the baby, so she encouraged them both to take a nap while Neal did. She said once he woke up, she’d take him to the park and bring him back around dinner time. They had agreed and headed upstairs, ready to get some rest.

About halfway through Neal’s naptime, Emma could hear some noises coming from her parents’ room. Even with Gideon now happily reunited with her parents and the Black Fairy no longer a threat, she was still on high alert. She rose to her feet and headed up the stairs. She could hear a small scream coming from the room, sounding just like her mother. Quickly, she ran to her bedroom and grabbed hold of her gun before rushing back. She didn’t even knock, to her there had to be some kind of emergency going on the other side.

As soon as the door opened, she wished more than anything she had given the whole thing a few more minutes thought. Her mom had been screaming, but not because she was being attacked by a villain.

“Emma!” Snow quickly pulled up the sheets over her body while David made his way out from under them, just his head poking out, blushing. Emma’s mouth dropped open as she tried to find the words. “Why do you have your gun?”

“I heard you scream…” She stammered. “I… I thought… oh my God! I’m gonna go wash my eyes out!”

She turned on her heel and raced to the bathroom. David couldn’t help but laugh as he got further out from under the sheets.

“Maybe we should’ve actually taken that nap she suggested,” he said.
Snow shook her head with a smirk. “Nah. I think that was a lot better than sleeping. I didn’t even know you knew how to do that.”

“What can I say? All these years later, I’m still full of surprises.”

“I can still hear you two!” Emma called from her seclusion.

David and Snow chuckled, getting out of bed and dressed. The two headed downstairs and started to fix some hot chocolate. Eventually, they could hear the stairs creaking, meaning that Emma was coming down them.

“Are you both dressed?” Emma asked.

Snow rolled her eyes, pulling down some mugs. “Yes, Emma.”

She entered the kitchen. “I uh…wanted to apologize. The first time I walked in on you guys, um…”

“Making tacos?” David offered.

Emma gave him a look. She hadn’t been able to eat a taco since that incident. “Well, that was different. We were all in tighter quarters. This time was my fault.”

“It’s alright, sweetheart,” Snow assured her. “We know you wouldn’t have came in if you knew the truth. It’s actually kind of sweet that you wanted to protect us. We’ve been through a lot lately, we can understand why you would interpret it that way.”

Emma slowly nodded, still feeling pretty embarrassed. Her parents finished making the cocoa and David distributed it to everyone. Emma was quiet as she sipped her own, staring at the whipped cream that filled the rim. Snow walked over, putting an arm around her.

“Maybe next time, we’ll wait until you actually take Neal to the park before we take our nap, huh?”

Emma nodded. “I think that would stop me from continuing to be scarred for life.”

David chuckled. “I still think it’s nice that we can offer you these embarrassing childhood memoires so late in the game.”

That got him fixed with a death glare from his daughter, which only made him smile more. Alright, the real Emma was back. Hopefully in a few years, this could be something they would all be able to laugh over.

Chapter End Notes
Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Grandma's Little Knight

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by Ghostwriter:
Snowing's babysitting Henry. He gets sick and they have to take care of him.

I decided to set this as though there was no curse and Henry was still born.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t feel good, Grandma,” Henry whined.

Snow frowned, pushing the hair out of the toddler’s face. “I know, my little knight. Grandpa’s with Doc getting your medicine, don’t you worry.” It had been a few years since she had nurse a sick child back to health, but she wouldn’t have anyone else doing it for her grandson.

Emma and Henry’s father were out to try to make peace with a neighboring kingdom. They hadn’t wanted to bring their son, in case things went wrong. So, Snow and David had offered to watch him. At first, things had been great. Henry loved when his grandparents were in charge, they always had lots of fun. Then two days in, he had come down with a pretty bad cold. They had sent word out to their daughter and son-in-law, but they wouldn’t be able to get back for another day or so.

David walked back in, holding a tiny vile. Henry saw the green potion and made a face, covering his mouth with his blue patchwork quilt. David chuckled, walking closer to his bed.

“Come on little man, this will help you feel all better.”

“No, it won’t,” the toddler’s voice was muffled from behind the quilt. “It looks yucky.”

“Doc made sure it was charmed to tasted yummy.”

“Nuh uh.”

Snow and David exchanged a look. Henry shared most of his looks with his father, from his dark hair and facial features. However, he got his green eyes, chin and stubbornness from his mother.

“Henry, if you take your medicine, Grandpa will tell you a story from your mommy was a little girl,” he bargained.
That got Henry’s attention. He loved hearing stories about his mom, mostly because he wanted to be just like her. He often replicated the same stunts in the stories that his grandparents told him. Slowly, he lowered the quilt and allowed his grandfather to feed him the medicine. He wrinkled his nose just a bit, but swallowed it down.

“That’s a good boy,” David praised before lowering himself down on the toddler bed. Snow sat on the other side, while the two had one of their silent eye conversations, trying to figure out which story to tell. “Did we ever tell you about the time your mommy adopted a frog?”

Henry shook his head. “Nuh uh.”

“Well, when she was a little older than you, she was obsessed with the tadpoles in the pond. She would visit them every day and talk to them. Over time, they got bigger and she would hop around with them in the grass.” David smiled at the memory of his little girl. It had been over 20 years ago, but it still felt like just yesterday in his mind.

“One day, she decided that the walk from the castle to the pond was too long, even though your grandpa would mostly carry her,” Snow continued for her husband as he got nostalgic. “So, she tucked one of the frogs into the apron of her dress.”

Henry giggled. “Really?”

“Yup. We had no clue until about lunch time when the frog jumped out and started hopping all over the table.”

“Was Mommy in trouble?”

David and Snow exchanged a smile, remembering how badly they wanted to be upset with Emma, but she was just too adorable. “No, but we did tell her that all the frogs belonged in the pond and that they shouldn’t be separated from their families. So, we took him back down there. Your mommy even decided to make an apology card for the frog’s family,” Snow told him.

Henry smiled. “Mommy’s nice and good with animals.”

“That she is,” David agreed. It was one of the things she inherited being the daughter of a former shepherd and Snow White, the lover of woodland creatures.

“Can I get a froggy?” Henry asked with a small yawn.

“You’ll have to ask your mommy and daddy about that one, bud.”

Henry drifted off to sleep, with both of his grandparents cuddling him close. They spent the next day taking care of him and making sure he got more medicine. Around nap time, they were pretty exhausted themselves and decided to sleep next to him. Emma and her husband returned to the palace. While he went to unpack their stuff, Emma had straight up to Henry’s nursery. She smiled at the sight of her son and parents cuddled up together. She knew that he would be in good hands while she was away.

Chapter End Notes
Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was another prompt submitted to me by Ghostwriter:
Snow thinks Charming's forgotten their anniversary, but he's actually planning a big surprise for her.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow wasn’t one who needed big gestures. In fact, she often didn’t ask for gifts when it came to holidays. That being said, acknowledgement was nice, especially when it came to her anniversary. The day she married her husband had been one of the happiest days of her life (giving birth to her children being the other two). She knew that they were true loves and every day was a day to celebrate that. Even so, had David really forgotten the day things became official?

The thing was, most people didn’t know the date that they were really married. Most assumed that they weren’t married until the day that Regina announced her curse, but in reality they had eloped with just Lancelot and Ruth present on the lake. It was always very special for them to share that little secret with one another.

This year, though, there had been nothing. No special kisses, no breakfast in bed. He hadn’t even whispered seductively into her ear “Happy anniversary”. He simply kissed her cheek and wished her a good day before heading out the door to go to work. Snow tried to keep her spirits up throughout the day, but she did feel disappointed. What was weirder was, normally when she was acting in such a way, Emma would notice and ask what was wrong. However, she seemed to be acting just as weird as her father. She refused to be in the same room as Snow for longer than a few minutes.

As the afternoon dragged on, Snow had accepted that David had forgotten their anniversary. She was about to get ready to make something for dinner, when Emma stopped her.

“We’re going out tonight,” she told her.

Snow sighed. “Emma, I’m not really feeling up to it.”

“Too bad. I made reservations at that nice Italian restaurant. You’ve been moping all day, come on. We’ll eat really bad food and drink some wine, you can tell me what’s wrong.”

“Neal…”

“Dad’s taken him out for the night.”
Snow loved her daughter, but she had to admit that seemed to make it even worse. Emma telling David she wanted to take her mom out for a girls’ night hadn’t sparked anything inside of him to remember? Either way, she got ready and together, they headed downtown to the hole in the wall Italian restaurant. When they arrived, she couldn’t help but notice that the parking lot was empty.

“It’s a Tuesday night,” Emma hastily explained. “It just means we’ll get our food quicker.”

When they got inside, they were greeted by the host, who lead them back into a private room. Snow side-eyed Emma, how far out was she going for this girls’ night? As they reached the door, she found Neal standing there, looking adorable in a little suit.

“Neal? What are you doing here, buddy?” She asked, lifting him into her arms. Emma pushed open the door to the back and Snow gasped.

The room was lit up with tiny fairy lights strung throughout. There was a table set for four people with a bottle of champagne chilling in the middle of the table. David stood next to it, wearing a suit that matched his son’s. Emma took Neal and stepped to the side while Snow slowly walked over to her husband.

“Happy anniversary,” he told her with a smile.

Snow just stared at him, her eyes wide. “I thought… I mean…”

“Did you really think I would forget the day that we became husband and wife?” He could see the tears spring to her eyes. “I’m sorry that I was so quiet this morning. I was just afraid if I said anything, I’d spoil the surprise.”

“This…this is perfect,” she whispered. “But the kids… they know?”

“For so long our anniversary was our secret, only family knew about it. But, they’re our family, we’re together finally. I think we should celebrate it together.” He leaned forward, murmuring how they had a room at Granny’s and would celebrate alone later.

Emma stepped forward, smiling at her mom. “Happy anniversary, Mom.”

Snow wiped a tear that fell and quickly hugged her children before turning to her husband, kissing him. It felt good that it was no longer a secret, that they could celebrate it as a family.

That was the best anniversary present she could ever ask for.
Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
In the Enchanted Forest, little Princess Emma finds a baby dragon and asks, “Can I keep him?”

David and Snow made their way through the meadow, hand in hand. Emma was running ahead of them, giggling as she picked some flowers. The couple smiled at each other while Snow let out a content sigh. It was a beautiful day and they refused to spend it cooped up inside. They had finished up their paperwork just as Emma’s naptime ended and gave their nanny the rest of the day off. Their 3-year-old had been very excited at this news and asked if they could play in the meadow. How could they say no to that?

Just as Snow was going to say they should stop at the brook so they could take a rest, Emma seemed to see something and dashed out of their sight.

“Emma!” She called after her, pulling away from her husband so she could chase her. David followed closely behind. “Emma, you know better than to run that far off…” She trailed off when she saw her daughter with a creature. Well, not just any creature, but a baby dragon.

Before her parents could say anything, Emma knelt down to the dragon’s height and wrapped her arms around it. “Can I keep him?”

Snow and David exchanged a look, unsure of what to say at first. With Maleficent’s help, they had been able to make sure the curse wasn’t enacted. As a result, they had learned a lot about dragons from her. They knew that dragons hatched as human babies and were taught to control when they changed from human to their dragon form. However, if they were orphaned for whatever reason, they would change back into a dragon for good so they could better protect themselves from the dangerous world. Baby dragons were never alone, which meant that this one had to be an orphan.

“He doesn’t have a mommy or daddy.” Emma pointed out, clearly she had learned a bit about dragons from her best friend, Lily. “He needs a home.”

David and Snow sighed, exchanging a look with one another. They had just found out themselves that they would soon be adding to their family. On top of that, they had a stable filled with horses and puppies from a litter of Wilby and his mate, Penelope. However, they also knew they had the room for the dragon along with enough staff to make sure he was well taken care of. Plus, they
could consult Maleficent for advice on the matter. They looked down into Emma’s big green eyes as she pouted up at them.

“Alright,” David was the first to relent and Emma beamed. “He won’t be able to stay in your room, though, like Wilby and Penelope’s puppies sometimes do. We’ll have to talk to Auntie Maleficent about how to take care of him.”

“Okay!” Emma turned to the baby dragon, who had been flapping his wings and trying to play with Emma as she talked to her parents. “Do you wanna come home with us, Ash?”

Ash stuck out his tongue and licked her cheek, which made Emma giggle. As she walked, he followed behind her, tilting his head at the king and queen as if to say hello. Snow smiled and took hold of her husband’s hand once again.

Maleficent came by the castle and was able to confirm that what they thought was true: Ash was an orphan. He wouldn’t be a threat to anyone in the palace and was quite friendly. She gave the royals advice on how to feed him and where the best place for him to sleep was. She agreed that every so often, Lily and herself would come by in dragon form to play with him so he could have interaction with his own kind.

Even so, Ash seemed to fit in quite well with the rest of the palace. He would chase the dogs around playfully and loved whenever Emma would come outside to see him. She’d get up on his back and hold on tight, under the supervision of her parents while he would fly around with her. Snow leaned into David, making sure Ash stayed close to the ground. Emma was giggling and having the time of her life with her new pet.

Chapter End Notes

This was the last prompt on my list! Keep them coming in, guys. =)
This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
Self-Harm Trigger Warning. Snow finds out Emma used to self-harm when she was younger to cope with being abandoned, alone, the way she was treated physical, mentally, and emotionally by foster parents/siblings, and thinking that no one else would ever want or love her. Leads to Mama Snow feels.

This is also going to contain spoilers for 13 Reasons Why and discuss it. Remember, self-harm is never the answer. If you feel the need to do so, tell a trusted adult or therapist.

“It’s just such a controversial show,” Snow vented to her daughter, as they sat on the couch together. “I don’t agree with banning books at all, but I feel so torn on the issue. We’ve had a few students step forward since the show came out and admitted that they relate so much to the Hannah Baker character. I just don’t know what to do.”

Emma nodded sympathetically. Just like at most high schools across the country, Storybrooke High was having a debate over whether or not the students should be viewing the controversial Netflix series 13 Reasons Why. Since it was also based on a book, many parents wanted it removed from the library. Obviously, there was nothing that could be done about the show being watched, that would be up to each individual parent to decide if their child could watch it. She and Regina had discussed it at length themselves when it came to Henry and ultimately decided they would let him. Emma had watched it with him, so they could discuss it, as hard as it was for her.

“I read the book when it came out,” Emma said. “It wasn’t nearly as graphic as the series. I don’t really understand why they chose to go as far as they did. I would say the book is still a trigger, but not as much as the show. Maybe just make it clear that the guidance counselors at the school aren’t like Mr. Porter, they’ll be there for them.”

Snow nodded. “I just don’t want anyone to feel like it’s the answer.”

“I hate to say it, but it happens sometimes even when there isn’t this type of media talking about it.” Emma chewed on her lip as she stared down at her arms. The scars had mostly faded over time, but she could still remember the feeling of the cool blade against her skin.

Snow did a double take as she watched her daughter stare down at her arms. She wanted to say that she was sure Emma would never do such a thing to herself, but the look on her face, said something more.
“Emma.” Her gentle voice caused her daughter to look up at her. “Did you…I mean…”

“I never went as far as to attempting suicide,” she admitted, softly. “But I would cut myself, from the time I was 13 until I was about 15.”

Snow felt her heart break at the thought of that. “Sweetheart…why?”

Emma sighed, she had never wanted her parents to know about this, they already felt so much guilt from her childhood. “I was in a pretty bad foster home. This time, it wasn’t just the parents that were bad, but their kids too. The mom had decided it was appropriate to tell them my story and they would hold it over my head. They would tease me about being left on the side of the road, that no one had ever adopted me. On top of that, the parents weren’t much better. They made it clear they were just going to keep me until I was 18, so they could get paid. I just felt so lost…so broken. I had heard this stuff growing up, but it was on a near constant basis. It was my only way of coping.”

Snow felt the tears falling down her face as anger built up inside of her. How could someone have been so cruel to her sweet little girl? She had seen photos and videos of Emma from back when she was a teenager. She was so tiny, she looked so scared. She needed love, support and she didn’t have that. As a result, she had turned to something terrible. If she had ever cut the wrong way or bled out, Snow never would’ve known. She would’ve spent an eternity cursed, having no idea that her baby was dead.

“I ended up stopping when I decided to run away. I knew it wasn’t worth it anymore, that I had to take better care of myself.” Emma got a better look at her mom’s face. “Oh Mom…”

“Baby,” her voice cracked, wrapping her arms around Emma, hugging her tight. Emma sighed, hugging her mom in return as she buried her head into her shoulder. “You are loved, you are so incredibly loved. I am sorry that those people were so cruel to you, that I wasn’t there so you had to be in that situation.”

“Mom, it’s okay…”

“No, it’s okay. Please promise me if you ever feel like this again, you’ll talk to me or your dad, even Archie or Regina. I just don’t want you doing this to yourself ever again.”

“I promise,” Emma whispered, feeling a bit overwhelmed by her mother’s reaction. She knew how much her mom loved her, but had never seen her react to something in such a way. Then again, she supposed she would’ve been the same if Henry had admitted he had done the same.

A little bit later, Snow put on Runaway Bride, just something for background noise, really. She felt very clingy towards Emma, not wanting to let her go. Emma didn’t protest or even mind. She cuddled up in her mother’s arms, laying her head against her chest. Snow noticed a few faint scars on Emma’s arm. She had never noticed them before, but now they stood out like a neon sign. She lifted it up and kissed each one of them. Emma may have been an adult, but she would always kiss her scars to make them better.
Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrls: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Mommy's Lullaby

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
Emma can always hear Snow singing a lullaby to Neal. She stands outside his nursery every night when she does and normally goes back to her room before Snow comes out. One night, Snow found her curled up asleep on the floor with her blankie.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma had always thought that her mother had a beautiful voice. Snow rarely used it, but when she did, it was always one of the prettiest things her daughter had ever heard. Lately, the only time she could hear her mom’s singing, was if she stood outside her brother’s nursery at his bedtime. If she had a long day, she would stand there, letting it relax her. She would always make sure to dash off to her room before her mom walked out. She knew her mom wouldn’t mind her listening and would invite her in. After all, had she grown up with them, she would’ve been rocked to sleep hearing the same lullabies. However, a part of her felt it was too embarrassing. She was a grown woman, why should she need her mother’s music to soothe her to sleep?

One day in particular had been very stressful. From the moment she got to the station, to the moment she left, she was slammed with work. From legitimate complaints to the older residents who misplaced things, she barely had time for lunch. When she got home, her family had already ate dinner and had left her a plate in the oven. She inhaled the meal before heading upstairs. She could hear her mother going through Neal’s typical bedtime routine. She dashed to her room, grabbing her baby blanket, before hiding outside her brother’s door.

“Okay, buddy,” Snow cooed softly at her son. “Are you ready to go sleepies?” As he did every night, Neal started fussing. He needed his nightly lullaby just as much as his sister did. “Alright, Mama should’ve known better I guess.” Softly, she began to sing a lullaby, Neal’s favorite. She had learned that much when they had watched Cinderella the other night and he fell asleep when the song played.

A dream is a wish your heart makes
When you’re fast asleep
In dreams you lose your heartaches
Whatever you wish for, you keep

Have faith in your dreams and someday
Your rainbow will come smiling through
No matter how your heart is grieving
If you keep on believing
The dream that you wish will come true
Snow smiled as Neal’s eyes drifted shut and he fell asleep. She kissed the center of his forehead and lowered him down into his crib before dimming the lights and walking out of the room. She nearly tripped over something and assumed it was one of his toys, until she saw blonde curls. Blinking a bit, she realized it was Emma, curled up on the floor clutching her baby blanket to her chest. Snow couldn’t help but smile down at her daughter. She knew about Emma’s little tradition of standing outside the door every night, she could hear the shuffling about. She just never said anything, as she didn’t want to embarrass her.

David came up the stairs, spotting their daughter as a smile went across his own face. Snow had told him about everything, knowing he would stay tight lipped about it as well.

“Looks like my lullaby worked on both of our babies tonight,” she whispered, softly. “Could you take her to her room?”

He nodded and lifted her into his arms, grinning wider as Emma cuddled her blanket closer on being moved, obviously not wanting to lose it. He carried her through to her bedroom and laid her back on the bed. Snow tucked her in before they both kissed the top of her head.

“Sweet dreams, my angel,” Snow whispered. “I love you.”

They walked out of the room, shutting the door partially. David wrapped his arms around his wife, kissing her cheek.

“You have the magic voice,” he told her.

Snow shrugged. “I don’t know about that.”

“You never sing for anyone, ya know.”

“I save my voice for three special people,” Snow told him with a smile. “The three true loves of my life.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrls: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Lady of the Night

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Emmaslilsister:

Instead of Henry going to find Emma in Boston it was Snowing. When they find her she's on the streets, prostituting and drug addicted.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"This can't be right," Snow muttered as they made their way through the dirty alley. "Emma can't be here."

"You heard Rumpelstiltskin," David replied, his voice filled with dread. "This is what became of her life."

All throughout Snow's pregnancy, they had been told that Emma was the only way to break the curse. However, that proved to be false. Instead, the curse broke on its own on their daughter's 28th birthday. As soon as the rainbow light came over the town, they were excited to find her, assuming it had been all their doing. Unfortunately, they found out quite the opposite.

Rumpelstiltskin did some digging, finally tracking down Emma. He told them a horrible story of her childhood. She had been raised in the foster care system, after being sent back by her first family. As a result, she ended up on the streets by 16, in jail and pregnant at 18. After giving the baby up for adoption (a little boy who turned out to be the adoptive son of Regina), her life had taken a total nose dive. She had returned Boston where she had been found and got hooked on drugs.

The last anyone had heard from her, she had been let out of jail again, this time serving a sentence for prostitution. The thought alone made her parents' skin crawl. Luckily, Rumpelstiltskin used even more connections and used a P.I to find out just where she was. He was very good and said while Emma was sleeping on friends' couches, she was normally found on the same street corner.

"This it," David whispered, looking at the street sign. There were many women of the night lined up, scantily dressed. Now, the only thing they had to do was fine their Emma.

"That's her," Snow breathed. It had been 28 years, but she would know her daughter anywhere.

She had her father's blondeness and cheek structure, while her mother's green eyes and chin. She was wearing a white crop top and a black mini-skirt paired with red heels that looked nearly impossible to walk in. They winced as they could practically see her ribs. She had way too much makeup caked on her face and was clearly doing her best to look seductive. David held onto his wife's hand as they made their way over.

"Emma?" He asked.

Emma looked him up and down, smirking. "Yeah, doll. Were you referenced to me by someone?" She glanced over at Snow. "I charge more for three-ways."

Snow made a face, trying to remind herself that Emma didn't know who they were. "We're not here
to use your services."

Emma's eyes narrowed. "Then keep moving, I'm trying to get my own place here."

"Please, just let us buy you something to eat."

"Are you from the mission? You can tell Deborah that she can kiss my ass…"

"We're not from the mission, we don't know Deborah," David interrupted. "Please, we just want to get you something to eat, out of the life."

"I've been down this road before, I'm not fucking stupid," Emma spat at them. "I'm not going to end up locked up inside of a basement."

Snow and David winced at the thought. Their poor baby had been through so much. They knew that they couldn't just tell her who they were, she'd think they were crazy. No, they had to go about this the right way.

"We live a few hours away, in a small town in Maine," Snow continued for her husband. "We have a spare room, you can live there, free of charge."

"I work at the sheriff's station, we need a secretary," David added. "You could work there."

Emma continued to size them up. She could always tell when people were lying and she knew they weren't. Even so, she didn't understand why they wanted to help her so badly. "Why should I trust you? I don't even know you."

"We know. We know about your son."

That got her full attention. Snow and David knew that Emma wasn't ready to be in Henry's life, not yet. They wouldn't tell her where he was, but the fact that they knew would hopefully be enough. Maybe in time, Regina would feel comfortable with letting her in his life.

"I know how hard it is to give a baby up," Snow continued. "I know it can lead you to do some terrible things. I just want to give you a chance to start over, like I got. My name is…Mary Margaret. This is my husband, David. Please, at least just let us take you to that diner down the street."

Emma let out a sigh. She hadn't eaten in a couple of days and the thought was tempting. Maybe if she got to know them more, she could rationalize going with them. She finally nodded and the couple beamed. David removed his coat, handing it to her and she accepted it. Together, they headed across the street to the diner.

Snow and David knew the battle wasn't over, not yet. She needed sessions with Archie, more time to trust them. Henry had a book with all their stories in it. All they could hope was that in time, Emma could know the whole truth and they could be a family.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
True Love Comes In All Forms

Chapter Notes

Isaiah Flamez asked to see something with Emma being married to a woman and welcoming a baby, with her parents being supportive.

I do want to add something here. From now on, I am not going to write about any Emma ships from the show in this story. So, Captain Swan, Swanfire, Swan Queen, I will not write prompts for this that include them. I do ship the last two, but I don't want to deal with ship wars and all that. Plus, this is meant to be more about Charming family one shots.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma hadn't been sure how to break the news to her parents. When she had first come to town, Mary Margaret had assumed that she had romantic feelings for Graham. Then when they found out about Henry's father, they thought she'd perfect for him. The truth was, while she had once been attracted to men, she realized that she was a lesbian in her early 20s. At first, it hadn't seemed like there was ever going to be a time to tell them. With how hectic the town was, she didn't have proper time to breathe, let alone date. However, Fiona's curse ended up bringing over new people from different lands. That lead her to meeting Elizabeth.

It started out as Emma just helping the newcomer adjust to the land with lots of technology but slowly lead to Netflix nights in followed by pizza and eventually, kissing. Emma had kept her sexuality a secret for so long, she didn't want to do it anymore. So, she started out by coming out to Henry. He was so excited that both his moms had found true love, it didn't matter that one of them had found it with a woman. Emma was more nervous when it came to her parents. While they were supportive of Ruby and Dorothy, she wondered if it'd be the same when it came to her.

As it turned out, she had nothing to worry about. Her parents were incredibly happy for that she had found her true love. They really loved Elizabeth. A part of them felt terrible that Emma assumed that she couldn't tell them the truth, while also that they had tried pushing her towards men. Emma assured them that they were just being parents, trying to guide her and that she wasn't upset with them. It didn't take long for Elizabeth to be considered part of the family.

They were married 2 years later and shortly after, decided they wanted to start a family. Emma had grown up in the system and Elizabeth was an orphan herself, so it was important to them to adopt. After making sure that Henry was okay with it, they had filed to become foster parents. They were expecting an older child, but got a call about an 8-month-old baby girl. Her mother had died in childbirth and her father had just abandoned her. The story broke their hearts, so they drove to Boston to pick her up.

The call had been so unexpected that they hadn't had any time to get things for the baby. Snow and David promised to get everything for their newest grandchild. They set up Neal's old crib in the spare room at Emma and Elizabeth's, along with putting away tons of clothes they had bought (along with some hand-me-downs that Ella gave them from when Alexandra was a baby). They had purchased tons of toys as well, some of which couldn't even be played with until she was much older. The final touch was a surprise brought to them by Belle, she had found it in the back of her
husband's shop.

Eventually, the yellow bug pulled up in the driveway. Emma and Elizabeth walked inside, the baby in their arms. Neal was the first to rush over, wanting to see his niece. Snow, David and Henry were following closely behind.

"Everyone, we would like to introduce you to Avery River Swan," Emma announced.

"Oh Emma, she's just precious," Snow squealed, stepping forward to stroke her new granddaughter's cheek.

Everyone took turns holding Avery and she clearly wasn't shy at all. She cuddled up with her grandfather, who was already wrapped around her little finger. Henry was too, he barely wanted to put his baby sister down. Eventually though, he handed her back to his step-mother. Snow and David lead the couple upstairs to the nursery. Emma and Elizabeth smiled, it was just their style, even for being thrown together with such short notice. Emma looked at the mobile above the crib and did a double take.

"Is that…" She trailed off, looking back at her parents, who were smiling.

"Yes, it is."

Emma stepped forward, carefully touching the glass unicorns. "I thought it got lost after Pan's curse."

"So did we, but Belle found it in the back of Rumple's shop," Snow explained. "We figured it belonged above Avery's crib."

Tears sprung to her eyes and she ran to her parents, throwing her arms around them. They beamed and hugged her tighter. Elizabeth watched the family, a big smile on her face. She knew how nervous her wife once was about coming out to her parents, but could see now just how supportive they were. They had welcomed her into the family with no trouble at all, which was something she desperately needed after all she had been through.

"You are going to be very loved, Avery," she whispered to her daughter. "This family is pretty spectacular."

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Mary Margaret had felt her stomach turn when David had explained to her Emma’s backstory. She knew going into fostering children that there was a chance that they would come across children that had experienced horrible things, but this was just more than she had ever imagined. It didn’t seem fair that people that would abuse a child so badly would be able to have children. Meanwhile, she and David had been trying for years and hadn’t been able to get pregnant.

She was trying to stay positive, for Emma’s sake. She wanted her to come into their home and have it be nothing but light and happiness. David stood by her side, rubbing her back as they waited for the social worker to come.

“Are you sure she’s going to like her room?” Mary Margaret asked her husband. “Maybe I should…”

“She’s going to love it,” David promised her.

“What if she doesn’t like it here? What if she doesn’t want to stay?”

“She may be scared, but we’ll take it one day at a time. She’s been through so much, we just have to be there for her.”

Before she could respond, they heard a car pull up in the driveway. Mary Margaret opened the door and found their social worker, Helen, stepping out of the car with a tiny blonde. She had the biggest green eyes that Mary Margaret had ever seen and was wearing a pair of worn down overalls. She had a few bruises lining her arms and her hair was a mess of curls. Under her arms was a baby blanket trimmed with purple lace. Mary Margaret hid a gasp at how small she looked. She was meant to be 5, but looked so much younger than that. Carefully, Helen lead her up the steps to the house.

“Emma, these are the people I was telling you about, Mary Margaret and David. David, Mary Margaret, this is Emma,” Helen introduced them.

Mary Margaret knelt in front of Emma, holding out her hand. Emma looked hesitant, but then
reached forward, shaking it. “It’s nice to meet you Emma. We’re so happy that you’re going to be staying with us.”

Emma nodded before looking up at David. She stepped back a bit, putting a thumb in her mouth. David gave her a soft smile, he had been expecting that, giving her history with men. “It’s okay, Emma. We can take our time getting to know each other.”

Emma seemed relieved at that and together, they made their way inside. Helen had the couple fill out some final paperwork before promising to be in touch, making sure that Emma had her card. Mary Margaret turned to Emma, who was still sucking her thumb and cuddling her blanket close.

“Would you like to see your room?” She asked. Emma nodded. “Alright, I’ll do that and David will fix us some lunch.”

“Do you like grilled cheese?” David asked, causing Emma to nod once more. He smiled at her. “Great.”

Mary Margaret lead Emma up the stairs, pointing out her and David’s room which was just down the hall from hers. She led her foster daughter into her room. Emma’s eyes grew even wider at the sight of it. Mary Margaret had asked Helen about her favorite colors and had decorated the room in warm yellows, with splashes of red. There were toys along the floor. Emma removed her thumb from her mouth, looking up at her foster mother.

“This is my room?” She asked. It was the first time she had spoken since she arrived and her voice was so little, quiet.

“Yes, sweets.”

“And these toys are all mine?”

“That’s right. There’s even more in the living room.”

“Wow,” she breathed.

Emma walked over to her bed and found a teddy bear sitting there. She gently picked it up, examining it.

“David picked that out for you,” Mary Margaret told her. Emma seemed to smile just a tiny bit and hugged it closer, wrapping her blanket around it a little. “That’s a very pretty blankie.”

“I can keep it? You don’t think I’m too big?”

Mary Margaret shook her head. “Of course not.” She knelt back down in front of Emma. “I know you’ve had a hard time, Emma, but I promise we’re the good guys. We want you to be happy here.”
Emma bit her lip as she stared up at her. She wasn’t sure if she could trust her or David yet, but she wanted to. “Okay,” she whispered.

Mary Margaret smiled and put a hand on Emma’s back. Hopefully in time, they could make her an official part of the family.

Chapter End Notes

As I said, my prompt list is empty, so please send some in!
The Lost Princess

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Holly:
Emma gets kidnapped as a baby, years later whilst visiting another kingdom they see her running around a village with other children but she has a new name and doesn't remember them or being a princess.

Snow sighed as they entered the village. It was summer break, which meant that all the children were off for spring break. David slipped his hand through hers, squeezing it. The past 4 years had been incredibly hard to see any children at all. Their happiness of being new parents had been short lived when Emma had been snatched from her cradle. They never stopped searching, but there were no leads. Clearly whoever had done it, had magic and was doing a good job of concealing it. The king and queen couldn’t even bring themselves to try to have another child. Nothing could ever replace their Emma. They would never give up searching, but all just seemed hopeless at this point.

That was until Snow saw a face in the crowd of children. She did a double take, the little girl looked just how she always pictured a child of her and David’s would. Her eyes glanced down past the little girl’s short sleeves and she saw it. When Emma was born, she had a heart shaped birth mark in the same place. David had said it was proof that she was a result of true love. Sure enough, it was there.

“Emma,” she breathed. David looked, wondering if his wife was just seeing things, but then he saw the birth mark. The little girl looked to be the same age that Emma would be, had tumbles of blonde curls and green eyes.

Quickly, Snow rushed over to the children she was playing with. All halted upon seeing the royal couple. They had heard that Snow and David were visiting the king and queen of their own land, all of their parents had told them that they were to be on their best behavior. One by one, they all curtseyed. Normally Snow would give them all a smile, but her eyes focused on Emma.

“Emma?”
She shook her head. “Sorry your majesty, my name is Leia.”

Before Snow could say anything more, she noticed that a woman and a man looking nervously at her. She didn’t even have to turn to David, he had the guards on the couple right away. Their
running was no match for them. Emma turned around, her eyes widening.

“Mama! Daddy!” She called out after the couple.

Snow shook her head, gently putting a hand on Emma’s arm. “Em…Leia, sweetheart, please come with me.”

“But…my mama and daddy…”

“They’re…” Snow didn’t want to lie, but she also didn’t want to scare her. “They just need to talk to my husband. Can you come with me?” She didn’t want to let Emma out of her sight ever again, but she had a few words for this couple.

Emma looked hesitant, but nodded. She took the hand of the queen and allowed her to lead her off to their carriage where she was guarded by a few guards. Snow followed to where her husband and the guards had the couple cornered. Getting a closer look, she recognized them. The woman was Cleo, she had once been a maid for the palace. She had quit just a couple of weeks before Emma’s birth. Her husband, Gareth, had been a stable hand, who had actually “aided” in Emma’s search.

“You have 5 minutes to explain,” David said to the couple gruffly as they were shackled.

“This is all a big misunderstanding,” Cleo tried to say. “Leia is our daughter.”

“Her name is Emma!” Snow shouted at the woman, getting up in her face. “You stole my baby from me and I want to know why!”

Cleo was clearly trying to continue to play dumb, but Gareth let out a long sigh. “The jig is up, Cleo.”

“Gareth!” She tried to protest.

“We’re surrounded, there’s nothing we can do now.”

Tears filled Cleo’s eyes. “It wasn’t fair! You could have babies, we couldn’t! We tried for so many years! You could always have another!”

Snow wanted to feel pity for this woman, but she couldn’t. “There was a point when we believed I wouldn’t be able to, but we found a cure. Had you shared with us your struggles, we would’ve been more than happy to help Cleo, we always were. Do you not remember that we paid for your and Gareth’s wedding? We would’ve done anything for you two and you repaid us like this.”

“Please, at least allow us to say goodbye,” Cleo pleaded.

Snow swiftly shook her head and turned on her heel. She wasn’t sure if she was being cruel, but she didn’t care. These people had robbed her of 4 years with her baby girl, years she could never get back. Who knew how long it would take for Emma to understand the truth? As far as she was concerned, she owed them nothing. David held her hand as they walked back to the carriage. Emma sat there, biting down on her lip, clearly looking frightened.
“Leia,” David said, gently, knowing that she didn’t know herself as Emma. There was a chance
that would never again be her name and they had to face it. “I know this is hard to believe, but Cleo
and Gareth, they aren’t your parents.”

“Yes, they are,” Emma protested.

“No, honey, they’re not.” Snow reached into her travel bag and lifted out the blanket, the same one
that Emma had been wrapped in her first few weeks of life. “I know this is hard to believe, but
you’re a princess. You were born to us, Cleo and Gareth, they took you from us. This was your
baby blanket.”

She offered the blanket to the little girl, who carefully took it. Her eyes started going crazy and she
dropped it.

“I...I saw something, like a dream,” Emma told them. “You...you were holding me. When I was
lots smaller.” She didn’t realize that it was a vision and it was all still so confusing. She still
thought that Cleo and Gareth were her parents, but she believed the people standing in front of her.

Snow and David sat on either side of her, pulling her into a hug. It was time to bring their little
princess home.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my
Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Snow knew the day was coming as Emma got older. After all, she shared her first kiss with Hercules when she was the same age as her. However, she wasn’t expecting Emma to bring someone like Nathan home. Snow and David weren’t against their children dating non-royals, how could they given the fact that David had started off as a shepherd? They did expect that their children’s suitors would treat them with respect. Nathan wasn’t exactly that type. He was known as the local bad boy in the village and stole from several vendors. It wasn’t a situation where he was stealing to survive, like Snow once had, his parents actually had very good jobs. No, he did it just for “fun”.

For some reason, Emma was attracted to him and accepted his date to a harvest party that was down by the creek. Snow had told David they should let her go, they trusted her. When Emma came back drunk, they realized what a mistake that was. Even so, they felt stuck. If they banned Emma from dating this punk, that’d make him even more desirable. Instead, David tried to have a calm chat with Emma about it. One afternoon after she completed her lessons, he asked her to join him for tea. She accepted the invitation and they headed to his study.

“Emma, you’re a very beautiful young woman, your fierce and kind,” he told her as he stirred sugar into his tea.

Emma smiled at her father, adding the same amount to her own. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“Which is why I’m confused.”

Emma’s brows furrowed. “Excuse me?”

“You’re dating someone like Nathan…”

Emma’s tea cup clattered with the saucer, causing her father to give her a stern look. She knew better to be more careful with the china.

“You think he’s some loser because he’s not royal?” Emma snapped.
“No. I don’t think he’s a loser at all. I think he has a reputation,” David clarified. “And not a great one. I know he doesn’t treat young ladies well and while I can’t control his actions, I don’t want him treating my daughter like that.” She rolled her eyes. “Watch your attitude, young lady.”

“I won’t. I’m almost a woman, you can’t tell me what to do! If I want to date Nathan, then I’ll date him!”

She got to her feet and stomped out of the room. Snow had been standing on the other side of the door and couldn’t help but notice there was a small smile on her daughter’s face. She took hold of her elbow.

“Emma Ruth, what are you up to?”

“Nothing.” Emma pulled away, but didn’t move, she knew better given the look her mother was fixing her with.

“You’re driving your father crazy on purpose, aren’t you?”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about.” That only got her another look. “I’m serious, Mom.”

She turned on her heel and headed down the stairs. Snow still continued to ponder her daughter’s actions. She was suddenly reminded of a time when she first started realizing that Regina was pulling away from her. She started doing crazy things to get her attention, including chasing after a young man who wasn’t exactly the best for her. She knew her husband wasn’t ignoring Emma, so it had to be something else.

That’s when it hit her. Their youngest daughter, Diana, was getting older and had just attended her first ball. As he had with Emma and Mathilde, he had the first dance with her. However, Emma had been too young at Mathilde’s to know that her father was doing so. Emma was testing her father, to see if he still cared. That was exactly why she got so happy after he confronted her about Nathan. Snow let out a sigh, glad she caught onto it early.

A few days later, Emma decided to go with one final test for her father. She headed downstairs around dinner time where her parents were waiting on her other siblings.

“Emma, you’re not dressed for dinner,” Snow commented, though she had a feeling she knew what was going on.

“I’m going out with Nathan. We were thinking about heading to the mountains for the picnic.” She knew that her father didn’t think the mountains were very safe, he never let her go with anyone but one of them or a guard.

But to her surprise, her father merely shrugged. “Have fun, sweetheart.”

Emma’s mouth dropped open. “Excuse me?”
“I said, have fun. Just make sure you’re not back too late. You have your archery lessons tomorrow morning.” He kissed the top of her head.

Emma stared at him for a moment, wondering if it was some sort of trick. She put on her shrug.

“All right…well…I’m going.”

“All right, baby,” he told her.

“I’m seriously going to go. To the mountains.”

“I heard you the first time.”

She turned around and walked out of the room, expecting him to pop out and tell her to get back there. But she made it all the way to the front door without him calling back to her. She even opened the door and shut it, but nothing. Why was her father acting like that?!? Did he seriously not even care?!?

Emma stormed back down the hall to give her father what for, when she heard his worried voice coming from the dining hall.

“I shouldn’t have done that,” he said.

“Charming…” Snow tried to start, but was swiftly interrupted.

“No! What was I thinking? I stooped to her level, Snow. She’s my little girl, I don’t want her going anywhere with that punk, let alone those dangerous mountains! I don’t care if she’s just playing games, I am not about to let her get hurt!”

Emma felt the tears gather to her eyes. Maybe she had been a bit rash to think he didn’t care about her anymore. She rushed back into the dining hall and threw her arms around him. David was caught off guard by this, but hugged her in return. Snow smiled at the two, there was a long chat ahead of them, but maybe now Emma knew better. No matter how badly she tried to test her father, he’d never go anywhere.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Mum's The Word

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by JustMeAndMyKeyboard (make sure you check her out if you haven’t already!):
Young Emma in the Enchanted Forest hears a secret that she shouldn't have heard. Her parents then have to stop her from telling the wrong people.

Since I can't make polls on AO3 like I can on FF, I'm debating on what to do for my next multi-chapter story. You guys can vote in the comment section.
Option 1: Exploring “Awake” more, which showed Snowing being brought out of the curse before everyone.
Option 2: “She Will Be Loved”, which is a remix of The Lost Get Found and I have a lot of ideas for it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma knew better than to be eavesdropping on grown up conversations, she had been told such several times by both of her parents. She had gotten a bit better about that, ever since her birthday present had been spoiled as a result, but she was 7 years old and curious by nature. As she walked outside her mother’s study, she could hear her parents’ talking in hushed voices. She leaned up against the door and did her best to hear through it.

“I just didn’t think it would happen so quickly,” Snow’s voice came out clearly first.
Emma could hear her father laugh. “Well, to be fair, we are very much in love.” She made a face as she could hear them kissing. Why did grown-ups have to be so gross? “I’m just so excited.”
“Me too. We’re going to have another baby.”

Emma let a gasp escape her lips. Her mommy was going to have another baby??! The thought was so exciting, she loved her little brothers and had been begging them for a sister for so long. She couldn’t believe her luck. Sure, she knew there was a chance it could be another brother, but ever since her auntie Ella had another girl, she was positive that her mommy would have one too.

What she didn’t realize, was that her parents had heard that tiny gasp. The door to the study opened and there they stood, looking stern. Emma gave them both her most charming smile.

“Hi Mommy, hi Daddy!” She said, waving at them.
“Emma Ruth, what have we told you about eavesdropping?” David asked. As Emma started to slip into a puppy dog pout, something he couldn’t stay mad at, he held up a hand. “Don’t even go there, young lady, you know that’s not fair.”

Emma let out a long, exaggerated sigh. “I’m sorry. I just like to know what’s going on.” She turned to her mom, beaming. “Mommy, you’re having a baby!”

Snow looked around to make sure that no one was listening and then knelt down before her daughter. “Yes sweetheart, I am. I know this is very exciting, but you mustn’t tell anyone.”

The little girl’s brows furrowed in confusion. “But why, Mommy? Aren’t babies a good thing?”

Snow sighed. She knew this was going to be harder to explain. Emma had only been 2 years old when Neal was born and with Charlie, she had found out when everyone else did. She didn’t quite understand why some women chose to wait until the second trimester before telling anyone that they were expecting a baby. Snow wasn’t quite sure how to explain that either, her daughter was so young and innocent.

“Babies are a very good thing; however mommies and daddies sometimes like to wait to tell people, just in case something goes wrong.” She saw Emma’s eyes go wide. “Nothing will, I promise you. But it’s…um…”

“A superstition,” David offered. He knew it wasn’t a good way of putting it, but he knew Emma had been learning about those.

“Oh.” Emma thought about it for a minute. “So, I can’t tell Neal or Charlie?”

“Not yet, honey. They’re too little to understand that it needs to be a secret. You’re old enough, though. Can you please wait until Mommy and I make the official announcement?”

Emma nodded. “Okay.” She was quiet again for another moment. “Does this mean I’m finally getting a baby sister?”

Snow laughed. “We won’t know until he or she gets here.”

“Okay.” She walked over to Snow’s still flat stomach and gave it a kiss. “See you soon, bubba or sissy!”

As she skipped down the hallway to go to the playroom, David and Snow shared a smile. Emma was a very good big sister to her brothers and they knew she would be to her little sister. They had already figured it out with the necklace that Ruth had gifted Snow, but some things had to stay a secret after all.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my
Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by DC the Cat:
A sequel to Temporary Home. Emma spends her first full day with Mary Margaret.
That night Emma finds a book titled Once Upon a Time and the Clock at the town square starts to move.

Emma stood nervously outside the door, Sylvia standing beside her giving her a warm smile. They had been in Storybrooke for a few days by that point and Sylvia had been nervous that Mary Margaret wouldn’t get to fill out the paperwork and all soon enough. Then she ran into a very nice (though a tad creepy) man by the name of Mr. Gold. He was a lawyer and used his connections to make sure that Mary Margaret was a licensed foster parent. Now Emma was going to be moving into her loft. Mary Margaret opened the door, a big smile on her face. She had seen Emma a couple of times since the diner, but now it was official. She was going to be her foster mother!

“Hi Emma,” she said. “It’s nice to see you again.”

“You too,” Emma replied with a small smile of her own. She was still jaded, but wanted to be hopeful about Mary Margaret. She was a single woman, with no other children. Just maybe it’d all work out.

Mary Margaret lead the two inside and filled out the final bits of paperwork. Sylvia promised to be in touch and assured the girls that she could contact them if there were any problems. She didn’t think there would be though, she could tell how happy Emma was already. She had a good feeling about Mary Margaret and the town. Maybe, this could be Emma’s forever home.

Once Sylvia was gone, Mary Margaret lead Emma up to the bedroom she had set up for her. Due to the stairs, she had considered giving Emma her bed downstairs, but decided she needed her own room. She had personalized it as much as she could for the young girl, putting up posters from Marvel and DC comics (which Emma said were her favorite) and had stocked the shelves with comic books. There were even some board games stacked up in the closet.

“This is really my room?” Emma asked in amazement. She had had her own room before, but nothing this nice. She didn’t even care about the lack of walls.

Mary Margaret nodded. “Yes, it is. We could change the bedding if you’d like, or get different posters…”

Emma shook her head. “It’s perfect.” She set her suitcase down on the bed and pulled out her baby
blanket. Mary Margaret grinned at the sight of it, she had spotted it when she visited her and Sylvia at the inn. Her grin faded though when she saw that Emma only had a couple of outfits and not even any pajamas.

“Is that all you have?” The young girl instantly looked down, blush creeping up on her face. “Oh sweetheart, I didn’t mean to make you feel self-conscious. We have to get you a uniform for school anyway, how about I get you some new outfits?”

“But you haven’t even gotten your first welfare check.”

Mary Margaret’s smile returned. “Don’t worry, it’s on me.”

The whole experience was so foreign for Emma. Mary Margaret got her so many new outfits, on top of the uniforms she had to get for school. She got a Wonder Woman backpack with matching lunchbox and pencil case. Most stuff she got was hand me downs or donated items from the state. She didn’t even ask for most of it, Mary Margaret just threw it in the cart, not even blinking at the total. Afterwards, they dropped the stuff at the loft before having a picnic lunch in the park. They ran around like silly afterwards, going on the slide and swings.

It was the best day that Emma had ever had. She didn’t even want it to end and then she remembered when she woke up in the loft come morning, she would get to spend more time with Mary Margaret. The thought excited her beyond belief.

That night, while Mary Margaret was cooking dinner, Emma was unloading her new school supplies. Just as she was selecting a few comics to bring to school, she came across a hardcover book. There were some others, but she recognized the Nancy Drew titles. This one stood out to her. It had “Once Upon A Time” sprawled across the front. Emma flipped through it, seeing the graphic novel like drawings along with the stories. From a quick glance, she could tell they were a different take on the classics. She shrugged and put it in her backpack, maybe it would be something fun.

Little did she know, in the center of Main Street, the clock that had been stuck for 10 years started to move for the first time.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
PolskiaChic18 sent me a few very wonderful prompts. I decided to go with this one, because it caught my attention with the Grandpa Charming feels. I’m setting this as a canon divergence of season 2 where Neal never got sent through a portal and Henry wasn’t kidnapped: David gets jealous of Neal, because he’s been Henry’s only father figure and now has to share the role. He talks to Emma about it.

“Yeah, no buddy, it’s alright, I understand it. I’ll see you tomorrow night?” David paused to allow his grandson to talk. “Oh, okay, this weekend then. Love you too, bye.” He hung up his cell phone and let out a sigh.

David loved that Henry had such a large family, it was quite the contrast to what everyone else in his life seemed to have, but sometimes it made it hard to make plans with him. With Neal in his life now, he had three parents, none of which were together or even lived under the same roof. Henry primarily lived at Regina’s though he spent most weekends at the loft. However, with Neal back, he tried to fit in some time sleeping at the Gold residence to make up for some lost time with him. He had just been blown off by his grandson to go catch a movie with Neal. He understood why he was doing this. Unlike Emma and Regina, there was a lot of things to catch up with when it came to his father. They had missed 11 years of potential bonding and they needed time to get back that back.

He knew it was silly, but there was a part of David that felt…jealous of Neal. While he liked him fine (he was slowly working to get over what he had done to his daughter), he couldn’t help but feel replaced. When Snow and Emma were stuck in the Enchanted Forest, David had taken care of him. They had built a pretty solid bond and while he always knew that he was “Grandpa”, for so long he was the only father figure that Henry had. It was hard to share that title now, or even give it up all together. Deep down, he knew that nothing could make up for those lost years with Emma, but Henry helped soften the wound. He wasn’t a baby, but he was still a kid. There was lots to teach him. That was, if he ever got a chance.

Emma could tell her dad was feeling a little down after the phone call, though she wasn’t sure how to broach it at first. While she had finally started calling her parents “Mom” and “Dad” when they thought the diamond was going to kill them all, things were still a little awkward. She didn’t want to step on his toes or push him in any way. She just hated seeing him so blue.

“I got you another coffee,” Emma said, setting it down on his desk. David gave her a small smile in
“Thanks.”

“It’s no problem.” She settled herself down in a chair near him. “So…Henry say something to upset you? Because I can ground him, ya know.”

David chuckled, though it quickly turned into a sigh. “No, it’s not Henry. It’s just…I love that he has Neal in his life. I didn’t have my father in mine, at least not really.” He barely remembered Robert, as he had died when he was only a little kid. “So, it’s good that Neal’s around. It’s just…for so long…”

“It was almost like you were his father?” David looked up at her in shock. “Hey, I’m one of his two moms. I know a thing or two about feeling in second place.”

“But that’s a little different. You actually are Henry’s mother, I was never his father.”

“No, but to be fair, I gave Henry up for adoption. I’m very lucky that Regina allows us to have the schedule that we do and I know she only does it for his sake. There are times when he forgets I’m not her and tries to tell me an inside joke or remind me of something that he did before he found me…” She trailed off, gnawing on her lip. “It sucks. I know he’s happy and I know now that Regina is good, but it is hard to share.”

David rubbed her back, he hadn’t meant to open any wounds for her. “I’m sorry.”

“No, I am.” She looked up at him and gave him a small smile. “I get it, really. Just know that Henry loves you, a lot. Do you know that he’s teaching Neal to sword fight with the wooden ones you got him?” David couldn’t help but beam at that. “He loves spending time with his grandpa. I’m sure it’s just as hard on him to have to split his time between so many people.”

“Maybe we could work out a weekly family dinner?” David suggested. “Your mother, me, you, Neal, Regina, Gold and Belle? That way Henry could see that we really are one big family.”

Emma smiled. “I think he’d like that more than you think.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
A sequel to “Lady of the Night”. It's been a while and Snowing has been helping
Emma recover from her addiction. She reveals more of her past and she's getting closer
to a relapse. Snowing ends up telling Emma who they really are.

Trigger warning for mentions of past abuse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t easy, not by a long shot. When Emma first came to Storybrooke, she was still trying to go
back into her old ways. Eventually, she agreed to start seeing Archie to get some help. In time, she
revealed a very dark history of physical and sexual abuse. She felt that the only way she could be
loved was to sell her body. It made Snow and David sick to hear, to think that their baby girl had
been prostituting was bad enough, but to hear even more of her past was heartbreaking. It was no
surprise that she ended up how she did, she barely had any positive influences in her life growing
up.

As the months went by, Emma was slowly getting better. She didn’t try to sell her body anymore
and was clean from drugs. She worked with David at the station, even made friends around time.
Little by little, it was clear that she was trusting the people that she didn’t know to be her parents.
After 6 months, they wondered if maybe the worst was behind them.

Unfortunately, they got their hopes up too soon. Henry wasn’t stupid, he knew when Emma
showed up in town, that she was his birth mother. He also knew that she had a lot of work to do on
herself, before she could even start to be a part of his life. He agreed with his mother and
grandparents that he wouldn’t tell Emma about his true identity. She would be kind to him in
passing and it was clear they had a special connection. He even shared with her the book, though of
course he didn’t try to convince her it was all real.

However, things took a turn for the worse when Henry took it upon himself to decide Emma was
ready to know that she was his birth mother. She didn’t know how to take it at first. She was angry
at Snow and David for lying to her, worried that Regina would never think of her as fit. She felt so
many emotions coming back, ones of feeling worthless and horrible.

Luckily for her own good, there were no drug dealers in Storybrooke. As much as Emma wanted to
get a fix, she couldn’t find any. So, she decided it was time to get the heck out of dodge.
Snow and David came home from the store to find Emma packing the little possessions she owned into a suitcase.

“Emma, what are you doing?” Snow asked.

Emma sighed. “Mary Margaret, I can’t thank you enough for all you two have done for me, but I can’t do this. Not anymore.”

“Emma…”

“I just need to go back to Boston. I have friends there…”

“No!” David interrupted her quickly.

“With all due respect David, I’m a grown woman. I can do as I please.”

“Emma, you’re not going back there. You have made so much progress. We won’t let you go back to your old lifestyle.”

“Won’t let me? Like what, you’re my parents?” She scoffed and shut the suitcase, clicking it shut.

Snow and David exchanged a look. They had discussed this at length with Archie. A part of them knew there was always a chance that Emma would never know the truth about who they were and they had to accept it. It was a pretty strange story overall. But at the same time, they couldn’t lose her. Not again.

“We are,” Snow said, softly. Emma gave her a look as though she were crazy. “I know this is going to be hard to believe, but that storybook that Henry has, they’re not just stories. They’re real, Emma. My name isn’t Mary Margaret, it’s Snow White. You’re the baby in the book. We put you through the wardrobe to protect you, there was no other way.”

“We love you, Emma. We never told you this, because we knew it was hard to believe…” This time it was David who got interrupted.

“ Heck yeah it’s hard to believe, in fact it’s too much so.” Emma’s eyes filled with tears. “Is this some kind of sick joke?”

Over the past few months, of course she had wished that Snow and David were her parents. They were kind to her, they gave her a home when she didn’t have one. Mary Margaret made sure she ate warm food, David was protective. She never really had true friends, so she thought maybe that was just what they were like. It was ridiculous to think of them as parents, they were the same age for crying out loud! Maybe somehow they had figured out about her feelings and just wanted to scare her off. She could feel her breathing quicken as the tears fell down her face. How could they do this to her? Why couldn’t they just let her go easily?

Snow and David could tell what was going on and decided to go for it. They had been warned by
Archie that while they did share true love with Emma, that if a kiss didn’t work (just as it hadn’t when they had done it under their cursed personas), that it could cause major regression on Emma’s progress. But right now, it seemed all her hard work was going out the window. They didn’t have anything to lose.

Together, they stepped forward and each kissed one of her cheeks. Emma’s breathing suddenly halted and her tears paused. Before her eyes, she could see it all. Mary Margaret and David holding her after she was born, David rushing her to the nursery and putting her in the wardrobe. She saw the curse breaking and their true reactions to seeing her on the street corner. They looked so broken themselves, so sad. It was a look she knew all too well, she saw it every year on Henry’s birthday when she was reminded that she couldn’t spend it with him.

Emma dropped to her knees, feeling completely overwhelmed. The tears raced down her face. It was true, all of it. The people standing in front of her, the kind strangers that had taken her in, they were her parents. Snow and David knelt in front of her, telling from her reaction that she believed. They wrapped her into her arms and she buried her head into David’s chest.

She wasn’t going anywhere, never again. She was home.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
This was a prompt submitted to me by Oncefan123:
Emma and Snowing fall through a portal. Snowing becomes extremely protective of
Emma. I’ve set this as a canon divergence to the 3B finale. Remember, Emma wasn’t
calling them mom and dad yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

David and Snow couldn’t just let Emma walk away. They knew that there was no way that she’d
leave town without Henry and most likely just needed space, but they had to be extra space. Ruby
had been kind enough to watch the baby for them so they could follow her. They kept their
distance as she cooled off on a bench, before heading for a barn. There was a huge light being
forced out from under there. Emma was heading straight for it, they knew it was time to intervene.
Snow grabbed hold of Emma’s elbow.

“Emma, wait!”

Emma wasn’t surprised at all that her parents had followed and she didn’t have time to deal with
them. “It’s Zelena’s time portal. Regina just sent me a text, she died and triggered it. I have to find
a way to close it.”

“You don’t have your magic,” David reminded her. “It’s not safe here.”

“Look, I may not be sticking around, but while I’m here I’m going to protect the town!”

Before any of them could respond, the door was blown open, the force causing them all to fall onto
their backs. The magic from the portal caused them to slide down their backs straight towards it.
They gripped to each other and David tried to grab hold of something to stop it, but it was too late.
They fell through before it closed up all together.

When they came to, they were in the middle of the woods somewhere. Snow was clinging to
David, but somehow Emma had slipped from her grip and was against a tree.

“Emma!” She jumped to her feet and ran to her. “Are you okay?!?” She helped her up, looking her
over, David doing the same.

“I’m fine, I’m fine. We should just figure out where this time portal took us,” Emma replied, trying
to pull away from her parents, but realized that Snow was not going to let go of her. She sighed and
looked around, her eyes widening. “I think I just figured it out.”
Her parents followed her glance and saw a wanted poster on the tree, for Snow. They all exchanged a look of dread.

“This is bad, this is really bad. Not only are we stuck in the past, we’re stuck in a period where the Evil Queen wants your head on a stick,” Emma muttered. She knew that wasn’t exactly helpful, but she wasn’t sure what else to say.

David sighed, trying to think of a plan. “We need to stay out of sight while we’re here or at the very least, blend in.”

“I believe I can help with that, dearie,” a familiar voice said behind them. They turned around to find Rumpelstiltskin standing there, looking as sparkly as ever. “So, I see that the curse is broken, the three of you are reunited.” Before they could ask how he knew that was Emma, he shook his head. “Mother’s chin, father’s hair…”

“Can you help us or not?” Emma interrupted.

“And tact,” Rumple finished off with a smirk. “It’s clear you’re from the future, another realm.”

“We need your help,” Snow said. “We’re willing to pay whatever price, but we know time travel is tricky. Anything that we do could mess up the past, including Regina seeing me.”

“Don’t worry, I’m going to take a memory potion after this. It’s all free, I need to make sure my curse goes to plan, now don’t I?”

With a wave of his hands, Rumple transformed them into clothes more befitting of the Enchanted Forest. It almost took Snow’s breath away to see her daughter in a proper ballgown. It nearly matched the one David had seen her wear in his dream of her during their year apart, except it was a lovely shade of red.

“This is nice, but Regina will still be able to see Mary Margaret…or, Snow, as she’s known here,” Emma pointed out, shifting uncomfortably in her dress. Though, it wasn’t as bad as she thought.

“Aye, I thought of that, dearie.” Rumple conjured a mirror and showed them their reflections. They didn’t look the same. “A glamour spell. I’ll take it off when this little mission is complete.”

“How do we get home?” Snow asked.

“Simple really, I have a wand somewhere in my castle. I’ll have my maid look for it. In the meantime, please do try to blend in.”

That apparently proved to be harder than any of them thought. Emma accidentally ruined her parents’ meeting. Knowing what dire consequences it could lead to, they set on a mission to fix it. It included making up a backstory and convincing the past version of David to let them help. However, along the way, something went wrong. The past version of Snow was caught by Regina,
which meant she was going to be executed. Emma knew that her mother was really standing beside
her, but knew what this meant. If Regina killed her in the past, she wouldn’t exist in the present.
Watching her burn alive caused tears to pour down her face, completely break. She had just gotten
her mother back and now she was losing her, all over again. David held onto both his wife and
daughter while it happened.

They were confused as they were still able to walk about with the past versions of David and Red.
If Snow had been killed by Regina, all of them should’ve been obliterated. Instead, they realized a
bug was swarming by. Past David remembered the powder he told her about, the ability it had to
turn anyone into the smallest bug. She planned on using it on the queen, but maybe she had used it
herself. The Blue Fairy appeared, confirming it. When she appeared, Emma felt relief fill her.

“Snow!” She rushed to her, throwing her arms around her. The Past Snow didn’t know the stranger
of course and the look on her face, made the other Snow’s heart sink. “You’re alive!” Tears of joy
poured down Emma’s face.

“Yes…I am….” Past Snow patted her back and pulled away before seeing Red. “Red!” She
beamed, running straight into her arms.

Snow could see the look on Emma’s face, it was one of pure heartbreak. She stepped forward,
putting a hand on her arm, but Emma merely pulled away.

It took time, but the story finally managed to get back on track. Past Snow tried on her future
mother-in-law’s ring before the two separated. Snow smiled up at her husband, remembering their
story. Now they would have two love stories and they found that pretty unique.

They headed back to Rumple’s castle, where he had found the dagger that would help them home.
However, he said they needed Emma’s magic to make it work before removing the glamour spell
and disappearing.

“You can do it, Emma,” Snow tried to encourage her. “After Zelena died, all her spells were
undone. That has to include what she did to you and Killian.”

“You think I’m faking it?!?” Emma snapped. “If I could do it, I would. I don’t want to be stuck
here anymore than you two do.”

David gnawed on his lip. “I think maybe,” he was being as gentle as he possibly could. “Not
having magic would make it a lot easier to go back to New York with Henry.”

“Your father’s right, honey. Maybe…maybe it’s time to stop running.”

Emma let out a small sigh. “Don’t you think I know that?” She could see the confusion in her
parents’ eyes. “Yes, I run, that’s how I’ve always survived. But not this time, I want this to work. I
want to go back, I want to stop running.” Her voice cracked at the last sentence, causing even more
confusion to fall upon her parents.”

“What changed your mind?” Snow asked.

She looked at her, her face softening. “Watching you die.” Before she could say anything more, she held up her hand. “Thinking you were dead…it was one of the hardest things I’ve ever been through. When I found out you were alive, I was so relieved. But you…you didn’t recognize me.”

“Emma…”

“No, I know. It wasn’t you, or at least, not a you that knew you were a mom. But I hugged her…you…and you know what I saw in your eyes? Nothing.” Tears filled her own eyes. “I had saved you…but I had lost you too.” A tear fell down her face. “That’s what I’ve been doing to you since I met you.”

Snow felt her heart break. “Sweetheart, please, I understand…”

“Please don’t make excuses for it. It’s not okay. Yes, I had issues, but I didn’t let you in, I didn’t want to. I was scared, scared that I would lose you,” she looked over at her father. “Both of you again. It’s gotta stop. When Henry brought me to Storybrooke, he told me I was the savior. I didn’t see what he was really doing, he was not bringing me back to break a curse, he was bringing me home.”

Her parents looked at her, feeling a soaring feeling go through their hearts. Emma was opening up to them, really opening up to them, for the first time. They clutched each other’s hands, tears falling down their own faces. Emma smiled despite her tears.

“Neal was right,” she whispered.

“About what?” Snow asked, softly.

“You don’t know you have a home until you just miss it. And being here with you two these past few days and then losing you in a way, it has never made me miss you more. Storybrooke, it’s my home.” Her smile widened as she looked at them. “When we get back there, I’m going to stay. Mom, Dad, I love you.”

Snow and David pulled her into a big hug, the latter of which cradled the back of her head as they hugged.

“We love you too, baby,” David whispered.

Who knew it would take a portal to get this out of Emma?

As they pulled apart, Snow glanced at something and gasped.
“What?” Emma asked.

“Look down.”

Emma looked and saw that the dagger was glowing now. Her magic was back. All it took was her admitting where she truly belonged. She grinned at them, linking arms with each of them.

“Come on, let’s go home. We have a baby’s christening to get to, don’t we?”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Blood Type

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by DC the Cat, inspired by an episode of Beyond Belief: Storybrooke AU. Mary Margaret and David have been together for years. They’ve always found it interesting that they were born on the same day. They later find out something very interesting…

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It’s strange to think that the whole thing would’ve gone unnoticed, had Mary Margaret not needed a blood transfusion. She was in a car accident and while she was fine for the most part, she had lost a lot of blood. Naturally, they went to her parents. However, it came out that while both Ruth and Robert had Type A, their daughter was Type B. According to the hospital, the odds of that being possible were zero. Luckily, they were able to find a donor…in David’s mother, Eva.

When Mary Margaret found this out, she wasn’t exactly surprised. Growing up, she didn’t feel that she resembled either of her parents. While they were both pushing 6 feet, she fell in at 5’4. She had dark hair and a very fair complexion, while they were both originally blondes. But her parents swore up and down that she wasn’t adopted and she had no reason to feel that they would lie.

David was a little perplexed by this as well. He had been tested when his fiancé was in need of blood, only to find out that he was Type A. His parents were both Type B. Once again, he didn’t think he was adopted. But also like Mary Margaret, he didn’t feel he resembled his mom and dad at all.

Still curious, Mary Margaret continued to do some digging of her own. She had always been told that she was born the night of a very bad snow storm, it was why she was dubbed with the nickname “Snow” (Ruth had actually wanted to name her that, but Robert shot it down). Due to all the hysteria and the need for a C-Section, Ruth had been unconscious when the surgery was going on and Robert wasn’t in the room. In the other operating room, it was the same story with Leopold and Eva.

It was only then, that Mary Margaret came across something very odd. “David!” She called for him. He entered the room, seeing a bunch of files out.

“What’s all this?”

“I got the records from the night I was born. This whole blood type thing has been bugging me.”

David settled down next to her. “Well, what’d you find?”
“You see this piece of paper, it’s the original intake after I was born, or at least supposedly. Looks like the nurse wrote down boy but then it was crossed out and they wrote down girl.”

David smirked. “Well I know you’re a girl, I can vouch for that.”

Mary Margaret rolled her eyes. “David, I honestly think it’s more than that. How would a nurse get something like that mixed up?”

“It was a busy night after all, you said you were born during a very bad snow storm. Maybe she just got you mixed up with another baby.”

Mary Margaret chewed on her lip. “Or she got the babies switched.”

Knowing he was born in that same snow storm and just to prove to her that she was wrong, David requested his own records from that night. At first, things were standard. Birth certificate had Leopold and Eva’s names on it, had the correct information. But then he reached the same piece of paper that Mary Margaret had. Sure enough, where they were meant to write the sex they had written down girl, but someone else later crossed it out and wrote boy. Eva’s labor story was very similar to Ruth’s, she had a C-Section and had been knocked out for it, while Leopold waited in the waiting room. That was actually how he had met Robert.

Suddenly, both had a sinking feeling in their chests. It took some arm twisting from their families, but soon the truth was out.

Mary Margaret was the biological child of Leopold and Eva, while David was the biological child of Ruth and Robert. One huge hospital mix-up had caused a whole lot of drama. It was decided the wedding would be put on hold as they figured out how to deal with it all. While Leopold and Eva wanted to sue the hospital, Robert and Ruth didn’t see the point. A family feud broke out, complicating matters further.

It’s what lead to Snow and David eloping with only a few close friends present. It wasn’t until the birth of their first child that the families managed to come to their senses and get their acts together. Things would always be crazy in their family but they’d make it work, for Emma’s sake.

Chapter End Notes

I watched the episode this was based on and apparently this really happened (though I don’t know if they still got married after they found out). Crazy, huh?
This was a prompt submitted to me by A:
Snow becomes the Dark One instead of Emma. She is sick of losing her family and having to make sacrifices just to keep them. She takes her family to a hidden location in Storybrooke. Never again will she lose her husband, babies or grandbaby.

It had all happened so quickly. Emma had stepped up to take on the darkness so it wouldn’t kill Regina. Snow couldn’t bear the thought of it. Just as Regina had worked hard to find her happy ending, so had Emma. She had already nearly died over the past few weeks due to her parents’ failing her. Snow was going to be damned if she let it happen again. Before Emma could tether herself to the darkness, she rushed to her side and pushed her out of the way, taking it on herself.

“MOM!” Emma shouted, as David pulled her back to protect her. He didn’t like that his wife was doing it either, but knew there was no talking her out of it.

“I love you!” Snow called out to them, over the whirlwind of black. “You can save me, I know you can!”

Everyone watched in shock as it took on Snow. They watched the smile drain from her face and a flicker of dark took over her eyes. Soon, she disappeared and in her place was a dagger. The name that had once read “Rumpelstiltskin” now had a name that no one had ever expected to be in it’s place.

Snow White.

Emma looked up at her dad, both of them feeling absolutely broken. They took hold of the dagger and tried calling for her, but it didn’t work. Regina explained that meant that she wasn’t in this realm, that she had to be somewhere else. Unfortunately, there was no way to get to her. There had been a pendent, but Zelena stole it to go back to Oz, along with her special slippers. They were stuck. All they could do was wait for the day that Snow returned. David knew his wife all too well. There was no way that she would be gone too long, she wouldn’t want to miss a moment of her children’s lives if she could help it.

It only took a week for Snow to appear again in the loft. David rushed to her and kissed her, but something felt different. Her lips were colder, she even looked different, much like she had in Isaac’s alternate reality. She gave him a smile that didn’t quite meet the eyes.
“I made sure that I could protect you all and that is exactly what I am going to do,” she told them.

Emma looked up from Neal, who she was rocking. Henry was nearby, leaning into his mom. He wasn’t scared of his grandmother, but he didn’t recognize her. Before any of them could question a thing, Snow used her newfound magic to summon her dagger and connected it with the Excalibur. She waved her hand and they all disappeared in a cloud of red smoke.

When they appeared in their new location, Emma realized they were in a house. She looked out the window and saw nothing but the woods.

“Mom, where are we?”

“A place where no one can hurt you, baby,” Snow replied, putting a hand on her cheek. “I am so tired of losing you, your father, your brother, even my precious grandson.” She looked down at Neal in Emma’s arms and took him. “It’s okay, sweet pea. You’re safe now.”

David knew this was the darkness taking over his wife, which of course came with paranoia. Rumple had explained she might act like that, he had been similarly protective with Baelfire once he came into his own.

“Snow, honey,” he wanted to stay calm, not to freak her out. “Where exactly are we?”

“A secret location. Don’t worry, the fridge is stocked with plenty of food. There’s enough room for all of us. Neal, Henry and Emma even have their own rooms. There’s comic books, T.V, I can conjure up anything you please.”

Everyone stared at Snow in shock, unsure of what to do or say. Emma ran for the door, not nessecarily to escape her mother, but just to test the boundaries. It wouldn’t budge, which just made the slow smile go back across her face.

“I wouldn’t bother with that, Emma. I have it charmed, the windows too. We’re all going to stay here until I deem it safe. Now, I’m going to make dinner, you three settle in.”

Still holding Neal, she headed into the kitchen. Emma, David and Henry all shared a look. This wasn’t Snow, not the real one anyway. They had to figure out a way to snap her out of the darkness, but how? They were in the middle of nowhere, surely she had thought of making sure that locator spells couldn’t be used. Emma even had a magic preventing cuff around her wrist.
They were all trapped, under the “protection” of Dark Snow.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumbrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
One Week: Part II

Chapter Notes

A guest requested to see a sequel to the very first one shot I did for this little series “One Week”. I’ve decided to set this as after Emma broke the curse.

It had taken Emma less than a week to realize that her mom was right. This place was different. There was just something off about it. The fact that the mayor seemed to hate her guts, despite not knowing her at all. The way she looked at her mother spoke volumes, too. There was just no way they didn’t know each other. Yet, as far as she knew, her mom had never been in this town before.

Then the John Doe in the hospital woke up and she was even more convinced. He was just how her mom had described him, it was almost creepy. One by one, things just didn’t seem to be coincidences. When she realized that the mayor’s son was the baby she had given up for adoption 10 years prior (which her mother and brother had no clue about, she kept that secret well hidden), things only seemed to get weirder. When Henry ate the apple turnover and she touched the book, she was hit with a million memories, ones that her newborn self would’ve had, ones from her parents. It was true, all of it. Her entire life hadn’t been a life, August and Snow had been telling the truth.

Things only seemed to get weirder after that. True love’s kiss between Snow and David had turned back the clock, making her the same age as him, which meant she and Emma were as well. It was odd to see her mother that way, but she was happy. Emma was trying to be as well, getting to know her father. She knew that he would’ve gone through the wardrobe if he had known the truth. And if she wished for that, she’d wish that August was never her brother and she didn’t want that either. Things were just complicated.

It wasn’t just David and Emma who had time to make up for, he and his wife had 28 years missing years. While he had spent a majority of that sleeping, she had been leading a very busy life. While she had filled him in on what Emma was like when she was little and showed him every picture and home video, she had been keeping one thing from him: that Emma hadn’t exactly lived in the way he would’ve hoped. Emma had kept their constant traveling from him too, but he was starting to catch on. He knew that the two had a falling out when Emma was 18, he just didn’t know why.

“We all make mistakes, Snow,” he told her one night after Emma and Henry had gone to sleep. “Whatever it is, it’s okay. Nothing could ever make me stop loving you.”

Snow sighed, running her fingers through her pixie cut. “I didn’t know where you were, you know. It took 28 years for me to even find out that Storybrooke exist. So, I traveled all over the country
looking.”

“And you left August and Emma alone?”

“No, of course not. I brought them with me everywhere that we went.” She saw David frown. “It meant they switched schools a lot, couldn’t really make permanent friendships. I just…I had to find you. Not just for me, but for Emma too. She needed a father. I couldn’t just sit around and wait 28 years. Looking back, there were probably better ways of going about it…” She trailed off with a frown of her own. “It caused me to barely be in Emma’s life for 10 years. She was so mad at me, she was convinced I was lying to her, going on some wild goose chase. It was sheer luck that I got her to come here, it was my last chance.”

David could see the guilt laying heavily on Snow’s face. He moved closer, pulling her into his arms.

“You know, if I was in your shoes, I don’t know what I would’ve done.”

“You don’t have to say this.”

“I know I don’t. Look, what you did, it might’ve been the right thing. Or it might not have been. You can’t go back in time and change that. Maybe if you had looked from one place, you wouldn’t have ever found Storybrooke.”

“But Emma…”

“Think about it. The only reason why August believed is because he lived it. Emma wasn’t even born in the Enchanted Forest, she was born in this world. She probably would’ve gotten sick of the story by 18, anyway and your relationship would be strained. I’m not going to say this was the best choice, but I trust you when you say you were doing all you could. You did a great job with Emma. She’s an amazing woman and I couldn’t be prouder of her. Please don’t beat yourself up over this, we can’t turn back the clock.”

Snow let out a deep breath, burying her head into his chest. She knew he was probably right, but guilt for how she had raised Emma would always linger. A part of her just blamed the curse. If not for that, she wouldn’t have had to make the choices she did in the first place. If not for any of it, they could’ve just raised Emma together, as they should’ve been.

But there was no turning back the clock, all they had was the future. And at least they had it together.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
Trigger warning for mentions of past sexual abuse. One of Emma's old foster fathers who sexually abused her when she was a young child somehow finds a way into Storybrooke. Emma is with Snowing when this happens and automatically starts uncontrollably shaking and dives into Snow's arms. Leads to protective Mama Snow and Daddy Charming.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma loved days like these, when things were quiet. She and her father were both off from the station, it was the weekend so her mom didn’t have to head into the school. Neal was on a playdate with Alexandra and Henry was with Regina, so it was just the three of them. That was something extremely rare and while of course Emma loved her extended family, it was always nice for it to be just the three of them.

That was until she caught sight of someone. She wasn’t sure if she was seeing correctly at first, but then she got a better look. She started shaking without really noticing it. Snow and David hadn’t noticed until they were several paces in front of Emma and turned to ask her what her opinion on their debate was. They turned back and saw her shaking, eyes wide and extremely pale. They followed her train of sight and saw him. They instantly recognized him from their land, he was a man by the name of Frollo. How did Emma know him? And why was she so scared?

Before Snow could say anything, she felt Emma flying into her arms. She hugged her tightly and buried her head into her chest. Out of reflex, Snow wrapped her arms around her tightly, rubbing her back.

“Please don’t let him hurt me again,” she whispered.

Snow looked down at Emma. “Sweetheart, what happened? How do you know Frollo?”

“I didn’t know him as Frollo.” Her voice sounded so young, afraid. “He was Claude, one of my foster fathers. He…he would come into my room at night…and…and…”

The tears started falling down her face, she couldn’t finish the sentence, but she didn’t need to. Snow held her as tightly as possible while David clenched his fists. He had no clue how Frollo had ended up in their current world all those years ago, but it didn’t matter. For so long he had wanted to get justice for Emma when it came to her past, he could finally do it now.
After quickly calling for backup, he rushed over to Frollo, grabbing him by the wrist. The villain looked up in confusion.

“Your majesty, it’s been too long, how may I help you?”

“You can start with this.”

David’s fists collided with his face, causing him to fall back into a brick building. Frollo gasped, glaring up at him before looking around. He noticed Emma cowering into her mother’s chest and finally connected the dots. He had fallen through a portal years ago and needed a way to survive. Given his history with Quasimodo, he decided to continue caring for children, trying to find one that would never leave him. Emma had been the perfect target. Having been bounced around from home to home, she was looking for a permanent place. He had taken complete advantage of her. Eventually, Emma requested to be moved, but never reported him. Frollo had heard of his former land being in a small town in Maine, so he had decided to move there. Good for Emma, as her abuser could finally go to justice. Not so good for the villain, not that anyone would care about that.

“You’re a sick son of a bitch and if my wife and daughter weren’t standing right there, you’d be dead,” David told him, his eyes turning dark. He rarely got that way, but no one hurt his daughter. He grabbed Frollo by the collar and pulled him to his feet just as the squad car came by. One of the officers stepped out, allowing David to assess the situation.

“He punched me in the face!” Frollo tried to argue as he was handcuffed.

“From the sounds of it, you deserve it,” was all the officer replied as he lead him to the car.

David walked over to his wife and daughter. He knew better than to touch Emma at that point. In the moment, she just needed her mom. Snow looked up with her husband, having one of their patented silent eye conversations.

“Alright baby,” she whispered. This wasn’t like Emma, not at all. That’s how she knew she was truly scared. “Daddy took care of the bad man, we’re gonna go home, it’s okay. He can never hurt you again, I promise.”

Together, they carefully lead Emma back to the loft. Day by day they were learning more and more about her childhood. Sometimes it was a sweet memory, others were ones ripped straight from a nightmare.

Chapter End Notes
Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Snow had finished putting on her rider clothes and examined herself in the mirror. There was a sudden knocking at her door.

“Going riding again?” Leopold asked.

“Yes, daddy,” she replied with a soft smile.

Leopold gave her a confused glance, but didn’t push. Snow was 18 years old and had been taking riding lessons since she was a young girl. In fact, she had actually stopped for a period in her teens, only to start a few months prior again. She claimed it was because she had nearly been threw off and wanted a refresher, but he was still unsure. Even so, he had never been one to deny his daughter of anything, so he watched her walk out of her room.

Snow made her way to the barn and smiled upon seeing the stable boy, David standing there. He had grown up on a farm, but now it was struggling. In order to make more money to help his parents survive, he had secured the position of working on the castle’s grounds. He looked up at the sight of Snow and grinned.

“Your majesty, how may I help you?” He asked.

“I’m here for a riding lesson.”

She walked over to him, wrapping her arms around his neck, kissing him passionately. David smiled within the kiss, deepening it. The attraction that overcame the two once he started working there had been too much for either of them to deny. Though, he didn’t understand just what she saw in him in the first place. She was a princess, she could have her pick of many rich suitors. But instead, she wanted him. He was nothing but a shepherd turned stable boy. While his parents’ farm was doing much better now and they no longer needed his assistance, they were still poor. He would never be able to offer her the lifestyle she was accustomed to. She kept talking about running away to live on the farm, saying she could help, she didn’t want to be a princess anymore. She just wanted to be with him, forever.
David had tried many times to end it, but every time he looked her in eyes, he didn’t want to. He felt so selfish, but deep down he knew she was his true love. Even if they came from two very different worlds.

“I have something for you,” he told her once they had finally pulled apart.

“David, I don’t need gifts…”

“Don’t worry, I didn’t spend any gold or silver on it. It’s a family heirloom.” He got down on one knee and pulled his mother’s ring from his pocket. A gasp escaped Snow’s lips. “I know I can’t give you the world, like I wish I could. All I have is this ring and my love. I promise to love you every day for the rest of my life. Will you marry me?”

Tears crowded Snow’s eyes. “What do you think?” She whispered, holding out her hand so he could slide the ring on it. He stood up and she gave him another kiss before laying his head on her chest.

Once David had saved up enough money to feel that he could help his parents should the farm fail again, Snow felt confident enough to tell her father that she was in love with the stable boy. Just as she suspected, he was not approving of the union. He wanted his daughter to marry a prince or a noble. He gave Snow a choice: being a princess or a shepherd’s wife. He got his answer the following morning when he entered her chambers to find her room empty.

David and Snow were married in a small ceremony on the farm, with just his parents, brother and their good friend, Red, in attendance. They were married by a disgraced knight that they had met in their travels by the name of Lancelot. Their vows were sealed by true love’s kiss.

In just 9 months time they would welcome their daughter, Emma. They were young, but in love and they knew they could find a way to make it all work. Snow didn’t miss the palace or her former life. As long as she had her daughter and husband, that was all she needed.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
It's A Twister

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Oncefan:
A tornado is in Storybrooke. Snowing has to protect and keep Emma, Henry, and baby Neal safe.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This is just like the Wizard of Oz!” Henry shouted excitedly. The three adults exchanged a look, leave it to the teenager to be the only one excited during this. “We should look out the window, see if Zelena’s gonna ride by on her bicycle. Maybe she’ll have even kidnapped Wilby.”

“No, no, no, stay away from the window,” Emma told him, fixing him with a look that let him know she meant business.

The tornado had seemingly come from nowhere. It was rare for them to get any, but this one was coming fast and furious. It almost seemed lucky that they had just moved onto the big farm. David had just got back in from making sure that all the animals were safe. Neal had long since drifted to sleep in his mother’s arms and all they could hope for was that he’d stay asleep through the storm.

“We need to get to the storm cellar,” David told them.

“This is just like the movie,” Henry repeated, clearly still excited. Emma wrapped a protective arm around him as they rushed out the door to the cellar.

Once they climbed down inside, Emma looked around. Clearly her parents had prepared for any emergency. There were cases of water bottles stacked up against the wall along with nonperishable food items. There were also some board games and sleeping bags, everything they needed to wait out the storm. David started filling in snack orders while everyone settled onto the sleeping bags.

Snow could tell that Emma was a little freaked out by everything, yet she knew just what to do. She remembered that Emma had spent a good chunk of her childhood in the Midwest and this was most likely not her first tornado. As David and Henry settled down to set up Cards Against Humanity, Snow moved closer to Emma.

“I’m assuming you experienced quite a few of these growing up, huh?” She asked.

Emma nodded. “We weren’t always so lucky to have a cellar to hide in. Even if we were, sometimes the damage was just too much.” She bit her lip. “I had this really great foster family
when I was about 8 or 9. A tornado came through and we were safe through the storm at a neighbor's. But when we got back to the house, it was completely destroyed. Social services wouldn't even let me wait until they rebuilt. They sent me a town over and I never saw them again.”

Snow frowned, rubbing Emma’s back. Little by little she was learning more and more about Emma’s past and just how heartbreaking it was. One of the few good homes she ended up in, got taken away from her due to one of these storms. It was now clear why her typically cool, calm and collected daughter was freaking out. She wrapped an arm around her and kissed her head.

“Do you think your father and I would have gotten this farm without getting Regina to place a protection spell on it? We worked way too hard to get here due to villains and curses. This place is storm proof, of any type, I promise you,” she told her, kissing her cheek. “It won’t be like your foster home.”

Emma spared her a smile. “Thanks, Mom.”

Henry and David called them over for the game. They played it along with a few others. Eventually, they could hear the storm heading above them. The noise woke up Neal and he began crying. Snow rocked him while she kept a tight arm around Emma. David noticed that Henry no longer thought any of this was cool. The color from his face had drained and he buried his head into his grandfather’s chest. David hugged him tightly, rubbing his back, whispering soothing words into his ear.

Eventually, the storm passed. Once they knew it was safe, they got out of the cellar and looked around. There was a tree that had fallen in the road, along with a couple of powerlines. A few houses had some minor damages, but overall, the neighborhood was okay, including their home. They knew one thing, they had come out of this tornado extremely lucky.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Mean Girls

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
14-year-old Emma thinks she’s not skinny enough and stops eating due to some mean girls at a ball making fun of her. Snowing finds out and comforts Emma.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma frowned as she looked in her mirror. Just a week ago, she wouldn’t have given a second look and would’ve skipped down the stairs to eat breakfast. Today, though, she hated what she saw on the other side. To her, her stomach and chest looked weird in her dress, as if it were too tight. She knew in the past months she had to have new ones made and now she believed it was because she was getting fatter.

Emma had her friends, but even for a princess, they weren’t that many. She was okay with that. Alexandra, Melody, August and Grace were more than enough for her. Unfortunately, she had to be around other teenagers now that she was getting older. Recently she went to a ball for a duke and duchess in a neighboring kingdom. They had the ball split up into three separate parties: one for the adults, one for the teens and one for the smaller children. It was nothing new for Emma, however it was one where none of her friends were present. August and Grace weren’t royal and Alexandra and Melody’s parents hadn’t been invited. She was forced to socialize with people she didn’t know too well. Most were cordial, but there were the daughters of the couple throwing the ball. Coraline and Missy were known to have less than desirable attitudes, allowing their parents’ status to go to their heads.

They made several comments about Emma’s eating habits. They commented how much food she was putting away, pointing at her new curves, accusing it of being fat. They were skinny and flat chested, so Emma began to wonder if there was truly wrong with her. Pretending to be her friend, Missy introduced her to crash dieting. She said she did it occasionally before a new ball, but told Emma she could do it until she lost the weight.

Emma had barely eaten anything since then. A salad here or there, maybe a handful of grapes, but that was it. It had caught the attention of her parents. Emma was never one to eat like a bird, she typically filled her plate and polished it right off. They were getting worried.

Just as she entered the dining room that morning, they could see the look on her face. David had decided to go to the local village and buy some chocolate croissants for breakfast. They were popular with the children and always a special treat. Already the younger members of the family had polished theirs off and were heading off to play. Emma gave them all a polite smile as she grabbed a piece of melon from the fruit bowl and popping it into her mouth.
“There’s a couple of croissants for you,” David told her, gesturing to the pastries.

“It’s okay, Daddy. I’m not very hungry,” she replied, quietly.

“Emma, you once had the stomach flu and were trying to convince us you were well enough to have one,” Snow reminded her, stepping forward. “Sweetheart, you’ve been skipping meals and just barely eating enough to get by lately. What’s going on?”

Emma chewed on her lip. She knew her parents were going to find out eventually, she believed chances were that they were embarrassed by their chubby daughter.

“I’m just trying to lose a little weight,” Emma mumbled. “I mean, I’m sure it’s annoying to have to remeasure all my clothes. I was just doing what Coraline and Missy told me to do.”

David and Snow exchanged a look of dread. They had heard far too many rumors about how nasty those two girls could be. Even so, they couldn’t believe they had been so nasty to their baby girl. Snow stepped forward, placing a hand on her daughter’s cheek.

“Sweetheart, you don’t have to lose any weight, you’re perfect just the way you are.”

“But my dresses…”

“You’re getting older, going through puberty.” Snow gave her a soft smile. “Just like your mama, you’re a bit curvier than other girls. It doesn’t make you fat, it’s completely healthy. We have a bit more padding than everyone else.”

Emma blushed a bit, she couldn’t believe she hadn’t put two and two together. “Are you sure?”

“You’re not fat, Emma,” David told her, stepping forward to kiss the top of her head. “Even if you were, being bigger doesn’t make you ugly. You’re quite beautiful. Do not listen to those nasty girls. Please don’t starve yourself, it’s not healthy. There is nothing wrong with you, you’re perfect just the way you are.”

Emma gave both of her parents a small smile before settling down at the table and taking a croissant. Maybe she would have just one. David and Snow knew it was going to take more than one talk to undo the damage of those nasty girls, but they would do it as many times as it took.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my
Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Emma had been living with Mary Margaret for a few months and she was getting very convinced that the stories in the book were true. Not only was the baby in the story named after her, lots of other things added up. There was a young woman who had just moved out of her evil step-mother and step-sisters’ homes, clearly Cinderella. The mayor, Regina Mills, was quite obviously the Evil Queen. She wasn’t the only one who believed either, a teenage boy named August had come through town and told Emma his own story.

She didn’t try to tell anyone, though. She knew that Mary Margaret was cursed and wouldn’t believe. She didn’t want her to send her back. Plus, a part of her wondered if maybe she was wrong, if everything was a coincidence. She remembered running into August a few years prior when she had been living on the streets. Why hadn’t he said anything then? She was just proceeding with caution. Mary Margaret was the best foster home that she had ever been in, she had even said a few things about adopting her. So, she was just working on doing quiet research with August, who would babysit her when her foster mother had meetings or had to help her students.

One rainy afternoon, Mary Margaret could tell that Emma was bored. She was going to skip her volunteer shift at the hospital since Emma’s playdate had been cancelled, but had another idea.

“Emma, do you want to come with me to the hospital?”

Emma looked up from her comic book. “I’m not sick.”

Mary Margaret laughed. “I know that, but I volunteer there, remember? You can come with me, I’m sure you could bring some smiles to people’s faces.”

“What would I have to do?”

“Just read to them, talk with them. That’s what I do.”

Emma pondered it for a few moments, but figured it’d be better than staying at home. She nodded and grabbed hold of her backpack, heading over to the door. Mary Margaret smiled after her. They had become quite the team, the two of them. They had a schedule down and Emma could be quite
spunky, it was never a dull moment around the loft. For so long she had felt lonely, now she had never been happier. It was why she really hoped that Sylvia would be able to convince her supervisors she could adopt her. Yes, she was a single mother, but why did that matter? Emma was happy and well taken care of.

They drove to the hospital and Mary Margaret signed them in, Emma was very excited to get her own name badge. Just as her foster mother thought, it brightened many people’s day to see a little girl. She talked with them and gave them flowers that Mary Margaret had brought. She even read to a few of them. Eventually, she passed by a room where she saw an odd sign on the door.

“John Doe?” She asked Mary Margaret. “Like a deer?”

Mary Margaret laughed. “It’s a name that hospitals and police officers give people who they can’t identify. I found this man in the woods, he’s been in a coma ever since.”

“Oh. So, he’s not awake?”

“No, but I like to read to him, I think he can hear me.” She smiled. “I have to run these tulips to Mrs. Johnson, do you want to take over for me with him?”

“Okay.”

After promising she wouldn’t leave the room, she headed inside and nearly gasped. The man laying in the bed looked just like Snow’s prince in her storybook. Which meant if it was all true, then he was her father. She had wondered for a long time why she hadn’t been able to find him, now it was clear. Emma walked over to the bed and sat down next to him.

“Hi,” she said, softly. “I don’t know if August is telling me the truth, but I hope he is. I…I really wish that Mary Margaret was my mom, that you were my dad. I know if you are that you gave me up because you had to.”

John Doe continued to sleep, not moving at all. Emma sighed and pulled out the storybook from her backpack. She read to him the story of Snow White and Prince Charming. It always made her smile so wide. They weren’t a typical cheesy fairytale, Snow was a badass and David actually did something unlike his movie counterpart.

Mary Margaret eventually returned to the room, lingering in the doorway. She smiled as she listened to Emma read from the book. She hadn’t even remembered buying it for her, but clearly it meant a lot to her.

“Emma, my shift’s over now. Wanna head to Granny’s for dinner?”

Emma looked up with a frown. “Can I come back and see him later?”
Mary Margaret nodded. “Of course.”

So, during at least one of Mary Margaret’s shifts a week, Emma would tag along. She spent most of the time with John Doe, reading to him from the book. It was pretty big, so it took her awhile to get through. By the third week, she had finished it. Before Mary Margaret could come in and tell her it was time to go, Emma got up and walked over to the bed.

“In the book, true love’s kiss woke up Snow White. Maybe it could work between kids and their parents?” She asked.

She leaned down and kissed his forehead. Suddenly, a rainbow forcefield rippled over the entire room, spreading throughout the entire hospital and whole town. His eyes flickered open and he spotted the little girl standing over him.

“Emma?” He croaked out.

Emma nodded, a huge smile going across her face. “Daddy?”

David sat up, pulling her into his arms, hugging her tightly. “Oh yes, princess.”

Snow ran into the room, finding her husband and daughter cuddling in bed. She knew the truth now, Emma was her daughter, the baby she was forced to send through the wardrobe. The John Doe that she had visited every day for longer than she remembered, was her Charming.

“Charming,” she breathed, running to his side.

David grinned even wider upon seeing his wife. “Snow.” The two kissed, while Emma just smiled at them.

“How?” Snow asked.

“Emma, she saved me,” David said, rubbing his daughter’s back. Snow looked down at her daughter. She had been so much in her young life, she had told “Mary Margaret” several times that this was her best home ever. Would she hold some kind of resentment against her?

But Emma just continued to smile at Snow. “Does this mean I can finally call you, Mama?”

Tears sprung to Snow’s eyes and pulled Emma into her arms, cuddling her close. She pressed a kiss to her forehead.
“Yes, baby. I’m never going to let you go, never again.”

And that was how Emma Swan found her forever home.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts for July Jamboree coming! You can send them in on here or my Tumblrs: just-an-outlaw and justanoutlawfanfiction.
Milestones

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Swanbeliever:
Baby Neal calls Emma “mama” in front of Snow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There are many milestones in a child’s life that are important to parents. For Snow and David, each of Neal’s were extra precious. None of them would ever replace the ones they missed with Emma, but they wanted to make sure that they didn’t miss any with him. From the first smile to the first time he crawled, they documented them all. Each were very bittersweet, as they wondered just how Emma’s would’ve been. She tried to help them the best she could, she knew a few things from her medical records, but clearly not everything could be given. They always told her not to worry about it. The milestones were big for Emma, too, though. Had she been closer in age to Neal, she may not have been able to notice them.

Neal’s first word had been “Mama” followed closely behind with “Dada”. There were a few other ones that he would babble, but for the most part, that was all that came out of the 1-year-old’s mouth. Everyone seemed to be “Mama” or “Dada” to him. Emma was especially hard, because in a way, it sounded just like his term of endearment for his mother. It had yet to happen in front of their mom, but every time Neal would call her that, Emma would quickly correct it. She was definitely afraid of her mom being hurt by this, she knew some parents freaked out over it.

One day, Emma came by her parents’ house to spend some quality family time. As David and Henry cleared the kitchen after dinner, Snow and Emma were in the living room with Neal. He was starting to walk and Snow wanted to show to Emma just how far he could go. Emma moved closer to the table so she could catch him, just in case. It was good she had that instinct because as soon as he let go of the table and took a step, he started to go headfirst back into it. Emma grabbed hold of him and pulled him onto her lap, poking him in the stomach.

“Uh oh, Nealy,” she cooed, a voice she only ever used around her baby brother.

Neal giggled and clapped his hands, looking straight up into Emma’s eyes. “Mama!”

Emma paled, looking over at her mom, who seemed unfazed. Still, she wasn’t sure if that was a good sign or not. “No, no, Nealy. I’m Emma, not Mama.”

“Mama, Mama, Mama!” The baby repeated over and over again.

“Mom, I’m sorry. You have to know…”

Snow interrupted her daughter, looking confused. “I’m not upset, Emma.”
She raised an eyebrow. “You’re not?”

“Of course not. Neal can only say a few things right now. Every female is “Mama” and every male is “Dada”. It’s perfectly normal. I’m not overly concerned about it.”

“I just thought…well all of these milestones are so important…”

“I was the first person he called Mama, that’s what matters. He knows that I’m his mommy and he knows that you’re his sister.” She shrugged. “I know a few parents get a bit more wigged about it than others.”

Zelena’s daughter who was around the same age as Neal was doing the exact same thing as she learned to talk. It made Zelena so upset and Snow really couldn’t understand why. She had promised that she wouldn’t react in the same way. They were just babies and it was just words. All that mattered was that Neal knew he was loved, which he always would.

Plus, it was pretty funny to see Regina’s reaction when Neal spotted and lovingly called out to his step-grandmother “Mama!”

Chapter End Notes

This was my last prompt, so please send me some more in!
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Isaiah Flamez. I chose to have it as a sequel to Always Room For One More:
Emma and her spouse end up having a large family, just like Snowing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma always loved having so many siblings growing up. She wasn’t blind to the stress it brought upon her parents and there were times that she wanted to ring her siblings’ around the neck, but at the end of the day, she was never alone. So, when she got married herself, she decided that she too would have a large family.

Henry came first, followed by Maggie just a couple of years later. Three years after that, she welcomed twin boys, Noah and Liam. Her youngest son, Matthew, came just one year later. It was definitely overwhelming, having 5 kids so close in age, especially twins. There were days she felt overwhelmed, but she just tried to take a page from her parents’ book.

Snow and David were very proud of Emma, her kids were so well adjusted. They were wild ones, just like her, but also very sweet. Their other children had made them grandparents as well, but none as so much as Emma. She and their son-in-law had moved into their summer palace due to their expanding family, but they made a point to see them as often as possible, especially with the birth of the youngest. Emma’s husband was on a diplomatic mission out of the kingdom, so they wanted to help her as much as they could.

“Grandpa! Grandma!” Henry called out, running over to him with Maggie and the twins following close behind.

“Hey kiddos,” David said. “How have you been?”

“Good, Daddy finished our tree house before he left for his trip, do you wanna see it?”

“Of course we do,” Snow told him, bending down to pick up little Noah who had his arms lifted for her.

“Kids,” Emma’s maid appeared in the doorway. “Lunch is ready, you can show your grandparents the tree house later.”

Henry and Maggie pouted, but followed the maid out before the nanny took the twins to make sure they got settled into their high chair okay. Snow and David made their way into the sitting room, where Emma sat just finishing up feeding Matthew. She smiled up at her parents as she adjusted
“Hey, you didn’t want to join the kids for lunch?” She asked.

“We ate before we came,” David replied, settling down next to her on the couch while Snow sat on the other side. “How’s our youngest grandson doing today?”

“He’s good, of course he’s relaxed during the day. It’s at night that he’s a little terror,” Emma said with a soft giggle.

Snow smiled, rubbing Emma’s back. “You’re doing a great job with them, you know.”

“I sure hope I am. I know I make mistakes, every parent does, I’m still nervous.”

“Every parent is worried about screwing their kids up, but you won’t. You show them lots of love and support.”

“Not to mention, they have pretty great grandparents,” David said with a smirk.

Emma rolled her eyes, but did rest her head on her dad’s shoulder. The rest of the day was spent having fun. David chased the boys around the yard, allowing them to show him the tree house. Maggie wanted to have a tea party with Snow, so that was just what they had. Emma watched on as she rocked Matthew. She loved having their own space at the summer palace, but she did miss getting to see her parents each and every day. They were so good with their grandchildren. She would settle for their weekly visits, however.

Snow and David stayed for dinner, helping Emma get the kids ready for bed. After tucking in the twins, they headed into the nursery, finding Emma singing Matthew to sleep. The two smiled at her, with David wrapping an arm around Snow. Being empty nesters was tough, but it was made easier when they saw their babies with babies of their own.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in! =)
Sibling Squabbles

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Heeeyyyyy:
In the Enchanted Forest, Emma (14) and Neal (12) get into an argument. Neal ends up hitting Emma, making her nose bleed. They don’t talk for days and Neal feels super bad. Eventually Snowing figures out and intervenes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Neal! You little rat!” Emma screeched. In her hands was the report she had been working on for the past few hours. Neal had ran through, knocking over ink and therefore, ruining it.

“It was an accident!” Neal protested.

“Mom and Dad told you not to run inside! If you ever listened, maybe you’d know that!”

“Oh, like you listen to them? You’re wearing Mama’s lipstick!” Neal pointed to her face. “So, you tell them what I did, I’ll tell them when they get back!”

Emma glared at her little brother and flicked his ear. Neal glared in return and shoved her. Soon, they were rough housing a little bit. Emma eventually had enough. They were teenagers, she felt they were too big for this. She shoved him off of her and jumped onto her feet, heading for the door. Neal was still frustrated and wanted to get his anger out, so he picked up a book, just meaning to throw it at the wall. However, at the last minute, Emma turned around to get the last word. The book went colliding with her nose. Neal gasped, his eyes widening. He and Emma may have rough housed, but he never seriously wanted to hit her. Soon, he could see blood coming from her nose. He rushed over to her.

“Emma, are you okay?”

Emma knew it was an accident but between her report and this, she was just too angry. She had to get out of there before she said something she regretted. “Just stay away from me, Neal.”

The next few days, the siblings didn’t speak to one another. Neal assumed that Emma was still mad at him and would be the first to start the conversation. However, Emma was under the impression that her brother wasn’t sorry since he wasn’t saying anything to her. Both were pretty miserable. As much as they drove each other crazy, they were really close and normally opened up to each other about everything.

Snow and David could tell that something was going on between the kids. Emma had told them that her bruised nose had been a result of running into a door (even if she was mad at him, she
didn’t want Neal in trouble). They hadn’t bought it and were now getting even more suspicious. Eventually, they sat Neal down and got the full story out of him. Learning how apologetic he was combined with the fact that it was an accident, they decided not to punish him. What broke their heart was to hear him say that he thought Emma hated him. They decided it was time for a family meeting.

Emma was called into one of the meeting rooms and found her brother sitting in between her parents. She turned on her heel to leave.

“No, Emma Ruth, if you walk out the door, there will be consequences,” Snow told her.

Emma sighed, settling into a chair. “What?”

“We finally got your brother to spill about what happened the other day. No one is in trouble, though both of you know better than to rough house.”

“Neal also knows he isn’t to throw things in anger,” David added.

Emma slumped further down in her chair. “Okay?”

“However, there is more.” He looked over at his son. “Do you want to say something to your big sister?”

Neal chewed on his lip. “I’m really sorry, Emma. I never meant for you to get hurt. I really was just trying to throw it at the wall. I didn’t say anything sooner because I thought you hated me now.”

The young princess felt her heart sink. “Neal, I could never hate you. I just didn’t say anything because I was being stupid. I’m not mad at you anymore, not really.”

She got up, walking over to his side of the table, giving him a hug. Snow and David grinned at the two of them. Another sibling squabble resolved.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in! =)
Snow and David had both been light sleepers for a very long time. For David, it began when he was a child. As a farmer, he had to rise early and needed to hear his mother whenever she would need him. Snow became one as a bandit. She was never able to sleep for long and had to keep an ear out for Regina or any other possible dangers. Now that they were parents, they woke up even easier. However, Emma was 4 years old and didn’t wake up in the middle of the night anymore. At least not until one random Wednesday night.

A scream came from the family room downstairs. Both Snow and David jumped out of bed, in time to see a portal closing up in the mirror on the wall. Their eyes widened as they rushed over to it. No longer could they see their reflections, but instead Emma. She was sitting in some strange land, clearly scared and crying for her parents. Snow and David tried to communicate with her, but it was clear she couldn’t hear them.

“I’m going to call Rumple, he’ll know what to do,” Snow said, rushing to the phone.

Rumpelstiltskin was not happy to be woken up in the middle of the night, but as soon as he heard what had happened, he rushed right over. He examined the mirror, trying to communicate with the little girl himself.

“Seems that someone cursed this mirror.”

“Well how do we get her back?!?” Snow asked, feeling frantic. “Should we break it?”

“No, smashing the mirror isn’t going to do any good, it’ll only keep her trapped in there longer.”

By then, Emma was sobbing as she called out for her parents. Each sob broke their hearts. Snow put a hand on it, hoping that maybe just a little bit of her love would pass off on Emma.
“We’re right here, baby,” she soothed. “It’s going to be okay, we’ll get you out.”

Slowly, but surely, a part of the mirror began to glow. Snow looked over at Rumple, who seemed to be as shocked as she was. David stepped forward, touching the glass as well.

“Princess, it’s okay, Daddy and Mommy are right here,” he said.

“We love you so much.”

The more words of encouragement they used, the bigger the glow got. Soon, a portal had been built and they could see Emma on the other side, peering out for them.

“Mommy! Daddy!” She screamed out.

“We’re right here, Pumpkin,” David promised. He held out his hand. “Just take my hand, I’m right here.”

“I…I’m scared. It brought me here.”

“And this one will bring you back, I promise. Just take Daddy’s hand.”

Emma hesitantly reached out and placed her palm into her father’s. As gently as possible, David pulled her through the portal and scooped her into his arms, cuddling her close. Snow joined in on the hug, not wanting to let go ever again. As they did that, Rumple closed up the portal and put a charm on the mirror so it wouldn’t open back up again.

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to take this mirror and examine it, I believe it may have great abilities,” He said.

“It’s yours, we don’t want that thing anywhere in our home,” David told him as he cradled the back of their daughter’s head. “Thank you for all your help.”

“I didn’t do anything, dearie. It was all of your true love. That is the most powerful magic of all, after all.” He gave them a soft smile before walking out the door with his new magical possession.

Snow pushed hair out of Emma’s face. “How did that happen, sweetie?”

“I dunno. I heard a noise so I came downstairs and it…it pulled me in.” Emma rubbed her eyes. “Not nice.”

“No, it wasn’t. Come on, let’s all head back to bed.”

“Mommy and Daddy’s bed?”
“Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in! =)
Far Away

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by RaisingStar:
Emma (who broke the curse as a child) is 17 and looking at colleges. Snowing wants her to go nearby, she wants to venture further away.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This campus is so cool,” Emma said in amazement as she looked around the quad. A guide map was in her hand and she was already wearing a hoodie that she purchased from the giftshop.

“It’s nice,” Snow admitted. “But Boston University was a lot closer to shops and stuff.”

“Not to mention Colby was right on the water,” David added.

Emma didn’t seem to hear them, she was busy snapping pictures of everything. Snow and David sighed, taking each other’s hands. Their oldest was going to be starting her senior year in just a couple of months. As a result, they had decided to dedicate their summer to taking her to visit colleges. They assumed that she would either pick one in Maine or even Boston, both fairly quick drives from home. While she had toured Colby (which was only an hour and a half out of Storybrooke) and Boston U (4 hours with no traffic), she had been really interested in University of North Carolina. Not exactly a stone’s throw away from home.

David and Snow were extremely proud of Emma. When she first broke the curse at 8 years old, she was struggling a lot with school. They got her some help, plus Snow had some tactics from her cursed memories as a teacher and could aide her. Now, she was an honors student and had her pick at colleges.

They didn’t want to deny her of her dream school, but it was all so hard for them. They felt like they had only just gotten her back. Plus, they didn’t know much of the outside world. The town line had the curse on it removed 5 years ago and they had been on a few trips, but this world didn’t have magic. Emma being far away scared them, how were they to protect her?

Emma hadn’t noticed how off her parents were acting at first and when she did pick up on it, she assumed they were just missing her younger siblings. However, they had just called Ruby to check in, so she wasn’t sure that it could be that. She turned to face them, getting a better look at their faces.

“Allright, what’s going on?” She asked.
Snow sighed, knowing there was no use in arguing. “Sweetheart, we know how much you love it here. But, don’t you think it’s kind of far away?”

“I mean…I guess. But I could drive my bug down here no problem.”

“We trust your driving skills, it’s just…” David tried to word it as carefully as possible. “What if something happened to you? It’s not like we could get here quickly. If you went to Colby or B.U, we could be there in a matter of hours.”

Emma sighed, she hadn’t really been expecting that. “Nothing bad is going to happen to me.”

“You don’t know that. You haven’t spent a lot of time in the real world.”

“Actually, I have. I spent 8 years in it before August and I broke the curse,” Emma reminded them. “Yes, bad things can happen, but they also do in Storybrooke. Do you not remember that Pan cursed us all to go back to the Enchanted Forest for a full year?”

Snow and David exchanged a look. They hadn’t thought about that counter argument. They didn’t exactly trust the world outside Storybrooke, but they supposed that it wasn’t like Storybrooke or even the Enchanted Forest had been a protective bubble.

“Maybe you have a point,” David admitted. “It’s just hard to not be protective, Em. We love you so much, we just want what’s best for you.”

“I know you do, and I love you for it. I’m so grateful that I have two parents that would do anything to keep me safe.” It had taken some time, but she really did accept all of it now. “But you’ve done a good job raising me, I know I can do this. I can handle the world on my own. Plus, it’s not like it’s on the West Coast or anything.”

The couple sighed, knowing she was right. They stepped forward, each wrapping an arm around her and kissing either side of her cheeks. It was time to start letting go, as hard as that was going to be.

A year later, they were all helping Emma unpack in her dorm at the University of North Carolina. In just a few hours, they’d be heading on a plane back to Maine, leaving a part of their heart behind. But it wasn’t forever, their family could never be separated for long. They couldn’t be prouder of the young woman Emma had become.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in! =)
Law and Order: Aviation Unit

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
Emma realizes she’s inherited her mother’s ability to talk to birds. She’s freaked out by it until she realizes birds make great witnesses to crime.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It came about in the most interesting of ways. Even more characters from the stories in Emma’s childhood were making their way over from the Enchanted Forest. Christopher Robin was one of them and with him, he had brought along his stuffed animals. However, one night a little wish on a star, turned them into real animals. Luckily, they were as sweet as they were in the books. Pooh, Piglet, Eeyore and Rabbit were easy to round up. However, Owl didn’t understand that he had to be turned back to his original state and kept flying around. Emma was out looking for him, cage in hand.

What happened next, honestly freaked Emma out. She could hear Owl hooting, but not only that, she could understand him as though he were speaking English. Even more freaky, she was able to respond and explain the situation to him, in bird language. He flew back to the cage and allowed Emma to return him to Christopher Robin’s for Regina to sort out.

She rushed home to tell her parents, who merely laughed. It was quite obvious where the talent had come from: Snow. She had always been able to talk with all animals, birds especially. Emma didn’t think it was cool, at all. She was still adjusting to her savior powers, now this?!? It was hard to believe that just a few years ago, the only “super power” she had was the ability to spot a lie from a mile away.

A few weeks later, though, she found appreciation for her newfound skill. It was just another day at work, when she got a call that Archie’s car had been vandalized. He had been busy with clients and no one else had been around, so it seemed there was no one to tell just who did it. That was until a little blue jay started tweeting at Emma (all the birds learned that their friend Snow’s daughter had her gift). Emma looked up, carefully listening to what he had to say. He was able to tell her that it had been a drunk Will Scarlet. Sure enough, when Emma got a warrant to search his car, she found the hammers used to destroy it.

That made Emma realize something. In the outside world, police stations had K9 units to help them solve crimes. Storybrooke didn’t have one, but maybe they could have something else.
“An Aviation Unit?” Snow asked when Emma brought it up over dinner that night.

“Yes. Think about it, birds just sit around all day, whether it be in trees or on telephone wires. Sometimes they’re even flying overhead. No one would ever expect that a bird would be able to tattle on them for a crime,” Emma explained.

David grinned. “I must say Emma, this is a rather good idea. I’m sure for a bit of birdseed, they would have no trouble communicating with you.”

“Well, I was actually thinking about that.” Emma looked over at Snow. “While I know this is a skill that we share, I don’t know if I’ll have time to run it on top of my sheriff duties. We have a little money in the budget and I know you’ve been itching to get a new job, one closer to what you did back where you’re from. What would you think about doing this for us? You’d even be able to bring Neal with you.”

Snow beamed. “I’d love to. Plus, your father and you are both at the station during the day. We could spend more time together as a family.”

Emma chuckled. “I knew you’d find that as a plus.”

After clearing it with Regina (who thought it was a genius idea and perfect for Snow), they had a special badge made for Snow. It was official, the sheriff’s station was now seemingly a family business. Emma was the sheriff, David served as deputy and Snow proudly served as the head of the Aviation Unit.

The streets of Storybrooke would officially be protected by the three.

Keep the requests coming in! =)

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in! =)
Regina tapped her foot impatiently while she listened to Snow and a finch communicate. Finally, the bird flew away and Snow scribbled down some final notes before looking back up at Regina.

“I’m sorry, where were we?” She asked.

“The field trip, to Boston. I just wanted to make sure that Henry had everything that he needs.”

“Oh, well, it’s just a day trip so…” Before she could finish her sentence, another finch flew over to report a robbery they had just seen.

Regina let out an aggravated sigh, throwing herself backwards in the chair. Henry couldn’t help but chuckle behind the milkshake he was sipping. It was always pretty hilarious to see his grandmother and mom interact, but ever since the former had started doing the Aviation Unit, it had been even more hilarious. Even on Snow’s off time from the station, she had birds flying over, giving tips and reporting crimes. Even though Snow had taken up working for the sheriff’s station, she still helped out with the school every so often.

“You know, you are off duty,” Regina reminded her. “The birds should leave you alone.”

“They’re just doing what I ask of them,” Snow tried to explain as she put the notebook into her purse.

“Well, you need a life outside your job. Even as a mayor, I have breaks. And I’m using one of them right now to try to talk to you about my son.”

Snow sighed, apologizing for the interruptions. They managed to finish talking about the field trip and what Henry would need. Later that night, while Snow was reading in the living room, Emma came in.
“Hey Mom,” she said, settling next to her. Snow smiled and put a marker in her book.

“Hi sweetheart.” She could tell by the look on her face that she had something to say. “What’s up?”

“I was talking to Regina this afternoon, she told me what happened at Granny’s.”

Snow sighed. “I’m sorry if I annoyed her. The birds just kept coming over.”

“I understand, but Mom, you were off duty. This has been happening a lot lately since you started working for the station.”

“I promised to help keep the streets of Storybrooke safe…”

“I know, but you deserve a break. We all do. Look at me and Dad, we work for the station too, but when we clock out, we clock out. For so long, we did what you did and worked on our off time, but it completely drained us. There’s a reason why we have backup for the station.”

Snow bit her lip. “But I’m the only one who can do this.”

“That may be true, but the birds can wait. Can’t you talk to them and ask for them to hold off on the tips until your shift starts?”

“I guess.”

Emma could tell that this was hard on her mom, she understood why. For so long she had felt the same way. Even now, there were times that she had off when she was tempted to go help out. However, she also knew that she deserved a break. Both her and her father had worked themselves nearly sick. She didn’t want that for her mother. She knew as queen she probably didn’t have too many breaks, but things were different now.

As it turned out, the birds had no problem waiting for Snow to go on her shift. Regina even helped them set up a special system where they could leave messages for her. It took a few weeks for Snow to actually not try to work when she was off the clock, but both Emma and David helped her with that. They spent time with her during their days off from the station and even brought her to their favorite relaxation spot at a creek in the woods. They took Neal and Henry along so they could all have a family picnic. The four worked so hard, they deserved a break.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in! =)
The Coat Off Her Back

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by DC the Cat:
One evening in Storybrooke, Mary Margaret is walking home. Along the way, she meets a homeless teen named Emma Swan.

Mary Margaret pulled at the collar of her coat. Winters in Maine were always tough, but this one had been even more so. She was beginning to regret not driving the short distance from her loft to Granny’s, because now she would have to walk back in the weather after she ate her dinner. As she turned the corner, she saw a young girl sitting on the street corner. She couldn’t have been older than 15. She was wearing a thin long sleeve t-shirt and some tattered jeans. Her blonde hair was in tangles and she looked exhausted. Mary Margaret frowned as she walked closer to her. She thought she knew everyone in their small town, but she had never seen her before.

“Miss, could you spare a dollar or two?” The young girl asked. “I haven’t eaten in a few days.”

Mary Margaret’s frown deepened. “Sweetheart, how old are you?”

“18.” When she could tell that the woman wasn’t buying it, she tried again. “Okay, 16.” When Mary Margaret’s head titled, she let out a sigh. “14, that’s the God’s honest truth.”

“What are you doing on the streets? Where are your parents?”

“I never had any.”

“Everyone has parents.”

“Not me. They abandoned me on the side of the road when I was a baby. I ended up in the system after that.” She bit down on her lip. “I ran away from a pretty bad foster home lately. I’m just tired of the system. Please don’t call the cops, I can’t go back there.”

Mary Margaret felt her heart breaking for the child. She was so young, yet had been through so much. She offered a hand to the girl, helping her off the ground. She shrugged off her jacket and held it out to her.

“Oh no, I couldn’t…”

“Please, I’m wearing this sweater, that shirt doesn’t look near warm enough. You need it more than me.”

The teen gnawed on her lip, but put on the stranger’s coat. “Thank you….” She trailed off when
she realized that she didn’t know her name.”

“Mary Margaret. I’d like to buy you dinner, there’s a diner right over there.” Mary Margaret pointed across the street. “Then maybe if you like, you could come home with me. I live in a loft with a spare bedroom.”

“Oh, I don’t know…”

“I promise, I won’t hurt you. I’m a school teacher. You can stay with me for a while, just until we figure out what to do.”

Mary Margaret knew that she should call the police, but she couldn’t send this obviously scared girl back into the system. She figured she could talk to Mr. Gold. He owned the pawnshop and was also a lawyer. Maybe he could help her get custody of her.

“You don’t have to do this,” the teenager whispered. “No one ever wants me.”

“I do. Please.” She wasn’t sure what it was, but she felt a pull to her. “If anything, you’ll at least have food in your stomach and a warm place to sleep for the night.”

She sighed but then nodded. “Okay. I’m Emma, by the way.”

Mary Margaret smiled. “It’s nice to meet you, Emma.”

The pair headed to Granny’s where Emma devoured a large burger and fries platter in no time at all, along with two pieces of pie. Mary Margaret felt her heart break even more at how fast she ate, while she slowly ate her own food. How could anyone just let her slip through the cracks like that?

When they got back to the loft, Mary Margaret showed Emma around, including where she’d be sleeping. She then leant her a pair of pajamas, noticing the only thing in her backpack was a change of underwear and a baby blanket with her name on it. While Emma took a shower, Mary Margaret phoned Mr. Gold. He didn’t seem interested in helping, until he heard the name of the girl that had been found living on the streets. It was like a switch had gone off for him.

In not even 24 hours, he had managed to pull some strings and made Mary Margaret, Emma’s legal guardian. Emma was astonished when she saw the paperwork, no one had ever fought for her like that.

Maybe there was magic in this little town.

Chapter End Notes
My prompt list is now empty! Keep them coming in! =)
Snow and David hadn’t been planning on adding to their family for a few more years. While in the Enchanted Forest, it would’ve been more likely than not that they would’ve had a big family within a matter of a few years, they were thankful for the innovation of birth control. With all going on in Storybrooke, they wanted to make sure that everything was completely calm before they got pregnant again. They didn’t exactly have the best track record when it came to their babies and curses.

Then one day, Emma told them about a baby girl that had been abandoned at the station. No one knew where she came from, there was only a note saying that the birth mother couldn’t handle her. They were trying to find her at least a temporary foster family until she could be adopted (given her past, there was no way that they were going to chance letting her be in the system forever). Snow picked the little one up from her car seat and felt a tug at her heart. It was the same one she felt the first time she held Emma and Neal. David felt the same way. They weren’t ones to make rash choices, but they knew this one would have to be made. Neal was nearly 2, so he couldn’t really be consulted.

Emma was surprised when her parents shared their desires to adopt her. She knew they wanted to wait a bit before having another child. However, deep down it made her feel happy. She had felt a connection to the baby, almost like they were kindred spirits. She didn’t feel that she was in the place to adopt a child, but was happy to know that she would still be family. This time she knew that her parents had enough love to share with all of their children.

After much deliberation, the baby was presented as Princess Cassie at a small gathering at Granny’s. The whole town was overjoyed to welcome her to the town. Neal was so excited to point out his “Baby Sissy”.

A few months later, Emma stopped by the house for dinner. Henry followed Neal, who wanted to show him his new toy. Emma went into the living room where she found her dad rocking Cassie. She smiled and sat down next to him.

“Where’s Mom?”
“She forgot to get the dessert, so dashed out to the store. I managed to convince her to leave Cassie with me.”

She chuckled. Snow was just as clingy with Cassie as she had been with Neal when he was a baby. “Think she would’ve been like that with me if you guys got to raise me?”

“I think I would’ve been lucky to hold you a dozen times before your first birthday” David joked with a wink. “You wanna hold her?”

Emma nodded, taking her into her arms and cuddling her close. David beamed at the two, discreetly taking a picture with his phone. His eldest daughter caught him making it the lock screen picture on his phone.

“This way I can see both of my baby girls when I go to use it,” he explained.

Emma rolled her eyes. “She’s your baby girl.”

“And so are you. You’ll always be my baby girl.”

She couldn’t help but feel a tiny bit of blush come to her cheeks. Even all these years later, the affection took some getting used to. “If you say so.”

“It’s the truth, Em. I know you know now that Neal wasn’t your replacement, but Cassie wasn’t either. You were our first baby girl and you always will be.”

Emma smiled a little. “I guess it still takes getting used to, being someone’s baby. I wasn’t for so long.”

“Well, get used to it.” David put an arm around her, kissing her cheek

The whole exchange reminded Emma of a song from a particular musical she watched as a child. It was a song she held close to her, because as much as she believed that she was unwanted, she wanted to believe so badly that it could happen and it actually had.

_So maybe now it's time,_
_And maybe when I wake_

_They'll be there calling me baby_
_Maybe_

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming in! =)
Annabelle

Chapter Notes

I received an ask on Tumblr from animecatproductions, asking for something with a young Emma wanting to watch a scary movie. This takes place in a Storybrooke AU setting, with no magic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was hard to have two daughters with a sizable age gap. While Nina was 17 and old enough to do certain things, Emma was only 10 and still quite too young. It was easier when it came to arguments about her and Neal, because he was only 2 years older and his rules were pretty similar. But she completely idolized Nina and wanted to do everything she did. Some things were easier to compromise on than others. For example, when it came to makeup, a tube of chap stick seemed to make Emma just as happy.

However, T.V and movies were a trickier one. Snow and David weren’t one to go by ratings, but they knew what was and wasn’t inappropriate for a 10-year-old. When the movie Annabelle came out, Nina had gone with her friends to see it in the theaters. Emma had been very jealous and insisted on going to see it too. Despite explaining it was for older kids, Emma didn’t care. She just wanted to see it. It had a doll in it, how bad could it possibly be?

Emma’s best friend, Alexandra, agreed with her. So, when their parents trusted them enough to go see Big Hero 6 alone, they decided to sneak into the Rated R flick. It didn’t take long for them to see exactly why their parents didn’t want them to see it. Annabelle wasn’t just any doll, she was a possessed one that was trying to kill the family that owned her. What freaked them out even more was the credits which said that it was based on a true story and that the doll it was based on was still out there, though locked up.

They kept their best poker faces on with Ashley picked them up, making up stories about Big Hero 6. Both were the youngest members of their families, so it wasn’t like they’d be seeing it again. They agreed to never speak of it again. Emma held up to her end of the agreement, despite the nightmares she had. She wasn’t really a doll person, but hid the few that had been gifted to her. However, Alexandra had gone the route of trying to throw out all of hers. When caught by her parents, she fessed up and told the truth.

Ashley called Mary Margaret, filling her in. She was very disappointed that Emma had lied and snuck into a movie she wasn’t supposed to see, but was also concerned about how she was doing emotionally after seeing it. Even Nina had been a little shaken up and she was used to watching scary movies. They decided to wait for Emma to come to them, knowing it could only be a matter of time.
It ended up coming much sooner than expected. Emma woke up from yet another nightmare and hopped out of her bed, running down the hall to her parents’ room. She figured if she said it was just a nightmare and she didn’t want to talk about it, they’d drop it. Mary Margaret and David were still awake, watching a rerun of Friends. They lowered the volume when they saw Emma standing in the doorway clutching her blankie.

“Is everything okay, Em?” David asked.

Emma rubbed her eyes with her fist. “Can I stay with you? I had a bad dream.”

Her parents nodded and parted a bit. She headed straight for the middle, cuddling under their warm duvet. She shut her eyes, feeling safer between them.

“What was the dream about?”

“I don’t wanna talk about it,” she mumbled.

“Why?” Mary Margaret asked. “Was it about a certain doll movie that you shouldn’t have seen?”

Emma didn’t open her eyes, but she was freaking out on the inside. How did they figure it out?

“Alexandra came clean to her parents,” her mother explained, causing her to open her eyes. “We were waiting on you to do the same.”

“I’m sorry,” she mumbled. “I just didn’t see the big deal.”

“We told you it was too scary, Emma.”

“I know.”

“When we tell you not to do something, we typically have a good reason,” David pointed out.


Snow and David had already discussed this at length. “We think you’ve been punished enough. However, we have decided, along with Ashley and Sean, that you two are clearly not to be trusted to see movies alone anymore.”

Emma sighed. She knew she couldn’t argue, they were being more than fair. Stupid movie, why did the trailer have to make it seem so cool?
The movie mentioned is actually one of my favorite horror flicks, haha. Keep the requests coming in!
In The Arms Of An Angel

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by DC the Cat:
Trigger warning for mentions of cancer. Little Emma gets very sick and ends up dying. As they say goodbye, her parents give her, her baby blanket and something very interesting happens...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow and David had seen many people die throughout their life, including those that went far before their time. Their parents and his twin had been no exceptions. However, they had at least reached adulthood.

Their daughter Emma was 5 years old. She had barely lived her life, they felt as though they had barely gotten a chance to know her. She ended up in Storybrooke at the age of 2, ending up as David’s foster child. The curse was broken earlier than planned and the family was reunited. It was 3 years of bliss. That was until just 6 months prior when they found out that Emma had leukemia.

Snow and David were willing to do anything for their baby girl. They were able to cross the town line to bring her to the best specialists, willing to do anything. Money was no object. Unfortunately, money wasn’t a cure. The doctors told them that the best thing was to take her home so she could go comfortably. They didn’t want to give up, but they also wanted to do what was best for her.

One day, Emma just collapsed to the ground. They rushed her to the hospital where she was examined by Whale. He gave the parents news they didn’t want to hear: Emma only had a few more hours. They begged, they pleaded. They offered everything they possibly could, but nothing could be done. So, they each laid on either side of their daughter. They didn’t tell Emma. It was hard enough to explain to a 5-year-old that they had cancer, let alone that they were going to die.

“It’s going to be okay, Mommy and Daddy,” she whispered. “I’m gonna be with my grandparents now. And Uncle Jamie.”

David and Snow looked at her, bewildered. “What are you talking about, sweetheart?” Snow asked.

“I’m dying.”

Neither knew what to say to that. They just cuddled her in their arms, tears pouring down their faces. They showered her face with kisses, hoping maybe true love’s kiss would finally work. Alas,
it didn’t. Emma Ruth Charming took her final breaths being cuddled by the two people who loved her more than anything in the world.

They had cried so much after her diagnosis, once again when she complained about how tired the chemo made her. They cried right along with her when she lost her beautiful blonde curls, though they had also shaved their heads in solidarity. Of course, their hair had grown back, while hers had not. They cried so much, they didn’t think there were any tears left. But as soon as Whale confirmed what they already knew to be true, they began sobbing once again.

Their daughter, their light, their hope, was gone. They had vowed to protect her from every danger and they felt as though they had failed. Never again would they see her smile, hear her laugh. She would never get to grow up, have her first kiss or go off to college. She’d never get a chance to find a prince or princess charming of her own. She’d never start a family. She’d be forever frozen at 5 years old.

After nearly a half hour of holding her and crying, Snow got up from the bed and walked over to the chair where they kept the bag of things they always brought with Emma to the hospital. Slowly, she pulled out her baby blanket. Emma had always been so attached to it, clinging to it at every opportunity she got.

David got up as well. With tears falling onto the fabric, they each kissed it before going back towards Emma.

“She love you, baby,” Snow whispered, her voice cracking.

She tucked the blanket under Emma’s arms. Suddenly, a rainbow ripple overcame the room and a gasp of breath escaped Emma’s mouth. Snow and David clung to each other, their eyes widening as Emma’s own big green eyes flickered open. When she died, she had a red scarf wrapped around her head, she had looked so sick. Now, she looked just as she had before the diagnosis. Her hair was back and her face was full of life.

“Emma!” They cried out, throwing their arms around her, hugging her tightly.

Their true love had always been inside Emma’s blanket, from the moment she was wrapped in it at birth. And in the end, that is what brought her back to them.
Alright, so I broke down crying while writing this, even though I knew how it was gonna end. And I thought I was bad to writing dark things! Keep the prompts coming (though, maybe not as dark?!)!
This was a prompt submitted by oncer4life11:
A sequel to The Coat Off Her Back. Emma gets adopted by Mary Margaret and still ends up pregnant with Henry at 18.

Emma had been sure as soon as the pregnancy test came back positive that Mary Margaret would kick her out of the house. It didn’t matter that the adoption had gone through 2 years ago (it only took so long because of the roadblocks Regina kept putting up), she was still on high alert that anything could get her booted out. Much to her surprise, her mother had been extremely supportive. She was disappointed that it happened, but there was nothing that could be done about it now. She was going to be made a grandma and that excited her.

It was a bit funny to see Emma go from the twig she had once been to growing a baby bump. She liked to joke that all those burgers and grilled cheeses were finally catching up with her. Of course that meant that it was time for Emma to buy some new clothes. However, she hated shopping and was putting it off.

“Ugh!”

Mary Margaret could hear Emma from upstairs. She couldn’t get a good look at her (they had put up curtains so the teen could have her privacy), but these grunts were becoming more prominent. She couldn’t help but giggle a bit. She’d stop by Ashley and Sean’s after work, see if she had anything left over from when she was pregnant with Alexandra. In the meantime, she went to the closet. She discovered some shirts that David had left in there. The pair had been dating for a while and he managed to spend the night, sneaking out before Emma woke up. She grabbed a red flannel one and headed up the stairs.

Emma stood in front of her mirror, her belly poking out from under the sweater that she was trying to put on. She saw her mother and frowned.

“Nothing fits,” she mumbled.

“Time to go shopping, eh?”

“I hate shopping,” Emma whined.
Mary Margaret giggled. “I know. That’s why I’m going to see if Ashley has anything left over from when she was pregnant. She was only a little older than you are now.” She held out the flannel shirt. “David left this here, I’m sure he won’t mind if you borrow it.” David had known Emma for a couple of years and considered himself a father figure in her life.

Emma accepted the shirt, removing the sweater and buttoning it up over her, luckily her mother’s instincts were right and it did fit her. She let out a sigh and sank down onto the bed. Mary Margaret sat beside her, rubbing her stomach.

“Hey, it’s all going to be worth it. Think about it, in just a few months’ time, you’ll get to meet your son.”

Emma smiled a bit at that. “Did I tell you that I picked a name?”

“No, what is it?”

“Henry.”

Mary Margaret grinned. “I like it.”

“It was in one of those baby name books you showed me.” She looked up at her mom. “Are you sure it’s okay that we stay here? I’m sure I could ask Gold if he could help me find a cheap apartment.”

“Sweetheart, you’re my daughter, Henry is my grandson. I want both of you under my roof.”

“And David?”

Mary Margaret raised an eyebrow. “Would you be okay with that?”

“Ever since he left Kathryn, it just seems to be like the next step.” She shrugged. “I dunno. I just think that we could all be one family. The four of us. He told me it’s what he wants, he wanted to make sure I was okay with it before he asked you.”

That made Mary Margaret happy. She loved how much that David loved Emma and cared about her. He never wanted her to feel uncomfortable with anything.

“I still have to think about it, things are complicated,” Mary Margaret said.

Emma nodded, she understood. Mary Margaret and David’s affair hadn’t been easy on either of them. Some people asked how she could bare to not judge her mom. The truth was, a part of her felt as though the two were meant to be. She felt bad for Kathryn, she seemed like a nice woman. At the same time, Mary Margaret and David seemed to share something that she had rarely seen in any other couple: true love. Until she saw them, she didn’t believe it could last. It’s what gave her hope with Henry’s father, even though they were young.
Little did she realize that the family she was rooting for them to be, was something that they already were.

Chapter End Notes

This was my last prompt! Please keep them coming in. =)
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by oncer4life11:
Set as though Emma broke the curse as a teen. She got pregnant with Henry but ended up raising him. When he’s older, he wins an award for a paper he wrote and has to perform it at an assembly. Snowing and Emma go to listen to him talk about his “ohana”.

Guest: You keep submitting that one. My answer stays the same, you’ve had it written already by someone else.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma, Snow, Neal and David settled down in the front row of the auditorium in Storybrooke Elementary School. That night was a talent night where at least one student from each grade would be presenting something. Henry had been nominated by his teacher to present a paper he had written and gotten an A on. Emma was a single mother who worked most afternoons, so she hadn’t gotten a chance to read it yet. Even Snow, who watched Henry after school hadn’t gotten a chance. They were excited to hear it performed live.

“When is Henry coming out?” Neal asked, swinging his legs back and forth. Luckily, he wasn’t jealous that his nephew had been selected instead of him. He wasn’t much for public speaking anyway.

“Soon,” Snow promised.

Kindergarteners through third graders went up on the stage, before finally it was time for the fourth-grade student. David dug out the video camera and set it up, aiming it at the stage. Henry made his way out onto the stage and Emma gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up. He smiled in response, his hand going to smooth out the green dress shirt that Snow had insisted he wear.

“My name is Henry Charming,” he said, his voice coming out confident through the mic. “This is a paper I wrote about what family means to me.” He cleared his throat, adjusting the piece of paper in front of him. “My favorite movie is Lilo and Stitch, because it reminds me of my ohana. Ohana means family, family means no one gets left behind or forgotten. To me, ohana means a lot of things. It means that my uncle is two months younger than me.”

Snow and Emma snickered a bit at that. Both pregnancies had been a complete surprise. As a result, Henry and Neal had grown up more as brothers than uncle and nephew.
“Ohana means having two grandparents that have a pretty epic love story.” David grinned, slipping a hand through his wife’s. “Ohana means having a father who fought for all of us, but who I sadly never got to meet.”

Emma frowned at the memory of Henry’s late father. Snow soothingly rubbed her back, bringing a half-smile back to her face.

“It’s my mom, who isn’t just the sheriff of this town, but the savior. She brought back everyone’s happy ending and she always tells me that I’m hers. I hope she knows that she’s also mine.”

Tears came to Emma’s eyes. She did not think that a 10-year-old’s speech could possibly make her cry. She could tell that tears had gathered in her parents’ eyes as well. They were all holding hands by this point. Neal just gave them a look as if they were from Mars.

“It’s not just defined by blood. I have two sets of grandparents and an uncle, but also many others who have become family over the years. Like Regina, Granny, Ruby, Ella and Thomas.” He smiled over at all of them who were there. “It’s fighting for the ones you love and never giving up on them. It’s always finding them.” He couldn’t help but smirk at his grandfather as he stole his trademark quote. “Because in the end, ohana means family. Family means that no one gets left behind or forgotten. No curse or villain can rip my ohana apart, ever. That is what family means to me.”

The entire audience burst into a round of applause. Emma, Snow and Charming got to their feet, cheering him on. David even let out a whistle, which made Henry blush a bit. He could see the tears falling down his mother and grandparents’ faces, but knew they were happy ones.

He wouldn’t trade his ohana for the world.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming in. =)
Pregnant Behind Bars

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Oncer4life:
Snow and David have raised Emma for most of her life. As a teen, she gets rebellious and runs away. Finally, Snowing finds her, but she’s pregnant in prison. They promise to support her through this hard time.

Wow, 100 one shots. This is really crazy. I want to thank you guys for being so supportive and submitting them. I want to once again thank JustMeAndMyKeyboard, who has been a big support during July Jamboree and starting my own Charming Family one shot series. Cheers to you, friend.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They had been searching for months and it had been the hardest time in their lives. Once Emma broke the curse at only 3 years old, they vowed to never be apart again. This time, the separation hadn’t been the result of a curse or villain. No, it was Emma’s choosing. They had begun arguing about her newest boyfriend. They didn’t think he held the best influence over her and was getting her into some legal trouble.

Emma decided to run away, leaving nothing but a note behind. The police said there was nothing that could be done, because she was 18. No locator spell that Gold had worked, because she had left town. Magic didn’t work in the outside world. The curse over the town line had long since been lifted, so they went searching as much as possible. They put up missing posters, they even used the internet as a way of searching. There were never any leads.

6 months went by and they were beginning to honestly think that they’d never see her again. Then one night, they got a call from a very scared Emma. She said she was sorry, she was so, sorry. David told her it didn’t matter, they’d come get her. They soon found out it wasn’t that simple, she wasn’t exactly somewhere that they could just pick her up and take her.

Leaving the younger kids with Ruby and Dorothy, they took the next flight out to Arizona. They felt nearly violated as they were searched by the guard, but it was all worth it when they were lead to the visiting room. Emma was wearing an orange jumpsuit, looking more tired than she ever had before. They so badly wanted to wrap her in a big hug, but they had been warned that there was to be no physical contact between them. Slowly, she lowered herself into the chair across from them.

“I took off with him, we bopped around for a bit. We kept stealing, just stuff to get by. Or so I
“He ended up lifting some watches and we got busted with them. He took off quickly, so I was left to take the blame.”

David and Snow felt their bodies tense up with anger. Not at their daughter, but her ex. Yes, she shouldn’t have gotten so involved, but this wasn’t her fault. “We’re sorry, Princess,” David said. “But, you only got 11 months, right? Then you can come back to Storybrooke.”

“It’s a little more complicated than that,” Emma whispered. “I…I’m pregnant. I just found out yesterday.”

“Oh, my goodness,” Snow let out a deep breath.

“I don’t know what to do. They say since I’ll have him or her before my sentence is up, he could end up in the system.” She frowned. “I spent 3 years of my life in there, I don’t remember much of it, but I hated it.”

“You won’t have to worry about that. We’ll take care of the baby until you get out and when you do, we’ll help you.”

“This is my mess…”

“And you’re our daughter.” Snow gave her a soft smile. “We love you, Em, and we love our grandchild.” David nodded in agreement. This was going to take some getting used to, but there was nothing that could be done about it now. “Whatever papers we have to sign, we will. I’ll come back down here when you give birth, I’ll be by your side.”

Emma’s eyes watered. “I really don’t deserve you guys.”

“Yes, you do,” David corrected. “You deserve to be loved and supported.”

“But I messed up so bad. I ran away, I…I hurt you. Neal, Mathilde and Charlie too…”

“And you’re going to come home. We’ll rebuild as a family, just like we always do.”

Emma sniffled. “Promise?”

“We promise.”

Those next few months were even worse, because they knew where Emma was, but couldn’t easily get to her. Rumpelstiltskin had tried to use his connections from their cursed time to get Emma moved to at least Boston, but to no avail. Snow and David would visit at least one weekend a month, bringing the younger kids with them sometimes. When Emma was set to be induced, Snow flew down and was by her side during the labor. She gave birth to a beautiful baby boy, one that both women fell in love with right away.

Emma decided to name him Henry. She held him for as long as they allowed, before she was forced to give him to Snow. The look in her eyes broke her mother’s heart. She knew she had the very same when she gave Emma to David to put her through the wardrobe. After kissing her goodbye and promising to care for Henry just as she would any of her children, she walked out of the room. The cries mirrored her own from 18 years prior. Every part of her wanted to run back and beg them to let her go, but she couldn’t. Her baby was paying for her mistakes, legally she was an
adult. There was nothing that could be done.

Two months later, Emma was a free woman. She had thought that being away from her parents and siblings was hard, but being separated from Henry had been even worse. Her parents sent photos, but hadn’t been able to visit since they were now caring for a newborn. Emma worried that he wouldn’t remember her, that he would prefer her parents to her.

David picked her up from the prison and drove her to the hotel they were staying in. She was greeted with big hugs from her little siblings, before making her way to her mom. Snow wrapped her in a hug before pulling away and lifting Henry out of the travel pac and play. She lowered the infant into his mother’s arms. His green eyes lit up with wonder, it was clear he knew exactly who his mommy was.

A tear trickled down Emma’s face. “Hey Henry, remember me? I’m your mommy.” She kissed his forehead. “I’m never gonna let you go again.”

David wrapped an arm around Snow and she leaned into him. They were going to bring their baby home, their family could be complete once again.

Chapter End Notes

These will probably be the only 2 I post today and I’m posting them pretty early in the day. I have work and then I’m babysitting. So, submit some prompts for me to write when the kids go to bed! =)
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
A sequel to Pregnant Behind Bars. Emma is taking care of Henry and one of her siblings wakes up. They end up talking about how while she was gone, they made sure Henry knew who his mother was.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma sat in the living room of the suite that her parents had booked at the hotel. She was sharing a room with Mathilde, but didn’t want to wake her up with Henry’s crying. So, she managed to settle down there to feed him. He had long since ate and drifted off, but she couldn’t bring herself to put him back down. They had been separated for 2 months and he had grown so much during that time. She knew that she was lucky. Some of her fellow inmates hadn’t seen their children in years, others would never see their babies again. Even so, it was still hard to think that there were tiny moments she could never get back.

Henry was good whenever she held him, which surprised her. She assumed he’d want Snow or David, but maybe what everyone said was true. He really was too young, he was just now being able to make out their shapes and faces. Even so, she couldn’t help but wonder if things had been different. What if she had been caught with the whole case of watches and not just one? What if she had gone away even longer?

“Em?” A hushed whisper came from the doorway of Charlie and Neal’s room. She looked up to find the latter standing there.

“What are you doing up, Neal?” She asked.

He shrugged, walking over and sitting beside her. “Can’t sleep, I never can when I’m not in my own bed.”

Emma nodded. “I know what you mean.”

Neal smiled down at his nephew, stroking his cheek. “He looks like you.”

“I see it in the eyes, the chin too, I guess.”

“What was it like…jail?”

Emma bit her lip. She and Neal were only 5 years apart. She had missed so much of his life over the year and a half that she ran away. When she left, he had been just barely 13, now he was in high school. Charlie and Mathilde were too young to really understand where she was when they visited, but not Neal. He knew that it wasn’t just a vacation spot.
“It was hard,” Emma admitted. “Kind of scary, too. I had heard so much about what it was like, there are gangs and stuff. I just tried to mind my own business and get through it.”

“You’re not…you’re not going to go back, are you?”

Emma shook her head. “No, I’m done lifting. I never should’ve done it in the first place, it’s not like I ever needed to until I ran away.” She sighed. “It cost me the first 2 months of my son’s life. I won’t miss anymore.”

“We told him about you, ya know.” She looked up at him, confused. “Henry. I know he’s just a baby and that he probably couldn’t understand, but we told him about you every day. Mom and Dad would call themselves “Grandma” and “Grandpa”. I’d tell him stories about you.”

She couldn’t help but crack a smile. “Which ones?”

“Like how you broke the curse when you were really little. And how you used to sneak me cookies in time out.” He smirked a bit. “Most of all, I just told him how awesome you are and how I look up to you.”

Tears spiked Emma’s eyes. “Neal, you shouldn’t look up to me. I’ve made a lot of mistakes.”

“So has everyone.” Neal shrugged. “You’re still my sister and I love you. I’ve also really missed you.”

Emma let out a deep breath, wrapping an arm around his shoulders.

“I missed you too, kid. More than you’ll ever know.”

“Promise you won’t leave Storybrooke again?”

“Not even the evilest villain could force me away.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in!
The Coat Off Her Back: Part III

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Swanbeliever:
A sequel to The Coat Off Her Back. Snow babysits for Henry while Emma is out. He starts suffering from separation anxiety, which is not like him at all. I’ve decided to set this after Emma broke the curse. I know some people were upset that in the last one, it was implied that it didn’t break after 4 years. I didn’t mean to say that Emma had never kissed Snow. The person who requested it, asked for them to still be cursed so I wrote what I was prompted.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow frowned as Henry continued to wail in her arms, heavy tears falling down his face. She didn’t quite understand why he was so upset. The first few times Emma had left, he’d cry a bit, but then calm down. It had been a half hour and the 18-month-old wasn’t letting up. Snow had checked his diaper and temperature, he was fine there.

“Sweet pea, what is it?” She asked, rubbing soothing circles on his back. “You just had breakfast before Mommy left.” Emma’s name seemed to send him into even more hysterics. She let out a small sigh. “Oh, is that it? You miss Mommy, huh? Let’s see what we can do to fix that.”

Snow went about the loft, trying to find something. She couldn’t FaceTime her daughter, she was in class. She tried using a picture, but that didn’t work. Getting an idea, Snow walked upstairs to Emma and Henry’s room. She found a night shirt that Emma had worn the night before. Since she put it on straight out of the shower, it smelt just like her honey body wash. Snow remembered that a book said that babies were very attached to smells. She slipped it over Henry’s head, the whole thing looking like a dress on him than anything. However, it made the crying stop. He cuddled the shirt closer to him like he would a blanket, sniffling a bit.

She lowered herself down into the rocking chair, still gently rocking him. She couldn’t believe just how much he looked like a member of their family. He had Emma’s green eyes and the chin they shared. To think that she almost wouldn’t have known that it was their chin. When Henry was born, the lights flickered and just like that, everyone got their memories back. Rumple went onto say that it was probably because Henry was the savior’s child, he had seen a prophecy that Henry would have the heart of the truest believer. His birth had broken the curse, which is why true love’s kiss between Emma and her parents never had.

It had been a stressful year and a half, trying to become a family again. While Snow and Emma had formed a mother/daughter bond outside the curse, the daughter and father didn’t quite share the same connection. Sure, David had always been the only real father figure in her life, but she knew
there was a chance he could leave. Now she knew he was there to stay. Not to mention, there was a baby to take care of. As much as Emma tried to insist on doing it all on her own, David and Snow would step in to help.

Emma had managed to graduate from high school but took a year off from college to tend to Henry. Finally, she realized that if she didn’t enroll, she never would. With the curse on the town line being removed after everyone got their memories back, she was able to sign up for some classes at a community college a half hour away. Snow and David were so proud of her, promising they would take turns watching Henry. Snow no longer worked at the school full time and they shared ruling duties with Regina, so her schedule was a tad more relaxed, meaning she typically watched her grandson. Not that she minded in the slightest.

“I think we’ll have a relaxing day today, huh?” Snow asked the little boy, wiping a few stray tears. “Come on, where’s Nana’s favorite little boy’s smile?” She tickled his stomach and it flew across his face. He had that charming smile, one that melted everyone’s hearts. “There it is. Now come on, I think Monsters Inc is calling our names.”

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the requests coming in!
Car Shopping

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by DC the Cat:
Snow and David take Emma car shopping after a meteor hits her bug. They comfort her over the loss of her bug.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Look, this one’s yellow,” David said as they walked past a Mercedes. “Almost like your own bug.”

Emma shrugged. “I guess.”

Snow and David sighed, exchanging a look. They knew this was going to be a hard day. Emma normally hated shopping to begin with, but this was to replace something that meant the world to her. Emma’s bug had been destroyed by something none of them had seen coming: a meteor. Luckily, no one else had been hurt, just the car. No amount of magic seemed to work, most likely because the meteor was a result of a villain trying to hurt others. Emma had put off getting a new car for so long, but she couldn’t anymore. Her parents agreed to come with her to pick out a car.

“You wanna go try to steal a car?” David teased, trying to lighten the mood. The look he got from Emma in return, made him realize that the joke was a mistake. “I’m sorry, I was just trying to make you feel better.”

She let out a long sigh. “I’m sorry. I know I’ve been in a bad mood. It’s just…that car was my baby. It meant the world to me. I know it was never really meant to be mine, but it had so many memories. That’s where Neal and I had all of our adventures. It’s where Henry and I drove home, several times. I even lived in it a few times over the years. It has so many memories wrapped up in it.”

“I understand,” Snow said softly, wrapping an arm around her. “But you know, the bug isn’t where the memories are. They’re right here.” She gently tapped the side of Emma’s head. “Those will never go anywhere.”

“How do you know?”

“Because I felt the same way about my castle. It was where I grew up, where I had spent time with both my parents. Where I was pregnant with you, where I planned everything. When we went back there and I found it destroyed, your nursery included, it broke my heart. But nothing will ever take those memories from me, curses aside,” Snow explained “Your memories from the bug are the same.”

Emma nodded, wanting to believe it more than anything. She hoped in time, maybe it would be
true. Together, they continued to walk around the lot. Eventually, they came across another VW beetle. It wasn’t yellow, but light blue. It was the closest thing that brought even a fraction of a smile to Emma’s face. She agreed to buy the car and drove it home that day. Even so, David could tell that his daughter was still feeling a bit broken hearted. He made a call to Leroy, who had opened up his own auto body shop. He was more than happy to help out.

The next morning, Emma walked out of her house, her mouth dropping open a bit. She blinked a few times, to make sure she wasn’t seeing things. If she hadn’t seen the meteor destroy her car, she would’ve been sure that it was the same one. It was the same shade of yellow, even a little faded. The scratches from the few accidents she had weren’t there, nor was the dent from the chernabog. Even so, it was almost like it was when she stole it over 15 years ago.

“You like it?” David asked. Emma turned around, her eyes wide.

“You…you did this?”

“Leroy did, we managed to find the right paint color and everything. I know we can’t get your original bug back, but maybe this could be even better.”

Emma threw her arms around her father’s neck. He smiled and hugged her tighter, rubbing her back. She couldn’t believe that he had done something like that for her. Now, she could make new memories in her bug.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming in.
A guest asked for a one shot containing the phrase “I will never leave you again, kid, never.”

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma hadn’t planned on holding him. She had the routine down pact in her mind. As soon as the baby was delivered, she’d look away, never laying eyes on him. She knew if she did, she’d never let him go.

Then the doctor said, “Just so you know, Emma, you can change your mind.” She went to shake her head, when she thought about it more. This baby was the only family she had. The one person that had never let her down. She let out a deep breath and turned back to him, nodding. The minute he was placed into her arms, she felt her heart crack open. There was no way she could let him go.

She knew that she had 2 months left in her sentence, but figured that wouldn’t be too bad for him to be in the system. However, when she was let out, she learned that the social workers didn’t think she was a responsible parent. She could see their point, she didn’t have anywhere to live or any money. All she had was Henry and her car. They told her once she got a job and could prove she could provide, she could regain custody.

Getting a job was harder than she thought it would be. With her record and lack of experience, no one seemed to want to give her a shot. If she did get a job, something would go wrong. It meant that she couldn’t even start to look for an apartment. To make matters worse, it was hard to even get visitation with Henry. After nearly a year, she felt so close to giving up. She knew that he was bouncing around because he wasn’t adoptable. She had to give him his best chance, maybe she really wasn’t it.

Then she found out about an organization that helped parents in her situation. They worked with the courts to make sure that she got weekly visitation with Henry and could communicate with his foster parents. His newest home was very nice and the foster parents were really hoping that his stay with them could be short. They could see how much he lit up around Emma.

She eventually found a job and apartment. Another year of fighting to prove that she could take care of her son full time and a judge returned him to her custody. He said that she had checked every item off the list. Emma had never felt as happy as the day that she picked Henry up from his foster home. He was excited to see her, but also confused. While he knew that she was his mother,
the toddler never understood why they didn’t live together.

Emma drove to her apartment, carrying Henry up to their floor. She turned the key in the lock and slowly entered.

“Well, this is home,” she told him. “I know it’s not like Renee and Tabitha’s, but it’ll do, right?”

Henry was just looking around the place with wide eyes, taking it all in. Emma carried him to his new bedroom. A toddler bed was set up with little stickers on the walls. She had managed to get him a few toys. Henry spotted them and his eyes lit up.

“’Merica!” He exclaimed, excitedly, pointing to the action figure that laid on the floor.

Emma set him down and watched him scramble over to his new toys. She laid his baby blanket and teddy bear on the bed, unpacking the outfits that his foster mothers had let him keep, though she had bought him some as well. As he played, Emma let out a content sigh, kneeling next to him. It had been a rough two years, but she had fought every step of the way to get her son back in her life. She wondered if he would ever even remember that time or if all he would know was her. All she did know was that he was all hers and she wouldn’t have it any other way.

“I will never leave you again, kid,” Emma whispered. “Never.”

Henry just smiled and held up his Iron Man action figure to her. She accepted it and the two played superheroes for the rest of the afternoon.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming in!
The Chain of Love

Chapter Notes

DC the Cat requested a prompt based on the song “The Chain of Love” by Clay Walker. I’m setting this as though the curse worked a little differently.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mary Margaret cuddled the tiny baby close to her chest. She knew that Emma was hungry and she could feed her, but she knew it was better for her if she was eating too. She opened her purse and let out a sigh. She had spent her last dollar on diapers. Maybe she could at least get a glass of water for free from the diner. She hated to be that person, but it was for her daughter’s benefit.

David noticed her the moment she walked in. The woman looked tired, overrun. Her clothes weren’t in the best shape, though the baby was bundled up for the cold weather. He watched as she made her way to the counter, ordering a glass of water. He could tell that she needed more than that. His mother had always raised him and his brother on the poverty line after their father died. Many a night she went without so they could have just a little something. One night, a waitress had noticed and given her a meal on the house. When Ruth insisted on coming back to pay on her next check, she shook her head and replied to just let the chain of love continue. It had stuck with him for as long as he had remembered.

Getting up, he walked over to the counter and spoke straight to Granny. “Whatever this woman wants, it’s on me,” he said. Granny nodded and handed the woman a menu before walking off.

Mary Margaret looked up in shock. “You…you don’t have to do that.”

“I want to.”

She sighed, knowing it was better that she find some way to eat for Emma’s sake. She had to get used to putting her pride aside. “Thank you. I’ll find a way to pay you back. I just got a job at the school…”

“Don’t worry about it.” David waved him off. “Just do something for someone else when you can, continue the chain of love.”

Mary Margaret gave him a small smile, liking the sentiment. “Okay. I’m Mary Margaret.”

“David.” He looked down at the baby in her arms. “And who’s this?”

“Emma.”

“Well, would you ladies mind a companion for dinner? Unless it’d upset your husband.”

“Oh, I don’t have a husband. He passed away when she was born.”
David frowned. “I’m sorry to hear that.” He settled onto the stool next to her. “I understand the feeling. My wife and I separated not too long ago. I’ve actually been trying to figure out what to do for a house since the split.”

Mary Margaret reflected on his words a bit. The other bit of her money had gone to a deposit on a loft nearby. It had two bedrooms. She glanced down at Emma, unsure if bringing a strange man home would be what was best. Then again, he seemed very kind and it’d be easier to split rent.

“Well, if you’d like, I have a loft with a spare bedroom. Emma’s still so little, she sleeps with me,” she told him. “Maybe you could come stay with me.”

David smiled. “Are you sure?”

“As long as you don’t mind having a roommate that cries a lot.”

He chuckled. “Anything’s probably better than how my marriage went down.”

The two ate their dinner, getting to know each other better. When they were done, David paid the bill and promised he’d stop by once he gathered his things from his friend’s house. True to his word, he showed up at the loft just an hour later. Mary Margaret gave him a quick tour of the downstairs, before leading him up to the spare bedroom.

Once he got settled in, she headed back down to where Emma was sleeping in her Moses basket. She sat down beside it, gently stroking her daughter’s cheek.

“We’re going to be okay, Em,” she whispered. “Everything’s going to be okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the prompts coming in. =)
This was a prompt submitted to me by Oncefan123:
Snowing spends the day with their 3-year-old granddaughter. She wants to be a little warrior just like her mama and has her grandparents wrapped around her finger.

David and Snow looked forward to the third Saturday of every month. It wasn’t the only day that they saw their granddaughter, but it was the one day that they had her all to themselves. Emma would take Henry and Neal out to do something fun and they’d keep an eye on Maggie. It was almost like getting a glimpse of what Emma would’ve been like at that age. She had blonde curls and the same charming smile that every member of the family seemed to inherit it. They loved the days that they got to spend as a family, but these were special.

It always started off very early. Maggie would get dropped off just after breakfast and they’d wave to Neal as he bounced off to his sister’s bug, ready to hit the park or arcade or whatever activity Henry had chosen for the to do. Maggie would be happy to do whatever her grandparents picked, but one morning, she came in with a game plan.

“I wanna sword fight,” she announced.

David raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

“Oh huu. Mommy fought a dragon. I wanna do it too!”

David grinned from ear to ear. He loved getting to teach the members of his family how to properly sword fight. Henry had gifted his wooden ones to Neal after he received a real one for his 16th birthday. David dashed into the playroom and grabbed them, leading Maggie out into the yard. They started on their “duel”. David went easy on her, of course, but even for her age, she was quite good.

“You’re a natural, angel face,” he told her with a look of pride.

“Can I fight a dragon, now?”

He chuckled. “Not yet, at least not a real one anyway.”

She pouted. “Why not?”

“Because you’re too little.”
“Nuh uh, I’m this many!” Maggie thrust out three fingers, looking quite proud of herself for knowing that.

“You’re right, you are. But there are no dragons to fight anyway.”

Snow walked out of the house. “What’s this I hear about a dragon?”

“She wants to slay one like her mommy did.”

“Oh, I see.” Snow smiled. “Well, I don’t know about a dragon, but there’s a new toy inside that I think might capture your attention.”

Maggie followed her grandmother back into the house and found a little target set up along with a set of plastic bow and arrows (with suction cups at the end) laying on the couch. Her eyes lit up as she allowed Snow to teach her how to shoot the arrows, just like a proper little bandit.

The rest of the morning was filled with dress up, pretending to fight different enemies and eating a healthy lunch (with some cookies snuck in from David). By the time noon rolled around, Maggie had fallen asleep while they were watching a movie. David pulled her onto his lap, cuddling her close while Snow smiled down at her little granddaughter in awe.

“You think Emma was this active as a kid?” She asked.

David nodded. “I have no doubt. I bet she would’ve spent many a morning running around the garden, begging for sword fighting lessons or for a new bow and arrow.”

“Fighting me over having to dress for a ball.”

He snorted. “Probably, but I’m sure she could’ve been persuaded by a piece of chocolate cake or two.”

“Most likely.” She let out a content sigh. “Of course I would’ve loved to have raised Emma, but then I think about Henry, Maggie. Heck, even Neal. Would any of them have been the same?”

“I know what you mean. I’d never say I was happy that the curse happened, but how can we not be happy with how things are? Look at our little family. We have two children that I couldn’t be more proud of and two precious grandbabies that think we hung the moon.” David put an arm around her. “At the end of the day, I don’t think I could ask for more.”

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the prompts coming in. =)
David Nolan headed through the parking lot to his truck. He was in no hurry to get home. Ever since his mother died and George was given custody of him, his home life had been a living hell. He was trying to convince him to date Kathryn Midas, the daughter of his partner at his law firm. Every time he refused, got him more “consequences”. The one thing that never got took away was the truck. He had bought it with his hard earned money. In just a few months he would be 18 and could do whatever he wanted. He only hoped he could convince James to follow.

As he walked into the senior lot, he spotted a familiar car still there. It belonged to Mary Margaret Blanchard, one of the richest girls in school. David had seen her around, often she was surrounded by a gaggle of girls. He thought she was just some stuck up rich girl, she never even gave him the time of day. However, he knew that unlike him, she didn’t have any activities at the school. She spent most of her days at the mall or at her equestrian lessons. Walking over to the car, he peeked in, finding her sitting in the front seat, doing some homework. In the back seat, there were piles of clothes. Her purse and backpack were strewn back there. He arched an eyebrow. Was she living in her car?

Carefully, David knocked on the window. Startled, Mary Margaret opened the door, looking up at him. “Can I help you?”

“What are you doing here?”

“Homework.” She held up the notebook.

“Yeah, but I mean…why are you still here? Don’t you have a big house to do that in?”

Snow’s jaw locked. “You’re a real prince charming, aren’t you?”

“I’m just curious.”

“Well that, killed the cat.”

He rolled his eyes. “Look, we’re not friends, but I’m also not a gossip.”

“Right.”

“Don’t have any friends to. I just know that sometimes it’s nice to have someone to talk to.”
He turned on his heel and started to head towards his car. Suddenly, he heard her calling “Charming” out after him. He couldn’t help but smile as he turned back around.

“I do have a name, you know.”

Mary Margaret shrugged. “Charming suits you better.” She sighed. “I’m sorry I snapped at you. You’ve just been the first person to notice. Even my friends…they either haven’t or don’t care.”

David walked around and slid into the passenger seat beside her. “What happened?”

“My dad died a couple of months ago and ever since then, my step-mom has been on the warpath. She kicked me out of the house.”

He frowned. “I’m sorry.”

“It’ll be okay…I hope.”

“Not to sound rude, but wasn’t your father rich? He didn’t leave you anything?”

“It’s in a trust until I turn 25. There’s nothing I can do.”

He looked down at his hands. He suddenly felt very lucky. As awful as his step-father was, at least he had a home to go back to at night.

“I get it, you know.” Mary Margaret looked up at him. “My step-dad’s an asshole. I’m trying to get out as soon as I can.”

“Right…I heard about your mom. I’m sorry about that, she was always really nice when she volunteered.”

“I just want to get away from George, but he’s making it pretty impossible.” He checked his watch. “In fact, if I don’t get home now, I have a feeling he might get even more pissed.”

Mary Margaret nodded. “Listen…if you ever want to talk, about evil step-parents and all that…I’m here.”

He smiled. “Thanks, Mary Margaret.”

“Anytime…Charming.”

Just like that, a friendship between the two struck. It wasn’t long until it became more than that. They would go on dates whenever David could sneak out of the house and he would sneak her in so she could shower and wash her clothes. They had the help of his brother, James, and her new friend, Ruby. They were already madly in love, though they didn’t know how they would be able to make it work.
That was until they both turned 18 within just 2 weeks of one another. They ran off to elope, taking the little money they had and left Boston. They drove until they found the small town of Storybrooke, Maine. They both got jobs and were able to buy a tiny loft together. They didn’t have much money, but they had each other. That was all that mattered.

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the requests coming in. =)
Life Unexpected

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by oncer4life11:
Non-magic AU. Mary Margaret and David have Emma as teenagers and have to give her up. When she’s a teenager, they reunite and find out that she is a teen mom herself. (I’ve decided to base this on the show Life Unexpected)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mary Margaret thought that the pregnancy was hard. She thought the lack of sleep and having to deal with her parents constantly judging her was the worst of it. That was until she gave birth and they placed the tiny baby in her arms. She was perfect in every way and already she could tell that she was a mix of both her and David. He sat beside her in the bed, clearly thinking the same. They pictured the life they should’ve had together, one where they could be a happy little family.

But the truth was, there was no way for that to happen. They were only 16. Her parents weren’t at all supportive and his were too poor to be able to lend any at all. They didn’t have jobs or a place to live. They couldn’t give this baby what she deserved. The hospital promised that if they surrendered their rights, they would find a good family for her. Feeling their hearts breaking, they wrapped her in the blanket that their friend’s grandmother had made for her and each kissed her head.

“We love you Emma,” Snow whispered. “One day, I hope we can be reunited.”

Time went by and Emma never left their minds. They were able to go off to college, where she got a degree in teaching and he received one in criminal justice. They moved to a small town in Storybrooke, Maine where they got jobs and were happy. They hoped deep down, that Emma was safe and cared for. Even as they went onto have a son, they never considered themselves first time parents. They had a baby out there somewhere, one they missed more than anything.

17 years to the day, they received a knock on their door. Neal had gone to a friend’s house for a playdate and they both had the day off, so they weren’t quite sure who it could be. Opening the door, they found a teenage girl standing on the other side, holding a baby in her arms. She looked from one to the other.

“Mary Margaret and David Nolan?” She asked. They both nodded. “I’m sorry to just ambush you like this…but my name is Emma…I’m your daughter.”
They were hit by a million emotions at once, wondering if this was real. She looked about the right age and had David’s blonde hair along with Mary Margaret’s eyes. Before they could say anything else, she pulled the baby blanket from her bag. They both stepped forward, wrapping her into a big hug, trying to be mindful of the baby. Tears spilled down their faces.

“We…we never stopped thinking about you,” Mary Margaret whispered. “You have to know that.”

Emma allowed them to hug her and lead her inside. “For a long time I couldn’t understand how you would give me up, but then I…I got pregnant with this little guy here.”

David looked down at the baby. “So, he’s yours?”

She nodded. “Yes. This is Henry, he’s 2 months old.”

“He’s adorable,” Mary Margaret breathed. She looked up at her. “I…I’m so glad that you’re here, but I’m confused. The social worker said that since we didn’t have a couple selected, it would most likely be a closed adoption.”

“That’s the thing…I was never adopted.”

The couple felt their hearts sink. “What?” David asked in disbelief.

“I had a foster family for a bit but then they discovered that I had a hole in my heart.” She saw the pair start to panic. “It’s fine now, I had lots of surgeries to correct it. It’s just, by the time I did, I was 3 years old. I got bounced around in the system for a bit, until almost a year ago. When I got pregnant with Henry, my foster parents kicked me out and I got sent to another group home. I swiped my birth certificate from my social worker’s desk and saw your names. It took me awhile to track you down. Your rights were never terminated.”

Emma went to go digging through her bag again, but couldn’t with both the baby and her blanket. David took Henry off her hands and she sent him a grateful smile. She finally took out some papers.

“I want to get emancipated. I can’t raise Henry in a group home, even for just a year,” Emma explained. “I tried back when I was pregnant, but it was denied. However, I got a free consultation with a lawyer and he said if you two signed this, I would be able to. That’s all I need from you, then I can get out of your hair.”

Mary Margaret and David exchanged a look, trying to figure out what to do. The baby that they gave up was back into their lives, but she didn’t seem to have had it easy. She was never adopted as they had hoped and now she wanted to be emancipated so she could be alone. They wanted her to have what she wanted, but they knew she was only 17. She was going to struggle with Henry, they could at least help her.
“We can’t sign this,” David said. When Emma’s face fell, he held up a hand. “Just let me explain, we can’t sign this because I think you should move in here.”

“I don’t know about that…”

“I know you don’t know us, but we were in your shoes 17 years ago. We may have made a totally different choice, but it was because we had no support. You could, though.”

Mary Margaret nodded. “You could live here, with us. If our rights were never terminated, maybe we could get guardianship of you. You could raise Henry here, we could help you with whatever you needed.”

“We’ve waited for this day for so long, Emma. We don’t want to lose you again.”

Emma stared at them, trying to figure out what to do. She really had resented them until she got pregnant. She would be lying if she tried to say that she didn’t consider giving Henry up. However, in the end, he was the only family that she had. Now, here were two people that wanted to help her out. Maybe she could give it a shot.

“We could do a trial run,” Emma said. “Just a couple of weeks.”

Mary Margaret nodded with a smile. “Okay.” She put a hand on Emma’s arm. “Happy birthday, by the way.”

She blinked a few times. “Oh…I forgot that was today.”

Her parents laughed and each put an arm around her. They had a lot of lost time to make up for.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in!
Chapter Notes

A few people asked for a sequel to “Life Unexpected” where we see the trial period.

It was fairly easy for Mary Margaret and David to get legal guardianship over Emma. They were married, had room for her and Henry, worked good jobs and they were biological family, which they tried to keep the kids with. Emma was grateful to have a roof over her and Henry’s head. She was surprised at how excited 5-year-old Neal was to have her in his life, she hadn’t been aware that they told him about her.

It was a little overwhelming to going from doing it on her own to suddenly having so much help. They set up a bassinet for him and even got him some clothes and diapers. Mary Margaret had a ton leftover from when Neal was a baby, too. It wasn’t just Henry, though. Mary Margaret went out on a shopping spree for her daughter, buying her new clothes and supplies she could use for school (she had enrolled at Storybrooke High).

“Are you sure you can watch him?” Emma asked Mary Margaret the night before her first day of school. “Don’t you have to work?”

“I never use my sick time, Neal rarely gets ill and I just have no other reason.” Mary Margaret smiled down at Henry, who blew some spit bubbles back up at her. “We’ll be just fine, won’t we bubba?”

Emma couldn’t help but smile. She knew that they were good people when Henry instantly fell in love with them. “I really can’t thank you enough for all you’ve done for us.”

“You’re our daughter and grandson, why wouldn’t we?” She looked back up at Emma. “You know we never wanted you in the system…they promised me…”

“I know.” Emma nodded, putting a hand on top of hers. “Trust me, I do. Most of the time, babies do get adopted that way. I was just a special case.”

“It’s why I want to help you so much. My parents refused and David’s, well, they wanted to, but they could barely support their own families. We were so young.”

“I understand. When I got pregnant with Henry, I considered adoption too. I had a family lined up and everything.”

Mary Margaret studied her curiously. “What happened?”

“I held him,” Emma smiled. “They put him in my arms and I realized that he was the only family had, or the only family I knew about anyway. I couldn’t give him away. I knew I could give him his best chance, just like you gave me mine.”
“And now?” Mary Margaret asked, nervously. While she and David did have custody of her, they knew that there was a chance that she could try to run. “I mean…you said this was a trial run.”

“I want to stay. I don’t know how comfortable I feel calling you guys mom and dad just yet, but I want us to try to be a family. Until Henry, I never had one and I want him to have more than I did. I know what I deserve now, it’s to have people who care.” She bit her lip a bit. “I’m just really grateful for you guys.”

Mary Margaret settled Henry down into his bassinet and wrapped her arms around Emma, hugging her tightly. She hugged her back tighter, resting her head on her shoulder.

Later that night, Emma headed downstairs to grab a glass of water before bed. David came in from the garage, wiping his hands on a rag.

“I changed the oil in the bug,” he said.

Emma smiled. Other than Henry, that bug had been her baby. She had bought it with money she saved up from her first part time job. Now, she would be working at Granny’s Diner on the weekends, though her parents were assuring her to not worry about money. They wanted her to focus more on getting an education. Even so, she wanted to contribute.

“Thanks.”

“Not a problem.” He watched her walk around the kitchen, getting her drink. “I could always drive you tomorrow.”

She chuckled. “What?”

“I mean, I brought Neal to his first day of school. Shouldn’t I bring my daughter to hers?”

“The thing is, Neal can’t drive himself,” Emma pointed out. “I’ll be fine.”

David let out a bit of air. “Yeah…I guess it’s weird. I knew you were growing up, but I kept picturing the little baby I held.”

Emma raised an eyebrow. “You held me?”

He nodded, a bit of sadness going across his face. “I brought you to the social worker. Your mother couldn’t bare it, so I did. I kissed you and told you that I loved you.”

“I can’t imagine how hard that was.”

“I just wanted you to have the world, Emma. I was 16…I couldn’t give it to you. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.” Emma walked over to him. “I promise, I’m not angry with you guys. You were just kids. You made the only choice you could and it ended up being the right one. Maybe if you
hadn’t, I wouldn’t have Henry and I wouldn’t trade him for the world.”

A small smile went across his face. “Yeah, I’ve gotten attached to that little bugger.”

“He loves his grandpa.” She stood on her tip toes and kissed his cheek. “I better head to bed, big day tomorrow. Night.”

“Night princess, I love you.”

Emma let the words wash over her. “I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the prompts coming in!
Ladybug Love

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
After her trip to the past, Emma starts collecting ladybug things. She even gets a ladybug tattoo. Snow asks her why she’s doing all of this leading to Mama Snow fluff. I’m setting this as though they all moved into the farmhouse after the events in 3B.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As far as Snow knew, Emma didn’t have any collections. She had never settled down long enough to do so. The only sentimental things she seemed to own were her bug, her baby blanket and the keychain necklace that Neal gave her. Which is why when they moved into their new house and Emma was able to decorate a room to be all hers, Snow was very surprised to find that her daughter had a whole section of her room dedicated to ladybugs.

There were a few glass ornaments along with a few plushies. She had a couple of ladybug themed mugs that she didn’t put anything in. She had ladybug themed lanterns above and some wall decals for the little critters. Her bed even had a ladybug shaped pillow.

A few weeks after they moved in, Emma had to head back to New York to get the remainder of her and Henry’s things. When she came back, she had a ladybug tattoo on her other wrist. Snow had known about the flower one and assumed it was just Emma’s subconscious knowing about her parents (since it mirrored David’s family crest). This just seemed odd. Ladybugs were a symbol of good luck, but Emma wasn’t superstitious, was she?

Later that night, she headed into Emma’s room, where she was reading a book. She could see the ladybug tattoo, bright and fresh. She settled onto the bed, picking up the pillow, tracing the design.

“So…lucky charms?” She asked.

Emma looked up, assuming her mom was talking about the cereal. “I thought you banned them after my last sugar rush.”

Snow giggled. “No, I mean, the ladybugs. I know they’re considered good luck in this world. I just didn’t consider you one to be superstitious.”

She gnawed on her lip. “It’s not the way I see it…at least not really.”

“What do you mean?”

Emma set the book and sat up straight. “You know how I went back to the past?” Snow nodded.
“Well, when I was there, you died, or at least I thought you did.” Her mother winced, she had those new memories, but constantly forgot that Emma was a witness to it. “But the reason how we figured out that you weren’t, was because you turned yourself into a ladybug.” She shrugged. “Ever since then, it’s helped me with the whole experience. It reminds me that even when I thought I lost you, you were still with me. The same can be said for when I was younger. You weren’t there, but ladybugs were. I don’t know…maybe it’s stupid…”

Snow shook her head. “It’s not stupid at all.” She gave her a soft smile. “I’m glad that they’re a comfort to you. Just know Emma, I’m not going anywhere, ever again. I’m sorry you were so scared. If I knew who you were, I wouldn’t have done that. I’m here now, though, I’m real.”

Emma smiled a little. “I know that. It still helps to have this little extra comfort.”

“Well, whatever helps you, I’m glad.”

Snow pulled her daughter into her arms, hugging her tightly. Emma returned the hug, inhaling her mother’s sweet scent. Back in the Enchanted Forest when they hugged, Snow had no idea who she was. Now, she could finally feel that comfort again. She had so often taken her mother’s hugs for granted, but she never would again.

Over the next few days, she couldn’t help but notice her ladybug collection was growing. A little car decal made its way into the bug. There were a few new glasses with them on it in the cabinets and Snow made some cupcakes with a ladybug design in the icing. In Snow’s mind, she was just making up for lost time of getting to indulge her daughter’s collection. To Emma, it meant the world.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming in. =)
Emma strode down the sidewalk, her heat beating in her chest. She had been meaning to talk to Henry alone about going back to New York. She wasn’t stupid, she knew that Regina would put up a fight. Any legal document she had saying that Henry was hers, was false, created by the memories they had been given. Even so, it wasn’t as if that had to be the end of it. Plenty of parents split custody all the time. She just couldn’t be burdened with the thoughts of this life anymore.

It was too much to think that her parents had replaced her, that they didn’t want her anymore. In time, the new baby would take up all their attention and she would just go back to being the savior. It wasn’t worth it. Gold had said no to her on the phone, but she figured maybe she could bargain with him. Maybe rather than her old fake memories, then new ones. Ones that would explain why she and Regina shared custody of Henry. She knew she was being rash, but she didn’t want to face the pain, not anymore.

“Emma!”

She heard her mother’s voice calling out from behind her. Emma let out a sigh, she hadn’t told anyone where she was going, how did they find her? She turned back around to find them standing there, Neal in a sling on her mother’s chest.

“Guys, I said I wanted to be alone…” Emma started.

“And we were willing to listen, until Belle called,” David interrupted. “She told us what you asked Gold to do.”

She rolled her eyes. “Of course.”

“Emma, if you really want to leave, I don’t think there’s anything we can say to stop you. You’re determined, you always have been. But do you really want to forget about all of us? We’re your family. The curse on the town line is finally gone, if New York is where you want to go, we could visit…”
“Right, until the baby starts rolling over or talking or whatever it is,” Emma replied, harshly. Her parents looked at her in shock. “Do you not understand how hard it is for me to see you two with a baby? A baby that is going to have you from the very beginning, which is so amazing. I don’t want any child to grow up how I did. But it hurts. It hurts when I look at him and I realize that I won’t have what he did. It hurts to know that I’ve been replaced! You know, I actually thought I was going to be happier here, when we first headed back up after Killian found us. I thought, finally I’d have my parents back.” She shrugged. “But then I didn’t, because you two had just replaced me. You have your child now, I’m just the savior that made sure he was okay.”

Snow and David felt their hearts breaking in their chests. Did Emma really think they had Neal to replace her? That she was just the savior and not their daughter? They felt so guilty for not trying to talk to her about it all sooner, things had been so hectic since they returned. They were hoping to now that Zelena was defeated and things were settling down.

“We didn’t have the baby to replace you, Emma,” Snow said, softly. “He was a surprise, but even if he hadn’t been, even back when we were planning for a baby in Neverland, that wasn’t your replacement. If we had raised you, we would’ve had more children.”

“We know the timing is bad, but you have to know how hard all of this was on us. We were so worried about becoming parents again, because we never could be them to you. When you came back here, we thought it was our second chance. Not because of the baby, but because you were back,” David continued for his wife. “We love you so much. You’re not the savior to us, you’re just our daughter.”

Tears sprung to Emma’s eyes. Normally, she loved her superpower, the one that let her be able to spot a mile away. In this moment, she hated it, because she could tell they were being honest. For the past month, it was so easy to think all of that, to think that they didn’t love her. That they didn’t want her. Now, though, she could see it in their eyes. They wanted her, they didn’t want her to leave. The baby was an addition to their hearts, not a replacement.

Snow stepped closer. “You’re not disposable, Emma, you’re not worthless.” She wiped a tear that fell down her cheek. “You’re loved. Forgetting you for 28 years, it was the hardest thing I ever went through. Don’t do that to yourself, don’t make yourself forget just how loved you are. And if you really have to leave, take us with you.”

Emma’s eyes widened. “What?”

She shrugged. “Regina is in charge of the town. We’ll go with you anywhere you want to. If Storybrooke isn’t home, we’ll follow you wherever it is.”

David nodded in agreement. “We’ve lost so much time with each other, we don’t want to miss another moment.”

Emma couldn’t contain it anymore, she flung her arms around her parents. They smiled and hugged her tighter, the baby sandwiched in the middle of all of them. They knew it was going to take time
for Emma to understand that this wasn’t like her first family, that they may have to remind her a million times how loved she was. But for the moment, they knew one thing.

Their little girl wasn’t going anywhere.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming in. =)
The Chain Of Love: Part II

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
A sequel to Chain of Love. Regina finds out that Snowing has reunited unknowingly during the curse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t supposed to go like this. They were supposed to be miserable for eternity, it was why she cast the curse when they couldn’t send the baby away to protect her. Emma would be frozen in time as a baby, she wouldn’t be able to break the curse. How could she? But now Snow and David were living together. They weren’t dating, not yet, but Regina wasn’t stupid. She knew that it wouldn’t be long before the two idiots fell in love again. One single true love’s kiss would break her curse. She couldn’t have that.

It took her awhile to figure out just how to put a stop to it, until she remembered something. Rumpelstiltskin (or Gold as he was known in Storybrooke), owned every building in Storybrooke. He had strict guidelines for renting and after getting Sidney to do some snooping, she found out that it was stated in Mary Margaret’s lease that she could only have two tenants: her and Emma. David would have to leave or she’d be evicted. There was no way that even meek Mary Margaret would put a man above her child.

An anonymous tip lead Gold to the loft the very next day. Mary Margaret opened the door and smiled politely at the man in front of her. “Mr. Gold, hello. How may I help you?”

“I’m just going to cut right to the chase, dearie,” he said. “I hear you have another tenant living here. From what I told you, only you and your daughter could live here.”

Mary Margaret’s face fell. “It’s just David Nolan…he had nowhere else to go.”

“I’m very sorry, Miss Blanchard. I don’t care if it was Jesus Christ himself, you are not to have more than two tenants.”

Suddenly, Emma began crying in her bassinet, clearly all the ruckus had woken her early from her afternoon nap.

“Excuse me a minute,” she said. “I have to get Emma.”

She went back into the loft and lifted her daughter out of it, cradling her close. She didn’t notice the
gears working in Gold’s mind. Little did she know, the curse had broken for him. David stepped out of the bathroom, his hair still wet from the shower. He noticed Gold lingering in the doorway.

“Is everything alright?” He asked.

Mary Margaret’s frown increased. “Mr. Gold was just saying…”

“Just that I’m modifying Miss Blanchard’s lease,” he interrupted. “I’m going to allow her to have three tenants in here at a time.”

A look of relief fell across her face. “Really?”

“You have a spare bedroom, might as well put it to good use until the little one is old enough for her own room. Besides…every child needs a mother and father figure.”

He gave them a crooked smile before heading out. David shut the door behind him.

“I’m sorry, was I just getting you in trouble there?”

“Technically, me and Emma are the only ones who are supposed to be living here,” she explained. “But, it seems Mr. Gold has had a change of heart.”

He smiled. “You know…I could always look for another place.”

Mary Margaret shook her head, realizing how close they were now standing. “No…um, I think Emma really likes having you here.”

“Oh? Just Emma?” David looked down into her eyes.

“Maybe…maybe I have too.”

“I’ve really liked living here too.” His fingers brushed across her cheek, but he didn’t kiss her, he didn’t want to be so forward.

“Damn, Nolan. Are you going to kiss me or not?”

A grin spread across David’s face. He leaned in, kissing her. The moment they connected, a spark fell between them. They pulled apart, their eyes widening.

“Charming,” she breathed.

“Snow.” He rested his forehead against hers, peering down at the baby in her arms. “I told you that I’d always find you two.”

She smiled. “I never doubted that you would.”
Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming. =)
Never A Burden

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by DC the Cat:
Emma is in a very bad car accident that leads to her needing months of physical therapy. One day, she confesses to feeling like a burden.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma knew she was lucky to have even made it out of the wreck alive. She had been chasing after a villain in the squad car and as it turned out, they were a few steps ahead of her. They had cut her breaks, which caused her to go off the toll bridge in town. The villain had gotten away, but that couldn’t even be the priority at the moment. Emma was rushed to the hospital and taken into surgery. She had found herself in a wheelchair until she could finally get her strength back up to walk.

Her life had completely changed. Snow and David had switched their room in the house to upstairs and had installed a ramp so she could get up to the loft easier. Henry was living with Regina full time, since Emma needed so much care, though he visited when he could. Even Neal was spending more time at Ella’s so her parents could give her more attention.

It wasn’t even the fact that her parents had to take care of her. She was smart enough to know that she couldn’t care for herself. It was that their lives had changed so much since then. She felt as though she was a burden on all of them. Both parents had taken a leave of absence from their jobs and spent almost all their time caring for her. Things were getting better now, the doctors said that within a week she would be able to give up the wheelchair, though she’d still need more rest and physical therapy. It wouldn’t be another few months before she could return to work. To her, that felt like an even bigger burden. Thomas, Robin and Merida were working more shifts at the station, all because of her, rather than spending time with their families.

One particular day, Snow and David could tell that Emma was a little grumpier than usual. She hadn’t been a complete ray of sunshine since the accident, but they knew she was trying, for all their benefit. Something just seemed off. After physical therapy, David pushed Emma out to the car.

“You did good today, Em,” he said with a smile. “It’s kinda weird, we didn’t get to see your first real steps, but now we get to see your new ones.”

“Yeah, I guess,” she mumbled.

“I think this is cause for celebration. How about lunch at Granny’s?” Snow offered. “I could even
call Regina and Henry, see if they could pick up Neal. We could make a family meal of it.”

“I just want to go home.”

“Sweetheart, what’s going on with you? I thought today has been a good day.”

“If we go to Granny’s, Dad has trouble getting my chair through the door and then we have to make sure they have that particular booth ready,” Emma pointed out.

“Ohkay?”

“Then when we go home, you two will have to carry Neal up and down the stairs, because you gave me your bedroom.”

“I really don’t see what you’re getting at.”

“I’m just tired of being a burden,” Emma let out a big sigh. “These past few months, you two have been so great. Had this happened to me as a kid, no one would’ve bothered to give me the attention you have. And while I appreciate it, I know it’s taken a lot out of you two. I’m just sorry that you’re stuck with me.”

Snow and David crouched down a bit so they were at Emma’s height.

“You listen to me, Emma Ruth,” David said. “You are not a burden, not at all. You’re our daughter, we want to take care of you.”

“But it’s not just you two,” Emma reminded them. “Look at Ella, the people at the station, even Regina. They have to take on extra responsibility because of me.”

“Merida, Robin and Thomas get paid for their work at the station and frankly, when you were better we barely let them do their job. They’re doing what they’re paid to do.”

“As is Ella, she runs a daycare and has no problem looking after Neal,” Snow added. “Not to mention, Regina is Henry’s mom too. He’s older now, he’s a bit easier to look after.”

Emma bit her lip. “I just want things to go back to normal.”

“And they will.” Snow tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “In time.”

“Until then, we have no problem taking care of you.” David smiled at her. “Sweetheart, you spend so much time saving the town and being there for people. It’s time for everyone else to return the favor.”

Emma nodded. It would still take some getting used to, but she guessed they were right. Even so, she was still counting down the days until she could finally feel like herself again.

Chapter End Notes
Please keep the requests coming. =)
Island of Orphans

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by DC the Cat:
Snowing end up in Neverland where they meet an orphan by the name of Emma Swan.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Rumpelstiltskin was reunited with his son, Baelfire, the young boy told a tale of an island by the name of Neverland. He said that Peter Pan would kidnap “lost children”, some orphans, others that just felt unloved. They would become his slaves and forced to do all sorts of awful things to them. The Dark One turned to Snow and David, knowing he needed their help. They, of course, were more than willing. No child deserved to be tortured.

With the help of some fairies, they were able to get magic beans so they could send the children who had parents back home and have the ones who didn’t get new homes in the Enchanted Forest. Unfortunately, there were plenty of couples who wished to have children, but couldn’t. They were more than happy to adopt the children that needed a home. Snow and David were one of them. George had long since cursed Snow to not be able to have any children. They didn’t care how old the child was, they just wanted to give them a home.

It was decided that the trio would go together. Rumple was able to take down Pan with the help of Tinkerbell. Meanwhile, Snow and David talked to the lost children. Most of them were boys that had been kidnapped. After distributing the beans, they all headed to their homes. Then it came down to the orphans, most were excited at the thought of finally having parents and got ready to leave with Snow, David and Rumple. There was one party who was hesitant, however.

She was one of the few girls of the group, couldn’t have been older than 10 years old. She was sitting with her legs cuddled close to her chest, holding a baby blanket protectively. On the side “Emma” was written. David walked over, kneeling in front of her.

“Hey Emma,” he said, softly. “My name’s David. We’re trying to help everyone find a home.”

“I don’t have a home,” she mumbled. “The shadow came and dragged me out of the group home I was living in.”

He nodded. Somehow, he felt a special connection to this young girl. Snow walked over, feeling the same and crouched next to her husband. “I’m David, this is my wife, Snow.”

Emma’s eyes flickered up to the queen. “Snow? Like Snow White?” Snow nodded. “Wow…and I thought it was weird that Peter Pan was real.”
“I’m sorry?” Snow asked, confused.

“Where I come from…none of you are real. You’re just stories,” Emma explained. “Peter Pan was supposed to be a good guy…but I guess he really wasn’t. You two were good guys too…”

“We really are the good guys,” Snow promised. She could still see a flicker of doubt in Emma’s eyes. “Why don’t you come with us? We live in a castle, you’d have your own room and everything.”

“I…I don’t know that I’d make a good princess.”

“Nonsense. From what the other children tell me, you’re very brave.” She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “You know, we didn’t always live in a castle either. David was once a shepherd, I had to be a bandit for a bit.”

“Royalty isn’t by blood, it’s by what’s in your heart,” David added.

Emma felt a small smile creep up across her face. She slowly stood up, her blanket still clutched closely in her hand.

“Okay,” she whispered.

David and Snow smiled, each taking hold of her hands. They watched as the other children headed off together. Soon, Rumple and Tink made their way over with the bean that would take them all back to the Enchanted Forest. The other lost children were adopted by their waiting families and Emma came home with her new parents. She stared up in awe at the castle as they made their way into the palace. When they reached upstairs, Snow went into her chambers and returned with a velvet box. She flipped it open to reveal a tiara, the very same one that her mother had given her as a child.

“Everyone deserves to wear a tiara, it is important to remember that,” Snow told her. “Whether a princess or a maid, everyone is special and deserves to be treated with respect. When you wear this tiara, you have to promise to follow this. Do you promise?” Emma nodded with a smile and Snow gently set the tiara atop her head.

She looked over at David. “Do I look silly?”

David shook his head. “No, baby girl. You look like a true princess.”

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the prompts coming in. =)
Snow could tell something was bothering her daughter, though she wasn’t quite sure what it was. She had brought Henry and Maggie by the castle for the weekend. Her husband was off on business and she hated being alone while pregnant, so she figured it was the perfect time for a visit. They were currently off being entertained by Diana, who was thrilled to no longer be the youngest member of the family anymore. Snow watched carefully as Emma rubbed her growing baby bump, a frown prominently on her face.

“Is he kicking hard today?” Snow asked. She had borrowed the family necklace to tell the sex of the baby as soon as she discovered the pregnancy, just as she had done with her first two children. Emma nodded. “Yes, but it’s weird. I keep feeling kicks from opposite sides of my stomach.” Snow raised an eyebrow. “Maybe he’s just moving around a lot.” “I don’t know, sometimes it’s at once.”

David entered the sitting room, looking between his girls. “What’s wrong?” He asked. “I’ve been feeling kicks in different places, sometimes,” she explained. “I don’t think the baby could be that big.”

He walked over to her and placed both hands on either side of her stomach. He smiled when he felt kicks coming from both ends.

“I think I know what’s going on and it’s nothing to be concerned about,” he said. “Well, what is it?”

“After I found out about James, my mother once told me that twins often run in the family. She said the only reason she knew there were two of us during her pregnancy, was because she could feel kicks on opposite sides at the same time.” He grinned a little wider. “I’m no doctor, but I’d say you’re having twins.”

Emma felt as though she was going to faint. “Twins?” She repeated. “Yes. I was always surprised your mother and I didn’t have any ourselves.”
Snow gave it a little thought. “You know, I believe I read they skip a generation.”

“Twins,” Emma repeated once more. “I’m having twins. Two babies are inside of me.”

David chuckled, sitting down beside his daughter and wrapping an arm around her.

“It’ll be alright,” he assured her. “You can handle two babies at the same time.”

“But I have two older children on top of that, toddlers. Very, very active ones at that.”

“You also have a husband and a nanny.”

“Plus us,” Snow added. “You know we’ll be by often to lend a hand. Everything will work out in the end, you’ll see.”

Emma wanted to believe them, but she was still panicked. She wanted a large family and they definitely planned on having more than three children, she just thought they’d be coming one at a time!

In just a few months time, Emma was in labor. Snow and David got word, quickly heading off as soon as they could. Emma’s castle was only a few hours away by carriage, but it seemed go by longer than that. Eventually, they made their way there. They were greeted at the door by Emma’s husband, who said the babies had arrived quickly but had already been given a once over by the doctor. They were healthy and doing well, as was Emma. He explained that he was going to go fetch Henry and Maggie from the garden with the nanny so they too could meet the newest members of the family.

They made their way up to Emma’s chambers and found her laying in bed holding two tiny babies. She looked up at her parents and grinned.

“You want to meet your new grandsons?” She asked.

Both nodded, making their way over. “Are they identical?” David asked.

“We’re pretty sure, it’s a bit too soon to tell. But my doctor said since you and James were, they’re bound to be as well. Mom, this is Noah.” She gently guided the oldest baby into her mom’s arms. “And Dad, this is Liam.” She gave him the second born.

Snow and David smiled down at their grandsons in awe. They were absolutely precious. Between their own children and Emma starting her own large family, it seemed there was always a new member being added to the family tree. Yet, the excitement never went away. Noah and Liam were two very lucky little boys who would never lack for love, just like their other grandchildren.
Please keep the prompts coming in. =)
He's A Charming

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Swanbeliever:
Henry gets into a fight while defending a classmate with Down Syndrome. When he’s sent home, his family finds it hard to be upset with him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There were certain days that Henry felt lucky to have his grandmother teaching at his school.

This was not one of those days.

He tried to be a pacifist when possible. Yes, he was intrigued by knights and all they did, but at the end of the day, he didn’t like to hurt others. He normally used his words and tried to reason with people. However, some people just couldn’t be reasoned with. It seemed that Justin Harold, was one such person.

Henry had made friends with Rebecca. She was a new student that had come over during the more recent curse. She also so happened to have Down Syndrome. Unfortunately, it wasn’t as popular in the Enchanted Forest as it was in their current realm, so not too many people were familiar with it. The kids especially could be quite cruel.

One day, Henry and Rebecca were eating their lunch with some of their other friends. Justin came over, purposefully knocking Rebecca’s bag off the chair.

“Leave her alone,” Henry said, his voice staying even.

“Chill out, Mills,” Justin replied with a smirk. “I’m just kidding around. Besides, she’s just a…”

The next word out of Justin’s mouth made Henry see red. There were very few words that sent him off the edge, but the 8 letter word was one of them. He jumped out of his chair and punched Justin square in the jaw. It was hard enough to send him flying backwards a bit. He turned around to check on Rebecca, when Justin grabbed him and punched him in return. Soon, the two were fist fighting. It didn’t last very long, however, as Rebecca and Violet ran off to get a teacher’s help. The first one they found…Snow White.
Snow didn’t know the circumstances behind the fight, she didn’t have much time to ask. At first, she was very disappointed in Henry. He was not a boy who got into fights. Sure, he could be stubborn, but most of the time, he was a kind and gentle kid. He was the one who always made sure the new residents of Storybrooke felt safe and welcome. Little did she realize, that’s sort of what he had been doing.

While Henry went into the office with Justin to explain the situation, Snow phoned Emma, knowing Regina was out of town on her honeymoon. Emma was as shocked as she was, but requested for her mom to bring him by the station so she could get the full story out of him. Snow agreed, getting a substitute to cover the rest of her classes.

Henry didn’t say much in the ride down there. He wasn’t trying to be rude, there was only so many times he could repeat the story and he knew he’d have to tell it again to his mom and grandfather, so he wanted to wait.

Eventually, they got there. Emma and David had a chair waiting for him to sit in. The first thing Emma did was inspect his face, which Snow had already done. There were a few bruises, but overall, nothing too damaging. In fact, if anything, his fists looked worse.

“What happened, Henry?” Emma asked, crossing her arms over her chest. “This isn’t like you.”

Henry sighed. “I know. It’s just…he was being really mean to Rebecca. He called her…” He trailed off, not even being able to repeat it. “The…r word.”

A frown went across all three of the adults’ faces. They knew that not all of the kids were kind to Rebecca, but they sure hadn’t expected that kind of language. Emma despise that word with every fiber of her being. She was starting to see just how Henry got into that fight, she probably would’ve wanted to punch the kid too. She let out a sigh. Her kid had been acting in character after all. He was being a Charming, looking out for his friends and trying to protect them.

David couldn’t help it, he clapped his hand on Henry’s shoulder. “You did good, bud.”

Henry looked up at him in shock. “Seriously?”

“I can’t advocate fighting like that, but you did what you felt necessary to protect a friend.”

“That’s just the kind of young man I know your mothers have raised you to be,” Snow added.

Emma nodded. “Next time, please just go get a teacher. Obviously your grandmother was nearby, she could’ve handled the situation a little better.”

“I will,” Henry agreed.

“Did the school give you any kind of punishment?”
“One day suspension, but Justin got a whole week for saying that word.”

Emma couldn’t help but smirk. Karma was a bitch.

“I suppose that’s punishment enough. I’ll have to check with Regina, though I’m sure she’s going to feel the same.”

Henry was a mix of his different family members, most days, there was no doubting he was a Mills. However, that day it was proven, he was definitely also a Charming.

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the prompts coming in. =)
This was a prompt submitted to me by LyssLovesSnowing33:
A sequel to Island of Orphans. Snowing finds a way to break George’s infertility curse and get pregnant. Emma runs away, because she thinks that they’re going to send her back. Snowing stops her before she can go through the portal.

It was no surprise that when George passed away, no one was sad in the kingdom. He had killed many and caused pain to so many others. However, he finally did something right in death. It seemed that it caused all of the curses and spells he had casted to be broken. That included the infertility curse he had placed upon Snow. They didn’t even know about it until Snow discovered she was pregnant and realized some other spells he had cast had been reversed.

As much of a surprise as it was, Snow and David were thrilled. Emma was going to be a big sister. In their minds, this wasn’t their first child, simply an addition to the family. When they told her, however, she didn’t seem too happy. It wasn’t that she was upset, disappointed seemed to be the better word. But, she forced a smile on her face, gave them a hug and told them congratulations. She then turned around and walked out of the room.

At first, they figured that she needed some space. They had been raising Emma for the past 2 years and she had been their only child. Both of them had grown up believing they were only children as well, they supposed they’d be a little freaked out if their parents suddenly announced that they were pregnant. Especially if they were 12-years-old, that’s already such a complicated age.

Eventually, Snow headed up to Emma’s room to get her for lunch. She felt complete worry overcome her when she found her room empty. The curtains were billowing in the wind and her baby blanket was missing. Immediately, she ran down to the dining hall to tell David. They didn’t know where she could’ve gone, but luckily, they had been gifted a few locator potions by Nova. They used one on a book that belonged to the pre-teen and watched as it floated towards the woods. They chased after it until it came to a crashing halt. They found Emma holding a tiny suitcase in one hand and a magic bean in the other. She threw it to the ground, watching a portal come out from under it.

“Emma!” Snow shouted.

David grabbed hold of his daughter, pulling her back. Emma started struggling against him. “Let me go!” She screamed. “Let me go!”
He didn’t loosen his grip on her, he made sure that neither of his girls could be sucked up by the swirling portal. Eventually, it closed up and he finally let Emma go. She looked over at them, anger in her eyes.

“Why did you do that?!?”

“Why were you trying to leave?” David asked. “Where did you even get a bean?”

“I convinced Blue to give me one.”

Snow folded her arms over her chest, she’d be having a talk with the fairy. “Emma, why would you do that?”

“Because if I’m being sent back, I’d rather go back to where I came from. I may have hated America’s foster system, but I know it’s better than the orphanage here.”

“Being sent back?” Snow blinked a couple of times. “Emma, why would we send you back?”

“Because you’re having a baby! Your own child!” She let out a deep breath, trying to calm down. “It’s happened before. Someone has a real baby and they send their foster one back.”

“First of all,” Snow stepped closer to her. “You are not our foster child. We adopted you, you are our daughter. You’re our real daughter, our first baby. It doesn’t matter if I didn’t carry you in my stomach, you’re still my baby.”

“Our baby,” David corrected, giving Emma a soft smile. “Just because we’re having another child, doesn’t make you any less our child, Em. We’re simply adding to the family, not replacing anyone.”

Emma bit her lip. “But you’ll get to raise him or her from the beginning. They’ll be an actual prince or princess.”

“You’re an actual princess.”

“DNA doesn’t make a family,” her mother told her, giving her a look full of love. “Love does and we love you, so very much.”

Emma felt the tears come to her eyes. Even 2 years later, she still struggled with having people that cared about her. She wanted a little brother or sister, she didn’t think that she would be welcomed. Until Snow and David, no one had looked at her the way they were. She fell into her mom’s arms, as she began to sob. Snow and David hugged her tightly, the latter cradling the back of her head. Never again would their little girl be an orphan.

Chapter End Notes

Please keep the requests coming in!
Bullies

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
Someone is teasing Emma and keeps calling her “Little Orphan Emma”. It causes her
to have a panic attack and leads to very overprotective Snowing.

I’m setting this as though Emma broke the curse at 8 years old. Also, in this universe,
Cruella, Ursula and Maleficent don’t have anything against Snowing and were all
cursed in Storybrooke too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Emma had heard all the jokes, ever since she started elementary school. The kids would sing the
songs from Annie when she walked by them, ask her if she had a hard knock life. On Mother’s Day
or Father’s Day, they’d swipe her arts and crafts materials so she couldn’t make projects. She tried
to keep her head held high, but she was so young and it was hard. The bullying became too much
for her to handle. The worst one of all was being called “Little Orphan Emma”.

Then, she was sent to a new group home in Storybrooke, Maine. She knew it was a special place
from the moment she entered. It wasn’t long before the curse was broken and she realized that the
kind teacher that had given her the book of fairytales wasn’t just the Snow White, but also her
mother. The John Doe that she would visit in the hospital was her prince charming, as well as her
father. It took some time for her to adjust, but overall, she was happy. She felt safe and loved with
them.

For the most part, Emma had friends in this new town. All of the kids had always been very kind to
her and she felt genuinely happy. However, a few kids, weren’t as nice. When they realized that
the savior had been an orphan for the first bit of her life, they found it insanely funny. One day in
class, their music teacher had put on Annie, to teach them some of the songs. She hadn’t even
thought about how it would make Emma feel. For the most part, the movie wasn’t too bad for her,
especially when she saw the ending. Just like Annie, she had found a forever family.

Cruella’s daughter, Vanessa, took it in a different way. When they were on the playground waiting
to be picked up, she approached Emma.

“You don’t have red hair,” she commented.

Emma looked at her, confused. “No.”

“I thought all orphans were little red heads.”
She sighed. “Leave me alone, please.”

“Young sun will come out tomorrow,” Vanessa began singing, tauntingly.

Emma tried to ignore her as she dug through her backpack to find her water bottle. Vanessa went through the whole medley of songs, but clearly it wasn’t working. So, she switched up her tactics.


She kept repeating the words over and over again. It brought Emma back to her days of being bullied and being in terrible foster homes. She had no escape, whether it be home or school. She was constantly being harassed and it seemed as though she would never end. Emma clamped her hands over her ears, but it didn’t stop. She began hyperventilating, not even being able to look at Vanessa anymore.

Her panic attack was getting so bad, Emma didn’t notice that her parents had arrived to pick her up. Vanessa was so busy with her taunting, she didn’t see it either. David instantly swooped in, noticing his daughter having a panic attack. She had been seeing Archie for the past year to deal with her past and she had them every once in a while, he began rubbing her back.

“Copy my breathing,” he told her, gently. “It’s going to be okay, just copy my breathing.” He showed her how to do deep, gentle breaths.

Meanwhile, Snow turned to Vanessa, her eyebrow arching. The young girl quickly stopped her chanting, but pretended to not be so afraid.

“What exactly do you think you’re doing?” She asked.

“We were just joking around.”

“Joking around? You see, when I joke around, I make sure everyone thinks it’s funny. Does it seem like Emma thinks this is funny?”

“Young majesty…”

Snow got closer to her, having to remind herself it was just a child. “I happen to know that your mother is trying to be a better person and doesn’t want you to be this way. Now, if you think it’s appropriate to speak this way to my daughter, maybe you’ll want to repeat it to the principal.”

She lead a very reluctant Vanessa away and explained the situation to the principal, who promised
that he would take care of it. She went back out to the playground where David was cuddling Emma close. She was calmed down now, clinging to him. Snow knelt in front of her, putting a hand on her cheek.

“She was wrong, Em, you know that.”

Emma nodded. “I hate…I hate those things,” she mumbled, meaning panic attacks.

“I know, baby, I know. You have an appointment with Archie tomorrow. For now, how about we go home and just cuddle?”

Emma nodded again and allowed her father to carry her off the playground. Snow linked arms with David, looking down at her baby girl. They may have not been able to protect Emma the first 8 years of her life, but they would always fight for her now that they could.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests coming in! =)
Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted by DC the Cat:
Snow and David were the lone survivors of a war, where they fought on opposite sides. They later meet up in a tavern and fall in love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow had to get out of the castle. If she heard Regina lecture her one more time about how stupid her decision was, she was going to go insane. She didn’t see what the big deal was. She knew she was tough and could get the job done, which is why she masqueraded herself as a man and joined the army. Their battle against George’s kingdom had been rough and they were losing men left and right. In the end, they had lost their army all together, but so had George, barring one man. In the end, the tyrant had surrendered. The land he stole would now become theirs again. Snow didn’t understand why her step-mom could be so protective.

She slid onto a bar stool and ordered some ale. Next to her, she recognized someone. The lone survivor of George’s army. He didn’t know that she was a female, in fact they had exchanged banter plenty of times. She heard rumors about David. How he had once been a shepherd who had been drafted to help George, under threats that his mother’s farm would be destroyed if he didn’t. He didn’t look upset about losing the battle, in fact, he looked a little relieved.

The truth was, while obviously David mourned his fellow soldiers, he was happy for the war to be over. He had earned some money while fighting and it would guarantee that he and his mother would never want for anything again. He looked over when he felt eyes on him and saw someone who looked a little familiar. If he didn’t know any better, he would’ve thought it was Magnus, the lone survivor on Regina’s side. Her hair was cut in a similar fashion to how his had been, but it couldn’t have been her. He had been a man, women didn’t fight in the war.

Then the woman leaned over and grabbed hold of her ale. He saw a scar that went up her arm, he had seen it on Magnus a couple of times.

“Magnus?” He asked.

Snow turned to him with a small smile. “Hello, Charming.” It had been the nickname she had come up for him in battle.

“You’re…you’re a girl.”

“Woman.” She took a sip of her ale. “I may have tricked a few people.”
David stared at her in disbelief. “So…what is your real name?”

“Snow, Snow White.”

“The step-daughter of the queen?”

She nodded. “The very one.”

David couldn’t help but stare at her in awe. “Magnus” had been a fierce warrior. “He” had never intentionally killed anyone, but still gave as good as “he” got. David had admired “him” from afar. Sure, he had trained himself and could put up a good fight (clearly, or else he wouldn’t have survived), but still. He couldn’t believe that this whole time “Magnus” had been her.

“Allow me to pay for your ale,” he offered.

Snow raised an eyebrow. “I caused your king to surrender and you want to buy me an ale?”

“I never wanted to fight to begin with, George guilted me into it.” He pulled out some silver and set it down onto the bar.

She gave him a small smile. “So, Charming…”

“I do have a name, you know.”

“Don’t care, Charming suits you better.” She settled her glass down. “Do you have a woman waiting for you back home?”

“Outside my mother and the female sheep on the farm, I have no women in my life.”

Snow nodded once more and her smile widened.

“Maybe you’d like to meet me at this tavern? Same time tomorrow?”

David grinned and Snow realized that she was falling in love with that smile. “I’d love to.”

Chapter End Notes

Keep the prompts coming in!
Well guys, today is the last day of July Jamboree and wow, it has been an experience. I want to thank you all for being so supportive and keeping me busy! I will keep taking requests, I can’t promise to post daily, but I will try to post a few times a week.

JustMeAndMyKeyboard requested to see a sequel to “Darkest Snow”. You guys can thank her for this little challenge, because her May Muses inspired me.

It had been 2 weeks and there was no sign of things changing. Snow had taken away their cell phones for their “protection”, but every once in a while they could hear them buzzing in the safe. Snow wasn’t one to be reasoned with. She was eerily calm around them, but any mention of leaving the secluded house lead to her changing the subject. She wouldn’t even allow David to kiss her, as she knew that a deep enough true love’s kiss would lead to her darkness disappearing. She truly believed being dark was the solution to everything.

One night, over dinner, Henry’s teen angst was getting the better of him. He knew that this wasn’t his grandmother, but he had been cooped up with his family for too long. He missed his other mother and grandparents, along with his friends. He wasn’t touching the meal on his plate.

“Henry, sweetie, your lamb is getting cold,” Snow pointed out.

“I’m not hungry,” he mumbled.

“Are you alright? Do you have a fever?”

Emma knew her son well and could tell when he was about to flip out. “You know, I think he needs to lay down. Henry, why don’t you come with me…”

“No!” Henry exploded. “I’m sick of tip toeing around her, entertaining all this. Grandma, this is crazy! You need to snap out of this and let us all go.”

Snow raised an eyebrow. “It’s not safe out there, Henry. Look at what’s happened to our family over the years. I had to take on the darkness simply to protect your mother. I will not let anyone hurt you.”

“You’re hurting us! This…this isn’t normal! Mom and Grandpa agree with me, they’ve been trying to find a way to break you out of your darkness.”

Emma and David winced. They had been keeping that from Snow the best they could in closed quarters. Henry had known to not say anything, but his frustration was too much. Neal began to fuss from his high chair, clearly upset by his nephew’s outburst. Snow kept eerily calm, her hands
gripping her fork and knife.

“Mom, he’s just a bit restless,” Emma tried to wager with her. “Maybe if you charmed the backyard, so he could get some fresh air…”

“No, I think what’d be best is for him to be alone for a bit, so he can rethink how he needs to respect his elders,” Snow interrupted.

That was an even further clue of how far Snow had slipped into her darkness. With a flick of her wrist, Henry disappeared from the table. Emma’s eyes widened.

“Where did you send him?!?”

“Relax, darling, he’s merely in his room,” Snow replied.

Emma got up from the table, ignoring her mother’s calls for her to come back. She knew that even dark Snow would never hurt Henry, but she had to check on him. Sure enough, he was sitting on his bed. She settled down next to him.

“I don’t know how much more of this I can take,” he said. “I know this isn’t really Grandma, but this is crazy!”

“I know,” Emma wrapped an arm around him. “My dad and I were talking. He thinks he can convince her that it’s best for both you and Neal to get some fresh air. Once we’re allowed outside, I’ll take it from there.”

David managed to talk Snow into charming the backyard so the boys could go out and play. She stood watch from the window, allowing Emma to supervise. That’s when the blonde took matters into her own hands. She had brought out some paper. While her mom was distracted making sure Henry and Neal were safe on the swing set, she whistled for a bird to come over. She had learned how to communicate with birds from her mother, before all of this happened. She tied the note around the bird’s foot.

“Take this to Regina Mills,” she instructed. “Quickly.”

Within a few days, Emma could feel the forcefield around the house struggling to go away. Snow jumped up from the chair she was sitting in and raced outside, her family following closely behind. Regina and Rumple stood there using their combined magic to break it down. While Snow had done a good job, they had been practicing for much longer. It didn’t take long for it to be broken down. Snow raised a fireball to throw at them.
“Snow, stop!” Regina exclaimed. “This isn’t you! This isn’t the girl I knew!”

“She’s gone, Regina. I won’t let you hurt my family again.”

“I’m not trying to hurt them! We are a family! You know that, deep down.”

Snow shook her head. “What I do know is that it’s time to say goodnight, queenie.”

She threw the fireball, but Regina was able to block it. She looked at Emma, definitely hesitant for what was to come next. Emma slowly nodded, letting her know she could take it.

“I didn’t want it to come to this,” Regina said. She flicked her wrist and Emma fell to the ground. Rumple took the opportunity to freeze David, Henry and Neal in place, leaving Snow to be the only one to help.

Snow rushed to her daughter’s side, dropping to her knees beside her. “What did you do?!?”

“I put her under a sleeping curse,” Regina said. “So, you have a choice. Kill me and Rumple or save your daughter.”

Snow didn’t even have to think about it twice. Even with the darkness in her heart, Emma was one of her true loves. She bent down, kissing her forehead. A rainbow forcefield overcame the two of them. Snow transformed from the dark liner and black dress to the cream pea coat she had been wearing before she took on the curse. Emma’s eyes flickered open and she could see her mom’s softer features had returned. She smiled, reaching up to take her hand.

“It worked,” she whispered.

Snow looked down at herself and then over to Emma, realization of what she had done taking over her. “Oh my God…I…I kept you all here?”

Rumple removed the freezing spell over the rest of the family. David walked over, putting a hand on her back.

“We know it wasn’t you,” he said. “It’s okay.”

Henry smiled at his grandmother before running over to Regina to reunite with her. Keeping a grip around Neal, David helped his girls up, wrapping them into a big hug. Finally, things could go back to normal.
Mary Margaret, or Snow as she was better known as, knew that Hollywood was filled with fake couples, all trying to sell some type of media. She had done a few of those herself ever since she started out as a teen. However, she didn’t want to, not anymore. She had met someone who made her desire something real.

David Nolan had always flat out refused to enter any fake romance, even if he didn’t have to do much to be a part of it. He felt even more sure of that when he met Snow at a party for the network they were set to appear on. The two began to date and had now fallen in love. After nearly a year of dating, they were ready to go public. The showrunners before their respective productions didn’t agree it was the best and had called a meeting over it.

Albert Spencer felt very protective of his latest crime drama. He wanted it to get the publicity he felt it deserved. He had cast David alongside Kathryn Midas, planning for the two to appear in public as a couple. Belinda Blumenthal or Blue as she was better known to many felt the same about her romantic comedy. She had partnered Snow with Victor Whale. When they discovered that their stars had other plans, they knew they had to try to convince them otherwise.

“How about this,” Blue said, willing to bargain. “You two can date in secret, that’s fine. But as far as the public will know, you’re dating Kathryn and Victor.”

“Absolutely not,” David said, his hand sliding through Snow’s. “We’re not going to pretend to be something we’re not.”

“Do you realize how good it looks when leads are together?” Albert asked them.

David rolled his eyes. “Most people aren’t stupid. If they see the network’s two newest shows have leads dating, it’s going to look suspicious.”

“Plus, Victor is known for sleeping around,” Snow pointed out. “I doubt he’d be able to keep it looking real for very long”

“Don’t you realize how much publicity we’ll lose over this?”

“Both shows have plenty of publicity without it. Besides, this wasn’t in our contracts.”
Blue and Albert exchanged a look, they knew they should’ve worked in something like that.

“Anyway, it’d be a little hard to pretend to date other people for very long,” David said, he smiled down at Snow’s left hand and she lifted it up.

Blue’s mouth dropped open. “You have got to be kidding me.”

“We’re getting married,” Snow told them. “We’re going to be eloping with just a few friends. Oh, and I’m pregnant.” She rose to her feet, still holding David’s hand. “This meeting is over, my publicist is going to be putting an announcement for both of these things come tomorrow morning.”

“If you try to get us fired, we have our lawyers waiting,” David informed them.

The two walked out of the room. Once the door shut behind them, they could hear Albert and Blue discussing things, clearly trying to do damage control. The couple began to laugh and he swooped Snow into his arms, kissing her.

“Hope Kathryn isn’t too disappointed,” Snow said.

“She’s much more interested in Jim Frederickson,” he replied with a wave of his hand.

“Good,” she grinned and kissed him again. “Because you’re all mine.”

“Well, you’ll have to share me with someone else soon.” He put his hand on her stomach.

“Your two favorite girls.”

“Could be a boy.”

“Nah.” Snow smiled. “I have a feeling that it’s going to be a little girl.”
Dear Emma

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by Soprano Pixie:
During the missing year, Snow wrote Emma letters in a journal to help cope with losing her. A few years later when Snowing is moving to the farm house, Emma comes across the journal, that somehow was brought over with the curse.
(P.S: I so didn’t cry while writing this letter from Snow…psht…someone was cutting onions…)

This was harder than Emma thought it would be. While she had long moved out of her parents’ loft, she had always taken comfort in the thought that it was there. In many respects, it had been her first “forever home”. However, she knew it was time for her parents to get a house of their own. Neal was getting bigger and her old bedroom wasn’t the ideal nursery. Plus, they were talking about adding to their family at some point. It was all for the best.

After making sure that she hadn’t left anything else behind, Emma set about helping her parents with their things. David and Snow had gone to take all of Neal’s baby stuff out to the truck (her brother and Henry were with Regina for the afternoon). Emma was going through their closets, making sure that her mom’s shoes were all protected. Just as she pulled out the last box of stilettos, a black leather journal fell out with them.

She was just going to throw it in with everything else, when she saw Dear Emma scrawled out across one of the pages. Curiosity got the better of her and she picked it up. The journal didn’t seem to be from this realm, the pages were made of different material. Even the ink looked a little different, like how she had once seen the Declaration of Intendance on a class trip. She settled down onto the floor and started reading.

Dear Emma,

It’s been 5 months since I last saw you. I can’t believe that it’s been that long. Every time I close my eyes for sleep, I dream that you come back to me. I wish it was true. I wish tomorrow that you and Henry would walk into the castle. I had your father prepare rooms for you two, just in case. I know deep down that it won’t happen, but a part of me just can’t accept that I’ll never see you again. When I found out I was expecting again, I thought maybe it would help ease the pain, but it didn’t. While I’m excited for this baby, I miss you so much.

I remember when we walked through the nursery together and you opened up to me, really opened up. You said you weren’t used to people putting you first. In this new world, you don’t remember that anyone ever did. But I love you, Emma. I love you more than all the stars and the moon. You
are my sunshine, my sweet little girl. My heart will never stop aching for losing you.

I hope with all my heart that wherever you are, that you’re happy. But selfishly, I pray that one day I can see those beautiful green eyes again, that we can be a family.

Love,

Mama

Emma dropped the journal out of her hands and felt the tears streaming down her face. She had long realized that Neal hadn’t been a replacement for her, but she hadn’t realized just how much the time apart had hurt her mother. Emma hadn’t been aware there were people out there to be missed during it. By the time she did, only a day passed before she saw her again.

But her parents had faced that pain. It hadn’t been like the first curse, where they weren’t aware that they were parents. They knew they were, they knew they had a daughter and grandson out there, but they believed they’d never see them again.

“Em, we were thinking about taking a break to go get some lunch,” Snow’s voice interrupted her thoughts. Emma looked up and her mother’s face softened upon seeing the tears. “Sweetheart, what’s…” She trailed off when she saw the journal and picked it up.

“I didn’t mean to snoop, it fell out of the closet and I saw the Dear Emma…”

“I thought this was lost forever,” Snow breathed. “I had it in the Enchanted Forest during the missing year.” She slid to the floor next to her daughter. “When we got back here, I could never find it.”

“Mom, I never…I mean…I didn’t realize how hard it all was on you.”

Snow looked at her in almost disbelief. “Of course it was hard on me, you’re my daughter and I had lost you once again.” She sighed. “Your father and I both had troubles coping. I ended up talking with Doc and he suggested I write you letters, even if you would never see them, I could say all I wanted. So, I wrote one a day. I never stopped missing you, Emma. Not once.”

Snow looked down at the journal and then back at Emma, before handing it over to her.

“I want you to read them, if you want, on your own time,” she said. “They’re all for you.”

“Are you sure?”

Snow nodded. “I’m just glad I actually got you back.”
Emma let out a deep breath, leaning into Snow for a hug.

“Trust me, I am too, Mama.”
**Dear Emma: Part II**

**Chapter Notes**

This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:  
A sequel to Dear Emma. Emma becomes jealous of Neal and decides to read the first letter in the journal. Mama Snow fluff ensues.

Emma thought she had her jealousy under control. She knew that her parents hadn’t had Neal to replace her and she was happy that he would have all that she never did. However, occasionally that little green monster would rear its ugly head. This time it came about because it was Neal’s first birthday. Snow and David were of course going all out for it. She knew they’d do the same for her birthday if she allowed it, but the fuss made her feel uncomfortable, so they always did something small. However, Emma knew had she grown up with them, she’d be better with it all.

After receiving the invitation in the mail (Snow insisted on sending them to everyone, so they could be a keepsake), she felt herself getting even more down. Setting it aside, she headed upstairs to her room. She dug through her closet and found the journal. She hadn’t looked at it since Snow gave it to her. While it was sweet, it also reminded her of a time that her mother wasn’t in her life, she hated thinking about those times. However, she was in need of some motherly love. She still didn’t feel comfortable expressing those needs, so the journal could be a source of comfort. She decided to start on the first one.

**Dear Emma,**

*Doc gave me this journal, he said writing letters to you might help. I’ll never be able to send them, but he hopes it’ll bring me some peace. I certainly hope that he’s right. This isn’t like the first curse. I didn’t know you were out there. Now, I do and you’re the one who doesn’t know the truth.*

*Lately, I’ve been wondering where you and Henry ended up. Boston, maybe? Or are you two further out west? Are you in something like our old loft or do you have a big house? I hope you’re warm and safe. I can’t stop thinking about that night I found you living in the bug, do you remember that? It was the first time in the curse that I felt maternal instincts over you. I saw you living in it and I was so scared.*

*Even Mary Margaret wouldn’t have invited a stranger to move in, but I knew you had to. A part of me wanted to insist, but you were a grown woman. Little did I know we were actually mother and daughter. When you showed up on my doorstep, I had never felt so relieved. I knew you’d be safe and warm. I don’t know that now. It’s the scariest thing a mother can go through, not knowing where their child is. I felt that pain when your father put you through the wardrobe and now it’s back again.*
Then again, Henry is with you. Which means Regina has to have cursed you both to be safe. It’s just a mother’s nature to worry.

Love,

Mama

Emma’s finger traced over the final word. It was a name she rarely called her mother, it had taken her so long to even call her “Mom” on a consistent basis. Snow never asked her to, but she could see the smile that broke across her face when it did. It was something special between them, something she hoped to slip in every now and again.

She could hear the door open and shut downstairs, followed by Snow’s voice. Wiping away her tears, she returned the journal to its spot and headed down the stairs.

“Hey Mom, what’s up?”

“I was just wondering if you’d want to come cake testing with me? Granny can’t decide on a flavor and I know you have a sweet tooth.”

Emma smiled. “I’d love to.”

Snow put a hand on her cheek. “You okay?”

“Yeah…I’m just…can I have a hug?”

Snow smiled and wrapped her arms around her daughter. Emma hugged her tighter, resting her head on her shoulder.

“You sure you’re okay?” Snow asked.

“Henry and I were fine, during the missing year,” Emma blurted out. “We were in New York, we had an apartment bigger than the loft. We…we were fine.”

It took Snow a minute to realize just what her daughter was on about. She figured she must have read the first letter in the journal. She nodded, kissing her cheek.

“Good, I’m glad.”
Chapter Notes

I Kinda Like OUAT wanted to see something where Henry and Neal were born close together, so they grow up like brothers. Since I touched briefly on this in “Henry’s Ohana”, I’ve decided to make this a companion to that. Minor season 7 spoilers ahead.

Having two infants under one roof could be pretty exhausting. The only thing that Emma and her parents felt they had on their side was that they outnumbered the babies at least. In the first few months, they had opposite schedules so while Neal was asleep, Henry would be awake and vice versa. They were only 2 months apart and that didn’t seem to make much of a difference, it was almost like having twins.

Things were gradually getting easier as they got older and were starting to sleep through the night. When Neal turned 1 right after Henry did, they seemed to be even playing with each other more. They shared their toys and babbled to each other in their own little baby language.

One day, Emma came home from work and noticed that it was extremely quiet. That wasn’t like their house at all. Heading into the den, she found her parents standing over the playpen. Peering in, she saw that Henry and Neal were cuddled up with each other. They were cheek to cheek, Henry having a protective arm around his uncle. Emma felt an aww escape her lips.

“We put them in there to play while we fixed lunch,” David said, softly. “We came back and they were sleeping like this.”

“This is so sweet.” Emma pulled out her phone to capture the moment.

“They’ve been clinging to each other like this all day,” Snow chimed in. “I swear, lately they’ve been acting more like brothers.”

As the years went on, those words turned out to be true. They would later argue over toys and bicker about silly things, just like real brothers would. However, 5 minutes later, they’d be playing again as if nothing had happened. When Emma and Henry moved out (albeit, only across the street, but it was still moving out), Neal refused to get rid of the twin bed in his room so his uncle would have a place to sleep when he slept over. Emma even got bunkbeds in Henry’s room for the same purpose.

There were even times when the boys would slip up and refer to each other as “brother”. Their parents never corrected it, they found it sweet. As the years went by, their bond only seemed to get
stronger. When Henry ended up getting a girl pregnant at 18, Neal stuck by his side. Snow, David and Emma were all supportive as well, but the two of them seemed to be closer as a result. When Cinderella went into labor, Neal was waiting with the rest of the family in the waiting room. Soon, the bassinet was being pushed into the nursery. The family gathered around, all of them getting a good look at the newest member of the family.

Henry gently lifted his daughter out of the bassinet. “Everyone, this is Lucy.”

“She’s so sweet,” Neal said, softly. “Can I hold her?”

“Of course.” Henry settled Lucy into Neal’s arms. “Lucy, this is your uncle Neal.”

Snow, David and Emma all exchanged a smile. They had never once doubted what Neal’s title would be for Lucy. It was weird, Emma had always filled more of an aunt role around her brother. She never minded, they had a good relationship. Henry was an only child, so she was always happy that he had a brother figure in his life. It would probably take Lucy some time to even realize that technically she was Neal’s great-niece. Their family tree was definitely complicated, filled with many twists and turns that none of them could have seen coming at certain points.

One thing was for sure, though. None of them would ever be alone.
PolskiaChic18 requested a prompt based on an episode of Gilmore Girls: Emma (who broke the curse as a young child) gets into a car accident caused by the town’s bad boy. Snowing flips out and become very protective.

Snow, for once, had been the one to have a bad feeling. She normally was the one who wanted to give everyone a chance. However, when it came to Brandon, she agreed with her husband. There just seemed to be something about him. He was disrespectful to the adults in town, he stole from various businesses and was always pulling pranks. However, he was the nephew of one of the most prominent business men in Storybrooke. There wasn’t much anyone could do about him.

The couple tried to warn their daughter to steer clear of Brandon, but that didn’t seem to work. Especially when they got paired up to work on a project together. Snow and David tried to stay calm. Emma was 16, she was a trustworthy kid. She wouldn’t get into trouble with this kid.

Then one night, after they had gotten the younger kids to bed, Snow’s cell phone rang. She settled down next to David on the couch, answering it.

“Hello?”
“Mom, it’s me,” Emma’s voice came through the phone.
“Hey baby. It’s getting late, you heading home?”
“I need you to be calm.”
“Calm about what?”
“Calm about what I have to tell you.”
Snow raised her eyebrow, sitting up straighter. “What are you talking about?”
“I’m alright,” Emma tried to assure her.
“Of course you’re alright,” she replied, trying not to panic. “Why wouldn’t you be alright?”
“Because… I got into an accident.”

Snow’s heart began to race a mile per minute. By now, David was staring at her, clearly confused.
“Accident? What accident?” She asked

“Accident?!?” David exclaimed. “Emma was in an accident? Is she okay?”

“I’m trying to figure out,” Snow said, waving him off. “What do you mean you got in an accident?”

“Brandon and I went for ice cream and we were just driving around,” Emma tried to explain. “It was dark and this wolf ran out in front of the car…Brandon swerved…”

“Brandon swerved?”

“Yes.”

“Brandon was driving?!?” Snow knew that he didn’t drive, so they had to have been in Emma’s bug. “Brandon was driving your car and you got in an accident?!?”

“Yes, but I’m fine, he’s fine, we’re both fine. The car’s a little banged up, but there’s nothing for you to be worried about.”

“Where are you, Emma?”

“…The hospital.”

It took Snow and David less than 5 minutes to convince Ella (who lived next door) to come by and keep an ear out for their other children. They sped as fast as they could down to the emergency room, a range of emotions filling them. They were worried about their baby girl, having no idea what condition she’d be in they got there. They were angry with Brandon for causing the accident to begin with.

When they arrived, they headed straight to the emergency room and rushed over to the desk.

“Our daughter’s name is Emma, Emma Nolan,” David said. “She called us and said she was here.”

The nurse nodded. “Take a seat, we’ll be right with you.”

“We don’t want to take a seat.”

She raised an eyebrow. “It’ll just be a minute.”

Snow let out an exasperated breath. “Let us see our daughter, now.”

The nurse rolled her eyes but consulted her chart and gave them instructions on where to go. They rushed down the corridor and found Emma sitting on a cot with a cast on her left hand. They went to either side of her, inspecting her before pulling her into a hug.
“I’m fine, I’m fine,” she tried to tell them.

“You have a cast,” David said. “You wouldn’t have a cast if you were fine.”

“My wrist hit the dashboard, I have a minor hairline fracture.

“So you didn’t break it?”

“No, just a fracture. Whale said it was nothing serious, he just went to get me something for the pain.”

Snow let out a sigh of relief. “So, tell us exactly what happened.”

Emma gnawed on her lip. “We were doing our project and got hungry, so we decided to head to Granny’s for some ice cream. The rest, you know.”

“Why was he driving the bug?”

“He thought it was cool and wanted to give it a shot.”

David tipped his head back. “No one should be driving your car but you, Emma. He’s not on the insurance.”

Emma froze, she hadn’t even thought about that anyway.

“Where is Brandon anyway?” He asked, looking around.

“His uncle picked him up, he wasn’t hurt.”

“Of course he wasn’t.”

“Dad, it’s not his fault.”

“My baby is in a cast and he was driving, forgive me if I’m not exactly pleased with the kid right now.”

She knew she didn’t have a leg to stand on at this point, so she just picked at her cast a bit.

“Are you two mad at me? Am I in trouble?”

Snow sighed, rubbing her back. “No, sweetheart. We’re just glad you’re okay. You can believe that you’ll be resting this weekend.”

David nodded in agreement. “Where’s the bug?”

“Uncle Leroy towed it, he said he should be able to fix it.”
David and Snow, both kept their hands on Emma’s back. Personally, neither cared much about the car. Cars could be replaced, their baby girl couldn’t.
The Lost Princess: Part II

Chapter Notes

LyssLoveSnowing33 sent in a prompt for a sequel to “The Lost Princess”. It’s a read and see. =) My prompt list is empty, so keep the requests coming in!

Snow and David were being patient, they knew they had to be. Once they brought Emma home, they didn’t expect her to instantly consider them “Mom” and “Dad”. They definitely wanted to try to ease her into being called Emma, if she ever wanted to be that again. But months were going by and things were remaining the same.

She still insisted on going by Leia, was calling them by their first names and was very closed off. Snow and David had tried to get her to talk to Doc or Jiminy for therapy, which she turned down at every turn. She was only 4 and the whole thing was too complicated for her to understand. Snow and David decided to take up therapy as well. They had their own issues to work out with losing their daughter and now getting her back, but not really.

One morning, Emma came down to breakfast, being escorted by her nanny (she refused to ever let Snow help her get ready). Snow and David gave her a soft smile.

“Good morning, Leia,” David said softly, pulling out her chair. The name sounded so foreign on his tongue, but he didn’t want to make her uncomfortable.

She nodded, sitting down. “Morning,” she mumbled.

“What would you like to do today? I don’t have any meetings.”

Emma was quiet for a minute. “Can I go see…them?”

Emma had stopped calling Cleo and Gareth her parents, though she never referred to them by name either. This wasn’t the first time she had asked to go see them. The first few times, Snow and David had given her a big fat no. It resulted in massive tantrums each and every time.

The truth was, they didn’t want Emma anywhere near those people ever again. Even though they were locked up in cells charmed by Rumpelstiltskin so they could never escape, they were still apprehensive. However, both Doc and Jiminy had suggested after the last tantrum that maybe they should let her do it. They also said that she should do it with a guard, rather than David and Snow. She wouldn’t feel comfortable with them there. They still weren’t sure how they felt about it, but they wanted to do what was best for Emma.
“Okay,” Snow replied, slowly.

Emma’s eyes lit up, for probably the first time since she had gone under their care. “Really?”

“You’ll be under the eye of Lancelot, but you can see them. They’re still going to be locked up.”

Emma nodded. “Because they did a bad thing?”

Snow and David smiled at her a little. That was the one thing that had come out of it, Emma did understand that she had been taken and that it wasn’t okay. It just wasn’t easy to accept Snow and David as her parents, when Cleo and Gareth had been them for so long.

After breakfast, Lancelot lead Emma to the mines where the cell that once contained the Dark One was. Cleo and Gareth had just finished up their own porridge for breakfast and were leaning back. Cleo saw Emma and instantly ran to the bars. Lancelot drew a sword.

“You will not attempt to touch the princess,” he instructed. “You may, however, have some time to talk to her.”

Cleo sighed, but nodded. “How are you sweetheart? Are you okay?”

“I’m okay,” Emma replied. “I had my birthday party last week.”

“That’s right, you’re 5. I’m so sorry we couldn’t spend it with you, but soon, we’ll be out of here…”

“Don’t, Cleo,” Gareth spoke up.

“Gareth…”

“We’re not getting out of here and we shouldn’t.” Ignoring the glare his wife gave him, he moved closer to the bars. “Leia…I mean, Emma…”

“That’s not my name,” Emma interrupted.

“Yes, it is. Listen to me, Cleo and I did a very bad thing,” he bit his lip. “We wanted a baby but couldn’t have one, so we took you.”

“Why?”

“Because we felt entitled, which doesn’t excuse it. Your name is Emma, you are a princess and you never should’ve been taken from Snow and David.”

“So, you’re not my mama and daddy anymore?”

Gareth drew a deep breath and shook his head. “We were never your mama and daddy. Snow and David always were. Please, listen to them, respect them. They love you so much, their true love is what brought you here.”
Emma was quiet for a few moments. She could tell that Cleo was crying, but she kept her eyes on Gareth, who was giving her a loving look. She slowly nodded and then turned around to Lancelot.

“Can we go please?”

Lancelot nodded and lead the young princess back up to the castle. Arguing could be heard as they left, but little by little, Emma tuned their voices out. It would be the last time she ever saw either of them.

Snow and David noticed a change after that day. It was gradual, sure, but there nonetheless. They assumed that Emma visiting her kidnappers would lead to her resenting them even more. To their surprise, she was happier around them. She allowed Snow to help her get ready in the morning and would ask David to play with her when he finished his paperwork. She allowed them to tuck her in and even asked that they start calling her Emma.

A few months later, an even bigger change came about. Snow and David were tucking her into bed, after telling her the story of how they met and fell in love.

“Night Em,” David whispered. “We love you.”

Emma yawned, clinging her baby blanket closer to her. “Night Mama, night Daddy.” She shut her eyes. “Love you too.”

David and Snow felt tears gather in their eyes. It had taken 5 ½ years, but they finally heard those sweet words.
New Land, Same Savior

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt submitted to me by CharmingsDaughter:
Snowing and Emma are in the Enchanted Forest when George holds them hostage in their castle.

The list is empty, please submit some more. =)

It had been hard enough to adjust to life in the Enchanted Forest. When Storybrooke transported back there overnight, it was a shock for Emma. Sure, she had spent some time there in the past, but it was always temporary. According to Regina, there was no chance of them being able to go back there without casting another curse. There was no reason to go back anyway, they were all safe there, as a family.

Emma really was making an effort. She took on princess duties and was trying new foods. Regina moved back into her own castle and they still split custody of Henry. One weekend, Regina knew that Emma, Snow and David had a lot of paperwork, so she offered to watch Neal for them as well, so he was sent over with Henry. George took the opportunity of the children being out of the castle to invade, knowing there would be no reason for them to be checked on.

Emma tried to fight him off with her magic, but George was too quick. He promised that if she tried to hurt him, he’d hurt one of her parents. They were locked up in the cell below the castle, with George coming down multiple times a day.

“You need to eat, baby,” Snow told Emma, pushing over the broth and stale bread they had been brought. “Dad and I already tried it, it’s not poisoned.”

“I don’t want to eat, I want to get out of here!” Emma slammed her first on the wall and jumped up. “I was already kept prisoner for 11 months, I did my time. I’m done serving it for this psychopath!”

“Now, now, now,” George’s voice came from the other side of the bars. “Is that anyway to talk to your grandfather?”

“You are not her grandfather,” David said, firmly.

“I would be careful with your tongue.”

“This won’t last forever,” Emma told him. “Henry is due back next week, but Regina is returning with Neal on Monday morning.”

“I sent word through to her, asking that she keep Neal and Henry there until further notice, stated
that there was an emergency you all needed to handle,” George gave her a smile. “By the time she’s ready, I can swarm her castle as well and take back the kingdom as a whole.”

“You won’t be able to beat Regina,” Snow said confidently. “Her magic is powerful. Even if you somehow managed, she isn’t our only ally with powers.”

“You just wait and see, dearie. And I managed to defeat you once, did I not? Had Ruth not been so foolish, you never would’ve had those bastard children.”

Snow rose to her feet and walked as closely to George’s face as she could. “Don’t you dare talk about my children in such a way!”

George went to smack Snow, but Emma was too quick. She pushed her mother back a bit and twisted his wrist. George glared at her and opened the cell quickly to grab her out of it, before David could protect her. He grabbed his sword from his belt and held it to her throat.

“Maybe one less Charming here will be for the better,” he said.

“Do not kill her!” David protested. “Take me instead!”

“No, while you and your wife can be annoying, at least you don’t complain as much.”

“You wouldn’t take a child from a father, not really. That’s why you sent Neal away.” He titled his head. “What? A little too close to home there?”

George grip on Emma tightened. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You lost James and I do believe in your own twisted way, you love him. As much as you hate me and tried to deprive me of having children, you wouldn’t actually kill Emma or Neal. You know too well what the pain of that would do to a father.”

While George was distracted, Emma remembered a move she had learned while becoming a bail bondsperson. She was able to unarm George and force him to the ground. Keeping the sword to his throat, she tossed the keys to her father. He and her mother would have to fight off the guards, but it would be easy. They were nothing without the aid of George.

Emma kicked George into the cell and locked it behind her once her parents were gone. “I may be in a new land, but I am still the savior.”
An anonymous user on Tumblr requested me to do a prompt based on the song “Alyssa Lies” by Jason Michael Carroll. I admit, I couldn’t bring myself to go through with the ending of the song, decided to give it a happier ending. Trigger warning: Mentions of child abuse. Remember to look out for the signs and report what you see.

David could tell something was up with his son from the moment he came home from school. He was typically one to play straight once he had finished his homework. That afternoon, however, he just sat there once it was all finished, staring at the pages. David settled down next to his 7-year-old son.

“What’s wrong, bud?” He asked.

Neal chewed on his lip. “Alyssa lies.”

David’s brows furrowed. Alyssa was a new girl in his class, her family had entered via a portal with a few others from a neighboring village. Alyssa’s mother, Scarlett, was a single mom and seemingly very nice. She had gotten a job at the diner and always had a smile on her face. David wondered if maybe Alyssa had fabricated some things to fit in easier, he knew that was common in young kids. He didn’t say much at first, not seeing the hurt in his son’s eyes. Without his prompting, Neal continued.

“She lies to the teachers, about how she got her bruises on her arms, to our friends too.” That caught David’s attention. “She told me because I told her I could help whatever was wrong. She says that her mom gets mad and hits her. She yells at her too and calls her names.”

David felt his heart sink in his chest. He knew that child abuse accusations were a serious matter. He believed his son and it wasn’t as if he was claiming that she had been spanked (a practice he didn’t agree with, but was legal). If she had bruises, that was a problem. He was no longer co-sheriff, but he knew that he had to get Emma involved.

Emma took matters very seriously, it was a subject that hit close to home. With the help of Archie, she went down to Scarlett and Alyssa’s house. While the little girl did have bruises on her, her mother had a story for all of them and Alyssa seemed to follow along with it. Emma knew deep down that Alyssa was lying once again to cover up for her mom, but there wasn’t much they could do. The excuses were all plausible and it wasn’t bad enough to have her removed. That didn’t mean that Emma wasn’t going to keep an eye on the situation.
Unfortunately, it didn’t take long for her to hear more news about Alyssa. Growing up, she remembered the first few times she reported her foster parents for what they had done. She had only been beaten worse before being removed. She prayed that the visit would be a wakeup call for Scarlett, who they had also extended offers of help to. She didn’t take it.

Alyssa ended up in the hospital, with a broken arm and leg. She had been pushed down the concrete steps in front of her home. With all the stitches lining her face and Alyssa’s frightened testimony, it was enough to arrest Scarlett and enter Alyssa into the foster system.

There had been a few families that had gotten their licenses in town, in case a situation would arise. One of them were Aurora and Phillip, who were happy to take Alyssa in. Emma stopped by her parents’ house after dropping the little girl off. She found Neal playing on the porch. She settled down next to him. He dropped his toy car and looked up at her.

“So, I just dropped off Alyssa. She’s going to be staying with Aurora and Phillip.”

“Forever?” Neal asked.

Emma nodded. “We found out that the abuse had started way back in the Enchanted Forest.”

“Why did her mom do those things to her?”

She sighed. “I don’t know, buddy. Sometimes people just don’t know how to be parents like our mom and dad.”

“I don’t like that Alyssa had to get hurt. Or you.”

Emma frowned. During all this, Neal had discovered about Emma’s own time in the system. He had always known that she didn’t grow up with their parents, but didn’t know the whole story. She wrapped an arm around him.

“I know, bud. I wish we didn’t either. But you know what? Alyssa had a rough start and now she’ll have a happy ending with Phillip and Aurora. It’ll take time, but she’ll soon see how loved she is. She’ll have two parents that adore her and a brother.” Emma stroked his cheek. “I got the same thing and I wouldn’t change my family for the world, no matter how long it took me to get here.”

Neal smiled a little and cuddled into his sister’s side. He was really grateful to have his sister in his life.
This was a prompt submitted to me by a guest:
An alternate ending to the season 5 finale. Emma witnesses Henry’s first kiss and the two have a mother/son moment following it.

As Regina sent Emma a shocked look, all the blonde could do was tilt her head. She knew she wasn’t expressing it on the outside, but she was feeling a range of emotions. Her son’s first kiss.
She knew he was old enough, he was 13, she was a little younger when she had hers. Even so, how had he grown up so quickly? It seemed like just yesterday that he was the little 10-year-old that showed up on her doorstep. He had grown so much since then, he was already taller than her. It all seemed to happen in a blink of an eye.

Regina offered to give Violet a ride back to her place. They had called Sir Morgan from the road, but figured she still had a lot of explaining to do on her end. Henry was grounded for running away to New York, but all of that had been discussed at the hotel before they left. Emma put an arm around her son as they headed back to the bug.

When they got to the house that she had been living in as the Dark One, they settled down in the living room with some hot cocoas (cinnamon sprinkled on top of course).

“Are you going to live here now?” Henry asked. “I mean, for good?”
Emma shrugged. “I don’t know yet. It has a lot of bad memories and as cramped as it is, I miss the loft.”

Henry smirked. “I’m surprised Grandma and Gramps don’t have you under their sight at all times after all the hell you’ve put them through.”

“Oh, I expect them to be here shortly. Which is why I wanted to talk to you now.” She gave him a smile. “So, Violet?”
Blush crept to his cheeks. “Oh come, it was bad enough that you and Mom spied on the kiss.”
“We didn’t spy, you chose to kiss her right in front of us.”
He rolled his eyes. “Technicalities.”
“Do you think she’ll be your first girlfriend?”
“I don’t know. I mean…I really like her. Now that we have our memories back from Camelot, I remember how much fun we had before…” He trailed off, gnawing on his lip.
Emma averted her eyes. “Kid, I’m sorry. There was no excuse for me to do what I did, but still… I’m sorry.”

“I know, I know. It’s not okay, but I forgive you. I want to put all of that behind us.”

He put his hand on top of hers and she smiled a bit, letting a tiny sigh escape through her lips.

“You know, I think Regina’s nickname for you really fits, you’re a sweet prince.” She kissed his cheek. “Violet is really lucky to have a guy like you.”

“I don’t know when I’m going to get to take her out, considering I’m grounded and she probably is too.”

“Well, maybe next time your first official date won’t be running off to New York,” she told him, tilting her head to the side. “I mean really, kid. What were you thinking?”

“I thought it was the right thing at the time. Have I apologized enough yet?”

“You have. Just next time, promise that you’ll actually try a more productive way of getting us to listen to you?”

“I promise.”

“You mean the world to me, kid, I need you to know that,” Emma said. “I know these past few months have been hard, with me becoming the Dark One and dragging you all to the Underworld. You just have to know that you still come first, always. I know I’ve made mistakes…”

“Every mother does, look at my other mom. It doesn’t change that you love me, I know that,” Henry promised her.

Emma kissed the center of his forehead.

“Love you, kid.”

“I love you too, Mom.”
A guest requested a one shot that I’m going to alter slightly to prevent it from being too similar to the other one shots based on 6x17.

The minute the door opened, Snow and David saw her. Their little girl. According to Rumple, it had only been 3 years that had passed since the curse hit. She was so beautiful, long blonde curls and the biggest green eyes.

“She’s beautiful,” David breathed.

They went to step in and take her, not wanting to miss another second of her life. However, before they could move, another door in Emma’s room opened and a couple stepped in. The woman was heavily pregnant and smiling at Emma.

“Did someone have a good nap?” She asked.

Emma nodded, holding her arms up to the man, grinning when he lifted her into his arms. “Uh huh. Daddy, can we go to the park?”

“Of course, angel,” he replied.

It hit Snow and David like a ton of bricks. They hadn’t known what to expect when they put Emma through the wardrobe, there had been no time to think. However, it was clear. She had new parents, a new life. It was clear by her adoptive mother’s pregnant stomach that she’d soon be a big sister. It wouldn’t be fair to take her from all of that. Plus, Snow knew how the laws in this world worked. They weren’t royalty, they were nothing. The curse wouldn’t matter, no one would believe them.

With a heavy heart, Snow closed the door again. They would take the memory potion that Rumple had given them. Fate always brought their family back together. They had to believe that would not be the last time that they saw their baby girl.

Snow snapped out of her thoughts and looked back over at Emma. Things had been complicated over the past few months, while they tried to figure things out as a family. Emma was opening up little by little, finally starting to consider Snow and David as her parents and not just friends. Even
so, something was eating at Snow.

When the curse broke, she had regained her memories from the brief time she had awoken from it 25 years prior. From what she saw on the other side of the door, Emma’s version of events of her childhood didn’t make sense. It wasn’t that she didn’t believe her daughter, she was just curious how so much had changed.

“Emma?” Her daughter looked up from the T.V. “Um, I need to ask you something, but I don’t want to upset you.”

Emma shut off the television and gave her mom a soft smile. “We agreed to be honest here, nothing’s off the table. What’s up?”

“Well, your father and I, we weren’t asleep for the entire curse.” She watched Emma’s eyes fill with confusion. “I discovered this flower about 3 years in, it woke your father from the curse and then myself. We were able to use its magic to conjure up a door and on the other side, was you. We were so excited to finally be reunited with you, but we saw you with this couple. You called the man daddy. We assumed you had a new family. We couldn’t rip you from that, we assumed you were safe.”

“Mom, it’s okay. I understand, you did what you thought was best.”

“I just don’t understand, is all. You told me under the curse that you grew up bouncing around the foster system. How did you go from those people to that? Did something happen to them?”

Emma frowned, realizing she had never told “Mary Margaret” that story. She barely spoke of it at all. She had only told Henry that one time because he was going on and on about how much he thought Regina didn’t care. It wasn’t exactly her fondest memory.

“The only thing that happened, was a baby,” she explained, quietly. “I’m not sure if you saw, but Josie was pregnant.” Snow nodded. “I was so excited, thought I’d be getting a little sister. The baby came, things were okay for a bit. Then one day, a social worker appeared and took me away. I was so confused, I didn’t know that Josie and Cliff weren’t my biological parents. Apparently, they felt like it was just too much, having two children. There were financial problems and all, so I was the one that was sent packing.”

Snow felt her heart grow heavy in her chest. She had felt so much for those parents, thinking that they were attached to Emma. How could they be, if they threw her away, simply because of a new addition? She wished she had gone through the door and taken her daughter. Sure, it would’ve been dangerous, but she would’ve had a real forever home.

“I am so sorry, Emma,” Snow took her hand. “If I had any idea…”

“I know, I do.” She shrugged. “It’s not your fault, really. I’m sure had you come through that
magic door, there would’ve been real world consequences. This realm doesn’t work like yours does. You did the right thing, I promise.”

Snow nodded, but the guilt was still there. She didn’t know if it would ever go away. Her little girl was sent away twice, never having a place long enough to gather more than a few boxes. She was determined now, more than ever: she would do all she could to make sure her daughter never felt like an orphan again.
Chapter Notes

Soprano Pixie requested a sequel to Chapter 130: Emma’s Forever Home: Emma is triggered by something that causes her to remember being taken away from her foster parents.

Emma had accepted her baby brother, she knew that he wasn’t there to replace her. She also knew that her parents weren’t sending her anywhere. She was actually surprised that outside needing initial reassurance, she hadn’t had more of a reaction to being a big sister. She loved Neal, she adored hanging out with him. It seemed like their family was actually complete when he was around.

Then her brother turned 3 months old. It was a milestone she probably would’ve missed, had Snow not mentioned it.

“What’s the date?” David asked as he was writing out a check to pay the water bill.

Snow quickly checked her phone. “The 4th.” She paused for a minute and then smiled. “Wow, Neal is 3 months old today.”

“Is that right?” He grinned over at his son, who was in his wife’s arms. “Well aren’t you a big boy?” He tickled his chin.

“I can’t believe how quickly he’s growing up, can you, Em?”

Snow looked over at Emma, just then noticing that it didn’t seem like she was there. She was tapping her foot and her breathing seemed uneven. Emma looked from her brother to her parents, folding her arms over her chest and soon, it seemed as though she was zoning out.

For Emma, it had just been another day. She was busy playing with some toy cars, smiling over at Caroline every so often. She was getting so big, Mommy said she was 3 months old that very day. The door to the living room opened and her parents walked in, followed by a strange woman she had never seen before. She looked over at her mommy, tilting her head.

“Mommy, who’s that?” She asked.

“Emma,” Josie knelt in front of her. “This is Isla, she’s your social worker.”
“What’s that?”

“She’s the person that gave you to me and your da…Cliff in the first place. You’re going back with her now.”

It was only then that Emma noticed that Isla was holding a small suitcase, her baby blanket poking out of it. She stood up, still feeling a bit confused.

“Then I come back here?”

Josie shook her head. “No Emma, you’re going to go to a new home now. We’re…we’re not your mommy and daddy anymore.”

Emma started to cry, mostly out of confusion. She didn’t understand what was going on. The people standing in front of her were her mommy and daddy. They took care of her, they said they loved her. Before she could say anything, Isla took her into her arms. Emma kicked and screamed, calling out for her mommy and daddy. She did the same thing all the way in the car to her new foster home. She didn’t calm down until she eventually threw up from how upset she had gotten. She fell asleep not long after that. When she asked for her mommy and daddy, she was finally told the real story of her life.

Emma could feel herself hypervenelating. The pain of being dragged away from the only home she ever knew was just too much for her to bare. She knew deep down that her parents weren’t going to abandon her, but the age was just triggering for her. She tried to stand up to run, but could barely walk. David jumped from his seat, steadying her the best he could. Snow lowered Neal into his Moses basket and walked over to her. They had no clue what was going on, they just wanted her to calm down.

“Emma, honey,” Snow took her hand. “Look at me, look at me, baby.” Emma’s eyes fell on her own, clearly filled with panic. “Copy my breathing, can you do that for me?”

She gave an example of calm, collected breaths. It took Emma a bit, but finally, she was doing the same with her mother. Eventually, her breathing had returned to normal and she dropped back down into her seat. Tears were still running down her face. The panic attack may have ended, but she was still upset. Her parents sat on either side of her, gently rubbing her back.

“What’s going on?” David asked.

“I’m sorry,” Emma mumbled. “I feel so stupid.”

“You are not stupid; panic attacks are very normal. I get them myself.”
Emma looked up at him. “Really?”

He nodded. “What normally helps is talking out why I got so worked up in the first place with your mother. Do that with us, what’s wrong?”

“It’s just…Neal’s age, he’s 3 months today.”

“Oh?”

“My little sister…or my old foster sister, I guess,” Emma sniffled, wiping away her tears. “She was 3 months old to the day when my social worker came to get me.”

David exchanged a pained look with his wife. Emma had opened up to him about what had happened to the adults they saw her with through the door shortly after she told Snow. They both knew what a touchy subject that Josie and Cliff were for her.

“Oh honey, I’m sorry,” Snow frowned. “We didn’t mean to get you this upset.”

“It’s not your fault,” Emma tried to assure her. “Weird things trigger my memory of that day.”

“What are some other things, so we can try to avoid them?”

Emma felt a soft smile going across her face, in spite of the tears. No one had ever cared enough to ask before. She leaned against David as she listed the ones that she could remember. The memory was always going to be hard for her, but at least she had her parents to help her through it.
Emma had enough of the darkness that still loomed in her head. She knew it had nothing to do with being the Dark One and had more to do with her past. She had been through so much in her life, between her childhood and all the things she had experienced after breaking the curse. So, she decided to go see Archie. He had diagnosed her with major depressive disorder and prescribed some antidepressants. The medicine, combined with treatment, seemed to be working. She was happier, she felt like getting out of bed in the morning. Even her family noticed the change.

However, there seemed to be one side effect. Emma was having horrible nightmares after being put on this medicine. They ranged from being ones so crazy, that she knew better than to think they were true to ones that were just too close to home. Waking up from them was scary, because she was unsure of what was real and what wasn’t. Archie told her it was normal. While she may have been fine in her day to day life, her dreams were working out her anxiety and depression.

One morning, she entered the kitchen where David was making breakfast. He noticed that she looked a little restless as she did most mornings. He passed her a cup of coffee, which was made just how she liked it, some cream and lots of sugar. She gave him a grateful smile and sipped it.

“Have another weird dream?” He asked. She had opened up to him and Snow about them once they started happening.

Emma nodded. “Yeah.”

“Wanna talk about it?”

She chewed on her lip. “You got mad at me, I can’t really remember why. Either way, you were. It seemed that everyone in town was angry at me for some reason, but when I came home, seeing you the same way made it worse. You told me that you hated me and that you wanted me to get out.” She sighed. “It just seemed so real.”

David walked around the island and rubbed her back. “You know that’s not true, Em. I love you more than anything in the world. Nothing you could ever do would make me hate you and I would never ask you to leave.”

Emma nodded. “I know that, it’s weird. It’s like when I’m awake, things are great. I know I’m loved and I’m happy. But when I sleep, things are just scary.”

“What does Archie say about it?”
“He says it’s normal, that dreams are a way of us dealing with our emotions. I’ve had this dream before. He says it’s due to my childhood, how growing up I felt that it was me against the entire world. I had foster fathers that reacted the same way. Male authority figures get replaced with you.”

“I wish there was something I could do to help,” David said, kissing her cheek. “Maybe I could try lighting a candle?”

Emma chuckled a bit. “I actually already tried that, they used to work in the past.”

David beamed proudly. “Really?”

“Yeah. I guess there are just some things the candle can’t fix.” She looked back up at him. “But just being here, it really helps. You and Mom have been beyond supportive with me going to see Archie.”

“We love you, Em, we want what’s best for you and for you to be happy.”

Emma nodded, taking a few more sips of her coffee. She bit down her lip again, setting the mug onto the island.

“Thanks for being there… just in general. I’m still not really used to this whole having a dad thing.”

David wrapped a tight arm around her, kissing the top of her head. “Well as your mother likes to say, get used it, kiddo. I’m always going to be here for you.”
Missing

DC the Cat wanted to see an AU, set as though there was no curse. Snow goes out on a mission, leaving David alone to care for the kids. Along the way, she goes missing. David decides to not tell the kids until they get more information, but Emma finds out and is mad he didn't tell her.

It was supposed to be an easy mission. Snow would go to the kingdom of Arendelle and make sure that Elsa and Anna were handling the death of their parents okay. David would stay behind with the kids as they didn’t feel comfortable leaving them without just one of them. However, the time for her to return had come and gone. After communicating with the royals in Arendelle, David discovered that Snow had left a few days prior. Sending out a search party, Snow’s carriage was discovered, abandoned. Regina was working on a locator spell, but it was looking like it was going to take some time to find her.

David was beside himself with worry. He knew that his wife could take care of herself, but it wasn’t like her to not at least try to communicate via bird. He was doing his best to stay calm. The kids didn’t think anything was up, they were all distracted for the most part. One day, while the older ones were out playing, he was rocking Diana and talking to Regina.

“I’ve finally perfected it,” she explained. “I just need something of hers.”

“Her wedding ring.” David took it out of his pocket. “It’s a little tradition we have, if we’re ever apart, we give each other our rings until we’re together again.”

Regina playfully rolled her eyes. “I should’ve known you two would be so sickingly sweet.” She saw he was still frowning and placed a hand on his shoulder. “We’re going to find, Snow. Don’t worry.”

“I just feel so helpless. This isn’t like her, which means someone could’ve gotten hold of her…”

“All the usual suspects are accounted for. I’m sure it’s all innocent. I’ll go find her.”

Regina left the room and David sighed, kissing the top of the infant’s head.

“Mom’s missing?” Emma’s voice was so unexpected, that his head shot up quickly.

“Emma…”

“Regina just said she was going to find Mom, why would she have to find her?”
David sighed. Emma was the oldest of the bunch at 11 years old, there was no getting around this one. “They found her carriage abandoned. But don’t worry, Regina came up with a locator spell. We’re going to find her.”

Emma folded her arms over her chest. “You didn’t tell me.” Hurt was evident in her voice. “I’m not a baby like the rest of them. I could’ve handled it.”

“I know you could’ve, I didn’t do it because I didn’t think you can handle it.”

“Obviously you did.”

She turned on her heel and stomped out of the room. David sighed and got up, finding the nanny to take his youngest for the moment. He found Emma out in the garden, by the rose bushes that she had helped Snow plant awhile ago.

“When my father died, he was missing for a few days before we knew.” Emma looked up at him, tilting her head. It was clear she was still upset, but she didn’t try to walk away. “I was scared out of mind. There were times that my mother would take longer with orders than she should’ve. It was the scariest time of my life, because I thought that I was never going to see her again, just like my father.”

“Mom’s going to come back,” Emma mumbled. “She promised me she’d always come back.”

David smiled a bit. “She will, I know she will. Your mother and I are true loves, I can feel it in my soul that she’s okay.” He put a hand on her arm. “I didn’t tell you about your mom, because I didn’t want you to worry. I knew you could handle it, I just didn’t want you to have that on you.”

Emma nodded. “I guess I get it. You don’t have to go through it alone, Daddy. I’m here.”

His smile widened and he wrapped his arms around his daughter, kissing the top of her head. She threw her arms around his waist, all of her anger melting away.

“My sweet big girl,” he whispered. “When you’d get so grown up?”

She shrugged. “I dunno.”

The rest of the day, Emma spent by her father’s side. She even asked to sleep in her parents’ chambers that night, something she hadn’t done in years. David accepted and allowed her to curl up into his side. Neither slept nor tried to encourage the other to. A little after midnight, the doors opened and Snow stepped in. Emma leaped out of bed, running to her mom and throwing her arms around her. David joined the hug and kissed his wife, listening to her softly explain that she had been taken captive by a village just outside of Arendelle. With Regina’s help, she had defeated the captors. Emma didn’t move from her mother’s grip, she was just so happy to have her back.
Photoshoot

Chapter Notes

A guest wanted to see Snowing taking Neal to do a newborn photoshoot. They ask Emma to come and get some pictures of her. They hang the pictures up and send them to all their friends.

There were some things that Snow and David stuck to when it came from their homeland. They didn’t announce Neal’s name until the proper ceremony. They used cloth diapers. David had even managed to find a crib in Rumple’s shop that was from their land. Yes, some things they followed tradition for.

Other things, however, they took advantage of modern convenience. One of them was the proper first portraits. In their land, they would’ve had only the best artist come to paint them. However, one of the citizens had opened up a photo studio to take pictures. It was far easier than having a baby sit for a portrait, so they jumped at the chance. They realized though, while they had tons of pictures of Emma, they didn’t have any proper portraits of her. It wasn’t even as though she had any from her school days either.

“I don’t know guys,” Emma said, when the subject got brought up. “I mean, you’re doing it for Neal.”

“And we don’t have any proper portraits of you,” Snow reminded her for about the tenth time. “I have some of Henry, your father and I have a few as well since we did that shoot for our anniversary.”

“We’re going to Granny’s after for a celebratory lunch,” David tried to cajole her. “How does a nice grilled cheese sound?”

Emma let out a sigh. “Alright, fine. I’ll do it. Just one time, though.”

Snow beamed. “Awesome! I’ll call the photographer and let them know.”

A few days later, Emma put on a nice pair of jeans and a blouse (Snow had told her dressing up wasn’t necessary) and drove down to the photo studio after she got done with work. Neal was finishing up his solo pictures. He was wearing a cute onesie that had his name on it under a crown. He had a knit beanie atop his head as well. Snow looked over at Emma and grinned.

“Oh sweetheart, you look beautiful.”

Emma blushed. “Um, thanks.”
David wrapped an arm around her. “Don’t worry, it’s just a few photos. I appreciate you doing it.”

She shrugged. “It’s alright. It looks kind of fun even.”

Emma awkwardly posed for a few shots at first, but they all felt so stiff. The photographer agreed and asked her to just have a conversation with David off camera. He got her to laugh and smile, she almost forgot that she was having her picture taken. The next few she took were of her naturally playing with her brother. Those were her favorites without even looking at them. Every time Neal smiled, gas or not, it made her smile too.

The last pictures that were taken were ones of the whole family. Those didn’t come close to feeling stiff, Emma felt relaxed in between her parents, it just felt right. She had to admit, she would take this over having the pictures painted, like how she had seen in her trips to the Enchanted Forest.

“I don’t know how you did it,” she said to Snow when they were done. “I wouldn’t have been able to sit still for so long.”

“It takes lots of practice.” Snow chuckled. “Your father was so impatient during the ones we got after our wedding.”

“In my defense, I didn’t grow up having to do any,” David protested. “And they took forever.”

“I made it worth your while though, didn’t I?”

He smirked. “I guess so.”

Emma made a gagging noise. “Can we go to lunch before you end up making another one of those?” She gestured to her baby brother.

Snow rolled her eyes. “Alright, alright, let’s go.”

A few weeks later, they got the prints back. Snow and David were so proud of them, they made adorable babies. They had one of the family prints blown up and they hung it in the living room, along with a few solo shots of Emma and Neal, with some ones of them playing together as well. They kept copies in their pockets and on their desks. Come the holidays, they included many in their Christmas card. Emma was embarrassed at first, but another part of her was beaming inside. It was sort of nice to have pictures like that, finally.
The Nolan's Babysitter

Chapter Notes

Just one of my own. This is set as though the curse was cast when Emma was a teenager and had been raised by Snowing.

Mary Margaret and David loved date nights. As far as they could remember, it had been so long since they had any. Then Mary Margaret had met a nice teenage girl at the high school, Emma. She had posted on the bulletin board that she was looking for babysitting jobs. After meeting the Nolan’s 8-year-old, Neal, she seemed like a really good fit. She always entertained the little boy and the next morning, all he could talk about was how much fun he had with Emma. Something just felt right about the teenager being around.

Of course, they didn’t know the reason why that was. That the 16-year-old was their daughter, ripped from them due to a curse. The curse had divided so many families, making the older children of most of them believe they were orphans who had to live in a group home. Alexandra and Emma were among the group. They had no clue that the families they babysat for were their own little siblings. Their parents didn’t know they were paying their own babies to do so. It was a truly horrible situation, one that was making one particular villain very happy to witness.

One night, David and Mary Margaret returned from their date. They found Emma, sitting on the couch and watching some T.V. Mary Margaret looked around the living room in awe.

“Did you clean again, Emma?”

Emma shrugged. “After Neal fell asleep, I figured it was my job.”

“Trust me, playing with him is enough. You do such a great job.”

David reached into his wallet and pulled out her pay. “Would you mind coming back the same time next week? We want to try to do this more.”

Emma nodded. “I would love to.”

“Most teenage girls would probably want to be out with their friends.”

“I’d much rather be here. It just feels nice.”

The couple smiled and bid her goodbyes, watching her walk out to her yellow bug. Once it was out of sight, the two set about getting ready for bed. Just before he got on his pajamas, David remembered that they had forgotten to stop at the store on the way home.
“Neal may be cranky if he doesn’t have any milk for his cereal,” he pointed out. “I’ll just run to the bodega.”

Mary Margaret nodded. “Alright.” She kissed him. “Be safe.”

“I will.”

David drove down to the store and picked up the milk. As he was heading back to his car, he noticed Emma’s bug in the parking lot. He cocked his head, a little concerned. He hadn’t seen Emma in the store and it was pretty late. He knew her group home was pretty strict. Surely, Mother Superior and the other nuns gave her a curfew. Heading over to it, his heart sank in his chest. It was a cold winter’s night and Emma was curled up in the backseat, asleep. Her backpack was on the floor along with some food. It was clear that she was living out of her car. Carefully, he knocked on the window. She shot up and her eyes widened. Carefully, she climbed out of the car, zipping up her sweatshirt.

“Mr. Nolan…”

“First of all, I’ve told you a million times, it’s David. What are you doing sleeping in your car?”

Emma bit her lip. “I just can’t take the group home anymore. Mother Superior, she’s awful.”

“I know she can be a bit strict, but surely she’s worried about you.”

“I’ve been doing this for months, she doesn’t care. I’m sure she’s just glad there’s one less mouth to feed.”

David chewed on his lip, trying to think about what to do. This wasn’t right, any of it. He and Mary Margaret always felt terrible that Emma was in the foster system. Maybe now they could do something to fix all that. Quickly texting his wife, he got a response to bring her back right away, she’d set up the guest room.

“Follow me back to the house.”

“David…”

“I don’t want to hear any arguments. There is no way I’m going to let you keep living in your car.”

Emma looked back at her bug and then back at the kind man standing in front of her. The Nolans were the closest thing she remembered to having of a family. They’d definitely be better than sleeping in her car or going back to the group home.
“Okay,” she mumbled. She got back into her car and started to follow him back to his house.

Just like that, the hands on the clock tower began moving again…
Family Business

Chapter Notes

FullTimeOncer requested a one shot where Neal gets teased at school and Emma finds out about it, leading to a sweet moment.

Emma always hated career day as a kid, mostly because it brought even more pressure onto her. She was a foster kid, college wasn’t going to be an option for her, she had no one to pay for it. She never pictured she’d actually ever go to another after she dropped out of school at 15. However, there were a lot of things she never pictured being, a big sister included. Since the elementary school was having their career day and Neal was now a student, Snow was able to blackmail Emma into doing it. David was no help, he had done it the other years and was looking forward to the break.

Begrudgingly, she set up her booth the day of and watched the students file into the school. To her surprise, a lot of kids were interested in hearing about her job. Even more of a shock, she actually enjoyed it. It was nice to be able to give kids hope at a cool future. Plus, there were other awesome booths. Since this was Storybrooke, there were jobs available that none probably had considered before.

Halfway through the event, Emma headed out into the hall to get some water. She noticed a few of the first graders had congregated near a classer. Upon closer inspection, she realized that Neal was among them and he didn’t look too happy.

“Your sister and dad are sheriffs, your mom’s a teacher and she used to be a princess. You can’t even shoot a basket,” one of the kids taunted.

“You’ll be too short to ever save anyone in Storybrooke. You’re a disappointment to the entire family,” another added.

Emma walked up behind the children so over Neal could see her. “Coming from a member of the family, I think that’s false.” The bullies spun around, their mouths dropping open. “I believe I saw most of you at my booth today, expressing interest in joining law enforcement. Sheriffs aren’t bullies, they help people and are kind. You don’t know a thing about my brother or our family. I could not be prouder to be his big sister. Now scram.”

The kids ran off, with only Neal staying behind. Emma knelt down to his height, ruffling his hair a bit.
“You know they were wrong, don’t you, bub?” She asked.

Neal nodded a bit. “It’s still mean.”

“I know. But you wanna know something else?” Neal nodded. “When I was your age, I was the smallest kid in my class.”

Neal’s eyes widened. “Really?”

“Uh huh. I was so tiny, I got picked on a lot. I wasn’t a very fast runner and I didn’t do so well in gym.”

“But you’re superfast now.”

“I am, because it took time.” She decided not to add that she only got so good at running for not the best reasons. “You get better at things with practice. But, Neal, you don’t have to be good at running and you don’t have to be like the rest of us.”

“I wanna be like Mommy, I wanna be a teacher.”

Emma smiled. “And that’s a good thing,” she said. “You’re going to be the best teacher ever, well other than Mom.” She kissed his forehead. “How about you come help me at my booth for the rest of the day? You can even wear my badge.”

Neal’s eyes lit up with excitement. Emma never let him do that, because she was scared he’d lose it. “Really?”

“Yup, today is a very special occasion.”

Emma took off her badge and pinned it to Neal’s shirt. Taking his hand, she lead him back into the gym. Little did she know, Snow was watching from her own classroom with a big smile on her face. She had really great kids and she knew that her daughter, was an amazing big sister.
Foster Mother

Chapter Notes

Oncer4life11 requested to see an AU one shot, set in a non-magical universe. Emma becomes a foster mother in early 20s and young Neal ends up in her care. She starts looking to adopt him, but then Mary Margaret and David return, who end up having shocking news…

Emma grew up in the foster system and hated every moment of it. She had a family until she was 3, but they put her back into it. As soon as she aged out, she tried to do well for herself. She went to college on a scholarship and became a bail bondsperson. When she was 23, she decided to become a foster parent. She knew she was young, but she had an apartment with a spare room. She knew she could give kids a good home, no matter how temporary. She had a few kids in and out the first few months, all being reunited happily with families. Soon, she had a 2-year-old little boy named Neal put into her care.

She felt a special connection to all kids, but she felt even more of one with Neal. He was a little sweetheart, he clung to her whenever he got the chance. They would cuddle up at night in her beds most of the time. She knew better than to get attached, her social worker had told her it wasn’t likely that she’d be able to adopt due to her age. Even so, she was told that he was meant to be in her care for an indefinite amount of time. She figured it wouldn’t hurt looking into.

Little did she know, Neal wasn’t exactly like her. He had parents out there and they weren’t bad people. Mary Margaret and David Nolan had been in a very bad car accident, that put them both into comas. Since they had no living family, Neal had been placed into the foster system. However, they had both woken up and had made speedy recoveries. They knew where their son was and were anxious to get him back. They had to pass a few more medical tests before they could, so they decided to do some looking into who was caring for them.

Using a friend’s private detective, they found out that he was under the care of Emma Swan. They discovered she had been a foster child herself, which broke their hearts. They also noticed that she had been trying to find ways to adopt Neal. They figured this was going to be messy and wanted to find a way to keep her in their lives. After all, Neal had gotten lucky to be put in such a good home. Then the P.I found out something that he thought might interest them.

Emma Swan had been born Emma Ruth Nolan. She was the baby that they had been forced to put up for adoption. They were only 15 when they had her and had tried to raise her for the first few months. However, David was an orphan himself and Mary Margaret’s parents weren’t supportive. They could barely keep her in diapers, so they made the hardest decision and placed her up for adoption. It was supposed to be an open one, but the Swans had taken off and never allowed them
to see her. Seemed that they had continued to screw up by placing Emma in the system again.

All Emma had been told by Neal’s social worker was that the Nolans wanted to talk to her. She had no clue that she was about to be reunited with her biological parents. She opened the door to find them standing there. She could instantly see the resemblance between the couple and their son. Neal looked up from his toys and beamed.

“Mommy! Daddy!” He ran to them, throwing his arms around Mary Margaret’s legs. She lifted him into her arms and cuddled her close.

“Oh my sweet boy,” she muttered, kissing his cheek. “We missed you so much.”

They fussed over Neal for a few minutes before taking Emma in. She was the perfect mix of them both, just as he was. David could still picture the sweet little baby he had cuddled for those few months.

“I’m Emma Swan,” she said, politely. “Your son’s foster mother.”

David managed to find his words first. “It’s nice to meet you. I’m David, this is my wife, Mary Margaret.”

“We know that you were looking into adopting Neal,” Mary Margaret added.

Emma bit her lip. “I understand he has a family, I won’t fight him on being returned to you.”

“We’re glad to hear that, but the thing is, we want you to be in his life…in ours. We were going to do this anyway, but then we found something out.” She looked over at David and he took her hand. “You see, we’re your biological parents.”

Emma stared at them for a moment. She had always been very good with spotting lies and this woman seemed honest, or at least Emma believed she thought it was the truth. Before she could speak, David interrupted.

“You have a baby blanket,” he said. “It’s white, with purple lace. It has your name on it. I wrapped you in it before we gave you to your new family.”

Emma’s mouth dropped open. There was no way for them to know about the blanket. “This…this is insane.” She had been caring for her biological brother for the past few months?

“We thought so too.” He chuckled nervously.

She folded her arms over her chest. “You gave me up when I was 3 months old, why?”

“We were 15,” Mary Margaret explained. “We tried to care for you, we did, but it was near
impossible. We were too young, we couldn’t care for you.”

“It was supposed to be an open adoption, the Swans promised us that,” David continued. “But a little after it was official, they took off and we could never find them. We never stopped thinking about you, not once. We loved you more than anything, enough to know that you deserved more than we could give.”

Emma felt the tears fill her eyes. For so long she had been resentful of her biological parents. If they hadn’t given her up, she wouldn’t have ended up with the Swans, who would later put her in the system. However, a part of her understood. They were doing what they could, how could they possibly know what the Swans would one day do?

“I don’t know what exactly…I mean…” Emma let out a deep breath, trying not to ramble. “I was expecting to lose my baby today…not gain a whole family.”

Mary Margaret laughed in spite of her own tears. “I know, we were pretty caught off guard ourselves.”

“I want to make this work. For Neal, for all of us.” She gave them a small smile. “I mean, we’re really a family.”

David nodded, putting his hand on top of Emma’s. “We really are.”
Ouat Prisky0731 requested a one shot where teenage Emma does something reckless, causing Snow to go into Mama Bear mode. Emma gets embarrassed as a result.

Emma hated how protective her parents could get. She understood why, after all she had only broken the curse when she was 8 and now she was 15. They didn’t want to lose her again. However, in her mind, there were no risks. Any potential villain had been locked up. Nothing terrible had happened to Storybrooke in years. She didn’t get why they had to constantly be on her case. She wasn’t her little brother’s age after all! She knew she had to prove it to her parents and was biding her time for the perfect opportunity. One soon fell in her lap: Cinderella’s step-sisters.

They had been pretty quiet during the curse, not doing much outside trying to tell Ella to give up her baby. Now that it was broken, they were under careful watch and had been over the past few years. Ella was pregnant yet again and it seemed like the step-sisters were stalking her. Emma noticed they went to the Rabbit Hole every night and suspected they were game planning there. Her dad didn’t seem to agree and refused to have Graham check it out. She decided to take matters into her own hands.

One evening, she told her parents that she was going to a friend’s house to study. Once she got to Lily’s, though, she changed into a borrowed outfit that would help her blend in more at the bar. Heavy makeup and teasing her hair a bit seemed to make her look much older. There was no way that they would know it was her, or at least that was what she thought. She walked the rest of the way to the Rabbit Hole, having no idea that Maleficent had overheard the whole ordeal and was giving a call to Snow and David.

At the bar, Emma played it safe and didn’t try to order anything alcoholic. As she sipped her soda, she noticed Clorinda and Tisbe at a nearby table, whispering about something or another. She got up to covertly move closer to hear what they were talking about. While she was doing so, an older man approached her.

“You want to dance?” He asked, the alcohol reeking off his breath.

“No thanks,” she replied, trying to look over his shoulder at the sisters.

“Oh come on hot stuff, I don’t think I’ve seen you around before.”

His arm went firmly around Emma, clearly ready to force her to do what he wanted if she didn’t.
Emma began panicking on the inside, trying to pull away from him. Suddenly, she saw a fist fly by and hit him square in the jaw. The man fell to the floor, moaning in pain. Emma looked up and saw her mother.

“She said no thanks,” Snow barked.

“She’s dressed like that,” the guy groaned, standing up. “She was clearly asking for it.”

“She’s 15!” Snow snapped. “You touch my baby one more time and I promise you a sore jaw will be the least of your worries.”

Emma felt the blush spread across her cheeks. She looked over at the table, seeing Clorinda and Tisbe watching the show, giggling at Emma and pointing. She wished more than anything she could just disappear. Trying to make that happen, she stormed out of the bar. Snow quickly followed behind her.

“I don’t know where you think you’re going, young lady.”

Emma whirled around. “You just completely embarrassed me!”

“Excuse me? I believe I just saved you. What the hell were you thinking coming here?”

“I was trying to get a feel for Clorinda and Tisbe! I think they’re plotting to hurt Aunt Ella.”

Snow let out a frustrated sigh. “If you had actually listened to your father long enough, maybe you’d know that the three of them are burying the hatchet.”

Emma froze. “What?”

“They feel bad for how they treated Ella in the past. They barely know Alexandra and don’t want the same to be said for their newest niece or nephew.”

Emma didn’t know what to say to that. Her gut was usually always right about these types of things.

“You are grounded,” Snow continued. “I know that perv was not your fault, so I’m not upset about that. The bar and this outfit, not to mention lying to your father and I are a different story all together. Now come on, let’s go. We can discuss punishment when we get home.” She walked to the car and could see her daughter following her over her shoulder, looking disappointed. She couldn’t say she was upset with that, maybe next time she’d listen to her father.
Oncefan123 wanted to see a one shot where Snow finds out that Emma almost died in the ice cave and becomes very overprotective.

“That's what this family does. We find people. We always do, because we really... Really don't like to give up,” David said.

Snow smiled at her husband and nodded. She didn’t know Elsa’s story, but if her husband wanted to her, she would do what she could. Her eyes drifted over to Emma and realized she was shivering, her face very pale. She gave Neal to her husband and rushed over to her daughter, who was clinging to the quilt around her. She knelt in front of her and put a hand on her cheek.

“What happened? Why are you so cold?” She asked.

Emma’s teeth were still chattering too much for her to respond, so Henry did. “Elsa created an ice cave and Mom went in to investigate it, but they ended up trapped.”

“It was all an accident,” David assured his wife before she went into mama bear mode towards Elsa.

Snow didn’t even care about their guest in that moment. She knew that Emma needed to warm up and quickly. The space heaters had been a good idea, but Emma really needed to get in a bed. She helped her up and lead her over to her and David’s bed.

“M...Mom,” Emma tried to rebut her.

“Shhh, it’s okay,” she helped her lay down in bed. “I’ll bring the space heaters over here, I think I saw Henry making you some hot chocolate. I’ll get you some soup too, you just rest for now sweetheart.”

Killian left the loft and David showed Elsa up to Emma and Henry’s bedroom, where she would be staying. Henry and Snow busied around the kitchen, though the older woman got done with the soup first. She carried the bowl over and settled it on a tray for Emma. She knew she was still too shaky to eat it herself, so she began to feed her. Emma put up a fuss at first, but realized she was really too cold to do any of that. Henry brought over the cocoa and bid his mom a goodnight, heading up to their room.
“M…Mom, I’ll take the couch,” Emma shuddered out.

Snow shook her head. “I don’t think so. You can sleep in this bed. I never get much sleep with Neal anyway, I’ll be fine on the couch for one night.”

Emma let out a sigh. Her mother was clearly too stubborn for her. “You…you know, the one way to stay warm is sharing body heat.”

Snow beamed, knowing this was the closest she would ever get to having Emma ask to cuddle with her. She laid down next to her under the covers and wrapped her arms tightly around her, kissing her forehead. She had only just got her daughter back and had almost lost her again. If she had it her way, Emma wasn’t going to be out of her sight for quite some time.

Eventually, Emma fell asleep in her arms. Snow continued to cuddle her and tighten her grip on her. David came back down the stairs, putting Neal into his bassinet. He smiled down at his girls, pushing some hair out of Emma’s face.

“I’ll take the couch, you keep our girl warm,” he said.

Snow nodded, biting her lip. “You didn’t call me, David.”

He sighed. “Things were just happening so quickly, plus I knew you’d be busy as mayor with the power outage…”

“No,” Snow fixed him with a look. “I may be mayor now, but our conversation before we had Emma still stands. Queen and mayor, isn’t all that different. Our children come first, always.”

David nodded. “I’m sorry, next time you’ll be the first person I call.”

“Good.”

Snow kissed her daughter’s forehead, resting her face against Emma’s. She had a feeling this would be their last chance to relax with this new ice wall surrounding the town…
Darkest Snow: Part III

Chapter Notes

DC the Cat requested a third part to the Darkest Snow series (Chapters 80 & 120), where Snow feels guilt for what she did as the DO and has nightmares over it.

It always seemed to go the last person who forgave you, was yourself. That seemed to be the case with Snow when it came to her time as the Dark One. David, Emma and Henry had all forgiven her, heck, they didn’t even seem mad about it. They said they knew it wasn’t her that kept them captive. Even Regina and Rumple had forgiven her, the latter understanding the darkness more than anyone else.

Snow couldn’t forgive herself, though. She didn’t understand how she had held her family captive for so long. She had used magic to force Henry to leave the table. The truth was, she felt as though she had turned into Cora over those few weeks. She had been controlling, manipulative. She hadn’t been a good wife or mother. How could everyone forgive her? She had been so terrible.

What was worse were the nightmares. They seemed to come nightly. In them, the darkness would overcome her once again and she’d be even worse. In one in particular, she had killed David to “protect” the children from him. Waking up, she was panting and sweating. Beside her, David was peacefully snoring, perfectly safe.

Snow got out of bed and walked over to the crib where Neal still slept, all the madness hadn’t seemed to affect him whatsoever. Carefully, she headed up onto the roof of the loft. It was still a place where she found solace and peace from the dark dreams that continued to haunt her.

“Mom?”

Snow turned around to find Emma there. “Em, what are you doing up?”

“I had to use the bathroom and saw you weren’t in bed.” She extended a cup of tea that she had fixed. “Here.”

She gave her a small smile. “Thanks, honey.” She took it and sipped from it slowly.

“Nightmares?”

Snow tilted her head. “Huh?”

“Rumple warned me that this would happen. He said after you took on the darkness, he would have terrible nightmares from his time as the Dark One.”
She sighed. “How can you still stand to be around me, Emma? Any of you? I acted so horribly.”

“You were cursed, Mom. We knew the entire time that it wasn’t the real you.”

“Still, even if it wasn’t me, I held you captive, I was so controlling…”

“Again, you had dark forces telling you what to do.”

“I should’ve been stronger, I should’ve fought it.”

“Mom, come on. This isn’t healthy. We’ve all forgiven you, you need to do the same.”

“I don’t think I can.”

Emma sighed, moving closer to her mom and putting her hand on top of hers. Snow gripped it, their identical green eyes meeting.

“What about talking to Archie?” Emma suggested. “Belle actually convinced Rumple to do it and it seems to really be helping. You could work through your guilt, one step at a time.”

Snow bit her lip. “Maybe it wouldn’t hurt.”

“Just know we love you, Mom, so much. I couldn’t ever imagine leaving you. I spent so much time resenting you for silly reasons, I’m not going to do that anymore. We’re a family, we stick by each other no matter what.”

Snow let out a deep breath, throwing her arms around Emma. The blonde tightened the hug, resting her head on her mother’s shoulder. For so long, Snow had supported her and been in her corner. It was her turn to return the favor.

They made an appointment for Snow and she started sessions later that week. There was no magic fix, it was going to take some hard work, but she had made a good first step. Archie was confident that in time, Snow could find the forgiveness she was searching for.
A guest requested a prompt that’s quite long so you’ll have to read and see what it’s about…

“Then our plan has failed, at least we’re together,” David whispered, kissing his daughter’s head.

Snow nodded, looking up at him. “I love you, no curse will change that.”

“I know, just like I will always find you.”

Snow leaned down and gave Emma a kiss, stroking her cheek. They all cuddled up on the bed together, cooing over their baby, cherishing the last moments they had with their memories. They didn’t know where the curse was going to take them, but they would protect Emma the best they could through it. She was being a little trooper, she had long stopped crying. A little warrior, just like both her parents.

The door to the room burst open and Regina strode in, a smirk across her face. “Well, sorry to interrupt this sweet moment.” Before David could go to attack her, she froze them all in place. She couldn’t hurt them, but she could make sure that their precious one was separated from them. “Not so fast.” With a snap of her fingers, Regina poofed the baby into her arms. “Say bye-bye to Mama and Dada.” She made the baby wave and in a cloud of smoke, she was gone.

Snow and David broke down into tears, as the curse overtook them both, clinging to each other for dear life.

28 Cursed Years Later

David walked into Gold’s Pawn Shop, looking to get a gift for Kathryn. They were arguing, again. It seemed like that was all they ever did. They weren’t meant to be, at all. He had tried several times to leave, but something always pulled him back. She said she wanted to see the town therapist, Archie, make it work. Maybe they could. If she was trying, so could he.

Gold appeared out of the back. “Mr. Nolan, how may I help you?”

“I’m just looking for a gift for Kathryn.”
“Ah, I have jewelry, right this way…” He started to lead him over to the case, when he saw him lingering near a mobile. “Unless, is Mrs. Nolan pregnant?”

David snapped out of his trance, though his eyes stayed on the blue and white crystal unicorn mobile. “What? Oh, no. This is just very pretty.”

“I agree. No one else ever seems to take any interest in it. Guess unicorns just aren’t that special.”

There was something about it, almost as if he had seen it before. But as far as he could remember, it hadn’t been there the last time he went in to see Gold. He stepped forward, his fingers brushing against the horn. Suddenly, a rainbow glow came over the shop. David stumbled back, staring at the mobile in awe as the memories came rushing back.

“Snow,” he breathed. He blinked a few times. “She…she was Mary Margaret under the curse, where does she live?”

“I um…” Rumple was clearly perplexed himself as his old memories returned. “35 Bluebird Lane.”

“Thank you.” He forgot all animosity he once held against the Dark One in that moment, it suddenly didn’t matter.

Dashing down the street as fast as he could, his mind was swirling. About halfway there, he saw someone coming for him at the same speed.

It was Snow.

She practically leaped into his arms and their lips crashed against one another. They had no clue how much time had passed. Suddenly, it was as if their cursed lives didn’t exist, as if it were just mere moments ago that they were in each other’s arms. They pulled apart, their foreheads touching.

“You found me,” she breathed.

“I told you,” he whispered. “I will always find you.”

She smiled. “You always do.”

“Emma,” he realized. “Where’s Emma?”

“I… I don’t know. She wasn’t with me in the curse. She wasn’t with you?”

David shook his head, dread filling him. That’s when he got hit by one of the few things he could remember from the curse: Regina was walking around with an infant in her arms. An infant she
called, Emma.

“She’s with Regina, at the mansion.”

“There’s no magic here, there can’t be. We can get her back, we just need to be able to fight her.”

“I think this’ll help,” Rumple’s voice came from behind them. They turned around to find him holding Snow’s old bow and arrow. “I found it in my shop, figured it might do you some good.”

Snow nodded and accepted it. “Thank you. If there’s anything we can do for you, let us know.”

They took David’s truck to the mansion, storming up the steps. Snow had her arrow ready to go if Regina tried anything funny. Kicking in the door, they started swarming the place. They eventually came across a nursery, where they could hear cries of a baby. The curtains were billowing in the wind, the window wide open. It was clear that Regina had gotten away, but they couldn’t think of that just then.

Laying in the bassinet, was Emma, their Emma. She looked just as she had when the curse hit, wrapped up in the blanket Granny had knitted her. David lifted her into his arms, showering her tiny face with kisses. It caused her to calm down instantly. Snow lowered her bow and let out a deep breath, wrapping an arm around her husband, watching him hold her for the first time.

“We found you, Em,” he whispered. “We will always find you.”
Snow sat in front of the fire, Ruth’s sacrifice running through her head. She and Lancelot had shared it with David shortly after her death, he wasn’t at all mad. In fact, it made him love his mother even more. Snow felt guilt, though. She wanted to be a mother, she was excited for the daughter that she would one day had. But there was more to it than just being excited and knowing that she would love the child.

“Penny for your thoughts?” David asked, snapping her out of her trance.

Snow looked up at him. “How can you tell that I’m thinking about something?”

“You’re my wife, I always know.” He sat next to her. “Talk to me.”

She sighed, running a hand through her long hair. “Are the dwarfs asleep? Red too?”

“Yes, of course.”

Snow nodded, she didn’t want them hearing it. “I just…I’ve been thinking about what your mom did.”

“Snow, I’ve told you, it’s just the type of woman she was…”

“I know, and I want to think that if that was our child, that I’d do the same.”

David smiled. “Well it’d never come to that, because once we defeat George and Regina, they won’t be able to touch our baby.”

“Right, but what if…” She sighed. “It’s stupid.”

“No, it’s not. Snow, come on. You’re my best friend, talk to me.”

Snow stared out at the crackling fire as his hand slipped through hers, his fingers interlacing with her own.

“I didn’t have a mother, not really, she died when I was very young. The only close thing I had was Regina and any of our special moments were probably fake, I see that now. She hated me. Your mom…she was amazing and selfless. She put you and James’ happiness first. What if I can’t be like that? What if I’m a terrible mother? I feel so terrible because of course I hated George’s curse, but a part of me thought it was best…best that I couldn’t bring a child into this world. Now I know
we will and I’m just terrified that I’ll screw her…or him,” she managed to quickly catch herself. “up.”

David pulled her closer, enveloping her in a big hug and kissing the top of her head.

“Why are you being so sweet to me right now?” She mumbled. “I sound like a terrible person.”

“No, you don’t. You sound human. Snow, don’t you think I’ve had the same thoughts?” She looked up at him, confused. “I may have had an amazing mom, but my father was an alcoholic. He was barely around and when he was, he wasn’t sober. I have no clue how to be a dad. I’m terrified of being a dad.”

“But your mother said you wanted a family so badly.”

“I do, it doesn’t mean that it doesn’t terrify me. The one thing that calmed my fears was you.” He smiled, gently. “You are my warrior princess. I know that our child is going to have an amazing mother, no matter what. I have faith in you, Snow. That’s what love is, believing in someone, even when they don’t believe in themselves.”

Snow felt the tears cloud her eyes. “Well for what it’s worth, I think you’re going to be a wonderful father to our children.”

He smiled, stroking her cheek. “You know what I think? Every parent tries to improve how their parents were. We’re going to be there for our baby, support her through everything. We’re not going to be gone like our mother and father were with us.”

Unfortunately, that was not a promise that either of them would be able to keep when their baby came into the world. For fate had already determined that she would grow up feeling alone and unprepared for parenthood, just like they did. Except she would have no one to give her the pep talk. The cycle would continue, as heartbreaking as it was.
PolskiaChic18 requested a one shot where under the curse, Emma made Mary Margaret her emergency contact because she was the only family she had. Years after it breaks, David finds out and is hurt that she never changed it to both of them.

“It’s going to be okay,” Snow assured her daughter, rubbing her arm. “It’s a routine procedure, I’m sure millions go through it every year.”

“I still hate surgery,” Emma grumbled.

“Look at it this way,” David pointed out. “Whale thinks it’ll stop you from getting sick.”

Emma had been having a series of strep throats. According to her, it had been happening all her life, she just never had anyone to care enough to check into it. Snow and David were concerned after Emma’s third one in a span of two months, so they took her to be examined. Whale determined that she needed to get her tonsils and adenoids taken out. It was an easy procedure, Emma would be in and out, able to even come home that day, she’d just be in a lot of pain.

“I think the one downside is, no breakfast,” David said with a slight chuckle. “None of my famous chocolate chip pancakes after midnight.”

Emma groaned. “Please don’t remind me.”

“But, lots of ice cream until your throat heals.” He saw a smile peaking across her face. “See, I knew that’d make you smile.”

“I’m gonna head to Granny’s, pick up our last meal before I have to fast.”

Emma hopped up, grabbing her keys and leaving the loft. David noticed his wife was looking over some papers.

“What’s all that?”

“Emma is just being a bit cautious, surgeries scare her. She insisted on going over her will and next of kin paperwork, making sure it’s all in order. I don’t think she’s been in the hospital since before she came to Storybrooke.”

David tilted his head. “A bit weird considering all the accidents she’s been in.”

Snow smiled. “That’s our girl, always resilient.”
She got up when she heard Neal fussing in his crib and went to get him. David started to clear up the paperwork, when his eyes went across something, Emma’s emergency contact.

Mary Margaret Blanchard.

It wasn’t the name that caught him off guard. Everyone in Storybrooke was still going through changing their names on paper, so it would be some time until she was Snow White Charming. However, he knew wills were easier to change. They had just come up with one themselves, so that way it would be clear that they wanted Emma to care for him in the event of their death.

Yet…Emma hadn’t changed hers. Why? He thought that they were close. Sure, their relationship had taken time, but she called him “Dad”, said he was a great father. Did he not think that they were close enough? Was she still closer to Snow?

The door to the loft opened and Emma walked back in.

“Forgot my wallet.” She saw her father’s face filled with pain and paused. “Dad? Are you okay?”

He looked up, debating how to word what he had to say. “Your mom said you were going over your will, emergency contacts and the like…I just noticed that she’s your only emergency contact, I’m not.”

Emma’s face fell.

“Dad…”

“If something were to happen to you and they couldn’t get ahold of your mom, I’d never know. Why, Em?”

She sighed, settling down beside him. “Honestly?” He nodded. “I’ve been meaning to change it, I have. Things have just been so hectic lately.”

“The curse has been broken for a while now. Both of them.”

Emma bit her lip. “Dad, when the curse first broke, I barely knew you. We were still trying to figure out our relationship. I only knew you as David Nolan, the guy who cheated on his wife.”

“We were…”

“Cursed, I know. Even so, I didn’t know the real you.”
“And after the second curse?”

“You know my story, right? About how I was adopted, but then put back into the system?”

David winced as he always did when he heard that heartbreaking story. “Of course.”

“Well, they only did that after they had a baby. It was also my…well, my adoptive father’s choosing. I remember that very clearly. I guess…I guess I was just worried that you would do the same.”

David felt his heart break even more. He set the papers back down on the table and wrapped an arm around her.

“Em, I would never do what he did to you. This is your home, no matter what.”

Emma smiled a bit. “I know that, trust me. Like I said, things have just been crazy. I promise as soon as I’m all better, I’m going to change this. If anything ever happened to me, of course I’d want you there. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, sweetheart. Never forget it.” He kissed the top of her head.

“I won’t.” She spotted her wallet. “I better go before the food gets cold. Granny’s grilled cheese is always best fresh.” She hopped up and walked out of the loft.

True to her word, as soon as she was better from the surgery, Emma got her paperwork in order. If anything ever happened, both of her parents would know so they could be by her side, where they belonged.
A Grownup Orphan

Chapter Notes

FullTimeOncer requested to see a one shot of David mourning the death of one of his parents.

*David was tossing back and forth in his bed, he had found it hard to sleep these past few days. His father had promised that when he returned, things would be better. He didn’t know what that meant, but he had hope that it was true. He didn’t like what his dad was like when he drank that funny juice. His mom didn’t like it either. Maybe they could finally all be happy.*

*He heard knocking on the door and raced down the stairs, throwing it open. His eyebrow cocked in confusion when he saw a few guards standing there. Ruth walked up behind her son, tying her robe around her waist.*

*“Ruth?” One of the guards asked. “Wife of Robert?”*

*Ruth nodded. “Yes?”*

*“I’m afraid I have some bad news. We found your husband’s cart, it had crashed. He died, it’s clear that he had been drinking.”*

*David’s mind was swirling. He was only 6-years-old, but he knew what this meant. His dad wasn’t coming back, he had broken his promise.*

*After Fiona’s Curse*

David stood in front of the tombstone, feeling tears cloud his eyes. The new headstones had been Emma’s idea, a way to mourn the loss of those that had died in the other realm. Leopold and Eva had ones nearby, as did Henry Sr. Ruth’s grave was resting right next to Robert’s. The bodies had been transported with Regina’s magic, so they could spend eternity with their rightful families.

He had long since mourned the death of his mother, but when it came to his father, he felt like he never got the chance. He spent so long being mad at his father for being a drunk and breaking his promise. Now he knew the truth, though. His father had been sober, he had been murdered. How had he spent so long being angry with him?
“I’m sorry, Father,” he whispered. He reached into his pocket and took out the coin that had been so close to them both. He had Ariel fetch it from the sea for him, regretting have letting go of the one thing he had left of his father. “I know now the man you were, how you tried to bring our family back together. I just…I wish I could save you.”

David set the coin down onto the grave and wiped a tear from his eye.

“I wish I could’ve saved you, I wish you could’ve met your grandchildren. I looked for you and Mother while I was down there, but you had moved on. I suppose that’s for the best. I’m glad you no longer had any unfinished business.”

He knew that Snow and Emma were waiting not too far away, Neal in his wife’s arms. Snow had long since had her time with Leopold and Eva (who had also not been in the Underworld). They were being patient with him, giving him his time, but he knew he couldn’t stand there forever.

“I didn’t get the revenge that I’m sure you would’ve expected of me. I know he deserves it, I just…I couldn’t. That’s not the man either of you wanted me to be, it was who James was. I know both of you would’ve wanted different for him.” He let out a deep breath. “I just want you to be proud of me.”

All these years later and that was all he desired, he felt like a child almost. Between curses, he was in his 60s, yet he still felt so much like an orphan and he always would. Both of his parents had died trying to do right by their children, as a result, it meant they never got to see how much they would succeed.

“I love you, Mother, Father. One day, we’ll be reunited. Until then…” He kissed his palm and rested it on top of each of the graves before turning around and heading back to his family. When he reached them, he took Neal into his arms, kissing his cheek. “I know Emma’s middle name is Ruth, but we never gave Neal a middle name. How would you feel about Robert?”

Snow smiled. “Neal Robert Charming, I think that sounds beautiful.”
Switched At Birth

Chapter Notes

Jean requested a one shot where Lily and Emma were switched at birth, so Lily was raised with Snowing and Emma with Mal. They find out when the girls are older. Modern AU setting.

Read til the end: That has been too closely covered by other people. Austenphile: I have very mixed feelings about Eva, so I’m not sure I trust myself with that one. I already get reviews about how I favor David’s parents as it is. (And before you ask, I despise Leopold, so I won’t be writing one about Snow talking to him.)

Mary Margaret and David had told Lily that she was being crazy. She had spent her entire life claiming that she felt out of place, adopted. Of course she hadn’t been. Mary Margaret could very vividly remember that pregnancy. Lily had been their first child, the pregnancy had been an exciting one. Her birth had also been quite unexpected as she was born a month early. However, much to everyone’s surprise, there were no complications or challenges.

They never wanted to deny their children anything, however. So, when Lily requested a DNA test shortly after her 16th birthday, they agreed. They believed it would finally put a stop to all of this adoption nonsense…until it didn’t.

According to the results, Mary Margaret and David were not the biological parents of Lily. The hospital explained that there had been a mix up. Suddenly, everything made sense. According to the records, the baby that Mary Margaret gave birth to had spent some time in the NICU, for reasons the mother she was placed with didn’t understand, she had delivered at term.

They found out that Lily’s biological mother was Mallory “Mal” Page and their biological daughter was Emma Page. They talked with Mal on the phone, meeting up for coffee a few times before they finally decided to meet the daughters they had given birth to. They assured Lily that this didn’t change how much they loved her, she was still their little girl. She hadn’t been saying much to them, she was clearly still shaken up about everything. She hadn’t wanted to be right, now things were turned upside down.

While Lily went to meet Mal for the first time, Mary Margaret and David waited in a separate board room. They had decided that their younger son, Neal, shouldn’t be there at first. He was only 8 and barely understood the situation himself. The door opened and Mal’s lawyer stepped in, followed by a girl that looked around Lily’s age. Mary Margaret felt herself gasp. She looked like a perfect mix of both of them.
“Hi,” the teenager said, a shy smile going across her face. “I’m Emma.”

Mary Margaret rose to her feet, David following close behind. “I’m Mary Margaret, this is David. You…you’re beautiful.”

Emma blushed. “Um…thanks.”

“We know this is weird,” David said. “We…we don’t really know how this’ll work.”

“We don’t want to take you away from your…from Mal. Just like we don’t want her to take Lily,” Mary Margaret explained. “We just want to get to know you, your family. Maybe we can find a way to combine them.”

Emma nodded. “I’d like that. I wasn’t sure what I wanted at first when we found out. But we’re…we’re all connected by this now, I guess.”

“Why don’t you tell us about yourself? We can go from there.”

Emma settled down at the table with them, starting to tell them about herself. She told them how she wasn’t the greatest at school, but she was really interested in art. Mary Margaret insisted on her showing them some of her work on her phone and they were amazed at how talented she was. She told them how she had gotten a yellow bug for her 16th birthday and she considered it her baby. They also told her about them as well, how she was a teacher and he was a sheriff.

Of course there was 16 years of catching up to do and they couldn’t do it all in one sitting. After they spoke, Lily and Emma met as well. They seemed to become fast friends, as did Mary Margaret, David and Mal.

It took time, but they became a big family. They would never say that the switch was a good thing, but at the same time, without it, they wouldn’t have found their unique set up. They wouldn’t have it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

I will not be writing any sequels to this one. =)
Stop The Storm

Chapter Notes

Ouat Prisky0731 requested to see a one shot where Emma was a teen when she broke the curse. Greg and Tamara steal Baby Neal instead. The family steals Hook’s boat to save him. Snowing go into protective mode when Emma jumps overboard during the storm. I did alter this a bit, because I didn’t think Emma would be able to get out by herself.

Emma couldn’t handle it. The entire family was arguing with each other. Snow blamed Regina for casting the curse in the first place. David was yelling at Rumple for some reason that she didn’t understand, probably because he was upset that his son was in danger, while Baelfire was safe at home with Belle. She knew this was all a result of the storm that was brewing outside, but that the arguing was only making it worse.

“Stop!” Emma shouted over all the yelling. “You need to stop all of this!”

“Shut your daughter up!” Rumple growled at David. “If it weren’t for her, we wouldn’t even be in this mess. She knew something was up with Greg and Tamara, but didn’t tell us about it.”

“She wasn’t sure!” David barked back.

“Well because she didn’t take a leap of faith, we’re all stuck here.”

Emma bit her lip. She knew Rumple didn’t mean his words, he had been a great help for her since she realized she had powers, as had Regina. But maybe he was right, she didn’t take a leap of faith. She was the savior and right then, she needed them to stop arguing. Walking over to the deck of the ship, she climbed up to the ledge. Her mother’s eyes went over to her and she gasped.

“Emma! What are you doing?!?”

“I’m stopping the storm!” She yelled back at her before jumping over the ledge.

“No!” David and Snow shouted as they rushed over to the ledge.

Regina raced over as well with Rumple. “This storm is too thick, I can’t see her!”

“Can’t you use her magic to get her out?!?” David asked, his heart racing.

“That won’t work, if I can’t get a glimpse of her, we could end up with just a leg.”

Snow and David felt their hearts racing. They had only gotten Emma back 2 years ago, they
couldn’t lose her again. Saving their son would mean nothing if they lost their other baby as well. They needed both of them, they would stop at nothing in order to save them.

“Here, let’s do this,” David said. He pointed to a rope. “I’ll go down there and get her. You’ll pull me back up when it’s time.”

They all agreed and hooked up the rope to his leg. He quickly kissed his wife, promising to get their baby girl out of there. He jumped into the water, searching for her. Eventually, he found her unconscious body, being held down by a portion of seaweed. He pulled her into his arms and tugged back on the rope. Regina used her magic to pull the rope back up. David laid Emma down onto the deck, Snow kneeling beside him. They looked down at their baby with worry, until she began coughing up some water. Snow and David let out a big sigh of relief.

“Are you insane???” David exclaimed.

Emma panted, pointing up at the sky. “It worked, the storm passed.”

“I could give two figs about any storm,” Snow told her. “That was extremely dangerous. What if you had died?!? We’re trying to save your brother so our family can be whole, not lose another member!”

Emma sighed. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I just wanted the fighting to stop so we all didn’t die.”

Snow pushed hair out of her face and kissed the top of her head. “Let’s get you into some dry clothes, then you’re going to lay down in your bunk.”

“But it’s my turn to steer…”

“Then it’ll be someone else’s turn. You’re resting and you are not leaving our sight for the rest of this trip. Heck, even when we get back to Storybrooke, you are grounded to us.”

Emma sighed. She really didn’t have a leg to stand on. She just hoped they would find her baby brother soon.
Lovely lakes requested to see a one shot where Emma breaks her hand and tries to hide it from her parents. I know this one has been done by others before, so I’m doing this differently. Set as though the Dark Swan arc worked a lot differently.

Emma didn’t understand how it had happened. She was the Dark One, they were immortal. How the hell did she break her hand? She had broken down and spoken to Rumple about it. He told her that it was most likely because she still had bits of her savior magic in her. He said it would heal in time, no amount of magic would help it. She decided to stay holed up in the house, not that it was any different.

After they returned from Camelot without being able to find a cure, she had been pushing away her family. It wasn’t that she blamed them, she was just scared of hurting them. So, she holed herself up in a house far away from everyone else. Her parents had come by every day, but she never answered the door. It broke her heart to hear their knocks and letting her know that they’d never give up, in fact it made her cry most of the time. But they had a baby, she couldn’t put him or them at risk. She hadn’t even seen Henry since the return from Camelot.

The day after she had Whale cast up her hand, she heard her dad’s truck pull up in the driveway. She was ready for the usual hour of knocking and ringing the doorbell, but to her surprise, that didn’t happen. The door was practically knocked down. She shot up on the couch, her heart racing as they ran into the living room. Her parents looked beside herself with worry.

“What are you two doing here?” Emma asked. “How did you get in?”

“We were giving you your space, but we can’t anymore, not when you’re hurt,” Snow explained.

“How did you…”

“Rumple told us.”

Emma’s jaw locked. “Of course he did.”

“Don’t be angry with him, Emma,” David said.

“I told you two not to come here, especially with the baby.” Emma frowned at the sight of Neal in her mother’s arms. “I could hurt you all.”

“You’re not going to hurt us, Emma,” Snow said, softly. “Look at Rumple, he never hurt his son or Belle. You love us, we trust you, we always have.”
Emma bit her lip as Snow gave Neal to David and began to fuss over her hand. She bent down, kissing it. David noticed parts of Emma were glowing. Her glue white hair was going away and returning to her usual honey blonde curls, but it stopped after a moment.

“Belle said she tried this with Rumple, but couldn’t do it long enough to work,” he said. “Keep kissing her. True love’s kiss can break any curse.”

They kissed either side of her cheek and little by little, it began to work. However, nothing seemed to be good enough. That was until David adjusted Neal and the baby leaned in, copying his parents and gave Emma a kiss. It seemed that the baby’s true love was enough to finally break the spell. Soon, Emma was back to wearing what she had been the night that she took the darkness on. Emma looked down at herself and then over at Neal.

“How…how did that…”

“True love isn’t just between significant others and parents and children,” David said with a smile. “You and Neal share true love as well.”

Emma let out a deep breath, cuddling her brother close with her good arm “Guess I’m not the only savior in this family, huh?”

“Come on,” Snow put a hand on her knee. “Let’s go home.”

“Mom…”

“You’re injured Emma, we’re going to take care of you. You’re more than welcome to move back here when your well but your room is just the same as you left it.”

Emma smiled a bit. “I think…I think it’s time I go home.”
Chapter Notes

Swanbeliever sent in a prompt that was a bit long, so it’s going to be a read and see. All you have to know is that Emma was raised by Snowing in our world.

Snow put a hand on Emma’s baby bump. “Wow, he or she is really kicking, aren’t they?”

Emma grinned. “I know, it’s so crazy. This pregnancy is going by so quickly.”

“I can’t wait to meet my grandson,” David said.

She rolled her eyes. “Dad, we don’t know the sex of the baby.”

“It’s going to be a boy, I just know it.”

Emma couldn’t help but bite her lip. She knew her dad didn’t mean anything by it, but a part of her was really hoping it would be a girl. She already had a son, she just didn’t know where he was. Her parents didn’t know much about the baby she had given up for adoption at 18. She had run away in a fit of rebellion and ended up arrested and in jail. She found out she was pregnant while in there and decided to give the baby up for adoption. She knew her parents would help her, but she really felt too young to be a mother, not at all ready. Emma didn’t contact them until her sentence was up and the baby boy had been placed with a good family. She told them about him, but not much. He always stayed on her mind, but thought it was all for the best.

Now that she was 33, she had gotten married and was expecting her second child. Her husband was currently out of town, so Snow and David had come by to spend time with her. It was a fairly quiet evening, with mostly chatter about the baby.

Emma was snapped out of her thoughts by the doorbell ringing. It didn’t make any sense, Zack was going to be out of town until Monday, it couldn’t be him forgetting his key. She got up and headed to the door. On the other side, was a teenage boy with dark brown hair and green eyes. He was wearing a grey hoodie to protect him from the rain, a baby in his arms.

She tilted her head to the side. “Can I help you?”

“Emma Nolan?”

“Yes?”

“My name is Henry, I’m your son.”
Emma’s mouth dropped open as she blinked a couple of times. “I…I don’t…how did you find me?”

“It wasn’t easy. When my mom died, I used some money she left me to use a service to track you down.”

Emma frowned. “So you’re…an orphan?”

Henry nodded. “All I ever had was my mom. And now, well, Lucy.” He held up the baby in his arms.

She nodded, her eyes misting up a bit. “She’s beautiful.”

“I’m not here to yell at you or anything, it’s just…I didn’t know where else to go. I’ve been living with my aunt, but she’s not exactly the best. Once Lucy came, she said I had to get packing.”

“Oh. And L…Lucy’s mother?”

“She wasn’t ready.” It was only then that Henry noticed her baby bump. “Oh, I…”

“Don’t pay this any mind, come in, come in.” She lead him inside and into the living room where her parents were. “Mom, Dad, this is Henry…your grandson.” Snow and David looked just as shocked as she felt.

“Are you…I mean, this is crazy, but I found this book when I was about 10…it said that um, you guys are…Snow White and Prince Charming?”

Snow grinned and nodded, giving him a load of relief. “So, you’re from the land they took everyone to?”

“Storybrooke, yes.”

“Henry is going to be staying with me now,” Emma told them, giving her parents a look that said she’d explain later.

Henry looked over at her. “Are you sure? I mean…you’re already going to have a baby…”

“And you’re my son,” Emma interrupted. “I am going to be there for you and Lucy.”

Henry gave her a small smile and she gave him one in return. He was young, only 15, it wasn’t going to be easy, but she would help him every step of the way. And from the look on her parents’ faces, she knew that they would too.
Oncer4life11 requested a sequel to Chapter 148 “History Repeats”, where Emma’s had her baby and she and Henry share a sweet moment bonding over their children. I’m also including an answer to a question Grace5231973 had about this.

Now that Snow and David knew where their friends had ended up (they had tried to search for 33 years to no avail) and that Zelena was ruthlessly running over them, they knew it was time for them to break the curse. All that time, they thought it had been Regina’s dirty work, but it had really been her sister’s. Neal was, of course, down for doing so. He wasn’t married nor did he have any children and he had always loved the stories his parents had told him. Emma was a tad bit hesitant. She had created a life in the outside world, she was married to a man who had no idea that the fairytales he planned on reading to their baby, were real. It had been hard enough for him to accept Henry and Lucy. However, in time, she knew it was the right thing to do.

Unfortunately, it was all too much for Zack to handle. He believed Emma, but had always found how close her family was, weird. He also didn’t want Henry and Lucy in their lives. When he told her to pick him or her family...she made the one choice that she could. She packed up with them and headed to Storybrooke. It didn’t take long for her to break the curse and for them to all settle down. Snow took power from Zelena and became ruler once again. Emma became the town sheriff since she had a degree in criminal justice and David started his own farm, so he could look after Lucy and his new grandchild while Emma worked and Henry went to school. They all got a large house and were living in it together.

A few months after Emma’s daughter, Cassie was born, she was enjoying a quiet moment at home with her. Neal had met someone not long after they moved and was now planning his wedding, with the help of their parents. The door opened and Henry walked in, Lucy in his arms. Emma couldn’t believe had much older he seemed after only 6 months of knowing him. She had already missed 15 years and didn’t want to miss another moment.

“How was her checkup?” She asked.

“It’s good,” he said, sitting beside her. “I ran into Cinderella.”

“Oh,” Emma paused. “And?”

“She wants to be in Lucy’s life again. She thinks she made a mistake.”

“And what do you think?”

Henry shrugged. “I don’t know. I mean, I only grew up with my mom. She was great and I never really thought about a dad…but I know it’d be best for Lucy to have two parents. What should I
“I can’t make this choice for you, bud,” Emma said, giving him a small smile. “You have to decide what’s best for her. I will say that both of you were very young and I think she made a choice many would. Lucy’s still young enough to not remember any of it.”

Henry sighed, but nodded. “I guess you’re right.”

“You know, when I chose to give you up for adoption, I knew it was what was best. It was a choice I couldn’t take back, though. Cinderella didn’t make any permanent actions when it came to Lucy. It’s not too late for you three to be a family.”

“Thanks. I really appreciate all you’ve done for us lately.”

“It’s no trouble.” She kissed the top of his head. “I love you kid, you know that?”

Henry smiled. “I love you too…Mom.”

Emma felt her heart skip a beat. That was the first time Henry had called her that. She hadn’t been expecting it. She knew Henry had another mom he grew up with, she had nothing but respect for Regina. But there it was and hearing that word for the first time, nothing had ever sounded so sweet.
“That’s it for today,” Snow said to her class as the final bell rang. “We’ll pick up where we left off on Monday, please don’t forget to do your homework.” She pointed to the assignment that was written down on the board. She watched as her students filed out of the class, noticing that her grandson stayed behind. “Hey Henry, everything okay.”

Henry hesitated. “I don’t know if I should tell you this…”

“You know you can tell me anything,” she told him, walking around her desk. “What’s going on?”

“Mom’s been acting really weird lately. At first, I thought she was just tired, but then I overheard her talking to Archie at the diner. She said she’s missed spending time with you.”

Snow frowned, she hadn’t realized Emma felt that way. The truth was, she felt the same way. Both she and Emma had just been so busy lately. They were both mothers, on top of working. They lived under the same roof, but usually only saw each other for dinner. They didn’t even get to spend any one on one time like Emma and David did when they worked together. She just didn’t want to bother Emma. She understood having an adult daughter meant she had her own life and was busy. She figured she was too busy for her mom.

It was hard for Emma to open up about her feelings, especially to people outside the family. If she had gone to Archie, it had to be a serious matter. Snow knew she had to fix it, right away. She pulled out her phone and texted David, asking if he could pick Neal up from daycare and handle dinner.

“Thank you, Henry, you did the right thing by telling me,” Snow told him, kissing the top of his head. “You’re going to your other mom’s tonight, right?”

Henry nodded with a smile. “Yup, you can have Mom all to yourself.”

Snow grinned. “Great.”

She dropped him off at Regina’s before making a stop at Granny’s to grab some hot chocolate with cinnamon along with bear claws, her daughter’s favorites. She knew Emma had worked half a shift that day and would be at the loft. When she walked inside, she found her daughter paying some
bills at the table. Snow set the cup and box down. Emma looked up at her in surprise.

“What’s all this?” She asked.

“I figure we could have a girl’s night. Henry’s with Regina and your dad’s got Neal covered.” She couldn’t help but feel her heart flutter at how excited Emma looked at the idea.

“Really?”

“Really. We’ll start off with these and then maybe we could go see Wonder Woman?”

“I thought you weren’t a fan of superhero movies.”

“Diana’s a badass warrior, I think I can make an exception for her.”

Once they had finished their treats, they headed to the theater. Much to Snow’s surprise, she quite enjoyed the movie. Though, they could’ve watched paint dry and Snow would’ve just loved spending time with her daughter. Once it was finished, they headed to a new pizza joint and got a pepperoni pie to split along with some sodas.

“I really needed this,” Emma admitted halfway through their meal. “I’ve really missed you.”

“I know, I have too,” Snow said. “Henry told me he overheard you talking to Archie.”

“Mom…”

“I’m sorry I’ve been so busy, Emma. I just know you have too, I figured you just were just too busy to hang out with me.”

Emma gave her a soft smile. “I’m never too busy for you, Mom. The truth is, I really miss things like this. We did it all the time before the curse broke. I know things are different now with the boys, but do you think we could make it a biweekly thing?”

Snow smiled, squeezing Emma’s hand. “I’d love that, baby.”
Foster Mother: Part II

Chapter Notes

Beth1980 requested a sequel to Chapter 137 “Foster Mother”, where Emma confronts the Swans for everything they did to her and her family.

Emma

Emma waited a long time before asking about the private detective that Mary Margaret and David knew. At first, it didn’t matter. She had moved in with them and Neal, they were building their family. It was strange, being 23 years old and having a real family for the first time that she could remember. Yet, she loved every minute of it. Mary Margaret and David were amazing and kind people. She understood why they had to give her up. There was jealousy from time to time when she saw all Neal had, but she couldn’t stay that way for long. They had been just 15 when she was born and they had put her with what they assumed would be a good family.

It was after Neal’s 3rd birthday and Mary Margaret discovering she was pregnant yet again, that caused Emma to want to look into things. She knew that her parents would never turn her or Neal away, but it didn’t stop the questions that swarmed her mind.

So, a friend of Mary Margaret’s step-mother, Sidney Glass, helped her track down the Swans. As it turned out, they didn’t live too far from the Nolan family. So, one day while Neal was being watched by a neighbor, the three of them headed there, unsure of what was to come.

The minute Odette opened the door, she nearly slammed it in their faces. She didn’t recognize Emma all grown up, but Mary Margaret and David looked very much like their teenage selves. Emma stopped it with her foot, fixing her former adoptive mother with an icy glare.

“I don’t think so.”

Derek’s voice came from inside the house. “Odette, who is that?” He appeared a moment later and just as his wife, he recognized the once teenage couple, now all grown up. “It’s been 23 years, how did you find us?”

“We have resources that we didn’t back then,” Mary Margaret replied, bitterly.

“Don’t you recognize me?” Emma asked.

Odette studied her for a minute and then froze. “Emma. How did you…I mean, these people…”

“It’s a long story,” Emma cut her off. “But I’m here now and I have questions. First of all, why did
you give me up when I was 3?’

Odette clamped up, so Derek decided to speak. He knew from the look in her eyes that Emma wasn’t going anywhere until she got answers. ‘We found out we were pregnant and we didn’t think we could handle two children.’

That was a blow that hit Emma hard. Mary Margaret and David each placed a hand on her back. They were about to become parents of three children. There was no way they would ever send one away, simply because another was coming. It wasn’t as if the Swans didn’t have the money, they did quite well for themselves. It was partially why they had picked them in the first place, so Emma could have the best that life had to offer.

‘And why did you cut off contact with my biological parents?’ Emma challenged next.

Derek looked from Mary Margaret to David. They seemed a lot more confident than they had 24 years prior, almost scarily so. ‘They wanted to be involved too much. Always wanting to check on you, see how you were…”

‘We raised her for 2 months,” Mary Margaret interrupted. ‘Of course we were attached. If we were too involved you could’ve said something! Not taken off completely!”

‘We did what we thought was best,” Odette said, quietly. ‘We wanted Emma to have one mommy and one daddy, that was it.”

‘Well, you got your wish,” Emma said. “I do. Mary Margaret and David.”

‘They gave you up.”

‘They were 15 and trying to do what was best. It's not their fault that you two turned out to be incompetent.”

‘No matter what, you’ll always be a Swan.”

‘Oh no, I won’t.”

That surprised even Mary Margaret and David. As far as they knew, Emma had kept her name.

‘I changed it. I am now back to my rightful name: Emma Ruth Nolan. That’s how it’ll always be. You know, if you two really wanted to give me up after 3 years, maybe you should’ve contacted them. They were the only ones to ever put me first, not you.”

Emma turned on her heel and walked back to the car. Mary Margaret and David followed behind her, listening to the door slam shut after them. She turned to face them.

“I didn’t want you guys to find out like that,” she said, sheepishly. “I was going to give it as
anniversary present. I hope it’s okay. I just… I really wanted us to be an official family again.”

David smiled, wrapping an arm around her. “We always have been, Em and we always will be.”
Foster Mother: Part III

Chapter Notes

Oncer41lifee requested a third installment in the Foster Mother verse (Chapters 137&151). When Mary Margaret goes into labor, Emma and Neal have some bonding time in the waiting room.

The plan had been when Mary Margaret went into labor, that Emma would pick up Neal from nursery school and take him back home. However, things rarely go according to plan. Mary Margaret ended up going into labor in the middle of the night. David took her to the hospital, leaving a note behind for Emma, asking her to drop off Neal at school instead. However, when they woke up, Neal was able to use the charm he inherited from their father to go to the hospital instead to wait for the baby.

They sat in the chairs in labor and delivery’s waiting room. Neal swung his legs about, sipping the juice box that Emma had fetched him. Emma smiled over at him, pushing some of the hair out of his face. Sometimes it was hard to believe that she had once thought herself as his mother. Their relationship seemed to be a lot better off as brother and sister.

“It’s gonna be a boy,” Neal informed her.

Emma grinned. “I don’t know. It could be a girl.”

“Nuh uh. I already have a sister.”

An aww escaped Emma’s lips. “Well, I think having another little brother would be great.”

“How long will it take for the baby to come?”

“I don’t know, everyone is different.”

“How long did I take?”

“I don’t know, I wasn’t there, remember?”

“Oh.” Neal was quiet for a minute. “I’m glad we’re a family again.”

Emma’s smile softened a bit. “Yeah, I am too.”

“Alex said babies are loud.”

She laughed. “Well, they are.”

“Was I loud?”

“When you lived with me, no. You were pretty quiet.”
“How long was that for?” Neal didn’t remember much of their time together after their parents’ accident.

“A few months.”

“And then Mommy and Daddy found us and we were a family.”

Emma nodded. It was sometimes still strange to remember that she had a family. She had people that actually cared about her. Mary Margaret made sure she ate enough every day and David checked on her car. Sometimes she would forget that she had people waiting on her and would stay out later, only to come home and find them waiting up for her. It made her feel happy inside, it made her feel loved.

Eventually, David walked out of the back, grinning from ear to ear. “How would you two like to meet your new baby brother.”

“I knew it!” Neal cheered, running to his dad and jumping into his arms.

Emma smiled and got up, following them into the room. Mary Margaret was laying back in bed, a bundle in her arms. David placed Neal next to her and he admired his new baby brother. Emma moved closer to the bed and stroked his cheek.

“Mom, he’s perfect.”

“He’s so tiny,” Neal breathed. “Was I this tiny?”

“You were a little bigger,” Mary Margaret replied. “Emma was tinier.”

Emma raised an eyebrow. “I was?”

“You were born a month early, determined to be a very big surprise.” She looked up at her daughter, tears welling up in her eyes, clearly still very emotional from having just given birth. “The best surprise we ever got.”

“I concur,” David said, wrapping an arm around his daughter.

Emma leaned into him, watching the scene unfold in front of her. Neal got to hold the baby first, aided by Snow. Then, Emma got to hold him. She kissed the center of the baby’s forehead.

“Hey there, little bro,” she said. “Does he have a name?” She looked over at her parents.

“Charles David Nolan, but we’re going to call him Charlie.”

Emma smiled. “It’s very nice to meet you, Charlie.”
Once Upon A December

It was supposed to be an ordinary ball to celebrate their daughter’s 18th birthday. David had asked Emma for the first dance, as he always did. Even though she was now a woman, they still had such a close bond with one another, just as she did with her mother. The song was one that played at every ball, the soft melody made Emma feel safe and secure.

However, things quickly went wrong as the ball was raided by the Wicked Witch. She wasn’t alone, though. She had paired up with the minions of the late King George, who were determined to follow through with their leader’s work. It was quickly becoming a blood bath. Snow and David knew they had to keep her safe. Neal and the other children had already gone upstairs to bed, they would have to find another way to keep them safe.

“Emma, you need to get out of here,” David instructed.

“But Dad…”

“I don’t want to hear it, just poof yourself away. We’ll come find you when this is over.” He kissed the center of his forehead.

“We can’t lose you,” Snow told her, stroking her cheek. “We love you, now go.”

Emma let out a deep breath, before trying to use her magic to fight everyone off. Eventually, when it proved she was no match for Zelena, she agreed to do as her parents asked and poofed herself out of the castle. She ran as fast as she could through the woods, trying to find the spot that her parents had always instructed her to hide it. However, just as she was running, she ended up losing her footing and careening down a high cliff.

With Regina’s aide, they were able to defeat Zelena. However, the only evidence of Emma was some of her blood on top of the cliff. Snow could feel it in her heart, though. Her baby wasn’t dead. If she was, there was no way she would be able to stay standing. David agreed and together they put out several search parties, looking for their baby girl.

Nearly five years passed and nothing seemed to be working. They knew Emma couldn’t have gone far. Perhaps there were people who knew more than they let on. They decided to announce a reward. It would be enough for whoever found their daughter to live a very comfortable life. They

DC the Cat requested a one shot based on the movie, Anastasia.
were willing to give more if needed. Anything, just to have her back with them.

As rewards often do, it caught the eye of a few conmen. These two in particular were August and Baelfire, runaways who were looking for their chance to leave the kingdom. They didn’t actually think they could find the real princess, but instead were looking for a dead ringer. They’d offer part of the reward to whoever they found. Besides, in their minds, who wouldn’t want to be a princess?

They ended up coming across a girl on a small farm by the name of Leia. August felt that she resembled the princess greatly and told her of their plan. Surely a farm girl would want to help them out. However, she flat out refused. She was a woman who couldn’t remember much of her life and would do anything to remember who she had been. There was no way she could break the king and queen’s hearts. No matter how much of a cut the conmen offered her, she turned it down.

Leia’s face stayed with Baelfire throughout the next few days. It was almost weird how much she resembled the missing princess. He had always believed that the king and queen were delusional, all evidence pointed to her being dead. But if this Leia had lost her memory, could it be possible? He went back to the farm and convinced Leia to come with him to the kingdom. He promised it wasn’t a trick, he just wanted to help her.

Every year on their daughter’s birthday since she went missing, the kingdom would gather together and release lanterns, hoping one day she would return. Leia was in the back with the rest of the commoners, not sure what good Baelfire thought this would do. She may not have known her past, but she knew she was no princess. She had been found in a torn dress when the farmer’s wife discovered her and took pity upon her, offering her a job. She had always believed she was a runway or a criminal, given a second chance at a good life.

“We would like to thank you all for coming.” David said. “Today marks 5 years since our Emma went missing and we still hope for the day that she will be returned to us. We will be releasing the lanterns, but first I have asked a pianist to play a special song. It was one Emma and I danced to every year on her birthday and it is one that holds a special place in my heart.”

The soft music began to play out through the crowd. Leia felt something strange come over her and then it all began coming back.

Standing on her father’s toes at only 4-years-old, practicing for her first ball. Sneaking chocolates with her best friend, Alexandra. Her mother presenting her with her first proper tiara on her 6th birthday. Balls, fights and all the happy moments, they came floating back as the song went on.

She wasn’t a farm girl named Leia. She was Princess Emma.
Emma pushed through the crowd, though it proved to be a challenge. Finally, she reached the front and saw her parents’ faces. They had aged a bit since she saw them last, but she would know them anywhere.

“Mama! Daddy!” She called out.

David and Snow turned around, seeing their daughter. They felt their hearts soar, tears springing to their eyes. Emma ran straight into their arms. They hugged her tightly, David cradling the back of her head as he always did.

The princess had found her way home.
DC the Cat requested to see a one shot based on Zootopia. Storybrooke is a sprawling city that includes all of the fairytale characters. David is a simple farm boy that moves there, where he meets Snow White, though she’s not who he expected.

David had grown up hearing about all of the fairytales, from Cinderella to Rumpelstiltskin, they were all well known. What was even better was that they lived in a beautiful city named, Storybrooke. The queen from Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs was the mayor, while the huntsman from the same movie was sheriff. That particular sheriff had offered him a job at the station. He decided to take him up on it, even though it meant leaving behind the family farm. His parents worried about him, he wouldn’t fit in there. He wasn’t royalty nor was he from any fairytale. Nevertheless, David was determined and hugged them both goodbye, heading by bus to the city.

Upon arrival, he realized just how different the fairytales could be. The wolf from Little Red Riding Hood, also happened to be Red herself. Rumpelstiltskin was married to Belle from Beauty and the Beast, together they had a child. The “evil queen”, was actually quite nice, just very sarcastic. When he wrote back to his parents, they asked if it ruined the fantasy, but it honestly didn’t.

One day, he noticed that his mother’s ring was missing. She had given it to him before he left the farm and he promised to give it to the woman that he loved. The only evidence that he had was a woman running from his apartment with long raven hair. He shouted after her “I will always find you!” and he meant it.

A week later, he was patrolling the woods, when he came across a small campsite set up. This wasn’t any ordinary one, though. Whoever it was, definitely wasn’t just on a quick trip. They had been living there permanently. Slowly, he walked closer and called out.

“Hello?” The tent unzipped and out she stepped, the thief that stole his mother’s ring. His eyes widened. “It’s you!”

The thief rolled her eyes. “I should’ve figured you were a cop.”

“I’m the new deputy at the station. If you give me my ring back, I won’t arrest you.”

The woman bit her lip, but reached into her pocket, pulling it out. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize it was yours. My step-aunt owns the building and she uses some empty spaces to stash her jewels. I steal from her and her alone.”
“Why?”

“Because she’s the reason I have to do this. Once my father died, she tried to be greedy and take all the family’s jewels. She convinced my step-mother that I did some terrible things.”

“Did you ever tell your step-mother you didn’t do them?”

“I got scared, okay?” The woman crossed her arms over her chest. “I’m sorry, okay. I just steal to survive.”

David frowned. There were times that his family’s farm had struggled deeply. He could remember how desperate his parents were to put food on the tables. Sometimes, he would witness his father steal from the store and he looked away. He more than anyone knew what it was like to just need to get by.

“I wasn’t going to keep the ring or anything, I promise. Besides, I doubt it’s even my style.”

David shrugged. “Only one way to find out.”

She raised an eyebrow and slid the ring onto her finger. It hit David out of nowhere. The way it looked on her, the way it fit so perfectly. He looked into her shocked eyes, clearly she felt the same way. Could he possibly be falling for her?

“Not my style at all,” she fibbed, sliding it off and handing it to him.

“So that’s not your style?”

“You’re the new guy right? You’re not from any story.”

“As far as I know. My father always used to joke I could be someone’s prince charming. I’m David, by the way.”

She smiled. “Snow. Snow White.”

David’s mouth dropped open. The badass thief before him was Snow White?

“Disney got you all wrong,” he muttered.

Snow rolled her eyes. “Do not remind me.”

“Look, if I can help in any way…just let me know.”

“Or you’ll always find me, right?” Snow smiled, remembering what he had shouted after her that day.
David grinned. “Yeah… I will.”
Finding Emma

Chapter Notes

Soprano Pixie requested to see a one shot where Emma buys Neal a copy of “Finding Dory”. The family watches it together and Snowing realizes just how much their family parallels the story. It’s funny you asked for this one, because this is a conversation loboselina and I have often, it’s almost like Pixar got inspired from OUAT, haha. I even made a gif set paralleling Emma seeing her parents again in S3 to Dory seeing hers. Anyway, onto the one shot.

Snow and David were used to the random gifts that Emma would buy for her brother. She claimed it was her job as his older sister to spoil him rotten. One day in particular, she brought by a DVD copy of the movie “Finding Dory”.

“Is this a sequel to that Nemo movie?” Snow asked. She found it hard to keep up with all the children’s movies that came out.

“Yup,” Emma nodded. “I figured it’s one Disney/Pixar movie that won’t piss anyone off in our family.”

David chuckled. “There are quite a lot, aren’t they?”

“I learned the hard way after I showed Robin Hood to Roland. I don’t think that Robin has heard the end of his counterpart being a fox.”

After dinner that night, David popped some popcorn and Emma grabbed the beverages while Snow set up the movie. Neal cuddled up on his mother’s lap, Emma was in the middle of both of her parents, eyes focused on the screen. Snow and David found it a bit strange. While Emma was a secret Disney nerd at heart, usually she pretended to at least find the idea of watching them as a family lame. She actually seemed pretty excited about Dory.

The beginning was cute enough. Snow and David chalked it up to any other kids’ movie. At first, it seemed as though neither Nemo nor Marlin had learned their lesson from the first film. However, as it went on, the couple began to see just why Emma was so interested in it.

The flashbacks hit a bit too close to home for Snow. Emma hadn’t been born yet like Dory was with Jenny, but she could remember having the same fears as her. Would her daughter be safe? Would they lose her forever? She knew David wasn’t lost in the fact that he and Charlie were very similar with their dad jokes and nicknames.
It wasn’t until they got to the part where Dory followed the seashell path to the cave that David got hit with tears. He could remember the very moment that Emma had knocked on his door after the second curse. He could still feel the shock, he had never expected to see her again. Yet, the relief had trumped it. His little girl had come home, she had found them again. More importantly, she remembered who they were, just as Dory did her parents. Both he and Snow had attacked her in hugs without a moment’s thought. There was still hell to face, they didn’t know what was going on or who had set the curse. Yet, in those sweet, brief moments, none of that mattered. They were a family, reunited once again.

The fear that Jenny and Charlie felt when Dory attempted to save Hank and the others, not wanting to be separated from their daughter yet again, caused them to remember when they found out Emma wanted to leave again. They had just gotten her back, how were they supposed to lose her once more?

Emma wasn’t looking at either of her parents as the movie went on. She had known what she was doing when she bought it. Henry had dragged her to see it in the theaters, since he grew up watching Finding Nemo. All of the emotions had hit her one by one, until the point that she was crying in the dark theater. It was torture waiting for it to go on DVD so she could share it with her parents since little Neal was still too young to see a movie in such a setting.

As the credits began to play, David and Snow pulled Emma into a big hug. She let out a deep breath, laying her head on David’s shoulder. None of them had to say anything, they knew what was on their mind.

Their Dory had gotten her memory back and had found her way home. Never again would they be apart.
Both

Chapter Notes

So, I went to go see Annabelle 2 tonight and got this idea. Not horror related, I promise, and no movie spoilers, really.

Mary Margaret and David entered the orphanage, hand in hand. Mary Margaret’s heart was racing a mile a minute. This was finally it, they were going to be parents. They had tried for years to have a baby, but it just never happened. They decided to adopt a child that needed a home and were told about 5-year-old, Neal Swan. He was adorable from his photos and they couldn’t wait to meet him.

“Just through here,” Amanda, their social worker, said as she lead them through a door to a room where a bunch of children played. “Neal.” A little boy with dark curls and big green eyes looked up from a wooden trainset. “There’s someone I want you to meet.”

Mary Margaret smiled brightly, as did David. “I’m Mary Margaret Nolan, this is my husband David.”

“Hi,” Neal said, softly.

“Neal, the Nolans were thinking about fostering you. If all works out, you could have a forever family,” Amanda explained.

Neal frowned. “But what about Emma?”

David looked over at the social worker. “Friend of his?”

“You could say that,” she replied, briskly. She turned to Neal. “We’ve talked about this Neal; don’t you want a forever home?”

“I want Emma!” Neal argued.

Before Mary Margaret or David could say anything else, scraping could be heard against the floor. They turned to find a young girl, probably about 9 or 10 walking in. She had similar features to Neal, especially in the eyes. Her blonde curls tumbled down her back. It didn’t take Mary Margaret long to notice the cane that she had. It was one she typically only saw in encyclopedias and movies, the type people with polio had.

Neal instantly ran over to her and she reached out, putting a hand on his shoulder. She gave him a small, encouraging smile. “Hey buddy, these people look really nice.”

“But Emma,” he whispered. “You promised we’d find a home together.”
“I know, buddy. I did.”

“I don’t want to be alone again. You’re my big sister! We’re all we have!”

Mary Margaret’s head snapped over to the social worker, who looked like she wanted to disappear. She hadn’t mentioned anything about Neal having an older sister. David folded his arms over his chest, just what was this orphanage trying to pull?

“Emma, please keep an eye on him,” Amanda instructed. She lead the couple into her office. “Mr. and Mrs. Nolan…”

“I don’t understand why you would lie to us,” David interrupted. “We said we would take sibling groups. We’ve tried for so long, we’d take on octuplets.”

“I understand, but Emma is a special case. She has polio.”

“Kids still get that?” Mary Margaret asked.

Amanda bit her lip. “I don’t really know the logistics. Neal and Emma weren’t exactly in the best environment, I don’t think they got the right vaccines. She just wasn’t as lucky as her brother.”

“It doesn’t explain why you’d lie to us.”

“They’ve been in our care for a few years now. We’ve had so many couples come, we tried to say it was both or none, but no one wanted to take Emma on. So…we started to just tell people about Neal. We just wanted to give him a good home.”

David pursed his lips. “And Emma? What does she deserve?”

“Kids like Emma…they don’t really have a chance.”

Mary Margaret and David exchanged one of their silent eye conversations. They had entered that orphanage thinking they were going to be leaving with one child. There was no way they could separate siblings. Besides, Emma had already entered their hearts. She couldn’t stay in that awful orphanage another moment.

“We’re going to be adopting both children,” Mary Margaret said. Before Amanda could speak, she continued. “That shouldn’t be a problem, should it?”

Amanda cleared her throat. “Certainly not.”

Together, they all headed back out to the playroom. Emma looked up her brother, putting hands on his shoulder.
“Please, just promise me you’ll take care of him,” she said. “He’s a good kid, he may act up the first few days…but he’ll adjust. He deserves better than here. Please don’t send him back.”

Mary Margaret crouched down to Emma’s height. “We’re not leaving with Neal.”

Emma’s face fell. “Please, no. I know he got upset, but…but I promise you, he’ll be a good boy. He’s just attached to me, I’ve taken care of him since he was a baby…”

“Emma, we’re not leaving with Neal, we’re leaving with both of you.”

Her eyes widened. “What?”

“We think you both deserve a home,” David said. “A real one. What do you think?”

Emma and Neal exchanged a look, slow smiles going across their face. No one had ever wanted both of them before.

“Please, Emmy,” Neal pleaded. “They seem nice. Can we go with them?”

Emma kissed the top of his head. “I don’t see why not.”

Mary Margaret and David beamed. Finally, they were going to have a family.
Oncer4Life requested a sequel to “Both”, where Emma and Neal have settled into their new home.

Well, everyone, I have decided to also join Twitter: justanoutlawfic. It has the Emma with glasses profile fic and a Charming-Mills family header. Feel free to follow and send me prompts on there or even just shoot me a message!

Emma looked around her new room, biting down on her lip. Mary Margaret had done a great job making sure it was exactly what she needed. It was on the first floor and was accessible with her cane. It even lead out to the garden, where she found herself to be quite at peace. Splashes of red and yellow were throughout the room and books overfilled the shelves. It was nice, much nicer than any room she had ever had.

Mary Margaret and David were so kind to them. They had done everything to make them feel at home. One important thing was, they didn’t baby Emma or treat her like she was any differently because she had polio. They gave her chores that she could handle, they found activities for her to do, they were allowing her to thrive. At the orphanage, she was forced to spend most days in her room. The doctors said she had even been getting stronger since she had been taken in by the Nolans.

There was a sudden knock at the door, causing Emma to turn around. Mary Margaret stood in the doorway, a smile on her face. “Hi sweetheart, what are you up to?”

“Just making sure I have everything ready for school tomorrow.” Emma gestured over to her backpack.

Mary Margaret smiled and walked closer. “Nervous?”

She shrugged. “It’s a new school, I got bullied at my old one.”

“Well, you’ve already met some of the kids, they love you.” It was true. While they had at first been scared of her cane, they had found ways to incorporate her in their play. “You have friends, like Lily and Alexandra.”

“And you’ll be my teacher?”

“Yes, love.”

“You won’t embarrass me?”

Mary Margaret chuckled. “Of course not.” She pushed some hair out of Emma’s face and could tell she had something more to say. “What is it, sweetheart?”
“You don’t act like they did at the orphanage. You just…you treat me like I’m normal.”

“Emma, you are normal.”

Emma nodded. She hadn’t felt that way since she had been diagnosed a couple of years prior. It happened right after she and Neal had been placed into the orphanage. Their biological parents had abandoned them on the doorsteps, she barely remembered why. Not long after that, she felt herself in a lot of pain and being able unable to walk with ease. A few tests later and her life had completely changed. Everyone treated her as if she was broken, but her new parents looked at her with so much love.

“It’s not too late, you know,” Emma mumbled. “You could always send me back, if I’m ever too much trouble.”

“That’s never going to happen, Em, ever. You will never be too much trouble, we love you so much.” Mary Margaret kissed her forehead. “You’re our daughter now.”

“You really think of me that way?”

“I knew from the moment I laid eyes on you that you were meant to be ours.”

She took a deep breath and sat down on the bed. Mary Margaret settled down beside her and put a hand on her back.

“Any pain?”

“Some, not as bad as yesterday.”

“How about we make some hot cocoa and then we can watch a movie.”

“If I’m feeling better tomorrow, can I help you in the garden?”

Mary Margaret smiled. “I’d like that.”

She watched as Emma got up, careful to only help her when she asked for it. She put an arm around her and lead her into the kitchen so they could get their warm drinks together.
Sara K M wanted to see a one shot where Neal is diagnosed with autism, causing him to form a strong bond with Emma. I will admit, this one is close to my heart as my mom watches a little girl on the spectrum so she’s at my house every day. We have formed a special bond of our own, so this one is for my girl. I will say, it’s important to remember that autism comes in varying forms, this is not one size fits all.

The one thing that the citizens of Storybrooke were grateful for, was that certain conditions were better treated in America. From mental health to just being able to see a doctor for the sniffles, it was clear that life expectancy had expanded for everyone. It also meant that things were more easily diagnosed.

At first, they all just assumed that Neal was behind on development. Emma even confided with her parents that according to her records, she wasn’t talking until around age 2. So, they let things be. But when Neal was getting older and wasn’t feeding himself, threw major fits over hearing loud noises. Often times, he would just stand there, staring off into space.

Finally, around the time of his second birthday, Neal was diagnosed with autism. They were told that he was on the higher end of the spectrum and that they believed with therapy, he could function better. Snow and David immediately burst into action, getting the best specialists and adapting their home to make sure that he would have less triggers.

One thing that seemed to help was, Emma. If Neal was having a bad day and she came around, he instantly perked up. He’d clamber onto her lap and cuddle into her, letting her stroke his hair. She was the one babysitter they could leave him with if they had to work on the weekends or had the rare date night. They weren’t sure what it was about Emma and she didn’t either. He loved his parents, that much was clear, he just had a very special bond with his sister.

When Neal started going to nursery school at age 3, things were a bit harder on him. Only a few of the kids were patient with him, they didn’t really understand. Snow bit her tongue from saying she suspected some of the parents were talking. Since autism hadn’t been well known in the Enchanted Forest, some said that she made it all up. She was doing all she could to cheer her son up, but he was plopped in front of the T.V, watching Mickey Mouse Clubhouse.

Emma walked into the living room and Neal looked up, carefully running over to her. He tugged on her pant leg until she lifted him into his arms. “Emmy,” he whispered. He didn’t say much,
typically only the names of the people in his family.

“Hey buddy, rough day?”

Neal just buried his head into her shoulder and she settled down next to her mom.

“Poor kid.”

“At this age, I just know it’s the parents,” Snow mumbled.

“I know, Mom. Maybe we should hold a meeting, ya know? Get Whale and some of the other specialists to talk about autism? Let them see that this is real, people are affected by this.”

Snow gave her a gentle smile. “How are you so good with all this?”

“When I was in the system, there was this little girl with autism. She really slipped through the cracks, we were in similar group homes for a bit. Then when she was about 10, she finally got a forever home. I just want Neal to have better than that and he does. Our family will never turn our backs on him.”

Snow felt tears prickle in her eyes. Some days, things just got so crazy and she forgot that she and David weren’t alone. They had Emma, who would be there for her baby brother, no matter what. She used to be scared of what would happen if fate took her and her husband from the world. She knew though, that Neal would be just fine. He’d always have his big sister to look after him.
LyssLovesSnowing33 requested to see a third installment to Both (156 & 157) where Emma gets bullied, causing Neal to get in a fight to defend her. They’re afraid they’ll get sent back by Snowing for different reasons.

Emma’s first few weeks at Storybrooke Day School went very well. Mary Margaret was right, she had made a lot of friends over the summer and she was happy. Neal had adjusted well to the new school as well. They got to see each other at recess every day and occasionally, their friends would even all play together despite the age difference.

One afternoon, Neal, Emma, Alexandra and Gideon were all on the swings. Vince, a 1st grader that neither sibling knew very well, came walking over.

“We’re playing tag. You guys should come be on my team,” he said.

Neal looked over at Emma. “Um, no thanks.”

“Why? Because your sister can’t play?” Vince rolled his eyes. “She shouldn’t even be allowed outside at recess. It’s not as if she can do anything.”

Neal’s eyes widened. “Don’t be mean to her!”

Emma reached over, putting a hand on his arm. “Nee, just let him go. He’s not worth it.”

“Listen to your imp,” Vince said with a smirk.

Neal jumped off the swing and tackled his classmate to the ground. Alexandra helped Emma off the swing while Gideon tried to pull Neal off Vince. When that didn’t work, he raced over to the teachers on recess duty. It wasn’t long after that, that both Emma and Neal were both sitting outside the principal’s office. Mary Margaret was chatting with him, finding out exactly what her son’s punishment would be.

Emma bit her lip, staring down at her hands. Neal had only gotten into that fight because of her. If she wasn’t around, he wouldn’t have to stand up for her. She was convinced that Mary Margaret and David would think she was too much trouble and send her back. She wouldn’t be a distraction to Neal if she was back at the orphanage.
Little did she know, her brother had the same fear. Neal didn’t regret standing up for his sister, but he knew that his mom wasn’t happy with him. When they started school, his parents had told him that it wasn’t his job to watch after Emma, that it was okay to stand up for her, but to always get a teacher. He hadn’t done that. He was pretty sure he knew what that meant, he’d be getting sent back. They didn’t have time for a kid that couldn’t follow the rules.

Eventually, Mary Margaret walked out of the office. “Vince has a bloody nose and his parents are being called for what he said about Emma. Luckily, Neal, you’re not going to be suspended. You just have a warning. Emma, head back to my classroom please, tell Miss Jasmine I’ll be there in a moment.”

Emma nodded and slowly walked out of the office. Mary Margaret sat next to her son and he slowly looked up at her.

“Why didn’t you go get a teacher, Neal?”

Neal bit his lip. “I don’t know. He called Emmy a mean name, I don’t like when people do that.’

“I know, Nee, I do. But fighting isn’t going to make it better, it’ll just lead to you getting in trouble. That won’t help Emmy.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll pack tonight.”

Mary Margaret raised an eyebrow. “Pack?”

“I didn’t follow the rules, you’re going to send me back, aren’t you?”

She wrapped an arm around her son. “No, baby. Daddy and I would never send you back. We love you so much. Even if you break the rules, you’ll always be our son.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.” She kissed the top of his head. “You’re not in trouble for defending your sister. Next time, just come get some help.”

“Okay, Mommy.”

That night when David came home from work, he went to check up on Emma. Mary Margaret had told him what happened and he had words for Vince’s parents. There was no way he had come up with those feelings on his own. After knocking on the door and being called in, David walked inside. He raised an eyebrow upon seeing Emma putting some clothes into a suitcase.

“Do you have a sleepover tonight?” He asked.

Emma shook her head. “No. I’m just getting ready to go back to the orphanage.”
“Back to the orphanage?” David sat on the bed and shut the suitcase. “Em, why would you think you’re going back there?”

“Neal got into a fight for me today, he could’ve gotten in trouble. That wouldn’t have happened if I wasn’t here.”

“Hey, Neal makes his own decisions. He did that because he loves you. None of what happened is your fault. Even if it was, you’re never going to be sent back there, Em. You’re our family now, family doesn’t give up on family.”

Emma bit her lip and sat down next to her dad. “I really like it here.”

“Good.” He kissed her temple. “We like having you here, you’re our baby girl. You’re stuck with us, got it?”

She couldn’t help but smile. “Got it. Love you, Daddy.”

“I love you too, Princess.”
I received an anonymous request for the following: Emma has a crush on one of Snow’s friends. Snow finds out about it and teases her. Since I don’t do Emma ships in this verse, I’m making up a friend.

Snow knew when her daughter had a crush. Her normally calm, cool and collected daughter had been acting more like a spaz than usual lately. It only happened when Iris seemed to be around. Iris had come around after the second curse was set to try to stop Zelena from hurting Neal. She and Snow had developed a friendship since she had a baby around the same time. Iris was in the mommy and me group. At first, Emma had avoided it after the bottle incident, but now she insisted on coming. She claimed that even though her son was 12-years-old, she still needed motherhood tips. Ella didn’t see a problem with it, but Snow knew the real reason.

It was sweet in Snow’s mind. Had she gotten to raise Emma, she would’ve been able to help her through her crushes and first dates. She hadn’t been there for her first kiss or first date, Emma hadn’t ever been to a ball, much less a prom. The closest she ever got was Baelfire before he died, but even that wasn’t a lot considering Emma had denied her feelings. She was taking this opportunity willingly.

One morning when they were getting ready for the mommy and me class, Snow noticed that Emma had straightened her hair, something she rarely did. “Wow, that must have taken you awhile.”

“I got up early this morning.”

Snow tilted her head. “Emma, you wouldn’t even get up early on your day off so we could all go apple picking.”

“Well, I just felt like it.”

“Felt like it or is it for someone special.”

Emma froze. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh huh. So, Iris’ comment on the last time you did that for that party at Granny’s has nothing to do with it.”

Blush slowly spread across her cheeks. “Iris…I don’t even know what you’re talking about…”

“It’s okay, it’s sweet. My baby girl has a crush.”

“I do not!” Emma protested.
“Emma.” Snow gave her a pointed look. “I’m not blind. You’ve been acting really weird around her. It’s fine. Iris is a single mother, she mentioned to me that she’s looking to start dating again. She would be so lucky to have you…”

“Mom!” Emma let out a long sigh. “Can you not be such a well…a mom about this?”

Snow giggled. “Afraid not, sweetheart.”

Emma rolled her eyes and flopped back on the couch.

“I must look like an idiot.”

“No, you don’t.” Snow settled down next to her. “Emma, I’ve never seen you act like this before. You hang on Iris’ every word, you laugh more when you’re around her. Just know you don’t have to change your look for her. Just be yourself.”

“We don’t even know if she’s into girls.”

Snow shrugged. “You’ll never know until you try.”

“She has a daughter.”

“And you have a son. Is that a problem?”

“No. I…I think Caroline is amazing. I just don’t know if she’ll think…”

“Like I said, Iris would be lucky to have someone like you, you’re quite an amazing girl, Emma. A catch.”

“Because I’m a princess where she’s from?”

Snow shook her head. “No. Emma, you’re much more than a princess or the savior. You’re an amazing person. You help everyone around you, even those who some may have given up on long ago. There have been times where you have sacrificed your own happiness for others. It’s time for you to get your own fairytale.”

A small smile went across Emma’s face. “You really think so?”

“I know so. But I also know that every ‘And they lived happily ever after’, has to start with ‘Once upon a time’, so go ahead. Start your own once upon a time.”

Emma nodded and laid her head on her mother’s shoulder.

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Anytime, sweetheart.” She paused for a minute. “Iris and Emma, sitting in a tree…”

Emma rolled her eyes and pulled away, shoving her. “We should go.”
“Oh, don’t wanna be late for your girlfriend do you?”

Snow got a pillow to the face for that one. She giggled and went to the pack and play to pick up Neal, it was worth it. What good was your daughter having a crush if you couldn’t tease her a bit?
Emma had taken what her mother said into consideration, but she still waited a few Mommy and Me classes to actually say anything. She wanted to wait and make sure that Iris really was ready to move on and start dating. After overhearing her asking Ella if there were any available girls in town, she knew it was time to make her move.

As soon as the class sang the final goodbye song, some of the moms moved to the refreshment table to eat. Emma followed behind Iris and smiled as she started to pour out some punch.

“Hey,” she said.

Iris grinned. “Hey, Em. Still haven’t convinced Henry to come?”

“Kinda hard to get a video game obsessed pre-teen to agree to attend a Mommy and Me class.”

She giggled. “I guess that’s true. Sing-a-longs and talks of diaper rash probably aren’t his cup of tea.”

Emma smirked. “He’s about 15 years off from it being interesting.”

“Could you hold Caroline for a minute? I’m having some trouble pouring this.”

Emma nodded and Caroline was passed into her arms. She quickly smiled down at the baby, she looked just like Iris.

“I…I was wondering, um, if you’re not busy this weekend…I know um, Granny does babysitting…”

Iris turned to face Emma, but at the same time, Emma began bouncing Caroline to stop her from fussing. The two collided and the punch spilled onto not only Iris, but the baby’s swaddling blankets. Caroline instantly started crying and heat spilled across Emma’s cheeks. Trying to ask out the woman she had been crushing on for weeks and she got her daughter, sticky.

“I…I’m so sorry,” Emma said. She thrust Caroline back into Iris’ arms. “I better go. I think, um,
I have to pick up Henry. From Regina’s.”

She raced out the door and down the steps to the street. She could hear someone following her and from the scent of the perfume, knew it was her mother.

“Mom, I just…I need to be alone.”

“Emma,” Snow put a hand on her shoulder. “It wasn’t that bad.”

“I spilled punch on her baby.”

“Technically, Iris did that.”

“Because I moved. Look, it’s just not meant to be, obviously. I’m not….I’m not like the people in your group. I’m not from your land.”

“Emma.” Snow put Neal down into his stroller and placed a hand on either of Emma’s cheeks. “You are an amazing person, anyone would be lucky to have you. You happened to inherit the family’s spaz gene, but that doesn’t mean anything. Might I remind you that I knocked your father in the jaw with a chin.”

“That was intentional,” Emma reminded her.

“So? Look, you just need to relax. I’ve never seen you like this before.”

Emma sighed. She knew her mother was right. She never got like that when she liked someone, not even when she had been an actual teenager. She wasn’t sure what it was about Iris. She really just wanted everything to go well. She let out a deep breath, looking into her mother’s eyes.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

“It’s called the love bug. Everyone gets bitten by it at some point.” Snow kissed the center of the forehead. “Now, do you really like Iris?”

“Well…yeah.”

“Then try again.”

“I think I’ve had enough humiliation for one day.”

“Well, let’s go home. You can try again next week.”

Emma slowly nodded. “Thanks, Mom.”

“Any time.” She grabbed hold of Neal’s stroller and they started off for the diner. Before they could make it around the block, they heard a familiar voice behind them.

“Emma!”
She turned around and found Iris walking towards them. Snow smiled and took a few steps away to give them some privacy.

“Iris, I’m sorry. Is Caroline okay?”

Iris laughed. “It’s just punch, she needed a bath anyway. I believe you were asking me something before that happened.”

“Oh, well…I was going to ask you on a date. Maybe, Friday night?”

Iris grinned. “Definitely, I’ll ask Granny to babysit.”

“I’ll pick you up at 7?”

“Sounds great. See you then, Emma.”

She turned around and walked off. Emma could hear her mother squealing behind her and rolled her eyes.

“You’re not going to say I told you so, are you?”

“Later! Come on, what are you going to wear?” Snow linked arms with Emma and lead her off to the diner to game plan.
Snow's Daughter

Chapter Notes

This was a prompt from a guest. It’s pretty long, so it’ll be a read and see. I want to add, that I am accepting prompts based around season 7, meaning AU’s of how things would be if Snowing and Emma were there. However, I am not going to write any based on however they write Emma off. I just have a feeling I’m not going to like it.

Snow had about enough with Ingrid. It was bad enough when she showed up and started tormenting the town, but now things were getting personal. She was hurting her daughter. No one messed with Emma, ever. Ingrid had abducted her from the station during the interrogation and taken off. David had wanted to track her down, but Snow knew it had to be her. After the incident at the mommy and me class, she had to prove that she wasn’t a first-time mother. She would protect her daughter until the end of time.

After twisting Regina’s arm a bit, she was able to get a locator potion. She put it on Emma’s baby blanket and allowed it to drift off in the air. She followed it all the way to the ice caves at the edge of town. Arming herself with her arrow, Snow slowly entered the cave. She spotted Emma laying on an air mattress, asleep. Snow rushed to her side and tried to shake her awake, but she seemed to stay asleep.

“Emma, Emma, sweetheart, come on,” she whispered. “It’s time to get up. We need to get you out of here.”

“She’s not going anywhere.” A frosty voice came from behind Snow and she turned around. Sure enough, there stood Ingrid. “She’s mine now and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

“I beg to differ.” Snow held her arrow back. “Emma is my daughter.”

“Right, even though you gave her away.”

“We did what we had to, to keep her safe!”

“And now you can’t understand her,” Ingrid smirked. “She has magic, the same kind that the woman who tormented you for years did. She’s not normal.”

“Normal is overrated. Emma is my daughter,” Snow bit back. “I love her with everything inside of me. Magic or not, she is loved unconditionally by me and my husband.”

“Until she hurts that precious baby of yours.”

“Emma would never hurt Neal. She loves him, she loves all of us.”

“You have a chance at a new family and so do I. So, just do what you did once and walk away. Leave Emma, with her real family.”
Snow stepped forward, her hand gripping the arrow as tightly as she could.

“Emma is leaving with me, I am her real family. No one messes with my daughter without paying the consequences.”

Snow White was a hero, someone who fought for the greater good. However, she would turn her heart black if it meant keeping her daughter safe. She released the arrow and it went careening for Ingrid’s heart. The Snow Queen flicked her wrist and disappeared in a cloud of ice. The arrow hit the wall behind where she once stood, causing it to crack a bit. Snow let out a deep breath and knelt back down next to Emma, continuing to shake her. Eventually, she leaned down and kissed her forehead. Emma’s eyes flickered open and she looked up at her mother, dazed and confused.

“Mom?” Her voice came out in a cracked whisper.

“Yeah, it’s me, baby.” Snow gave her a soft smile. “Can you stand up? Ingrid’s gone, but I don’t know how long that’ll be.”

Snow managed to help Emma up and lead her off to her car, putting her seatbelt on. She draped Emma’s blanket over her so she could stay warm, getting in the driver’s seat.

“You came for me,” Emma said.

“Of course I did.”

“After this morning…”

“Emma, I’m sorry I seemed scared of you,” Snow interrupted. “I was just caught off guard. I’m not scared of your magic, it makes you special. Your father and I love you, whether you were the savior or not. The truth is, to us, you’re not just the savior. You’re our daughter, the child we dreamed of and planned on. Neal is not our first child, we aren’t first time parents. We love you so much. We’re a family, nothing can change that. I promise.”

Emma gave her mom a small smile. She could see it in her eyes that she was telling the truth and she wanted to believe it more than anything. It was just going to take time. Shakily, she reached over and took her mom’s hand, squeezing it. She just wanted to go home and get some rest, with her family.
Isaiah Flamez requested a sequel to “True Love Comes In All Forms” (Chapter 70) where Emma and Elizabeth are trying to have a child biologically. Snowing and Emma talk about it.

A reminder: this is a Charming family one shot series. People keep trying to sneak love interests back in here with requests. A lot of people wanted another follow up to “Just A Crush”, featuring Emma and Iris’ first date. This one shot was also supposed to heavily feature Elizabeth as well. Not what this series is for, folks. I do take one shot requests for other Emma ships (Swanfire and Swan Queen in particular), but I won’t post them in here. This is a story to showcase family, not romance.

Emma was exhausted. She had never been poked and prodded so much in her life. She tried telling herself that it was worth it. Hopefully in 9 months, she would be giving birth to a healthy baby. Henry was off at college and Avery was getting older. She and Elizabeth had decided to add once more to their family, but Emma wanted to experience pregnancy again. Elizabeth had no interest in it, but supported her wife as she didn’t care who’s blood was running through the baby’s veins. She loved Henry and Avery with every ounce of her, it didn’t matter.

So, Emma had gone through the brutal process of IVF. She wouldn’t know if it had worked for a few weeks. With Elizabeth being at work and the kids at school, she was pretty bored while trying to relax. Snow and David decided to stop by to keep their daughter company.

“It’ll be worth it,” Snow promised her. “Just think about seeing his or her tiny face in 9 months.”

“That’s if it works,” Emma reminded her. “Whale says there’s a chance it won’t.”

“I have a feeling it will. You’ve gotten pregnant before.”

“That was a tad different.”

“I don’t want to get into the details of Henry’s conception,” David said.

Emma rolled her eyes. “This is just more complicated and technical. Am I crazy for doing this? Maybe we should’ve just adopted again. I don’t want Avery to feel like we’re replacing her.”

“She knows that you’re not.” He put a hand over hers. “You two talked to her about it, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, but she’s only 4. Who knows how she’ll feel when the baby gets here.”

“She’ll love having a new baby brother or sister to love and cuddle,” Snow smiled. “Plus, even if she is a little jealous at first, she’ll get over it. Just like you did with Neal.”
Emma huffed. “I was never jealous over Neal.” Snow and David both gave her a look. “I wasn’t!”

“Uh huh, sure. Just know that Avery will be okay. We know you Emma,” Snow said. “You love both of your children equally, you always have. You grew up in a tough position, you didn’t really know what love felt like. I’ve watched you try to compensate with Henry and Avery. You’ll do the same with this baby. Just know that you’re not alone, either. You have Elizabeth, along with us as well.”

“You mother’s right, Em,” David told her. “You can do this, everything is going to be just fine.”

Emma kept her parents’ words in her head over the next few weeks. She showed up to their house not long after that, leaning back against the counter.

“Where’s Elizabeth?” Snow asked.

“She took Avery to the park.”

“Ah.”

“Not that we don’t mind seeing our favorite daughter…” David started, only to have Emma interrupt him.

“Only daughter.”

He chuckled. “Thus why you’re our favorite. Not that we mind having you drop by, but what’s up? You’re acting weird.”

“I just figured you’d want to be the first outside my house to know.” Emma smiled. “Whale called this morning, I’m pregnant.”

Snow let out a whoop of joy and ran to her daughter, squeezing her tightly. She was going to be a grandma again! David walked over and managed to give Emma a hug as well, even if it was just him cradling the back of her head since Snow was practically crushing Emma. He kissed her temple as Snow squealed.

“Congratulations, Em,” he said. “I knew it would all work out.”

“We told Avery and Henry after we got the call, they’re both so excited.”

“I told you so.” Snow pulled apart from her daughter, beaming. “Avery is going to be a great big sister, just like her mama.”
Heroes Make Mistakes

Chapter Notes

A guest requested to see a one shot based when Rumple and the Queens of Darkness put a sleeping curse on Storybrooke. Snowing tells Henry to stay put, but later have to save him. This is a hard one for me. I tend to avoid writing about 4B if I can because this whole Snowing plot was OOC.

Snow and David were unsure of what to do any more. Things were getting seriously bad. Maleficent wasn’t just taking out her anger on them, she was using it against the whole town. Everyone was under a sleeping curse, barring them and Henry since they had already been under one before. They had told him to stay put while they tried to figure a way to wake everyone up.

“Maybe it’s time we just come clean,” Snow said. It was a conversation they had been having ever since the queens showed up to town. “What could it possibly change? Maleficent is still going to be on the warpath, but maybe Emma would be able to help us if she knew why.”

“Emma would never be able to forgive us,” David told her as he stroked his daughter’s hair. They had made sure that both her and Hook were comfortable so long as they were asleep. They knew that they could easily wake her up, but that wouldn’t solve everyone else’s problems. “That’s why we did it in the first place.”

“We were wrong, David,” Snow whispered. “We never should’ve done it.”

“I know, but we can’t turn back time. Telling Emma…what good is it going to do?”

“She’s finally opening up with us and being honest. We owe her the same respect.”

David knew his wife was right. He just couldn’t handle Emma hating him. He had lived with the regret over what they had done to Maleficent’s child for years. He wished he could be cursed to forget it, but that would be taking the easy way out.

“First, we need to get this town out of the curse,” David said. “Then we can figure out the best way to tell her before Maleficent does.”

Suddenly, Snow’s phone rang. She didn’t recognize the number and didn’t understand who it could be. The only other person awake was Henry…

As she opened to the video message she found Henry tied up, with a piece of tape over his mouth.
Her eyes widened and her muscles tightened as Cruella came on the screen.

“Your precious grandson thought he could fight us,” Cruella taunted with a smirk. “I’d come get him before we teach him a thing or two about fighting.”

Snow hung up the phone and used an app Emma had installed to track where it came from. After gathering their weapons, they headed to the Queens’ hiding spot in the woods. There, they found Henry, being guarded by Cruella and Maleficent.

“Let him go,” Snow said. “He has nothing to do with this.”

“Ah, but he means the world to you,” Maleficent pointed out. “So yes, I believe he has everything to do with it.”

“Regina’s on your side,” Snow told her. “She’d never forgive you for putting your hands on Henry. You’re lucky we didn’t call her to come here.”

“You can take the boy.” Maleficent shrugged. “Our work here with him is done anyway.”

David raised an eyebrow. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“I know you threatened Cruella and Ursula into not blabbing your secret to Emma. Well, you never said a thing about Henry here.”

With a flick of her wrist, Maleficent poofed the Charmings out of her cabin. Soon, they were back at the loft, Henry free of his ties. Snow looked at him, biting down on her lip.

“Henry…”

“Is it true?” He asked. “Did you kidnap Maleficent’s child?”

“We were transferring Emma’s darkness to hers, we never meant for the baby to be gone from her forever.”

“Still, you were going to suck out any light?”

“It was wrong, Henry,” David said. “We know that. At the time, we were desperate and acted rashly. We can’t turn back the clock, we can only try to protect our family now.”

Henry continued to stare at his grandparents, unsure of what to say. All this time, he thought they were heroes. Though, he knew that things weren’t always so black and white. Regina and Rumple had proven that time and time again. Both had done horrific things, while also doing good. It was possible to be both. There was no such thing as all good or all evil. He was realizing, his maternal grandparents were human and flawed. They had done something horrible but were just trying to move on. They had been better people since then, had helped people at the sacrifice of their own family.
“You have to tell Mom,” Henry said. “Maleficent said she’s going to lift the sleeping curse in a bit, she did it just to show you how bad things can be. But you need to tell her, she deserves the truth. I don’t think she’s going to be thrilled, but she’ll forgive you. In time. I think the first step is getting Maleficent to forgive you too.”

Snow and David nodded. For a 13-year-old, he truly was so wise. They both knew he was right. They had been focusing so much on protecting their family, they hadn’t even tried to right their wrong. It was time to come clean and be the heroes they knew that they were. It was time to reunite Maleficent and her child. It was time to show Emma that sometimes good people do bad things, but it is never too late to fix them.
Snow and David stood in the field, watching in horror as Emma held the sword with all the powers of every Dark One that had ever lived. She turned to them, a small smile on her face.

“I love you all,” she said. “I wish there could be a happier ending.”

She turned the blade and stuck it into her stomach. The darkness came to a halt and she dropped the ground. There was no blood, there was nothing. All the life drained from Emma’s face and she slowly turned back into the person she had been before she took on the darkness. Blonde curls, her red leather jacket. However, there was no doubting it, she was gone.

Snow didn’t know how to sleep. How could she, when her daughter was gone? Emma had said when they returned from Camelot that they had failed her. That was a lie, but she felt like they had in the end. Why couldn’t they have found another way? Why didn’t she fight harder to stop it? Regina told her there was nothing she could do, but she didn’t want to believe it. There had to be something.

David wasn’t saying much either. They were living in silence, caring for baby Neal. Henry had barely left his room at Regina’s.

Snow had once gone to Regina and asked her to crush her heart. It was over something as small as killing the person that had tortured everyone (Regina included) for years. But now, she truly didn’t want to live on. Her baby girl, her daughter, was gone. She had missed out on so much, how was she supposed to go on another second?

And then Belle came to them.

She told them that Rumple was the Dark One again. No one understood how it was possible. Emma had sacrificed herself with all the darkness from every Dark One that had ever lived. Belle didn’t quite understand it either, but she said that Rumple had told her of a potential way to save
Emma. She wasn’t in Heaven or Hell, she was in a place called the Underworld. It was where people with unfinished business went. It would be a dangerous mission, but they could do it, they could get their daughter back.

It was hard to leave Neal behind, but they knew it was for a good cause. Regina did the same with Henry. Robin promised to take good care of all the kids, with Belle offering to help out as well. Rumple assisted them on the journey. They weren’t sure how they would get Emma out of there, but they would do whatever they could.

They took the boat down to the Underworld. It was weird to see that it was basically Storybrooke turned on its head. They didn’t have time to explore, they just had to find Emma. They searched for what felt like days, but they never gave up. Finally, while Rumple and Regina kept watch, Snow and David took their boat through Hades’ cave. Armed with their weapons (which had been charmed by their friends), they made their way to the back. They found their daughter, leaning against the back of the cave. Her face was a mess of blood and bruises and she was sleeping. Snow and David stepped forward, kneeling in front of her. David slowly shook her, afraid of what was going to happen next. Was she already dead? Rumple had explained that even though it was the Underworld, people could still be murdered.

Slowly, their favorite green eyes flickered open. She looked from her mother to her father. “Mom? Dad? What are you doing here?”

Snow smiled, pushing her hair out of her face. “You know our family motto, we will always find you.”

“Hades…”

“Don’t worry about it. Rumple and Regina are down here too, they’re going to find a way to get you out of here.”

David helped his daughter stand up. “Your story will have a happier ending, Emma, I promise.”
Chapter Notes

Swanbeliever requested to see a one shot where it’s Henry that helps Emma light the spark in Camelot, rather than Hook.

Emma sat in front of the spark, staring at it intently. No matter what she did, it wouldn’t budge. She was having flashbacks to Neverland, when she couldn’t get the map to work.

“There you are,” Henry’s voice drifted from above her. “I’ve been looking for you everywhere.”

“Your mom has the dagger, she used it, you could’ve,” Emma mused.

Henry frowned. “Mom…”

“No, it’s fine. I get it. Regina was right, I have been holding on tightly to the darkness. I just couldn’t admit it until she confronted me.”

Henry sat next to her. “I don’t get it. This isn’t like you, you’ve always wanted to be good.”

Emma sighed. “Holding onto it…it’s easy.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I’ve been thinking a lot about our family.” She gave him a small smile. “For a long time, I couldn’t accept that I was the daughter of Snow White and Prince Charming, that I was actually going to get to be in your life. Heck, even being a big sister. If I give up the darkness…we’ll go home, things will go back to normal. Before the queens showed up, I didn’t want to face the truth.”

Henry bit his lip, unsure of what to say at first.

“Do you…do you not want to be a family?”

“Oh Henry,” Emma took his hand. “Of course I do, I want it more than anything. It’s just…for a long time, all I had was myself. Now, I have the four of you. I love you more than anything, I want to fight for you all. My life is better than I imagined, you just have to understand, this isn’t easy for me. Look at the first time I called your parents “Mom” and “Dad” or the first time I told you that I loved you. It was when things were dire, when I thought we were all going to die. I’m not good at any of this, being a family.”

“Of course you are,” Henry gave her a smile. “Mom, you may not have been in a real family growing up, but you’ve adjusted just fine.”

“I don’t feel like it. Sometimes I wonder…maybe things would’ve been better for all of you if I just
left Storybrooke before the curse broke. I’d miss you all like crazy, but look at the situations I keep getting us in.”

“Like you said, we’re a family. This is what family does, we save each other.”

Emma took in a deep breath, slowly letting it out. She wrapped her arms tightly around Henry, resting her chin on his head. He hugged her back just as tight. She knew he was telling the truth, they were meant to be a family. She wanted to get the hell out of Camelot, she wanted to go back to Storybrooke so they could finally be a family, for real. Before Tamara and Greg had shown up, Snow and David had talked about getting a house together, the four of them. Now that included Neal, but the more the merrier.

Henry pulled away from his mom when he felt a great presence on them. He grinned when he saw the spark lit up with full force.

“Well would you look at that,” he said. “Looks like you finally did it.”

Emma stared down at it, a smile going across her own face. Just like in Neverland, it had come out when she admitted who she really was. Back then, she had been an orphan, she felt as though she had no family. Two years later and things had changed, she knew what she deserved, she knew what she needed. Picking up the spark with one hand, she slid her other into Henry’s.

“Come on, let’s go find our family.”
Stay At Home Mom

Chapter Notes

PolskaChic18 requested a one shot that takes place during the 6-week time jump between 4A and 4B. Snow is still at home with the baby and she does cute stuff for her family.

Ingrid was defeated, Elsa and Anna had safely returned to Arendelle and for once, all was peaceful in Storybrooke. Emma finally felt like she could breathe again. Slowly, she was working things out with her parents. They weren’t perfect, they may not have always had the best reactions, but neither did she. She wanted to make it all work and one way or another, it would.

Snow wasn’t going to be returning to the school for a few more weeks. She had debated going back at all, but teaching was something she genuinely enjoyed. She was going to miss Neal like crazy, though he would be just fine at Ella’s daycare.

In the meantime, she got up every morning before the rest of the family. She put on the coffee for Emma and David, locating Henry’s favorite cereal (even though he was living primarily with Regina, he still spent the weekends with them). Neal woke up a little after she did and she cuddled him close as she bopped around the kitchen.

Heading to the fridge, she pulled out some leftovers to make leftovers for their lunches. They could easily do it on their own, but she wanted to before things got crazy. One by one, they all started coming in. Both David and Emma didn’t say a word until they got a gulp of coffee, the former pecking his wife on the lips directly after. Henry was his usual chipper self, hopping down the steps and sliding next to his mom at the island. Snow pushed over some bowls of cereal.

“What’s on the agenda for the day?” She asked.

“The new Macs Regina ordered for the station finally came in,” Emma said, taking a bite of her Cheerios. “Dad and I are going to install them in between calls.”

“I have a French quiz third period,” Henry offered off.

Snow smiled. “Did you study?”

“Uh….sort of.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Kid.”

“Well, it’s not like I’m ever gonna use it! I have no plans of going to France.”
David chuckled. “France isn’t the only place you’ll need it. Some places in the realms speak the languages foreign countries do.”

Emma raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

“Oh yes, my father was from a part that spoke French.”

Henry’s face lit up. “Teach me?”

“Afraid he never taught me any.”

He groaned. “My other mom knows Spanish, why couldn’t my school offer that?”

Snow chuckled and poured him a little more orange juice. Soon, one by one her loved ones left for work and school. Emma walked Henry to the bus stop, just as she always had. She watched him board and head off. Next, she and her dad went to the station. They were so busy between installing the new computers and heading out on calls, they didn’t get to have lunch until late in the afternoon. Both smiled widely when they found heart shaped sticky notes attached to their Tupperware, with personal notes from Snow. Even just a year prior, the gesture would’ve embarrassed Emma, but she was touched by it. They realized just how hard she had been working the past few months. Between their Arendelle guests and covering for Regina as mayor, she had also been handling household duties and caring for a newborn.

That night, they picked up a pizza from the local Italian restaurant and Henry got Snow’s favorite pie from the diner. When they walked through the door with their treats, a smile spread across her face.

“What’s all this for?” She asked.

David pecked her lips. “Jus consider it a thank you for all you’ve been doing lately.”

Light blush went across Snow’s face. She felt she was just doing what family did. Even so, it was nice to be appreciated.
Get Ready, Get Set, Don't Go

Chapter Notes

Just one of my own based on 7x01. If you haven’t seen the episode yet, spoilers below.

Emma stared down at her cell phone, letting out a small sigh. Regina had just texted her saying that Henry had rode his motorcycle through the portal. He was off into the unknown, her little boy off on his first big adventure. They had already said their goodbyes and she told him to be safe. Even so, it was so hard on her. She had missed so much of his life and now here he was. She wasn’t sure when she’d see him again. If he got hurt, it wasn’t as if she would be able to easily get to him like she would if he went to college. It was the scariest thought as a mother.

She knew that Regina understood how she was feeling, but knew better than to go to her right away. She had been the one to watch their little boy ride off. No, Emma knew just who she needed to talk to.

Her parents’ new house was beautiful, even 4 years later she had to admire it. It wasn’t the castle they had always bragged about, but it was them. Big enough for Snow, with a farm for David. The latter of which had decided to become a stay-at-home-dad, tending to the farm and Neal. Snow still taught, going back to her roots with the 4th-graders. They were happy, that was all that mattered.

Emma used her key to walk inside and found her parents enjoy breakfast at the kitchen table. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Neal in the living room playing. She quickly ruffled his hair before heading into the kitchen. She plopped down next to David, who could see the look on her face.

“How’s gone?”

She nodded. “Regina just texted me, he headed through the portal.”

David smiled sympathetically and rubbed her back. “He’s going to be okay.”

“What if he’s not? What if he gets hurt? It’s not like I can easily get to him or even know,” Emma pointed out. “He brought his cell phone and Regina charmed it, but who’s to say that something won’t happen? The doctors in those realms won’t know to call his mothers.”

“Henry is a very smart boy,” Snow pointed out. “You both raised him well, he know what he’s doing. If he gets hurt, he’ll be okay.”

Emma ran her fingers through her hair. “How did you two do it?”
“Huh?”

“When Henry and I were in New York, while you all were in the Enchanted Forest. How did you do it? Being separated from us, not knowing when you’d see us again?”

Snow and David exchanged a look. It had been hard, harder than they ever thought possible. With the curse, they didn’t know that they were missing her. She was out there, but they were made to believe that they were childless. Heck, David slept through most of it as it was. But the missing year had been different. They knew Emma was out there, they just couldn’t be with her. They didn’t know if she was eating healthy or if she was safe. It was all one big mystery.

“It was hard,” Snow admitted. “But we knew that you were a resourceful woman. You had survived for 28 years on your own. We knew you would be okay on your own. We didn’t even raise you to be that way…”

“Mom…”

“No, it’s true. We can’t take any credit for how you turned out.” She smiled and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “You are a smart, fierce woman, who I could not be prouder of.”

David nodded in agreement. “As hard as it was, we knew you were okay. The only difference with Henry is that you and Regina did raise him. You did it the right way, he’s a fine young man. Now he’s old enough to go off on his own adventure. Trust that you raised him right, because you did.”

“And know that you will see him again,” Snow told her. “We’re never separated for long in this family.”

Emma rested her head on her father’s shoulder and he wrapped his arm around her. It wasn’t going to be easy, that was for sure. But she knew her parents were right. Henry was going to be just fine.
Emma was normally a very sneaky person. She was a daughter of a bandit after all, it was in her blood. But after five tequila shots and an eight pack of beer, she was not as sneaky as she could be. She didn’t realize that trying to open the window rather than the door to be quieter, would trip the alarm. Therefore, she ended up making more noise than she intended.

Snow and David had fallen asleep while watching a movie and were caught off guard by the sudden noise. David reached for the sword he kept on standby, only to find his daughter stumbling through the window. He walked over and helped her through, standing her up straight.

“Emma Ruth Charming,” Snow said, walking closer. “What is going on? We thought you were up in bed.”

“Chill out, Mama Bear,” Emma giggled. “I was just out having some fun.”

“Fun.” Snow folded her arms over her chest.

David got a whiff of his daughter’s breath. “Seems she’s been having some fun with Coronas.”

Snow bit her lip to hide her anger. Emma was only 16 years old. She knew she’d be tempted to experiment, but always hoped she’d know better to say no. Emma pulled away from her father and stumbled over to her mom.

“It’s all okay. Alex was the designated driver,” she explained.

Snow continued to shake her head. “As if that’s any better. Come on, you’re too drunk to hear any consequences, up to bed with you.”

“I’m not at all…”

Emma’s rebuttal was broken by her suddenly puking down her top. Snow sighed and helped her daughter up the stairs, managing to help her change her top. Emma laid back on the bed, clearly beginning to sober up. David walked in the room, putting a hand on his wife’s back.
“We’re very disappointed in you, Emma,” he said. “We expected better from you. You’re not allowed to sneak out of the house, especially not to get drunk.”

“It was just one stupid party,” Emma mumbled.

“You know you can go to parties, ones where there is parental supervision and no alcohol.”

“You’re only 16. Even where we’re from, you’d be considered too young to drink,” Snow continued for her husband. “You’re grounded, for two months.”

“You cannot be serious,” Emma whined, kicking her legs.

“We definitely are. If we wanted, we could make it way longer.”

“My dad had a drinking problem, Emma,” David said, softly. “I don’t want to see the same thing happen to you.”

Emma didn’t know what to say to that. Drinking had always been a touchy subject in her family. She didn’t think that one night would lead to anything so severe, but she also realized she didn’t have a leg to stand on at this point.

“Even further, anything could’ve happened to you. When you get drunk, you’re completely vulnerable. You could’ve gotten seriously injured tonight and we wouldn’t have even known that you left the house.”

“I’m sorry,” she mumbled. “I just…I just wanted to have a little fun.”

“There are other ways to have fun.”

Emma curled up further into bed and shut her eyes. Snow and David knew that she needed the rest of the night to continue to sober up and would be feeling like crap in the morning. She was going to need all the sleep she could get. They each kissed the top of her head and brought the covers up over her.

“We love you, Em,” David said. “Sweet dreams.”

They headed out of the room together, Snow plotting out a list of chores for her daughter to do come the next day.
DC the Cat requested to see an AU of the curse where Emma is in the coma. David volunteers at the hospital and meets Mary Margaret. I will say right now, I won’t be doing a sequel to this one or else it’d be too repetitive to the other cursed AUs I’ve done.

They had avoided the curse for 10 years. Together, they had been a family. Regina had seemed to give up on it. Unfortunately, it was accidentally activated when Henry Sr. died. There was no stopping it. David told Emma to go to the wardrobe and escape it, but she was stubborn and ran back to her parents, tripping and bumping her head along the way. The curse overtook the royal couple as they held tightly onto their baby girl...

David walked down the halls of the hospital, looking around. He had decided to volunteer when he got his hours cut at work. He had money, that wasn’t a concern. He just needed something to fill his days with. In the end, he decided to start volunteering at the hospital. He found himself drawn to the coma ward, the town seemed to have so many victims of it.

What caught his eye, though, was a little girl in one of the rooms. She definitely had to be the youngest of the bunch. He walked inside and found a woman he hadn’t seen before. She had a dark pixie cut and bright green eyes. She was decorating the room with red and yellow streamers, along with some toys.

“This your daughter?” David asked.

She smiled politely at him. “No, I’m just a volunteer, you must be one of the new ones.”

“Yes, David Nolan.”

“Mary Margaret Blanchard and this here, is Emma.”

“She’s so young.”

“I found her one evening when I was walking home. Turns out she’s an orphan, no family to speak of. For so long she was here by herself, I just can’t take it anymore. So, I’m trying to make this place more lively. Maybe it could help her wake up. Do you…want to help?”

A charming grin went across his face. “I’d love to.”

David picked up some colorful posters from the chair and began hanging them up. His eyes kept
going back to Mary Margaret and then Emma.

“I can’t believe not even her foster mother or whoever she was staying with wouldn’t come to see her.”

Mary Margaret sighed. “I know. I didn’t get the chance to know her before her coma, but she is just a little girl. I teach children her age, they all have families.”

David tilted his head. “You’re a teacher?”

“Yeah. I love kids. Can’t wait to have some of my own some day.”

“Me too. I mean, I’m not married or anything, but for as long as I can remember, I just wanted a family.”

Mary Margaret’s smile returned and it melted David’s heart. Soon, the room was decorated and it would be hard for anyone to know that it was an actual hospital room. Well, if it weren’t for all the tubes and machines. Mary Margaret sank down in the chair next to Emma’s bed and stroked her hair. David spotted a book that was at the top of Mary Margaret’s bag.

“You know, I heard once that reading to people in comas can help,” he suggested.

She followed his glance to the bag. “Oh, that. I clean my closet once a week and today, I just found that. I was going to bring it to the kids in my class…do you think it’d really help Emma?”

“I think it might.” He handed the book over to her.

Mary Margaret lifted the leather cover and got to the first page.

“Once upon a time, there was a young princess who was on the run,” Snow read from the book. “She was stealing to get by and one day, she so happened to steal from a shepherd who was masquerading as a prince…”

David leaned back against the wall, smiling at the girls. He felt such a pull to both of them and he couldn’t quite put his finger on why.
Oncer4life11 requested a one shot where Snowing and Emma take their boys to get pumpkins. Just so you know, if you guys have any fall/Halloween one shots, get them into me by Halloween. After that, I’ll start accepting holiday ones. =)

Emma didn’t understand why she had to get up so early. Tiny had a perfectly fine pumpkin patch in town. Snow said she had driven by and didn’t like the selection, so she wanted to go to one upstate. Plus, it had apple picking and crafts for the children. Henry and Neal were so excited, so she begrudgingly got up at 7 in the morning for the 2 hour drive. When they arrived at the patch, Neal and Henry started running around, clearly trying to find the best pumpkin. David looped his arm through Emma’s.

“I saw a coffee stand over there,” he said.

Emma’s eyes lit up. “Have I mentioned you’re the best dad in the whole entire world?”

David laughed. “No, but good to know. Let me just go ask your mom and the boys if they want anything.”

After getting the coffee orders (well, hot chocolate in Henry and Neal’s case), David headed over to the stand. Snow and Emma watched out for the boys. Neal was loving each and every pumpkin, but kept stopping to stuff leaves and acorns into his pockets.

“He’ll have quite the collection,” Emma said with a chuckle. It was quite a sight, actually. Snow had bundled him up in one of those bubble jackets and a beanie. He looked like a marshmallow hobbling around from pumpkin to pumpkin.

Snow smiled. “You should see half the stuff he brings home from the playground at daycare.”

“Yeah.” A small frown went across Emma’s face.

“Hey.” Snow put a hand on her arm. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s just…weird. I never got to see Henry at this age. I had the memories Regina gave me for awhile, but when I got my real ones back, they just…faded. She’s shown me pictures and stuff, but it’s not the same.”

Snow rubbed her daughter’s arm. “I know what you mean.” It was unfortunately one of the things the two could bond over. Even though she now had Neal and Emma could potentially have another child down the line, nothing would ever replace the memories they missed out on. “You just have to know you did the right thing. I’ve seen the same pictures, he was always so happy.”
“I know. I’m glad he had Regina. I just…wish in a way I could’ve been there somehow.”

“You were. In his heart, just like we were in yours.”

A small smile went across Emma’s face and she nodded, leaning into her mother. David walked back over with the hot beverages and distributed them. Eventually, they came across a row of five perfect pumpkins. They went in descending size order, perfect for each of them. Emma started getting more in the spirit as she helped Henry carry his back to the car. After those were loaded up, they did their apple picking. Snow obviously would refuse to eat any, but even she would take part in tradition. She figured they’d just send them all home with Henry, Regina could make turnovers. She held Neal up to the trees so he could pick the apples off the branches. He ended up taking a bite off of one.

“Mmm…yummy.” He held it out to his older sister. “Emmy?”

Emma grinned. Their mom had told them not to have any before they got home, but she figured one bite wouldn’t hurt. She took a bite of the apple and smiled. “Yummy,” she agreed.

“Mommy doesn’t like apples.”

“Bad experience,” Emma said with a nod.

Henry walked over to them. “Hey, Grams said no apples until we got home.”

“If we give you a bite, will you keep it to yourself?” She asked.

Henry smirked and she held the apple out for him to take a bite out of. The three shared the apple, before hiding the core in the leaves so there would be no evidence. Keeping Neal in one arm and wrapping her other around Henry, they headed back over to her parents. Maybe waking up so early was worth it after all.
Eliabella Swan

Chapter Notes

A guest asked to see Emma feeling pulled to adopt a small child but is worried that Henry will feel replaced. Takes place as an AU of the Camelot plot.

It had happened so suddenly. Emma had defeated the darkness inside of her with the help of the spark. They were all set to head home, but decided to spend one last night to get some much needed rest. Emma found herself unable to sleep just yet, so she had been strolling through the woods. Once, there she came across a little girl. She couldn’t have been older than 2 years old. She had long chestnut curls and big brown eyes, just curled up against a tree trunk. According to Merlin, her parents had been killed by Arthur a few weeks prior to their arrival. She had been living in their children’s home, but clearly had escaped. That called out to her, but she wasn’t sure if she was the right one to care for her. Even so, they took her back to Storybrooke.

Emma did move into the new house, alone. Well, not completely alone. Henry had a room there and she had the little girl, Eliabella or Ellie as she preferred to be called. She was growing more and more attached to her and knew she wanted to adopt her. She had grown up an orphan, she couldn’t doom Ellie to the same fate.

But there was more to it, there was Henry. He had recently confided in her while he loved Robin and his children, it was hard to accept that he wasn’t the only kid around there anymore. While he wasn’t exactly when it came to her side of the family, Neal was a little different. That was his uncle, not a little sibling. It was one thing for Regina, she had raised him. Emma never got to. She was always worried about having another child, before Henry even tracked her down. She never wanted her son to feel replaced.

There was only way to know for sure, to talk to him. So, she dropped Ellie off at her parents’ and asked Henry to take a walk on the beach with her. They walked past where they had rebuilt his castle during the break in between villains, listened to the waves crashing in and for awhile, just talked about how school was going for him.

“Alright Mom, what’s up?” Henry asked.

Emma arched an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve been acting weird. Spill it.”

She bit her lip. “Henry, you know I love you right?”

“Of course I do.”
“And you know if I could’ve kept you when I was younger, I would’ve. I just…”

“You had to give me my best chance,” Henry interrupted. “I know.”

“So, you know, that even if I had a million children, you would still be my first child. I would never be a first time mother.”

Henry nodded. “Yeah.”

“I’ve been thinking…I want to adopt Eliabella, make her an official part of our family. What do you think?”

A smile spread across his face and he threw his arms around her in a hug. Emma was caught off guard, but returned it.

“I was wondering when you were going to ask me.”

Emma smiled. “Really?”

“Yeah. I love her, I want her to be my little sister.”

“I just didn’t want you to think…”

“Mom, if there’s one thing I learned from your situation with Gramps and Gram, is that there’s always room for more love.” He shrugged, still smiling. “I know you have enough room in your heart for me and Ellie. Just like Gramps and Gram have enough for you and Neal.”

Emma let out a deep breath, wrapping an arm around him. She had a pretty special son. Ellie was a lucky little girl to have a big brother like him.

Two months later, all was official. Ellie legally became Eliabella Snow Swan. Daughter of Emma Swan, granddaughter of Snow White and David Charming, niece of Neal Charming and baby sister of Henry Mills.

There had never been a luckier little girl.
Baby Mine

Chapter Notes

So, on Tumblr I’ve been playing the Never Have I Ever: Fic Edition. My friend, bauerfanstraten, asked me if I had ever written a fic of Snow singing Baby Mine to Emma and well…this was the result.

Emma had never been one to care what people thought about her, at least before she came to Storybrooke. Suddenly, there was a lot of pressure for her to be the savior and to fix every single thing that went wrong. She knew she had screwed up and not always made the best choices. For the most part, the town understood and backed her up. However, after all she did as the Dark One, it seemed that their patience was waring.

As much as she tried to keep it under wraps with just her family, word of her visions and as a result, wonky magic, had spread amongst the town. While most were worried for her fate, many found it to be a burden. She was letting them down, again. How could the savior protect them with a shaky hand and no magic?

Things came to a head when she was at the diner. There was a small fire in the kitchen and no one could find the fire extinguisher. Emma had attempted to use her magic, but instead just got stressed out and hit by a vision. Luckily, Regina had also been there and was able to put it out with her own. She had assured Emma it was fine and understandable, but it was clear not everyone agreed. Some had whispered about what a failure she was, how she was letting them down again. One even was so bold as to say that she didn’t deserve to be the savior anymore.

Snow had chewed them all out and everyone in the family had told Emma that they were wrong. Even so, it didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that she wasn’t okay and the words were getting to her. She was beginning to think maybe they were right.

When Snow came back to the loft, she found Emma just sitting on the couch, staring off into space. She slowly settled down beside her, trying to figure out how to best go about the situation. She had spent so long figuring out the best ways to comfort Emma and learned that it varied per situation. A stressful day at work could be solved by a grilled cheese and hot cocoa with cinnamon. A fight with her significant other? A long chat over some wine on the balcony. If she was on her period and crampy, Snow would slide in a chick flick and they’d curl up on the couch together. Emma still wasn’t very big on physical affection, there were only dire times in which she needed it. Snow couldn’t tell if she would accept a hug.
So, she decided to try something new. Snow rarely used her singing voice, she saved it mainly for getting Neal to sleep or calm him down. Emma needed comfort in that moment and she was every bit Snow’s baby as Neal was. She racked her mind for a good one and then smiled softly. Recently, she had watched Dumbo with her son and became quite fond of one of the songs.

Softly, she began singing the lines from the tune that had been stuck in her head for days.

Little one when you play
Don't you mind what they say
Let those eyes sparkle and shine
Never a tear, baby of mine
If they knew sweet little you
They'd end up loving you too
All those same people who scold you
What they'd give just for
The right to hold you

Emma rested her head on Snow’s shoulder once the singing was over. She cuddled further into her side once Snow wrapped an arm around her and felt her kiss her temple. Slowly shutting her eyes, she let out a content sigh. Sometimes a girl just needed her mom.
RaisingStar requested an AU where Snowing leave little Emma with Ruby when they go on a date night. Emma ends up having an allergic reaction to something they didn’t know she was allergic to.

Mary Margaret and David didn’t trust their child with very many people. One of the people in their very small circle, was Ruby. She was Emma’s godmother and spoiled her rotten. Emma always had lots of fun with her, the next morning she talked about all the stuff they did together. They had no worries about leaving the two for a date night one evening.

Halfway through, they got a call that scared the crap out of them. According to Ruby, Emma had broken out into hives and was having trouble breathing. They couldn’t pay the check fast enough and raced to the hospital. Ruby was pacing the waiting room, clearly distressed.

“You guys, I am so sorry,” she said. “I…I didn’t…”

“Hey, it’s okay.” David placed a hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry. You didn’t do anything wrong. We didn’t think she was allergic to anything.”

Mary Margaret nodded in agreement, looking over Ruby’s shoulder. “Where’s our baby?”

“They wouldn’t let me go back there with her, since I’m not family.”

Mary Margaret huffed. Ruby was one of the closest things Emma had to family, she had been in her life since she was born. She had changed diapers, doted on her, loved her. Just because she didn’t share blood, didn’t make her family. Now her baby was alone and probably scared. Marching up to the desk, she demanded to see her child. A little later, she and David were finally lead back by a nurse.

Emma was tiny as it was for her age. She was curled up against the pillows on the bed, cuddling her baby blanket close, she never put it down. David and Mary Margaret rushed to her side, examining her face. Ruby told them that the hospital had given her some Tylenol to help with the pain and swelling, it was clearly helping some. Emma looked up at her parents, looking exhausted.

“Mommy,” she let out a small yawn. “Daddy.”

“Shhh Princess,” David soothed, kissing her temple. “It’s okay, you can get more rest.”
“I feel yucky.”

“We know sweets,” Mary Margaret gave her a soft smile. “The doctors are going to help that.”

“I wanna go home.”

“We’ll be able to in a bit. We just have to hear what the doctors say.”

Snow sat next to Emma, stroking her hair while David sat on the other side, singing a soothing lullaby. Eventually, Dr. Whale came in, shaking hands with both of them.

“So, according to Ruby, Emma hadn’t really been hungry, so she ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for dinner,” he said. “You can take her to an allergist for more tests, but given how common the allergy is, I’d say peanut butter is the culprit.”

Snow nodded. “Sounds about right. So, guess we’re getting rid of anything with peanuts from the house.”

“As I said, checkup with an allergist. For now, I’m going to give you an EpiPen to use, just in case she accidentally ingests anything with the allergen,” Whale continued. “Emma’s going to be fine though, it’s a standard allergy, nothing anyone could’ve done to prevent it. Just make sure she gets lots of rest for now.”

“So she can go home?” David asked.

“Definitely. Let me just get that EpiPen for you.”

David lifted Emma into his arms and she cuddled up against him, putting her thumb into her mouth. Mary Margaret tucked the EpiPen into her purse and they headed back out into the waiting room where Ruby still was, filling her in on the situation. She let out a sigh, stroking the little girl’s hair.

“Thank goodness you’re okay.”

Emma yawned around her thumb. “We never got to watch our movie.”

Snow smiled. “Next time Auntie Ruby babysits, I promise.”
DC the Cat requested a sequel to “A Dark Sacrifice” (Chapter 165) where their plan to bring Emma back to life fails.

It wasn’t easy to dodge Hades, he wanted the savior’s magic. It would be of great use to him. However, with Regina and Rumple on their side, they were well protected. They had secured a way to bring Emma back to life. After days of searching, they were told what could save Emma: the ambrosia tree.

They followed the map given to them, to the spot it was guaranteed to be. However, when they arrived, they saw it had been cut down. Snow drew back a deep breath.

“There has to be another way,” she said, the hope showing in her voice.

Regina bit her lip. “There isn’t.”

“Regina…”

“Snow, I want to find a way more than anything, I do,” she said. “But this was our last chance.”

Snow and David slowly turned to their daughter. When Belle had come to them with the plan of the Underworld, they had hope. They were getting their daughter back. However, their plan had failed.

“Mom, Dad,” Emma took a hand each into her own. “It’s time to go home, it’s what you have to do.”

“No,” David’s voice broke. “We’ll find another way. We’ll get you…”

“Guys,” Emma shook her head. “Think of Neal, of Henry. They need you. Staying down here, it gives us more time together, but in the end it’ll never be enough. You have to go back to our family.”

Tears spilled down Snow’s face. “But we’re not a family without you,” she whispered.

Emma smiled lightly. “You’ll have to be. The longer you stay down here, the more time you miss out on with Neal. Eventually, Hades could make it so you can’t leave at all and he’ll be alone. Don’t let him grow up like I did.” She looked over at Regina. “You always wanted me gone, guess you got your wish,” she laughed a bit.
Regina shook her head. “I might have at one point, but now…our son has two mothers. I…I promised I’d bring you home.”

“Tell him you tried, he won’t blame you, he knows who you are now, a hero.” She turned to Rumple. “I had a dream of Baelfire when I died. He’s moved on, he’s happy. If we end up in the same place, I’ll look out for him.”

Rumple smiled a little, surprised that he was getting choked up himself. “Thank you, Miss Swan.”

He created the portal with the help of Regina. Emma pulled her parents into a tight hug. They clung to her, tears racing down their faces. Ever since she was born, all they had been able to do was say goodbye. This time, it was going to be forever.

“We love you,” Snow whispered.

“I know,” Emma said. “I love you too.”

They didn’t want to let go. They could’ve stayed there holding her forever. But they knew the portal would only be open so long. They had to get back to Neal and Henry, to their town. They had always told Emma she had to learn to grieve and move on, it was their turn to do the same, as hard as it was going to be. David pulled away, putting a hand on Emma’s face.

“When Neal asks about you, we’re going to tell him his big sister was a hero,” he said, sniffling.

Emma smiled again and nodded. She watched as they slowly went through the portal. It was only once it evaporated that she broke down into tears. Suddenly, there was rumbling. She watched as a light broke through and a pathway appeared just as it had for Hercules and Henry Sr. Raising an eyebrow, she crossed the path and found herself walking on clouds. She was soon face to face with someone she had only seen in books: Zeus.

“I don’t understand,” Emma said. “Where am I?”

“Mount Olympus,” he explained.

“But…how? My unfinished business…”

“You made the ultimate sacrifice,” Zeus interrupted. “You let your little brother have what you didn’t growing up, a family. Your unfinished business was that you didn’t do what you promised, you didn’t bring back the happy endings. By sending your parents and Regina back to Henry and Neal, you’ve completed your mission, savior. It is time for you to be rewarded.”

“Rewarded?”

“Your magic is grand, Emma, almost akin to my own. You may stay here and be my second in
command, helping others as the savior. Or,” he smiled. “You may return to your family and lead the normal life you deserve, the one you gave up by being the savior in the first place.”

Emma matched his smile. “My family.” She didn’t even have to second guess herself. Helping Zeus, would be great, but it wasn’t her time yet.

“I knew you’d decide that. You’re lucky, Emma. Remember that.”

Emma nodded. As the Dark One, she had taken her family’s love for granted. She had been selfish and unkind. Never again would she do that, she knew what she was. No longer the savior or an orphan.

Just a mother, a friend, a sister and a daughter.

Closing her eyes, she felt Zeus cast a spell over her. A light surrounded her and brought her home. She found herself in the diner, where her parents had gone to reunite with her family. She could see the pained looks on their face as they slowly approached Henry.

“Where’s my other mom?” He asked, looking from his grandparents to Regina.

“Henry…” Snow began.

“She’s right here,” Emma said.

They all turned around, their eyes widening. A smile flew across Snow’s face, David doing the same as they ran to her.

“Emma!” They shouted, throwing their arms around her.

Cuddling in their embrace, pulling Henry and Neal into it, she let out a deep breath. This was it, this was her home.
Kids

Chapter Notes

This is my way to get out my frustrations over the latest episode of Supergirl.

Snow knew she had to be careful with Emma. While she was becoming more open to her family, she could easily become closed off once again. Lately, she had been spending most of her time with her new girlfriend, but the past few days she had been around the house more. She was clearly upset about something. Snow couldn’t help it anymore, she had to talk to her daughter. She walked over to her and settled down beside her.

“You want some cocoa?”

Emma shook her head. “No thanks.”

“Alright, now I know something has to be off.”

“Mom.”

“You don’t have to tell me what’s wrong, but I’m here for you.”

Emma chewed on her lip. “Hannah and I broke up.”

Snow raised an eyebrow. “Seriously? I thought things were going well.”

“They were…until we started talking about the future.” She sighed. “She doesn’t want kids.”

“You mean she wasn’t okay with Henry.”

“No, no, she was totally fine with Henry. But as she pointed out, he’s 13. He’s not a little kid, there’s not a lot of raising to do.” Emma winced as she recited the speech Hannah had given her. “I just…after I gave up Henry I wasn’t sure if I’d ever have another child. I wasn’t sure if I could, not knowing where my first was. Now, I do. I know he was raised by a good mom. I used to have memories of raising him, but they weren’t real and now they’ve faded. It’s not a second chance…”

“It’s just a second child,” Snow completed the thought with a nod, she knew exactly what Emma meant.

Emma smiled a bit. “Yeah. But she doesn’t want kids. So…I ended things.”

“You did?”

“Yeah. Was that stupid?”

“Oh, Em, of course not.” Snow wrapped an arm around her. “You should be with someone who has the same goals as you. Hannah deserves to find someone with hers, you deserve to find someone who wants to have a family just as much as you.”
“I just really loved her.”

“I know you did,” Snow stroked her hair. “One day, you’re going to find someone who feels the same way you do.”

“You really think so?”

“I know so.” She kissed her cheek. “Before your dad, I was introduced to many a prince who weren’t interested in having kids for the right reason. Yes, they wanted a heir to the throne, but wanted them raised the typical royal way. Nannies and the like. I wanted to actually get to be apart of my child’s life, use nannies as little as possible and be involved, just like my mother was with me before she died. I didn’t settle, I eventually found a man who wanted to be a father just as much as I wanted to be a mother. You’ll find that person for you too, Emma. Your princess charming is out there somewhere.”

Emma smiled and rested her head on her mom’s shoulder. Sometimes a girl just needed her mom and she was really grateful she had her.
Chapter Notes

Alright, so I am going to break my “I don’t speak about 4B” rule to write this prompt because this same guest won’t stop requesting it, just in different ways. After this, I’m done. Yes, what Snowing did is wrong, but I hate talking about this OOC plot point and this has been covered enough in fic.

The prompt was: The Charmings ask Mal for a truce for the sake of their girls and apologize for what they did to Lily. (Again.)

David and Snow let out a deep breath, looking between each other. They had apologized to Maleficent before, but it hadn’t been enough. They had apologized to Lily and knew it would take time for her to forgive, but she had agreed to their suggestion of a truce. She wouldn’t try to hurt them, so long as they stayed away from her. It was easy enough.

Now, it was time to talk to her mother.

Maleficent had agreed to meet them at the park. Emma watched Neal for the afternoon and the three met by a bench, no one sitting down at first.

“We want to start off by apologizing,” Snow said. “We know it was wrong, we never should’ve taken Lily from you, even if we did intend on returning her.”

David nodded. “It was wrong, we should’ve given you the same opportunity to raise your daughter right.”

Maleficent drew a breath. “Well, you’ve already said all this.”

“I know, but we finally were able to apologize to Lily,” he said. “We figured we owed you a real one. One, when we weren’t scared that you were going to hurt our family. We want you to know we mean it.”

She nodded. “Very well. I have forgiven you, not for you, but for myself. Holding onto anger won’t do much.” She saw Snow smile. “This doesn’t mean we’re friends or anything.”

“We know.” Snow’s smile didn’t fade. “I do understand, Maleficent. Even after I forgave Regina, I wasn’t exactly ready to jump into a friendship with her. Maybe in time, you will, or not. We know we don’t deserve anything from you. However, we do want to propose a truce. Lily already agreed.”

Maleficent’s eyebrows knitted together. “A truce?”

“We won’t play these games trying to hurt each other. We won’t bother you, we’ll keep our
distance. In return, we ask that this feud between us cease. The girls...they’re rebuilding their friendship. We don’t want that to be ruined because we’re constantly fighting. Their friendship has already been ruined enough by what David and I did.”

“I want the best for Lily,” she said. “I wouldn’t really ever hurt Emma or Neal. I know that hurting you will hurt them, which will in turn only hurt my child. So, I accept your truce. Just keep your distance from me. Maybe one day, I’ll be able to look at you and not want to breathe fire.”

Snow and David nodded. They didn’t deserve anything more, in fact, they knew they were lucky she was agreeing to the treaty. They really were sorry for what they had done, but they couldn’t go back. Just like Regina after the curse broke, they had to show who they really were. Deep down, they were good people, they had just lost their way for a bit. Maybe they and Maleficent would never be the best of friends, but they did have one thing in common: they had missed out on their girls’ childhoods. It was a time they could never get back, all they could do was move forward.
Emma lingered in the doorway, watching Mary Margaret bop around the kitchen. It seemed to come so naturally to her as she prepared the lasagna. Thanksgiving had never been a big event to Emma as a kid and even when she was an adult, she was either working or off avoiding the holiday all together. She had a new job this year, however, and Graham had given her the day off. She and Mary Margaret were invited to a potluck at Granny’s, the latter of which promised to cover their cooking.

Mary Margaret could feel Emma’s presence and turned around. “Hey, when you’d get home?”

“Not too long ago.” Emma stepped inside and took off her jacket. “I um, got the cheese.”

“Great, thank you.” She took it from her and studied her roommate for a moment. She hadn’t known Emma long, but she wanted to get to know her. “You wanna help me?”

“Oh, I’m not much of a cook…”

“It’s okay, I can teach you.”

Normally, Emma would’ve shaken her head and walked away, but there was something in Mary Margaret’s eyes. So, she stepped inside and started to help with the meal. It was fun, mixing all the cheese together to pour on top of the sauce and noodles. She helped chop up the sausage and mix it in as well.

“You’re not half bad at this,” Mary Margaret teased.

Emma chuckled. “Well, before I moved here, it was a lot of take out and ramen.”

“Yeah, I normally just eat at Granny’s, but I’ve missed cooking. It’s not that fun to do alone.”

A small smile went across Emma’s face. She wasn’t sure how long she’d be staying in Storybrooke, but who knew. Maybe, she’d be around for the next Thanksgiving.

As it turned out, she was. Only, it was then she knew the truth. Mary Margaret Blanchard was really Snow White, the Snow White of the fairytales she had read about when she was little. Not
only that…she was her mother.

Emma still didn’t cook much, but every Thanksgiving she would join her mother in the kitchen to make the lasagna. Even a few years later when they were able to host their first official Thanksgiving with the whole family since Snow and David had moved onto the farm and Snow was in charge of the cooking, Emma made her way in to help with the lasagna.

“Don’t forget the mozzarella,” Snow said.

“How could I? It’s the best part,” Emma replied, sprinkling it on top.

Snow smiled as she watched her daughter cook. “You know, when I was little, I used to bake with my mother.”

“Really?” Emma raised an eyebrow. “I thought you had cooks to make stuff for you.”

“Well, we did, but there were still a few recipes we’d do together. We obviously don’t have Thanksgiving in the Enchanted Forest, but we did have a holiday celebrating our independence. My mom had this recipe for chimera pie.” She laughed at the face Emma made in reaction to that. “Hey, to me it was just like chicken pot pie.”

“I’ve had chimera, it is nothing like that.”

“To you, maybe. Anyway, it was something fun we could do and I always dreamed of being able to do something like that with my own daughter.” She shrugged, the smile not dropping from her face. “It’s not chimera…but it’s still nice.”

Emma nodded, the smile returning to her own. “It is, Mom. I really appreciate these moments together. After everything we’ve been through, sometimes it still feels surreal.”

Snow wrapped an arm around her daughter, kissing her cheek. “So…how much of a picky eater would you have been growing up in our land?”

“I probably would’ve starved,” Emma admitted with a laugh.
Oncer4Life11 requested another before/after one shot: Maybe David taking Henry to the stables after getting him the horse and during the trip he mentions wanting to bring Emma. And have sometime after the end of season 6, David Henry and Emma going to the stables.

I’ll add, I’m altering a bit of the events in season 2. In this version, Regina and Emma worked out a civil custody deal after The Cricket Game, so she was on okay-ish terms with Snowing.

David beamed with pride as he watched Henry complete a basic trot around the field. He and Regina had agreed to split riding lessons and it was his week. With all going on, it had been nice to get this time with his grandson. Henry was a natural, riding on all sides of his family and had really taken off.

Eventually, Henry lead the horse back to David and dismounted. David gave the horse to munch on while he talked to Henry.

“You did great, bud,” he said.

“Thanks, Gramps,” Henry grinned. “Think I can ride him to school yet.”

David chuckled. There was no way Regina was ever going to okay that. “Not quite. Maybe someday.”

Henry looked around. “It’s so quiet out here,” he said. “We can forget all the drama going on, it’s peaceful.”

David nodded. “Definitely.”

“My mom seems different out here, less…”

“Like she wants to kill us?”

He laughed. “Yeah. I wish my other mom could slow down so we could take her out here. Ever since my dad brought Tamara to town, she’s been busy tailing her.”

“I’ll make sure we bring her down here,” David promised.

Unfortunately, that wasn’t a promise he could keep, at least not right away. First there was Neverland (as it turned out, Emma wasn’t paranoid about Tamara after all) followed by the
Missing Year. They fought villain after villain, spent time under a few more curses and alternate realities. However, after Rumple defeated Fiona and Emma fought the final battle, things came to a lull. There was an odd happiness over the town, one they hadn’t felt in years.

Henry had nearly forgotten about his grandfather’s promise, but David hadn’t. On Emma’s first day off, he invited them both to the stables. Emma had foggy memories of horseback riding from the Wish Real., so David couldn’t teach her much, but that didn’t matter. He just enjoyed getting to spend time with two of his favorite people.

“Bet I could win a race,” Henry teased his mom.

“Oh, you’re on kid,” she shot back with a playful smile.

Together, they took off across the field together, David played ref. Henry would win, though it didn’t falter Emma’s happiness. Like David, it was just nice to feel at peace. While Henry lead their steed back to the barn, she settled next to her father on the grass.

“This was a great idea, Dad,” she said.

“I’m glad you think so. I promised Henry we’d get you out here years ago.”

“It’s weird to think how much time has passed,” Emma mused. “With all the curses and what not, it feels like it all went by in a blink of an eye.”

“Time goes by quick when you’re battling dragons and ice queens,” he said with a smirk.

She chuckled. “It does.” She let out a content sigh. “This is just nice. I finally feel like I can breathe again.”

“Horses always did the same when I was younger.” David smiled at the memory. “Even under George, I’d take out a steed and ride as far as the guards would let me. It relaxed me.”

“Guess it’s a family hobby.”

“Guess so.” He wrapped an arm around her. “I love you, Em.”

Emma rested her head on his shoulder. “I love you too, Dad.”

In the distance, she could see Snow’s car pull up, ready for their picnic. She, Neal and Henry headed over together. Yes, this was Emma’s new happy place. In the fields as the sun set, with her true loves. How could it get better?
A Princess In Flannel & Jeans

Chapter Notes

Oncefan123 prompted: Can you do one of Emma and Snow spending time together. Emma talks about how she would have never been a good princess if she grew up with her parents but Mama Snow tells her way she is a good princess and will always be her little princess.

Despite Storybrooke running like an average town, there were still some traditions they kept near and dear. So, when Ariel and Eric had their first child, they decided to have a christening, just as the Charmings did. While, Neal’s had been a quiet affair at Granny’s, Ariel was insistent on a traditional one for her little girl, which meant dressing up.

Something Emma absolutely hated.

She turned to her mother for help as the fanciest thing she owned was her black dress form her Dark One days. Together, they designed something more her style. It was red and a little more on the cocktail dress side with some black tulle underneath. They got ready together the day of the christening together, Snow spraying some hairspray to keep Emma’s curls in their up-do. For the final touch, she nestled Emma’s tiara in her hair. She didn’t miss the frown that went across her face.

“What? Is there something wrong?”

“Nothing, Mom, it’s fine.”

“Emma.”

Emma sighed, knowing there was no hiding it from her mom. “It’s the tiara. It’s beautiful, don’t get me wrong.”

“Then what is it?”

“I wore one when I went back in time and in that weird Wish Realm. It felt okay there until Regina broke me out of my trance. Suddenly, I felt out of place. Like a little kid playing dress up.”

“You shouldn’t,” Snow sad. “You’re a princess. I know it’s not made a big deal around here, but you are.”

“I know, but I guess…” She shrugs. “I’m not like one. I hate dressing up. I don’t have the etiquette training. Even if I had gotten it, I doubt I would’ve been any different. You and Dad have told me I wouldn’t have been that singing princess from the other realm. I would’ve never been the princess our family deserves.”
“Hey,” Snow put a hand on her cheek. “Emma, of course you are. You’re kind, resourceful and tough. You think I always wore a dress and a crown? I defeated Regina and George in pants. I planned to raise you the same way. You’re right, I wouldn’t have raised you how the other me did. I never wanted you to be a shrinking violet like I was as a child. I wanted you to be a warrior. When the curse broke, I realized that’s what you were. I can’t take any credit for it…”

“Mom…”

“I can’t. Unfortunately, you became that way for the same reasons I did, because you were in danger. Either way, you were still the warrior princess I always pictured you to be. No matter what Emma, you’re a princess. You’ll always be my little princess.”

Emma blushed, feeling a little awkward under the praise. ‘We better go. You know how Ariel feels about people being on time. I think Dad and Neal are waiting on us anyway.”

Snow sighed as she watched her daughter race out of the room. She wanted to prove to her daughter that she really was a princess. He knew that a formal coronation would make her feel uncomfortable, but maybe they could do something small.

Emma came home from work a few days later, in her standard flannel and jeans. In the den, she found her parents, Henry, Neal, Regina, Elsa, Ruby and Granny all dressed fairly casually. Even Regina, who Emma normally all saw in pantsuits, was wearing jeans.

“What’s going on?” She asked.

Snow and David stood up and headed over to her. “Just something that is long overdue,” he said.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Snow snuck a smile to Henry, who was holding a napping Neal. “It gives us great pleasure to present, Princess Emma.”

David reached into the black velvet case and took out Emma’s tiara, placing it on her head. Heat spread to Emma’s cheeks, but she smiled as well as everyone clapped.

“It’s official,” Regina said.

“It always was,” Snow squeezed Emma’s arm, which earned her a smile. Emma still felt a tad odd wearing a crown, but it was also starting to feel right.

She wasn’t just Emma Swan anymore. She was Princess Emma Ruth Swan. Mother of Henry Mills and Neal Charming, the daughter of Snow White and Prince Charming.
Breathe (2 AM)

Chapter Notes

A guest prompted: (TRIGGER WARNING) Can you do one where Emma was sexually assaulted one night working late and is clung to Snow at all times and needs her Mama. Snow is in extreme Mama bear mode and just as clingy to Emma. She is going to take care of her little princess. Daddy Charming is in extreme papa bear mode hunting down the SOB that did this. Emma only trust Snow, David, Henry, and little Neal.

It was an ordinary night, that was how all of those types of stories started. It was no different for Emma. She had been working a third shift at the station, when there was a break in. She knew what to do, it wasn’t her first time being mugged. She gave up her wallet and luckily hadn’t been wearing any valuable jewelry. However, it wasn’t just monetary value that the robber was after. He raped Emma. She tried to use her magic against him, but his was more powerful and it was no use. She laid there on the floor after, bloody and bruised. She couldn’t move, she was too scared to. It wasn’t until David came looking for her when she wasn’t home in the morning that she was found. It was every parents’ worst fear, but they were trying to do what was right. Snow took a quiet and clingy Emma to the hospital, convincing her to go through the normal proceedings. She would have to be tested for STDs in a few weeks when they’d be more prevalent, but everything was documented. Emma still didn’t say a word, which was highly unlike her. She was traumatized and rightly so.

The next night, she was curled up in her mother’s bed, clinging tightly to Snow. She hadn’t left her side all day. It was something that also wasn’t like her. Snow had worried she’d close away from everyone, but she wanted to be close to her family, especially her mama. David had stuck with her all day, letting Thomas and Ruby look for the attacker, but he didn’t feel right not looking himself. With Emma’s blessing, he kissed her head and headed out to look.

Snow ran her fingers through Emma’s hair, looking down at her eyes. She looked so shattered, so afraid. “Daddy will find him,” she promised. “He’ll make sure he can’t hurt you or anyone else ever again.”

Emma slowly nodded. “I don’t know why I’m acting like this,” she whispered.

“You’ve been through something traumatic, it’s okay to need me more than usual. I’m here for you, Emma. No matter what.”

Henry lingered by the bed, unsure of what to do. Regina had decided it was best if he spent his
usual weekend at the loft, with her since Emma wasn’t going to be able to look after him as she normally could.

“Are you sure you’re okay with me going, Mom?” He asked.

Emma nodded. “Yeah, kid. Just…stay safe. Your other mom is coming to the door to pick you up?”

“Yeah. And she put a protection spell over the loft. The sicko won’t be able to get back in here.”

He walked over and kissed her cheek, trying to place Neal in his grandmother’s arms. However, Neal ended up crawling in between Snow and Emma, looking up at his big sister. He could tell just how upset she was and curled up against her chest. Emma kissed his head and waited until she heard Regina open the door before saying goodbye to her son. A few tears fell down her face. She hated how broken she felt, she hadn’t in years. How could one night be preventing how she cared for her son? Snow cuddled her and Neal closer.

“I’ve made an appointment for you with Archie,” she said, looking down to meet her daughter’s eyes. “We’re going to get through this, Em, I promise you.”

“We?”

“You’re not going through this alone. You will never be alone again.”

Snow meant emotionally, but there was a big part of her that meant physically too. No one would hurt her baby girl ever again.
Breathe (2 AM): Part II

Chapter Notes

CharmingsDaughter and prayersformamaswift3 requested a sequel to Breathe (2 AM).

Emma felt like she could finally breathe again. Frollo had been captured and locked away, in a cell with a magic preventing cuff. He would never be allowed to hurt anyone ever again.

That didn’t mean things were magically better.

She was constantly looking over her shoulder, double checking the locks at the station (even though there were always two people on shift no matter what). She couldn’t sleep in the dark and had an extra nightlight of Neal’s plugged in. Normally she would feel embarrassed, but she honestly didn’t care anymore. She was seeing Archie and was doing her best to move on.

Even so, there were days she just wanted to curl up in her bed and sleep. A couple of months after Frollo was arrested, was one of those days. Snow brought up some food for Emma, her favorite from Granny’s: grilled cheese, onion rings and hot cocoa with cinnamon.

“Hey sweetheart,” she said, sitting on the edge of her bed and placing the takeout down. “The boys went to the diner, but I figured you’d just want to stay up here.”

Emma nodded. “Thanks, Mom.”

“No problem.” Snow stroked her daughter’s hair, taking in her features. “How are you feeling?”

She shrugged. “I dunno. I just…I want to feel normal again. Do you think I ever will?”

“Your new normal will come, in time. I remember the first time I was ever attacked by one of Regina’s guards.” She shuddered at the memory. “I got away, but it was still pretty traumatizing. It wasn’t as if I could sleep much as it was, but I definitely didn’t get much sleep after that.”

Emma frowned. “I had no idea.”

“In time, though, things were better. I found a new normal. You survived the battle, now you just have to win the war.” Snow gave her a soft smile. “Which I know you can do.”

“Do you…do you ever think I’ll be able to date again? I’m only just starting to be able to be around the guys at the station, I can’t imagine dating.”

“So, don’t think about it right now. Focus on other things in your life and don’t worry about finding someone or being intimate with them. Go at your own pace. No one is ever allowed to do
something that makes you feel uncomfortable and if they do…well, they’ll get a punch in the face from me before your father takes them to join Frollo in his cell.”

Emma lightly chuckled and leaned against her mom, who wrapped an arm around her and kissed the top of her head.

“Just know, you’re not in this alone. We’re all here for you.”

Emma nodded. “I’m sorry if I’m not as open…”

“Don’t be. Everyone handles these things in a different way.”

She let out a content sigh. Things weren’t completely better, but they certainly were getting there.
“Neal, hold Mommy’s hand,” Snow said, keeping a tight grip on her son’s hand. He was getting too old to be in a stroller and had the habit of wandering off. In Storybrooke where everyone knew everyone, it wasn’t a big deal. However, they had decided to take a weekend trip to Boston and were at the mall. It was so hectic and crowded, they were worried about losing each other.

Emma emerged from Game Stop with Henry by her side and saw her mom’s frantic eyes. “Alright, kid. I think the comic book store can wait. How about we head up to the food court and get a bite to eat?”

Henry nodded in agreement. “Sounds like a good idea.”

“What’s a food court?” Neal asked.

“It’s got a lot of different restaurants and stuff,” Henry explained. “All the different kinds of food you can possibly imagine, even the fast food joints we see in the commercials.”

“Cool!”

David chuckled and wrapped an arm around Snow. Living in Storybrooke, there were no chains. This was the first time Neal was really able to see the brand name stores he’d see in the commercials on T.V. Everything was a brand new experience for him and he just wanted to take it all in. Emma seemed to be just as pumped as her little brother and son. Snow and David were starting to show their age, feeling a little tired from the long day. After lunch, they hoped they could talk the kids into heading back to the hotel to rest for a bit before the show they were due to see that evening.

Emma checked the guide map and they headed up the escalator to the food court. Neal was in Heaven, taking in all the different places. He decided that he wanted to try McDonalds, that was the big thing he never stopped asking for. Henry had it the few times he had ventured out of Storybrooke and had told him, while the burgers weren’t as good as Granny’s, they were very good. As they walked towards it, they happened to pass a Taco Bell. Henry smirked.

“Hey Mom, you wanna grab a taco?”

Emma made a face. It was no secret to her parents and son that she was turned off from her once favorite food since the incident years ago. Henry had gone from not understanding it, to thinking it was the funniest thing in the world. “I don’t think I can ever eat a taco again.”
Neal looked up, tilting his head in confusion. “What do you mean you can’t eat tacos anymore?”

Emma froze, heat going to her cheeks. Snow and David did the same as Henry just laughed. Neal stood there, not understanding what was going on. It happened from time to time, his mommy and daddy got those funny looks on their faces, while Emma or Henry found things to be hilarious. Emma finally shook it off.

“I um, got sick after eating one, once. You guys get the McDonalds. I see Panda Express, I haven’t had that in years.”

David noticed it and nodded. “Chinese food sounds really good. Snow?”

Snow shook her head. “I think I’ll get a burger with the boys.”

David and Emma headed off in the separate direction, the latter’s face still a little red.

“Remind me to chuck Henry into the fountain downstairs,” she muttered.

David chuckled. “I didn’t know that you were still traumatized from that event.”

“How could I not be? Ugh.” She made another face. “Gross.”

He laughed again, wrapping an arm around her. “So, is this place as good as the Chinese food in Storybrooke?”

“No by a long shot, but the orange chicken has always been a guilty pleasure of mine.”
The B Word

Chapter Notes

This was inspired by a conversation I had with JustMeAndMyKeyboard. =) Set as though Snowing went through the wardrobe with Emma.

When they had come through the wardrobe, they had struggled a bit to get on their feet. They had no diplomas or previous work experience from that world. However, it wasn’t the first time that they had to fight to survive and they managed to do it. David eventually got a job on a farm and Snow became a substitute teacher, eventually going to school to get her degree. They weren’t able to raise Emma in the princess lifestyle they had expected, but they were happy and together, that was all that mattered.

There were certain things that David knew he could teach Emma. From riding a bike to sword fighting, he had all that under control. He could even talk to her about dating and what to expect from a partner, when the time came. However, there were certain things that were Snow’s department, all things puberty included. She had covered the period situation, but another pressing matter came up while Snow was chaperoning a weekend field trip.

David smiled as Emma entered the kitchen that Saturday morning. “Hey Princess,” he said. “What do you want to do today?”

“Um…I was wondering if we could go to the mall.”

He raised an eyebrow. Normally Snow had to drag Emma to do any shopping at all. “Well, sure. If that’s what you want. Was there anything in particular you needed?” He scanned his mind to think. It wasn’t close to a new season or anything, she didn’t have any big events coming up.

“Yeah…I was going to wait until Mom came back, but it sort of can’t. My um, the tanks I wear under my shirts are getting a little tight.”

“So, you need new ones?”

“That’s the thing…I tried on my friend’s and she’s a size above me but it was too baggy. I think I’ve outgrown the need for them…I need…um, a bra.”

David’s eyes widened. A bra. He tried to calm himself down, it was just clothes. He bought clothes for Emma all the time, he knew her sizes. A bra was nothing more than just an article of clothing.

An article of clothing that proved his daughter was growing up. He was not ready for this, not by a long shot. She was only 12!
Yet, he could see the look in her eyes. He could suggest they wait until Snow came back, but it was clearly important to her. She seemed as embarrassed as he was. If she could be brave enough to come ask him, he could be brave enough to take her.

“Um, yeah, sure,” he said. “We can go after breakfast.”

“Really?”

“Really. Do you want pancakes?”

It seemed that both of them were dragging out the process as long as possible. Finally, they hopped into his truck and headed to the mall. David allowed Emma to lead the way, it seemed she had found out which store to go to from her friends. When they reached the juniors section, a sales associate pointed them in the way of the underwear. They stood there, taking in the different options.

“Um, do you know your size?” David asked.

Emma gave him a funny look. “How would I know?”

“Right, right. I suppose you could just try on different ones.” He decided to be the first to step forward and picked up one that was light pink and had bunnies on it. “Look, this one has bunnies on it. Isn’t that cute?”

Emma’s strange look turned to disgust. “I’m 12, Dad.” She rolled her eyes and stepped forward, looking through the racks. She flipped over the tag hanging off one of them and her eyes got even bigger. “32 B? I don’t understand, what’s that supposed to mean? Is that in code?”

David scanned his brain, remembering the few times he had bought items for Snow. “That’s how they do sizing, letters and numbers.”

“Oh.”

She started picking a few in various sizes and then walked towards the dressing room. David awkwardly sat outside the door, shifting from one foot to the other. Eventually, he could hear muffled talking from behind Emma’s door. Stepping closer, he also heard Snow’s voice, although hers was muffled.

“I just don’t get it,” Emma was saying. “I think this one fits.”

“Just make sure it’s not sliding off or too tight. I wish I could be there for you,” Snow replied.

“It’s okay. I have Dad. It’s kind of awkward…but he’s being good.”
David smiled to himself and sat back down, confident that she was okay with her mother. Eventually, Emma came out, a few bras in hand. David lead her to the check out and could tell things were still awkward between them.

“How about we go to the food court, we can have ice cream for lunch?”

Emma beamed. “That sounds awesome.”

He chuckled, wrapping an arm around her. She was growing up, but she was still his little girl.
A guest requested an interesting Emma ballet one shot, that I’ve altered a bit because the logistics just didn’t make sense.

When Emma first broke the curse at 10-years-old, it was clear she wasn’t a typical girly girl. The only exception was her love of ballet. A foster family had put her in it when she was 5 and after she was removed, she kept it up at various rec centers. David and Snow encouraged it, going to every performance to cheer her on. Luckily, a dance instructor from the Enchanted Forest had opened a studio of her own in Storybrooke.

Over the years, she stayed dedicated and kept improving. So much so that when she was 16, she decided to try out for a local production of the Nutcracker. Her main goal was to get the role of Clara, but she figured she’d get a smaller role, if any at all. The wait was killer. She not so patiently sat at her laptop, refreshing her e-mail every 2 minutes. Snow and David sat nearby, smiling.

“You’re going to get it,” David told her.

“I swear I stumbled on my last pirouette,” she mumbled.

“I was there,” Snow said. “You didn’t.”

“I’m only 16, some seniors auditioned. They’ll get Clara. I’ll end up in the back, if I get a part at all. There’s a chance I won’t. Maybe Miss Joanne could use some help with the props…”

“Em, relax,” David wrapped an arm around her. “You’re gonna do great, as Clara.”

Letting out a sigh, she refreshed her e-mail once again. This time, there was a message from Miss Joanne herself. She slammed it open and scanned it, her mouth dropped open. David smiled.

“Em?”

“I got it,” she squeaked out. “I…I’m Clara.”

Snow threw her arms around Emma and squealed, kissing her cheek. David tousled her hair, kissing the top of her head after. Emma had worked her butt off, she deserved it.
After months of practicing, it was opening night. Snow, David and Neal sat in the theater, waiting patiently. Soon, the lights dimmed and Emma came onto the stage. She was wearing a beautiful white dress, her hair extra curled and enough makeup on to not be washed out by the lighting. Snow and David watched in amazement as their daughter danced. She had such talent, never had they seen a better Clara (though they were a tad biased). Snow did have to nudge her husband when he made comments about her dancing with boys, but overall they stayed silent, just watching their baby girl in awe. She had come a long way from the tiny girl that stumbled across the stage.

After the show, they met Emma backstage with a bouquet of roses, some chocolates and lots of hugs. She beamed and hugged them back tighter. Years as an orphan, she wouldn’t have had anyone in the audience when she performed. Now she had her family. She felt their pride running through their veins and it was what drove her.
A Very Disney Christmas

Chapter Notes

In honor of Walt Disney’s 116th birthday, for Day 4 of 12 Days of Charming Family Christmas I have decided to go with one of the prompts Lois put up on the list for this month: A Very Disney Christmas. Loosely based on something that happened to me on my first trip to Disney.

Emma woke up to someone shaking her. “Emma, Emma! Santa called” Neal was squealing. Her eyes fluttered open and she found her 4-year-old brother sitting in front of her.

She raised an eyebrow and looked over at the clock. It was 5 in the morning, on the 21st. “Neal, it’s not Christmas yet. Why would Santa be calling?”

“He says we’re getting an early present!”

She would’ve told him to go back to bed, that he was just dreaming until she saw her parents standing in the doorway, fully dressed. “Guys, what’s going on?”

“Get dressed, we’ll explain it in a bit.”

Emma was so confused, but got out of bed and walked over to her closet. She couldn’t help but notice that a good chunk of her summer collection was gone, but chalked it up to her mother doing what she had been nagging her to do for week and put up the lighter clothes until spring. She waited for Neal and her parents to leave the room before pulling on a long sleeved black shirt and a pair of grey sweats, walking down the stairs.

“So, as Santa told Neal,” Snow said, a twinkle in her eye. “You two are getting an early Christmas present. It’ll sort of explain why we haven’t gotten a tree yet.”

Emma had found that odd. Every year since the curse broke, they normally got a tree the day after Thanksgiving. This year, her parents had insisted on waiting for some reason. David claimed it’d be more magical to get it on Christmas Eve.

“We’re not spending Christmas in Storybrooke,” David continued.

That didn’t help his daughter’s confusion. “Where are we going to spend it then?”

“Open these.” He placed two wrapped packages in her and Neal’s hands.
Together, the siblings opened them. Emma gasped at the contents on the inside. They each had gotten a pair of Mickey ears, with their names engraved on the back. It couldn’t be…no…

Emma looked up at her parents, tilting her head. “Are you saying…”

“How would you two like to spend Christmas in Disney World?” Snow asked.

Neal whooped and ran to his parents, hugging them both tightly. Emma stood there in shock. As a kid, she had been fascinated with Disney World. Her classmates would go occasionally and come back with all these stories. As a kid in the system, she never thought she’d go. Even when she lived in Florida, Tallahassee was a pretty far drive and she didn’t want to go by herself. By the time she got a family and broke the curse, things were always just too crazy for her to even mention it.

“You mean it?” She whispered.

Snow nodded. “Regina, Robin, Henry, Roland and the baby are coming as well, so the entire family can come.” She walked closer, taking her hand. “Is this okay?”

“This is…this everything I ever dreamed of as a kid. I can’t…this is too much. Disney’s expensive…”

“Em, do you forget that we were royals back in our land? Money is no object and even if it was, we want to do this. We had to wait so long to be a family.” She gave her a soft smile. “It’s time we had a fun vacation.”

Emma threw her arms around her mother, hugging her tightly. Reaching over, she managed to pull her father in for a hug as well. They cuddled her closer in their arms. If things had gone to plan and they had raised her, they probably would’ve never even known of Disney World. However, they would’ve taken Emma on amazing trips to different lands. This was one way of making up for all of the things they had missed.

Snow, David, Regina and Robin all got a good laugh at how Emma was probably more excited than the kids at the airport. She could hardly sit still in her seat the entire flight and Henry took a bunch of pictures to use as blackmail later. He couldn’t really tease her, though. He had a better childhood than Emma’s, that was for sure, but it wasn’t as if he and Regina could really ever go on vacations under the curse. This was his first real vacation with his moms and grandparents.

When they arrived, their resort was decked to the nines for Christmas. Emma, who typically rolled her eyes at all the fuss, was clearly on cloud nine. They went to Animal Kingdom that day and ran around everywhere. They spent the next few days hitting up all the parks and having lots of fun.
Christmas morning, Emma woke up in her suite and could smell hot chocolate coming from the living room. Heading in, she found a tree set up with presents underneath. She raised an eyebrow.

“I thought Disney was the present,” she said to her parents.

Snow smirked. “We still have some holidays to make up for, Em.”

She was surprised to find all of the souvenirs she had been eyeing, but didn’t buy nor ask her parents for under the tree. She had bought them some things from the parks as well, a few Alex & Ani and Pandora bracelets for Snow, shirts and funny accessories for David. Roland, Neal and Henry were busy trying to pick out which t-shirt to wear to Magic Kingdom that day while Emma settled in between her parents, cuddling up with them.

“Thank you guys,” she whispered. “Seriously. This…this means a lot.”

“So, you’re having fun?” David asked. “We weren’t sure how this would go over, I mean we know you’re not a little kid anymore…”

“This is seriously one of the best Christmases I’ve ever had. How can I ever repay you?”

“There’s no need.” Snow gave her a soft smile. “Just enjoy it. You deserve this, Em. You do so much for everyone, it’s time that you receive.”
Emma kept peering over her shoulder to the back seat. She didn’t know how any of this was going to go. According to Killian, her family was cursed once again. There was a good chance that they wouldn’t know her, but it didn’t matter. A couple of years ago, Henry had gotten them to remember by being stubborn. Of course, this time she wasn’t going to have his help. There was only enough potion for one of them to get their memories back. She wondered how that would make Regina feel, if she even remembered he existed at all. How could she explain that to him? Hours ago, things were less complicated. She was a simple bail bondsperson, considering engagement to a furniture salesman and a mother…a mother of two.

A little after they had moved to New York, for the one year of real memoires they had together (the rest were quickly fading and it broke her heart), she had come across a little girl huddled up on the streets. She was only 3-years-old, clearly all by herself. Emma tried to get information out of her, but she was very quiet. Feeling a pang in her heart, remembering her own time on the streets as just a child, she took her out to lunch. Over chicken tenders and curly fries, he had managed to get her name: Molly Young. The name seemed very familiar and then she remembered.

Harvey Young, he had been one of Emma’s most recent finds. He had run a Ponzi scheme that bankrupted his entire company and their investors. He had hidden his family off in their Upper East Side vacation apartment and she had managed to track him down. He was off in prison and after doing some digging, Emma found out that morning his wife had skipped town, abandoning their daughter. Emma knew that she had to take Molly in, there was no other option.

Over that year, she had become a member of their family. She considered Henry an older brother and Emma, her mother. Emma could only wonder what the little girl would think to realize that the fairytale characters she fanaticized about were real.

That her favorite, Snow White and Prince Charming, were her grandparents.

Checking into Granny’s, asking Henry to keep an eye on his baby sister, she headed to the loft and it was confirmed that her parents remembered her. It was also confirmed that her mom was going to have another child. She didn’t have much time to process, they had to head back to Granny’s and game plan. Snow and David had no memories of the lost year, the only indicator that it had even been a year was the fact that Snow was heavily pregnant.
When they got back to the inn, Emma poked her head into Henry and Molly’s room, they were fast asleep. Her parents, Killian and her all gathered in the main room to game plan, trying to figure out who was there and who wasn’t. As they tried to desperately remember who cast the curse, there was a tiny voice that interrupted.

“Mommy?”

Emma turned around and found Molly standing there. “Sweetheart, I thought you were sleeping.” She got up and walked over, lifting her daughter into her arms.

“I’m thirsty.”

She turned back to find her parents staring at her in shock. “You…you had another baby?” Snow whispered.

“This is Molly,” Emma said with a small smile. “I adopted her this year.”

“Who this, Mommy?” Molly asked, rubbing her eyes.

Emma drew back a deep breath. She would have to find a way to explain them to Henry, but Molly was little. She wouldn’t find it strange that these people were the same age as her. “These are… these are my parents. Your grandparents.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, but we can’t tell Henry yet. It’s…it’s a surprise.”

“Kay.”

Molly waved to her grandparents and they waved back, still in awe. They had another grandchild? How did Emma get her? She was just so beautiful and all they wanted to do was cuddle her, Henry and Emma and never let go. They were a family again, except this time it was Henry who didn’t know who they were.

This was going to be complicated and they just wanted to get to the bottom of it all.
Christmas was just a few days away and the Charming household was abuzz with excitement. Emma was a little over a year and a half and while she still didn’t really grasp the meaning of the holiday, she enjoyed at least opening presents. As per usual their family had gone completely overboard and there were tons of gifts already under the tree, awaiting to be open come Christmas morning. Ruby had dropped by with yet another gift, with a really weird explanation for it.

“It’s Christmas Eve Eve!” She exclaimed.

Snow gave her a Look. “Ruby. There are at least 10 presents under the tree from you and Dorothy already.”

“Yes but Emma can open it now.”

“This insane. You don’t need to go this far for her.”

“And how many gifts did you get my kid?”

Snow blocked out the pile of gifts hidden in the closet. “That’s irrelevant.”

“Oh come on, I can’t wait 2 more days to watch her open something, please.”

David, who was sitting on the couch holding Emma on his lap, looked up. “Oh come on, babe. What’ll it hurt?”

Snow rolled her eyes. “Fine. Spoil her.”

Ruby squealed. “Great!”

Emma tore off the paper of the large package. It was a large VTech Unicorn that lit up and talked, complete with a little doll that also lit up and spoke. Emma beamed and started pushing the buttons.

“Well that is pretty cool,” Snow admitted.

“Every princess needs her own unicorn,” Ruby announced. “I know you were planning on getting her one in the Enchanted Forest.”
Ruby soon left to go pick up her son and Emma was getting increasingly frustrated that her new toy was trapped in the box.

“Not to worry little love,” David told her, putting on his best faux superhero voice. “Daddy will open it.”

“Do you want some scissors?” Snow asked.

“I’ve got this,” he told her.

He started to open the box and it seemed simple at first, but it seemed it was a box trapped inside a box. He struggled to tear it out while Snow watched on amused, knowing better than to offer assistance. Emma was trying to press the buttons still, but it was out of reach. She began fussing by her father’s side.

“David, really…”

“I’ve got it,” he grunted, tearing it out. He reached into his pocket, pulling out a pocket knife to cut the ties off, but it wasn’t working. Snow carefully moved their daughter back, just in case it slipped. “I’m not going to hurt the child.”

“Uh huh…”

“I’ve fought bigger monsters, I think I can handle a damn unicorn.”

“Damn,” Emma babbled.

Snow shot him a look that said “Thanks a lot”.

“Uh, no little love, don’t use Daddy’s naughty language,” he told his daughter.

He continued for another 20 minutes, fiddling with everything. It seemed like the unicorn didn’t wish to be separated from its home in the box. Eventually, he did give in and accept Snow’s scissors, but that didn’t seem to help much. Finally, after another 10 minutes, he had the bloody horse with a horn out.

“There, finally!” He placed the little princess toy on top.

“Um, babe?”

“Yes?” He looked up.

“Look around.”
David looked around the room and realized that his daughter was gone.

“Where’d she go?”

Snow shrugged. “I dunno. I think she got bored.”

“I just spent a half hour opening the thing.”

“She’s not yet two, her attention span isn’t that large.”

The pair searched the house and ended up in the nursery. Emma was curled up in the pillows by her reading corner, snoozing. Snow stifled a giggle.

“Man, not only did she get bored, you put her to sleep.”

David grumbled. “She better play with that thing every day.”

“Again baby, she’s a small child.”

He leaned down, scooping her up. “The things I do for this little girl.”

“Like there’s anything you wouldn’t.”

David grinned. “That’s very true.”
Saving Snow

Chapter Notes

This was prompted to me by loboselinaastrash: “I can’t keep kissing strangers and pretending that they’re you.” This will possibly be for a verse I’m trying to plan out, an AU of what would’ve happened if Cora didn’t kill Daniel. Trigger warning for implied abuse.

To add, I am no longer accepting sequel requests to any of my one shots. Honestly, this whole series has turned into something I didn’t really want to do. I wanted to stick to AUs and I ended up breaking what that was all about to write about canon events. I’m going to be very picky about the one shots I accept going forward for this series.

Snow stood against the wall, watching others dance in circles in the center of the floor. She bit down on her lower lip, her eyes darting around every few seconds. Her father was busy chatting with King Midas and she wanted to make sure it stayed that way. The last thing she needed was him asking her to dance once again.

“Care to dance?” David’s voice pulled her out of her thoughts.

“David,” she said, though quickly changed her tone. “I mean, James.” So far, she was the only one that knew his secret. “I don’t know…”

“Your father is distracted. Besides, I’m the supposed son of an important king. It’d be suspicious if he didn’t let you dance with me.”

Snow bit her lip to hold back a smile. “Okay then.”

Taking hold of his hand, she allowed him to lead her out onto the dance floor. The song changed and they were able to dance closer together.

“I’m tired of kissing strangers and pretending they’re you,” David mumbled into her ear.

She drew back a deep breath. “He’ll come up with excuses, you know he always does. I’m his property, Charming.”

“You’re not, you know better than that.”

“He doesn’t.”

“I can help you, let me save you,” he gazed down into her eyes. “There has to be some way.”

“There isn’t, don’t you think I’ve tried?” Tears gathered in Snow’s eyes, though she kept a brave
smile on her face as he twirled her in a circle to keep in time with everyone else. “Every time I attempt to leave, he finds me and it just gets worse.”

“Maybe there’s someone else who can help me, someone we can make a deal with.”

“You are not making any deals on my behalf.”

“I’d do anything to be with you, Snow. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Snow whispered.

She had been in love with David since the moment they had met a ball months ago. They could never be together, though, not with the hold Leopold had on her. He would sooner have her killed then allow her to marry someone. He blamed her for Regina getting away all those years ago, she had to pay the price.

“I hate to ask this…but what about his ex-fiancé?” David asked. “Could she help?”

“Regina got away, I would never ask her to come back simply for me.” She frowned. “There’s no sense in that. My father would never let her get away, we’d both be punished.”

“It’s worth a shot. Her mother is Cora, she knows magic, doesn’t she?”

“Charming…”

Before she could say anything else, Leopold walked over to them. It took all Snow had to not shrink into her secret boyfriend. He gave a sick smile in David’s direction.

“James, may I cut in?”

David wanted to say no, he wanted to stab him right then and there, but he couldn’t. That wouldn’t help Snow. “Yes, your majesty.”

He let go of Snow’s hand and the two shared a look. She could see something in his eyes and it was the first time they’d have one of their silent eye conversations.

It wasn’t a surprise to her when David stopped meeting up for their secret meetings. Nor was it when Blue told her that “James” had acquired a magic bean and was headed off for who knows where.

Snow knew just where he had gone…to find Regina.
Angel Tree

Chapter Notes

Day 10 of Charming Family Christmas. =) This is an idea I got combined from a video I saw on adoption along with an angel tree gift I did this year. I feel that teenagers are often looked over in Christmas charity events, because everyone wants to buy for the little ones.

Mary Margaret and David knew they were a very fortunate family. While they may not have been super rich, they were still able to give their son a good life, he never wanted for everything. This became extra clear around the holidays. Neal was only 5-years-old, but knew that not every child could receive in the same ways that he did. So, he was more than happy to work with his parents to help make sure that other kids had an amazing Christmas.

Their church worked with the town’s foster system, making sure that every child would have presents. A couple of days before Christmas, however, right when the deadline for giving gifts had been passed, Mary Margaret noticed an ornament had been put back on the tree. She frowned as she took it off.

_Emma S, 14. Pajamas (Size: Medium) and a pillow._

She turned to her husband, who was busy trying to wrap up the other gifts. “Honey, do you know who took this one, originally?” She held it up for him to see and David studied it, before matching her frown.

“I remember Belinda taking a couple without looking and complaining that she got a teenager. I can’t believe she would put it back.”

“We have no presents for her.” Mary Margaret consulted the pile of gifts. “That’s not fair, she deserves something.”

After talking with the head of the program, Mary Margaret found out that Emma S. was Emma Swan, she was staying in a group home for teen girls. It broke Mary Margaret’s heart that all she wanted for Christmas was a new pair of pajamas and a pillow. She didn’t even ask for anything fun. So, she decided she would take her out shopping. It was the day before Christmas Eve, but she’d brave the crowds.

Puling up in front of the group home, she watched as a blonde teenager came walking out. She was wearing a red leather jacket and had black square glasses framing her face. She looked a little lost.
and confused as she climbed into the passenger seat.

“Are you Mary Margaret?” She asked.

“I am. And you’re Emma?”

Emma nodded. “You don’t have to do this, you know. I don’t really need anything for Christmas. Maybe you should focus on giving to the little ones.”

Mary Margaret’s heart broke. This girl was willing to give up her own Christmas for someone else. “The little kids are all taken care of, I promise. I want to do something for you, come on.”

They headed to the mall, which was overly crowded, but they made their way through the stores. At first, Emma was determined to just get the pajamas and pillow she asked for, but Mary Margaret kept persuading her to get other things. She got a few new outfits and some books as well. On their way to the food court to get some lunch, she noticed Emma stopping and staring at a charm bracelet in the window of a teen shop. She didn’t ask for it and clearly was intent on just walking, but Mary Margaret got an idea.

“I have to pick up something for my husband,” she said when they were halfway through their burgers. “I’ll be right back.”

Mary Margaret hated leaving Emma back at the group home. She honestly felt that they had made a real connection. She had learned that Emma had been abandoned as a baby in the woods and had been fostered until she was 3. When the parents got pregnant, they gave her up and she had spent the rest of her life bouncing around. She had long given up hoping for a home and just wanted to be emancipated.

“Here,” Mary Margaret said, holding out a wrapped present. “You can save this one for Christmas morning.”

Emma smiled a bit, accepting it. “Thanks, Mary Margaret. All of this…it means a lot. This is the best Christmas I’ve ever had.”

“You’re welcome.”

Emma stayed in Mary Margaret’s head over the next few days. She thought of the foster license that she and her husband still had, from when they had been taking care of his relatives earlier that year. She thought of the spare bedroom and how Neal always asked for a big sibling (his best friend Gideon had one and he didn’t really understand how that worked). She talked it over with David, who hadn’t even met Emma yet, but knew she needed a home.
They discussed it with a social worker, who looked over their license and realized they were good to go.

On Christmas morning, David and Mary Margaret sat back, watching Neal play with all his new toys. They had told him during gift opening that after the holidays, he’d be having a new foster sister. He was so excited and was already planning on making her a card. As they sipped their coffee, the landline rang. That was odd, considering hardly anyone ever called them on there. David grabbed the phone and answered it. After saying hello, he smiled and put it on speaker.

“Mary Margaret…it’s Emma.”

Mary Margaret beamed. “Hi sweetheart. Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas. I opened the bracelet…thank you so much. You didn’t have to do that.”

“I wanted to. Has your social worker spoken to you?”

“Um, yeah. She has. Are you sure this is what you want? What both of you want?”

David smiled. “Emma, every child deserves a home. We think you’d be a good fit in ours.”

There was some sniffling on the other end. “You won’t be sorry, I promise.”

“We know we won’t. We can’t wait for you to be apart of our family.”
The Perfect Present

Merry Christmas Eve. :) For Day 11 of Charming Family Christmas, based off the prompt: Buying presents for their daughter.

Reminder, I no longer take sequel requests for these one shots.

Emma didn’t want for much, she had learned at a young age to not expect things. That didn’t even begin to include holidays, it was just in general. Snow and David were constantly reminding her that it was okay to ask for help and to need things. It was a work in progress, especially when Christmas came around.

They knew their daughter, from her likes to her dislike. That still didn’t help them very much. They had gotten her some new flannel shirts, a couple of mugs and had renewed her Netflix and Hulu subscriptions through the year. David had burned a mix CD based off artists she talked about at the station. There were a few more practical things, like pajamas and a voucher to get her oil changed at the mechanic’s (something she kept putting off).

Even so, those didn’t seem like the “perfect” gifts. They were things she’d enjoy, there was no doubt there. However, when it came to the other members of their family, they felt they had hit the nail on the head. They had gotten Neal an indoor slide for his playroom and Henry a Harley Davidson helmet to go with the motorcycle that his moms were getting him (with the help of August, he had gotten his license). They had even picked out the perfect gifts for one another (David had booked a weekend away for the spring and Snow had managed to find something of his father’s in Rumple’s shop.)

Emma’s big gift was the toughie. She had pretty much everything: phone, car, laptop, even her own T.V in her room. They needed the perfect present.

“Why don’t we just get her a castle?” David suggested as they sat over cocoas in the diner. “Every girl wants a castle.”

Snow raised an eyebrow. “You are aware that we’re in Storybrooke, right?”

“I’m just out of ideas. Emma somehow always comes up with the perfect presents for us, how can we not think of one for her?”

A familiar voice came behind them. “I think I can help with that.” They turned around to find Henry standing there, holding a folder. “Don’t tell Mom, but I take a peak at her file sometimes.” He shrugged. “I just want to know more about her. Anyway, I found this. It’s the only Christmas
list she ever made. I think she was 6 or 7.”

Snow smiled a bit. “Thanks Henry, but I don’t know if she’d want a dollhouse anymore.”

He chuckled, handing it to them. “Who knows? Maybe it’ll spark inspiration. It helped me decide to get her a locket.”

“A locket.” David snapped her fingers. “I didn’t even think of that.”

“No stealing my ideas. Grandpa Gold is letting me work in his shop so I can afford nice presents for my moms this year, you guys too.” He flashed them a grin. “Speaking of which, I better get going.”

Snow and David smiled after Henry. He was a good kid, he’d do anything to make the people he loved happy. The two peered down at the piece of construction paper that he had given them. Emma’s handwriting hadn’t changed too much since she was young, it was still pretty much chicken scratch that David playfully teased her over.

They felt their heart flutter as they read their little girl’s wishes. Sure enough, there was the locket, along with a few children’s toys that they knew she had obviously outgrown the desire for. It was a bittersweet feeling. They knew they were so lucky to have Emma back in their lives and wouldn’t trade the time they had for the world, even so, they would’ve also given anything to get to know her then. To properly spoil her with toys and such around the holidays.

David’s eyes went to the last option. “She asked for a pony.”

“I think I asked for one too when I was about that age.”

He paused for a minute. “Well…who’s to say that we can’t get her one now?”

A slow smile spread across Snow’s face as she latched onto his arm. “Yes! That would be absolutely perfect, we live on a farm now, she’s been saying she wants to learn to ride on mine.”

“This list wasn’t a half bad idea, we’ll have to thank Henry.”

“Definitely. The question is…where are we going to get this horse?”

It was a bit of a challenge. One of the perks of Storybrooke was that they were animal lovers. Most of the non-human creatures had found homes with someone. Finding a horse in need of a home was proving to be more trouble than they originally thought.

That was until they got a call from Belle.

They showed up at her and Rumple’s home that night, leaving Emma to make Christmas crafts
with her brother and son. Belle lead them to her yard, where it appeared a white horse was tied to a tree. They took a step forward and Snow noticed the horn sticking out of its head. A tiny gasp escaped her lips.

“How…?” She asked, looking over at her friend.

Belle shrugged. “It was the oddest thing. A portal opened today and it came trotting through, it was almost like fate.”

“I can’t believe this.” Snow stepped forward, gently stroking its fur.

David smiled. “This would be better than a horse. Who wouldn’t want their very own unicorn?”

“I have a few books on caring for them,” Belle added. “However, I think this would get along great with the other horses on your farm.”

“Thank you so much, Belle, really. I just hope Emma likes it.”

“I’m sure she will.”

Come Christmas morning, they all sat under the tree unwrapping their presents. David was so touched to get his father’s pocket watch from Snow and he loved the leather journals Emma had made for him (paired with the nice pen that Henry had gifted). Snow was so excited for her trip along with the spa day gift certificate that Emma had given her. The tickets to the ballet were another great surprise from Henry.

Emma loved all of her presents under the tree. Her parents always seemed to know just what to get her. The locket Henry had chosen was so beautiful, it clearly had come from the Enchanted Forest. It meant the world to her that he had taken the time to find out just what she wanted.

Once all the gifts were unwrapped and Henry was helping Neal go down his new slide, Emma started to clear the wrapping. David stood up, shaking his head.

“I think there’s one more gift,” he said.

Emma arched an eyebrow. “All the presents were opened.”

“Some gifts can’t be wrapped, look at Emma’s slide.”

“Did you guys get me a swing set?” She teased. “Because I think I’m a bit too old.”

Snow playfully rolled her eyes and tossed her a jacket and some boots to put on. “Come on.” She gave a knowing look to Henry, who nodded. He’d keep an eye on Neal.
Emma followed her parents out onto the farm, linking arms with both of them. They reached the barn, which only confused her further. Why would they hide her present in the barn?

David opened the doors and she walked inside. There were the usual three horses, Snow and David’s, along with the one that the latter had given Henry after the curse broke. However, right past Shadow was one with white mane and a horn. She blinked a few times, her mouth dropping.

“Did you guys stick a horn on a horse?”

David shook his head. “Nope, that’s a real live unicorn.”

“You mean those are real?”

He chuckled. “You’ve met dragons and giants, you’re surprised unicorns exist?”

“Hey, I grew up in this realm, it’s still a shocker.” She was quiet for a moment, then whirled around. “No.”

“No?”

“You…you guys got me a unicorn.”

“He’s all yours,” Snow confirmed. “We’ll teach you how to care for him and how to ride.”

Tears gathered in Emma’s eyes. She had made a wish for a pony about 25 years ago, never thinking it’d come true. Not only had it come to life, but it was in an even bigger way than she imagined. She threw her arms around her parents, hugging them tight.

“Thank you,” she breathed.

“You’re welcome, Em,” David whispered in return, cradling the back of her head. “Merry Christmas.”
Doggy Wedding

Chapter Notes

Prompted by loboselinaistrash from a prompt meme I rebogged:
“remember when we were in high school and we swore that if we were still single at
30 we’d marry each other, well hey guess whose birthday it is”

“our weirdo friends are throwing a wedding for their dogs and we both got dragged
along.“

Mary Margaret couldn’t believe that dogs were getting married before her.

Dogs.

She didn’t have to go, she knew that. However, Ruby was her best friend and Perdita was her pride
and joy. Ever since Ruby had started dating the town shrink, Archie, who also had a Dalmatian
named Pongo, it was almost like their dogs were dating as well. Now that Ruby and Archie were
engaged, they figured their dogs should be as well.

So, that’s what lead to Mary Margaret standing in the backyard of Archie’s house, wearing her best
outfit. Perdita was wearing a short veil and Pongo’s collar had a bow tie on it. Archie stood with
Ruby, presiding over the wedding.

“This is a load of barnacles,” David whispered into Mary Margaret’s ear, which only made her
laugh.

“Hush, they’re going to stare.”

David had been her best friend since they were kids. He always knew when to make her laugh and
vice versa. Sometimes, she wasn’t sure how she’d get by without him.

Her mind drifted back to her birthday a couple of weeks before. Not many people knew about the
day, she didn’t like celebrating. Her mother had died that day and she could never look at it the
same since. Yet, David had come over with a bottle of wine and the two had mulled over old
memories.
Including a promise they had made (while also drunk) back in high school.

“You said if we were both single by 30, you’d marry me,” Mary Margaret stated. David chuckled. “And you were offended that I implied you’d be single by 30.”

“Still, we’re both single.”

“Not by our own choosing.” In the weirdest twist of irony, his fiancé had left him for her boyfriend.

“Still,” she sipped her wine. “I say you hold up to your end of the bargain.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Are you serious?”

“Why not? I love you, you love me…”

“Yes, we’re all Barney for each other, but marriage?”

“I couldn’t imagine spending my life with anyone else.”

David gazed into her eyes, blinking a few times. Was Mary Margaret seriously proposing to him?

“I think we’d have to date for a bit first.”

She thought about it for a minute. “That’d probably be a smart idea.” She frowned. “Do you really want to? Or are you just drunk talking?”

“I think…I think I’ve had feelings for you for a long time.”

They had sobered up the next morning and realized their feelings were still true, they agreed to go on their first date.

Which just so happened to be Perdita and Pongo’s wedding.

Not the ideal place, but a fun one nonetheless.

And who knew? Maybe in a couple of years, they’d be having one of their own.
Snow was trying to be patient, she really was. She knew Emma wasn’t from the Enchanted Forest and didn’t have an idea of how it worked. The first time she had fired her gun, she chalked it up to inexperience.

Then Emma did it again when they came up against another ogre. This time, the bullet ricocheted off of him and hit a tree, nearly getting Mulan in the process. Snow and Aurora took down the ogre and Emma stormed away. Snow quietly asked Mulan and Aurora to wait for them, before following after her.

“I had it under control,” Emma said, the venom dripping from her voice, not even bothering to turn around.

“Oh, did you now?” Snow asked, arching an eyebrow. “Because your bullet nearly killed Mulan. I told you, your gun doesn’t work here.”

“How would you know?” She spun around, finally. “As you said, you don’t have these here, they could be more useful than you think.”

“Rifles work, our weapons do. Maybe that handgun is good for a human in your world, but here, with these creatures,” Snow shook her head. “Even a sword is tricky with these guys.”

“I took down a dragon, I think I can handle an ogre.”

“Emma, I am very proud of you for that, but that was luck.”

“Excuse me?”

“That was your first time. You could’ve been seriously hurt. And once again, that was in a world that you are used to. This is my land, I know how things work. I told you not to use that thing again! Just for once could you do what you’re told?”

Emma halted and stared at Snow, who clearly hadn’t expected to say that either. They had been toeing the line ever since the curse broke, careful not to really discuss the fact that Snow was her mother. Especially after their argument on Main Street where Emma essentially blamed her for her
childhood. She was still used to Mary Margaret, her roommate.

She didn’t have a lot of experience with mother figures. She had plenty of foster mothers in her childhood, but none were really the mothering type. Snow clearly didn’t want to overstep, she was giving her as much space she could, given the situation, but that wasn’t working anymore.

“I…I don’t know what that’s supposed to mean,” Emma said, finally. “Because I helped Regina? Do you blame me for us being here?”

“Of course not. That was the hat, not you. I’m glad you wanted to help Regina,” Snow sighed, running her fingers through her hair. “But I told you not to talk to Cora and you did it anyway. I told you to let us handle the weapons and you didn’t listen.”

“I’m the sheriff back home,” Emma argued. “Before that, I was a bail bondsperson.”

“And I was a bandit here. I was put in dangerous situations left and right. If we were on the run, trying to fix a problem in Storybrooke, I’d listen to you on how to handle it, because I honestly wouldn’t know how to. Here, I have more expertise. I know that’s hard for you to admit, but for once, you just need to listen and let me handle it. I’m not Mary Margaret anymore, I’m Snow White. I’m the princess who was forced into becoming a bandit, I was on the run for years. This is my world and I wish more than anything it could’ve been yours too, but this is the reality we’re in. You know more about Storybrooke, just as I know more about here.”

Emma frowned. She still wasn’t used to working as a team, to having to depend on other people. She definitely wasn’t used to being wrong. It was clear both women were stubborn and just where the younger had gotten it from. She didn’t want to put the group in more danger than they already were.

“I’m sorry,” Emma whispered. “I just…this is new for me.”

“It’s new for all of us,” Snow conceded. “I’m not angry with you. I just…I just got you back. I can’t lose you again. Especially not to a stupid ogre.”

She smiled a little bit. “We should get back to Mulan and Aurora, before they decide to go on without us.”

Snow nodded and watched Emma walk back through the clearing. It was going to take time, but she believed she had gotten through to Emma, even if it was just a little bit.

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