A Helping Hand

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Summary

My girlfriend just dumped me and I've gotten piss drunk and somehow managed to get into your apartment instead of my own. I'm trying to masturbate my feelings away and boy were you surprised.

Rated Explicit for salty language and sex.

Notes

Based on a Tumblr prompt that was supposed to be a one-shot but quickly got away from me when I started writing it.
The bar was crowded and loud. And the air was dreadfully thick. It was the last place he wanted to be, but far better than the alternative. Killian shuffled through the crowd, the obnoxious beat playing through the speakers and boisterous chatter doing nothing to numb his thoughts. Every noise was muffled and faded out by the conversation that echoed in his mind like a freight train sounding through the night. Reminding him of the last time he saw her before she walked out and slammed the door, disappearing from his life forever.

Killian plopped down onto a stool, slumping over the bar counter as he waited for the bartender. He just needed something to drown the pain. Something strong.

The argument started with something small, quickly spiraling out of control like gasoline to a fire. He was gone too much, he wasn’t adventurous enough. He didn’t love her anymore. According to Milah. Her tone was laced with anger, eyes devoid of any kind of love… at least any kind of love for him.

What it all boiled down to was that she already knew it was over before it was actually over.

All of the obscenities and excuses she threw at him that night were just a mask covering up her betrayal. Everything he thought that he knew was a lie. She was a lie. Her empty promises and scheming attempts of showing him how much she loved him and telling him she was divorcing her husband. It was all just a bloody fantastic charade.

“A rum, please,” he drawled out when the bartender approached. Killian watched him fetch a glass and pour the golden brown liquid from the bottle before sliding it over.

Killian clenched his jaw as he grabbed the glass, the bitter memories of the ungrateful bitch embedded in his brain. He threw back the rum, the wretched sting of alcohol sliding down Killian’s throat as he gulped it down, thinking about how his whole world had turned upside down in a blink.
of an eye.

He had never seen it coming. He knew there were problems brewing between them after he lost his hand. After his discharge from the hospital. But he thought he had been imagining it all. He refused to accept that she was embarrassed of him for being injured and having to leave the Navy. He refused to believe that she went back to her husband.

He gave up everything for her.

The relationship had caused tension between Killian and his older brother, and eventually the control Milah had over him pushed Liam away. Killian lost the close bond with him because of her. Liam didn’t approve of the relationship from the beginning. He didn’t think she was good enough for his brother.

Milah was married, not even separated with her husband at the time and she had tattoos all over her body. Killian fought with his brother many times about her and they eventually stopped talking to each other all together. All of the days they spent working side by side and serving in the British Navy together, turned into bitter memories. And even though Killian crawled back to Liam on his hands and knees, figuratively speaking, begging for forgiveness and even though Killian was now staying at his flat, he was in much too dark a place to hope that things would go back to the way they were before.

He downed another glass of rum. Then another. And a few more. Slowly drowning out the mixture of rage, anguish, and sadness inside of him until he had the courage to stand on his own two feet. Taking a deep breath, he dragged himself out of the stool. Between the jet lag from the treacherously long flight from England and the buzz that took over him, the sting in his heart was still fresh, but somewhat bearable. Killian maneuvered his way through the bar and stepped outside, the chill of the air waking his senses ever so briefly. He took a cab to his brother’s place, his words slurred as he attempted to give the driver the address. Killian was surprised he even remembered what it was.

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Emma’s phone buzzed on the kitchen counter as she hastily threw her dirty clothes in the basket with a groan. She hated doing laundry on Friday night, but it was the only time when all of the machines weren’t being occupied. And now she was reduced to a pair of grey shorts and a yellow tank top as she retrieved a bottle of laundry detergent from the closet and threw it on the pile. It was rather light but she had at least two more loads left before she had to buy more. Her phone was ringing incessantly against the hard surface but she chose to ignore the call. It was most likely her ex-boyfriend, Neal, trying to get back with her. She’ll check her phone later.

She grabbed her keys from the counter, and took each of the handles of the basket, making her way across the beige carpet to the front door. She tucked the basket in one arm as she turned the knob with her free hand, locking the door behind her. She couldn’t wait to get this over with as she trudged down the hall with determined steps. She walked down the three flights of stairs and unlocked the door to the laundry room.

Entering the empty room, she dropped the basket on the cement floor in front of the washer, relieved that there were a few unoccupied machines. Lifting the lid, she started emptying the clothes into the washer, a mindless task that she always dreaded. While doing so, she noticed that her roommates clothes were mixed in with Emma’s. Elsa was one for accidentally throwing hers in with Emma’s when she had too many for one load. Emma rolled her eyes and tossed them in the washer.

She loved her roommate dearly, but ever since Elsa started seeing the neighbor across the hall, she had been a little distracted. She mostly stayed at her boyfriend’s place, and Emma didn’t know why
Elsa didn’t just move in with him. Not that Emma wanted her to. They had become close friends ever since she posted the ad for a roommate two years ago. Emma would be sad to see her move out, even if only across the hall.

Once all of the clothes were transferred, she grabbed the laundry detergent and tipped it over the opening of the machine, pouring in the contents.

Emma’s eyes widened with disbelief when she realized there was hardly a thin stream of the blue liquid left. Elsa must have used the last of it and didn’t bother to replace it before she left for the weekend. Emma started shaking the bottle violently, trying to get every last drop, but it wasn’t nearly enough. Letting out a loud huff, she started unloading the washer, but then stopped. She had another idea. Emma slammed the lid shut and grabbed the basket and her keys, exiting the room. She went upstairs and unlocked her door to deposit the basket in her apartment. Once she set it on the floor, she went back out, shutting the door behind her and making the small trek across the hall.

She had a key to her neighbor’s apartment and he was out of town with Elsa, staying at her sister’s place for the weekend. Surely, he would have some laundry detergent. She unlocked the door and went into the apartment, quickly finding some liquid detergent in the closet and snatching it up. She locked the apartment back up and headed for the stairs, passing the elevator on her way as it opened.  

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Killian somehow made it to the third floor, although he had no recollection of how he got from the bar to his brother’s apartment. All he knew was that the door of the elevator was in front of him as it ascended, and he was positive that he would not have survived the stairs. He was now feeling the effects of the rum, his mind unfocused, his eyes lazy and his vision disoriented. He felt dizzy from just watching the elevator doors open.

Now, he just had to find which apartment was Liam’s.

Killian had rarely visited his brother since he moved to New York to begin teaching, and Killian’s stay was very brief before he dropped off his luggage and left for the bar. Liam had already went with his girlfriend for the weekend when Killian’s plane arrived in New York. Liam didn’t even bother to meet him at the airport. He left a key under the doormat. That’s how estranged they had become. Killian was shocked when his brother even agreed to let him stay while he attempted to pick up the pieces from his breakup. He supposed it was because he had told Liam he was no longer with Milah and he wanted to turn his life around.

Stepping out of the elevator, a flash of golden hair passed him. He barely got a glimpse of her face before she was heading towards the stairway, but her backside was quite the view. Killian had to blink to make sure he was not hallucinating. Either he was really smashed or she had a really hot ass, perhaps both. Sexy, toned legs quickly disappeared as she fled down the stairs, not even noticing his presence. Killian had to remind himself what he was doing as he tried to shake the image out of his mind.

Oh yes, finding his brother’s apartment.

He snapped out of his gaze and turned around, trudging down the hall., trying to remember which apartment number it was.

Liam’s address was in his phone, but Killian was really in no condition to try and search through his cell to successfully pull up the apartment number. He saw one door read 8C, and was certain that was his brother’s, although it could also have been 6C, but it was hard to tell when the number and letter were drifting through his blurry vision like they were.
Wow, he was really trashed. He just needed to sleep it off.

He stepped up to it and looked down to fish out his keys, seeing there was a doormat with a picture of what he made out to be a sailboat. Yes, this was definitely the one. Now, if only he could unlock the door.

He struggled with the keys, attempting to find the correct one in his drunken state (he only had two keys). Killian shifted a bit, almost stumbling over, but with slow success at trying to keep his good hand from shifting, he managed to slide the apartment key in the hole. Before he could even turn the key, the door opened. He must have forgotten to lock it when he left for the bar. Oh well, he was really too drunk to give a fuck.

Stumbling into the apartment with movements that were far from graceful, he shoved his keys in his pocket and made his way to the bedroom, running into a laundry basket and some furniture and mumbling a string of curses along the way. When he reached the first door he could find, he shut it behind him and chucked of his shoes, wondering why the bedroom had tiled floor.

He undressed himself with great struggle, barely able to unbutton his shirt, lazily tossing it to the floor. Hooking his thumbs underneath the hem of his pants and boxers, he decided to screw it all; he hated sleeping with his clothes on, so he shoved the offending material down with force and kicked them off until he was bare naked, besides his black socks and the chain around his neck with Naval charms. He reached for what he thought was the bed, quickly realizing that it was the bathtub when there wasn’t a mattress or blankets, but solid walls and a great big hole instead. He got in anyway, deciding this was probably better in case he had to vomit. And at this point, he was too far gone to care.

He settled in the tub, feeling the coolness against his back as he leaned his head on the edge and stared at the dark ceiling. With the loneliness of the apartment, he could feel the pain rising to the surface again. He ran his hand over his face and through his hair, expelling a long, weary sigh that was nowhere close to expressing how much sorrow he felt. After enduring three bloody years of Milah’s nonstop complaints about her husband every chance she got, how could she do this to him? How could she just betray him and leave after everything?

Snapping his eyelids shut, he tried to summon other thoughts. Anything to help dull the misery he felt. Anything that would temporarily relieve the unbelievable sadness that overwhelmed him. So he thought of the last image he could recall; blonde hair, milky skin and long legs. Killian forced himself to stay focused on her; not that it was very difficult. And it was working. His cock started stirring to life and he couldn’t resist the urge to touch himself, to curl his hand around his hard cock at the image invading his thoughts.

He had went to the bar looking for someone to give him a quick fuck, but he found himself nowhere in the mood to be sociable or charming. Instead he would just take matters into his own hand. He didn’t need a woman anyways. He had one good hand and that was all he needed. Women just teased him, making him fall head over heals and then when he was weak, they thrived on the opportunity to reach into chest and rip out his bloody heart. Technically it was only one woman, but still, he was far better off on his own.

Slowly falling down the rabbit hole, he quickly pictured the blonde again and started moving his hand up and down his length, stroking himself.

“Bloody hell,” he muttered in a throaty whisper.

After a couple of rather dreary days, it felt good to just feel himself and give himself pleasure in his own hand, even for just a brief moment.
He bit his bottom lip at the thought of her ass and the exposed skin below, her luscious creamy thighs that he wouldn’t mind taking a bite out of. He didn’t get a chance to see her face but he really didn’t need to. She was carrying a bottle of liquid detergent, indicating that she had been heading to the laundry room, so he pictured himself stalking after her and entering the room to show her what he knew she never had before; a good, hard, satisfying fuck.

Already nearing his peak, he started thrusting into his grasp, greedily searching for sweet bliss as he pondered what it would be like ramming himself into that gorgeous ass from behind as she braced herself against the washing machine. Her hair was in a long braid so he imagined how bloody fantastic it would be to grab and pull on it while he pounded into her over and over, taking his pleasure. A low grunt tickled his throat as he pumped himself fiercely at the thought of yanking on that mane of golden hair, making her scream out in pleasure.

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Emma came back up the stairs after she had started the washer and went into her neighbor’s apartment to replace the detergent. She knew he wouldn’t mind that she was using it. Even before he and Elsa started dating, she often went across the hall to borrow from him when she was out of something, whether it be coffee or pancake mix or laundry detergent, her neighbor was always happy to help out.

Although, the first time they met, he had just moved in from England and she came over knocking on his door asking for a cucumber. He looked at her as though she were nuts, but Emma legit needed a cucumber for her roommate’s puffy eyes when she had an allergic reaction to some medication she had taken. It turned out, he really did have cucumbers in his refrigerator. In fact there was never a time when the British man did not have something one of the girls needed. Of course they’ve never came by asking for tampons but, hell, he probably had a stash of those too from an ex-girlfriend or just because he was a very thoughtful guy who was surrounded by female occupants in the other units.

Emma came back to her apartment and started to insert the key in the lock when she remembered she never locked it after she dropped off the clothes basket. But she was only gone for maybe ten minutes. What were the chances someone broke in during that amount of time? She opened the door and set her keys on the end table, heading for her bedroom. Emma was all sweaty from going up and down the stairs several times, and the apartment was rather warm.

She turned down the heat and decided to take a shower while she waited for her clothes to wash. Emma peeled off her clothes, stripping down to her lacey pink bra and matching underwear, throwing her dirty clothes in the hamper. She didn’t have anymore clean clothes, but she could borrow something of Elsa’s. They were similar in size, except Elsa was an inch taller.

Walking down the hall and reaching the bathroom she opened the door, flipping on the light.

“Bloody hell…”

Emma was dead in her tracks when she let out a scream that surely the neighbors would have heard. Quickly trying to cover herself with her hands she averted her gaze from the sight. But it was too late. She had already gotten an eyeful.

“What the hell?!” The words tore from her throat, panic rushing through her blood as she tried to slow her heart rate down and catch her breath. In a haste of ungraceful movements, she grabbed her bathrobe from the door hook and covered herself up with it, trying to comprehend what the hell she was seeing without actually looking directly at him.
There was a man in her bathtub. A naked man. He had squinted his eyes shut to block out the light of the room and was now slowly opening them. He noticed she was there but she could tell he was drunk as he lifted his head and arched a brow, pulling his lips into a smirk, his eyes scanning her body. And while doing so, she was very much aware that he had his hand around his stiff and rather large cock. And he was jerking off! In her tub! Where she washed herself!

A million thoughts were racing through Emma’s mind, making her dizzy with fear as she grabbed a pair of tweezers from a drawer underneath the sink. Keeping her eyes fixed on his face to avoid seeing his junk again, she held up the tweezers as though it were a weapon, threatening him with it while she used her other hand to hold up her robe. ‘Nice, Emma. What are you going to do, tweezers him to death?!’ she asked herself, still struck with shock.

The ridiculously attractive man with a mop of messy black hair did not seem to be the least bit intimidated as his smile faded. His steel blue eyes were dark and full of wreckage, his lips and jaw lined with well more than a few days’ worth of stubble.

“If you wanted to join me, all you had to do was ask.” He attempted a flirty tone, but his words were slurred as he spoke in an accent that sent shivers down her spine.

Her mouth was dry as she managed to speak again. “What the hell are you doing in my apartment?!”

A befuddled look fell upon his features. “What are you talking about, lass? This is my brother’s apartment, and you’re the one rudely barging in without knocking, turning on bleedin’ lights and not even lending a hand to help a poor bloke out.”

She scoffed dramatically. “Sorry to tell you this, but you’ve stumbled into the wrong apartment.” There was irritation and a hint of amusement in her tone, but it was far from playful. And once she was able to tear her gaze away from his dangerously appealing face, she noticed he was still stroking himself. “Could you please stop that?” she asked as she bent over and picked up his shirt, throwing it over his package.

He finally stopped, but she was certain it was because he was too tired to continue. A look of confusion washed over his features as though his brain was finally registering what she was saying. “But this is 8C, love.”

“No, it’s-” she started, when realization hit her. Now it made sense. This was the brother that Liam had mentioned but never spoke about. “It’s not. It’s 6C. Liam’s apartment is across the hall.”

“You know him?”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Yes, he’s my neighbor and also my roommate’s boyfriend.”

Killian looked at her in bemusement. “Emma’s your roommate?”

“No, I’m Emma. My roommate is Elsa. Now, if you would be so kind and remove yourself from my tub, that would be great.”

“But, your doormat has a picture of a sailboat?” he mumbled, scratching his head.

God, this guy really was smashed. “No, it’s a Swan. My best friend got it for me when I moved in.”

“Ah, now that makes sense,” he drawled, resting his head back against the tub with a lazy smile.

Emma sighed, a mixture of frustration and exhaustion as she set the pair of tweezers on the counter. She didn’t even know Liam’s brother was coming into town.
“Lass?”

“Hmmm?” Emma lifted her head and eyed him questionably.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” he groaned, his face as pale as a sheet. “Could you help me out of the tub?”

Emma immediately put on her robe, securing the belt around her waist before she came to his side and grabbed him under his arms, trying to pull him up. “You’ll have to help me.”

He leaned forward and lifted his weight, allowing her to wrap her arms around him and haul him up into a sitting position. Emma summoned all of her strength, registering the close proximity she was to this naked man. Her body was pressed to his as he breathed in her ear, and he reeked of alcohol. He grasped onto her tightly as she lifted him up with all of the body strength she could muster. She realized quickly that he was wearing a prosthetic replacing his left hand as it rested against her back.

With his help, she finally got him in a semi-standing position and she let her eyes fall, waiting for him to step over the edge, when she noticed that his shirt had slid down to the bottom of the tub and he was now exposed again, but the only thing that mattered at this point was helping this guy out of her tub so that he didn’t vomit all over himself. “Okay, now step over the tub, so we can get you to the toilet. Can you do that for me?”

A broad, lazy smile crossed his lips. “Anything for a lovely lass like you.” He slowly lifted his leg one by one until his feet were on the tiled floor, but by that point it was too late. Vomit started spewing out of his mouth, running down her clothed back. Emma moved more quickly, getting him to the toilet (luckily it was close) and helping him kneel on the floor.

He started upchucking into the opening as she held onto him by his bicep and rubbed his back. “That’s it, let it out,” she urged him in a soothing but resentful manner. Liam was sooo going to owe her for this.

Another round hit him and his body clenched as he continued to puke, making unpleasant sounds as he did.

When he finished, he caught his breath, his face still in the toilet, just in case there was still more to come.

Emma took the opportunity to leave his side and grab a blanket. It was one that Mary Margaret had knitted for her but it was the only one she had other than the blankets on her bed. It needed to be washed anyway. She retrieved it from the sofa and entered the bathroom again, draping the blanket over his back before fetching a washcloth from the cupboard and dampening it under the faucet. “All finished?” she asked him, wiping the remnants of puke from his mouth and chin.

“I think so,” he managed in gargled voice.

“Okay. Let’s get you to bed. Come on.” She set the washcloth aside and wrapped her arm around his back underneath the blanket and lifted his arm, curling it around her shoulder as he started to stand up. She turned her head, looking up at him and urging him to move. He flashed her a wink and a flirty smirk.

“You don’t have to ask twice to get me into your bed, love.”

The slightest hint of a smile pulled at her lips, her cheeks filling with blush. This guy was hitting on her in his birthday suit, completely plastered, but somehow it was the most adorable thing ever. She would hate to see the responses he got from women he was hitting on while he was sober. “Okay,
let’s go.”

Killian put his leg forward, and at first he started to fall, not being able to hold his weight. His legs started to buckle underneath him, but she spoke encouraging words and eventually they made it to Emma’s bedroom. She should have had him sleep in Elsa’s bed, he was Liam’s brother after all, but she’d rather him puke in her bed rather than her roommate’s, because that was the type of person she was. Always putting others before herself, even though she frequently got screwed over in return, but mostly by the ex-boyfriend that she would rather not think about right now. That was an entirely different story.

Emma helped Killian walk carefully and slowly across the floor, vaguely aware that his junk was swinging below, just inches away from her, his leg brushing over the fabric of her robe and rubbing against her leg with every other step.

They finally made it to their destination and Emma pulled apart from him to push the blankets back before sitting him on the edge of the bed, making sure to cover him up with the blanket. “I’ll be right back with your clothes and a throw-up bucket,” she told him. If he was going to sleep under her blankets, she was certainly not going to be having his naked body and manhood taint her delicate sheets.

The bastard didn’t listen though, and instead he laid back and lifted his legs on the bed, sprawling across it in his (gloriously) naked form.

Emma averted her eyes, groaning her disapproval. “You don’t listen very well, do you?”

Keeping her eyes shielded, she reached over and pulled the blankets over him. She would just clean her bedding very, very thoroughly tomorrow when there was no longer a naked drunk person sleeping in it.

“You sound like my brother,” he mumbled, stirring and getting awfully comfy in her bed.

She sighed again and left the room to retrieve his clothes and the bucket she promised him. She set the bucket to next to her bed and folded his clothes, laying them on her upholstered chair across the room before leaving again to get him a glass of water. She returned to him and lifted his head, urging him to drink it, which he did, before she set it on the nightstand.

She eyed his prosthetic as it rested beside him over the blanket.

“Do you want me to…?” she started, pointing towards it.

He gave a soft nod and she reached over and gently removed the brace, setting the prosthetic hand next to the glass of water.

“What’s your name, beautiful?” he asked, as though he forgot who she was, flashing her a charming smile.

She returned it with a sarcastic smirk. “It’s Emma, remember? Emma Swan.”

“Apologies, love.”

The pet name tugged at her belly. He really needed to stop calling her that.

“Such a beautiful name for a beautiful woman. I’m Killian,” he uttered softly, lazily offering his hand. “The much better and more handsome Jones brother.” Emma blushed and shook his hand, rolling her eyes. His innocent smile became a devious one.
“Oh my god!” she shot her hand back, remembering what he was just doing with that same hand only moments ago. “Okay, it’s time for you to sleep,” she demanded, trying to calm her voice down. “And it’s time for me to take a long and cleansing shower.”

Killian wiggled his brows in a suggestive manner. “I’d be happy to join you if you need some company,” he said slowly, his words slurred.

“Gee, thanks for the offer. but I think you’ve spent enough time in my tub for one night,” she replied sarcastically. “And wipe that charming smirk off your face, because,” she waved her hand between them, “Ain’t nothing going to happen between us, got it?”

He seemed to accept her answer and snuggled the pillow underneath his head as his eyes fell shut. “Whatever you say lass.”

“Okay. Now, get some rest and I’ll make some breakfast in the morning. Sound good?”

He groaned, a look of disgust on his face. “Not really.”

“You might feel differently in the morning.” Emma started to head towards the door.

“Swan?”

She stopped in her tracks and turned around, lifting an eyebrow. “Hmmm?”

“Could you make pancakes with blueberries? My mum used to make me pancakes with blueberries.”

She sighed. “On one condition…”

“What’s that, love?” he mumbled languidly, his eyes still closed.

“I’ll make you blueberry pancakes if you refrain from masturbating in my bed.”

“As you wish.” He was slow on the draw but there was promise in his garbled words.

“Then we have a deal.” Did she even have pancake mix or blueberries? Probably not. Definitely not. Maybe Liam did, though. “I will make you blueberry pancakes.”

Killian didn’t waste any time falling asleep and Emma left the room, doing as she promised. She removed her robe and underwear, tossing them to the floor and stepped into the hot, steamy shower, washing the evening out of her hair.

When she got out, she put on a pair of Elsa's sweatpants and a t-shirt before leaving her unit to transfer the clothes to the dryer.

She came back, depositing the basket on the floor before entering her room to check on Killian. He was sound asleep. Emma shut the door with a soft click and grabbed her phone off of the kitchen counter, seeing that she had two missed calls from Elsa and one from Liam along with a voicemail.

Listening to it, she realized that the reason for the call was to give her a heads up about Killian’s stay at his place while he got back on his feet.

Yeah, some heads up.

Emma went to the sofa, setting the phone on the coffee table as she plopped down on the couch. As she turned on the television, she realized how much more boring her night had gotten compared to earlier. It was certainly an interesting turn of events.
How did she go from engaging in a mundane task such as doing laundry to walking into a drunk, naked stranger in her tub pleasuring himself? She tried to block out the images from her mind, but there was really no use. She might as well just accept the fact right now that they would be burned into her brain forever.

Emma flipped through the channels while trying to evade thoughts of the naked man in her bed. Then, it dawned on her that she had to put up with him living across the hall.

She was so going to kill Liam. Or Killian. Or both.
Killian uttered a groan into the fluffy pillow that his face was burrowed in as he woke up to the overwhelming smell of pancakes the next morning. He was laying on his stomach, one arm stretched over his face, the other one tucked under the pillow. His head was pounding, he felt like someone drilled a hole through his skull, his throat was dry and he had a feeling of nausea lingering in his stomach. Slowly dragging his arm away from his face, he opened his eyes to a dim room, the curtains shielding any sunlight trying to burst through.

It took him a moment to be able to move and roll over, his eyes adjusting to the room. He lifted his head slowly, taking in his surroundings. Nothing looked familiar to him, granted the guest room in his brother's apartment was not that familiar either but at least it reminded him of Liam. This room most certainly did not. His eyes widened in horror at the revelation.

This was definitely not his brother’s guestroom.

“Where the bloody hell am I?”

There was pale pink furniture, a vanity and bookshelf with small novels and there was a furry lamp on the nightstand by his prosthetic hand, which answered his next question. His eyes scanned the comforter to find out that it was also pink, along with the decorated frilly pillows.

_Oh please, this cannot be happening._

To gather further evidence of solving the little mystery as to how he had ended up in some lass’s bed, he sharply lifted the covers and peered underneath, seeing that, _yep_, he was bare-ass naked.

“Bloody hell.”

Killian sank his head into the pillow, running his hand over his face. He couldn’t believe that his first night in the States after his breakup, he ended up sleeping with some random stranger.

_Fuck._

How the hell did he let this happen? He went to the bar with those intentions in his dispirited condition, but he didn’t recall picking up anyone. Everything afterwards was a blur. He had no recollection of last night beyond that.

He really needed to leave. Killian was in no shape to be involved in anything resembling a relationship and he was not the type of person to 'hit and run'. But obviously, this woman had other plans, judging by the breakfast she was making. The door was closed but he could hear dishes clanking around on the other side. And as he spotted his clothes across the room, he doubted that a woman expecting nothing more than a one-night stand would go through the trouble of picking up his clothes and folding them neatly, setting them in the chair. She certainly wouldn’t be making him breakfast.

Killian sat up slowly, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed and placed them on the floor, hoping this would stop the room from spinning around him. He put his face in his hand and groaned. He hadn't felt this hungover in years.

He eventually stood up and grabbed the knitted blanket he had been sleeping on, securing it around his waist. He went to the window and pulled back the curtain with his stump.
Damn, he was on the third floor, judging by the number of balconies beneath the neighbor's balcony. He also noticed that the surroundings looked familiar. This was his brother's apartment.

**Double fuck.**

The lass he just slept with lives in the same building and floor he was staying in. Killian had a feeling this was not going end well. He lowered the curtain and turned around just as he heard a light knock on the door.

Shit. What was a lad to do in this situation? He swallowed thickly as the door opened. He started to panic, trying to come up with a way to get out of this predicament. He started moving towards the chair that held his clothes.

“Killian, you awake?” She stepped through before he could answer and he stopped abruptly, face to face with emerald green eyes and long golden locks.

He ran his hand through his hair, his eyes traveling down her body. She was wearing a pink bathrobe with thin fabric, exposing a pair of milky long legs.

Damn, he hit the jackpot. She was bloody gorgeous. This was either a relief or really dangerous, he couldn't decide which one.

He was stunned by how beautiful she was as she came over to him, bearing a glass of water. Her hair was damp, as though she just gotten out of the shower, and she was wearing a light amount of makeup as a cheerful smirk fell upon her lips.

“Morning, sunshine. Sleep well?” she asked in a teasing tone.

How in the bloody hell did he forget his night with a woman like this? He must have been really wasted.

He replied, holding his forehead in his hand, feeling it pounding underneath his touch and he couldn't stop the small smile that tugged at his lips. “Aye. Although, I have one splitting headache and the room appears to be spinning.”

“I can imagine,” she said with a giggle, and he decided it was the most delightful sound he had ever heard in his entire life, even with the headache. “Here, I got you something that might help with that, along with some fresh water,” she said as she offered him the water and some aspirin.

“Thank you, love.” Killian graciously accepted the aspirin and water, deciding this was not so bad. He swallowed the pills and as he washed it down with the water, he knew that the right thing to do was to tell her he wasn't ready for a relationship or a woman in his life, but how? He didn't really want to see the disappointment on her face, especially since she turned out to be nice and sweet and beautiful on top of that.

He lowered the glass and closed his eyes briefly, the coolness of the liquid feeling quite soothing on his cracked lips and dry throat. Gods, if only he could remember what exactly he did to this woman with his mouth as he slashed his lips with his tongue. He tried to shake the thought from his mind and he started to reply, but struggled to find the words. It was difficult when she was staring at him with those intense green eyes, and he desperately wanted to just grab and kiss her senseless creating new memories of having her in bed. But he knew that would just end very badly. Even more so than it was already going to.

Somehow, he managed to restrain himself. “Listen, love… I don't remember much of last night and you're…” he lifted his hand, gesturing at her body “…drop dead gorgeous… and I'm sure last night
was incredible... but my girlfriend just dumped me and my head’s a mess right now, so, I” she eyed
him in confusion as he willed himself to continue, “...I think that we should just be friends,” he
finished, and at the same time, he reasoned with himself that they already did god knows what, so he
was going to soak up every drop of this experience before he left. Besides, he may not have been
ready for a relationship, but he was still a gentleman. He stepped into her space and casually leaned
in to kiss her cheek. She smelled like strawberries as his lips brushed across her skin and he could
feel her breath hitch.

“Wow, what are you doing?” She backed up, holding her hands up to block him.

“Sorry, I just figured since we had sex.”

“Oh no no no no,” She laughed in amusement, “we did not have sex.”

Killian's face fell in disappointment, but at the same time, he was relieved. If he were to be with
someone like her, he didn't want to feel guilty afterwards and he sure as hell wanted to remember it.
“We didn't?”

She arched a brow. “You really don't remember anything about last night, do you?”

He shook his head. “Not a thing.”

“Well, let’s see… you got drunk and stumbled into my apartment instead of your brother's when I
went downstairs to do laundry.”

He scratched his head. “I did?”

“Mnhmm,” she nodded. “His unit is across the hall and you mixed up the numbers.”

“So then how did I end up in your bed naked?”

“You got naked all by yourself. That's how I found you in my bathtub.”

He looked at her, completely appalled with himself and took a moment to process that. “So, I broke
into your apartment and just got naked in your tub?”

“Yep. And there was no way I was going to try and get you dressed and across the hall so I gave
you my bed to sleep in.”

“Bloody hell,” he breathed, still in shock that he did that. “I'm so sorry love. I was really upset last
night. My girlfriend dumped me and I fled here from England to get away…”

“It's okay, really. I slept in my roommate’s bed. Although, I couldn't really get much sleep, so I went
to the store for pancake mix and blueberries because you asked for blueberry pancakes before you
fell asleep and your brother was surprisingly out of both… oh and I got more laundry detergent and
washed your clothes too.” She turned around and walked to the chair, scooping up his clothes.

“You did all of that for me?”

She nodded. “You're Liam's brother and he's my roommate's boyfriend and a good friend of mine.
Plus, judging by the condition you were in last night, you looked like you could use some friendly
gestures.” Ah, this was Emma. He remembered Liam had told him about his neighbor, but his
brother failed to mention how gorgeous she was.

“How much did I drink?” he asked curiously.
“Not sure. You were already plastered when I found you.” She came back to him and started to hand him his clothes before realizing he already had his hand full, holding the water. “Oh sorry…” she murmured, eyes blown wide with apology. “Your... hand is on the night stand.”

“It’s okay, I've learned to use one hand quite well,” Killian replied as he accepted the clothes, having her tuck them in his other arm.

“Yeah, I've noticed,” she said with a small smirk, and he didn't fail to notice the hint of blush in her cheeks.

“What do you mean?” he asked, confused. She looked as though she regretted the words that came out of her mouth.

“Oh nothing, you just seem well adjusted to having one hand. I made some coffee along the blueberry pancakes,” she said, quickly changing the subject.

“Thanks... it's Emma, right?”

She nodded.

“Thank you, Emma, although I think I want to shower first.”

“Good idea. You can use mine if you want. You've already been pretty acquainted with it,” she said with a light laugh.

“Very funny, lass.” She started to leave the room as he called after her. “Emma?”

She turned around and eyed him questionably.

“Why are you being so nice to me? I mean... I broke into your apartment and instead of calling the cops on me you let me sleep you in your bed, not to mention took care of me and made me breakfast...?"

Emma shrugged. “Well, I guess it's because... for someone who lived on the streets for a while as an orphan, it's the small acts of kindness that count. And my best friends who took me in off the streets and got me a job, rubbed off on me a bit. They're the nicest people you'd ever meet. Besides, like I said before, you're Liam's brother, and he's a good friend of mine,” she spoke adamantly as though that meant something to her. “And now he owes me big time, but I'm sure I could find a way to collect the debt.”

“He's not the one who he was naked in your tub. It was me, lass.”

“True, but you're brother never even told me you were coming until it was too late. And you were just dumped by your girlfriend, so you shouldn't be accountable for your actions. When I found out my ex-boyfriend cheated on me, I broke into his apartment and threw all of his stuff out his bedroom window... and he lives on the tenth floor. I also smashed his headlights in with a baseball bat, but I don't consider that my fault.”

“Wow, love, you're quite ruthless,” he teased playfully. “Now I know never to piss you off.”

Her features grew more serious as she gave a soft shrug. “Yeah, well, he was an ass. Believe me, he had it coming.”

“Sorry, love,” he said sincerely. “He would have to be an ass to do something like that to a woman like you.”
Emma gave him a small smile. “Thanks,” she murmured quietly. “I should probably let you take a shower.”

“You sure you don't mind me using yours?”

“No, only because I made you breakfast and you smell like vomit, so if you're staying here for breakfast I insist you take a shower,” she replied, a playful ring in her tone.

“Alright, I'll only be a few minutes.”

“I'll keep the pancakes warm for you.”

~*~

Emma gave him a towel before she walked towards the kitchen, grabbing her phone from the counter as Killian headed to the bathroom. She had been conflicted all morning, trying to decide if she should tell him about his little self-indulgence in her tub or not. She wanted to just forget that it happened, but that was definitely not going to happen. Not to mention the fact that even though she put on a damn good show for him, she could tell that he was on to her; she was not good at lying. Never had been.

She looked around the kitchen doorframe to make sure the bathroom light was on, which it was, indicating that he was still in there. She could also hear the shower being turned on as she tried to decide who to call to help her with this predicament. She could call her best friends, but Mary Margaret was never one for keeping secrets and David would just tell Mary Margaret. She could always call Elsa but she would just tell Liam-. Emma’s thumb hovered over his number. Liam would know what to do. She needed a man’s perspective anyway, and he was always one for making rational decisions. He was always the designated driver, the guy who was always dependable and always knew the right thing to do. Not to mention, she had a bone to pick with him, and he was Killian's brother after all.

Emma pushed the send button and listened to it ring, continuing to keep an eye on the bathroom door.

“Em, what's up?” he greeted cheerfully.

She sighed in frustration. She was still mad at him for the lack of notice about Killian's visit. “I will tell you what's up,” she replied spitefully into the phone. “Your brother, that's what's up. You didn't tell me he was coming yesterday.”

“What do you mean? I tried to call you last night and left you a voice message.”

“Yeah at the last minute!” she blurted out, a bit louder than she had intended.

“Yeah about that, I'm sorry lass. Honestly it slipped my mind that he was coming yesterday. We’re not exactly on the best of terms right now.”

“Well, that's all fine and dandy, but a decent heads up would have been nice. You forget that I have a key to your apartment.”

“Oh bloody hell, what did you catch him doing? I told him not to walk around my apartment in the nude.”

“Well, apparently he listened then. He chose my apartment instead.”
“He was walking around your apartment naked?”

“Not exactly.”

“How did he even get in?”

“I was doing laundry and left door unlocked for ten minutes.”

“So what exactly was he doing then?”

Emma bit her lip as she eyed the bathroom door once again before whispering into the phone. “He was…. he was in my tub masterbating.” She could feel the weight of the unsettling silence through the phone. Oh god, she shouldn't have mentioned it. Liam and his brother already had their issues, she didn't really need to add on to them.

“He did what?” he finally asked, disbelief instilled in his words.

“He doesn't remember anything about last night though. He was pretty drunk.”

“Bloody hell,” he sighed heavily into the phone.

“Look, I shouldn't have told you but I'm not sure what to do. Should I mention it to him?”

“Absolutely not,” he replied firmly. “If he doesn't remember then there's no need to remind him. Something like that, especially involving a beautiful lass who lives across the hall, will scar him for life. And he's already in a bad place, there's no need to twist the knife further.”

Emma rolled her eyes “Flattery is not going to make me forget what happened. You owe me.”

“It's the truth,” he countered with a light chuckle. “But seriously, you're right. I do owe you, and I truly am sorry for my brother. I should have known I couldn't leave him alone. And whatever you do, don't tell him, promise me?”

“Yes,” she sighed.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, I promise I won't tell him.”

“Okay, good to know we’re on the same page. I have to go now, we’re going out to breakfast before we go to the mall to pick out curtains for Anna's new house,” he said unenthusiastically.

“Don't sound too excited,” she said playfully.

“Trust me, I'm not.”

“Okay have fun. And tell Elsa to call me later.”

“It'll be a hoot,” he muttered sarcastically. “And I will tell her.”

“Okay, thanks.”

“Oh and Emma…?”

“Yeah.”

“Please, make sure my brother doesn't do anything else stupid.”
“Oh what, I'm his babysitter now?” She asked, irritated that suddenly she was in charge of Liam's brother after everything she already went through with Killian, and it hasn't even been twelve hours since she met him.

“Exactly. Thanks Em. Love you.”

Emma let out a heavy sigh. “Yeah right. I love you too,” she replied in a mocking tone.

After they hung up, Emma set her phone on the counter as she heard the bathroom shower turn off. She switched the griddle off from the warm setting and transferred the pancakes to a plate when she heard a knock on the door. She arched a brow, wondering who it could be at this time in the morning. Probably Mary Margaret and David wanting to go out for breakfast or something, but usually they called ahead of time.

She went over to the door and opened it warily, disappointment falling over her features when she saw who it was.

“What the hell are you doing here?” she asked, her voice laced with annoyance. It was the last person she ever wanted to see. Her ex-boyfriend.

“You never returned any of my calls. I was worried about you.” Emma scoffed at Neal as he stood at her doorway with a gutted look embedded in his features.

“Maybe you should have taken that as a hint. I don't want to talk to you,” she expressed with loud, enunciated words. “Now please leave.” She tried to slam the door in his face but he stuck his foot in crack to keep it from closing all the way.

“Come on Em, don't be like that.” He pushed the door open, forcing her back as he let himself in. “Please, can we talk? I wanted to apologize. I was an idiot for letting you get away,” he admitted apologetically as he tried to approach her, but she stepped back.

“I have nothing to say to you. Now leave before I call the cops,” she said sharply, pointing towards the door. His eyes and voice grew soft as he reached out to her again, this time gently grabbing her hands.

“Please, I am truly sorry and I want to make it up to you if you'll give me a chance.”

Emma closed her eyes to keep herself from staring into his. She still loved him, but he hurt her. She had to stay strong. “I can't Neal. You betrayed me,” she whispered.

“I know, and you have no idea how much I regret it.” Neal wrapped his arms around her and leaned in, trying to kiss her. She almost submitted to him, smelling his cologne, remembering how good it felt to be in his arms before he cheated on her, but she willed herself to resist him. Emma pushed him away and went past him, attempting to reach for the doorknob.

“You need to leave now,” she told him firmly, but before she could open the door, he grabbed her and spun her around, pressing her back into it.

“I just can't. I can't stay away,” he murmured, kissing her neck and pressing his body firmly against hers. “God, I missed you so much.”

She shoved her hands against him but he didn't budge. “Neal, please stop, I'm not interested in getting back with you,” she pleaded, but he only became more forceful.

“Come on, you know you still want me. You can't deny it.”
“Neal stop! Get off of me!” He continued to kiss her as she attempted to push him away.

“Excuse me, but I believe the lady told you to stop.” Emma felt Neal being pulled off of her, revealing Killian in a towel as he shoved her ex-boyfriend into the wall, holding him there with one hand as she expelled a sigh of relief.

Neal eyed him in shock, looking between him and Emma.

“Who the fuck is this guy?” he spat out angrily as he shrugged Killian off of him. “This is why you won't take me back?” He scanned Killian in disgust.

“It's not what it-” Emma started to reply, but then she paused, assessing the situation and seeing an opportunity here. Emma was wearing a bathrobe over her tank top and shorts and Killian was only wearing a towel, just getting out of the shower. She knew exactly how this looked. And she was going to use it to her advantage. She approached Killian and put her arm securely around his back, not failing to notice how his breath hitched under her touch. “I mean yes, Killian and I are seeing each other.” Maybe this would make Neal leave her alone. If only Killian went along with it. “You broke my heart but I had to move on somehow.” She could sense his confusion at first, but he quickly caught on.

“Aye, sorry mate, but you lost your chance.” Killian smiled at her, curling his arm around her shoulder as he leaned in to kiss her cheek. She responded by nuzzling her nose with his, a blushing smile crossing her lips as her other arm went around his impressively toned stomach. She couldn't resist running her hand across his abs feeling them ripple underneath her fingertips. She was normally not very good at lying, but this she had no problem with. It felt comfortable and natural. “So, keep your bloody hands off my girlfriend,” he demanded in a threatening tone as he turned to look at Neal again.

Neal scoffed. “I don't believe this. You’re choosing this one-handed freak instead of me?”

She could see Killian's jaw clench out of the corner of her eye as she released him and stepped into Neal's space, scolding him. She lifted her hand and smacked his face, leaving him holding his cheek in disbelief. “Don't you ever talk about him like that again, you asshole! Now please get the hell out of my apartment before I kick your ass out!” she demanded in a tone that told him he did not want to argue with her.

Neal let out a harsh sigh, dropping his hand and revealing the red mark where she slapped him. “Fine! But don't come crawling back to me when you realize that one hand is not enough.”

Emma wanted to throw something at him as he headed for the door, yanking it open. “Believe me, he can do more with one hand than you could ever do with two!” She walked up to the door with determined steps, and just as he turned around to retaliate, she slammed the door in his offended face, turning the lock with a loud click. “Oh my gosh, I am so sorry,” she said apologetically as she turned around to face Killian. She was expecting the worse, for him to just walk away to get his clothes and leave, but instead he held a proud smile across his lips.

“No worries lass. You were right. The guy is an arse, but I like how you stood up to him.”

“Yeah, well, hopefully now he'll leave me alone. Thanks for helping me and going along with you being my boyfriend and all.”

“It's not a problem, he shouldn't have put his hands on you like that, and I'm just glad I could help you get rid of him. I do owe you for taking care of me last night and for defending me, not to mention, making me pancakes.”
“Yeah, you're right. I guess this makes us even.”

“Not quite, I'd say I still have to catch up,” he chuckled. You have no idea, she thought but refrained from saying it out loud.

“Well, how about for now, you get dressed so you can eat said pancakes?” she suggested, her voice and demeanor much more calm.

~*~

Killian flashed her a smirk before he turned and headed to the bedroom where his clothes were. He was still stunned that she was so nice to him. How in the world did she find a loser like Neal? He was touched that she had defended him so adamantly and he could tell it was not just for show.

He knew that Emma was a thoughtful person, but there was still something eating away at him. It was as though there were another reason she was being so nice to him, but he couldn't figure it out.

He got dressed and attached his prosthetic hand before joining Emma at the breakfast table. She had made him blueberry pancakes and coffee, the wonderful smells filling the room as he sat down. He took a sip of the coffee, enjoying the soothing hot liquid on his tongue, instantly feeling much better than before. He swallowed and set the mug down before he poured syrup over the delicious-looking pancakes, picking up his fork to dig into them. Emma and Killian soon became engaged in casual conversation as they ate.

“Thank you for this, Emma. I can't even remember the last time I had blueberry pancakes.”

“You said last night that your mom used to make them?” she asked curiously before taking a bite of her pancakes.

“Aye, before she passed,” he murmured, surprised that he had told her that.

“Oh, I'm so sorry,” she said softly, staring at him with apologetic eyes.

“It's okay, it was long ago, when I was ten. She died of cancer. My father abandoned my brother and I after that so Liam's the one who raised me.”

“And now things aren't so great between you two?”

“Afraid not. He never approved of my decisions, so we kind of grew apart.” Killian took a bite of pancake, trying to think of anything else to talk about with this beautiful stranger. He was still embarrassed about last night, but she didn't seemed to be phased by it, which was quite comforting and also very suspicious. “Lass, I want to apologize again for last night. I'm glad that my brother lives across the hall from such a nice person.”

“It's okay.” He looked at Emma, noticing that she was biting her lip and internally at war with herself.

He eyed her curiously. “You alright?”

She nodded quickly. “Yeah, I'm fine.” He wasn't buying it.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” she replied before taking a sip of her coffee.

“What did you mean before when you made that comment about me being used to having one
Emma choked on her coffee and quickly set it down, trying to recover as she wiped her mouth with her hand.

“Why do I get the feeling you're keeping something from me? What all did I do last night?”

“Killian… you're right… I haven’t told you everything, but just trust me. You don't want to know,” Emma insisted as she stood up and gathered the dirty plates.

Killian stood up as well and gently grabbed her arm, urging her to look at him. “Emma, please. I want to know if I did something inappropriate or disrespectful towards you.”

“It was nothing. Believe me, it's just better for you not to know,” she replied wholeheartedly before turning around to head towards the kitchen.

He followed after her, unable to accept her answer. “But I want to know, lass. Please. It's been bugging me all morning. I have to know. What exactly did I do?” She turned around, sighing in defeat before transferring the dishes to the sink.

“You really want to know?”

“Aye. Please,” he muttered softly.

“Okay. But don't say I didn't warn you.” She let out another heavy sigh before continuing. “When I found you in my bathtub, you were…” Emma looked down at her hands, unable to face him as she toyed with her fingers, fumbling for the words.

“I was what, love?”

She kept her head down as she replied quietly. “You were… masturbating.”

Killian stepped in closer, not hearing her clearly. “Come again?”

She lifted her head and spoke more loudly. “You were masturbating.”

His body froze as he looked at her in complete and utter horror. “I was what?”

“You were masturbating, okay? That's how I found you.” After a moment of dead silence, Killian turned around and placed his hands on his hips, too embarrassed to look her in the eye.

“Bloody hell.” How the fuck could he do something that stupid and not remember it? And in front of this gorgeous bombshell?

“Killian, please, this is why I didn't want to tell you.”

He scoffed, looking towards the ceiling and wishing he were anywhere else but here. He felt her hand on his arm but he pulled it away and headed for the front door. “I have to go.” He couldn't even bear to look at her as he opened it and walked out into the hall, shutting the door behind him.

Emma cursed herself in regret as she went after him, but when she reached the hallway he was disappearing down the stairs, and she was still wearing her bathrobe. Why couldn't she have listened to Liam? Why did she have to go and tell him? Now, if they found his body in a ditch because he tried to drown his heartache and embarrassment in too much alcohol, it was going to be all her of
fault, and Liam would never forgive her. God, she was such an idiot.

She huffed in frustration as she went back inside, slamming the door behind her. She headed to her bedroom, deciding that she was going to have to find him and make things right somehow, even though she wasn’t the one who did anything wrong here. She made him blueberry pancakes for crying out loud. She mumbled to herself as she pulled some clothes out of her closet and got dressed.

There were really only two words to describe this situation, which were as the Jones brothers would say, “bloody hell.”
Happy Mother's Day to all of those moms out there. Hope you all enjoy! There will definitely be another chapter coming.

Killian was walking briskly down the street for what seemed like forever, trying to remember something — anything at all — about last night. He still had so many questions, but he was too humiliated to be in Emma's presence, let alone ask her more questions that would possibly reveal more of his inappropriate behavior.

When he had woken that morning, things certainly hadn’t turned out how he had expected. He would have preferred a one-night stand with the gorgeous blonde as opposed to jerking off in her tub naked. And he lived across the hall from her. How was he ever going to be able to look at her ever again?

Knowing that he was engaging in something so private and compromising in front of this amazing woman wasn't exactly an ego boost. It was one of a man's greatest fears — getting caught masturbating. Needless to say, he felt like a pervert.

Oh gods, and she was best buddies with Liam.

She was going to tell him and Liam was undoubtedly going to kick his arse out and send him back to England. Maybe Killian was better off going back anyways. Maybe this was a sign that he should have never left to begin with.

Killian was pondering the question of whether he should go to the bar or not, to try and forget the whole incident with some good ole rum, but who knew what kind of shenanigans he would get himself into this time around.

Maybe just one drink wouldn't hurt.

He walked into the bar and took a seat in a lonely stool, leaning his elbows on the counter with his face in his hands. Gods, he felt so hopeless and miserable.

The bar was really the last place he should be right now. He told Liam he was going to turn his life around and so far, he had failed in so many ways. Now he was just asking for more trouble. The thought of alcohol didn't even sound at all appealing to him. Only the possibility of forgetting everything.

It's all he knew. Whenever he had gotten into arguments with Milah about her husband, he had turned to rum for comfort. The thought of her being with another man had crippled him. So he used alcohol as an outlet. He knew it was unhealthy but it was the only thing that got him through. He didn't have his older brother to turn to, nor an attractive neighbor to confide in like Liam did.

Killian's gut twisted at the thought of Liam going to Emma instead of him, his own brother. Even though he hasn’t been close to Liam in a while, he still knew his brother rather well. Liam was normally shy around women he was crushing on, and Killian imagined that when he took a liking to
Elsa, he went to Emma for advice.

It was Killian's own fault though. If only he had listened to Liam in the first place, none of this would have happened. He would’ve still been without Milah, but at least he wouldn't be unhappy, and at least he’d have his brother.

“Can I get you something?” the male bartender asked, pulling Killian from his thoughts.

Killian dropped his hands to surface of the bar counter and shook his head. “No thanks, I've changed my mind.” He was not going down that path again. He started to remove himself from the stool when he saw someone take the one next to him out of the corner of his eye.

“Do you always start drinking at noon? No wonder you can't remember anything about last night.”

Killian paused, swallowing the large lump in his throat. Her voice was light and playful and almost gave him the courage to look at her, but instead he slumped his head cowardly.

“Listen man, if you're not going to drink anything, I'm going to have to ask you to leave,” the bartender told him sternly.

Killian nodded and stood up, heading for the door, never once glancing at Emma. He walked outside, and knew instantly that he had made the right decision about not drinking.

“Killian, wait!”

He could hear Emma's footsteps approach him as he kept a steady pace.

“Please. Can we just forget this whole thing? It's silly. We all do stupid shit when we're drunk,” she called to him, hot on his heals. “I mean I've never been caught masturbating before but I've danced provocatively on a table at a frat party and made out with a guy that I hated.”

Killian scoffed and stopped walking before turning around to face her and she nearly ran into him.

“You think that compares?”

“Well, no but, I wasn't proud and I hated myself for it —”

“You couldn't possibly understand,” he bit out more harshly than he had intended. “If some guy caught you in the same compromising position they'd probably just get turned on and offer you a hand,” Killian said resentfully before spinning around, continuing his previous pace but then he felt a firm tug on his arm, causing him to stop and turn around again. He lifted his eyes to hers and saw the anger flashing behind her emerald depths.

“Yeah well technically, I did give you a hand. You were so drunk you couldn't even get out of the tub without my help. I had to drag your ass out so you didn't puke all over yourself! Then you got vomit in my hair before you even made it to the toilet!”

Well at least that answered the question of what he did to her with his mouth.

Emma's voice got louder, filled with rage as she continued. “After I rubbed your back while you upchucked everything in your stomach I wiped the vomit off of your face before I helped you to my bed and brought you a bucket and water! I freaking tucked you into my own bed! Not to mention I washed your clothes and made you blueberry pancakes! So if you want to go off and sulk about how you did something embarrassing that you can't even remember then go ahead! I'm so sick of men being unappreciative and making everything about them! So excuse me if I find it difficult to pity you while I go back to my apartment and wash my sheets and blankets to get out the smell of vomit
and penis! I don't even know how you and Liam are even related, you're nothing alike. No wonder he didn't want to talk about you.” Her words felt like a knife to the gut as she started to turn around but stopped to look at him with steely eyes. “And just so you know, I would be just as mortified if the same thing happen to me.” With that said, Emma turned around and walked away with determined steps, heading towards the apartment building.

“Fuck…” Killian turned around with the urge to punch a hole in the brick wall of the building he was in front off. He ran his hand through his hair, starting to walk away as he cursed himself. He was a fucking idiot. And an ungrateful bastard.

Emma was right to be angry with him and say what she said, but it didn't make it any easier to digest. She went out of her way to help him — a complete stranger who broke into her apartment nevertheless — and how did he repay her? By only caring about his pride.

He wanted to go after her, but he was in no condition to make sincere apologies. He felt even more ashamed and embarrassed that he acted the way he did. He knew that he was no Neal, but he also knew Emma didn't need another selfish dick in her life.

Killian kept walking, trying to clear his head and deter the temptation to go back to the bar. Plus, he wanted to give Emma some space. He thought that any attempted apologies at this point would be too ungeruine and pointless. And her words were too painful. He wanted to be able to show her his appreciation more adequately when he didn't still feel like shit from the night before and from everything that transpired between them.

~*~

Emma was furious. She couldn't even do laundry, she was so angry. She went to the bar to make him feel better and what did she receive in return? Another brush-off. No ‘thank you’, no apologies, just another asshole feeling sorry for himself! She didn't need anymore of those types of men. She's had her fill.

Emma couldn't sit still and couldn't stop pacing. She needed a way to vent her anger. She needed to blow off some steam.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of her phone chirping on the coffee table. Picking it up, she saw that it was Elsa. She sighed in relief, letting out some of the frustration she felt before answering it.

“Hey,” she muttered, trying to mask her anger.

“Emma, what's wrong?”

She sighed. She knew that Elsa would be able to tell that something was wrong. “It's a long story. I'm sure Liam's told you part of it?”

Elsa laughed. “You mean about how you found his brother in our tub masturbating? Yeah he told me. Sorry, I just couldn't help myself,” she stopped laughing, becoming more serious. “So what's bothering you? Still feel bad about not telling him?”

Emma bit her lip. “Not exactly.”

“Then what is it?” Emma could hear the concern in her friend’s voice.

“Well, I know you and Liam tell each other everything, but can I tell you something that he cannot know about?”
“Yeah, of course. What is it?”

“I'm serious, you can't tell him. He’ll kill me if he found out about this.”

“I promise I won't,” Elsa said sincerely.

Emma let out a deep breath. “Well, I kind of told Killian.”

“Oh,” her friend replied softly. “How did he take it?”

“Not so well. He left the apartment and went to the bar. Liam asked me to keep an eye on him so I followed after him and I ended up yelling at him because he walked away again.” Emma told her the specifics of the conversation as Elsa listened quietly. “Now I’m so angry I don't know what to do!”

“Look Emma, take a deep breath. He was just humiliated. Not that it's an excuse for treating you like that. The whole situation is just awkward. You both just need some space. Maybe you could go to the gym to blow off some steam?”

Emma nodded, shutting her eyes briefly. “Yeah, that doesn't sound like a bad idea actually. But what about Killian? I'm supposed to make sure he doesn't do anything stupid.”

“You are not his babysitter. He's Liam's brother. He can call him and talk some sense into him. And if Killian tells him what happened, I'm sure Liam will forgive you. You didn't do anything wrong here, and you took care of his brother. So don't feel bad, Emma.”

“Yeah, I know you're right. But I'm still upset. I think I will take your advice and get on the treadmill.”

“Okay, I'll talk to you later, Em. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

Emma hung up and went to her bedroom to change into her gym clothes before leaving to use the gym in the apartment building to calm herself down. She ran on the treadmill at a fast pace while listening to the music on her iPhone, and it was quite therapeutic.

Afterwards, she got a call from Mary Margaret and David asking her if she wanted to go the zoo with them tomorrow. They were taking their son, Leopold, with them and Emma was more than happy to spend time with the people who were family to her, instead of looking after some misfit brother. Elsa and Liam wouldn't be home until late the next day anyways.

Emma didn't mention Killian or anything about her run-in with him, she figured she had plenty of time tomorrow to do so. They made plans for the zoo and hung up before she took yet another shower, trying to not think about her neighbor who had been masturbating in it not even twenty-four hours ago. She was more calm than earlier but she was still angry with him. He still had not been by with an apology or a ‘thank you’.

That night she ordered a pizza and watched television, falling asleep on the couch. She didn't get to the laundry and decided to wash her blankets in the morning before she went to the zoo.

~*~

The next morning, Killian climbed up the stairs, a bit more cheerful than he had been yesterday. Last night he had stopped by Emma's to apologize, but when he approached her door he could hear the blonde snoring in her apartment and he didn't want to wake her. He had smiled to himself at how
adorable she sounded as he went back to his brother’s flat and got some sleep himself. He’d received a couple of calls from Liam but he chose not to answer them. He was sure that Liam heard from Emma what was going on and called to yell at him, which Killian really didn’t want to hear right now.

Killian was bearing some to-go breakfast from the nearby diner as he knocked on Emma's door.

“Emma? You home?”

When she didn't answer, he turned the doorknob, finding out it was unlocked.

“Emma?”

He poked his head in, not wanting to startle her if she were inside. He swallowed thickly when he saw the empty apartment.

Cautiously walking inside, he headed towards her bedroom. He certainly didn't want to cause another awkward moment between them, so he knocked on her bedroom door instead of just barging in.

There was still no answer, so he cracked open the door slightly before slowly pushing it open. Her bed was stripped of any sheets or blankets so he breathed a sigh of relief.

She was probably in the laundry room.

He checked the other rooms first before he went to the kitchen to set the bag of food on the counter. Instead of giving her another surprise of finding him uninvited in her apartment, he left to seek her out. Taking the stairs, he went to the main floor and unlocked the laundry room with the key that Liam had left for him in the apartment.

Killian opened the door, swallowing thickly as he saw her bending over, emptying the blankets from the dryer. She was wearing a pair of denim shorts, exposing her toned thighs underneath and her hair was in a long braid that dangled over her shoulder. There was something familiar about her backside as she continued her task, but he couldn't put his finger on it. He quickly shook the thought from his mind.

“Let me help you, lass.” He stepped up to Emma and caught her off guard when he started emptying the sheets into her basket.

“I can do it myself,” she mumbled as she straightened her back, but he didn't stop until the machine was empty.

“It's the least I could do since I'm the reason you have to wash them.”

“Yeah well, you're kind of late. This is the last of it.” Emma eyed the other basket that held her comforter.

“Well, at least let me help you carry the baskets upstairs.”

“I don't need your help,” she muttered and grabbed a basket before setting it on top of the other. He snatched her box of dryer sheets before she could get them and he held it out of her reach as she tried to grab it. “Please just leave me alone. Don't you have anything better to do?” Emma put her hands on her hips, flashing him a scowl.

“You mean other than embarrassing myself in front of pretty lasses like yourself?” he joked, seeing
the slightest hint of a smile tugging at her lips as blush crept into her cheeks. “Not really. I just wanted to apologize for my behavior yesterday… and the night before,” he said, his words soft and sincere. “I wanted to thank you for taking care of me. I let my ego get in the way and treated you poorly and I’m truly sorry.” Her features softened more as he scratched behind his ear. “You don’t have to forgive me, but I just wanted you to know that I appreciate everything you’ve done for me. I brought you breakfast as a thank you and an apology and left it on your kitchen counter.”

She arched a brow in confusion. Killian shrugged and gave her a small smile. “You really should lock your door when you’re doing laundry,” he chuckled, handing her the dryer sheets. “You never know who might walk in uninvited.”

She flashed him a sarcastic smirk. “Yeah, you got that right.”

“Are you sure you don’t need my help, love?”

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

“Alright then. I’ll see you around.” Killian turned and started to leave.

“I’m sorry for what I said about you and Liam. I had no right to say that. I don’t even know you very well.”

He turned around and saw the sincerity in her eyes. “It’s okay. I deserved it.”

“Still, it was a shitty thing to say.” Emma walked over and stood in front of him. The close proximity made it difficult for him to breathe. This woman had seen him naked, which normally was not a bad thing, but he suddenly felt insecure knowing that she’d seen him in such a vulnerable position. This beautiful, perfect woman who smelled like strawberries and had sunshine hair had seen him at one of his worst moments. And still, she looked at him with soft emerald eyes that were full of apology, her lips parted in a heartwarming smile that made her even more breathtaking than she already was.

“No worries, love. You were upset because of me. And you were right. Liam and I are nothing alike. He’ll always be the better brother.”

“Oh come on, where’s the confidence you had the other night? You told me that you were the better and more handsome Jones brother.”

He lifted a brow, intrigued. “I said that?”

She nodded. “You did.”

Killian stepped closer in her space, noticing her breath hitch at the movement. “And do you agree?”

Her gaze fell to his lips and then back to his eyes. “That’s not really a fair question. Liam and I are good friends and I barely know you.”

He shrugged, eyeing her doubtfully. “I’d say we’ve been pretty well acquainted in the last couple of days, what do you think?”

He could see the blush spreading to her cheeks again, and decided that Emma Swan blushing was the most adorable thing he’d ever witnessed. She backed away a bit, trying to compose herself. “I think we should just call each other even. How about that?”

“I think you’re still way ahead of me, but as long as you say so then I agree.”
“Like I said before, you just got dumped and you were drunk. We all do stupid things over heartache and loss.”

Killian's gaze fell to the floor in shame. “Aye, it's true but it doesn't make it any better.”

“Well, I have an idea.” Emma put her hand on his arm, causing him to look up at her again. “I know that it's way too soon right now, but if you ever need to talk or want to talk about your breakup or anything else, I'm here,” she murmured softly, and the words went directly to his heart.

Gods, could this woman be any more incredible? Whenever he tried to talk to Milah about things that bothered him, she always made him feel like he was a burden to her.

Killian graced her with a small smile. “Thanks, love, that means alot to me. Does this mean you and I are friends now?”

She nodded, her smile growing more broadly. “If you want us to be.”

Killian stuck out his good hand for her to shake. “Then it's settled. Friends.”

Emma started to accept his hand as her eyes lingered there, but then she blushed and laughed, pulling her hand away. “How about a hug instead?”

He blushed back at her, realizing why she was hesitant to shake his hand. “Aye, fair enough,” he chuckled and offered both of his arms to her. She leaned in closer and got on her tiptoes, curling her arms around the back of his neck as he wrapped his arms around her back, pressing her body to his. At first he thought it was going to be short and quick… but she didn't pull away. Instead she brushed her cheek against his scruff, holding him closely. He took the opportunity to breathe her in, indulging in her warmth against his chest as he felt the weight of his emotions being lifted from his shoulders, however so briefly.

“And just so you know, you have nothing to be ashamed of,” she whispered in his ear.

“How so, love?” he chuckled in disagreement as she finally broke the hug. He felt a shiver from the loss and the look she flashed him took his breath away.

“Trust me. You have a nice-looking penis.”

His face became hot with red as he managed a sheepish smile. “Maybe so, but it doesn't make it any less humiliating knowing I touched myself in front of a gorgeous woman while I was trashed.”

She shrugged. “Would it make you feel better if I stripped naked and started fingering myself in front of you? That would make us even right?”

Holy fuck.

Killian's jaw dropped to the floor at the image she formed in his head. “Uhhh…” He couldn't see his own reaction but he knew the tip of his ears were the same color as his face. What made things even worse was the way she looked at him. The mischievous and flirty grin, as though she weren't the least bit opposed to what she suggested. “Actually, yes that would make me feel much better,” he uttered playfully as he wiggled his eyebrows and flashed her a charming grin.

She shook her head, still smirking widely. “On second thought, you couldn't handle it.”

Killian almost groaned, his arousal stirring inside of him. Their playful banter was bringing his cock to life. He stepped into her space, running his tongue along his lips before speaking in low, husky
tone. “We both know I can handle it quite well.” He felt her breath stagger, her eyes darting to his lips. The air became thick and heavy as he mirrored her movements, staring at her mouth as well, wondering what they tasted like. Wondering if they were just as soft and luscious as they looked.

Before his brain could even comprehend what was happening, Emma grabbed the collar of his shirt, roughly smashing her lips into his. The collision happened so quickly, at first he was sure that he imagined it, but the pull of his shirt told him otherwise. An involuntary groan escaped his mouth faster than he could control it from happening as his eyes fell shut. He exhaled shakily, his good hand gravitating to her jawline, his thumb grazing along her cheek as his plastic hand went to her back, pressing her closer to him.

He knew that it was too soon for him to be romantically involved with anyone, his heart was too shattered, but the way Emma looked at him and touched him, it seemed to numb any rational thoughts, causing him to forget his scarred heart and battle wounds, if only briefly. Now, the only thoughts invading his mind were this blonde, how quickly his heart sped in his rib cage and the way she made his breath stutter.

Her fingers wound themselves in his hair and the small tug she gave him as their mouths parted together, was intoxicating. Her lips were the softest kind of smooth, pressed firmly into his as he swept his tongue over hers, his head tilting to deepen the kiss.

He walked her backwards until her back hit the dryer and he had her trapped in his embrace. A soft moan escaped her throat, sending tingles of pleasure throughout his body. It was exhilarating, and gods he wanted more. The insistency of her tongue and the way she pulled him in closer seemed to inspire a boldness that he hadn't felt in quite a while, except when he was drunk, apparently.

His eager tongue delved in deep, exploring her mouth, their breaths heavy as their fingers itched to bring each other closer. Killian's hand moved to her waist and his prosthetic one went underneath her butt, allowing him to easily lift her up and on the surface of the dryer. Her thighs instantly spreading apart to allow him to press himself to her center, eliciting a whimper from both mouths as the hard bulge in his pants met the seam of her denim. He pressed her hips into him, giving her a small thrust, their moans and heavy breathing drowning out the noises of the other machines.

His good hand travelled to her hair, supporting the back of her head as he drew in her lower lip with his teeth, giving her a gentle pull. She let out a small gasp and he couldn't resist the urge to smirk against her lips.

His entire body craved more as she broke the kiss, panting sharply for air. He pulled away slightly and opened his eyes, taking in the wonderful vision before him. Emma's eyes were unfocused and glazed over in lust and desire, her cheeks and neck flushed with pink and her lips red and swollen.

“I know you're hurting but I feel obligated as your friend to make you feel better,” she breathed, licking her lips. “And I'm not looking for any commitment either. What would you say to a one-time thing?” she asked hopefully. How could he possibly say no to an offer like that? The heated lust coursing through his body evaded any reasonable thoughts he could've formed.

He braced himself against her body, trying to find air in his lungs again so he could answer her request, his words completely shattered. “Gods yes… I want you if you couldn't already tell…” he teased with a small chuckle.

Emma smashed her mouth into his and he returned it with the same eagerness, kissing her senseless as her fingers untangled themselves from his hair. She reached for his pants, hastily unbuckling his belt and undoing his button and zipper in a whirl of desperate movements and urgency. Her breathing was ragged and her lips curled into a smirk against his mouth, letting out a strangled giggle.
“I can… but I think I’ll need some further evidence…” Her left hand tugged at the elastic of his boxers as her right one dove within the encased confinement, her fingers wrapping around his unbearably hard cock.

A strangled groan left his lips, feeling her pleasantly cool fingers against the sensitive skin as her other hand went to his hip, keeping him steady.

From that point forward, he was a complete goner. He instantly submitted himself to her, melting into her touch, whispered curses falling from his lips.

“Fuck…” she moaned breathily, her hand slowly stroking him, gently cupping his balls before continuing upward as she captured his mouth again, swallowing the rough growl that tore from his throat. She pulled her lips away again and his knees would've buckled underneath him if not for the firm grip she had on him. “You feel even better than you look…” Her words stumbled out as Emma’s hot breath hovered over his lips, but they didn't have any less of an effect on him. If it were possible, his throbbing dick became harder in her grasp. Hearing this innocent blonde cursing was his undoing, that and the fact that her hand was moving up and down his length as she bit gently on his bottom lip before pulling away ever so slightly. He grabbed the back of her shirt, drawing the tip of her braid in his fingers as his forehead burrowed itself in the crook of her neck, peppering kisses along the exposed collarbone above her white, buttoned-up blouse.

“Little minx…” He started thrusting into her palm, seeking more friction as he summoned some energy and grabbed her hips sharply in his hands. He lifted his head and crashed his lips into hers, getting caught up in another fiery kiss. He could feel warmth spread through his body, his peak nearing its inevitable edge as her determined hand started stroking him more fiercely.

“Oh fuck, Emma. I’m going to come if you keep that up,” he groaned against her mouth.

“Gladly…” She grinned deviously as his hips worked more rapidly into her touch, chasing release as she tightened her grip. He grabbed onto her shoulders, preparing for the mind boggling orgasm he was about to receive, when they heard the jangling of keys on the other side of the door. His heart dropped in his chest and if Emma hadn't removed her fingers right then he would've surely came in her hand.

They scrambled to buckle his belt and zip up his pants, straightening their clothing before Killian slightly lifted Emma by her waist and set her down from the dryer, allowing her feet to find balance on the floor. She quickly moved to grab the basket as the door opened. She handed it to him so he could cover his apparent erection.

An older woman entered the room and set her basket on top of the washer before giving them both a once-over. Killian and Emma both blushed as she flashed them a knowing smirk before they hurried out of the room, practically racing for the stairs.

They avoided the elevator — he knew they would end up fucking each other against the wall, giving the neighbors an eyeful, so they opted for the stairs.

He hadn't moved so quickly in a long time, but it was still the longest and most painful three flights of stairs he had ever taken. At the same time, Killian was smirking in anticipation, knowing that for once he would actually be welcomed into Emma's apartment with open arms.
A moment of weakness

Emma didn't really know what the hell she was doing. She had gone from being upset and trying to suppress her thoughts about her new neighbor, to forgiving him and offering him friendship. The next minute she had her tongue down his throat and her hand around his cock. And now she was about to have him in her bed.

She could tell that he had still felt awkward about the other night. She still had, too. When she had hugged him, she couldn't stop the memories from flooding her mind. The images of his muscular and toned naked body as he took his long, throbbing length in his own hand. The image of him in only a towel as it hung low at his hips, the hard abs that her fingertips had actually touched. She had known exactly what was underneath the towel and yet she was hoping it would have fallen at his feet.

With those memories fresh in her mind, the feeling of his warmth against her had sent shockwaves of lust through her entire body. It ignited her in a way she didn't expect. So she decided to uncoil the awkwardness and tightly drawn tension that was still dawdling between them. She thought that if she offered him a similar type of view that he had given her, then maybe she would no longer feel the ache in the pit of her stomach every time she saw him. Even with him living across the hall now, she knew that nothing could come from this, which made it so much more appealing. His heart had just been shattered into a million pieces, and he said himself, he wasn't looking for anything serious. And neither was she.

Yes, having a good, satisfying fuck with the gorgeous Jones brother was for the best, she deemed. It's not like things could get any more awkward between them anyway. Lines have already been breached and things have already been seen that could never again be unseen.

“Oh God...” Emma's eyes slipped shut, a string of soft, unintelligible curses accompanying her moans when they had finally made it into the apartment and his mouth was on hers as soon as they had rid themselves of the laundry baskets, carelessly tossing them to the floor. She dragged her lips away and pulled Killian closer, dipping her head back so he could kiss her neck. A small gasp escaped when her head hit the solid structure behind her, feeling the assault of Killian's mouth on her skin the moment he pressed her into the door.

She was worried that the interruption in the laundry room had put a damper on the mood, but when the hunger in his eyes never subsided and her core was still throbbing, she knew that they wouldn't be satisfied until they finished what they had started.

Emma's nipples became erect underneath the fabric of her bra, her skin was heated; every little nip and every prickle from his scruff eliciting spine-tingling sparks that drove her mad as she licked her lips, just breathing him in. He smelled like cologne and leather, and tasted of coffee and cinnamon pastries; two of her favorite combinations. Everything about him was intoxicating. And his hand seemed to know just how to appreciate every part of her body within reach, stroking her curves underneath her shirt and roaming over her bra, fondling her breasts.

He growled against her skin, aggressively dragging the offending material away and skimming his thumb over her nipple. Emma quivered, a hitch-pitched moan tearing from her throat as he lifted his head and crushed his lips into hers, swallowing the sound. She grabbed his cheeks in her hands, feeling his jawline moving underneath her fingertips as they devoured one another without holding back. There were alarms going off in her head, but she chose to ignore them. He was Liam's brother and emotionally unavailable, but she was already too far gone to care.
Emma had never experienced a kiss quite like this before. If the man was this good with his tongue, she wondered what other things he could do to her. Killian suddenly hauled her up, fingertips gripping her thighs and skimming underneath her shorts. Emma’s body was deliciously bound into the door as she wrapped her legs around his hips.

Her hands went to the top of his head, fingers tugging on his hair to bring him closer, her tongue hungrily sliding along his as he gave her a few rough thrusts against the door.

_Ugh_, the erection he sported was hard against her center, making her incredibly impatient.

A whimper escaped into his mouth, her core was aching and her panties were soaked. Emma couldn't wait to have this man between her legs burying himself inside and hitting the spot she needed him the most. She knew he felt the same by the way his tongue moved against hers, with urgency and desperation. The anticipation between the two of them was about to burst as he continuously rutted his hips into hers, the door behind her creaking with every thrust.

She tore her mouth away, gasping for air as she spoke heavily in his ear, her voice completely shattered. “Killian… Oh fuck me Killian… please,” she pleaded.

“Bloody hell, woman...” He groaned and gave her two final lunges with his groin. “Gods, I’m going to fuck you hard… little minx…”

“Please,” she shrieked out.

With a rough growl, he crashed his lips into hers, kissing her deeply as he scooped her up in his arms, holding her against his body. He pulled her from the door and turned around to head towards the bedroom.

“Em Em?”

Emma’s body froze and at first she thought she had imagined the call of her name, but then she broke the kiss and saw the expression on Killian's face as he looked over her shoulder. She immediately followed suit and turned her head around, seeing that she had definitely not imagined the sound.

“Fuck,” she breathed out in a whisper as he smoothy put her breast back into place and pressed her shirt down, replacig the buttons that popped out during their haste.

Flashing an apologetic smile, she leapt from Killian's arms and turned around to face Mary Margaret and her husband, David, who was now holding his four year old son in his arms and shielding the kid’s eyes. Both of them looked at her in shock, their eyes darting between Emma and Killian as he hid behind her while his erection was still prominent and pressed against her butt.

“Guys, you're early,” Emma said breathlessly, still holding an awkward smile as she swiped some loose strands of hair from her face and tucked them behind her ear. “I didn't think you'd be here for another hour.

Mary Margaret tore her eyes from Killian and blinked a few times as though she were trying to process what she had seen. “Yeah, we just left early because Leopold was starting to get antsy. He was excited to see his Auntie Em Em. We tried to call but you didn't answer, so we just decided to drop by and when we found your door unlocked, we came in and got worried when you weren't here, but your phone was,” the brunette explained, holding up the phone in her hand and giving it to Emma. “We found it on the night stand just before we heard you enter the apartment.”

“Thanks,” Emma said sheepishly, slipping the phone in her pocket. She looked to Killian, knowing both of their faces were red and holding bashful smiles. She really did need to start locking her door.
when she left for the laundry room. “We were just doing laundry,” she managed, trying to diffuse the situation.

“Maybe we should come back after you've done… laundry?” David suggested as his son started squirming in his arms, trying to break free.

“That's okay, I've lost my desire to do laundry,” Killian said, a bit of irritation in his tone.

“Emma, aren't you going to introduce us to your friend?” Mary Margaret asked her, curiously.

“Sorry, yeah. This is Killian, Liam's brother. He just moved here from England. Killian, these are my best friends, Mary Margaret and David, and their son Leopold.”

“Oh, you're Liam’s brother? I wasn't aware that he had a brother,” Mary Margaret said, surprised by this new information as Killian stepped from behind Emma and shot them a friendly smile.

“Liam doesn't like to brag,” he smirked, setting his eyes on Mary Margaret as he took her hand and lifted it to his lips, kissing the back of it. “Nice to meet you, milady,” he said with a charming grin. Emma saw a small smile pull at the brunette's lips, a hint of blush in her cheeks. David didn't look very happy at the interaction. He cleared his throat, letting his son down from his grasp before shaking Killian's good hand, eyeing him suspiciously.

“Em Em!” Leopold ran up to Emma, holding out his arms.

“Hey, kid.” She smiled at him and knelt down to scoop him in her arms and as she came back up, she noticed David staring at Killian's plastic hand.

“Is that a prosthetic hand?” he asked curiously.

“David!” his wife squealed disapprovingly and swatted his shoulder.

“Aye, I lost my hand in the line of duty. IED took it but I was just lucky to survive.”

“Sorry to hear,” David murmured apologetically.

“It's alright, I'm used to people staring at it, but to me it's a memento of my time as a British Naval officer,” he explained, lifting the prosthetic hand and holding it in his other one, a nostalgic look in his eyes. Emma could tell it was a sore subject for more reasons than just the obvious one. “Well I should go. It was nice to meet both of you.”

“You too,” the Nolan couple replied back.

Killian turned around, his voice growing quiet as he spoke in her ear. “I have to take a cold and bracing shower. Can I meet you later?” he asked hopefully, no longer whispering.

Emma bit her bottom lip, still feeling the ache inside of her. She nodded and turned around to escort him to the door. “I'll call you,” she promised, but quickly realized she didn't know his phone number. “I can get your number from Liam.”

“I'll be waiting,” he assured her with a wicked smirk, kissing her cheek. A breath caught in her throat at the contact. She had to pull herself together to open the door for him.

“Bye, Killian.”

“Bye, love.” He winked at her, waving at the others and left before she shut the door and turned around, reverting her attention to her friends.
“So, how much did you hear?” she asked them, still quite embarrassed as she slowly swayed her godson in her arms. He was now settled and content as he wrapped his arms around her and rested his head on her shoulder, burying his face in the crook of her neck.

“Everything,” Mary Margaret admitted without shame.

“Oh God,” Emma groaned, wanting to crawl inside a hole.

“Well, we started to leave the bedroom, but then we heard your... amorous activities, so we started to go to Elsa's bedroom to hide,” David explained unenthusiastically.

Emma lifted a brow. “So you didn't stop us and instead decided to awkwardly listen?”

“Yeah, well it didn't work very well because Leopold ran out here before I could stop him,” David told her.

“Oh god, I'm so sorry. I hope I didn't scar the kid too bad.”

David chuckled as he gazed at his son still in her arms. “It looks like he’ll be alright. Although when he starts saying the f word and ‘bloody hell’, we’ll know who to blame.”

Emma's cheeks grew hot and she felt even more embarrassed if it were at all possible. “Alright, well I'm officially scarred for life,” she managed a laugh. “What do you guys say we go to the zoo now?” she suggested, causing Leo to perk right up and he lifted his head, bouncing excitedly and clapping his hands.

“I wanna go to the zoo with Em Em!”

“Okay kid, but first I'm going to put you down. You're getting too big,” she laughed.

He pouted as she set him down, but he recovered quickly and started running around the apartment chanting, “I wanna see the monkeys and kangaroos!”

Mary Margaret surrendered with a sigh, curiosity in her eyes as she looked to Emma. “Okay, but don't think for one second that you're getting out of telling us about your ‘laundry time’ with the hot new neighbor when we get in the car.”

David scowled at his wife. “I'm right here, you know?” He sighed dramatically, his eyes darting to Emma. “And I really don't wish to hear about your methods of ‘doing laundry’.”

The brunette grinned cheekily. “That's just too bad, sweetheart.”

Emma rolled her eyes and shook her head, walking into the kitchen. She had almost forgotten about the breakfast until she saw the bag on the counter that was from her favorite breakfast place in the city. Emma smiled a little, wondering how he knew what it was. “Is it okay if I eat in the car? Killian brought me breakfast.” She couldn't see her friend, but she could almost feel the smile burning into her back.

“Of course. Good luck keeping it from Leo though. You might have to share it with him.”

Emma looked inside seeing the wrapped breakfast sandwich and cinnamon roll in there. “I know,” she laughed. “It's not the first time riding in the car with him.” She grabbed her breakfast and purse, and the four of them went out the door. She made sure the apartment was locked up tight before they left.
Killian tilted his head back until it hit the tiled wall with a guttural groan, the hot water cascading over him as he took his hard dick in hand, pumping himself with fierce strokes. Twice today he had almost finished but was interrupted. He was beginning to think this wasn't meant to be. Not that it mattered right now. He needed to release himself before he went completely mad. The images that she put in his head of Emma fingering herself flashed to the front of his mind; her naked body splayed out on the bed, her legs spread and her fingers dipping into her glistening folds while she palmed her breast with the other hand. He hasn't seen her glorious gems yet, but he'd felt them in his palm and tugged on her nipples. He groaned and fucked his hand, imagining what the her gorgeous breasts and the pink hardened nipples tasted like in his mouth.

Biting his bottom lip, he envisioned her flushed cheeks and dilated pupils and the way her sparkling emerald eyes widened and mouth contorted, spilling out moans of pleasure while she brought herself to her own orgasm. Thrusting his hips erratically into his touch, he felt the familiar heat that he had been craving, overtake his body, his muscles tightening as his orgasm crashed over him. He uttered a grunt, heart pounding in his chest as his hot cum spurted out, some of it coating his stomach and dripping over his hand while the rest was washed away by the heavy stream of water, disappearing into the drain. He leaned back against the wall, panting and trying to keep his legs from buckling underneath him.

He got out of the shower, still trying to collect his bearings as he dried himself off with a towel, an exasperated sigh leaving his lips.

The car ride was long, but Emma was able to get out of divulging too much information to the Nolans. She only told them that she found Killian drunk in her apartment and took care of him. She also mentioned that he was helping her do laundry that morning and they kissed before things got heated. Thankfully it was dropped when David started groaning at the subject matter and Mary Margaret decided it was best not fill a four-year old boy’s ears with the graphic details.

When they arrived, David paid for their tickets and they walked through the entrance of the zoo as he got out his camera to take pictures. Emma held her godson’s hand, thinking about how grateful she was to be able to call them family.

Mary Margaret and David had been in her life for eight years now. She had been seventeen when she tried to steal from them in the supermarket. Emma had ran into David on purpose and swiped his wallet, but the store was so busy, Emma was unable to get away. Instead of turning her in, the young couple gave her an ultimatum. They talked her into giving David his wallet back and bought her whatever she needed in the store. Emma had grabbed a few cans of soup and other items that she could heat over the fire and a new pair of gloves because hers had holes in them.

The couple had stumbled upon Emma a few days later where she had been living and couldn't bear to see her go back to her bed of cardboard in the alley so they offered her a place to stay. They had a guest room in their loft, and Emma had refused at first, but then she imagined what it would be like to actually have a home. She was tired of living on the streets, tired of always being hungry. And then all of a sudden she had people who were willing to give her a home and a family.

She eventually accepted their offer and lived with them for three years, until Mary Margaret got pregnant. Emma thought it was time to get a place of her own by then. She had a fulfilling job as a counselor at the children's shelter, so she was ready to be independent. David and Mary Margaret had insisted she stay, but Emma would only feel like an intrusion. So instead, she offered to help out whenever she could and they helped her move to the city in a small apartment where she didn't know
anyone. It turned out that being on her own wasn't that great after all so she had posted an ad for a roommate.

Emma may not live with her best friends anymore but they would always have a special place in her heart. And honestly, she had always been amazed by their kindness and strived to be like them. And more often than not, it got Emma in trouble.

The sun was bright and hot as they made their way through the zoo. Leo was having the time of his life, flitting between exhibits and pressing his nose up against the dirty glass in an attempt to get a better look. He had just started learning to read and was trying to read all the informational plaques, but then got distracted, tugging on his Auntie Em Em's hand to wander off to see the monkeys swinging in the trees (one of them picked up a cigarette butt before breaking it in half and throwing it on the ground) or the red kangaroos licking their arms to keep cool. Leo would giggle and clap his hands as his Daddy took pictures.

Once Leo was exhausted and could no longer walk on his feet, having David carrying him around on his shoulders, they all agreed it was time to go. Emma took out her phone to text Killian. She had gotten his number from Liam earlier when he called her to tell them when they'd be home. Emma had hoped she would be home before them and now they were cutting it close. But Emma really didn't care at this point. She and Killian could get a hotel if they had to.

E: Home in 30.

They walked by a bird exhibit and Leo was enthralled by the parrots, watching them fly around as Emma waited for a reply. Not a minute later, her phone chirped and she would be lying if she said her heart didn't dance when she looked at her phone.

K: I'll be patiently awaiting your presence, love. Meet you outside your door ;)

~*~

Killian was almost dancing in excitement when he saw Emma's text.

Twenty minutes later he had his keys in hand and he was heading for the door when suddenly it opened and Liam was emerging with his carry-on bag strapped to his shoulder.

Killian cursed to himself, running his hand through his hair in a panic. “Liam… I didn't know you'd be home so soon.”

His brother dropped his bag to the floor, sighing in frustration. “It’s nice to see you too, little brother,” he muttered caustically. “You would've known if you answered your bloody phone.”

“It’s younger brother and I was unaware you called.”

Liam's eyes drifted to the phone in his hand as he crossed his arms. “Oh really? So my numerous calls and texts never came up on your screen?”

Killian slumped his head down, trying to avoid Liam's intense glare. “Look, I don't have time to talk right now, I have to be somewhere.” He started to move past his brother, but Liam snatched his phone, turning around and scrambling to look at the screen as Killian reached around him to try and grab it. “Give it back, Liam!”

“No, I want to know what the bloody hell is so important that instead of mending things with your brother, you avoid him and ditch him as soon as he walks through the door.”
Killian gritted his teeth. “None of your bloody business. You don’t want to mend things with me, you want to lecture me about getting drunk and breaking into Emma’s apartment to masterbate in her tub! Well go ahead and yell at me,” he challenged.

Liam paused briefly before turning around and handing Killian his phone back. “She told you?”

Killian nodded. “Aye, she did.”

“Bloody hell, I told her not too.”

“Well that’s just bloody fantastic that me masturbating was a topic of conversation!”

“Emma was shook up over it. She didn’t know what to do so she asked my advice! Now why don’t we get back to why you’re leaving in such a rush?”

“I told you, it’s none of your business.” He tried to head for the door but Liam placed his hand on Killian’s chest to stop him.

“You’re meeting up with Emma, so it is my business. What’s going on between you two? Emma said she needed your number to get her laundry key back because you lost the one I gave you and weren’t home to give it to her. And yet she’s not even home and here you are…”

“Why do you care what Emma does? You already have a girlfriend,” Killian pointed out spitefully.

“Emma’s a good friend of mine so of course I care,” Liam replied defensively. “She’s vulnerable right now because she was cheated by her scum of an ex-boyfriend and if you for one second think you’re putting your paws on her, you better wipe the thoughts from your dirty mind right now.”

Killian’s jaw clicked, trying to keep himself steady. “And why should I?”

“Because, Killian, I forbid it,” he stated firmly. “Emma’s too good for you.”

Killian clenched his fist, using all of his strength to restrain himself. “What gives you the right to tell me who’s good for me?! he asked angrily.

“Because, sometimes you’re too stubborn of an arse to see for yourself! Emma took care of you the other night because a she’s a nice lass. She’s nothing like that tramp, Milah!”

“Liam, you best be careful what you say because I’m about two seconds away from clocking you in the nose,” Killian spat out, his blood boiling as he stepped into his brother’s space with a threatening glance.

“Go ahead, Killian! Give me your best shot!”

Killian stared him down before realizing that he really didn’t want to get into this with his brother. He really didn’t want to end up sleeping on a bench in Central Park. He retreated with a sigh and backed away, turning around to avoid temptation.

Liam sighed heavily, speaking more calmly. “Look, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said those things, I just don’t want you or Emma to get hurt.”

Killian scoffed and turned around to look at his brother again. “You mean you don’t want Emma to get hurt.”

Liam shook his head. “That’s not what I said. You just got dumped, Killian. I think maybe you
should take some time for yourself before you decide to go and get involved with someone, especially when that someone is a dear friend of mine and lives across the hall.”

“If you’re so worried about Emma getting hurt, brother, then where were you when her ex-boyfriend forced himself into her apartment and assaulted her?” he asked resentfully.

Liam's eyebrows lifted, his features awash with shock and concern. “Please tell me he didn't…”

“He did.”

“Bloody hell, I'm gonna kill that bastard,” Liam muttered angrily, clenching his fists.

“And if I wasn't there, who knows how far he would have taken it. I had to pull him off of her when she kept telling him to stop but he wouldn't.”

Liam sighed in relief, his features softening a bit. “Thank you, Killian. Emma didn't tell me about that.”

“No need to thank me. I didn't do it for you,” he said in a sardonic tone.

“Well, no need to be pompous about it. I’m just glad you were there. I take it she's alright then?”

Killian studied his brotherly carefully, seeing just how worried and perturbed he actually was; Liam's hands were unsteady as he anxiously scratched behind his ear and his imploring eyes were full of concern and rage. “Aye, she's fine.”

“That's good to know.” Killian arched a brow in suspicion as Liam flashed him a weak smile. His face was still red with anger.

Liam's eyes wandered and he looked like a chicken with his head cut off as he started toward his bedroom, but then turned around and grabbed his bag from the floor. Killian stood there eyeing him suspiciously. “What?” Liam asked as as he looked up to see Killian staring at him.

Killian shrugged. “Nothing, it's just you seem awfully torn about someone who's just a friend.”

“Killian… I just… sometimes being close to someone who's generally closed off to most people is a bit difficult sometimes.”

A smug grin slowly spread across Killian's lips as realization settled in. “You're just upset that Emma didn't tell you and that I'm the one rescued her, aren't you?”

Liam didn't have to answer for Killian to know that he was as guilty as charged. “I was just worried about her, that's all.”

“Right,” Killian smirked knowingly. Finally he saw the blush flare up in Liam's cheeks as the small crack in his lips turned into a smile.

“Killian, I swear, there's nothing going on between us. I'm with Elsa. Truth be told, I had a bit of a crush on Emma when we met. Have I told you that story before?”

Killian shook his head. “I don't believe so.”

“Well, I had just moved in and she came to my door in a pair of pajama shorts and a tank top asking for a cucumber.” Killian chuckled. “I thought it was the strangest yet most adorable thing ever, and it turned out she needed it to help with Elsa's swollen eye. I was immediately taken by both of them, they were both sweet and pretty, but then I found out Emma had a boyfriend.”
“Ah, well I can understand being taken by Emma right off the bat.” Killian couldn't help the smile that pulled at his lips thinking about when he first saw her. Even with a hangover and broken heart, he was still utterly smitten.

“Well, finally we agree on something,” Liam teased. They both chuckled and Killian realized it's been far too long since the two of them actually laughed together. “Just do me a favor, will you Killian?” Liam asked, his demeanor more serious.

“Sure, what is it?”

“Don't do anything with Emma you might regret.”

“Liam I hardly think that I'd regret what I have in mind with a woman like that,” Killian blushed.

Liam shook his head. “That's not what I meant. You just got your heartbroken, but Emma… she's not a quick fix, and if you treat her as such you'll miss out on something more meaningful that you could have had with her. That's all I'm saying, younger brother.” Liam winked at him gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder. “It's good to have you back, Killian.” Liam walked toward the hallway with his bag and Killian was left pondering his thoughts.

~*~

When Emma was dropped off by the Nolans, she scrambled up the stairs. She had gotten home later than she thought. They had make multiple stops so Leo could use the restroom from all of the juice and pop he drank at the zoo.

She reached the third floor saw Killian sitting on the Swan welcome mat in front of her door. Her heart sped up as she walked over to him, a grin on her face, but it quickly faded when he didn't seem as enthusiastic. “Killian?”

He looked up at her, a soft smile crossing his lips as he quickly shot up from his spot. “Emma...”

“I'm sorry that I'm late, we were riding in the car with a four year old with a small bladder,” she explained playfully.

“It's okay, love,” he assured, offering a nervous smile.

“So, should we start where we left off?” she asked with a seductive smirk as she leaned in and grabbed the lapels of his jacket. Killian's features grew serious, exhaling a long breath as he met her gaze and covered her hands with his. “Love, will you sit with me outside a moment?”

“Sure. Is everything alright?” she asked skittishly

“Aye, there's just some things I want to say,” he replied, lowering her hands and taking one in his good hand before leading her downstairs and outside the building.

They sat next to each other at the top of the steps, facing one another.

Killian breathed shakily as he released her hand and swiped loose strands of hair over her shoulder. “Emma, I wanted to apologize… for everything. I haven't really made a good impression with you.”

“Killian, I thought we agreed we were even.”

He shook his head. “But we’re not. You're… a wonderful person, I realized that after only a couple of hours of knowing you. And I... I have many things to straighten out in my life…”
“Okay, I get that. So what are you saying?”

“I’m saying that I don’t ever want you to be one of those things that I need to straighten out. And I would regret it if I took advantage of you.”

“That’s what is about? Killian, I think I made it very clear that I’m okay with that.”

“But I’m not.” He took her hand in his, brushing his thumb over her skin. “You are not rebound material and I don't wish to treat you as such. You deserve much more, and I know that men haven't shown you that respect in the past, and I don't want to be one of those guys.”

Emma swallowed thickly. She didn't really know what to say to that. “Killian, I wasn't inviting you into my bed as a way of acting out. I just thought it would maybe make things less awkward between us.”

“Well, don't you think that would make it more awkward? We would have a one-time thing and afterwards see each other everyday. We would try to talk and just pretend to be friends, meanwhile one of us is picturing the other naked and wanting more. And we both know I'm devilishly handsome and hard to resist,” he teased with a smirk.

Emma laughed. “Yeah, well we both also know that I'm your type,” she added, playfully batting her eyes.

“You are not wrong about that,” he admitted with a blushing smile. “I just know that if I were to have you, I don't want just part of you… I’d want the whole thing.”

Emma's breath caught in her throat at his words and the sincerity in his voice. She wasn't used to guys caring about whether they were taking advantage of her or not. She was only used to guys taking what they wanted and leaving. “Thank you, Killian… for being honest.”

“You're welcome, love.”

“So, we're still friends?” she asked hopefully. She was disappointed but she knew this was for best.

“Of course,” he assured, offering his arms to her.

“Good,” she smiled and leaned in, wrapping her arms around him. He squeezed her tightly and she rested her head on his shoulder, breathing unsteadily. A soft sigh left her lips as she closed her eyes momentarily, not wanting to let him go. If anything, she wanted him even more now.

Eventually they started to pull apart and Killian brushed his stubble against her skin and she drew a sharp breath as he kissed her cheek. She could tell he was also struggling to let her go. “How about one last moment of weakness?” She turned her head and slowly captured his mouth, making sure not to use tongue, just savoring the feel of his lips one last time. His hands came up to cup her cheeks as he kissed her ever so softly, both of them breathing each other in.

Emma's heart fluttered, she felt painfully drawn to him, but she knew she eventually had to pull away. The sound of her phone forced them back to reality. They broke the kiss and laughed, licking their lips as Emma took out her phone. “I guess we can't catch a break can we?” She asked, seeing that it was Elsa texting to check up on her.

“I suppose not,” Killian chuckled sheepishly and stood up before taking her hand to help her up as well.

They both went to their respective apartments, saying goodbye and exchanging meaningful glances
one last time before opening their doors. Emma paused and turned, watching him disappear into his unit before stepping inside her own and shutting the door, forcing herself to forget about the feelings she had for him.
Chapter Summary

Sorry, I know this isn't much but I wanted to get something out there since I made you all wait so long for the update. Thanks so much for reading!

Emma took a seat on the couch, her conversation with Killian doing constant loops in her mind. She really didn't know what to do with their conversation. They were supposed to be friends, but she knew that every time she was around him, she wouldn't be able to stop thinking about what could have happened.

“Hey, don't look so happy to see me,” Elsa said playfully as she took a seat next to Emma, handing her a mug of hot cocoa, topped with whipped cream and cinnamon.

Emma looked up at her, flashing a tentative smile as she took the cocoa. “Thanks.” She took a slow sip, enjoying the soothing hot liquid as it slid down her throat. “Sorry, I just have some things on my mind,” she said, licking the cream from her lips. “How was your trip?”

Elsa settled back with her cup of hot tea. “It was great. We helped Anna pick out furniture and decor for her new place, we had some good bonding time, although I could tell Liam was a little bored but he got along really well with Kristoff.”

“That's good.” Emma took another sip, listening Elsa go on about the weekend, and spending time with Liam. She always had this spark of excitement when she talked about him. Elsa didn't say anything but Emma knew she was waiting for Liam to pop the question. Especially since Anna just recently got married and moved in with Kristoff. Emma knew that Elsa was jealous that her younger sister got married before she did.

Elsa paused and took a sip of her tea and Emma was hoping the conversation wouldn't be steered in her direction, but she could feel her roommate’s eyes watching her. Emma tapped her thumb on the mug and stared ahead, her eyes fixating on the wall.

“So, how did things go with you and Liam's brother?”

_Dammit._

Emma had been hoping to avoid the topic, even though she should've known she wouldn't be able to. She expelled a deep sigh, nonchalantly setting her hot chocolate in the coffee table, her tone breezy as she spoke. “Fine. Things are fine,” Emma replied in a flustered manner.

Her roommate studied her for a moment, making Emma's cheeks feel hot. Suddenly Elsa’s features transformed and her mouth fell open in excitement. “You kissed him, didn't you?”

Emma didn't reply and instead took a long gulp of her hot cocoa, trying to avoid her gaze.

Elsa's eyes widened. “I knew it! You swapped tongues with Killian!”

Emma set her mug on the coffee table before standing up. “You know, it's been a long day. I think I'm going to take a shower.”
Elsa frowned as Emma made her way around the couch. “What? I don't get any details?”

What was this, the fifth grade?

Emma drew out a depleted sigh and turned around to look at her roommate, who was waiting for an answer with expectant eyes, her arms crossed over her chest. “Fine, you're right. We kissed. Happy?”

Elsa grinned from ear to ear as she clapped her hands.

“But you can't tell Liam, got it?”

Elsa nodded and made a motion of sealing her lips. “Don't worry, I won't.”

“Thank you.”

“So, is that all that happened?”

“Yes.”

Elsa tilted her head, her expression firm as though she didn't believe her.

“We got interrupted… twice,” Emma confessed. “Once in the laundry room and then again in our apartment.”

“The laundry room?” Elsa asked in bemusement, a light laugh chiming through her voice.

“Yeah, but like I said we were interrupted. Mrs. Edna from the second floor walked in. Then we came back here, but Mary Margaret, David and Leo were already here waiting for me to go the zoo with them. So we decided it wasn't meant to be and that it was better to just be friends.” Emma shrugged, brushing the topic from her shoulders as though it were that easy.

“But something would’ve happened if not for the interruptions?”

Emma looked around the room trying to avoid her roommate's heavy gaze, her eyes then falling to the floor and she knew there was guilt written all over her face.

“Em?”

“Yes, we almost had sex okay! Can we just drop it?” Emma started to walk away when her roommate spoke again.

“And he rejected you and it's killing you isn't it?”

Emma spun around, a puff of air escaping her lips as she placed her hands on her hips. “Of course not. He did not reject me. We both came to the conclusion that it would be better to keep our friendship simply as that since we live across the hall and he just came out of an awful breakup.”

Elsa arched a brow, not entirely convinced. Her features were creased with concern and disbelief. Emma felt as if her own face were that of a glass window, cracked and broken at the surface. “And how are you dealing with that?”

“I said I'm fine,” Emma repeated sharply. “I'm not looking for anything romantic. I don't need another creep like Neal ruining my life.”

“That's true, you definitely don't need a creep like Neal,” Elsa agreed as she stood from her spot,
mug in hand as she made her way around the couch. “But even though Killian's a hot mess right now, you know he's miles ahead of Neal already, even though you just met him…” She approached Emma and placed her free palm on Emma’s shoulder “… and it scares the bejeezus out of you, even if you won't admit it.” With that Elsa disappeared into the hall with her tea, announcing she was going to her bedroom to unpack.

Huffing in frustration, Emma decided on that shower she had mentioned to Elsa. She went into the bathroom, her movements quick and hostile as she turned on the shower and peeled off her clothes.

When her bra and panties hit the tiled floor, she stepped underneath the hot stream of water, briefly closing her eyes and rinsing her face. She poured a bottle of body soap, lathering it into a sponge and washed herself, wishing the evening had ended differently and that perhaps she was washing herself for different reasons. Or that her hands were replaced by the good-looking British man who now resided across the hall. What she wouldn't give to have his strong hands all over body, stroking her curves. Emma shuddered at the idea, her breathing ragged, and she suddenly reminded herself that she wasn't supposed to think like that about him. She vanished those forbidden thoughts from her mind, finishing her shower without going down that dangerous path.

She rinsed herself and shut off the shower, stepping out of the tub. After towel-drying her body and hair, she slipped into her robe before leaving the bathroom and heading down the hall to her bedroom. As much as she tried, those stupid, crystal blue eyes and soft lips invaded her mind once again. The way he tasted and the way his hard length fit perfectly in her hand when she stroked him. Arousal was building in her core as she reached her bedroom, remembering the way he smelled. Remembering the mixture of his cologne and unique, masculine scent filtering through her senses. She shuddered, craving that scent and practically smelling him in the air when she entered her room. She shut the door with a soft click before pushing in the lock button, remembering that only two nights ago he was lying naked underneath her covers. Walking towards her bed, she was internally a bit giddy with excitement as she opened her robe, letting it slip off of her body and onto the floor.

Emma crawled into bed and slid under her covers as reality settled in and she cursed herself for washing the sheets earlier. She supposed she'd have to make do. Emma parted her legs and slowly slid her hand down her body, softly touching herself and feeling how wet she was. Her fingers made circles around her entrance and she closed her eyes, wishing Killian had been there following her into the shower. Her fingers were sinking into her folds with visions of him wet and naked, his straining cock ready for her as he picked her up, allowing Emma to wrap her legs around his gorgeous hips as he pressed her against the wall and fucked her rough and hard. A moan spilled from her lips, her breathing ragged, and it didn't take her long to make herself come all over her fingers.

The next morning, Emma woke up to the sunshine streaming through her windows and the sounds of Liam's hearty laughter coming from outside her room. God, the apartment walls way too thin. Although his laughter was not the worst thing she’d heard coming from his mouth on the other side of the apartment.

Emma scowled as she slowly got up, rubbing her eyes before realizing she was naked. She was just glad she had locked the door. She missed the days when she could sleep naked or draw the curtains and strut around in the nude. without having to worry about roommates walking in on her. Okay she hadn't done it that often but still. If she wanted to walk around naked then she should be able to have the freedom to do so.

Emma put on a pair of light blue cotton shorts with Tweety birds printed on them and a white tank top. She emerged from the bedroom, the delicious aroma of coffee wafting from the kitchen and she became a little more awake from just the smell.
“Morning stranger,” Liam greeted her as he tore his eyes away from Elsa.

“Good morning,” Emma mumbled quietly as she passed the kitchen table where Elsa and Liam were sitting at. Her main goal at the moment was coffee.

“I think miss grumpy pants woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning,” Liam teased playfully as Emma approached the counter.

That's when she noticed the coffee machine was off and it was empty. She touched the glass surface and the pot wasn't even hot. Her eyebrows furrowed in confused as she looked at Liam and Elsa, holding mugs in their hands. She knew that Elsa was most likely drinking tea because she didn't care for coffee… however Liam did. She marched up to him and grabbed his mug, looking inside of it and smelling to confirm that yes, it was indeed coffee.

“Excuse me lass, do you mind? I was drinking that,” Liam informed her, amusement in his voice. “And no it doesn't have any rum. You know I don't start drinking until after my morning coffee,” he deadpanned.

“How did you get this if the coffee pot’s not even on?” She asked in confusion, holding the coffee out from his reach. She needed coffee and demanded answers as to why there was no coffee.

“I got it from my own flat, now can I have my coffee back?”

She scrunched up her nose in contemplation, her brows furrowing together. “You got any more coffee in the pot?” She asked in a sassy-like tone, still withholding the beverage from him.

Liam chuckled. “I take it if I don't then you're going to steal mine?”

“Mmmhmmm,” Emma nodded, although she would have to add cream, because that's how she preferred her coffee and Liam always took his black.

“Would you two knock it off? Emma he made a full pot so you can have some.”

Emma smiled at her appreciatively. “Thank you.”

Liam looked over at his girlfriend and frowned. “Oi. Emma can make her own coffee. She already uses everything else in my flat.”

Emma looked at him, appalled. “I do not.”

Liam crossed his arms, not at all convinced. “Oh really? Then who used my laundry soap while I was gone, hmmm?”

Her mouth fell open in shock. “How did you-?”

“The cap was loose. I always tightened it after I use it, and I know that Killian didn't do any laundry either. He's dirty clothes are scattered all over his bedroom.”

“You know it's creepy how perceptive you are.” Emma said, eyeing him suspiciously as she handed him his coffee.

Liam shrugged. “What can I say? The three of you keep a fella on his toes.”

Elisa shrugged and leaned in to kiss his lips. “We try.”

“I need some coffee,” she thought out loud.
“You can have some, I suppose,” he teased.

She smiled at him sarcastically. “Thanks.” Then she thought about it for a moment. She had to keep reminding herself that his brother lived there as well and she had to be mindful of that. “Is Killian…?”

“He's still sleeping,” Liam assured her.

“Okay.” Emma started to walk away when Liam's voice stopped her.

“Oh and by the way, Em, I have a bone to pick with you.” She sighed dramatically and turned around crossing her arms over her chest as Elsa took a sip of her tea. “I do recall over the phone telling you not to say anything to Killian about him jackin' the beanstalk.” Elsa spit out her beverage, spraying it over the table and Emma had to stifle a laugh. She did agree, he had quite the beanstalk and boy she wouldn't mind climbing it, if she were to be honest. God, she really needed coffee.

“Liam! Is it really necessary to talk about this?” Elsa shrieked at him.

“Aye. I told her not to tell him.”

“What was I supposed to do? He kept bugging me about it. He knew I was keeping it from him, so I told him. But don't worry I looked after him as you asked me to. So how about a ‘thanks Emma for looking after my brother’,” she said in a sardonic tone.

Liam sighed. “Thanks Emma.”

“You're welcome. Now may I please get some coffee?”

“Yes you may.”

“Thank you.” Emma flashed him a sweet smile and curtsied. She quickly left the unit and scurried across the hall to Liam's, opening the door with caution.

~*~

Killian sat up slowly, wiping the sleep from his eyes. He eyed his alarm clock and groaned. He was normally an early riser but he didn't get much sleep last night. Too busy thinking about the blonde across the hall.

He pulled on a pair of boxer briefs before heading out of the bedroom and making his way to the kitchen. Thankfully there was already a pot of coffee brewed, so he opened a cupboard and grabbed a mug. He heard the front door open as he approached the coffee machine and poured the steaming hot liquid into his mug. “Thanks for making coffee. You're a bloody lifesaver, I could kiss you.”

“I didn't make it, but I'm not opposed to your offer.”

Killian jerked his head at the sound of her voice, taken off guard that she was not his brother.

Not at all.

His jaw dropped on it's own accord as his eyes spanned her entire form. Her long stems were on display underneath a pair of pajama shorts. And god her boobs were spectacular. They were snugly
encased in a tight tank top, her nipples poking out just a bit through the thin material. He’d have
remember to keep the apartment this cool at all times.

Emma gave him a once-over as well, and suddenly he remembered he was only wearing a pair boxer
briefs that were rather tight against his package that was now firm because of her.

“Sorry, love. I thought you were my pain-in-the-arse brother,” he clarified as Emma went around
him, her scent taking over his senses. She smelled absolutely delicious.

She got on her tiptoes and opened the cupboard door, reaching into it. As she did, her shorts rode up,
exposing the bottom of her gorgeous asscheeks.

Fuck, was she purposefully trying to torture him? Because it was definitely working. His eyes were
 glued to the back of her thighs as he licked his lips.

“I’m not arguing with you there, but you must not think he’s too much of a pain-in-the-arse if you
were tempted to kiss him,” she laughed, shutting the door and looking at him. His eyes quickly
sprang up, meeting her own. He knew that he’d been caught because he could see the rosy pink
blush spreading along her cheeks.

“Hey, I’m easily bought, especially when it comes to caffeine,” he admitted with a soft smirk.

“By the way, thanks for the breakfast. How did you know what I like?”

“Well, Liam's mentioned to me his favorite breakfast spot before and I just assumed you went there
too so I asked the cashier at the register and she was happy to divulge such information,” he admitted
with a shy smile.

Emma nodded. “Ah, so not only do you break into people's apartments but you're a stalker as well?
Got it,” she taunted with a laugh.

“What about you? Do you always just barge into your neighbor's apartment unannounced?” he
playfully shot back at her.

“No… just Liam's. He always has things like coffee and laundry detergent, you know, things that I
never seem to have in my own apartment.”

“Oh, well it's good to know I'm not the only one who breaks into other people's apartments
uninvited,” Killian chuckled.

“You are right there,” she agreed with a nod. “But this time I had an invitation to get some coffee
from him,” she explained, pouring herself a cup of coffee. “Although I had to beg for it. Sorry to
barge in on you though. He told me you were sleeping,” she said, replacing the coffee pot and
encasing the mug with her hands. Her eyes met his again, causing his breath to catch.

“I was. I just dragged my arse out of bed a moment ago.” Killian’s cheeks felt hot as he scratched a
spot behind his ear. “My apologies for the attire… or rather, lack thereof,” he said with a small smile.

Emma threw him a flirty glance, slightly swaying her hips in the process. “It's okay, I've seen you
wearing less.” Her cheeks grew even more red, it was absolutely adorable, and he was pretty sure his
face was the same color.

“Well, you lucked out, because normally I walk around the flat in the nude when no one's around.”

“Actually, I would say I'm pretty unlucky then,” she corrected with a coy smile.
Bloody fuck. This woman was definitely trying to kill him.

“Hmm, I believe tit for tat is in order,” he suggested, wiggling his brows in a suggestive manner.

She looked at him as though she were not opposed. “If I do recall I already made that offer and you turned me down.”

His features softened and he eyed her sincerely. “I know, love. I just wanted to do the right thing by you.”

“Well, maybe I should decide what's the right thing for me.”

She stepped up to him and she was so close his breath hitched and he swallowed thickly, eyeing her lips. “Emma.. “ whispered, his free hand lifting to rest on her hip.

He was such a bloody fool. He wanted to lift her up and set her on the counter, their breathing hot and heavy as he kissed the greedy noises he knew she'd make. He wanted to rip and tear that shirt off of her body, exposing her perfectly round breasts. He wanted to pull those adorable shorts down her legs and get lost between her luscious thighs as he fucked her senseless against the counter. He grew hard just thinking about it. And what made things worse was the fact that he could tell she had similar ideas in that gorgeous head of hers, hunger sparking in her emerald depths.

Before anything else could be said or done, the door flew open and they quickly tore apart, putting themselves back together.

“Oh good, you're up. I need to tell you both something.”

“Not anymore,” he grumbled under his breath. His brother's intrusion undoubtedly put a damper on the mood.

Killian was certain he was going to get a lecture from Liam. Last night they had talked for hours after he parted from Emma. He assured Liam that there was nothing between them and they were merely friends. But even Killian knew he wasn't convincing anyone.

To Killian's surprise, Liam approached them, his smile beaming and eyes full of excitement. “There's something I wanted to share with both of you, but you have to promise you can't say anything...” Liam turned to look at Emma, his eyes narrowing, “...especially Elsa. Got it?”

Emma looked offended at the implied accusation. “What?”

“I'm just saying you two are close... and what I have to tell you involves her.” Liam explained, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a diamond ring, holding it up between his index finger and thumb.

Emma laughed at the gesture Liam was displaying in front of her and put up her hands. “No offense Liam, but I don't see you that way.”

He responded with a sarcastic smirk. “Very funny, Em. But it's not for you, it's for Elsa. I'm proposing to her and I wanted to know what you both thought of the ring.”

Emma took the ring from him and studied it carefully. “It's beautiful. Elsa will love it.”

“Thank you,” Liam grinned, happy with her response as she handed it to Killian.

“I disagree, it's absolutely awful. She's going to throw it in your face,” Killian joked.
Liam rolled his eyes as he snatched it back. “Well, it's a good thing I trust Emma's opinion over yours. By the way, could you put some clothes on? No one wants to see you like that, Killian.”

Killian frowned at his brother, offended. “Oi, I was only joking. No need to be cruel.”

“This is so exciting,” Emma chanted and gave Liam a hug.

Killian knew he shouldn’t be jealous, for many reasons. He's the one who put their relationship in the friendzone. And Liam was already attached, he assured Killian that he no longer had any residual feelings for Emma. He only mentioned his former crush as a desperate attempt for them to bond and he was sincerely just looking out for his friend.

Killian watched as Emma and Liam pulled apart before he too was gathered in a hug by his brother.

“Congratulations brother,” he said, patting Liam on the back.

“Thanks, but I haven't asked her yet. I'm waiting for our anniversary which is six weeks away. That will give me enough time to think about how I will pop the question.”

“She’ll say yes, believe me,” Emma blurted out and immediately regretted her words, clapping her hand over her mouth.

Liam lifted a curious brow. “And how do you know this?”

“Uh… I I I could just tell,” Emma said, stumbling over her words. She looked at the imaginary watch on her wrist. “Well, look at the time... I have to go now.” With that, Emma scurried out of the kitchen and out the door, both brothers looking at her, perplexed, but both of them knew that Elsa must have mentioned something to her roommate.

At any rate, the subject was dropped and Liam left for work as Killian got ready for the day.

The next few weeks were miserable. Killian was still getting over his breakup but thankfully he and Emma were able to remain civil whenever they were around each other. But it was mostly because they made sure that they only hung out in a group. The four of them went out to dinner and to the theater, or they had breakfast together. Sometimes Elsa and Emma would bring over cinnamon rolls and coffee to the boys or vice versa. And Emma and Killian would talk casually and get to know one another. He told her about his time in the Navy and she talked about her job as a counselor. At first he thought his feelings for her were just simple infatuation but he found himself liking her more and more.

Killian had to admit that, overall, things were looking up. Liam scored him a teaching job at SUNY Maritime College, which he would be starting soon. The summer semester had already started but he'd be filling in for an instructor temporarily and obtaining a permanent position in the fall. He was slowly mending his relationship with Liam, although there was still some unspoken resentment between them that could only be fixed with time. He also hadn't drank any alcohol since the night Emma found him in her tub. He was determined to keep it that way, at least for a while.

He also started going to the gym and on occasion, he went with Emma if they were both going at the same time. They would be surrounded by other people, so it was completely fine to see the blonde temptress in her cute little outfits. And if he accidentally fell behind her when they walked to the gym, well it was not because he enjoyed watching her walk, checking out her ass as her hips swayed from side to side in her black spandex capris. And either she wore a thong or she went commando because as much as he tried, he could never spot any hint of an underwear line. And he's tried many times.
It was also difficult not to continuously stare at her as she ran on the treadmill wearing her colorful tank tops that looked as though they were smothering her breasts, but at the same time made them look exquisite. The swell of her boobs were exposed and sometimes covered in a sheet sweat when she ran. She looked like a hot, smoldering Goddess and often times he had to relieve himself in the shower after leaving the gym. In fact he had a pretty healthy relationship with his hand ever since he met Emma.

~*~

Emma just got out of work on a Friday night from a long exhausting day and she changed into her pjs, her heart set on settling on the couch with a glass of wine and watching her favorite movies. She was physically and mentally drained from the especially depressing stack of casework today. One of the children's parents committed suicide. What kind of person would just do that to their child?

She decided it was one of those nights where old horror movies and Chinese takeout and wine were an absolute must. And she was intent on doing just that. Elsa and Liam were out on a date, so she had the place to herself, although she thought about going across the hall and asking Killian to join her. They had gotten close in the last few weeks and she had to admit she enjoyed their platonic friendship. They still exchanged admiring looks, and she would never be able to forget about their previous encounters, but she was content with what they had. Besides, she didn't want to seem overzealous.

Deciding that she didn't want to bother Killian — he was probably out at the bar having a good time anyways — Emma retrieved her phone from the end table and was about to dial the number of her favorite Chinese place when there was a knock on the door.

She mumbled under her breath as she got up from her comfortable spot on the sofa and looked through the peephole. She answered it immediately, concern etched into her features.

“Killian?”

“Hi, love.” The words tore out of his throat. He looked completely gutted, his shoulders were slumped and his eyes were dark and hooded.

“You okay?”

“Not really.” Her heart broke, watching him attempt a smile but obviously failing.

“Milah called me and wanted to get back together…” Emma's heart sank in her chest. “…but I turned her down.”

“Oh... do you want to come in and tell me about it?”

“Only if I'm not interrupting anything.”

“Not at all. I was just going to watch movies and order Chinese. And I could use the company.”

“Thanks, love.”

Emma stepped aside and he entered the apartment as she shut the door behind him. “You know, I was going to make a joke about this being a rare moment when one of us didn't just barge into the
other's apartment, but... I can tell it's not really the time.”

“Apologies, Emma, I just... I should just go. I don't want to bring you down with me.” Killian turned around and started to leave, but Emma put her hand on his shoulder to stop him.

“Don't go. I want you to stay,” she assured him.

He turned around again, his brow raising to the creases of his forehead. “Are you sure?”

“Do you like Chinese food and horror movies?”

A small grin pulled at his lips. “Are you kidding? I love both.”

“Then I'm sure you can stay,” she said with a laugh.

“If the lass insists,” he said, his smile growing wider. God he was attractive, even when he looked like a train wreck. He was wearing a Kiss t-shirt and a pair of faded blue jeans that he usually only wore on lazy Sunday afternoons.

Emma’s heart was racing as she handed him a menu, quickly deciding that the night would not be so bad after all.
This story wasn't really meant to be a slow burn, but when I decided to make this a full-on multichapter, I wanted to take it into a different direction and now I have so many ideas, I'm planning on 15-20 more chapters. And who knows, there may even be a Frozen Jewel wedding ;)

I never know if I should add a trigger warning if it's for a very minor detail, but it could end up reappearing in other chapters so just in case it's a trigger for you I will say that there is mention of a past drug overdose and death, but it's not graphic or anything nor did it happen directly among one of the ouat characters featured in the story. Again, probably makes no difference but just to be safe. Also, this chapter ended up being super long so I split it up into two and I will be adding on to the next part and posting it quicker than normal.

Hope you enjoy!

“Would you like some white wine?”

Killian opened his mouth to decline the offer as Emma headed to the kitchen, but he had to admit the idea was very enticing. Trying to cut back on alcohol since his little incident wasn't easy but it was mainly the rum that was his weakness. It had helped dull the ache that clenched his heart, but he had a feeling he wouldn't need that tonight. Just being in Emma's presence was enough to ignite the spark in his heart that had died along with his former relationship. And he wasn't as worried about overdoing it on wine. Killian didn't really care much for the taste anyways, but he supposed he could suffer through it as long as he was with good company. “I've been cutting back on alcohol, but a glass of wine won't hurt I suppose.”

Emma's features held a mixture of surprise and amusement as she turned to look at him while retrieving the bottle of wine and two glasses. “Why’s that? Are you afraid you're going to drink too much and end up naked in my tub?” He heard the light playfulness in her tone over the sound of the liquid being poured into the glasses as he claimed a seat on her sofa, feeling his cheeks flaring with blush.

A coy smile curved his lips as he scratched a spot behind his ear, trying not to think about the terror he felt when he found out what he had done in front of this gorgeous woman. “It's not like it would be the first time, love.” Killian held the menu in his hand, scanning the selection. “I have a feeling I'm never going to hear the end of that from you and Liam,” he acknowledged with a small chuckle. “Am I correct?”

Emma gave a small shrug as she came back bearing two glasses of wine and handing him one. As she took a seat next to him she was pursing her lips, regarding him with a contemplative eye as though trying to argue with his statement. “I don't know, we may decide to drop it in fifty years or so when we're all old and can't remember our own names let alone something that happened ages ago,” Emma snickered.

Killian lifted a brow, surprised that she considered the possibility of them being in each other's lives
that long. “Ah, well I figured as much,” he supplied, quickly deciding not to comment on it any further. He didn't want to say anything that might deter her from making those assumptions. He very much hoped they would know one another for that long. That's the main reason he decided that ‘a one-time thing’ or ‘casual sex’ was not a brilliant idea. He didn't want to do anything that might tear them apart. He had to admit, he enjoyed being her neighbor and her friend, even if that were all they would ever be. “Thank you,” Killian said appreciatively as his gaze fell to the wine, his eyes growing with curiosity from seeing a couple of raspberries floating atop.

“I could tell you're not a wine drinker so I added some berries to dull down the bitterness,” she explained before taking a sip from her glass.

“You would be right, I'm not much a fan of wine.” As he said the words, he brought the glass to his lips and took a slow sip, inhaling the fragrance as he did. To his surprise, the wine actually tasted delightful, and she was right; it wasn't as bitter as he remembered, perhaps not at all. He swirled the liquid around in his mouth, indulging in the taste before swallowing. “This is actually quite delicious.”

“There's plenty more. And don't worry, I will cut you off if I think you've had too much. How does that sound?” she asked with a warm smile. “If you do end up drinking too much and feeling sick, at least you know I'll take care of you.”

Once again, Emma surprised him with her unrelenting kindness. He could see the genuine sparkle in her eyes as she looked at him through those long, thick lashes.

Killian knew he was blushing again, his smile expanding. “I had a feeling you would, but as much as I appreciate that, I don't want to be a burden on you.”

Emma scoffed casually, using her hand to wave off his words. “You wouldn't be. As you can see, I don't have much going on tonight anyways. I'm not even doing my laundry, which is a rare thing on a Friday night. Pretty sad, I know.”

Killian shrugged to counter her statement. “It's not as sad or depressing as spending your evenings drowning in rum and trying to get over your ex.”

Her features immediately fell and she gave him a soft smile as she extended her arm, taking his hand in hers. And since his good hand was holding the glass of wine, she was holding his prosthetic one. “Hey…” she uttered quietly, “those nights are behind you. I'll help make sure of that… if you want me to. Like I've told you before, anytime you need to talk, I'll be here to listen.”

Killian’s heart melted as he offered a frail smile. “Thank you, love.” Killian was annoyed that he couldn't caress her hand with his own so he set his wine on the coffee table and curled his fingers around her wrist, his thumb gently grazing over her skin. It still astounded him that she was so sweet to him. And yet, she was full of fire when she wanted to be; when she was pissed or aroused she had a completely different side to her. She was kind and strong and fiery and he loved all of those things about her.

“Do you know what you would like to eat? I can order us some food and then you can talk about what happened with Milah… if you want to of course.” She graced him with an encouraging smile, her hand still encased in both of his.

“Sounds like a plan. I haven't really talked about this with Liam, even though we've been bonding again, so it might be nice to get it off my chest.”

“Exactly.” Emma pulled away and set her wine down to call the nearby Chinese takeout. They
ordered some chow mein with shrimp, fried rice with chicken and some spring rolls before settling on the couch again and he exhaled deeply, preparing himself to expel details about the phone call he’d received that brought him over to his neighbor’s apartment. But if he were being honest, it wasn’t the only thing that inspired him to walk across the hall and knock on Emma’s door.

He noticed that she could sense his uncertainty when it came to talking about Milah, so she patted her lap, gesturing him over. “Come on, I promise you’ll feel better, and it’s cheaper than seeing a therapist,” she encouraged playfully. Killian’s eyes glanced from her face to her lap, considering the appealing offer. Everything about her was inviting and she looked absolutely adorable, wearing her little pajama shorts that were a pale pink with purple polka dots and a tank top that was the same color and said “I love naps”. He decided he just couldn’t resist.

Killian complied and laid down, resting the back of his head in her lap. He was instantly assaulted by her fruity scent and the warmth of her lap as she carded her fingers through his hair.

His breath became shaky as he exhaled again, trying to focus on keeping his voice steady. With her bright, intense green eyes looking down at him, somehow he managed to speak. “When Milah called me earlier today, I was tempted to not answer it. I knew nothing good could come from any type of conversation I could’ve had with her but being the bloody fool I am, I answered it anyway. I could tell she was torn up by listening to her speak. She apologized for our last argument and she said she wanted to get back together, that she missed me and she wanted me to come back home.”

“But you said no?” Emma asked curiously, continuing to stroke his hair with one hand, her other one resting on his chest.

“Well, I did eventually, but it wasn’t that simple. I told her how much she hurt me and we talked for hours. I told her I couldn’t go through that again and she wouldn’t accept my answer. I was tempted to give in believe me, it wasn’t easy.”

“So why didn't you?”

Killian tried to avoid her gaze as he looked up at the ceiling. He lifted his good hand, placing it over her own, stroking her fingers with his thumb as he tried to steady his breathing. He couldn't possibly tell her he didn't get back with Miah because he’d developed feelings for Emma and he was clinging to the possibility that he could be the man who she deserved. He couldn't possibly tell her that, could he? He also couldn't go back to being with a woman who was still in love with someone else. It would just hurt too much. “Because I knew she would just hurt me again. I've come along way since you and I first met, even over a few weeks, and I do not wish to back track.”

His eyes darted back to hers, catching her nodding. “I understand.” She then smiled warmly, her hand still in his and clutching onto his chest. “I'm proud of you, Killian.”

“You are?”

“Of course. I can tell you've come a long way. I can't say that I blame her for wanting to get back with you, but you stayed strong. And she's going to forever regret that she let you get away.”

“Thanks, love “

“No problem.” She flashed him a warm smile as he brought her hand to his lips, pressing a kiss there. He thought the same thing when Neal had come by, wanting to get her back, although he was appalled by Neal’s methods.

“Speaking of exes having regret, Neal hasn't been back to bother you, has he?”
“No. I think he actually got the hint.”

“Ah, that's good.” Killian breathed a sigh of relief as he lowered their hands back to his chest. He didn't want to beat the living shit out of the bastard for putting his hands on Emma again — okay, actually he did — but he would if he had to.

Just then, Killian's phone started vibrating in his pocket. “Sorry, love.” He reluctantly let go of Emma's hand and reached into his pocket, pulling out his phone. Seeing who it was, he grumbled at his screen as he sat up. “I wish Milah would learn to take a hint as well. Ever since I ended the call with her, she's been phoning and texting me, not taking no for an answer.”

Emma bit her bottom lip in contemplation for a second before her lips grew into an impish smirk. “I have an idea.” She held out her hand, gesturing for the phone. Killian eyed her curiously. “I know how to make her stop calling. Do you trust me?”

He didn't hesitate. “Of course.” The phone was still ringing as he handed it over to her.

Emma answered it quickly and put it on speaker phone so he could hear the conversation. “Killian's phone.”

There was a brief pause as Emma tried to stifle a laugh.

“Who is this?” Milah demanded in a rigid tone.

“This is Killian's girlfriend, who the hell is this?” Emma spat back. It was his turn to keep from laughing.

“Excuse me? Killian doesn't have a girlfriend. I just talked to him a few hours ago.”

“Yeah... he didn't want to mention me and make you feel bad.”

“Where is Killian? I need to speak to him,” Milah shot out impatiently.

“Sorry, he's in the shower at the moment but I can relay a message for him.”

“Why don't you ask him why hasn't he been answering my calls or texts for the last few hours?”

“Oh, well I can answer that for you...” Now this is about to get interesting, Killian could tell by the mischief in her tone.

Emma looked at him, asking permission with her eyes, for what she was about to say and he nodded in consent.

She started speaking into the phone again. “Lets see... for one, you're not his girlfriend and therefore he has no obligation to you. Secondly... he was a bit preoccupied with all the sex we just had.” Emma bit her lip, trying her best not to combust, and Killian’s jaw dropped as he awaited Milah’s response, but then Emma continued on. “I just had the best four orgasms of my life, thanks to your ex-boyfriend,” she added, somehow maintaining the composure in her tone.

“I don't believe you,” she said angrily, her voice laced with jealousy. “Put him on the phone!”

“I told you he's in the shower. I can send you proof if you'd like.”

Milah groaned in frustration. “I hate to break it you, but he's just using you. He still loves me.”

“Really? Because he was screaming my name when he fucked me on the kitchen table,” Emma said
casually, as though it were a completely normal thing to say.

At that point, they had to clap their hands over their mouths to keep themselves from exploding with laughter as they heard Milah cursing and yelling through the phone.

When Emma hung up, they both ruptured into a gale of giggles, grasping onto each other for balance. Neither of them could speak for a whole minute as they tried to stop cackling.

“Has anyone told you that you're quite the bloody little siren?” he teased breathlessly as their laughter died down a bit.

“Once or twice, but not in those exact words,” Emma replied once she finally caught her breath, her dimpled cheeks still red and swollen, the smile on her lips never faltering. “I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist.”

“No need, that was absolutely brilliant,” he assured her. It wasn't until then that he realized how close they were.

He was practically on top of her.

His arms were around her waist and Emma's hands were clutching onto his biceps as she leaned back on the arm of the couch and her face was now buried in his shoulder, trying to muffle another batch of laughter. “Although I must say, four orgasms is quite ambitious of me,” he teased, a chuckle still tickling his throat.

Emma lifted her head, shrugging as she gazed at him, her eyes glossy from laughing so much. “You are very ambitious, I'd believe it. We've already established you can handle things quite well.”

He lifted a brow, intrigued by her assumption. “Is that a challenge, love? Because I will warn you I never back out of a challenge… and I'm positive I could handle you quite well,” he said with a wink, his hand tightening around her hip.

“Well, even if I said yes, I know we’re about to get interrupted, so...”

He was still struggling to catch his breath and find some semblance, his hand still gripping her waist, their eyes never breaking their stare. “You might be right. We seem to have bad luck in that department.”

“Well, that and it's been twenty minutes since I ordered the food, so our delivery should be here any second.”

Their laughter finally subsided completely but they were still wrapped in each other's embrace as Killian swiped some stray strands of hair behind her shoulder, their features becoming serious.

As if on command, there was a knock on the door. “Impeccable timing, as usual,” he chuckled. They had to untangle themselves before getting up from the couch and Emma reached for her purse but Killian stopped her. “Allow me, love.”

“You're not paying. I'm the one who invited you in and offered to feed you.”

“And I'm the one who ruined your quiet evening.”

“Please… the evening is far from ruined. You made it so much better,” she assured him in a pleading voice.
Both of them eyed the door, unable to allow the other to pay for the food so they both raced for it, but Killian beat her, opening the door and retrieving the cash from his pocket. “Thanks, mate.”

Killian handed the delivery boy the money and took the bag as Emma crossed her arms with a pout. He flashed her a cocky grin.

“You already gave me four orgasms, you think you could let me pay…geesh. Now I feel bad,” she teased with a smirk as they made their way to the kitchen, taking out the containers of food and silverware.

“What can I say, I'm a very giving boyfriend,” he boasted, his cheeks warm with blush.

They were both anchored in the sofa again as Emma leaned back against the arm of the couch, her legs resting in Killian's lap with her ankles crossed as they ate.

“So, can I ask how you and Milah ended it?”

Killian stiffened a bit at the topic; he wasn't sure he wanted to divulge everything that happened between him and Milah. He was afraid of what Emma might think of him and the more he thought about it, the more his hands started shaking.

“Hey…” Emma's voice was soft as she stretched her arm and took his free hand in hers. “It's okay if you don't want to talk about it. Believe me, I understand. You were there when my ex tried to get back together with me.” She was correct about that, but Neal wasn't married to someone else.

“Aye, but if you knew the whole story, it might change how you feel about me,” he confessed, swallowing the large lump in his throat as he looked down at their entwined hands.

“Hey…” Emma's voice was soft as she stretched her arm and took his free hand in hers. “It's okay if you don't want to talk about it. Believe me, I understand. You were there when my ex tried to get back together with me.” She was correct about that, but Neal wasn't married to someone else.

“Aye, but if you knew the whole story, it might change how you feel about me,” he confessed, swallowing the large lump in his throat as he looked down at their entwined hands.

“Killian, you've been through a lot and you're trying to change your life around. I used to be a thief and I've done things I'm not proud of, so I get it. But if you're not ready to talk about it then we don't have to.”

“Thank you, love… for understanding. And maybe one day you'll feel comfortable enough to tell me more about your past.”

Emma gave a nod, her eyes growing with sadness. “It's a deal.” She pursed her lips in thought, contemplating something. “How about for now, we start with baby steps? You divulge a little and I'll do the same,” she suggested, and he decided that didn't sound like a bad idea.

“I think I can handle that,” He admitted with a faint smile. “No pun intended.”

Emma choked on her food, letting out a cute little snort. “Sorry, I'll never get sick of hearing that.”

“It’s okay,” he assured with a chuckle. “I have to say that I'm glad my prosthetic hand doesn't freak you out.”

Her eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “Why would it?”

Killian paused and drew in a long breath as his eyes connected with her emerald gems. “I suppose this will be my small confession… one of the reasons that Milah broke up with me was because she was ashamed of me and my injury. She would be embarrassed anytime we were out in public, even though we barely even saw each other before I lost my hand, due to my deployment and… other circumstances.”

Emmas eyes darkened, completely appalled by this admission. “You can't be serious?”
“I am, unfortunately. And she hated that I left the Navy, but I was already in shambles. Liam had
moved to the states because he’d also suffered a devastating loss, only his was worse. I lost my hand,
but he lost something more valuable.”

Emma eyed him in confusion. “What do you mean?”

Killian was shocked. “He never told you why he resigned as Captain and left the Navy?”

“He just said he needed a change.”

Killian quirked a brow at that. “Do you really think someone as responsible as Liam would give up
his rank because of boredom?”

“Well, I don't know, I mean he said that he had a falling out with you and needed to escape, so I
believed him.”

“That might be part of it but there's more to the story. He was dating this woman before he was
promoted to Captain and he often spoke of asking her to marry him.”

“Oh… I didn't know about that. What happened to her?”

“Well, she used to be a drug user far before she met Liam and then she turned her life around. She
was loyal and supportive whenever he was out at sea, but then sometime after he became Captain,
everything changed... she wasn't coping so well with him being gone all of the time and begged him
to leave the Navy but he refused. Eventually she fell back into drugs and died of a heroin overdose.”

“Oh my god, I didn't know that.”

“He took it pretty hard and blamed himself for not being there for her when she needed him, and he
ended up resigning because of it. There were other reasons too, of course. He didn't like the fact that
promotions were mostly based on how closely you follow a highly-scripted career path, not
necessarily how you performed at your jobs. Liam was always responsible, never got fired or drank
while driving and always passed his fitness tests, but he never had much confidence in himself. Even
when he was promoted to Captain, he didn't think he performed as well as he could have. He always
envied me for my performance but I only made it as far as a lieutenant before I was discharged. He
was even tempted to leave at the demands of his girlfriend but then thought better of it. Her death and
the guilt he felt was just the final push he needed to leave.”

“Do you think that’s why he was so hard on you for your choices? Because you had so much
potential? He didn't want Milah or anything else to get in the way of your future. He didn't want the
same thing to happen to you as it did to him.”

“Maybe, but don't you think it's bit hypocritical of him?”

“Yes, but I also think he was just looking out for you. He cares about you and wanted what was best
for you.”

Killian was stunned at her words. Emma really had no clue just how right she was. She didn't even
know the whole story about his and Milah’s relationship. If the Navy had found out about his
inappropriate relationship with a married woman, he would have certainly lost his rank as lieutenant,
or worse. Another reason why Liam wasn’t keen on him dating her in the first place.

“Okay, I guess it's my turn,” Emma offered, trying to reroute the conversation that she could
obviously tell was a sore subject for him.”What would you like to know?”
“Uhh… let's see… I do have one question…. and you can chose not to answer if you don't want to.”

“Ask away.”

“You looked distressed when you answered the door. Can I ask why?”

“That's not really about my past, but okay,” she laughed.

“It happened earlier today so technically it was in the past.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Alright, fine.” She told him about her day at the shelter and the cases that she encountered. His heart broke hearing about some of the stories. Emma had spoken of her job before but he was still amazed that she did what she did, once again proving to him that she was an extraordinary woman.

Their conversation steered into something more light as they finished their Chinese food, emptying their glasses and refilling them.

After they ate, they searched Netflix, deciding on a movie to watch. Killian learned that she was big on the classics like he was; movies like Friday the Thirteenth, Nightmare on Elm Street, the Shining and Hellraiser.

“Oh my god, talk about guilty pleasures,” Emma laughed. “I mean you can't really consider Friday the thirteenth a horror movie, it's more of an action comedy.”

“Agreed, love,” he said with a chuckle. “What would you say to an actual horror movie then… the Texas Chainsaw Massacre?”

He looked over at Emma and she had guilty look on her face.

“You've never seen it before, have you?”

She shook her head. “No, I haven't. It looks too gruesome and gory. Like I said my favorite horror movies could be considered action comedies. I'm not into cannibalism. And Leatherface looks super creepy.”

“Creepier than Freddy Krueger and Hellraiser?” he asked in bemusement. “Come on, the creepiness factor and the blood and gore is the whole point. Besides, you cannot claim to be a fan of classic horror without ever watching Texas Chainsaw, love,” he pleaded, throwing his bottom lip into a pout.

She laughed and sighed in defeat. “Okay fine. We can watch it. But I'm shielding my eyes from the gross parts.”

“Then you'd miss pretty much the entire flick,” he chuckled as he searched for the movie. The 1974 version wasn't available so they settled for the Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Beginning.

They got up and threw away their Chinese containers and Emma turned off the lights as Killian went back to the sofa, starting the movie when she joined him. His conversation with Milah had been forgotten and the only thing on his mind was the green-eyed blonde and the things he felt for her. Killian may have had alcohol in his system but he was very much aware that he meant more to her than she would blatantly admit. The feeling was definitely mutual, and he had an inkling that tonight would he proof of that.
Comfortably anchored into Killian's side, Emma was feeling a buzz from the two glasses of wine she drank as they sat with her knitted blanket over their laps. And maybe it was the alcohol speaking, but she was just not as close to him as she wanted to be.

As the movie started, Killian pulled his arm around her shoulder and she instantly molded into him, feeling more relaxed. She rested her head on his shoulder, trying not to touch him too much, but she found it very difficult to restrain herself. She could feel him breathing softly against her, the scent of his cologne intoxicating her senses as she attempted to concentrate on the movie.

About ten minutes into the film, there was a blonde taking off her shirt and revealing her bra and panties as she climbed on top of her boyfriend whose hands were bound to the headboard. Emma shifted into Killian, resting her hand on his stomach and she couldn't resist running her fingers along the abs she could feel underneath his shirt.

“The lad's a bloody moron if you ask me.” Killian peered down at her quirking a brow as she looked up at him. A smile pulled her lips.

“How so?”

He turned his head, speaking into the ear that wasn't burrowed in the crook of his neck. “If a beautiful lass had me in a similar position, running her tongue up my body, I would not be distracted by thinking about my brother.”

They both had a laugh as Emma adjusted her position, trying not to think about the image he put in her head. She had to clench her thighs together, vanishing thoughts of kissing and using her tongue on Killian's naked body while he was tied to the bed.

When the blood and gory parts of the movie came, she snuggled closer to him, tightening her hold around his stomach as she buried her face in his neck. Killian chuckled and pulled her closer to him.

Every now and then she took a sip of wine, which was probably not the best idea. At one point during the film there was a sneak attack and Emma jumped, spilling her drink all over Killian's shirt. “Oh my god, I'm so sorry!”

“It's alright, love.”

“Let me get a towel.” She started to get up but Killian's voice stopped her.

“No need. You got me pretty good, love,” he chuckled, looking down to observe the damage. “The shirt’s pretty soaked, so I'll just take it off.” He lifted the clothing, removing it and tossing it aside. “I'll just wash it later. No harm done.”
Emma's eyes spanned over his bare chest and stomach, the light from the t.v. aiding her vision. “Do
you want a dry shirt? I think Liam might have one of his shirts in Elsa’s room.”

“That’s okay. You know I prefer as less clothes as possible anyways,” he said with a smirk.

“You won’t hear any complaints from me,” she laughed, resuming her position and wrapping her
arm around him, this time feeling his skin and the thin trail of hair on his stomach. She could hear
Killian's breath quiver as she traced his abs with her fingers.

Their attention went back to the movie, although only halfheartedly. Killian's hand was slipping
underneath the waistband of her shorts, stroking her hipbone and her fingers were carding through
his chest hair and toying with the charms of his necklace, feeling his heart beating erratically
underneath. Their breathing was slow and ragged as they kept their eyes on the television screen.

At the end of the movie, Emma was relieved when it was almost over and the last surviving victim,
Chrissie, who was covered in blood, drove away in her truck, a joyful smile on her face as she saw
the police car lights ahead. Then leatherface suddenly appeared from the back seat and revved up his
chainsaw, sticking it into the back of her seat. At the same time, Emma felt something dig into her
back and let out a shriek, practically jumping into Killian's lap. He laughed at her as she clung onto
him, burying her face in his chest. Realizing the jab was from Killian messing with her, she playfully
shoved him. “You jerk!”

Her reaction only spurred on more laughter.

“For someone who claims to enjoy horror movies, you sure get spooked easily,” he taunted, holding
her tightly and dropping a kiss to the temple.

“Well, I can't believe you're into this stuff,” she teased in a mocking tone. “You have to be pretty
sick and twisted to enjoy this movie.”

“Oi! At least I'm not a scaredy-cat,” Killian shot back defensively and the hand that was now curled
around her hip began tickling her.

She squirmed and started cackling as she pulled away, launching herself off of the couch. “No you're
just a big dork.”

“Oh that's it, you're gonna get it, love!” He sprang from the sofa and came running after her as she
scrambled around the furniture, an embarrassing shriek falling out of her mouth as she raced to the
other side of the room, Killian hot on her heels.

She rounded a corner and headed for the kitchen when he caught up and grabbed her, easily hauling
her up over his shoulders.

“Let me down!” she called out breathlessly.

“I will when I figure out what I'm gonna do with you,” he chuckled walking her toward the door.
“Maybe I'll take you down to the dumpster…”

“No!” Emma was laughing uncontrollably as she wriggled against him swatting his back. “Put me
down you butthead!” she shouted playfully, her words gurgled from her position as his shoulder dug
into her stomach. But she couldn't find it in her to care. Whether it was the blood rushing to her head,
the alcohol in her system or Killian’s hands resting on the back of her thighs that were making her
dizzy, she didn’t really know.

“Oh that's it…” Killian shook his head and instead of taking her to the door, he headed back to the
couch. “You've been a very naughty girl. I think a good spanking is in order,” he teased.

Emma gasped, clenching her thighs together at the thought of his hand smacking her ass. “I think you might be right,” she puffed out, her laughter dying a bit.

She didn't think he would actually do it, but all of a sudden she felt a firm swat to her ass, and she let a strangled moan fall past her lips.

“Mmm, I think someone likes being spanked,” he growled, his body trembling against hers.

Emma shook her head as he reached the sofa. “Oh no, I absolutely hate it,” she lied.

Suddenly Emma was being deposited into the cushion of the sofa until she was on her back, lightheaded and panting from the movement. Killian landed on top of her, eliciting a groan from both of their lips.

He pulled away slightly, looking down at her with an impish smirk. “Since you seem to enjoy your punishment too much, I suppose I'll just have to tickle you instead.” She squealed as his good hand started prodding her again, his fingers slipping underneath her shirt and working relentlessly at her sides and belly. Emma erupted into another fit of giggles, her body violently shaking as she attempted to derail his hand.

“Sto- stop- tickling me!” she finally managed through her strangled and hysterical laughter that became louder as he continued, the sound bouncing off the walls. She reached behind her and grabbed the couch pillow, hitting him over the head with it and he chuckled and stopped tickling her to grab it, leaving them both panting. He leaned in until he was fully on top of her and ran his hand up her leg, his fingers slipping underneath her shorts and grabbing her thigh. Her laughing ceased and she lost a breath as she gazed up at him, her mouth parting in awe at his intense gaze. She was in a more relaxed position than a moment ago, but she couldn't ignore the fact that her heart was still racing.

Killian’s eyes fell to her lips, then back to her own, and he wasted not another second, capturing her mouth with his.

Emma immediately responded, sliding her hands up his chest, her fingers combing through his hair before grabbing his necklace and tugging him closer.

When their tongues collided, the warmth that rippled through her blood was so overwhelming, she melted, letting a moan escape into his mouth. They exhaled together, breathing each other in, the kiss becoming more heated and passionate.

Her senses were overwhelmed with the taste of wine and raspberries; she couldn't seem to get enough of him. She tugged on his hair, pulling him in deeper, enjoying the weight of his solid body on hers as she recalled the day in the laundry room when she wrapped her hand around his length. The memory made her shudder as she felt how hard he was underneath his jeans. Her core was aching as he pressed his erection into her, and she moaned against his lips, trying to decide if she wanted to take his cock in her mouth or between her thighs.

Ultimately choosing the latter, Emma rolled her hips into his, just enough to elicit a reaction and he groaned, the deep rumble heading straight to her core. He met her movements with a few hard thrusts and swallowed the muffled cry that escaped her lips. His hand was caressing the back of her leg as he sucked her bottom lip into his mouth, biting it softly and she let out a giggle, still feeling giddy from the alcohol.
Killian broke the kiss before she was ready, leaving her breathless and panting and wanting. His eyes were the darkest shade of blue as he observed her for a moment, his breathing ragged against her lips. “We shouldn't do this...” he whispered, his voice wrecked and shattered.

Emma’s brows furrowed in confusion, her eyes unable to focus. “Why not?”

“Love… I’ve told you before… I never want to take advantage of you, and you've had a lot to drink tonight. I think we should wait.”

Emma scoffed. “Oh please... I only had a few glasses of wine. I drank way more at the frat party I told you about when I danced on the table and kissed that guy and…”

Killian’s eyes were locked on hers as he swiped a few strands of hair behind her ear, still trying to catch his breath. “I don't want to be like that guy. I've grown to care about you too much for that.”

Emma’s features fell in disappointment. “Are you seriously rejecting me again?”

He leaned his forehead on hers, sighing in regret. “No, love… I want you so bloody much, believe me… but when I have you I want us both to be sober. I don't want to be a decision you end up being ashamed of.”

“You won't be. I think I've made it clear several times that I want this… I want you…”

“Believe me, love, I want you too… just… not like this…”

Emma groaned but eventually nodded in agreement. She could clearly see he really did want her, but at the same time, he was at war with himself. Her heart clenched and she let out a long breath. “You're right, we should wait. I really like you and I want this too, but I don't want to pressure you nor do I want you to have doubts about this,” she conceded.

Killian flashed her a sly smirk as he sat up and took her hand, pulling her up. “Believe me, you don't have to worry about me having doubts.” He grabbed the remote from the coffee table, using it to turn off the television before setting it back down. He laid back across the couch, his head resting on the other end as he opened his arms invitingly. “Come here, Swan.”

She didn't hesitate to join him, laying on top of him and wrapping her arms around him as she rested her head on his warm chest, feeling his heart beating erratically underneath. He pulled the blanket over them and tightened his hold, his good hand gently stroking her back. She was purring in consent, her body molding into his.

“This is nice, but wouldn't you rather sleep in my bed?” She thought about Liam and Elsa walking in, but she had texted Elsa earlier to let her know she and Killian were watching a movie, subtly dropping a hint to let her friends know that they did not wish to be disturbed. Lord knows they've already had enough interruptions. Elsa had responded with an “okay” and a winky face emoji.

“It's alright. I'm comfortable anywhere as long as you’re in my arms. Unless you'd prefer to move, love?”

She shook her head. “No, I'm perfectly fine here,” she murmured, a lazy smile making its way across her lips as her eyelids fell shut.

“Besides… after all of the sex we engaged in today and me giving you four orgasms, I'm too exhausted to get up.”

Emma snorted into his chest hair. “Me too. Four amazing orgasms really takes a lot out of a girl.”
They both shared one final laugh before drifting off to sleep.

The next morning, Emma started to wake, the light streaming into the apartment from the large windows. Her eyelids slowly fluttered open and at first she was confused as to why she was sleeping on her couch and not her own bed. Then she became aware of the warm body she was lying on, arms wrapped around her protectively. The memories of last night came flooding back through her foggy brain.

She felt his chin nesting in her disheveled hair, his chest moving in a slow rhythm as he breathed. Even though they were on the couch, she felt so warm and comfortable in his arms, she didn't wish to move.

Emma was contemplating the idea of trying to fall back to sleep when she felt Killian stirring beneath her. She lifted her head, seeing the smile crawling over his lips when his sleepy eyes met hers. She managed a small smile while becoming aware of the headache blooming over her. Considering her standards, she'd only had a few glasses of wine, but it's been awhile since she's drank that much.

“Morning, love.” His words came out in a lazy slur, his voice rugged from sleep.

“Good morning,” she greeted back, laying her head back down. They snuggled closer, his arms pulling her in more tightly and she sighed contentedly, her breath ragged against his chest. They stayed like that for a few more minutes until her head started pounding and she uttered a groan.

“You alright, love?”

“Other than the pounding headache, I'm fine.”

“Bit of a lightweight there, Swan,” he teased playfully. She lifted her head, seeing the concern wash over his features, despite the amusement in his words. “Can't handle your wine?”

Emma swatted his shoulder and managed a strangled laugh, reclaiming the spot on his chest that she used as a pillow. “It’s too early and my head hurts too much to come up with a retort to that.”

“Sorry, love,” he said, planting a kiss to her forehead. “How can I make it better? Perhaps some water and aspirin?”

“That would be nice, except that would mean I'd have to get up, and I'm really too comfortable to move.” Her words were muffled into his chest hair but she knew he heard her because his body trembled as he let out a half-suppressed laugh.

“You don't have to move, love, I'll get them for you. Where do you keep the aspirin?”

As much as Emma wanted to argue, she didn't have the energy to do so. Plus she knew that Liam and Elsa would be walking in at any moment and she didn't want to get bombarded with questions and accusations and have to explain her current position to them. She couldn't really decide if she wanted them to know anyways. “Bathroom cabinet above the sink.”

Killian gently turned to his side, taking her with him. He placed another sweet kiss to her forehead before carefully removing his arm and maneuvering his body from underneath hers as she shifted to allow him to do so. “Be right back.”

He got up and left to retrieve the bottle of aspirin and a glass of water.

As he was gone, her phone started chirping on the coffee table and she reached to grab it, seeing that it was a text from Elsa.
Elsa: Liam and I are bringing breakfast. Be there in a few minutes.

Emma’s eyes widened at the message, realization washing over her. They would've noticed Killian was gone all night. Did they suspect anything?

Killian came back, helping her sit up and she popped the pills in her mouth before taking a slow sip, the cool liquid rather refreshing against her dry lips.

He sat next to her rubbing her back as she set the glass on the coffee table and turned her head to speak to him.

“Liam and Elsa are on their way here with breakfast. Do you think they know that you were gone all night?”

Killiam perked up all of a sudden and started to get up. “I’m not sure but maybe I should go just to be safe,” he spoke. “Otherwise we won't hear the end of it.”

“Yeah, you're right,” Emma laughed.

“I'll see you later, love,” Killian waved and quickly made his way to the door, leaving in a dash.

Emma's features fell in confusion, unsure of what just happened. She was a bit puzzled by how timid Killian became, but she quickly decided to ignore it. Maybe he had the same thoughts about not wanting everyone to know that there was something happening between them before they even knew what that something was. And like he said, Liam and Elsa would never let something like this go. They would undoubtedly put the spotlight on them, and Emma didn't need nor want that kind of pressure on her, and certainly Killian didn't neither.

Liam and Elsa came home a moment later with coffee and takeout food from their favorite breakfast place.

“Hey, how was your date?” she asked them casually, hoping they wouldn't ask her about Killian.

However, Elsa was eyeing her with a suspicious smirk and Liam was looking around the apartment as though he were searching for something, or rather someone.

“It was fine. We went to this restaurant outside of town and went to a movie. We got back pretty late and just went to bed.”

Emma nodded with interest as she followed them into the kitchen. “What movie did you see?” she asked, trying to keep them distracted.

A broad smile took over Liam's face. “That’s a good question, Em. What movie did we see again?” he asked Elsa with a small chuckle. “Honestly we didn't pay much attention to it.”

Elsa blushed, a shy smile curving her lips as she swatted Liam's shoulder. “All I know was that it was some chick flick that this one chose, so I wasn't all that interested in it,” he confessed before leaning into Elsa, capturing her lips from behind as she was trying to take the containers out of the to-go bag, but Emma could tell it became a difficult task with Liam's hand on Elsa's hips as he smothered her cheek with kisses.

Emma laughed and rolled her eyes. “Okay you two, get a room.”

“We had one, but of course someone had to get up at the crack of dawn,” Elsa laughed, her head
tilting toward her boyfriend as she handed Emma her breakfast and a to-go cup of coffee. Emma opened it, letting the delicious smells of the sausage gravy and biscuits assault her senses. It was her second favorite, after cinnamon rolls of course.

“Is Killian home? We got him some food too,” Elsa said, eyeing Emma with a small smirk.

“Yeah, he went home a while ago,” Emma replied casually, her eyes falling back to the food as she made her way to the table, claiming a seat and taking a bite of a gravy-covered biscuit. “He’s probably still sleeping.”

“Okay…” Elsa accepted as she and Liam reached the table with their food, but Emma could tell her friend didn't believe her. “We’ll just save it for him.”

The three of them ate breakfast at the table chatting before Elsa kissed Liam's cheek and went off to take a shower.

“So, how was movie night?” Liam asked nonchalantly as they cleared the table, throwing their containers away.

“It was fine.” Emma took a sip of her coffee, leaning against the counter.

“That's it? Just fine?”

She didn't really take the question to mean much as she swallowed her coffee, looking down at the cup in her hand. “Yeah, we ate Chinese and watched a scary movie. Nothing too eventful about that.”

When she looked up at him, Liam was regarding her dubiously, making her feel uneasy under his stare. “So, you both weren't sleeping on the couch together before Elsa and I came over?”

Emma's mouth fell agape at the question. “How did you-?”

“We came over to see if he was here after we noticed that he wasn't in his room when we got home last night.”

“Oh… well we just fell asleep watching movies.”

“The telly was off, Em,” Liam pointed out with a disapproving look etched into his features as he shifted into a smug posture, crossing his arms.

“So we fell asleep on the couch together… so what?”

“So… is there something going on between you and my brother?”

The question hit her like a hard gush of wind. Even if she wanted to answer that, she didn't know how to, so she offered only part of the truth. ”Killian was having a hard time and needed a friend. We talked and ended up drinking too much wine and didn't feel like getting up so we just fell asleep. Is that okay with you?” she meant the question as a joke, but she could sense that Liam wasn't amused.

“So then why is his favorite t-shirt here then… hmmm?” Liam questioned accusingly.

Emma looked over to where he was referring to, seeing Killian's t-shirt draped over the arm of the chair.

Crap. How had she not noticed that he forgot his shirt? “Because we had a wine spill and it got all
over him,” she explained.

“So he couldn't go across the hall to get another one?”

Emma started to get irritated. She really was not in the mood for this. “Why does it matter if there's something going on between us or not? Why's it any of your business?” Emma asked as she started to leave the kitchen, walking past Liam in her endeavor.

“Because, I specifically told Killian to keep his paws off of you.”

Emma stopped, frozen in her spot, her eyes growing wide with anger as she turned around to face him. “Excuse me?” Narrowing her eyes at him, she stepped closer, crossing her arms. “What gives you the right to tell him that?”

He sighed, his eyes darkening. “Emma…”

“Ummm… no. You don't get to do that. You're not my father, and even if you were, you don't get to tell me who I can and cannot be with,” she stated firmly.

“Well, I'm sorry, lass but my brother is having a rough time right now and I just think-”

“You just think what? You think that gives you the right to dictate his life?!”

“Emma, I was looking out for you because you're my friend. After what happened with Neal, with him cheating on you and then coming here and assaulting you, I figured-”

“He didn't-” Emma started, but then realized there was only one person who knew about that. “Wait, did Killian tell you that?”

“Aye, he did. How could you keep something like that from your friends?”

“How could you tell Killian to keep his hands off of me?!” she demanded loudly. Emma couldn't believe he actually had the audacity to question her for keeping secrets when he himself had his own that he’d kept from her.

“Emma, I'm sorry…”

“No, you know what? I don't want to hear anymore…”

Emma wanted to leave the apartment, she needed air, but she realized she was still wearing her pajamas, so she marched to her room and slammed the door shut. She was absolutely furious. How could Liam forbid Killian from being with her?

She decided that she was going to take a shower and go over to jump Killian's bones and show Liam that no one interferes with her personal life. After she recalled when they almost came close but then Killian rejected her after Liam and Elsa got back from their trip, reality hit her like a ton of bricks.

Killian was never worried about taking advantage of her. He was just following orders? No, that couldn't be right. Killian wouldn't let his brother control him, would he?

Remembering how he reacted when he found out Liam and Elsa were coming over, Emma concluded that, yes, Killian rejected her because of his brother and it had nothing to do with him not wanting to take advantage of her.

Emma's blood was boiling as she changed into her jogging clothes, deciding that she needed to blow off some steam. Avoiding Liam at all costs, she managed to sneak out of the apartment while he was
sitting at the table reading the newspaper.

She left the apartment building and went for a long run, the hot sun beaming down on her as she
conspired how to get back at Killian. After everything she'd done for him, the kindness she'd shown
him, she couldn't understand why Killian would do this; why he would trick her into thinking he was
actually a decent guy. But he was just like the rest of them. She brought her walls down and put
herself out there for him. Emma felt so pathetic, practically begging for him like she did when it
didn't really matter, because Liam had him wrapped around his finger.

As Emma reached the park, maintaining a faster than normal pace, she decided she was going to turn
Killian's world upside down until he was on his knees begging for her.

She ran for close to forty-five minutes, and when she got back she was panting and out of breath,
sweat pouring down her back. She made her way upstairs and ran into Killian as he was leaving his
apartment.

“Hi love... you should've told me you were going jogging, I would've went with you.” He graced
her with a smile and she saw how his eyes spanned over her form as he tried to approach her. She
could see the desire and hunger in his blue depths when she casually walked passed him. She also
noticed how befuddled and disappointed he was when she didn't even wave or breathe a word; she
just disappeared into her apartment and shut the door behind her, making sure to lock it before she
went to take a shower. By that time, Elsa and Liam were gone.

Marching through the living room with determined steps, she grabbed his t-shirt, hiding it securely in
her bedroom so that he wouldn't be able to get it back so easily.

Emma was grinning mischievously as she left her room. She knew exactly how to bring Killian to
his knees…
Five's the magic number

Chapter Notes

I know, normally I would update one of my other stories, but I'm having too much fun writing this story.

@Rouhn is an absolute cupcake for putting up with me and looking over my chapters, offering relentless encouragement and support.

Thank you all for reading! Hope you enjoy. Okay, now I'm off to work on the next update for Wild at Heart.

Killian was baffled. He wasn't sure what had gone terribly wrong. That night had been the best night he'd had in a really long time. Then the next morning, he'd woken up with her in his arms. He hadn't felt that blissfully content in what seemed like ages. Even when he was with Milah. Maybe he'd left too quickly, but in all honesty he was afraid. He knew that Liam would be there in a minute and he really didn't want to be lectured by his brother. He didn't want to hear that it was too soon for him to be involved with anyone, or that he wasn't good enough for Emma. Maybe that was no excuse to leave her like he did, but he didn't know it would make her so upset. Knowing Emma, if something like that bothered her, she'd be busting down his door, giving him a piece of her mind.

But she hadn't spoken to him in three days.

Meanwhile, he tried his best curb the temptation of alcohol. Lately it never seemed to be in his favor. So he found another hangout place instead of the bar, where the temptation of rum wouldn't be available. He'd go on the rooftop of his apartment and just look over the city. It was rather a fantastic sight, the sparkling lights that brightened up the night, the cool, refreshing breeze that passed through him. It was actually quite therapeutic.

“There you are, brother. I've been looking everywhere for you.”

Killian sighed, turning his head reluctantly to see his brother entering through the roof hatch. “You're sure I wanted be found, huh?”

Liam came up behind him, resting his hand on Killian's shoulder as they both looked out over the cityscape. “I was just worried. You've been kind of distant lately.”

“Yeah, well one of the things I had going for me since I came here… hasn't worked out very well.”

Liam's eyebrows knitted together, curiosity dancing in his eyes. “And here I thought we were just starting to get along again.” He dropped his arm from Killian's shoulder and folded his arms over his chest.

“You and I aren't the problem. Although I'm really sorry that I let Milah come between us,” Killian apologized adamantly, his face stricken with guilt. Liam eyed him in surprise as Killian finally summoned the courage to say the things he'd been to cowardice to say before. “I haven't told you this yet, but I'm truly sorry that we drifted apart.”

“Hey, it's in the past now. And you've been through a lot since your accident. I tried not to pressure
you since you’ve moved here. You don’t even have to talk about what happened if you don’t want to.”

“Thank you. I’m afraid if I did I would need some liquid courage, so I think I’m just going to pass for now.” Killian turned and looked at his brother in the eye, giving him a friendly pat on the shoulder. But I appreciate everything you’ve done for me, brother.”

Liam flashed him a frail smile and pulled him in for a hug. “It’s not a problem. What are the brothers for?” he asked, pulling away slightly, the corner of his lips turning up into a mischievous smirk. “Other than doing this...” He suddenly removed his other arm, putting Killian in a headlock, his hand ruffling Killian’s hair as Liam gave him a noogie.

“Oi!” Killian twisted and pushed him away, managing to break free before reaching for his brother and playfully slapping him upside the head.

The two of them started wrestling and messing with each other like they used to; giving each other noogies and engaging in light roughhouse.

“All right alright,” Liam chuckled and he stuck out his hand after derailing Killian’s efforts of trying to jump on his back. “Call it a truce?”

Killian eyed his brother’s hand suspiciously. “I don’t trust you.” Liam always had to have the last laugh even after he offered a truce.

Liam put up his hands in defeat. “Alright, fair enough.” They were both short of breath, attempting to tidy up their rumpled hair before leaning on the concrete railing as a thoughtful expression fell over Liam’s features. “So, you never told me what didn't work out for you. What was it?”

“You really wanna know?”

“Aye, I do.”

Killian exhaled a long breath before speaking. “Well, I thought Emma and I were becoming friends… maybe more, but now she won't even talk to me.”

“Ah… yeah, about that… she's not actually mad at you. She's mad at me. We kind of got into a fight on Saturday.”

Killian lifted a curious brow. “A fight about what?”

“Well, I was trying to butt into her relationship with you. I was only looking out for the two of you, but it ended up blowing up in my face. She hasn’t talked to me since then.”

“Ah, I see. Well that explains it,” Killian muttered, a bit irritated.

“Killian, I’m sorry. I realized I stepped over a line. I’ll talk to her.”

Killian shook his head. “Please don’t. I should be the one to do that. It was just way too soon to try and get romantically involved with someone anyways. I think it would’ve created more harm than good.”

Liam nodded in agreement. “What do you think I’ve been trying to tell you, brother?” Killian thought that Liam would give him his signature ‘I told you so’ grin, but instead he pulled out what appeared to be some type of brochure. “But I really want to make it up to you and Emma…’”
Killian eyed him in confusion before accepting and observing the brochure in his hand. “What’s this for?”

“I reserved a campsite for the four of us. At first I was just planning on going with Elsa for our anniversary. I didn’t tell you and Emma because I wanted it to be a surprise. Then I figured that we could all use a vacation. So I decided to reserve it for the week of the Fourth of July so we could see the fireworks display there. You’ve never been here to celebrate the Fourth so I thought you would like to be there with us. And I figured I could take Elsa somewhere out of town for the weekend to celebrate our anniversary. If she accepts the ring, we can all go out to a nice dinner for our engagement and then head out to Massachusetts the next week for a camping trip. We can pitch some tents and go fishing and have s’mores over the campfire and just relax on the beach. What do you think?”

Killian lifted a bemused brow. “A bit optimistic aren’t we? What if she says no?” he asked, although he should’ve been more worried about whether he’d have to share a tent with Emma. Sleeping next to her in such a confined space didn’t seem like the smartest idea. Intriguing, yes, but not intelligent.

Liam scolded him, ripping the brochure out of his hand, folding it and tucking it into his back pocket. “Thanks for the vote of confidence, little brother. If she says no and decides to break up with me, then we could make a guy’s vacation out of it. I think if that happened we would need one anyway, right?”

“So why not propose to her at the beach in front of the fireworks display?”

“With tons of people surrounding us and loud noises and booms from the fireworks…?” Liam shook his head. “That doesn’t sound romantic to me, and I don’t wish to scare her off. Besides, I’m asking her to marry me, not reciting the Declaration of Independence.”

“Ah, fair point.”

~*~

“So how’s it going with your new neighbor?”

Emma smirked at Mary Margaret’s question even though the brunette couldn’t see her through the phone. “Everything’s going fine. We’re still just friends,” Emma added, answering the question she knew Mary Margaret wanted to ask her but didn’t.

“Oh, okay. So you’re not seeing him sexually or anything?”

Emma almost dropped her phone. She was not expecting that from someone so meek as her friend. “No, I’m not.”

“Okay… that’s good..”

“Why do you say that,” Emma asked suspiciously.

“Well... because there’s someone David and I wanted you to meet.”

Emma lifted a curious brow. “Who?”

“Well, it won’t be for a couple of weeks, but we have a friend of ours coming in from Ireland. We met him a while back. David used to work with him on the force before he moved back home. His name is Graham and he’s a really nice guy. I just thought you’d like to meet him. He’s never been to New York so we were going to show him around. And you can come of course... but only if you
want to. No pressure,” Mary Margaret assured her. “And we were just thinking of meeting somewhere the night he gets in. Somewhere quiet where we can all talk, like a nice restaurant.”

Normally Emma wouldn't be interested — this felt an aweful lot like a double date — but then an idea occurred to her and she started grinning mischievously, the wheels turning in her head. “What about Neverland?” Emma suggested eagerly.

“Umm sure... why not?… that could be fun,” Mary Margaret chirped. She and David weren't exactly the nightclub sort of people every once in awhile Emma talked them into going and they always had a nice time. “We'll just get a babysitter for Leopold.”

“Okay, great, I look forward to meeting this friend of yours then.”

~*~

The next day, Liam headed off to work early in the morning and Killian had the day off. He decided to take the opportunity to walk around in his underwear, making coffee and planning to run errands later on, with more clothes on of course. He also thought about what he was going to say to Emma about Liam trying to meddle in their relationship.

Killian was working on his computer in his underwear, setting his coffee down on the desk. After he’d lost his left hand and went through rehabilitation, he adjusted to typing with one hand. Afterall, he still had the muscle memory to do so. And now he could type just as quickly as he used to with two hands.

Killian took a sip of his coffee just as he heard a knock. He got up and went over to answer the door, pulling it open.

His jaw dropped when he saw her. Emma was wearing the smallest shorts he’d ever seen on her, they were practically underwear and she was wearing a tanktop that fit snugly to her gorgeous body, showing off her midriff. He could tell that she had no bra underneath because he could make out the outline of her nipples. And her skin looked more tanned, like she had been sunbathing or going to the tanning salon. Killian became half-hard as his eyes drank her in appreciatively.

Emma looked down at him and smirked. He was sure that she noticed his growing erection as he attempted to summon the words to speak. “Emma… I'm glad you're here. I was actually hoping-”

“Hey, can I use your shower?” she asked, cutting him off. She was smiling and batting her lashes flirtatiously, her green eyes bright and sparkling. “Mine doesn't work.”

“Yeah, of course.” Killian stepped aside to let her in. She was carrying a bag that he assumed held her clothes and her shower things.

“Oh thanks, you're a lifesaver. I have to be at the shelter in an hour.” Emma kissed his cheek and headed to the bathroom.

“Would you like to me to look at your shower for you? Maybe it's just a quick fix.”

“Hey, can I use your shower?” she asked, cutting him off. She was smiling and batting her lashes flirtatiously, her green eyes bright and sparkling. “Mine doesn't work.”

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“Would you like to me to look at your shower for you? Maybe it's just a quick fix.”

“Oh no that’s okay. I called the maintenance guy and he'll be over later to look at it,” Emma assured him before proceeding to the bathroom. Killian watched as she walked; her toned thighs looked utterly delicious. She disappeared behind the door and he attempted to sit at his desk in front of the computer again, trying to calm himself down.

Not a moment later, she came out in nothing but a towel. “Hey, is there a trick to making the shower hotter? Your faucet seems to work differently than mine.” Killian's eyes swept over her and he had to
restrain from letting a groan fall past his lips.

“Here, I’ll help you, love.” Killian got up and went into the bathroom, as she followed behind him. He adjusted the knobs and had Emma test the temperature. “How’s that?” She came in front of him and bent over the tub to test the water with her hand, her ass pressed into his groin. He knew he should've stepped back, but god, he wanted to put his hands on her hips and fuck her from behind. “Not quite hot enough. Could you adjust it more?”

“You just have to turn the cold down, love.”

“Could you show me?” Emma straightened and he nodded before reaching over to adjust the knob some more, his prominent erection rubbing against her butt as he did.

“Try that.”

She bent over again and he almost growled as she wriggled her ass ever so slightly, spurring on his arousal.

“Perfect. Thank you.”

“You're welcome.” She stepped into the shower and closed the curtain. Poking her out of the other end to hang up the towel on the rack, she pulled up the curtain to keep her breasts hidden behind it.

“Alright, I’ll leave you to it.” He had to force himself to move, so as not to be tempted to join her and fuck her against the wall. He took a breath and forced himself to turn around and leave the bathroom.

After Killian heard the shower turn off he was still on his computer trying to seem as casual as he could. He managed to restrain himself from going to his bedroom and taking himself in hand. A moment later, he heard the door open and she emerged from the bathroom, approaching with a frustrated look. He turned his head from the computer and swallowed thickly at the sight she presented him. She was carrying her bag and using her other hand to hold the towel in place. And she hadn’t even attempted to dry herself off so her towel clung to her naked, wet body, beads of water dripping down the swell of her breasts. He didn’t even mind that the carpet got wet beneath her feet.

“You know what? I forgot my underwear so I’m just going to change at my place. Thanks for letting me use your shower.” With that said, she was gone in a flash before he could even manage a word.

He groaned and took his rock-hard cock out, stroking himself. He wasn't sure exactly what just happened. Emma was smart enough to know how to turn the knobs enough to adjust the temperature. And he was pretty sure their showers were exactly the same. “Little minx.” The whispered words tumbled from his lips as his hips stuttered and he came in his hand.

~*~

Emma had an impish smile on her face as she left Killian’s apartment. Her plan was working successfully. The evidence in his boxer briefs was clear as day. It made her clit throb but she had to restrain herself from using her vibrator to relieve the ache she felt.

She dried off and got dressed, heading to work.

When she got back to the apartment that evening, she walked into Liam making dinner. Emma groaned to herself. She was still avoiding him for trying to meddle in her life.
“Hey, Em.”

“Hey,” she murmured, dropping her bag and keys on the end table.

“Has Killian talked to you?” he asked from the kitchen while he was at the stove, cooking something in the frying pan.

“No. I thought I wasn’t allowed to be around him,” she said snarkily as she opened the refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of juice.

“Emma. I never said you couldn’t be around him.”

Emma scoffed as she grabbed a glass from the cupboard and poured some juice into it. “No, you only said he couldn’t touch me, right?” Emma tipped the glass back and took a big gulp as Liam turned around, crossing his arms with a frown.

“Look, I know it was wrong to interfere, and I’m terribly sorry for that but please don’t take it out on him. It’s me you should be made at. I deserve that. But, if you decide to forgive me, or even if you don’t, you’re welcome to join us camping in a few weeks. We’re heading to Massachusetts for the week of the Fourth.”

Emma lifted a brow, intrigued by the idea. She remembered mentioning to Liam once that she absolutely loved camping. Sleeping outside in a tent and eating campfire food; living like a homeless person was something she knew too well. Needless to say, the mosquitoes and sleeping on the ground didn’t bother her at all. “Camping you say?”

Liam smiled a little, knowing that he had piqued her interest. “Aye. camping in tents and playing at the beach. You think you would be on board with that?” he asked with an apologetic pout.

Emma shrugged casually. “Can I invite the Nolans?”

“Yeah, of course. The more, the merrier.

“Okay, I’ll think about it.” Emma wasn’t going to let him win that easily.

“Well, I hope you decide to.” Liam turned around to finish cooking the food as Emma drank her glass of juice. “Oh and by the way, Killian will be here soon. Elsa invited him for dinner, so you’ll get a chance to talk to him.”

“Sorry, I can’t. I promised Mary Margaret I’d babysit,” she lied. “In fact I should probably go now.” Emma finished her juice and set the empty glass in the sink. She then grabbed her purse and walked out the door.

~*~

A week later, Killian made his way across the hall to Emma’s flat. He didn’t know why, but he was nervous. She was obviously still upset at him, and avoided having to talk to him at all costs. She didn’t return his texts or phonecalls, or accept any dinner plans that the four of them had planned. He hadn’t heard a word from her until that morning. He had just gotten ready to leave for the gym when he’d texted her, asking her to go with him. He was taken aback when she actually responded and agreed to talk to him but instead of going with him, she invited him over to her place. He guessed it was because he used the cinnamon rolls that Liam left on the counter that morning to bait her, making a promise to bring some over. All he had to do was snap a picture of them and send it to her.

He was in a pair of gym shorts and a wife beater, bearing the bakery box with cinnamon rolls in his
left arm, his water bottle tucked under his armpit as his good hand knocked on the door. He took slow and unsteady breaths as his heart started racing.

When the door opened, the first thing Killian noticed was that Emma was wearing his t-shirt; the same t-shirt he left in her apartment on that Saturday when they last hung out together. It was his own fault that he’d left so quickly and forgot about it, but still, she never bothered to return it to him.

The second thing he noticed was that, apart from the pink fuzzy socks on her feet, she was wearing only his shirt, as far as he could tell. He was baffled that she felt comfortable enough to walk around like that in so little clothing. And with the air conditioning that he could hear running and the fact that her nipples were poking out through the material, she must’ve been cold. Either way, knowing that her boobs were naked underneath his shirt, was enough to drive him mad. But maybe that was her intention.

“Ah, I see you're wearing my t-shirt, love,” he said with a soft smile as she let him in. She relieved the box from him and he grabbed the water bottle, popping up the cap to take a sip from it.

“Oh, yeah, sorry, I washed it for you and forgot to bring it back. And when I woke up this morning, I just grabbed something really quick and put it on. I didn’t even realize it was your shirt until I had it on,” Emma laughed as she headed to the kitchen and set the box on the counter. She lifted up the lid, taking in the smell. “Mmm… thanks for the cinnamon rolls, they look and smell delicious.”

Killian smirked as he lowered the water bottle, his eyes sweeping over her form. He could say the same thing about her.

“No, that's okay. I’m about to get on the treadmill, so eating a cinnamon roll would kinda defeat the purpose.”

“Suit yourself,” She said, looking over at him with a smirk and a shrug of her shoulders. “I have to eat one though, I’m absolutely starving.” She got on her tiptoes and opened the cupboard door, reaching up to the top shelf where the small plates were. The shirt she was wearing lifted up in her endeavor, exposing her luscious ass.

Killian had to suppress the groan that threatened to escape his throat as he gazed down at her, catching a glimpse of her underwear (if you could call it that); it was a tiny scrap of pink lace. Her ass cheeks were so round and perfect, he had to do everything in his power to control himself. She brought down the plate, setting it on the counter and took out a roll from the box. The icing from the pastry clung to her fingers when she placed the roll on the plate. Killian watched her intently as she brought a finger to her lips, inserting it into her mouth. His jaw fell agape, never taking his eyes away as she slowly sucked the sticky white goo off of her digits.

Fuck. He felt his cock stirring to life, imagining that the icing was his cum instead.

Killian had to get a grip.

Attempting to steady his breathing, he thought about what he was going to say to her. He had to stay focused. Finally, he was able to tear his gaze away as he took another drink of his water.

“Mmm…” Emma moaned, causing Killian to choke on the liquid in his throat. The sound made his cock twitch in his confined clothing. He was forced to revert his gaze back to her as she continued to lick and suck off the icing, twirling her tongue around her fingers rather seductively.

Emma brought the cinnamon roll to her lips and took a small bite, closing her eyes and licking her
lips. “This is so good, are you sure you don’t want just a taste,” she asked, offering it to him.

Oh, he wanted a taste alright. Just not of the pastry in her hand. “No thanks, love. Actually I was hoping we could discuss some things.”

“Oh, okay. What is it?” Finally he got her attention, but then she set the roll back down and started sucking the icing off of her fingers again and he lost focus once more.

And Emma being in his shirt didn’t help matters at all. “Well, first of all, I’m going to need my shirt back. Why don’t you get dressed so we can talk?” he asked kindly with a soft smile.

“Oh, you want this back?” She asked innocently, tugging on the hem of the shirt.

“Aye, please. It’s my favorite shirt. You look better in it than I do, but you’re far too distracting with it on for me to have an actual conversation,” he teased playfully, flashing her a smirk.

Emma nodded in surrender. “Okay, you can have it back.”

“Thanks, Swan.”

“No problem,” Emma said casually, stepping past him. Killian turned around to watch her, and as she walked away, she lifted the shirt and pulled it up over her body. As she removed it, her blonde hair spilled out, cascading over her shoulders and down her back. Killian’s mouth fell open and his hand unconsciously tightened the grip on the bottle, causing the water to gush out and spill over the opening and onto his hand, making a trickling sound as the liquid hit the tiled floor.

Emma looked back at him, her cheeks flushed with pink as she saw the puddle of water on the floor. She threw him a wink before looking ahead again, continuing to increase the distance between them. “Here you go.” She threw the shirt over her shoulder, and it flew through the air, promptly landing on his face. He removed it quickly, but to his dismay she had left the kitchen so he hastily set down the water bottle and scrambled after her, entering the living room to catch her strutting towards the hallway, her hips swaying seductively with every step. She was now clad in only the small panties that barely did anything to hide her perfectly round ass.

Her bare back was long and slender, and he could see the side of one of her breasts as she turned and disappeared into the hall. He ached from the loss, his dick hard and throbbing in his shorts. He was still holding the shirt she had worn and he brought it to his nose, smelling her wonderful, intoxicating scent. He pressed it against his face, breathing it in and letting the smell envelope his senses. And if it were possible, his shaft became harder just from smelling her and knowing the shirt had touched her bare breasts. The memories of him feeling the honey-soft weight in his hand came flooding to his mind, and he decided he had to relieve himself, or else he would end up exploding in his pants.

Once Killian was able to move from his spot, he made a dash for the door and went to his own apartment to ease the ache of his straining, hard cock. He slammed his door shut and unzipped his pants, taking his throbbing dick out before tossing the shirt over his shoulder. He let out an expletive as the back of his head hit the door, his fingers tightening around his cock. His hand jerked back and forth faster and faster, using her scent from the shirt to push him completely over the edge.

After spilling his release all over his hand, Killian cleaned himself up, deciding he was never washing that shirt again.

~*-~

Emma was grinning deviously as she heard the front door slam shut. She knew exactly what he had left to do. Now it was time for the final round of her plan. She was going to a club to meet the
Nolans and their friend from Ireland on Friday and Liam and Elsa would be leaving for their anniversary.

Meanwhile, Emma had some plans of her own up her sleeve. Emma grabbed her phone and texted Killian.

**Emma: I noticed you left. Are you okay?**

He didn’t answer for a few minutes.

**Killian: I’m fine. I’m sorry I left in such a hurry. I had a work emergency.**

Emma snorted. She didn’t doubt it was an emergency, but she was certain it wasn’t work-related.

**Emma: That’s okay. Would you like to go to Neverland next Friday with some friends? We can talk then.**

**Killian: Sounds good. I’ll see you then.**

~*~

Killian wasn’t sure why he agreed to go to the club. He knew it would be crowded and loud; not exactly the type of place to have a civil conversation. He wasn’t even sure why she had invited him. He was positive at this point that she was messing with him but he tried shoving that thought from his mind. He just needed to straighten things out with her. He could’ve taken the easy route and had Liam talk to her but he decided he needed to be the one to take on the task. His feelings for her were more than just physical and frankly he grew tired of having to relieve himself whenever he was around her. He wanted to be with her, so why couldn’t he just be with her? Why did he have to be such an idiot? Milah had stopped calling after she left several messages in his voicemail, saying that her husband was divorcing her and that she could learn to deal with the fact that he only had one hand.

He deleted them all. *Fuck her.*

Killian didn’t want to be with someone who had to settle for him. He wanted to be with someone who accepted him for whom he was in every facet. He wasn’t going to be with someone whom was ashamed of him. Emma certainly wasn’t ashamed of him. In fact, he was pretty sure she enjoyed the fact that he only had one hand, but not in an offending or cruel way. She comforted him and treated him like an actual human being and treated his prosthetic as though it were an actual hand. She was the type of person he wanted to be with. So why settle for less?

He just needed to make things right again. He knew that he was falling for her and he knew in his heart that he would not be taking advantage of her. So why not take the plunge and ask her on a date? Why keep dawdling like they were?

He was determined to go over to her apartment and talk to her, even if it meant breaking down her damn door.

Friday came and Liam had his suitcase packed for the weekend as Killian hugged him, wishing him luck. When Elsa joined them, they said their goodbyes.

“Have fun on your trip.”

“Thank you. We hope to. Next time we’ll have to invite you and Emma on one of our weekend trips,” Elsa suggested with a bright smile.
Killian chuckled, “It’s okay. We wouldn’t want to intrude on your time together.”

“How are you two, anyway? Is she still not speaking to you?”

Killian shrugged, “Not really, but she invited me to a club tonight so that’s a start.”

“Yeah, Emma mentioned that. Good luck,” Elsa said with a wink. “Oh and I almost forgot,” she looked down, reaching into her purse and pulling out a key, “here’s the key to the apartment just in case you need it.”

Killian grinned shyly and took it from her. “Thanks. And don’t worry, if the shower breaks again, I’ll fix it for her.”

Elsa’s eyebrows knitted in confusion. “When did our shower break?”

“A couple weeks ago. Emma came over to use-” Killian stopped abruptly as reality hit him like a ton of bricks. “Your shower was never broken, was it?”

Elsa shook her head. “It hasn’t been broken since I’ve lived there.”

“Ah, I see.”

“Maybe Emma just wanted a reason to see you,” Elsa assured him with a smile.

“Aye, that’s probably it.”

The three of them said their final goodbyes and Killian got ready a bit early for the club. He wasn’t going to wait until then to talk to her. Obviously, everything that happened between them in the last couple of weeks were planned.

He knew that she was lying when she said she didn’t know how to make the shower hotter and he knew that Emma wouldn’t just parade around in her underwear in front of Killian while she was upset with him… unless there was an ulterior motive. He had chosen to ignore his instincts before but now it was time confront her about it.

Killian locked up his flat and marched across the hall to her place, where he knew should be getting ready for tonight. He was about to knock on the door, but then stopped and reached into his pocket to grab the key that Elsa had given him. He quietly unlocked the door, cracking it open. He emerged cautiously and shut the door behind him with a soft click. His eyes wandered around the apartment as he looked for her, but the apartment was empty. Maybe she wasn’t here. Maybe she left after saying goodbye to Liam and Elsa.

Deciding that she wasn’t home, he turned around to leave, lifting his hand to the door.

“Killian…”

His ears perked up at the sound of his name. He thought that he was quiet enough, but apparently she heard him come in. He turned around and started towards the sound of her call. Her voice was broken, like maybe she were distressed, so he knew that he was about to be in trouble.

Killian reached the hall and could hear a low humming sound. He thought maybe he was imagining it, but the closer he got to her bedroom, the louder it became. And he decided she must have been shaving her legs or using an electric toothbrush or something. Why she would be using those things in her bedroom instead of the bathroom, he had no clue.
“Ohhhh god…”

Killian heard the words escape her lips in a breathy slur as he reached her door, which was cracked open, and pushed it the rest of the way, stepping inside.

He was about to ask if she was alright, but his mouth hung open and he stopped dead in his tracks when his eyes fell upon her.

Emma was laying on the bed, her legs spread apart, feet planted on the edge of the mattress. And she was naked from head to toe.

His eyes travelled over her body in its entirety. Her wonderful curves, voluptuous breasts and long, slender stomach. Her eyes were screwed shut and her blonde hair was cascading around her shoulders, her breasts heaving as she grabbed one, tweaking her nipple with her fingers. She rocked her hips as he felt his own arousal stirring, his eyes following the slope of her left arm to find that her hand was holding the source of the noise.

Emma was pleasuring herself with a vibrator.

He could see her slick fingers moving slowly and rhythmically… thrusting the vibrator deep inside of her. A moan escaped her lips, her breathing becoming heavier as she shifted and arched her back, searching for her own depths.

“Bloody fuck…” he breathed out in a whisper.

Emma’s eyes flew open with a confused whimper, jerking her head up towards the door, her lips red and glistening as her mouth fell open in shock. Her breath was ragged and her jaw was tight.

“Killian… what are you doing here?!” She asked, her voice pitched low and hoarse as he licked at his lips, trying to regain some semblance of sanity.

“I… I wanted to talk to you before we went to the club. Elsa gave me a key and… when I came in I heard my name…” Killian shuddered, his cock twitching when he realized she was calling his name out in pleasure. “But… b-by all means… don’t let me stop you…”

“Killian… just… just go…” Emma didn’t stop as she dropped her head back into the mattress, continuing her ministrations. It was obvious that she didn’t actually want him to leave. So he willed his feet to move and walked over to the bed. Emma eyed him in confusion as he approached her and offered to take over the vibrator. “What are you-?” she asked breathlessly, her glistening green eyes looking up at him.

“Don’t be embarrassed…” he breathed out. “You look… bloody gorgeous like that. And I’m not going to lie… I-I really wanna make you come. Can I?”

“I don’t need you — ooohhhh,” she finished with a groan when he began pushing the vibrator inside of her, then pulling it back out in a slow, rhythmic motion.

“Killian…” She started to argue with him, but her mouth fell open, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she loosened her own grip on the vibrator, letting her hand fall to the mattress, her fingers curling and bunching up the sheet beside her.

“I’m not going to run away anymore. I want you, Emma. I want you more than I’ve ever wanted anyone.” His confession was shaky and broken as he laid next to her on the bed, leaning over her. His lips crashed into hers, creating a small gasp. She instantly parted her mouth, melting into him as her fingers wound themselves through his hair. The kiss became heated as he found her tongue,
stroking it heavily with his. His hand didn't stop, his fingers tightening around the toy as he continued plunging it into her, eliciting a muffled moan. Emma's lips were so soft, full and warm against his own as their tongues mingled; softly and then more deeply caressing the other.

He broke the kiss, leaving them both panting for air as he gave her nose a gentle nuzzle with his own, his voice cracked and wrecked as he flashed her a wicked smirk. “Besides… I owe you four orgasms, remember?”

Emma's eyes widened, her pupils dilating in anticipation as a weak smile curved her lips. “Yeah… you do.”

Killian had Emma put her hand back on the toy so he could help her up until she was kneeling on the bed. She reached for him and grabbed the side of his neck with her slick fingers, moaning as he slid his hand between her dripping wet thighs, beckoning them apart. He took hold of the vibrator, pressing it into her and joined her on the bed, kneeling in front of her as Emma placed both of her hands on his shoulders, bracing herself, green eyes full of desire.

Killian could feel his cock hardening and pulsing inside of his pants as he rested his prosthetic on her hips and slid the toy into her at exactly the right angle.

“She’s such a naughty little minx... walking around and teasing me with that gorgeous body of yours… driving me crazy and making me want to rip off all your clothes and fuck you.”

Emma cried out as her body exploded, one simple drive pushing her to the first orgasm. Killian wrapped his left arm tightly around her, holding her up as he thrusted the vibrator in further, his eyes sweeping over her to appreciate the beauty of Emma Swan reaching her peak. Her back was arched, her body pressed into his, singing in blissful pleasure. Rosy red blush spreading throughout her cheeks and chest as she fell with a soft curse. It was insanely hot and amazing. His erection was straining in his pants, his cock throbbing and begging for friction, but he only stayed focused on bringing her multiple kinds of pleasure.

As she gradually came down from her high, panting heavily, Killian slowly removed the vibrator, shutting it off. He tossed it to the other side of the bed and helped her lay back onto the mattress. He brought his hand to her thigh as she struggled to catch her breath. Letting his fingers drag along her skin, he found her center, his thumb circling her clit, moving in a sweet, torturous pattern that had her bracing against his hand and begging for more. Her thighs were exquisitely soft and slick with her arousal, her folds glistening with her juices.

He leaned over her, whispering in her ear, his voice oozing with lust and sin. “Blood-dy hell... you're so wet. I want to taste you so bad… fuck you with my tongue.” Killian drew a hard nipple into his mouth, his skilled tongue flicking over the pink flesh as he sucked hungrily on her breast, showing her exactly what he could do with his mouth and tongue.

Emma whimpered, her body twisting in anticipation. “Oh god… please…”

Killian gave her nipple one last suck and released her, grinning widely as he started thrusting his fingers inside of her. “Gladly…”

He removed himself from the bed, his finger deep in her aching warmth as he knelt down on his
knees and settled between her thighs.

He breathed in her feminine perfume, letting the scent envelope his senses as he flicked her clit with his thumb, her hips thrusting madly into his touch. Emma cried out, her body convulsing as another orgasm crashed over her.

Killian growled, his fingers slowly sliding out before hitching each of her legs up over his shoulders. He pressed his soft lips to her thigh, kissing her tenderly as he opened her up with his dripping wet fingers. He tore away his lips and leaned into her center, his tongue colliding and disappearing into her soft folds. She tasted delicious, so soft and warm.

“Mmmm, so fucking good, love…”

Emma was so responsive, moaning and rocking her hips, her hands reaching for him. Her fingers tugged on his hair as he ran his tongue up her slit, letting her arousal dance in his mouth.

Soft curses tumbled from her mouth as he lapped eagerly at her folds, soaking up her juices.

Emma spread her thighs, her hands pressing his head deeper. He groaned, barely able to breathe as his tongue eagerly delve in deeper, eating her out to his heart’s content.

“Oh fuck! Yes!”

Her body shook violently as he sucked on her clit, tonguing her fiercely, varying the speed and rhythm as he took her into oblivion.

“Killian!” She shouted out his name, her thighs tightening as she came all over his face.

Emma was breathing erratically as he licked his fingers and lips, savoring the wonderful taste of the gorgeous blonde laying on her bed, panting and trying to piece herself back together again. As his eyes raked over her body, she was gazing down at him, her eyes clouded with lust.

“Killian… I need you inside of me… please…”

A feral growl escaped his throat. He didn't have to be asked twice and removed his shirt, tossing it to the floor before chucking off his shoes. He peeled away his pants, his throbbing cock springing out as he pulled down his boxer briefs. Emma shimmied backwards making more room for Killian, never tearing her eyes away from him.

Her thighs were spread apart invitingly, her gisteining sex on display for him. God, she was going to feel bloody fantastic around him. He got on the bed, not wasting any time as he crawled between her long, sexy legs. Her thighs were cradling his hips as she reached for him, pressing his tip to her entrance. He shuddered in pleasure, feeling her arousal coating the head of his cock in the most delicious way. He almost lost his balance as he held himself up slightly so as not to crush her. His necklace was dangling over her chest, his chest hair touching her nipples as he shifted into a comfortable position.

Emma released her hand, their eyes locked in a heated gaze as he started to move, slowly rocking himself into her, his girth stretching her as far as she would go. Her snug walls felt like heaven.

“Oh bloody — fuck-ing — hell…” Killian's heart was racing, his body trembling as her soaking wet depths enveloped him whole. He thrust his hips hard, taking her deeper. “God you're so — fuck-ing tight.”

“Fuck me harder, Killian,” she pleaded, her hands clinging onto his back, his necklace dragging over
the swell of her breasts as he pushed himself into her, picking up the speed.

He dropped his head, burying his face in the crook of her neck as he pressed soft kisses there, his lips sliding to her shoulder and biting down. Emma snagged her bottom lip with her teeth and moaned, hips rocking fruitlessly, her body demanding friction. He didn't know how much longer he was going to last as he started rocking into her with more force, making the bed rock against the wall. He pressed his mouth to her ear, his lips caressing the shell of skin there, whispering in a rough, husky voice. “I know you were thinking of me when you were using your vibrator. I heard you calling out my name,” Killian groaned in her ear, his voice shattered as he continued fucking her into the mattress.

Emma looked up at him without apology, her lips curving into a smirk, breathless moans escaping her mouth.

“You were imagining my cock inside of you as you fucked yourself with your vibrator, weren’t you?” he asked, finding the spot inside of her with another thrust that had her quivering and screaming out underneath him.

“Yes! oh god… yes,” Emma admitted, spreading her legs wider to take him even deeper. He plunged into her harder; he was almost too big, but he could tell she couldn’t get enough. “Don’t stop… just like that!”

Killian lifted his head and gave her a few particularly powerful thrusts. “Yeah? You like it rough and hard don’t you, little siren.”

“Oh fuck… yes!”

Emma's nails dug into his back as she cried out several more explicit words, another violent orgasm falling over her. Her walls clenched around him, pulling him in deeper as he rode her through the aftershocks.

Emma was falling from her high, both of them panting and covered in a sheet of sweat as her phone started ringing on her night stand. They both ignored it. In fact, it spurred on his movements and he lifted her leg over his shoulder, pounding into her harder and harder, both of them moaning with each thrust.

“You like this better than your vibrator don't you, love?”

“Oh yes… god, you feel so good.”

“And you, darling, feel incredible.” He growled in pleasure, absolutely ravenous for her. “Even better than you do in my dreams,” he admitted, speeding up his pace as he reached in between their bodies, brushing his thumb over her clit. “Now come around my dick one last time, Emma.”

Tumbling over the edge once more, she screamed, her walls tightening around his pulsing cock, pure pleasure rippling through him as she took him with her.

“Emma…” he groaned out, his hips stuttering and his muscles convulsing as he spilled his seed deep inside of her.

Killian gently collapsed on top of Emma, no longer able to hold up his weight. Their chests were heaving rapidly as they tried to find their breaths.

“Bloody hell…” Killian's face was buried in her breasts as his good hand came up to cup one securely, giving it a gentle squeeze. “That was…”
“Five,” she managed, still panting profusely.

Killian grinned smugly against her breast. “I wasn’t counting.”

He couldn't see her face but he knew she was rolling her eyes as she lightly swatted his shoulder. “Overachiever. Like you needed a bigger ego.”

Killian chuckled. “I didn't hear you complaining about the size of my *ego* a moment ago.”

Emma’s body shook as she let out a strangled laugh. “You're right, I certainly wasn't.”

Eventually Killian rolled off of her and curled his arms around her as she rested her head on his chest, wrapping her leg around his hips. He growled, feeling her wet folds against his thigh, his sticky cum leaking out of her entrance and dripping down her leg and onto his.

He was floating from his orgasm; his limbs felt like jello as his eyelids became heavy and he felt himself starting to drift off to sleep. They still had much to talk about, but he knew there was plenty of time for that later. The way Emma’s hand carded through his chest hair and clasped onto his necklace and the way she shifted against him, attempting to get closer, he knew that this wasn't just a one-time thing.
Jealousy rears its devilishly handsome head

Chapter Notes

Based on the responses I received last time, some of you are worried about Graham and some of you need this love triangle. You will find out in this chapter what happens with him. But just a warning, the Graham in this story is not entirely in character with the Graham on the show.

Thank you to @Rouhn for beta-ing and your wonderful support, and thank you @teamhook for looking it over and providing feedback. I also have to thank the anon who sent me this prompt in the first place. I am still in shock at how this story turned out and I'm blown away by all of the responses! It means more than I could express in words.

Sorry this chapter ended up being really long, you can probably expect this length every time now because once I start a chapter of this story, I can't seem to stop ;-D

Hope you enjoy!

A blissful smile was blooming across Emma's lips as she woke, a satisfied ache settled in her core. She wasn't exactly sure how a solo act turned into the best sex she ever had in her life, but it was difficult to complain while her naked body was fused to Killian’s, their sated limbs entangled and her face buried in the crook of his neck as he held her in his arms. Still, it was mind-boggling how she’d surrendered to him so easily.

She’d been in a state of contemplation all day about whether she should go through with her plan or not; whether she should just surrender and talk to him and sort things out. Of course that’s when thoughts of Killian, of teasing and taunting him, spurred on the aching desire in the pit of her stomach and she fought against her better judgement.

Emma fumbled through her closet, trying to decide what to wear and eventually found a pair of skinny jeans and pink blouse that always had eye-popping results. She was soon undressing so she could try them on to make sure the ensemble was still to her liking. She still had all of her clubbing outfits and dresses from college, but whether they all still fit her may have been a different story.

She was in her bra and panties when she looked in the full-length mirror. Thoughts of her blue-eyed neighbor were distracting, making her hot and bothered and before she even knew what was happening, she was peeling off the last two pieces of fabric from her body and tossing them on the floor, she was removing her vibrator from her nightstand and she was laying on her bed pleasuring herself with images of Killian in her head. She envisioned how he would react if he saw her like this; writhing and moaning at her own attempts of pleasuring herself.

She was abruptly interrupted by the quiet whisper capturing her attention, panic rushing through her blood when she saw him standing there. He was wearing a black vest and jeans along with a dark blue collared shirt, the top buttons undone, exposing his necklace and a provocative amount of chest hair. His eyes were painted with lust, and if his jaw were dropped any lower, it’d be on the floor.
Emma was self-conscious but she could easily see that the mere sight of her compromising position had torn him apart, torturing him to his very core.

 Normally she would’ve stopped altogether and made him leave, feeling embarrassed and humiliated but out of all of the plotting and scheming, attempting to have him eating out of the palm of her hand, this certainly topped the cake. And it happened by sheer accident.

Then he offered to make her come as he handled the vibrator, and she had never been more aroused in her life. So she thrived on the opportunity.

Emma didn’t regret her decision, she didn’t feel ashamed, she actually felt relieved. Being with Killian was something that felt surreal to her after the last couple of months.

Knock knock knock!

“Emma, you home?!”

Emma’s eyelids popped open and she had to unwrap her neighbor’s arms from her body to escape the tight cocoon of blissful warmth he provided.

“Just a minute! Be right there!”

Killian was awaking from the harsh sounds and hostile movements as she peeled his arms off of her, groaning at the alarm clock on her nightstand.

She didn’t even realize what time it was until she heard the incessant knocking on the front door and Mary Margaret’s voice outside of it. She also didn’t realize what a number Killian had done on her (heh, five to be exact) until she stood up.

Emma was still trying to collect her bearings as she dragged herself out of bed and grabbed Killian’s clothes from the floor. Her head was spinning, her skin still tingling from pleasure as she deposited his clothes on the bed in front of him, looking up to see an amused grin on his face as he propped himself up on his elbow.

“Killian, get up. We lost track of time and my friends are here.”

“Swan, can’t you just cancel-?”

“No, I can't, so please just… I need you up,” she demanded breathlessly as she got into her dresser, grabbing a pair of grey sweatshorts and a tank top. She just needed to look presentable so she could answer the door and buy some time to get ready.

Killian’s eyebrow was arched in a provocative manner, a smug grin pulling at his lips as he removed the sheet from his body, revealing the hard erection he was sporting. “Oh love, I'm already up... as you can see,” he quipped, throwing her a flirty wink.

Emma had to bite back a moan, her core throbbing, still feeling the delightful and satisfying stretch of that same cock being inside of her and filling her up just an hour ago.

“Killian...” His name tore from her throat and she struggled to put on her clothes but there were too many distractions — Killian's long cock on delicious display, blue eyes full of mischief, his sex hair looking awfully appealing and not to mention her friends patiently waiting outside of her apartment.

Finding the strength to pull herself together, she strode over and grabbed Killian’s good hand, attempting to tug him out of bed.
To her relief, he reluctantly sat up, swinging his legs over the edge and placing his feet on the floor. Instead of getting up, though, he refused to let go of her hand as he pulled her to him, spreading his legs to bring her flush against his body, emitting a strangled sound from her lips that was half a gasp and half a moan. She felt his hard dick against her center and even though she was sore, she found it hard to resist him. Especially when he lifted up her tanktop and leaned in, letting the shirt fall atop of his hair, his hands resting above her hips and pulling her closer as he brushed kisses along the valley of her breasts.

“Killian please…” she uttered, her eyes fluttering shut as her fingers sifted through his hair. Killian affectionately kissed one of her nipples and then the other, suckling each one into his mouth and making them instantly hard.

“Mmmm, I like when you beg,” he growled, her breast still in his mouth, sending vibrations throughout her body.

Oh God, she didn't want him to stop, and she’d happily stroke his hard shaft in her hand and take him in her mouth until he was releasing his delicious cum down her throat, she didn't know what was stopping her from doing so.

“Oh Emma?! You alright!” She heard David shouting through the front door, the sounds bringing her back to reality.

Oh right, that’s what was stopping her.

“Be right there!” she yelled back before looking down at the head of dark hair buried in her breasts. “I'll be right back. Don't you dare leave this room,” Emma demended hoarsely as she regretfully pried his lips and hands off of her body, pulling her shirt down.

“Wouldn't dream of it, love,” he said, lashing his tongue over his lips.

She rolled her eyes and grabbed his hand, pulling him up from the bed. “In fact, I'm going you to need to hide in the closet,” she said, pushing him towards the closet. She opened the door and urged him inside before collecting his clothes from the bed and bringing them over to him. Killian's smug features never faded as he stepped inside. He was still wearing a cocky grin, his eyebrow tugging toward his hairline and his erection still ever so prominent.

“Keeping me all to yourself and locked up in your closet so I'm always at your disposal, aye?” Emma smirked, her cheeks warm with blush. “I'll be right back.” She had to force herself to walk away and leave the room.

Attempting to tame her hair she strode over to the front door, feeling the affects of the multiple orgasms she received an hour ago. There was a ball of nerves in her stomach, she was hoping the Nolans wouldn't be able to notice that she just had incredible, mind-blowing sex. Emma collected a smile from the corners of her lips, bracing herself before opening the door.

“Sorry to keep you guys waiting, I took a nnnaa-” Emma's mouth hung open as her eyes fell upon the man standing on the other side of the entryway along with David and Mary Margaret. It was Graham, she assumed, the Irish man who would be joining them tonight. She flashed him a tentative smile as she tried to maintain composure. “-A nap,” she finally finished. “I accidentally fell asleep,” Emma explained, feigning a yawn as she let the three of them in, hoping even more that they could not sense the truth behind her words. “I'm surprised you didn't just walk in. The door was unlocked.” Thanks to Killian.
Mary Margaret was smiling sheepishly as they stepped inside.

“After what happened last time, we prefer to knock, thank you very much,” David replied with a bit of resentment in his tone.

Mary Margaret snorted and Graham looked confused. “Do I want to know what the three of you are referring to?” the man asked, and Emma could detect the Irish accent in his tone as she tried not to blush.

“Trust me you don’t,” David replied and stood in between the Irishman and Emma. “Emma, this is Graham. Graham, this is—”

“The enchanting lass you spoke of,” Graham finished as he grabbed her hand and pressed a kiss to the back of it. Emma could tell he was trying to be charming but his attempts didn’t have any effect on her. Her skin was humming but certainly not from the touch of Graham’s lips, only from the previous touches of her lover, the feel of Killian’s soft lips and the rough scratches from his scruff as he brought her to completion, making her come over and over again.

Graham released her hand and she had to refrain from blushing as the thoughts of Killian flooded through her mind and then she remembered he was still in her closet in the other room.

“I’m sorry for my attire and for not being ready,” Emma said apologetically. “Maybe you could just go without me and meet me there?”

Mary Margaret waved her hand, shaking her head in disapproval. “Nonsense. We can wait, right guys?”

“Of course. Take your time Emma,” Graham said with a smile.

“Okay, make yourselves comfortable. Do you want anything to drink?”


Emma rolled her eyes. “Do you really want some?”

“I appreciate the offer, Em, but I’m a married man,” David teased.

“Ha ha very funny.”

“I’m sorry you have to put up with this guy. I did it for years,” Graham chuckled and Mary Margaret swatted her husband’s shoulder.

David looked at them, offended. “It was a joke. Don’t everyone gang up on me all at once. And to answer your question, Emma, I’ll take some ginger ale.”

“Okay,” Emma laughed. “Anyone else?”

Mary Margaret and Graham politely declined, so Emma hurried off to the kitchen and retrieved a ginger ale from the refrigerator as they took a seat in the living room. She always kept her fridge stocked with them, knowing they were David’s got-to beverage.

When Emma came back, she almost let the cup slip from her hands. Killian was emerging from the hallway in his jeans as he slipped on his shirt, buttoning it up. “Love, do you know where my vest went?” he asked nonchalantly, drawing everyone’s attention and looking up as though he were
unaware of any visitors. He stopped in his tracks, flashing them a smile, a hint of blush creeping into his cheeks as his eyes fell upon Graham and the Nolan couple.

Emma’s face grew hot, blood bubbling under her skin. What the hell was he doing?

“Apologies, I didn’t realize we had company.”

The Nolan’s eyes were blown wide in shock and Graham just looked even more confused as the three of them stood from the couch. Killian was grinning from ear to ear as he stepped up the three of them, shaking their hands.

“Killian, we didn’t realize you were here,” Mary Margaret said in confusion, but also holding a small smile.

Killian opened his mouth to speak but Emma quickly jumped in before he could, handing David his drink. “Killian’s just staying in Elsa’s room while she and Liam are gone. I thought he could use some company, so I offered to let him stay here for the weekend,” Emma attempted, but as she glanced between both of the Nolans, she could tell they weren’t entirely convinced, but at least Graham looked a little less bewildered. Emma looked at Killian and the utter disappointment was written all over his face. Emma’s stomach twisted in regret, but what was she supposed to say? That they had just got done fucking each other’s brains out an hour ago? She didn’t think that would go over well with her friends after they brought another guy over there for her to meet and get to know.

“Aye, it’s true. I had a terrible breakup a few months ago and the lass was just taking care of me, not wanting me to be alone.”

Emma was in shock that Killian went along with her story, even if he did look completely wrecked while he did.

“Oh,” Mary Margaret chirped. “Well are you coming with us? We’re happy to have you tag along.”

Killian scratched behind his ear, hesitating to give an answer. “I wouldn’t want to be the fifth wheel.”

Emma could feel the bitterness in his tone, but she was too upset with him to feel bad. She specifically told him to stay in the closet, but he didn’t listen.

“Oh nonsense, you won’t be,” Mary Margaret assured. Graham and David exchanged looks, unsure of the whole situation and Emma just wanted to crawl into a hole and die. “Besides, you’re already dressed up, so why not? It’ll be fun.”

Emma highly doubted it.

She excused herself to go change her clothes while Killian chatted with Graham and the Nolans. This was definitely not what she had in mind when she invited Killian along.

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The thumping music dulled Killian’s senses as he sat at the table in the club. He wasn’t sure why he decided to come after Emma lied to her friends about him. And the fact that this Irishman was with them didn’t make things any easier. Why did Emma invite him in the first place? — to make him jealous? Watching her get along splendidly with Graham while avoiding any eye contact with Killian had him beginning to believe that she was trying to do exactly that.

“So, you and Emma aren’t an item?”
Graham’s question pulled Killian from his thoughts. Emma and the Nolans were on the floor dancing with a couple of other friends, Ruby and Regina, meanwhile he was stuck sitting with Graham, trying to keep him entertained. Killian wasn't in the mood to dance and he wasn’t about to sit by his lonesome watching Graham and Emma dancing and grinding up against each other.

“No, it seems we are not,” Killian spat resentfully.

“So… you’re okay if I have her then?”

“Excuse me?” Killian lifted a brow, looking up at Graham in pure shock. Did he really just ask that?

“Oh come on, the lass is a ride. You can’t tell me you disagree.”

Killian balled up his fist, his jaw tightening as he glared at the Irishman. “I can tell you that if you talk about her like that again, I’ll break your neck,” Killian threatened.

“I just meant she was good looking,” Graham chuckled, his eyes falling to Killian’s prosthetic hand as he stood up. “But considering you only have one hand, I highly doubt that.”

Killian’s blood was running hot as Graham walked away, heading to the dancefloor. The waitress passed his table and Killian asked for a glass of rum. He definitely needed something strong if he were going to get through this night.

He watched as Graham approached Emma from behind, immediately moving his body with hers as he put his hands on her hips. Killian’s drink arrived and he downed it in one gulp, letting the liquid burn as it slid down his throat. He was gritting his teeth as he watched Graham whispering in Emma’s ear making her giggle. A slew of obscenities and another glass later, he was standing up from his stool.

Clenching his fist, he stalked over to the dancefloor where Emma was still dancing with Graham. She was facing him, her arms around the back of his neck and they were deep in conversation. He came up behind her, curling his hand around her hip and pressing his groin against her butt. Even over the loud music booming through the speakers he could hear her breath hitch. He started moving to the music and eventually Emma’s body molded into him as her hand reached into Killian’s hair, their hips swaying to the music in a lazy rhythm. To his great satisfaction, Graham appeared to be pissed, but he didn’t back. In fact he engaged Emma even more, his hands wrapping around her small frame. Emma was sandwiched between the two of them and she seemed to enjoy it.

Killian didn't relent and he leaned over he shoulder, whispering into her ear. “Emma… can we talk?”

He could feel her body stiffen, and she moved closer to Graham. Killian retaliated by grabbing her hand and spinning her around so that she was facing him as he wrapped his arms around her waist. “Emma, tell me why are you doing this? Why won’t you talk to me?”

Her eyes were guarded as she stared into his own and pushed him off of her, storming away. Graham started to go after her, put Killian put out his hand to stop him. “Don’t even think about it” he threatened in a seething tone. Graham stepped back putting his hands up in surrender.

Killian rushed out of the club and into the warm night air, spotting Emma just outside the door, her arms crossed as she looked off into space.

“Emma, why won’t you talk to me?”

She turned her head and glared at him. “Why didn’t you stay in the closet like I asked you to?” she demanded.
“Why did you want me in there? Why didn't you tell your friends the truth?”

Emma scoffed, breaking her gaze. “That’s real rich coming from you.”

“What in the devil are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about you running out of my apartment when you knew Liam would show up. I’m talking about you following orders from him when he told you to keep your hands off of me!”

The words hit him like a ton of bricks. That’s why she was upset?

“You lied to me!”

“Emma, I never-”

“You told me you didn’t want to take advantage of me. You told me that was the reason why you were staying away from me, but now I know that you were only staying away because Liam told you to.”

Killian’s heart constricted in his chest, seeing the tears welling up in her eyes. He can’t believe that’s what she thought this whole time. His stomach ached at the idea. “Emma, I would never lie to you about that. You're right, Liam did tell me to stay away from you but I didn’t do it because of him. I did it for you.”

“That’s a bunch of crap! When Liam came home that night, that’s when you told me that you didn’t want to take advantage of me.”

“And it was the truth, love.” Killian stepped closer but she backed way, tears coursing down her cheeks.

Just then the door opened and Graham stepped out. “Emma, are you okay? Is he bothering you?”

Killian balled up his fist again, ready to strike the bloke.

“I’m fine. I just want to go home.”

Killian's heart ached, his features falling in disappointment as he attempted to engage her again. “Emma, please…” He put his hand on her arm but she pulled it away. “Just leave me alone.” She walked away but Killilan started going after her.

“Emma wait…”

“I believe the lass said to leave her alone,” Graham stated as he grabbed Killian’s arm. That’s when Killian lost it. He spun around and punched him in the nose.

“Graham!” Emma ran back to him, her eyes wide with shock. “What the hell did you punch him for?” she asked, looking up at Killian as he tried to shake the pain from his hand.

“Emma, don't trust him. He's only trying to get into your pants.”

Emma was barely listening to him as she tended to Graham, cupping his cheeks in her hands. “How can you say that? You don’t even know him.”

“He told me,” Killian replied, his tone laced with conviction. “Please, I wouldn't lie to you.”

“I have no idea what he's talking about,” Graham groaned, holding his nose. “I only told him what a
great lass you seemed to be. Killian's the one speaking absurdly about you.”

“That’s a bunch of bullshit! Emma, don’t listen to him,” he pleaded, but Emma ignored him.

The door flew open and Mary Margaret and David came out, concern etched in their features as they looked at Graham. “Oh my God, what happened?” the brunette asked.

“It’s nothing, I’ll be fine,” Graham assured them.

David looked at Killian questionably. “What did you do, punch him?” he asked accusingly.

“David please. Killian was just leaving.” Emma’s eyes darted to Killian’s, and the cold look she gave him was piercing through his soul. “Just leave me alone,” she whispered.

He could see the hurt in her eyes before he turned and walked away. It tore him apart but he knew it was for the best.

~*~

Emma explained everything that happened to her friends after they dropped Graham off. Mary Margaret managed to siphon it out of her. She stayed with them that night and it was like old times again. Emma curled up on their couch and they made a bowl of popcorn with milk duds. Emma was leaning her head on Mary Margaret's shoulder as she comforted her. Emma couldn't stop the tears from escaping. She didn't give away all of the details, just the pertinent ones. Before she was even finished, David was ready to go down to Killian's apartment and beat him down, but luckily Emma and Mary Margaret managed to stop him.

The next morning, Emma was abruptly awoken from a restless sleep as Leopold climbed up on the bed and jumped on her stomach. After the loud gasp that escaped her lips and the initial shock, she laughed and started tickling him.

David was in the kitchen making blueberry pancakes, the delicious aroma enveloping her senses. Breakfast with the Nolans was very typical, involving all of them sitting at the table with a wide spread of various breakfast foods that David served while spilling the secret ingredient he used in the pancakes that made them taste so yummy, even though she's heard it a million times. David and Mary Margaret always sit across from each other, Leopold always sits on his Aunt Emma's lap when she's over, and their Border Collie, Wilbie, is always sitting at someone's feet waiting for scraps to either fall accidentally from a clumsy Leo or graciously granted to him on purpose.

In between Emma’s sips of hot cocoa, she scooped up whip cream with her thumb, leaving a dollop of it on the tip of Leopold's nose, making him giggle. He wiped it off, smearing it all over his cheek before jumping off of her lap and chasing the dog around as his mother told him to sit down and eat his breakfast. Emma just smiled as she quietly ate. She always felt at home with the Nolans, they were her family and she felt so lucky to have them in her life.

Later on, after she came home, Emma received a call from Elsa as she walked through the door, her free hand juggling her keys and a bag of groceries as she kicked the door shut with her foot. Her friend sounded distressed when she answered.

“Elsa, what's wrong?”

She heard Elsa take a deep breath. “Emma, Liam proposed to me last night.”

“Oh,” Emma uttered, pretending to sound surprised as she set the bag on the counter. “What did you say?”
“I haven't given him an answer yet.”

Her mouth fell in shock and this time she wasn't faking it as she emptied the bag and started putting the items away. “Why not? I thought that's what you wanted. You always talk about how you wished you got married before Anna and you always talk about how in love you are with Liam. Sometimes it makes me want to vomit,” Emma laughed.

“I do want to get married, but Liam told me something that he’d kept from me since I met him.”

Emma had a feeling she knew where this was going. “What did he tell you?”

“Well, when he was in the Navy he was dating someone who died of a drug overdose. We’ve been together for a year and he never told me this!”

“Maybe he was just afraid,” Emma offered.

“You don't sound surprised… did he tell you?”

“No, but Killian did. I didn't know he hadn't told you.”

“I just — how could he keep something like that from me?”

“I'm sure he wanted to tell you and that's why he told you before he asked you to marry him. He wanted everything to be out in the open first.”

“But still…”

“Elsa?”

“Yes?”

“Do you want to marry him?”

“Yes, I do,” Elsa replied without hesitation. “It's just a lot to digest.”

“I know it is.”

“I'm just afraid he has more to hide.”

“Don't overthink it, Elsa. Liam's exactly who you think he is, so if you want to marry the guy then go for it. I'm sure you'll both find out things you never knew about each other, but you'll accept them because you love each other.”

“Emma?”

She laughed. “Yes?”

“Thank you… for everything. You're such a good friend to me. I don't know what I'd do without you.”

“I feel the same way about you,” Emma said with a smile.

“Oh Em, I'm sorry. I have to go now but I'll text you later.”

“Okay. Keep me updated.”

“Don't worry, I will.”
Killian was trying to piece together what happened last night. He finally found out why Emma had been upset with him, but he was still clueless as to why she'd been toying his heart like she did; why she was using Graham to make him jealous. The thought of a piece of scum like him putting his hands on Emma made his stomach turn.

He couldn't even sleep thinking about it.

Then the day, Liam was sending him texts like a teenage girl, worried about whether Elsa was going to say yes to his proposal or not.

**Liam:** I finally told her about my ex-girlfriend. I think she hates me for keeping it from her.

**Liam:** Elsa left after I proposed. She said she needed time to think.

**Liam:** I think she's going to say no. What if she says no, Killian? What if she breaks up with me?

Killian responded to each one, offering words of encouragement. He was feeling like an arse for making jokes about her saying no and throwing the ring in his face.

He tried to keep himself busy, nervously waiting to hear back from Liam, anxious to know what Elsa's answer was. Checking his phone constantly was the only thing keeping him from going across the hall and knocking on Emma's door.

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Emma was extremely anxious as she waited for Elsa to come home. She’d received a slew of texts during the last two days but they were mostly Elsa expressing her frustrations, and Emma still didn't know whether her friend said yes or not. She was worried for both of them. She didn't want to see either of them hurting.

Emma was watching an old movie as her phone chirped and she looked at the screen, thinking it was another text from Elsa.

**Unknown:** Hey, Emma, it's Graham. I was wondering if you would like to have breakfast with me tomorrow morning?

At first she was confused, but then she came to the conclusion that Mary Margaret and David had something to do with this. In any other instance, Emma might have said no, she didn’t think the guy had much tact asking her out via text, but she decided that she need to move on. And this was the only way, she reasoned. Killian not only humiliated her in front of her best friends but he had the audacity to feel jealous and act out on it, striking Graham and spilling lies about him, to top it off. She was done with this game and she needed to move on.

Pursing her lips in contemplation, Emma finally responded to Graham's text.

**Emma:** Meet me at my apartment @ 8am.

She finished typing and hit the send button just as Elsa finally arrived home, carrying her luggage through the door. Emma had to refrain from jumping up and down as she turned off the television, setting down her phone. Her stomach dropped, however, when she saw the expression on her friend's face.
“Elsa… what happened?”

Elsa sighed, her eyes gloomy as she flashed Emma a faint smile. Emma tried to look for a ring on her finger but her left hand was hidden behind her handle of her suitcase. “There's something Liam and I have to tell you.”

Not a moment later, Liam emerged from the hall, Killian following behind him. Emma avoided his gaze, reverting her attention to Elsa and Liam.

They both appeared to be wrecked as they stood next to each other, their eyes glancing from the other and back to Killian and Emma. Elsa had let go of the suitcase but now she had her hand behind her back.

Drawing in a deep breath, Liam was the one to speak first, breaking the unsettling silence. “As you both know, I asked Elsa to marry me…” he started, but then paused. The wait was absolutely torturous.

Finally Emma started to see the slightest hint of a smile on Elsa’s face as she brought her hand in front of her for everyone to see. And there it was

“We’re engaged!” Elsa announced enthusiastically.

A wide smile spread across Emma’s lips, and she never knew how much she was rooting for her friends to get married until that moment. Liam and Elsa were now more affectionate towards each other, their smiles infectious as they exchanged gushing looks.

“Congratulations!” Emma wrapped both of them up in a big hug, trying to contain her enthusiasm.

“Thank you…”

“It’s about bloody time,” Killian teased with a smirk as he took his turn to hug them.

“We’re sorry for scaring you both… we ended up talking all night and worked things out. I should’ve never doubted my Liam,” Elsa said, her cheeks pink with blush as she drew Liam in for a soft kiss on the lips.

Liam returned it affectionately as Killian glanced over at Emma, offering a small smile. She looked away from him, trying to avoid his gaze.

“I should've told her from the beginning about my ex-girlfriend, so really it’s my fault,” Liam easily took the blame after pulling away from the kiss and curling his arm around Elsa’s shoulder, bringing her closer.

“It doesn’t matter anymore. It’s in the past and I’m not holding it against you,” Elsa assured him as she wrapped her arm around his waist.

“So, how did he propose?” Emma asked curiously.

“Over my favorite dinner and candlelight.”

“Did he put the ring in the dessert,” Killian asked with a chuckle. “Liam’s cheesy like that.”

“Very funny, brother. Actually, I asked her the traditional way and got down on one knee.”

~*~
Killian was ecstatic for his brother, he was ecstatic that Liam found someone like Elsa. He was happy that Elsa said yes and that things were turning out for him.

Although, there was still a dark cloud looming over him. He wished that Emma wasn’t upset at him, he wanted so badly for things to go back to normal, even if he were only her friend and nothing more. He would take that over what was lingering between them now, which for her was hatred. For him it was regret.

“So, Liam and I were thinking about all of us dressing up and going down to the plaza to celebrate our engagement. What do you think?” Elsa asked Emma and Killian.

“Sounds great,” she replied. Killian could tell she was doing her best not to show her friend any signs of unhappiness. However he could read her like an open book.

“I can’t stay out too late though, I’m meeting someone for breakfast tomorrow before work.” The words came from Emma and took them all completely off guard. He was pretty sure she was talking about Graham, but why would she announce that after Liam and Elsa just announced their engagement? Killian knew she was only doing it out of spite. She was only doing to ruffle up his feathers.

Elsa’s face lit up even more than it was. “With who?”

Liam however flashed Emma a questioning glance but didn't say anything.

“His name is Graham and he’s a friend of the Nolans. He just came in from Ireland.”

“Oh, that’s great, Emma. We promise not to keep you up too late then,” Elsa said with a wink. “Okay, Liam and I are going to unpack and get ready. See you two soon.”

Liam and Elsa shared a kiss and then went their separate ways as Killian approached Emma to speak to her. “Emma, you’re really going out with that wanker?”

Emma shot him a death glare. “It’s none of your business who I choose to see.” The sharp tone in her voice made his skin crawl.

“Emma… what about us? Why can’t we just talk about what happened between us, love?” he asked softly.

“We’ve talked about things already and I’m done with it. There is no us, there never was thanks to you, remember?” she asked rigidly.

“And what about when we slept together? What was that then, if you hate me so much?” he demanded, getting irritated.

Emma stared at him coldly for a brief moment before she answered. “It was a moment of weakness.” she murmured. “It didn’t mean anything, so just forget that it happened.” With that said, Emma turned around and headed down the hall to her room.

Killian felt the sting in his heart, he felt like he just got the wind knocked out of him. His shoulders were slumped as he trudged out of the apartment and across the hall to his own. He wasn't really sure what he did to deserve this. He was completely perplexed about how this whole thing spiralled out of control. If this wasn't his brother's engagement, if he didn’t want so badly to show support for Liam, he wouldn’t even go, but he had to. He wanted to be there for Liam. After their fallout and then finally mending their relationship again, Killian would despair if he disappointed his brother like that. So, he would show up to the engagement dinner and put on a smile no matter how torn up he was.
Letting out a heavy sigh in frustration, Emma rummaged through her closet, trying to find something to wear. She was happy for Liam and Elsa, she really was, but she wasn’t looking forward to tonight. She wasn’t looking forward to being around him. She hated how angry she was and she hated herself for letting him in so easily. She despised the effect he had on her.

After a half an hour of not being able to make up her mind, Emma finally decided on a dress that she hadn’t worn since college. It was still in good shape, and she liked the way it hugged her curves and showcased her best assets.

Removing it from the closet, she pursed her lips, contemplating whether she should or not. This was her friends’ night and she certainly didn’t want to stand out and take away their spotlight, but honestly the dress resembled how she felt — fired up and full of anger, her blood boiling hot. Plus, with Killian being there, maybe this was her chance to torture him a little bit longer.

After Emma got ready, she told Liam and Elsa to go without her, omitting the fact that she didn’t want to sit in the car with Killian. She just made up some excuse saying that she had to stop at the shelter first and she would meet them there.

Killian arrived at the plaza with his brother and Elsa, and they were seated at one of the tables; it was beautifully set, covered in a cream-colored tablecloth and lit candles. There was tasteful music playing and elegant chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, draping the room with soft, aesthetically pleasing light.

Liam pulled out a seat for Elsa and as they sat down, Killian was facing away from the door thankfully next to his brother, trying not show any emotions. He was doing his best not to let Emma’s brutal words affect him. Liam ordered some champagne and it wasn’t much longer when Elsa perked up, waving her hand and looking past Killian and Liam.

He turned around in his seat, and the sight on the other side of the room took his breath away.

Emma was wearing a red dress that hugged the exquisite curves of her body, falling just above her knees, and a pair black stiletto heels as she entered the plaza, her blonde hair cascading over her shoulders. Her long legs appeared to be glimmering under the lighting of the room. She was an absolute marvel. Killian hadn’t even noticed the grin that took over his lips on it’s own accord until Emma approached them, avoiding him altogether as he was pulled from his trance.

She didn’t appear to show any signs indicating that she was in any way upset, Killian could sense that she was putting on a show for her friends, kissing Liam on the cheek and giving Elsa a hug before taking a seat across from Killian.

As the evening went on, Emma avoided looking him in the eye at all costs, even though she sat directly across from him.

In fact she was smiling warmly as she held her glass of champagne. “I am so happy for the both of you and I wish you the best of luck.”

“Thank you, Emma,” Elsa beamed. “There is something I wanted to ask you. It might make my sister upset, but that’s okay. You gave me a home in this city, Emma, and I will forever be grateful for that. You generously took me in and made me feel welcomed. You’re my sister from another mother,” Elsa boasted with a laugh. “Emma Swan, will you be my maid of honor?”
Emma’s smile only grew. “Of course. I’d be honored,” she replied. As she gave her friend a hug, Killian could tell that she was a little in shock that Elsa asked her that.

“I suppose it’s my turn,” Liam said as he looked over at Killian, taking a deep breath. “Killian I know you and I have had our spats, and that’s putting it lightly. We grew apart for a long time, but I can honestly say that I’m proud of you for coming to the States and turning your life around. Even when we weren’t speaking to each other, even when there were times I wanted to ring your neck, I missed the bloody hell out of you and I’m so glad that we get to see each other everyday…” Liam cocked his head to the side, “well, most days. Some days I still want to kick your arse, but you’re my younger brother and that urge just comes with the territory,” Liam taunted and the four of them laughed. “Killian will you do me the honor of being my best man?”

Killian didn’t hesitate to reply, a wide grin spreading across his lips, “Of course, Liam. But only because you referred to me as younger brother,” he teased with a playful chuckle. The four of them clinked their glasses together in celebration and Killian gazed across the table, seeing Emma staring at him, failing to hide her emotions. Killian never broke his gaze as her eyes fell to her drink, taking a sip.

Killian could feel the tension building between the two of them as the evening progressed. They engaged in light conversation as they ate their entrees, but Killian couldn’t help but notice that Emma’s attempts of putting on a happy face were slowly dwindling, until Elsa and Liam started getting suspicious.

“Emma, are you alright?” she asked her, Elsa’s features etched with concern.

Emma was glaring at Killian as she threw down her napkin on the table. “Yeah I’m fine. I just need to use the ladies’ room.” She stood from her seat and headed towards the hallway where the restrooms were located.

“Do you think she’s okay?” Liam asked in concern.

“Yeah, she’ll be fine. I think all of the excitement is just getting to her,” Elsa replied.

Not a moment went by when Killian decided to go after her. He was determined to put this debacle to an end once and for all.

“I’ll be right back. I feel the need to use the restroom as well. The seafood went right through me,” Killian chuckled.

“Too much information, brother. Elsa doesn’t want to hear about that,” Liam tried to convince him, but Elsa was snickering from across the table.

Killian rolled his eyes at Liam and stood up. “She may as well, she’s going to be my sister-in-law pretty soon.” Killian went around the table, kissing her cheek as he expressed his apologies.

“It’s okay, Killian.”

He left the table and made his way down the hall, his stomach full of nerves as he thought about what he was going to say to her.

~*~

Emma was hyperventilating as she leaned over the bathroom counter, staring at her reflection in the mirror. Her hands were shaking and her breathing was staggered. She had started the evening being angry with Killian, but then the guilt was eating away at her. She saw how good he looked in his
black suit and how Liam's eyes lit up as he spoke of his brother and asked him to be his best man.

Emma had come to the stark realization that she was never going to be able to get rid of Killian. She’d have to move out and never see her friends again for that to happen.

There were a few women filtering out of the restroom when the door swung open again. Emma was trying to steady her breathing when she turned around, heading for the exit.

She gasped, meeting eyes with a striking shade of blue. “Killian, what are you doing in here?” Emma asked, struggling to catch her breath.

“I’m here to explain myself, and I'm not letting you leave until after you listen to every word I have to say,” he spoke firmly.

She tried to pass him but he moved to block her path.

“Please, Emma…” he pleaded, his voice completely shattered and his eyes full of wreckage.

Emma crossed her arms, her stance solid and her jaw set in place. “Fine. Go on.”

Killian inhaled a deep breath before speaking again. “Emna, when I started dating Milah... she was a married woman. She led me to believe that she was unhappy, and she kept telling me she was divorcing her husband.”

Emma's mouth gaped open in shock as she listened intently.

“But, I didn't realize until she broke up with me that she was just using me as her toy. She was using me for kicks and it hurt me to my very core. I would never wish that upon anyone. So, when I told you that I didn't want to take advantage of you, I wasn't saying it out of obligation to my brother or because I was following orders. I was telling you because I never want to do the same thing to you that Milah did to me. I wasn't willing to risk a friendship with you for a quick rump in the sac and I hope that maybe one day you’ll realize that.”

Emma looked into his eyes, her face awash with guilt as she read the sincerity in his blue depths and the adamant tone laced in his words.

“I know that you find it hard to trust someone, given your dating history, but maybe someday you'll realize that I was genuinely looking out for you, unlike some creep who you just met,” he muttered bitterly and started to turn around.

“Killian…”

He gritted his teeth as he stopped, running his hand over his face, refusing to look her in the eye.

Emma admitted to herself that she was scared. Even when she was upset with him, she still had feelings for him that were stubborn and wouldn't stop tormenting her, but she hated that feeling. She hated the effect he had on her.

“You know, Emma, you're so quick to believe Graham after you just met him, and yet you've known me for two months now and won't even give me the time of day. I'm done trying. From now on I’ll leave you alone. You don't have to worry about me interfering with your life anymore,” Killian bit out, heading for the door.

But Emma didn't allow herself to think, only to act. In the next instant, she was launching herself from against the counter and pulling on his arm to bring him to her.
His eyes were full of confusion as he collided into her and she grabbed onto the collar of his suit jacket, desperately pulling him to her lips with a crash that set her skin ablaze. He groaned at the contact, and her tongue was insistent, seeking access that he willingly granted her as he opened his mouth, letting her claim him. He hastily pushed her back against the counter, emitting a gasp from her lips. He wrapped his arms around her, pressing himself hard against her center as he tilted his head, sweeping his tongue along hers, kissing her deeply and breathlessly.

Every kiss with Killian was always toe-curling, sending sparks throughout her body, but the way their mouths and tongues engaged one another with such urgency and passion, it was unlike any kiss she’d ever experienced before. The anger inside of her quickly turned into fire and her need for him only grew more intense.

She fumbled for the button of his pants, quickly unzipping them as his hands snaked around to her ass, frantically yanking the fabric of her dress and pushing it up to exposes her bare cheeks. She was glad she had settled on the black lacey thong that was now soaked with arousal as his hand slipped underneath the straps. He pulled them down halfway and then lifted her up on the countertop, breaking the kiss to remove the fabric from her legs and over her stiletto heels. His lips crashed into hers again so she couldn't see what he was doing, but she was pretty sure he shoved her panties in his pocket before spreading her thighs apart, settling himself between them.

Emma somehow managed to undo his pants, her hand reaching into his boxers to pull out his thick length. Suddenly her ass was being lifted and she was wrapping her legs around his hips as he carried her to the bathroom stall.

Their lips were still locked as Emma breathed him in, sliding her tongue along his, unable to get enough. The taste of him, the scent of his cologne and the feel of his body pressed into hers; it was so overwhelming. She easily decided she needed him more than she needed oxygen. He used her back to open the stall door, letting it close behind them as he slammed her against the wall, entering her without warning. She cried out into his mouth, both pain and pleasure coursing through her body as he rocked his hips, staking claim in her depths. His hands were still on her ass, holding her steady, his fingers imprinted in her skin rough enough to bruise.

Killian felt so good inside of her, she thought might she explode and crumble apart on the spot.

He tore his lips away, leaving them both panting for air as he started kissing her neck. She instantly threw her head back, biting her bottom lip trying to be as quiet as she could. “I want it harder, Killian. Please...” she begged in breathless whispers.

"That a lass.” Killian uttered a groan and granted her wish, thrusting his hips at a more maddening pace until Emma could no longer hold back the screams that tore from her throat. She was soon overwhelmed with pleasure, her stomach coiling and her walls fluttering around his length as she dug her nails into his back.
"Emma..."

He gave her a few final thrusts, his warmth pouring into her as she cried out in pure ecstasy.

They were both struggling to breathe, their bodies heaving against one another as he rested his forehead on hers. His mouth found lips again, his tongue sweeping in and mingling with hers, drawing her into another deep kiss. He was still inside of her as she clung onto him tightly, ignoring the need for oxygen; unable to let him go.

When they finally broke for air, their breathing was staggered as she attempted to speak.

“I'm so sorry, Killian…” The words tore for him throat in shallow breaths as she met his gaze, easily getting lost in his eyes.

“Please just tell me you're not still mad at me, love… please… tell me you actually want me…” he managed, his voice completely shattered and broken as he leaned his forehead against hers once more, brushing his nose over her cheek.

“I'm still mad... but I want you too much. In fact I… I’m falling for you… I was just scared,” Emma admitted in a whisper.

His eyes lit up, a lazy grin tugging at his lips. “I've already fallen.”

She breathed a sigh in relief from hearing that, her lips also pulling into a smile.

“I'm scared too, but I assure you there's nothing to be afraid of, love. I will never hurt you.”

“I know. I trust you, Killian.”

Killian closed his eyes and sighed. “You don’t know how badly I needed to hear you say that… and I want to show you over and over again how much you mean to me… but unfortunately, I think we should get back to our table,” he said with a soft chuckle.

Emma nodded in agreement and he finally slipped out of her, letting her down until she was on her heels again. “I have to leave soon so I can wake up early for my date tomorrow.”

Killian was in the middle of zipping up his pants when he looked up and frowned, and Emma could no longer keep a straight face.

“Killian, it's a joke.”

He exhaled a sigh of relief. “Thank god. I only have one good hand so I wouldn't want to injure it from having to break his jaw.” Killian said it in a jokingly manner, but Emma was pretty sure he was serious.

She smirked as he put his hands on her hips, bringing her closer. “Yeah, we wouldn't want that. That hand of yours is too valuable.”

He grinned smugly as she cupped his cheeks in her hands, kissing him on the lips one last time before he could respond.

When they broke apart, they straightened their clothing, tidying up their hair the best they could. Killian was the first to exit and Emma soon followed behind him, making her way to their table as she tried to hide the content smile that threatened her lips.
Broken souls and mended hearts

Chapter Notes

First of all, I want to thank everyone for your patience, I know it's been a month since I last updated this. Also want to thank @ilovemesomekillianjones for being wonderful and beta-reading my 10,000-word monster of a chapter.

Hope you all enjoy reading!

Killian was in a daze as he sat next to Liam at the table, trying his best to suppress the impish smile from his lips. He was still tingling from his orgasm, and hoping he wasn't letting it show. Liam and Elsa were closely observing him, but didn't seem to suspect anything.

“Feeling better, brother?” Liam inquired, amusement in his tone.

It took everything in Killian to not give in to the smirk that threatened his lips. He cleared his throat and gave a nod. “Aye. More than better, in fact.” He was not at all exaggerating. Killian came to the conclusion that being with Emma simply made him better in more ways than he could count on his good hand.

“Emma's not back yet. I think should go and see if she's okay, she's been in there for a while,” Elsa spoke up in concern.

“Aye, maybe she’s feeling under the weather,” Killian offered, barely able to maintain a straight face.

Elsa nodded in agreement and set down her napkin as she started to get up.

“Hey, what's going on?”

The three of them turned their attention to Emma, who was now approaching the table and taking her seat. Elsa paused and eyed her suspiciously.

Emma appeared to be much more relaxed and cheerful, and Killian could sense that she too was trying to hold back a grin.
“I was just getting ready to check on you, to see if you were okay,” Elsa explained as she adjusted and relaxed in her seat.

Emma shrugged casually, picking up a dessert menu and scanning it over. “Never been better. Just stepped outside for some fresh air.” Emma didn’t notice the questioning glances Elsa and Liam shot her way. “So who’s up for dessert?” she asked, never tearing her eyes from the menu.

“You sure you’re okay?” Elsa asked dubiously.

Emma finally lifted her head, looking up at Liam and Elsa with a warm smile as she set down the menu. “Yeah. Why wouldn’t I be? Two of my best friends are getting married.” Emma extended both of her hands over the table, offering them to her friends. They still seemed skittish, but they each took a hand regardless. “I'm really happy for the both of you.”

“Thanks, Emma. You know, you will find someone who will make you as happy as Liam makes me,” Elsa said, blushing. “Maybe Graham will be that someone?”

Killian clenched his jaw and Emma shook her head as she released her friends’ hands.

“I doubt it. It's just one date.” She looked over at Killian, flashing him an apologetic smile, which put him at ease a bit. He knew that Emma wasn't really going out with Graham. And besides, the Irish man wasn't the one who’d just had fantastic sex with her, so, Killian could live with the facade. He managed a smile, and Emma’s grin only grew more wicked as he felt a bare foot rubbing against his leg. She flashed him a wink, making his cheeks heat up.

“Okay, I'm with Emma. Let's get some dessert,” Liam announced and grabbed the menu as Emma took a sip of her drink. “What about you brother? Do you want some?”

A devilish smirk pulled at his lips as he gazed across the table at Emma. “I already had dessert.”

Emma choked on her wine, coughing and almost spitting it out. She set the glass down as Killian quickly handed her a clean napkin. She took it graciously, her eyes full of amusement as her cheeks filled with blush.
“You okay, Em?” Elsa asked as she glanced at her friend in concern.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” A faint smile took over Emma's lips as she shifted, causing the playful kick that he felt to his shin. He flinched, trying to bite back a groan as he immediately grabbed her ankle, soothing his thumb over her smooth skin and massaging the arch of her foot.

He could feel her tremble under his touch, but she didn't pull her foot away, and instead rested her heel on the front edge of his seat right in between thighs, pressing delicately against his crotch.

Liam and Elsa were eyeing the dessert menu together over the table, oblivious to what was going on underneath it.

“So you already had dessert?” Liam asked him curiously.

“Aye,” Killian nodded.

“Yeah… uh I forgot that Mary Margaret brought by some chocolate cheesecake for Killian and I.”

“Did they bring over any extra? I love her cheesecake. It's so good.”

“Sorry, she only had two slices left.”

Liam pouted in disappointment, but chose something that was similar.

Killian handed Emma the menu, quietly thanking her for the save. “You should still get something. You can never have too much dessert, love,” he said with a wink and a provocative smirk.

Emma’s cheeks filled up with blush as she smiled coyly and took the menu.

“Agreed, especially since Killian's paying,” Liam joked with a hearty laugh.
Killian rolled his eyes.

“Actually, Killian and I will share the bill. We’re here to celebrate your engagement and this is your night, so dinner’s on us, right Killian?” Emma offered, but Killian quickly shook his head.

“No need, love, I'm footing the bill, myself. Because I'm always a gentleman, I will not allow a lady to pay for dinner.”

Liam chuckled. “He's right about that. Sorry, Emma, that's a battle you won't be able to win. You should know that by now.”

Emma sighed. “Really, I’m fine with splitting it, Killian.”

He could see the elation in her eyes fade to something more of apology or regret, like she felt bad, perhaps about how she had acted the last few weeks. He could tell she felt that she needed to make up for it, but really as long as they were on good terms, he could forgive her one hundred percent. In fact, he’d already forgiven her. “Only if you wish, Emma. I would happily pay the entire thing.”

“It’s the least I could do without paying the whole thing myself, but I know you would never let me do that,” she said with a small smile.

“You are correct about that.”

“So, how are you two getting along, anyway? I take it you worked things out?” Liam asked curiously.

“Aye, we did. It was a huge misunderstanding is all.”

“Ah, well I’m glad. And again, I’m sorry for my part in it.”

“I’m glad you two worked things out, too. Liam can be a meddler sometimes,” Elsa teased. Liam had filled her in on the details a while back, when the three of them had dinner and Emma was babysitting Leo.
“Elsa has certainly helped to show me the error of my ways. And I promise, I will not try to tell either of you who not to be with.”

“It’s fine. Killian and I are back to being friends, and everything’s back to normal. Let’s just drop it shall we?” Emma suggested. Killian could sense the hint of irritation in her tone.

“Of course, Emma.”

The subject was soon forgotten as they ordered dessert, discussing other things, such as the upcoming camping trip. Emma decided that she wanted to come along with them and was bringing the Nolans as well. Each couple would be sharing a tent, and that left Emma and Killian securing a tent of their own. He of course would have preferred sharing one with her; it would certainly make more sense, but he knew that for now, the two of them were keeping their relationship or whatever one would call what was going on between them, under wraps.

After the four of them left the restaurant, Killian decided to ride home with Emma. The brothers and Elsa agreed they didn’t want Emma driving through the city in the dark.

“Didn't you hear about the road rage incident in Pennsylvania? People are reduced to shooting others in the head for cutting them off nowadays,” Liam argued.

Emma appeared to be annoyed, she didn’t hesitate to agree, but Killian could sense that she was trying to mask her affections for him. However, as soon as her friends were in Elsa’s blue Jeep Wrangler, and she and Killian were in her yellow bug, Emma climbed in Killian’s lap. She was straddling him as she tugged his head back by his hair and smashed her lips into his, kissing the hell out him. He groaned and wrapped his arms around her small frame, letting his hands roam her back as their tongues twisted around the other, creating sparks throughout his entire body. He knew that she had waited to do that ever since their tryst.

Emma eventually had to peel herself off of him, so that Liam and Elsa wouldn’t grow suspicious as to why they were so far behind them, especially since they were supposedly departing from the restaurant at the same time.

Leaving Killian breathless, Emma managed to collect her bearings before driving them home safely.

Elsa’s jeep was already parked when Emma and Killian arrived. They walked into the building
together and shared a kiss outside Emma’s door before they finally had to part.

“So, you're okay with keeping us a secret for a while?” she murmured breathlessly, still clutching onto the lapels of his jacket.

His heart fluttered at the word ‘us’. “Aye, love. Anything you wish. We’ll tell them when we’re ready… when we’re both ready.”

She nodded in agreement and planted one last, slow kiss on his lips before finally letting him go. She was blushing as she reached for the knob of her door, staring back at him. He smiled and willed himself to walk backwards across the hall, unable to tear his eyes off the minx who was apparently fixed on being his death. He winked at her, making her grin widen before saying goodnight with her eyes. They reluctantly stepped inside their respective apartments.

“Ah, there you are. I was starting to get worried. Did Emma take the long way home?” Liam questioned as soon as Killian came through the door.

“No, just got stuck behind an old lady,” Killian fibbed with a chuckle. He joined Liam on the couch and they chatted lightly. Elsa and Liam had decided to go their separate ways for the night. She always encouraged him to spend some bonding time with his brother, and Killian was grateful for that. Milah had never expressed the same sentiment towards Killian’s relationship with Liam. In fact, it was quite the opposite. She always craved Killian’s attention whenever she took time out of her married life to see him. She acted like spending time with her was a privilege, even if it meant his relationship with Liam suffered because of it.

When the brothers said goodnight and went to their rooms, Killian reached into his pocket, pulling out Emma’s lacey thong that he had kept as a souvenir. He smirked as he felt it in his hand, admiring it and thinking back to the evening’s activities they had engaged in. His body was still on fire, he could still feel her soft curves on his fingertips, and smell her enchanting perfume.

His thoughts were abruptly interrupted when his phone started vibrating in his suit jacket. He shoved the pair of panties back in his pants pocket and pulled out his cell, peering at the screen.

Emma: Night, Killian. Pleasant dreams.

A wide grin curved his lips as he typed a reply.
Killian: No worries, sweetheart. I'll be dreaming of you, so naturally they'll all be pleasant.

He sent the text before adding on to it.

Killian: ...and not just the naughty ones ;-) 

Emma responded not a moment later.

Emma: lol, I'll be doing the same with you, I'm sure ;-) 

Killian: Goodnight and sweet dreams to you as well, love ;-) 

With that, he set his phone on the night stand before stripping down to his boxer briefs and draping his dress suit over the desk chair in his room. He slipped into bed, laying his head down and drifting off to a blissful sleep with thoughts of Emma playing in his mind.

~*~

Emma was in the bathroom the next morning, brushing her teeth when her phone dinged on the marbled counter. Peering down at the screen, she picked it up with her free hand, hoping it was from Killian. She felt butterflies fluttering around in her stomach, just thinking about him. However, she frowned, seeing the text from Graham that was aimed at finalizing their plans for breakfast. _Crap_, she’d forgotten to text him last night to cancel. She’d been too distracted, thinking about the insanely hot sex that had transpired between her and Killian.

Graham: Good morning, Emma. Just wanted to see if we were still having breakfast. I must say I'm very much looking forward to it.

Emma sighed, studying the words while thinking back to what Killian had said about him. She wondered if it were true, or if Killian had just been making it up out of jealousy. Emma set down the cell and turned on the faucet, spitting out the lathered toothpaste into the sink. She gathered a pool of water in her hands and rinsed out her mouth before spitting it out and drying her lips with a washcloth. Grabbing her phone before leaving the bathroom, she started texting him back, intending to test out this theory swarming around in her head. She wanted to see if the Irishman was sincere or not.
Emma: Yeah, I'll be there :-)

Graham: Excellent.

Emma’s thumb drummed on the screen as she contemplated what to say that would begin to unravel the truth.

Emma: By the way, I wanted to apologize about the other night. You never did tell me what the fight between you and Killian was all about.

Graham: Yeah, about that, I do apologize for ruining the night.

Emma’s brows furrowed in confusion. She was expecting more of an explanation, when he started typing again.

Graham: But he did start it. I was just saying how beautiful you were when he lashed out and threatened to break my neck. Not that he could anyway, because he only has one hand. Sorry to say, but Killian’s an arse. I hope that he hasn't been bothering you.

Emma was seething with anger at his words; she didn't appreciate this guy calling Killian names or making fun of his injury, especially since Graham knew nothing about him.

She entered her bedroom as she thought of a response. Of course, she thoroughly enjoyed Killian bothering her, but she couldn't very well tell Graham that. She couldn’t say that the arse he was referring to banged her against a restroom stall last night, giving her the most incredible orgasm she'd ever experienced in her life — well, one of the six most incredible orgasms. Emma didn’t think that would go very well, and it would of course spread to David and Mary Margaret. And the Nolan woman was incapable of keeping a secret, so it would end up getting back to Liam and Elsa.

Not that it was the worst of Emma’s problems — it was far from it. Her main problem was getting this Irishman off of her back; she had an inking that what Killian had told her about him was true. In fact, it probably didn’t begin to touch on the absolute true nature of who Graham really was. Emma was bound to find out though.
Emma: Yeah, he is an ass, but I can take care of myself.

Graham: I’m glad you agree. And I am sure that a lass like you can take care of yourself, but I’m just looking out for you. You should’ve heard the vile things he was saying about you.

Emma started to grow more irritated and angry. She knew that Killian would not say anything bad about her. She knew that Graham was lying. Besides, Emma and Killian had just mended things, kind of, after the last time words were said and misconstrued by someone trying to interfere with their relationship. Emma wasn’t about to let that happen again. From now on, they would figure out issues together. She had learned her lesson and still felt the regret anchored in the pit of her stomach because of how things had transpired. She should've talked to Killian instead of overreacting and trying to seek revenge. She knew this was something she had to work on, and she was willing to try. She really wanted things to work out with her and Killian.

Emma began typing a retort when she received another message.

Graham: The lad’s a one-handed pervert. You deserve so much better than that — someone who would actually be able to pleasure you.

Emma’s jaw dropped. She couldn’t believe what he sent her.

*The fucking audacity of this asshole!*

She’d about had it with people making fun of his disability. Emma certainly didn’t see it as such, but other people seemed to get a kick out of using his lost hand against him.

She erased what she had written before and started typing something else.

*Emma: Yeah, I'll bet ;-)*

Graham: Mmm, glad you agree. Maybe we could just skip the breakfast and get to the pleasuring ;)
And there it was — the proof that Killian had been telling the truth. Emma was fuming with anger as she typed a response.

Emma: Patience, we’ll get to that. First I need some caffeine. Why don’t you order something for me when you get to the cafe?

Graham: Of course. What would you like?

She pursed her lips together, trying to decide. Not that it really mattered. Emma wouldn’t actually be drinking it. She started typing out a hot beverage, but then she backspaced and wrote something else.

Emma: How about a frozen mocha with extra chocolate syrup and whipped cream?

Graham: You got it. I’ll see you there.

Emma smiled mischievously.

She arrived at the cafe in a pair of navy blue stilettos, a matching pencil skirt and a white blouse. Her golden blonde curls were bouncing with an evident determination in her step as she wore an artificial smile.

Immediately spotting the smug Irishman in expensive-looking grey slacks, a dress shirt and tie, Emma paused and took a deep breath. She then marched over to his table as he looked up, a broad smile taking over his lips.

“Emma, you look…” he breathed, his eyes bugging out of his head as he started to stand from his seat. Emma quickly grabbed his shoulder, forcing him to stay put.

“No need to get up for me,” she said sweetly. “In fact, I won’t be staying long.”

Graham’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “But I thought-”
“Yeah... and everybody thought you were a decent guy.” Emma’s smile never faded as she grabbed the drink that he’d ordered for her. She tilted her head, her grin growing into something more satanic. “But people aren't always what they seem.” Emma removed her straw and lid, setting them on the table as Graham watched in bewilderment. “I’ve learned that people tend to be more on the disappointing side, with a few exceptions. So, I’m sorry to soften your hardon, but maybe this will help cool you down a bit.” With that, she held the beverage over his lap and tipped the cup over, letting all of it’s contents fall directly into his lap — the whipped cream, chocolate syrup and the dark frozen solid chunks that soiled his freshly pressed suit pants.

“What the hell?! That’s freezing cold!” he shouted, immediately standing from his seat, letting the coffee mess spill onto the floor as he grabbed some napkins, attempting to clean himself off. “These pants were over two-hundred dollars, you stupid bitch!”

Emma’s smirk only widened. “Maybe you’ll think twice about talking about Killian the way you did.”

“The guy’s a fucking wanker with one hand!” Graham spat furiously.

Emma flashed him a scowl. “He may only have one hand, but he certainly has more balls than you do! You led my friends to believe that Killian had no right to start that fight. You led them to believe that you were completely innocent, but you and I both know that you’re not,” she snapped at him, an unmistakable fury behind her words.

Graham stepped towards Emma, grabbing her arm before she could turn around to leave. Customers around them were starting to stare.

His grip was tight as she tried to pull away. “Ow, you’re hurting me!” He loosened his hold, not wanting to cause anymore of a scene, and Emma managed to escape before slapping his face, making him jerk his head to the side. He soothed his cheek with his hand, regret and embarrassment in his eyes. “Don't you ever talk that way about Killian again! And leave my friends alone! You’re not even worth their time.” Turning on her heels, she quickly walked away, not even allowing him to reply.

She went to work uncaffeinated and steaming with anger, but she was satisfied that she would not have to worry about Graham asking her out again, or making fun of Killian. And boy, what a waste of coffee, but it was certainly put to good use.

Emma had a busy day at work, and was looking forward to getting a chance to actually have a much needed conversation with Killian, and just spend some time with him. She knew it would be difficult
since they were keeping their relationship a secret, but is was certainly doable. And perhaps, Liam and Elsa would be too preoccupied with their wedding plans to even suspect anything.

Emma came home early that evening, but was still utterly exhausted. She decided on changing into something comfortable before texting Killian to see if he wanted to go out and do something. A smile was blooming over her lips at the thought as she quickly unlocked the door and stepped through the threshold.

However, when her eyes fell upon the sight in front of her, Emma’s face twisted and turned beat red as she instantly covered her eyes with her hand. “Oh my God! I'm so sorry!” she called out as she spun around and fled the apartment.

“Sorry, Emma! We didn't think you'd be home for another hour!” she heard Elsa call after her.

“Still, a tie on the door, or some sort of sign to warn a person would have been nice!” Emma yelled out as she slammed the door before heading back downstairs. She shook her head, trying to erase the images from her mind, but then again, maybe this mishap was something bittersweet — an opportunity, rather. Ideas started to spark as Emma left the building and sent Elsa a text with an eager smile on her face.

Emma: Don't worry about it, please. Obviously, you and Liam need some alone time, so don't expect me home tonight. Take all the time you need.

~*~

Killian took a shower after he got home from work, dressing casually in jeans and a t-shirt before making a few more adjustments with his hair. Liam was over at Elsa’s so he was hoping to spend time with Emma when she got back from the shelter. He was contemplating just sending her a text when he left his room and heard a knock on the door.

His brow was raised in curiosity as he went over and answered it.

A grin quickly took over his lips as he saw the gorgeous blonde standing at his doorstep with pizza and a warm smile. She was also holding what appeared to be a bottle of wine.

“Hi, lass. To what do I owe the pleasure of your presence?”
“Hey…” Emma cooed, her cheeks filling with blush. “Do you mind if I crash here tonight? I brought pizza and sparkling grape juice, because I know of your affinity for your favorite pizza and your disinterest in wine,” she offered, a hopeful plea showing in her eyes and on her pouted red lips. She looked so adorable and sexy; how could he have possibly turned her down? Not that he wanted to.

“You know me so well. I’m definitely sold,” he said with a bashful grin, relieving her of the pizza box before stepping aside to let her in.

Emma shrugged as she entered, turning to face him as he closed the door behind her. “You’re not very difficult to please, and it sounded better than arriving at your door empty handed.”

“Love, anytime you feel like crashing here, empty-handed or not, please do,” Killian told her, kissing her sweetly on the cheek before walking over to the table and depositing the pizza on top of it. Emma followed behind him, setting the juice next to it. He approached her again, still in awe that she showed up tonight as he slipped his hands over her hips, bringing her closer.

Emma smiled weakly, looking at him with her big, sparkling green eyes, clutching onto his arms and soothing her hands over his muscles. “Are you sure I'm not interrupting? I'm learning that I have a tendency to do that,” she said with a small laugh.

Shaking his head, he lifted his hand to swipe some stray hairs behind her ear, speaking in a soft tone. “Not at all, love. Even if you were, you know that I always enjoy your interruptions,” he teased with a playful smirk, adding a wink to the mix. “Our relationship thus far has been based on interruptions.”

“You're correct about that,” she tittered, wrapping her arms round his waist. “In fact I'm a bit disappointed to find you fully dressed,” she teased with a sly smirk.

Killian flashed her one back. “I’m sure we could rectify that later on. You’re wearing far too many clothes yourself, darling,” he teased, eyeing her outfit. “I do have to admit, you look rather fetching in that ensemble, but it’s not very appropriate for lounging around and eating pizza in.”

Emma laughed, looking down at the clothes she was wearing. “You’re probably right, but I do not wish to go my apartment right now to change.”

Killian lifted a brow in curiosity. “Why’s that, love?”
“Remember when I said I have a tendency to interrupt? Well I wasn’t just referring to you,” she sighed. “Apparently, Liam and Elsa didn’t get much alone time after their engagement, and they’re making up for it now. Let’s just say, I saw a side of them that I never want to see again.”

Killian’s smile instantly fell at what he guessed Emma was trying to tell him. “You mean, they were…?”

Emma pulled away from his hold and went to the closet to remove her heels, slipping out of them one by one. “Oh, yeah. I walked in on them before I went to get the pizza. They were having sex on the coffee table,” she complained with a groan, bending down to pick up her shoes.

Killian’s face contorted in distaste at the images Emma was supplying him with, however, he couldn’t help but stare at her tight, scrumptious-looking butt that was hidden underneath her skirt while she set her stilettos down on the closet floor. It somehow took out the painfulness of the situation they were discussing. “Well then, I don’t blame you for not wanting to go back there. That’s certainly a sight I do not care to see.”

Emma came back up, shutting the closet door before turning around to look at him. “Tell me about it. I’m going to have to burn my retinas out to rid myself of the image of your brother’s bare ass.”

Killian frowned as he closed the distance between them, wrapping his arms around her torso. “You saw Liam’s arse? What else did you see?”

Emma eyed him suspiciously as she curled her hands around the back of his neck. “Are you jealous that I saw your brother naked?” she teased playfully.

“No, but I don’t like the idea of you seeing someone naked, besides me of course,” he answered with a smirk.

Emma laughed in obvious amusement, shaking her head. “I only saw his backside. And believe me, it’s not as nice as your backside,” she said, sealing her assurance with a soft kiss. Killian instantly surrendered to her lips and everything else she offered him. As he pulled Emma closer, her perfume was fogging up his senses, along with the taste of her tongue.

However, he couldn’t help but wonder if she’d be there with him right now if it weren’t for the unsightly display in her own apartment. Killian pulled away slightly, gazing into her soft, green
depths. “Is that the only reason why you came over here? To get away from that?” he asked, hoping her answer would be no.

Emma’s brow contracted, her expression growing more serious; she almost appeared to be offended at the accusation. “Of course not. I actually came over so we could talk and spend time together.”

Killian grinned at the reassurance. “I would like that, love. Why don’t you change into something comfortable and we can eat before the pizza gets cold,” he suggested with a smile. “You can wear one of my t-shirts.”

Emma smiled again, intrigued by that idea. “Sold. Although, I better borrow some shorts as well, just in case Liam and Elsa decided to move their amorous activities over here for some reason.”

Killian chuckled. “Alright, let me get you something. I think I’ll change as well. We’ll have a pajama party, what do you say?”

Emma snickered. “That would be fine, except, I normally sleep in my birthday suit, so maybe that wouldn’t be very appropriate for eating pizza.”

“I am not opposed to that idea, love. However, I would not be able to have a civil conversation, with you wearing nothing, I’ll get you something to change into,” he chuckled.

“Ohay,” Emma agreed.

He went to his bedroom to throw on a t-shirt and pair of sweatpants before fetching some clothes for her to wear.

Emma came out in an old New York Giants jersey that he’d acquired from Liam, and a small pair of gym shorts he’d worn in high school that weren’t overly big on her and had an elastic waist so they wouldn’t fall down. Not that Killian would’ve minded if they did.

He shook the thought from his mind as they both gathered plates, napkins and wine glasses, along with the pizza. “Here, I have an idea, love. Let’s grab a picnic basket and take this elsewhere.”
Emma lifted a brow, her eyes full of curiosity and intrigue. “You want to have a picnic outside in the dark? We're in our pajamas,” she reminded with a laugh.

Killian just flashed her a small grin and kissed her lips. “A little trust, Swan. Just follow me.” He retrieved a picnic basket, filling it with the supplies, and Emma carried the pizza.

“Okay, lead the way,” she encouraged playfully.

He led her out the door and up to the rooftop. Emma looked skittish when they emerged from the building, until she took in the view of the city. It was a clear night and the sky was black, apart from the city lights and the stars scattered in every direction. The breeze was cool, but being early-summer, it was a comforting change from the blazing sun of the daylight.

“It's a beautiful view,” Emma pointed out as they found a spot and set down their picnic.

“Aye, it is. Almost as breathtaking as you, sweetheart, but not quite.”

Emma smiled and blushed at his words as she took out the blanket, spreading it over their designated spot.

“You’ve never been up here, love?” he asked in astonishment. She’d lived here much longer than Killian, so naturally, he figured she had.

Shaking her head, she anchored herself on the blanket, sitting Indian style as he joined her. “No, I haven't.”

“Well, we’ll have to come up here more often than. It's the perfect place to sit and think.”

Emma nodded in agreement, and they rested against the railing as they took out the supplies and ate under the stars, chatting and enjoying the other’s company. Killian had to admit the pizza in this city was unlike any he’d ever eaten before. Since he'd moved here from England, he’d experienced a lot of things he wasn't accustomed to back home, including the sweet blonde sitting beside him.

“So, tell me, love… what would you like to talk about?” he asked her, not wanting to choose and
start discussing something she was uncomfortable with.

Emma finished chewing a bite of pizza and washed it down with a sip of her juice before wiping her fingers with a napkin and tilting her head to look at him. “Well… first of all, I feel like I owe you an explanation for being a total bitch the past few weeks.”

Killian’s heart sank at her words as he took her hand in his. “Emma… you are anything but that,” he assured, offering a smirk. “Feisty, definitely, but you had a right to be mad. What Liam did wasn’t right.”

“True, but I shouldn’t have taken it out on you. I should’ve given you the benefit of the doubt. I should’ve trusted you. It’s just that…” Emma let out a long breath, as though to relieve herself from the heavy weight on her shoulders, “my entire life has been full of rejections. First, my parents when they left me on the side of the highway. Then it was foster home after foster home. None of the other children liked me; they teased and bullied me. And I was adopted three times, but I was always sent back to foster care because the parents had babies of their own and didn’t want me anymore. So, eventually I ran away. The first people to actually accept me were David and Mary Margaret.” Emma’s voice became shaky as he slipped his hand in hers, urging her to continue with a soft smile. “That night when you told me you didn’t want to take advantage of me, it still felt like rejection, because that’s what I’m used to. I’m always waiting for the other shoe to drop.”

Strings were pulling at his heart hearing her confessions. He brought her hand to his lips, placing a soft kiss to her knuckles. “I’m sorry, love. Believe me, I know how it feels to be rejected.” Killian looked at her solemnly, but he didn’t want to think about how Milah had ripped his heart out of his chest. He wanted to listen to what Emma had to say. He wanted to spend time with her without putting a damper on the evening.

“Don’t be sorry. It’s not your felt. It just hurt so much more because it made me realize that I had feelings for you. So every time you were trying to be a gentleman, I kept trying to shove those feelings away by only seeing rejection. And I lashed out because of it. I’m really sorry for the way I treated you and for not believing you about Graham.”

Killian flashed her a weak smile as he released her hand, brushing his thumb over her cheek. He hated that he had caused her to be upset, but he was surprised that she was bringing up the Irishman. “You believe me now?”

“Yeah, of course. I know you would never say anything bad about me, and I knew you were telling the truth, but I wanted to find out for myself.”
Killian lifted a brow in curiosity. “And did you?”

Emma sighed. “Yeah, I did. He texted me this morning to finalize our plans, so I made him believe that we still had a date. I tricked him into exposing himself. And you were right; he only wanted to get into bed with me, and he also said some awful things about you.”

Killian’s jaw was clenching, thinking of that Irish bastard, how he had spoken of Emma at the club and how he thought of her as an object. “Did he try anything with you?”

She shook her head. “No, I just showed up to the cafe to spill my frozen coffee drink in his lap,” she said with a laugh, easily melting away the awkwardness of the conversation.

Killian smiled at her proudly. “Oooooh, that sounds painful, but I must say, the wanker deserved it.”

“Yeah, talk about having a case of the blue balls,” Emma quipped with a laugh.

Killian chuckled, pointing a playful finger at her. “See, I told you, Swan; you are one feisty lass.”

“Yeah, well hopefully my friends will realize what a douchebag he is.”

“Do you plan on telling them?”

“I'm not sure. I kind of want them to figure it out themselves, because otherwise they’ll think I’m just exaggerating.”

“Maybe so. But you said the two of you were texting. Did he say anything through text that you could show them?”

“Actually yes, I saved the nasty texts he sent me. You are brilliant,” she complimented, leaning into his space and kissing his cheek.

He grinned smugly and shrugged his shoulders. “I know.”
Emma’s features grew more serious, the laughter dying in her throat. “By the way, I’m sorry that I dragged you to the club just to make you jealous.”

“I told you love, it’s okay. You were upset. I have to say, up until then, I quite enjoyed your methods of punishment.”

Emma blushed, looking over at him abashedly.

“Never in my life have I been so turned on by someone eating a pastry before. That was quite erotic if I do say so myself.”

Emma snorted, her face beat red. “Oh gosh, I can’t believe I did that. I honestly don’t know what got into me.”

“Anytime you feel the need to tease me like that, I will not be opposed.”

“Be careful what you wish for. I might just take you up on that,” she taunted, and they both shared another laugh.

When they finished eating, they brought their everything down to his apartment and went to the kitchen, cleaning up after themselves. Emma used the bathroom as Killian got settled into his couch.

~*~

She came back a moment later with Elsa’s hairbrush and a hair-tie around her wrist. She sat down next to Killian, brushing her hair, trying to get the small knots from the day out of it.

They decided on a flick to watch, and Emma was about to run the brush through her hair again when Killian offered his good hand to her. She eyed him curiously, arching a brow.

“Here, allow me,” he said, gesturing towards the brush.
“Oh, I was just getting ready to braid it.”

“No worries, I can do that for you too.”

“Okay,” she surrendered with a laugh, handing it over to him. “If you insist.”

Killian turned and patted the spot in front of him. “I may need your assistance, because I haven’t done this since before I lost my hand.”

“You’ve done this before?” she asked, getting settled in front of him.

“Aye, with Milah. She also had long hair, only it was much darker,” he explained, running his hand through her long, golden mane of hair before taking the brush through it.

“How long were you together, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“It’s okay, love. We were together for three years. The first few months, I had no idea she was married. Then, after I found out that little piece of information, she was always trying to convince me that she was getting a divorce. But deep down, I knew she never would, especially after I left the Navy. She was too ashamed of me.”

The area between her brows wrinkled in confusion. “She was ashamed of you for losing your hand?”

“Aye. Ashamed and embarrassed.”

Emma’s heart constricted. “I’m sorry. That’s awful.”

“It’s okay, love. I think things turned out better in the end. If Milah hadn’t ended it, then I wouldn’t have moved here, and I wouldn’t have met you.”

Emma managed a smile, although he couldn’t see it. “Has she tried to get in touch with you since that night I talked to her?”
“She has, but I never answered her calls, nor have I returned any of them. She told me that she could learn to deal with the fact that I only have one hand, so I deleted all of her messages.”

A sharp gasp escaped Emma’s lips, and she turned around to look at him, disrupting his ministrations on her hair. “She said that?”

“Aye,” he murmured, his dark blue depths full of wreckage.

Emma turned back around, facing away from him again, anger bubbling up inside her. “You know, if I ever meet her, you’ll have to hold me back to keep me from breaking the bitch’s face,” she muttered fiercely. Who in the world would let go of a man like Killian — especially over a hand, or lack thereof? Emma couldn’t fathom the idea of being embarrassed by him.

Killian’s light chuckle sounded in Emma’s ear. “I have no doubt that you could, love.”

“Any woman would be lucky to have a man like you on her arm.”

“Thank, you love,” he murmured softly. She could tell he was a bit taken off guard by her comment.

“No need. It's true.”

“Well, I must say, you are quite the woman.”

“Says the man braiding said woman’s hair.”

They shared a laugh before the air grew silent.

Killian came closer to her nape, bringing the strands together and carefully holding a section of hair in his prosthetic hand. Goosebumps crawled over her arms as he got too close to her neck, short, hot breaths on her skin. A small smile was gracing her lips as he moved the brush to the top of her head before bringing the handle to his mouth, holding it with his teeth while bringing the hair into a loose ponytail.
“I thought you were going to braid it.” Emma spoke softly, not wanting to disrupt the silence that had created a more comfortable and less daunting atmosphere between them.

Killian breathed out a laugh and took the brush out of his mouth, placing sweet pecks behind her ear. “I’m going to. Be patient, love.”

Emma’s skin tingled as he created a path of kisses along her neck, stopping right over her collarbone and marking the pale skin with little nibbles and bites. She sighed pleasantly, slumping her shoulders to allow him better access. Killian’s kisses relaxed her from the pent-up stress of the day like a magical remedy. She could feel his smile against her collarbone as he peppered a few more kisses before straightening his back and focusing on the task at hand.

She rolled her eyes and huffed, blowing the free strands of hair out of her face.

Putting the brush aside, he parted her hair with his fingers, using his prosthetic hand to assist him as he intertwined the pieces from the top of her head, french braiding her golden locks.

Kissing her nape again, he secured the end of it with the hair tie, and breathed out a long sigh. “All set, love.”

Emma smiled and touched her hair carefully, getting a look at the tail end of it as she swept it over her shoulder.

Turning around to face him, her cheeks were flushing with warmth when her eyes met with the small smile playing on his lips, and the deep blue, loving eyes that were studying her intently.

“Beautiful,” he whispered adamantly, his eyes dancing with adoration, “a delicate princess on the outside with a fiery storm in her heart.”

She laughed lightly, the blush in her cheeks growing hotter. “I must say, I’m impressed with the braid. It’s much better than I could've done. And you didn’t even need my help.”

Killian exhaled deeply, resting his forehead against hers. “It was not a problem, love. It’s like learning to ride a bike, I suppose. Once you learn how to, you never forget.”
She hummed softly, cupping his jaw in her hands, just enjoying the moment.

There was a comforting silence in the room as Emma burrowed her face into the crook of his neck, and they shifted into a more comfortable position. Killian's arms were wrapping around her as she rested her head on his shoulder, feeling his heartbeat fluttering gently under the palm of her hand.

~*~

Killian peered down to admire his blonde beauty as she breathed slowly, the porcelain skin and delicate features of her face currently framed by the french braid he’d done in her hair. Her eyes were closed, long lashes resting against her cheeks. Emma had fallen asleep, resembling that of an angel, so peaceful and content. He could easily watch her sleep all night, but decided they’d both be more comfortable in the warmth of his bed.

Carefully scooping Emma up securely against his body, he stood from the sofa, carrying her in his arms as he made his way to the bedroom. She was still sleeping soundly when he gingerly deposited her into the bed.

Leaving her side to shut his door, he removed his prosthetic hand and t-shirt before slipping into bed beside her, covering them up in blankets. Emma stirred and sighed quietly as she turned on her side, resting her head on his chest. With a log, deep exhale, he wrapped her up in his arms, reflecting on the events of the evening.

Killian woke the following morning, a warm smile gracing his lips when he became aware of the warm, delicate figure in his arms. The bright rays of sunlight were streaming through the bedroom windows, so he buried his face into the back of her neck to block it out. Letting out a soft sigh of content, he gripped her tighter, pulling her body even closer against his own. He was so relieved that they had talked things out and that she was no longer upset with him. He was glad he had been gifted with the opportunity to get to know her better.

He was satisfied with just holding her innocently in his arms, however, he soon became vaguely aware of the morning erection starting to grow in his pants. He tried not to think about it, or let it overwhelm him, but that was an increasingly difficult task.

_Then she moved_ , very lightly rubbing her butt against his stiff member.
“Mmmm… good morning to you too,” she rasped out with a strangled giggle.

He was unable to stop the sleepy, muffled groan that escaped his lips, and felt her quiver in his arms, which only spurred him on. His hand drifted over to her hip, grabbing Emma securely and tugging her towards him as he gently pressed his erection against her ass.

She moaned and met his movements with a gentle thrust, causing his erection to grow even harder. He kissed Emma’s neck and the back of her head through her hair, the alluring scent fueling his arousal. He knew they both had to be up soon, getting ready for work, but he decided he wouldn’t be able to get through the day without a blissful release. It was her fault, really. Her soft moans and the subtle movement of her ass against his hardness very much intrigued him.

His lips continued their way down Emma’s neck, eliciting a pleasant sigh from her mouth as his hand slipped underneath her shirt, cupping one of her breasts and squeezing the soft weight in his palm. Continuously grinding his erection into her, a string of moans fell past their lips as she mirrored his movements with her hips.

Emma reached behind her and slipped her hand into his pants, grabbing his shaft and lazily stroking him as he palmed her breasts, his fingers gently tugging on her nipples. It became very warm under the blanket as he repeatedly rocked into her touch, letting his arousal subdue him.

Their movements and sounds of pleasure soon became blissful torture, both of them seeking more friction. Emma released him, turned around and sat up, letting the blankets fall from her body as she leaned over him. With a wicked smile, she greedily pulled down his pants, thus allowing his hard length to breathe as she threw the cotton material on the floor. He rolled over to his back as she removed the shorts from her legs to straddle his hips. Before he could blink, her hand was on him again, moving up and down his length, this time with more fire. He let his head fall back against the pillow, closing his eyes. “Fuck… that's bloody amazing, love.”

“You like it when I touch you?” she asked, her voice seductive, yet shattered from desire and sleep.

“Gods, yes,” he uttered with a rough groan, opening his eyes again to see the big grin plastered on her face, and her green emeralds glowing and full of hunger as she licked her lips. “But if I’m being honest, I'd rather be inside you, love.”

Emma trembled at his request. “You want me to ride you, baby?” she asked breathlessly, persistently stroking him in her hand.
“Fuck… please...” he growled out, begging her shamelessly. He was on the edge of exploding in her hand. “Little minx.”

She looked rather fantastic in his jersey, but when she pulled it off of her gorgeous body, tossing it carelessly to the floor, he was not about to complain. His eyes were hungrily sweeping over her naked form, her nipples hard and perfectly pink under his gaze.

He was biting his lip in anticipation as Emma lifted her hips and guided him to her entrance, her sweet nectar coating his tip. His wanton little vixen was slowly sliding down his shaft, eliciting a feral growl from his throat as she lowered her hands to his chest, flexing her fingers and digging her nails into his skin.

“You feel bloody fantastic, darling,” he murmured, his fingers digging into her hips to guide her as she started to move quicker. She was so wet and warm as she rolled her hips back and forth, slowly descending down his length inch by inch, until he was fully enveloped within her.

Killian reached for her breast with his good hand, enjoying the gentle weight in his hold. They were both rocking the bed in a smooth rhythm, gentle curses and groans escaping their lips. Their eyes were locked in a heated gaze as Emma straightened her back, and he released her boob, grabbing her hand and entwining their fingers as her free one clutched on to the bicep of his injured arm. Their breaths were erratic as he enjoyed the view, her slim, naked form draped in the sunlight, her skin glowing as she continually moved up and down him, slowly riding his dick. Her french braid was still intact, splayed over her shoulder and off to the side as her exquisite breasts were carelessly bouncing up and down with every thrust.

“Bloody beautiful,” Killian whispered with a groan, bucking his hips up even harder, making her her cries louder in volume and higher in pitch.

“God, Killian… I’m so close.”

“That’s it love… Fuck me harder… I want you to come around my cock, love,” he drawled out, feeling his peak nearing him as well.

She screamed out and leaned over him to capture his lips, her thrusts becoming erratic. Killian was lost in her kiss — her warm depths — his hand descending to her ass, gripping her tightly and pulling her onto him more sharply.
His muscles started convulsing, her walls fluttering and tightening around him, squeezing him as she rode him through his orgasm, both of them moaning with every final thrust. They were gripping and tugging onto one another, kissing intensely and clinging onto anything within reach as their consistent cries of pleasure were flying out of their mouths. With ripples of pleasure washing over him, Killian shot his seed into her, slowly stilling his movements. Their breaths were heavily brushed over the other’s skin, hearts pounding erratically when she collapsed into him, both of them sheathed in sweat.

A few minutes had passed when Emma rolled over to lay beside him. They were still trying to reassemble themselves as they heard a knock on the door.

“Killian? You in there?”

_Bloody hell_.

A sharp gasp passed through both of their lips, Emma’s eyes growing wide as she quickly lifted the blankets, pulling them over her head to keep herself hidden.

Before Killian even had a chance to answer, the knob was being turned, the door being flung open. _Why the fuck didn't he lock the blessed thing?_ he berated himself inwardly.

“What the bleedin’ devil do you want?” Killian asked in a panic, quickly looking over to see that Emma was well cloaked as he propped himself up on his elbows, turning his head to face the other Jones again.

Normally, he would’ve been furious that his brother just decided to come bursting into his room, but Liam seemed so giddy and happy, Killian didn’t care to rain on his parade. Besides, he was still floating on his own cloud of happiness, he couldn't really find it in him to be angry.

“I’m engaged, little brother!” Liam boasted proudly, practically bouncing around the room with a broad grin plastered on his face.

Killian raised a brow in bemusement. “I’m aware, _older_ brother. Now, can’t a poor bloke get some sleep?”

Liam shook his head doubtfully, placing his hands on his hips. “Please... we both know you were
wanking off in here.”

Killian’s cheeks grew red with embarrassment, knowing Emma was listening to every word, he could even sense the silent laughter underneath the blankets. “What do you want, you ponce?” he asked, beginning to grow irritated.

“I just wanted to collect your suit because I’m going to the dry cleaners.” As Liam answered, he made his way to the other side of the room, stealing the clothes he was referring to from the desk chair and draping them over his arm.

“Thank you. Is that all?” Killian asked spitefully.

Liam looked around the room, seeing the clothes scattered all over the floor. “Aye, but would you mind doing your laundry? We’re going camping in a few days remember? You’re going to need clean clothes, and I’m not doing it for you.”

“Aye, Captain,” Killian said with a mock salute. “I will. Thanks for the reminder.” There was a hint of sarcasm laced in his words as he rolled his eyes.

Liam started to head for the door before pausing and turning around. “Oh, have you seen Emma by chance? Elsa and I scared her off last night with our… amorous activities,” he said with a sly smirk.

“Nope. Haven’t seen her,” Killian replied casually. He wondered if his brother was suspicious about her actually being in the room, but if Liam were, it wasn’t at all apparent in his features.

Alright, I’ll leave you to it. See you tonight.”

With that, Liam was out the door in a flash, and Killian and Emma both breathed a sigh of relief as she poked her head out from the covers.

“Do you think he could tell that I was in here?” Emma asked, worry etched in her lovely features.

Killian kissed her brow, gently caressing her cheek with his thumb to ease her anxiety. “I don’t think so, love.”
“Yeah, you’re probably right. After last night, I doubt he’s noticing much of anything else,” Emma joked with a laugh.

“Except for my clothes being on the floor,” Killian added with a small chuckle.

“Yeah he’s a stickler like that.”

“He was a Captain back in the day,” Killian reminded, looking over at her with a smirk playing at his lips. “But, enough of him,” Killian murmured, his voice low and husky as he leaned in, leaving a trail of kisses from her chest, to the tops of her breasts. “Now, where were we, love?” There was a bit of mischief dancing in her eyes as she flashed him a flirty smile.

“Hmmmm, I don't remember. Maybe you could remind me?” she spoke innocently, batting her eyelashes.

Killian growled and pounced, pulling the covers up over both of them before tickling her. Emma was squirming and emitting gales of laughter as he peppered her face in soft, affectionate kisses before they engaged in another round of pre-work sex.
Okay, I have to warn you folks - there's a scene in this chapter I got carried away with, and it may possibly be the dirtiest one so far in this story. I think most of you are up for it, but just in case you want to skip it, it takes place in the laundry room after a line break and ends before the following morning. I can't say that the smut in future chapters will be any less dirty (it won't be), just so you're aware.

Thank you Ilovemesomekillianjones for beta reading, and thank you all for following along!

“You wanted to speak with me about something?”

Emma was pulled from her daze, her hand almost loose enough to let the phone slip from her grasp. She was wearing a smile on her face and biting on her bottom lip, thinking about the yesterday morning’s festivities in bed with her blue-eyed neighbor. Actually, she'd been wearing one since she’d left his apartment. Apart from Liam walking into the bedroom, it had truly been a pleasant morning. It was the best morning she’d had in… probably ever.

It still amazed her that both of them had made it to work on time.

“You?”

Blinking suddenly, she quickly shook the thoughts from her mind. “Yeah, sorry, what were you saying?”

“Oh right. Yeah… actually, could I meet you and Mary Margare after work?”

“Yeah, sure, but remember, we have our bowling league tonight?”

“Yeah, sure, but remember, we have our bowling league tonight?”

“Right, I know. It won’t take long. I'll meet you two at your place at 5:30 before you go.”

“You got it. See you then.”

Emma showed up at the Nolans’ place as planned and sauntered up to their loft with nervous butterflies in her stomach. In honesty, she had been so caught up in her thoughts she’d forgotten that every Wednesday, the Nolans had their bowling league. Emma had never really been a fan of bowling, she wasn't very good at it, so on many occasions she would babysit Leo for them while they went. But that was before they started taking the little guy with them.

She reached for the door, ready to walk in, when it was already being thrown open.

Emma cringed, seeing the head of brown curls as Graham emerged from the loft. But when he lifted his eyes to meet her scornful glare, a feeling of satisfaction was coursing through her. The Irishman had a black and blue eye that was all puffy and swollen.
The guy barely even acknowledged her presence as he groaned and shoved past her, continuing
down the stairs.

She cautiously stepped inside, not knowing what to think.

When she walked into the kitchen and saw Mary Margaret tending to David's hand, Emma had to
suppress a smile as she gathered conclusions from the evidence presented to her. “Hey, what
happened to Graham?” The question was not really out of concern, rather it was out of amusement.

David sighed. “Graham came over, full of rage, and he said some pretty rotten things about you, so I
punched him in the face,” he replied, unashamed.

Mary Margaret released her husband’s injured hand, peering up at Emma with eyes of apology.
“Emma, we’re so sorry about Graham. We didn’t know…”

“It's okay.” Emma stepped up to her friends, getting a better view of David's hand as she gently took
it between her thumb and fingers to observe the damage. It was bruised up, but nothing serious.

David exhaled a deep sigh as he put his other hand on her arm, giving her a gentle squeeze. “I have a
feeling you came here to tell us about him?”

“Well, I wanted you both to figure it out on your own, but I didn’t want to see him take advantage of
your kindness,” Emma murmured releasing David's hand.

“Well, you don’t have to worry about him anymore. He’s heading back to Ireland.”

Mary Margaret smirked wide and proud. “David threatened him and said if he even went near you
again, he would end up being sent overseas in a coffin.”

Emma laughed out loud, although it was more out of shock than amusement. “Really?”

David nodded, his cheeks filling with blush. “Of course I did. No one talks about our Emma that
way. Right honey?”

His wife nodded in absolute agreement. “That's correct.”

Emma smiled at that and pulled them both into a hug. “Thank you both for defending me.”

“Of course, Emma. You’re our family, you have been for a long time,” the brunette assured her,
although Emma was already well aware of that fact.

Emma pulled away from them, her features growing more serious. “Look, there’s something else I
need to tell you both…”

The Nolans both observed her with encouraging eyes. “What is it, Emma?”

“Killian… he was only trying to defend my honor that night at the club. Graham said some pretty
rotten things about him too. At any rate, we’ve actually become close, so I was hoping you both
could give him another chance.”

“Of course, Emma. Any friend of yours is a friend of ours.”

“She’s right. And we’re all going to be camping together, so it’s best that we all get along.”

Emma nodded in agreement. It had been a long time since the five of them had gotten together
because of their busy schedules. Liam and Elsa were more of acquaintances with the Nolans, and
Emma was the glue that held them all together.

“Besides, I’m sure Killian will get along with you both. He doesn’t really know a lot of people here in the States, so it’ll be good for him.”

“Agreed,” Mary Margaret nodded enthusiastically. “We’re happy to make him a part of the group. Right David?”

He gave her a smile. “Of course dear.” He kissed his wife on the cheek before glancing back at Emma. “Hey… seeing as Graham was going to replace a guy on our league, and obviously he’s no longer going to be there, care to fill the spot?”

Mary Margaret eyed her husband, features creased with worry. “Are you sure you can handle bowling with your injured hand?”

“Are you kidding?” he said casually. “It’s not broken. Besides, you know I never miss our Wednesday night bowling.”

Before Emma answered his original question, her eyes were roaming around the apartment. “Where’s my nephew? Is he coming along?”

“Actually, no. He’s at a friend’s house for a few hours. Sorry, Em.”

Emma nodded with a soft sigh. She wasn’t really too enthusiastic about the idea of going bowling, especially considering the fact that her favorite little rug rat wasn’t going to be there to laugh at her every time she bowled a gutter ball, but David did punch Graham in the face for her, so it was the least she could do for her friend. “Well, I suppose I owe you one, Dave.”

A wide grin came over his lips. “Believe me, it was my pleasure, but I’ll accept your offer anyway.”

“I should probably change though. Not that I would know, but I’m betting it’s pretty difficult to bowl in a skirt.”

“Well, I’m sure I have some pants you could borrow,” David offered.

Emma laughed. “You know I’m not opposed to getting into your pants, but I don’t think yours would fit me anymore,” she teased him playfully. That had been a long-running joke between them when the three of them had lived together while going to college. Emma would always wear his sweatpants when lounging around because they were more comfortable than her own. She always preferred men’s clothes to women’s — the more comfortable, the better.

David frowned at her statement. “Are you saying I’ve gotten fat?”

Emma pursed her lips in contemplation, looking him over as she playfully slipped her hands around his waist, giving him a light squeeze. “Hmmmm, let’s see… you have developed some love handles, but that’s okay… you know I’d love you no matter what,” she assured with a laugh before letting him go.

David was pouting and Mary Margaret was playfully rolling her eyes. “Alright, would you two quit flirting so we can make it to the alley on time?”

“Yes, dear,” David said to his wife as he placed a sweet kiss to her lips.

Emma went home to change into clothes that were more appropriate for the evening before the three of them rode together to the bowling alley through the busy city.
Surprisingly, Emma actually had a good game.

It was her and the Nolans against another team, and they took the lead. Of course, David almost always scored a strike, even with an injured hand, and Mary Margaret was almost just as good with her combination of strikes and spares. Emma was excited just to get the ball down the middle of the lane without it curving into the gutter.

Between her turns, she kept checking her phone every now and then to see if Killian had sent her a text, but unfortunately there was nothing of the sort popping up on her screen.

Emma was fine with that. Really, she was. The apartment had been empty when she'd stopped by to change, so she texted Liam and Elsa, informing them she wouldn't be home. She wasn't sure if she should let Killian know where she was, though. She certainly didn't want to seem clingy. She didn't even know what this thing was that they were doing. Would it be serious, would it be permanent? She really had no clue. Emma supposed she just wanted to live in the moment, see where things lead. They'd both had bad luck when it came to relationships, so maybe it was best to not rush into the deep end so quickly. It was casual and cautious with the possibility of becoming more… and Emma decided she was okay with that.

It wasn't until they were about to leave the bowling alley when Killian shot her a text.

Killian: I hope you are having a good time, love (Liam and Elsa informed me you went bowling).

Emma: So, you're not checking up on me? (Not that I'm complaining… too much)

Killian: Lol, not at all. You are free to do as you please, I just wanted you to know that I've been thinking about you… that is if I'm allowed to say so of course.

Her smile was big and bright as she read the message and replied back.

Emma: Hmmm… I'll have to think about that one… I haven't decided if you're allowed to or not, just so you know…

Killian: Well, if I'm not, then I've already crossed that line several times. In fact, I've been a very NAUGHTY sailor . You should probably do something about that ;-) She had to bite her tongue to keep herself from moaning.

Emma: Is that so? And what do you suppose I do?

Killian: I'm not sure… maybe we could think of something tomorrow night… perhaps while we do our laundry together? I always enjoy doing laundry with you ;-)

Emma: And how do you know I haven't done mine already?

Killian: I'm just taking a wild guess, love. Maybe I'm hoping you haven't yet…

Emma: You might possibly be correct about that…

He was.
“You sure there's nothing you wanna tell me, little brother?”

Killian gave Liam an eye roll before taking a swig of his beer — Gods, the stuff was awful. The ale from where he was from was so much stronger than what the Americans tried to pull off as beer, but he swallowed it down anyway. It was better than looking his brother in the eye. Ever since the evening before, Liam had been nagging him about the same bloody thing, and it made Killian wonder if his brother had figured out Emma was in the room with him, and was trying to drag it out of him.

“For the millionth time, Liam, there is nothing I need to tell you,” Killian grumbled.

“Can't you boys play nice? Elsa asked them as she joined them on the balcony and slipped into Liam’s lap, her hand encasing her large blue mug as he snaked his arms around her waist. Meanwhile, Killian was wishing his lovely Swan were with him.

“We could, but what fun would that be?” Liam replied with a chuckle.

Elsa rolled her eyes at him.

“Do you see what I have to put up with?” Killian teased. “I just feel sorry that you have to marry him.” That statement earned a scowl from Liam.

Elsa laughed as though she were not disagreeable. “I know. Poor me.” Liam pouted as Elsa leaned in to kiss his nose. “We love you Liam.”

He rolled his eyes. “It sure sounds like it.”

“Hey… sorry to interrupt, I just wanted to let you guys know I was back.”

Killian quickly yanked his head around to see Emma emerging from inside of the apartment.

“You are not interrupting.” Liam and Killian were about to say the same thing, but Elsa beat them to it.

“She's right, Em,” Liam added.

Killian never tore his eyes away from her, and of course he was stunned by her presence like he always was. Even then, he was still able to notice the lack of chairs and was about to get up to give her his when Liam spoke again. “Killian, you ponce, get the lass a chair or give her yours.”

“Oh, it's fine,” Emma assured them with a wave of her hand. “I'm going to bed soon anyways. I'm sure Killian won't mind sharing for a bit.”

Before Killian could get up or protest, Emma was sitting on the arm of his chair, giving him an excellent view of her perfect ass.

“So, how was bowling?” Liam asked her with a laugh. “Did Charming work his typical magic and score a perfect game like he always does?”

“Not exactly. He injured his hand, so his game was a little off. But he was still better than Mary Margaret and I.”

“How did he manage to injure his hand?”

“Well, my date with Graham ended up being a disaster… it turns out the guy's an ass.”
Killian gritted his teeth and clenched his fist at the thought of the Irish bastard as Liam and Elsa listened intently.

“He got out of line and was saying some pretty awful things about me, so David punched him.”

The three of them gaped at Emma in shock.

“Wait… you are talking about the same bloke right?” Liam asked.

“Yeah, he can get a bit protective at times, believe me. You don’t mess with the Charming family. But the good news is that Graham is heading back to Ireland.”

“That’s a relief,” Killian blurted out with a deep sigh, drawing Elsa and Liam’s eyes toward him. Killian cleared his throat nervously, thinking of something to add to that. “We certainly wouldn’t want a guy like that hanging around, especially if he talks bad of our Swan, am I right?”

“Exactly. That is good news.” Elsa glanced at Emma, flashing a smile.

Killian became more relaxed as they started talking about more pleasant topics — wedding plans and camping. Killian was looking forward to spending some time in the wilderness, and (hopefully) stealing some quiet moments with Emma.

It was a cool night as they looked out from the balcony, gazing up at the stars. Killian took the opportunity to slide his hand around Emma’s waist, giving her hip a gentle squeeze before continuing to her bottom. He had to steady his breathing, thinking about the things he could do to that lovely ass of hers. He started caressing and grabbing at her derriere as she looked down, a small smirk curving her lips.

He was actually envious of his brother because he wanted to hold Emma in front of their friends and family like Liam did with Elsa, instead of hiding their relationship in the shadows. This was for the best though, he deemed. Neither of them were ready for that yet.

They eventually had to part ways and retreat to their separate apartments, but Killian knew it was going to be a long night not being able to hold Emma in his arms.

~*~

Emma’s hand slammed down on her alarm clock, and she cursed underneath her breath, feeling a desperate urge for some coffee as she dragged herself out of bed the following day. She didn’t have to be at work for the rest of the week, but she set herself an early alarm so she had time to pack and gather supplies for the camping trip. For the past few weeks, they had been planning and purchasing everything they needed for the trip, now it was a matter of getting everything together. Emma was somewhat of a procrastinator in that department. She still had to do laundry, which was perfect because a certain blue-eyed neighbor would be joining her to do the same thing.

To top it off, Liam had actually given them a list of supplies they needed to bring — a freaking list! Not that either of them were surprised. The three of them had a good laugh and teased him pretty bad for it (with love, of course). He was certainly the OCD of the group and he had planned and organized the trip to every last annoying detail. He even specified what types of shoes she was allowed to bring. Emma wanted to take her high heels with her just so she could receive that look he always gave when he was scolding her, but then she’d have to get the lecture along with it. And she’d have to wear high heels in the woods.

Emma threw on some clothes and trudged her way to the kitchen with a groan. She had gone to bed naked last night, touching herself after Killian had gotten her all worked up on the balcony. But her
hand was a poor substitute. She craved the real thing... she craved it badly. Sex with Killian was fantastic — throw the emotions she felt for him into the mix and well... it was skin-tingling, toe-curving, over-the-moon spectacular, to say the least.

In the midst of pouring some freshly brewed coffee into a mug, she heard yelling from outside the apartment. The front door was suddenly being flung open and Elsa was bursting into the apartment with a huff. Liam was hot on her heels, wearing nothing but his boxers, and his hair was a rumpled mess like he had just climbed out of bed. Elsa was dressed in her pajamas and Liam's hooded sweatshirt, storming around in a flurry of anger.

Emma picked up her coffee mug, clutching onto the warm ceramic surface and cautiously walked out of the kitchen with a raised brow, wondering what was happening.

"It's not what it looks like," Liam desperately assured his fiancée.

Elsa scoffed. "Oh really?! That's what you're going with, you ass?! The proof was in your pocket!"

As Emma watched everything unfold, she was thoroughly confused... until Elsa held up something in her hands, stretching it out for display purposes before throwing it directly at his chest.

As Liam grabbed it instinctively, Emma's eyes blew wide with horror, heat rushing to her cheeks. Her confusion was quickly replaced by utter embarrassment.

Elsa started making her way to the hallway when Liam called out to her. "Elsa, please... will you just listen?"

With a heavy sigh, Elsa spun around, crossing her arms, impatience and anger flashing in her green eyes. "I'm listening..."

Liam held out the item, letting it dangle from his index finger. "This isn't mine."

Emma's roommate scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Obviously..."

"No, I mean... I found it in Killian's jacket when I took his suit to the dry cleaners. I swear, Elsa, it's the truth," he spoke adamantly. Obviously Emma was well aware he was being honest, considering the fact that the black thong in his hand was hers.

"If that's the case then why did I find them in your sweatshirt?"

"Because... I was at the Dry Cleaners when the clerk found them in the pocket and handed it to me. What in the devil was I supposed to do, just carry them around for everyone to see?"

Elsa looked to Emma, who was supposed to be clueless about what was going on, so she shrugged. "Elsa, he's telling the truth. The day Liam cheats on you is the day hell freezes over."

"Thank you, Em."

"So, if they were in Killian's pocket, then why not give them back to him?" Elsa challenged, crossing her arms in front of her chest, still unsure about this whole incident.

"I was going to ask you and Emma if you knew anything about it first. Whenever I questioned Killian to see if he had something to share, he denied anything. Emma, has he said anything to you?"

"Nope. Nothin'," Emma replied as casually as she could.

"Killian didn't say anything to us because it's his private life and you keep trying to stick your nose in
“What the devil is going on? I could hear shouting from across the hall.”

The three of them turned their heads, shocked to see Killian standing at the door. They hadn’t even heard him come in.

“I’ll tell you what’s going on…” Liam started to reply, holding up the garment and flaunting it for everyone to see, “you got me in trouble because I found these in your pants.”

As Killian and Emma were throwing glances at one another, she was pretty sure his face matched the one she’d worn a moment ago; his eyes were widened with panic and his jaw was on the floor. “Bloody hell…” Killian muttered under his breath once he was able to gather his senses. He then looked at Elsa, nodding his reassurance. “He's right. They were in my pants. Liam would be a dead man if he ever cheated on you, because I'd be the one to put him in his grave,” Killian spoke with a snarl, his voice laced with irritation that obviously wasn't geared towards Elsa; only to his brother. “Now, if you'll excuse me,” stepping up to his brother with evident displeasure in his stride, Killian ripped the panties from Liam’s hand, “I'll just take these back.”

Liam appeared to be offended. “You're not even going to tell me who those belong to?”

Killian didn't answer; instead he took off in a mad dash, slamming the door behind him with a thud.

“Liam, you promised you wouldn't meddle,” Elsa scolded him.

He threw up his hands, features awash with confusion. “I don't get an apology for being accused of cheating?”

Elsa sighed in exasperation as she turned around, heading for her bedroom. “You're impossible.”

“But you're still marrying me right?” he asked with a pout, following behind her.

Emma was still perplexed by the whole situation, and she knew she had to make sure Killian was alright. She took out her phone and started texting him, but he beat her to it.

Killian: I’m really sorry, I forgot that your lovely panties were in my pocket :-(

Emma: It’s okay. It was pretty embarrassing having Elsa and Liam carrying my thong around… but I'll live

Killian: They have no idea who it belongs to, but still, it's not okay. How can I make it up to you?

Emma: Hmmmm… I’m sure I can think of something.

With devilry gracing her lips, Emma conjured something up, her fervid fingers quickly typing another reply.

Emma: What would you say to a change of plans --> meet me in the laundry room in an hour?

Killian: That’s easy, love--> I’d say hurry up and get that cute little arse of yours down to the laundry room so I can ravage you ;-)

Emma: You got it, sailor ;-)
She smiled and finished her coffee before taking a shower. Wanting to be fully prepared for what she knew would happen, she decided to wear a skirt and a tank top, no underwear and no bra. She blow-dried her hair and did a quick braid so it wouldn't get in her way, before typing something up on the computer and compiling her dirty clothes, throwing them into a laundry basket.

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Killian’s head was still spinning with what had transpired in the ladies’ apartment. He couldn’t believe he forgot about Emma’s panties being in his pocket. He could however, believe that Liam wouldn’t relent until he found out who the thong belonged to. He didn’t know how long he and Emma would be able to hold up the charade, but at least he knew why Liam had been acting strange.

Like he needed an excuse.

Killian was emptying his dirty clothes into one of the available washers when he heard the jangle of keys, the door swinging open and the sound of soft footsteps against the floor.

Killian turned around, finding a gorgeous blonde and flashing a smirk. “Hi, love.”

“Hi.” Offering a coy smile in return, Emma approached one of the other washers and set her basket atop of the one next to it, barely acknowledging him; it was as though he were a stranger.

Killian opened his mouth to say something else when she started loading the machine with a very subtle sway of her hips.

Little vixen.

She was wearing a mini skirt, showing off those gorgeous thighs, and a tank top that did little to hide the hardiness of her nipples.

He leaned back against the machine he was still at, crossing his arms as he watched her, wondering if she were wearing any panties.

He was bound and determined to find out.

Emma looked up from her task, turning her head and smiling at him. “Do I know you?”

Ah, so she wanted to play a little game, did she? He was on board with that.

He grinned and came up to her, extending his hand. “I don’t believe we’ve met. The name’s Killian.”

She blushed, smiling shyly as she shook his hand. “Emma.”

The contact felt just as electric as when they first met; her touch was soft and warm, sending a heated current through his body.

Emma finally released his grasp, falling back into her task. He wanted to pin her against the damn machine and fuck her senseless, but instead, he continued to follow along with her little charade. He did love when she teased him.

“I’m sorry, love. I don’t mean to keep you from your laundry,” he murmured with a soft smirk.

“Don’t worry about it. It’s nice to meet you,” she said politely, eyeing him only briefly to flash him a wink.

“Same, love. I’ve seen you around before, but I’ve been too shy to talk to you.”
Emma turned around, a wicked smirk curving her lips. “Oh?”

“Aye,” he nodded, stepping so close to her they both lost a breath. Wetting his lips, he let his eyes drift down her body, seeing those lovely breasts squeezed in her blouse. It took everything in him to not pounce on her. “In fact, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since I first saw you.” (He didn’t even know how true that statement was.)

His eyes went back to hers, catching the hunger in her eyes as she bit her bottom lip.

“I completely understand, believe me. I was hoping to see you again too.”

Killian lifted a cocky brow. “Is that so?”

She gave him a nod and leaned in, her lips brushing over the shell of his ear, making his cock twitch.

“Why do you think I chose this outfit?” she whispered seductively.

”Mmm, that’s a very interesting query,” he licked his lips again, his eyes flickering to her pouted pink mouth. “Well, love, whatever you were trying to accomplish,” he paused, grabbing her hand and pressing her open palm against the hard bulge in his pants, “it’s bloody working.”

A silent moan flew from her lips and she batted her eyelashes, smiling innocently while massaging his groin. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He groaned and grabbed the edge of the washer with both hands for balance, trapping her in.

“I wasn’t trying to accomplish anything.”

A feral growl tore from his throat as she increased the pressure, continuing to grind her hand against his stiff package. “I think you know exactly what you’re trying to do to me.” Killian rocked his hips into her touch, seeking more friction. It felt so bloody good, he didn’t want her to stop.

“I see you like being touched,” she murmured in subtle amusement.

“Oh Gods, it feels good. I’m going to come if you keep that up.”

Emma smirked, obviously very proud at the effect she had on him. Then to his dismay, she released him, turning in his arms to pour laundry detergent into the machine.

He felt the loss, a whine of disapproval spilling from his lips.

“Sorry, the load’s not going to start itself.”

She screwed the cap back on, but before she could lift the bottle to put in the basket, Killian sharply grabbed her hips, and slammed his erection against her ass, making her gasp. “I’ll gladly give you a load of my own, love.”

Emma moaned and set down the detergent as he grabbed her braid, gently pulling her head back to gain access to her neck. She let her body dissolve into his, her eyes fluttering shut as he pressed several kisses to her collarbone, drawing delicate whimpers from her mouth.

Releasing her hair, his hand snaked its way around her body, easily slipping underneath her shirt and squeezing her breasts. Her nipples grew harder under his touch as he pinched each of one them making Emma pant, her beautiful mouth opened in pleasure.

He was again on the edge when she suddenly turned around, grabbing the collar of his shirt and crashing her lips into his, clearly unable to hold back any longer.
The kiss was fiery, her tongue quickly finding his and moving rapidly against it, eliciting a groan
from both mouths. Killian wrapped his arms around her, sliding his hands up the back of her shirt as
he tilted his head, deepening the kiss. The pleasure was too good, he only vaguely became aware
that they were in the laundry room, and he didn’t know how much longer they’d have until someone
walked in on them.

Killian gathered every ounce of strength and tore his lips from hers, leaving both of them a panting
mess. Emma’s lips were swollen, her eyes glistening with lust, hands tightly clutching onto his shirt
as he managed to speak, his voice completely shattered. “Love, as much as I want to continue this,
someone might walk in on us.”

Emma grinned impishly, her words cracked with desire as she spoke, “No one does their laundry in
the middle of the day during the week. Besides, I put a sign on the door that says the machines are
down for maintenance.”

Killian arched a brow, intrigued by her brazenness, and also extremely turned on. “What if people
call the main office lodging a complaint?”

Emma shrugged nonchalantly, letting her hands drift to his pants, her fingers flicking open the button
of his jeans and slipping inside of his underwear. “Oh come on, neighbor… afraid of a little
challenge?” Emma taunted as she cupped his balls in her delicate fingers, knowing very well that he
never backed down on a challenge.

“Never,” Killian growled and lifted up her shirt in one fluid motion, exposing her breasts and taking
the soft, delicate weight into his hands. “Little siren.”

Emma grinned wide and rascally. “Good.” She stroked his hard dick in her hand as he met her
movements, rutting his hips into her touch while fondling her breasts. She let a moan escape her
mouth and he captured her lips, swallowing the sound. The two washing machines were humming
with the sound of water filling them up as Emma released his lips, slowly making her way down his
body as she pushed him back a little to give herself more room; at first kissing his jaw, his neck, his
chest, then she was moving even lower, pulling down his jeans and taking his rock hard cock from
the suffering barriers of his jeans. Before he could even realize what Emma was doing, she dropped
to her knees, her breath ghosting over Killian's tip, making his spine tingle. He peered down,
watching this blonde-haired vixen gliding her warm, wet tongue over every ridge of his shaft, her
emerald greens gleaming up at him as she did. He could see the head of his cock glistening with
a bead of white pre-come that was leaking from the slit before she licked it up with her tongue. His
eyes rolled to the back of his head as she tormented him, swirling her tongue around the tip of him
and lapping at the slit, her hand slipping between his thighs and finding his balls, squeezing them
roughly in her delicate fingers.

Once she took him in her mouth, he was an absolute goner. A strangled groan tore at his throat as he
moved his hand, cupping the back of her head in his grasp, his fingers sinking into her hair and
giving her a gentle push of encouragement. This was the first time she’d ever used her mouth on him,
and normally he preferred to be the one pleasuring, but he couldn’t deny that her mouth was so warm
and inviting, her tongue so talented, he didn’t want her to stop. His entire body was shuddering with
pleasure as he watched her suck him nice and hard. She was so beautiful, swollen red lips wrapped
firmly around his throbbing member, devouring him in her wicked mouth and slowly unwinding
him. Killian started trembling, a groan leaving his lips as he rutted himself into her, watching his
cock, slick with saliva, continuously disappear past her lips as his orgasm swept over him like a
heatwave, bursts of pleasure rippling through his body.

“Oh fuck…” It was a shattered whisper falling from his lips as his body began to still, hot come
shooting from his slit and down her throat.

Letting him slip out of her mouth with a pop and parting kiss to the belled tip, Emma swallowed his orgasm down, licking her lips to savor the taste. He was clutching onto her shoulders for balance, trying to piece himself together as she stood up.

“That was… fuck… that was fantastic,” he uttered, his breaths shallow and shattered as he kissed her swollen lips before burying his face into the crook of her neck, trying to regain some sort of semblance. He was surprised he could even remain on his feet, his knees were weak and ready to buckle underneath him.

But he wouldn’t give her the satisfaction, he wouldn't let her know just how much of an effect she had on him. Instead, he slipped his hands up her skirt and between her thighs, feeling how wet she was.

And Gods, was she.

“Bloody hell, you're soaked. Little vixen loves sucking cock,” he growled against her skin.

Emma didn't argue. “Only yours.”

“That's good to know, love.”

Exploring deeper, he moved his hand to her center, finding her nub completely bare and as smooth as the finest silk. “You're not even wearing… fuck…”

He lifted his head, finding Emma flashing him a sly smirk; she knew exactly what she was doing to him. “Now come on… did you honestly think I would?”

Killian growled. “You're right… I should've known better. I've become well aware of your rascally ways. You're a naughty little temptress set out to kill a man.”

She didn't even attempt to refute him. Emma knew she would lose if she tried. Then again, maybe he'd let her win.

After all, Killian was highly susceptible to the potency of Emma Swan; in fact, he knew that if he hadn't just ejaculated into her mouth he would have become instantly hard again. She was so slick with arousal, he couldn’t do anything but yank up her skirt, pulling it over her bottom and exposing her perfectly pale cheeks. He lifted her up to the washer, pushing her thighs apart as she leaned back, planting her palms and feet onto the surface of the machine. Her folds were on full display, glistening and aching to be touched; she was like a delicious feast spread out in front of him. And she was all his.

Sliding his hands underneath her legs, he hooked them around her thighs, pulling her closer to him.

He feathered her clit with his thumb, slipping a finger into her wet heat and pumping lightly. Emma responded with a high-pitched mewl, and started rocking her hips, bracing herself against his hand.

Darting his tongue out, he licked his lips and breathed her in, letting the intoxicating scent assault his senses.

“Killian, please, just…” she begged him from above.

He leaned in, pressing a kiss to her folds and smirking against her sensitive flesh. “Just what, Swan?” He wanted to give her what she craved, but at the same time, he wanted to award a taste of her own
medicine. Leaving a few kisses up her milky, decadent thigh, he made his way to her center and blew a hot breath over her clit.

Emma moaned, thrusting her hips in anticipation. Killian chuckled, and with deliberate slowness, he circled his tongue around her opening, making her quiver underneath him.

“Just fuck me — fuck me hard with that tongue of yours,” she demanded, her eyes screwed shut, voice strangled.

“Such a greedy little thing,” he teased with a grin, but before she could respond, he was sinking his tongue inside of her warm channel, licking up her unique flavor.

“Oh …” she whispered out her approval with deep relief. “Oh yes …”

He couldn't exactly describe how sweet she tasted, but as responsive as she was to everything he was doing to her, his body was reacting with the same zeal to everything she was offering him. He growled, lapping up her sweet nectar as though he'd never get another taste of her ever again.

Emma failed to stifle her moans; he could hear the soft, broken curses tumbling from her mouth. Wrapping his lips around her clit, he sucked her in his mouth, moving his tongue with various speeds and rhythms. He felt her squirm and shudder in his arms, one of her hands weaving through his hair and gripping him tightly. A growl tore from his throat as he pressed his fingertips more roughly into her skin, spreading her legs even further apart for better access. His Swan tasted so good, he devoured her with perfect finesse; he knew she loved every minute of it.

“Killian… oh God…”

He slipped his wet fingers into her warmth, effortlessly pumping in and out, and tonguing her delicate folds. Every lick and nip and suckle of her juices brought her closer and closer to the edge; she was soon crumbling, a wet mess in his mouth.

Her body was shuddering and falling apart as he flicked the tip of his tongue over her swollen clit, his fingers finding that certain spot inside of her that had her toppling over the edge. Silent curses and moans were pouring from her lips as her body tensed up, her nectar exploding out and coating his fingers and face. He greedily licked everything up as she panted, trying to catch her breath; her skin was flushed with a brilliant shade of pink and she looked utterly wrecked. The sight was absolutely stunning.

However, the weary state she appeared to be in didn't stop her from grabbing him and capturing his lips, her tongue warm and eager, indulging in the taste of her own juices.

His groan was muffled in her mouth, his hands grabbing her tits as he decided how he wanted to take her. He could have easily slipped between her thighs and fucked her right there, but how often did they get to have sex in the deserted laundry room without getting interrupted? Tearing his lips from hers, Killian took her hand and helped her down from the machine before turning her around, his hands finding her breasts again. Emma moaned as he bent her over, her hands bracing against the edge of the washer for support as he spread her thighs apart and stepped back, squeezing and caressing her luscious bare bottom. She started grinding into him, eliciting a growl as he slapped her sweet behind, marking her ass as his. Emma gasped, her entire body twitching at the sudden contact.

“Bloody tease,” he muttered, admiring the pink print on her flesh and soothing it with the palm of his hand.

Emma craned her neck to look at him, flaunting a wicked smirk. “You love it.”
He drew back his lips in return, grinning at her like a Cheshire cat as he shoved his pants down, letting them fall to his ankles before wrapping his hand around his rock hard length. “Fuck, you know I do, love,” he groaned out, guiding himself to her dripping entrance. Gods above, she was still dripping. Killian shuddered as a whimper flew from Emma's mouth. “Bloody hell.”

This time, he didn't take his time; once the head of his shaft was kissing her warm folds, he grabbed her hips with both of his hands and started to move, pushing and stretching through her velvety walls.

They were both moaning in relief as he fucked her roughly against the washing machine.

Letting his hips take control, he easily became high on the thrill of possibly getting caught; or maybe he was just high on her. Nevertheless, it was a challenge he didn't regret accepting.

Killian peered down between their bodies, watching his shaft disappear into her pink folds as he lowered his hand and pressed his thumb to her back entrance. Emma was encouraging him with soft whimpers as he started feathering her hole, his hips never abating the quick powerful thrusts.

“Oh god… more… please,” Emma begged, shattered moans falling from her lips.

He was more than happy comply.

Killian extended his hand to her mouth, letting her suck his finger to get it wet before gently pressing it into her puckered hole and slowing inching his way inside of her tight channel.

They shared a groan at the contact.

It took all of his strength not to collapse from the feeling of her ass around his finger and her warm folds around his cock.

“Bloody hell, Swan…”

He was obsessed with her gorgeous butt, and as he was plunging his long finger even further inside of her ass, he was hoping that one day she would let him explore the territory more thoroughly with something thicker.

“How's this, love?”

“Oooh yes… so good…” Her voice was strangled as he pounded her hard and dirty until she was screaming out his name and reaching her peak again.

“Gods, you’re exquisite when you come.” His voice was rough, completely shattered as he carefully pulled out his finger.

Allowing her to fall from her orgasm, he began fucking her more slowly, his hand seizing her braided mane of hair and tugging on it gently. He picked up the rhythm and speed, punishing her beautiful cunt with every thrust. The sounds of pleasure resonated in the space of the room, and could easily be heard over the noises of the washing machines.

He suddenly grabbed her shoulders, sharply pulling her up straighter and plunging into her hard and fast — the pleasure was so intense, they were both crying out every time he pounded into her depths.

Killian grabbed her braid, yanking her tighter against him while wrapping his arm around her waist to hold her up securely. His good hand found her pert breast, squeezing the perfect weight while roughly slamming into her wet pussy.
He was so close to the edge, but he wanted to make sure his lover was thoroughly satisfied before he got off again. Reaching down and slipping his good hand to where they were joined, he brushed two clean fingers over her clit; she was so wet and sensitive, he knew it wouldn't take long to bring her to another orgasm.

“Killian- *Oh God!*”

Emma was crying out and tilting her head back onto his shoulder as he whispered into her ear, “That's it baby… *f*uck … squeeze my cock. You're bloody hot when you come for me.” His words had her screaming out unabashedly, her walls clamping around him as she shuddered violently, climaxing once again.

Relinquishing her hair, he grabbed her hips, slamming into her a few more times, and with a relieved groan and a silent curse of her name, he found his own release, emptying his come within her depths; only then did he start to slow his movements, his body awash with mind boggling pleasure.

Her legs began to buckle underneath, so he wrapped her up in his arms before she could fall, their bodies moving against one another, breaths long and heavy.

Dragging his lips across her ear and nuzzling her lobe with his nose, he hummed a sigh of content. “Mmmm.” The corners of his mouth were curling into a satisfied grin as he pressed kisses along her neck. “Perhaps we should do laundry together more often.”

Emma managed a lazy laugh, giving him a nod. “Agreed.”

They took a few moments to compose themselves before pulling apart, righting their clothing and moving their laundry to the dryers.

They retrieved their baskets before returning to their apartments. They came back down again once the clothes were dry and couldn't keep their hands off of one another. Killian had never had so much fun doing laundry.

The next morning, Killian rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he hauled himself out of bed. He threw some clothes on and drank some coffee before he could even attempt to do anything else. His brother was already up, meandering about the apartment.

Killian collected his camping gear, making sure to grab the bag that held his tent (he would never hear the end of it from his older brother if he forgot the damn thing). He was looking forward to their trip though, and conjuring up ways to steal a few moments with Emma while they were away. He couldn't hold back the smile from his lips, just thinking about her. Okay, and maybe he was also thinking about their fun time in the laundry room. “So, you’re not going to tell me about this lass you’ve been seeing, or who she is?” Liam asked as they were adding the last items to the organized stack of various other things that were packed away very neatly.

Killian sighed at the question. Why couldn't Liam just let it go? “I told you, it was a brief encounter. I'm not seeing anyone.”

“Right little brother.” Liam walked past him, giving him a brotherly pat on the shoulder as he made his way towards the kitchen, “I almost believe you.”

Killian rolled his eyes and turned around just as the door flew open, a flash of blonde hair flying past him. Arching a brow in curiosity, he watched Emma enter the kitchen, grabbing something from the pantry as Elsa entered the flat, closing the door behind her.

“Ha!” Emma pulled a box of pancake mix, holding it in front of Liam's face. “You took my pancake
Liam crossed his arms, his eyebrows knitting together as he flashed a playful scowl. “And tell me, Em, how many things have you taken from my apartment?” he asked, lifting his left hand and counting his fingers, “Flour, eggs, milk, coffee grounds, laundry detergent, two flathead screwdrivers — which you never returned, by the way — a wrench,” he continued on until he had no more fingers left to count. “Oh, right. It's more than I can count on my two hands,” he said holding up his open palms.

Emma huffed, appearing guilty as she possessively wrapped her arms around the box. “Well… I had a craving for pancakes this morning, and I was going to make everyone breakfast, but seeing as you were holding the mix hostage, you don't get any,” she sassed, pointing a firm finger at him.

Liam lifted his wrist, glancing at his watch. “We don't have time for pancakes. We’re leaving at 0900 hours, which means we have to be ready in precisely fifty minutes,” he lowered his arm, his eyes spanning over her pajama-clad form, “and you're not even dressed yet.”

Emma stuck out her tongue at him before turning and walking away from him, her mouth curling into a small smirk as her eyes connected with Killian’s. “I'm so sorry you had to grow up with him,” she said quietly.

Liam glared at her through squinted eyelids, sticking his tongue back at her.

“Well, come on, I've never been confined to such a strict schedule on vacation before. I mean just look at your luggage,” Emma shrieked, gesturing her hand towards the barricade by the door. “Who on earth needs this much stuff for camping?”

Liam shrugged, eyeing her in confusion. “What? I like to be prepared for anything.”

Emma rolled her eyes and looked at the other two people in the room, deciding to ignore Liam. “Killian, would you like to join me and Elsa for breakfast?” she asked him.

Before Killian could answer, Liam interjected. “We’re getting breakfast on the way there. Didn't you read your itinerary? I included all of the stops we’re making along the way. Besides, as I mentioned, we don't have time.”

Emma groaned in frustration. “Fine, but I don't know how you expect me to do anything on an empty stomach.”

Tilting his head to the side, Killian smirked in agreement. “The lass has a point.”

Liam glanced at his brother, obviously offended that his brother would take Emma's side. Shaking his head in disapproval, he averted his gaze to Emma. “You are so stubborn.”

Emma huffed and held up the box in her hands. “And you ain't got no pancake mix!” She spun around and shuffled towards the door as Liam called out behind her.

“Emma, wait!”

Killian and Elsa exchanged glances; they were thoroughly amused and entertained by what was happening.

With a heavy, defeated sigh, Liam stepped up to her, asking for the box of pancake mix with a gesture of his hand. “Fine, how about I make breakfast while the three of you get ready? I want everything packed and ready to go by 0900, got it?”
As though it were practiced, Killian and Emma both stood straight, sticking out their chin and lifting their right hand to their forehead in almost perfect synchronization, offering a mock salute. “Aye aye Captain,” the two of them chanted simultaneously.

Liam scolded them and Elsa laughed as Emma scurried out of the apartment and slammed the door.

Surprisingly, Emma was dressed and ready by the time the Nolans arrived at nine o’clock.

“Do you have everything on the list I gave you?” Liam asked Emma after they were done loading up the minivan he had rented for the trip.

She rolled her eyes. “Yes, I have everything I need.” Emma looked over at Killian, winking as Liam closed the backdoor of the van, and he couldn't help but notice the mischief buzzing in her eyes.

“Em Em!” Leo ran up to Emma and jumped in her arms as she bent down scooping him up.

“Hey kid. Missed you,” Emma murmured, dropping a kiss to his forehead.

“Hey, Killian, I just wanted to apologize to you about Graham. If I would've known—”

Killian turned around, seeing the warm expression on David’s face as they shook hands. “No worries, mate. I heard you gave him quite the left hook yourself,” Killian said with a chuckle.

“After the way he talked about you and Emma. Of course I did.”

“Trust me, David’s much tougher than he looks,” Mary Margaret teased with a laugh as she put her arm around her husband's back.

David studied her, a frown etched in his features. “And what exactly is that supposed to mean?”

The brunette’s smile grew brighter. “I’m only saying you look like you couldn't hurt a fly, honey.”

“Alright, I think we’ve got everything. Everyone ready to go?” Liam asked the group.

With everything loaded at nine thirty, it was then time to argue about who was riding with who. Their options were David’s truck with him, his wife and son, or the jam-packed van with Liam and Elsa, who would more than likely be talking about their wedding plans the entire time.

“Killian, how about you ride with us? We can get to know each other more.”

Killian flashed David a wary smile, unsure of whether he should agree. The man seemed kind enough, and he meant a lot to Emma, so he supposed he should give him a chance.

“But I wanna ride with Em Em,” Leo whined as Emma set him down on his feet.

“We can swap along the way, how about that?” she asked Killian.

“I suppose that's fair.”

“Alright, then it's settled. Let's go folks. We have a long drive ahead of us,” Liam reminded them.

Emma glanced at Killian as they exchanged blushing smiles and started walking backwards to their assigned vehicles, saluting at each other in silence.

Emma disappeared into the van and Killian started for the cab of the truck when Mary Margaret put a gentle hand in his arm to stop him. “Don't be silly, you can sit in the front with David. You two will
get along great, I just know it,” she chanted exuberantly.

Killian offered up a smile as he climbed into the front passenger’s seat. Not that he minded the idea of getting to know the Nolans, but he was bummed that he wouldn't get to ride with Emma. Even when they arrived at the campsite, he feared the quiet moments between the two of them would be severely limited.

“Relax, Killian. Our friends don't call us the Charmings for nothing. We certainly know how to entertain our guests, even during road trips. Right sweetie?” he asked his wife.

“That's right.”

Before roaring up the engine, David looked back, seeing that Mary Margaret was focused on buckling Leo into his seat. He then leaned into Killian’s space, planting a firm hand on his shoulder as he flashed him a menacing grin that sent shivers down Killian’s spine. “Emma’s like a sister to me,” he murmured, squeezing Killian’s shoulder just a bit, “so you're going to tell me what exactly your intentions are with her, because I would hate to see you worse off than what I did to Graham. I'm sure Emma would be heartbroken, wouldn't you agree?”

Killian gulped, mustering a nod. “Aye, mate. Believe me, you and I are on the same page.”

David was staring him down intensely, trying to decide if Killian were being sincere or not. He may have been a kind man, but Killian was already well aware of his capabilities when it came to his loved ones, and he wasn't as dumb as Graham was. Not that Killian would ever dream of hurting Emma, anyways.

“Good.” David finally loosened his grip and turned towards the steering wheel, putting the truck in reverse as he backed out of the parking spot, flashing Killian a wink. “Just you wait, by the end of camping trip, you and I are going to be best friends.”

Killian gave him a half-hearted grin before looking out the passenger window, swallowing another lump in his throat.

This was going to be a long trip, indeed.
Camping

Chapter Notes

Phew, it’s finally here. I have to apologize for taking so long to update. I could bore you all with my long list of excuses, but instead I will just tell you that you can expect to see the final product of my delay on February 7th when I post my 15k one-shot for the CS Little Bang Project on Tumblr. Yes, it’s taken me that long to finish the thing, and I’m excited to finally be able to post it.

Tossing a huge thank you to @ilovemesomekillianjones for beta-reading this chapter in warp speed and putting up with all of my errors. You are awesome!

To everyone else, you are also amazing for putting up with my long updates and for waiting so patiently and cheering me on. Thank you for sticking with me!

Okay, here we go... and please don’t hate me. Chapter 13 will not be as bad as you think. In fact the next two chapters are probably going to my favorite ones so far. There will of course be plenty of smut, but also so much more!

Emma knew the drive to the campsite would be long, but this was certainly exceeding her expectations. It didn’t help that when Elsa and Liam weren't talking about wedding plans, Liam was constantly interrogating her about Killian since she’d assured him wholeheartedly that they were only friends. Now he seemed insistent on taking advantage of that detail. Damn stubborn British men. The only thing that kept her sane was sneaking a peek at her phone every now and then to see a text from Killian pop up on her screen. Her heart did not do flip flops every Goddamn time. Certainly not.

Killian: Hope your ride is better than mine. My palms are sweating from David’s interrogation, making sure I’m not up to no good.

Although Emma was a bit annoyed by her friend and the fact that he was making Killian uncomfortable, she had to laugh a little. She secretly enjoyed how protective David was; it was something she had grown accustomed to since she’d met the Nolans.

Emma: Don’t know if I would say it’s better per se, seeing as your brother is getting his kicks from trying to siphon information from me. He thinks you are hiding some big secret from him.

Killian: Ahh, but you forget, love, I AM hiding some big secret from him in the form of a gorgeous siren—YOU. Not that I’m not complaining. Happy to keep such a wonderful thing
to myself. Though I do have to apologize on behalf of my brother. He can be a bit overbearing, as you know.

Emma snorted and typed a reply

Emma: A BIT overbearing???? I’m afraid you’ve misspoken because I believe you meant to say A LOT overbearing… and in that case, I’m fully aware.

Killian: LOL you are right, love. He’s indeed overbearing sometimes—most of the time.

Emma: That I can definitely agree with. And by the way, I’m sorry about David. He can be quite overbearing too.

Killian: Aye, I’m surprised he and Liam aren’t best mates. Then again, perhaps they’re both too competitive and would only butt heads?

Emma: Perhaps you’re right. I’m sure we’ll find out though. This trip will certainly bring them closer together.

Killian: I wish I could say the same for you and I. I would certainly like to be closer to you ;-) We may not have that opportunity though :-(

Emma: Who knows? We may have more than you think.

Killian: Oh, is that so? Do tell.

Emma snickered.

Emma: ah ah, I'm not telling. You’ll just have to wait and see…

Killian: I’m officially intrigued. I look forward to seeing what you have up your sleeve.
Smirking, her fingers flew over the keyboard as she typed out her response.

Emma: You should be more intrigued by what I'll have down your pants ;-)  

Killian: Bloody hell woman… ugh I can't wait… minx.

Emma: Me neither.

“What are you back there laughing and smiling about?”

Liam’s inquiry pulled her gaze from the phone and she looked up into the rearview mirror, seeing the curious blue eyes staring back at her.

“Oh it's nothing. Just chatting with Mary Margaret.” She could tell by the wrinkled brows in the mirror that Liam didn't buy it, so changing the subject seemed like the best resolution. “So, have you two settled on a date yet?”

Elsa looked back at her with an exasperated expression. “We’re still debating. I want a beautiful, winter wedding outside—you know how much I love the snow—but this one wants a spring wedding,” she said pointing at her fiance.

Liam expelled an exasperated sigh. “Love, no one wants to sit outside in the freezing cold to watch us get married. We're not that special.”

“Speak for yourself,” she grumbled. “Besides, it would just be for the ceremony, and we can make it short and simple.”

Emma could see the eye roll in the mirror. “Elsa, it's our special day. If you really want a quicky, I can give you that anytime,” he quipped, throwing her a wink. Elsa looked at him, her cheeks flushing with red. “I'm thinking an outdoor wedding with beautiful, blooming flowers and the pleasantly cool air of early spring in front of all of our friends and family.”
Elsa shook her head and smiled at Liam. “That's my hopelessly romantic fiance for you.”

“I'm sorry, Elsa, but I think my future wife deserves a wedding fit for a queen.”

“But not an ice queen,” Emma added with a small smirk.

“Exactly,” Liam quickly agreed. “I don't wish my bride to get literal cold feet, or even worse, frostbite, on our wedding day.”

Emma and Killian switched vehicles halfway and she gave David a punch in the shoulder for making Killian uncomfortable. He just laughed it off and said he was only messing with him. Emma knew better though.

~*~

Killian was thrilled to finally be at the intended destination in the woods as he started setting up his tent. He’d finally been able convince David that he wasn't a bad guy, probably four or five questions in. He ended up telling him about his breakup with Milah and how Emma had been there for him and offered her friendship. Killian had also explained that he decided they’d be better off as friends because he was not in a place to start a relationship. Perhaps his adamant insistence that Emma deserved much better than some brokenhearted man who’d just been dumped and came to live with his brother in New York, tail between his legs, was what eventually won the Nolan bloke over. Killian was certain.

Nevertheless, he still felt like David would be watching his every move during this camping trip, which would inevitably prove to be problematic seeing as Killian was intending on stealing every possible moment to show his affections towards Emma. A playful kiss or a soft caress or even a private conversation would have sufficed, but now it seemed David would be watching them like a hawk the entire time. He wouldn't even get the privilege to text her, considering Liam had banned all cell phones and electronic devices during this trip. He’d said this time was meant to be spent enjoying everything nature has to offer and he wanted to ensure they wouldn’t be interrupted by anything remotely resembling communication from work.

Everyone was unloading their tents, lounge chairs and sleeping bags, and once Liam had decided where to put up the tents, the couples started setting them up, but of course not void of squabbles.

“There aren’t any rocks sticking up, are there?”
“Don’t you think the stake is deep enough?”

“Shouldn’t we face away from the morning sunrise?”

“No, it doesn’t bend that way!”

And of course, Killian wanted to offer his assistance to Emma; she seemed frustrated as she pulled her things out of the van. She was adorable, but he didn’t like that she was distressed, expelling huffs of irritation from her beautiful lips.

“Everything alright, love?”

Emma exhaled a long, heavy sigh, seeming depleted and discouraged. If the two of them were alone, he’d take her in his arms and kiss her softly, whispering words of endearment in her ear. Instead, he had to settle for less.

“No, not really. I thought that I brought it, I could’ve sworn I grabbed it, carried it down to the van and packed it in the back,” Emma explained in a frazzled state as she grabbed her duffel bag and threw it on the ground.

“Brought what, love?”

“My tent, okay?” she blurted out. “I forgot my tent!”

Her shouting grabbed Liam’s attention and he paused from his task at helping Elsa with their tent and came over with his arms crossed as he scolded her. “You forgot your tent? I specifically remember you assuring me that you had packed it, and you even seemed offended that I would question you. And now it seems I rightfully did so.”

Emma nodded, appearing to take his words extremely well… that is until it suddenly looked like she was going to cry. “I know, I’m sorry, I just… I tried so hard to remember everything and to not let you down,” she choked out, her eyes wet with tears and her smile turning into a shriveled frown as she shook her head and turned around to keep the others from witnessing her potential breakdown.
Killian could see the apology swarming in his brother’s eyes, and he could tell Liam was torn with regret as he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. “Hey… it’s okay, Em. I’m sorry I put so much pressure on you with this camping trip. I only hoped everything would go smoothly and I just wanted us to have a good time,” he assured in a soothing tone.

Emma wiped her tears, turning around and falling into Liam and wrapping him up in a hug. “It’s okay. I just didn’t want to disappoint you.”

Liam willingly surrendered to her embrace and curled his arms around her, dropping a kiss to the crown of her head and rubbing her back in soothing circles. “It’s okay, love. There are plenty of tents here to share. No worries.”

Emma nodded into his shoulder, resting her head there.

Jealousy gripped at Killian’s insides. And not because of their affection towards each other, but because, to everyone else, this was normal. No one would suspect anything between them; everyone knew they were friends and they willingly and without question, accepted that. But with Killian and Emma, it was different. He couldn’t show her the same affection in public without people knowing the truth. Maybe it was because he felt too deeply for her and he was certain that everyone would be able to see directly through him. He was finding it increasingly and frustratingly difficult to hide the things he felt for Emma.

“Okay,” she accepted Liam’s words and, to Killian’s surprise, she glanced up at him and started to grin slyly. Her eyes were no longer gloomy, but were buzzing with undeniable mischief.

That’s when Killian caught on to her little game.

Little minx.

Killian wanted to smirk back at her, but he was afraid that would give her plans away, so instead he just played along. “Aye, Liam’s right. I have a perfectly good tent that will easily fit two people. You can share with me, love,” Killian offered with a small smile and a twinkle in his eye. Before Emma could reply, Liam chimed in and suddenly, Killian felt two pairs of eyes scolding him. Glancing between Liam and David, he could sense the protective brother-type emotions illuminating off of them like glowing stars.
“Why don’t I just share with Killian and Elsa can share with Emma? We could use some more brotherly bonding,” Liam suggested with both a stern eye and suggestive tone as he and Emma pulled apart.

“Nonsense, you and Elsa just got engaged; you deserve to have your alone time. Emma can stay in our tent, with Mary Margaret and Leo. Besides,” David started to add as he approached Killian and gave him a firm pat on the shoulder, “I was thinking Killian and I could get to know each other better, right Killian?” David asked, throwing him a wink.

*Oh bloody hell.*

Killian could see the disappointment written all over Emma’s face, matching his own expression.

“It’s fine. I don't want to impose on anyone. I really don't mind sharing with Killian,” she tried.

“You won't be imposing at all, Emma,” Mary Margaret chirped, joining the four of them. “It will be fun sharing a tent, staying up all night talking.” She seemed so vibrant and excited, Killian could easily sense that Emma didn’t want to let her down.

“Yay, Aunt Em gets to sleep in the tent with us!” Leopold shouted excitedly, smashing into Emma and giving her a hug. She shot Killian a look of apology, smiling timidly as she ruffled her nephew’s hair.

Words weren't needed; Killian knew what Emma had been trying to do. He knew she wanted to be with him as much as he wanted to be with her. At least he hoped so.

~*~

Emma helped Killian finish setting up his tent, holding the stakes as he pounded them into the ground. Her plan had failed and she was disappointed, but out of every person there, the one person she couldn't let down was her nephew. And Killian understood that. They both knew upon arriving there were going to be obstacles that would dampen their plans. It was really a shame, but they'd manage. Somehow.

“I have to say, love. You are quite the actress,” he said quietly, standing up before they went over to the next stake. “I actually thought you forgot your tent *accidentally*. ”
Emma smirked, her cheeks flooding with blush. “I know exactly where my tent is in my bedroom closet. I've known the whole time.” She knelt down, holding the stake as Killian joined her, gently tapping it with the hammer. “I'm sorry it didn't work.”

She offered a casual shrug. “No worries.”

Killian gave the stake a few more strikes, this time with more force as Emma released it from her hand. “We'll find other ways to be together,” he assured with a wink as they straightened.

Emma started to walk around the tent, but Killian gently took her arm in his hand, and she turned to look at him. He gazed at her intensely, speaking in a delicate whisper, “You know I want you, right? You know I want to kiss you and hold you in my arms and just be with you, right?”

A gasp left her lips and she hesitated. Of course she knew, but studying Killian, she could see he really thought maybe she didn't fully understand the capacity of how much he really wanted her. But she knew. “Milah really did a number on you, didn't she?” she asked, but already knew the answer.

Killian’s eyes fell to the ground, full of shame and regret. “Aye, she did,” he whispered, his words broken.

Emma's heart ached for him. She didn't know how someone could've done that to him. She looked down at his prosthetic hand and took it in hers, lifting it to her lips and pressing a few soft kiss to the fingers and the back of it. Killian watched her intently, and her eyes were locked with his as she soothed the hand with her thumb. “Well, I'm not her.”

A small smile curved his lips as he lifted his right hand to her face, affectionately caressing her cheek. “You're nothing like her—one of the reasons why I... I—” Emma's breath left her lungs as he hesitated, his cheeks showing a light shade of red. “It's one of the reasons I adore you so much.”

Emma's heart twisted. She knew what he really wanted to say, but she knew why he didn't. They'd been together physically, engaging in wonderful, earth-shattering sex, but they hadn't even been on one single date yet. “I adore you too,” she admitted, and hoped it was enough. She hoped he knew she wanted him just as much as he wanted her. He verified her suspicions when he drew in a sharp intake of breath, his eyes gleaming with a mixture of emotions—excitement, hope and perhaps something else?
“Can you meet me by the restrooms in forty minutes, love?” he whispered in her ear. “I need... I need to touch you.” His words made Emma shudder, and she gave her response with an impish smirk as she walked past him, briefly grabbing his hip.

Forty minutes seemed like an eternity. The gang had prepared a picnic table, set the chairs around the fire pit and stacked a pile of wood next to it. All of the tents had sleeping bags and their personal belongings, and even though Emma had been thoroughly occupied with helping set everything up, her stomach had been full of anxious knots the entire time. She had to sneak away from the gang to avoid Elsa and Mary Margaret wanting to walk with her. Killian was still there, talking to Liam and David when she stealthily escaped.

“Killian?” Emma’s eyes searched around for him after she used the restroom. The men’s room was directly across but she didn’t dare take a chance searching for him in there. She headed in the other direction and rounded a corner of the building when suddenly she was being careened and pinned to the solid brick wall, the swift maneuver eliciting a gasp from her throat as Killian’s mouth greedily captured the sound.

“Fuck. It’s about bloody time,” Killian muttered against her lips, pressing his groin into her. She whimpered, feeling the instant stir of arousal in her belly, her body immediately succumbing to his. Emma’s hands sifted through his hair as he tugged on her bottom lip with his teeth, lightly thrusting his stiff erection against her core. Her body shuttered from the delicious weight being plied into her, a jolt of excitement surging through her blood; she thirsted for him—all of him. She was like an addict, needing her fix, and he was more than happy, no he demanded, to assuage her craving. As her lips were hungrily molding and fusing to his, it amazed her how much her body responded to him on its own accord. She lost all control when his mouth and tongue were on her, all thoughts evaporating, and the thing that stunned her the most was the undeniable conclusion that she was absolutely and perfectly okay with that.

Framing her waist with both of his hands, he hauled her up into his grasp. She sprang up, throwing her legs around him so he was fully enveloped within her thralls as he impaled her against the wall. Emma whimpered, deepening the kiss as they answered each other's thrust with an even stronger one, their bodies responding to the other with the increasingly rapturous pull of hips and hands and tongues as they devoured the few shared moments together. She was so close to finishing in a record amount of time, feeling how hard he was for her, how much he returned her desires and how desperate he seemed as he roughly rocked his throbbing erection into her center. Her folds molded around his shape, even through the soaked fabric of her jeans and panties.

Grabbing her ass and holding her steady, he increased the rhythm and speed, knowing for certain how close she was. “Gods, Emma, let me hear you come.” His words were broken in her ear, the effect racing directly to her core.
“Oh fuck… Killian…” Somehow she managed to form moderately coherent words in a wobbly whisper before he smashed his lips into hers, kissing her hard and dirty, muffling the needy whine that was drawn out of her mouth. Her words seemed to galvanize him, and Killian persistently rammed his solid length firmly against her clit, hitting it over and over and over so flawlessly and at just the right angle, it was enough to send her tumbling off the edge and spiraling into the abyss. Clenching her fingers, Emma’s nails dug into the scruffy skin of his jaw as she propped her forehead on his for balance. She cradled his face tightly in her hands, using his warm mouth to suppress her final cries of bliss as he proceeded to drive into her, grunting softly against her lips.

“Oh shit—Emma… I’m gonna—” Before he could finish his strangled admission, he buried his face into her neck, digging his teeth into her skin to keep from shouting through his heavenly release. Tightening his hold on her thigh, he moved with more purpose, chasing his own orgasm.

Emma was delirious with pleasure, her mind floating on a cloud as Killian slowed his hips, slumping into her while being careful not to crush her. They were breathing in cadence, still engrossed in each other’s hold, their chests heaving, and heartbeats thrashing against the other. He dropped sweet, gentle kisses to her marked neck, her flushed cheek, her swollen lips. Carefully releasing his grip on her thighs, she slowly lowered her legs, somehow finding solid ground beneath her feet. Neither of them had even gathered their faculties yet when she heard the calls of her name from nearby. It was only then when the reverie was broken, and they panicked, glancing at each other, realizing what had just transpired. The possible consequences crashed over them like a tidal wave. Each looked completely wrecked, eyes were dilated, blown wide and painted with satisfied serenity, and their clothes and hair were a disheveled mess. Not to mention there was a wet spot on the front of Killian’s jeans where he had ejaculated into his briefs.

“Emma? You in here?”

Killian hastily gave her a parting kiss before scurrying off into the woods, leaving Emma outside the building, trying to compile her wits. She’d never moved so quickly in her life, especially after receiving a really amazing orgasm. Pressing her clothes down and running her hands through her knotted hair, she peered down at herself once again before clearing her throat and taking in a deep breath. She tucked some strands of blonde behind her ears and, with wobbly legs, made her way to the ladies room where she knew Mary Margaret would be. Sure enough, they crashed into each other.

“Oh, sorry Emma…” the brunette apologized before looking up, her brows wrinkling together.

*Fuck.*
“Could she be any more obvious?”

“It’s okay, I was just…” Emma stammered, trying to conjure up a good excuse for heading towards the bathroom instead of away from it, since she’d left the campsite fifteen minutes ago. “I was um… taking a phone call.”

Mary Margaret’s mouth opened as though Emma were in big trouble. “But Liam said no cellphones.”

“Yeah well, the shelter called me. It was important.”

To Emma’s astonishment, her friend’s features relaxed as she emitted a laugh. “Emma, it’s okay, I won’t tattle on you. Besides,” she paused and dug her hand into her tote bag, pulling out her own phone. “I’ve been texting Ruby and Regina.”

Emma breathed a sigh of relief and was instantly calm. She was thankful Mary Margaret bought her big fat fib.

~*~

That was a close one. Killian hadn’t ran that fast since he’d been in the Navy. And when he reached the tents, he had to sneak into his own without being seen. Thankfully David, Liam and Elsa were busy making sandwiches and chatting to notice anything irregular. Killian hastily changed his underwear and pants, discarding the soiled clothes into a bag to wash later on. He hadn’t expected to attack Emma and dry hump her against restroom facilities, but once he was around her, touching her, kissing her lips and inhaling her intoxicating scent, his inhibitions had quickly spiraled out of control.

“Where did you come from?” David asked suspiciously as Killian emerged from his tent, zipping it up before approaching the group. “And why did you change your pants?”

Nervously scratching behind his ear, he tried to summon up an reply, but came up with nothing at first. He was too frazzled. Killian gathered some sandwich supplies attempting to remain cool and collected, but when he looked up, there were three pairs of eyes staring at him, waiting for answers so he had to think of something quick, no matter how embarrassing it sounded. “I um… I went to use the restroom…” he started, but the intensity of the scrutinizing stares rendered him useless, and he fumbled for words. “But I had to go so badly I knew I wouldn’t make it…” Killian gulped as the three of them blankly stared at him, listening attentively.
“Soooo… you pissed yourself?” Liam asked, his eyebrows furrowed as he studied Killian expectantly.

“No,” he replied curtly, irritation in his voice. His cheeks and ears burned with embarrassment as he peered down at the sandwich he was preparing. “No, I took a whiz in the woods, and ended up slipping in the mud.”

Elsa started laughing before immediately clapping her mouth shut, her eyes flooding with regret. “Sorry Killian… I didn't mean to—”

Killian smiled shyly as he looked up in shame, giving a soft shrug. “It’s alright lass. No harm done.”

Thankfully, as the day went on, it didn't get any worse. They went hiking in the woods before changing into their swimwear and trekking down to the beach. Of course, Killian had to work hard to maintain his composure when he saw his golden-haired temptress in a scant red bikini. He envisioned pulling the strings of her top loose and releasing those gorgeous breasts and perfectly pink nipples of hers, taking them in his hands and mouth. The thought made his heart race.

But alas, he had to contain himself, especially when they played a game of volleyball and he had to stare at her arse when she stood in front of him because they were on the same team. And every once in awhile, she would leap for the ball and accidentally crash into him, sending them both to the sandy ground. He would groan in her ear when she landed in his arms and she would flash a dirty smirk as she peeled herself off of him, extending her hand to help him up. He had to coax himself into not getting an erection, although he spent most of the afternoon at half mast. When they were finished, they washed off the sand by taking a dip in the ocean where the two of them started to get bold in front of their friends.

Splashing around in the water, Killian grabbed Emma and started tickling her, spurring on a fit of giggles. The others seemed to go with the flow as they were playing in the water, dunking each other, Liam and David, lifting their significant others and throwing them in the water.

The next morning, Killian woke up to strange noises. At first he thought he was hearing an owl hooting in his ear, and he slowly opened his eyes, turning his head to the direction of the sound. He was startled when he saw the shadow casting over the side of the tent, but when he heard pssst, he knew exactly what it was, or rather who it was.

“Pssst… Killian…”
Hearing the faint whisper, Killian quickly removed his sleeping bag and blankets, climbed out of his cocoon and slipped on sweatpants and a hoodie without disturbing David, who was snoring peacefully beside him.

Quietly unzipping the tent and poking his head out, his eyes scoured the darkness for her. “Emma?” He stepped out of the tent and closed it back up before rounding the corner. He didn’t see her until he lifted his head and caught her standing about twenty feet away in pajama shorts and a light blue hoodie, beckoning him to her with an extended hand.

“Come on,” she whispered, tilting her head.

He was confused but didn’t hesitate to follow Emma, taking her hand in his as she lead them away from the tents.

It was dark, but Emma used the flashlight on her phone to guide them.

“Where are we going, love?”

Emma looked at him, flashing a sly smirk. “You’ll see.”

Killian was floored that she was even awake at this hour. The moon was hanging over them, big and full, the white glow illuminating from it, but the sun would begin ascending above the horizon soon. Emma was not normally an early riser.

Making their way through the woods, Killian could see the ocean in the distance as the moonlight was reflected over the water. Emma ushered them to edge, where the land sloped down and led to the sandy beach.

“Can you hear that?” she asked as they stopped and gazed off into the distance, listening to the crickets chirping and the faint sound of the waves crashing into the shoreline. But that was all he could hear.

Killian furrowed his brows. “I don’t hear anything; only the waves in the ocean and the crickets chirping.”
Emma’s smile grew wide as she nodded at him. “Exactly. There's no bickering or obnoxious brothers or friends telling us what to do. It's a nice change of pace.”

It was indeed very nice, and Killian squeezed her hand, throwing a small smile. “Aye, you're right, love. It is.” Knowing that Emma wanted to steal a few moments and take him here just to get away, even at dawn, where they would have no interruptions and where they could just stand closely next to each other without worrying whether they were being watched or examined carefully, sent a shiver down his spine. If it were possible, he grew fonder of her in that moment.

Emma was hunched up in her hoodie, long golden hair tousled by the soft breeze as she stared pensively at the ocean. The wind picked up, rushing past them, and it only took a minute for him to realize she was shivering.

“Maybe we should go back, love. You’re freezing.”

Emma looked over at him, a smirk curving her lips. “A little, but I know of a way to warm up,” Emma said.

Killian raised a brow in curiosity as she took off, pulling his hand to urge him on. He was afraid of what her plans might be. Well, not really afraid, but he was wary of getting caught. “Swan, as much is I love the idea of having sex on the beach, maybe it’s not the time—”

Emma cut him off with a chortle. “Yeah, that's a great idea, apart from the thought of getting sand in all of my crevices, but that’s not exactly what I had in mind. I meant you could warm me by holding me in your arms.”

Killian sighed in relief and smiled. He loved that idea as well.

They followed the trail that lead to the beach until finding a suitable spot to sit. Killian went first, reluctantly releasing Emma's hand and slumping into the sand, spreading his knees apart to allow room for Emma as she settled in his lap.

Wrapping her up in his arms, they shifted into a comfortable position as the sun began its ascent. Emma let her body mold into his as he tried to control his breathing, taking long, deep breaths.
“Is this better?” he whispered, pressing a few gentle kisses along the shell of her ear.

Her body shuddered in his arms as she pulled him more tightly around her, but it wasn’t because she was cold. The heat was radiating off of her. “Much.”

“Mmmm… I’m glad,” he murmured softly, pressing a kiss to her jawline. Finally, he was able to just hold her in his arms with nothing and no one getting in their way. They could finally take a few moments to just… be together as they took in the view in front of them.

“I’m sorry,” Emma blurted out suddenly, breaking the comfortable silence after a moment.

Killian furrowed his brows, swiping a few strands of loose hair from her shoulder and resting his chin there. “What are you apologizing for? For waking me up and bringing me to the beach to watch a romantic sunrise?”

Emma offered a feeble laugh. “Well I am sorry for waking you up, but you didn’t seem too enthusiastic sleeping next to David, so I thought I was doing you a favor.”

“Aye, if you call waking up every ten minutes sleeping. Did you hear the roaring freight train in my tent, love? Of course you did me a favor. David’s quite the snorer. No wonder Mary Margaret wanted him out of their tent.”

Emma giggled in his arms. “Believe me the whole campground heard him. But actually I was apologizing for the way David was acting. I know he’s been putting pressure on you, but he’s just being—”

“Overprotective and overbearing?” Killian offered. “He’s the same as Liam, trying to butt into our business,” Killian grumbled bitterly.

“I know, and that’s why I’m apologizing… but I find it hard to be too angry at him because it’s far better than having no one looking after you.”

Killian’s heart sank at her words as he nuzzled his face into the crook of her neck, leaving a featherlight kiss there. “That’s true,” he mumbled against her skin.
“I mean, when you and Liam weren’t talking for awhile and you called him after your breakup with Milah, he could’ve not answered his phone. He could’ve not cared and he could’ve not offered his home to you, but he did. Because he does care. He loves you and that’s why he does anything he can to make sure you’re okay. He just has an odd way of showing it.”

“As much as I hate to admit it, you’re right. The reason why we got into the fight in the first place was because he was trying to look out for me. He was trying to tell me Milah was no good for me, and I should’ve listened, but I was much too stubborn.”

“Well, sometimes we need to figure mistakes out on our own. But he was definitely right. I mean, I never met her before but from what I’ve heard about her, and after our brief conversation over the phone, I can’t stand the bitch,” Emma admitted with a laugh. “Sorry… not trying to bash on your ex,” she apologized, her voice ridden with guilt.

“That’s okay, love. I won’t hesitate to admit your ex is a fucking asshole,” he said casually.

They both shared a laugh as the sun rose over the ocean, and from that point on, they just basked in the calmness swarming over them.

“However… you, I adore,” he whispered affectionately, and again Emma trembled in his arms.

“I adore you too.” Emma turned her head and captured his lips with hers, placing a hand over his chest and sending an overwhelming sensation over his skin, his smile growing more and more. His heart fluttered as he cradled her cheek in his hand, flicking his tongue over hers and fostering heat as they deepened the kiss, breathing each other in. Before he realized what was happening, his back was sinking into the sand, and Emma was laying atop him. They made out in each other’s arms under the colorful sunrise, kissing so intensely, both completely immersed in the warmth surging through them, so consumed by each other, they lost track of time.

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After breakfast David suggested the men go fishing, so they retrieved their fishing poles and went down to the water while the ladies stayed at the campsite. The sun was beating down, and the refreshing cool breeze from the ocean brushed over Killian’s skin as he enjoyed the ocean view and the relaxing atmosphere, although it was nothing compared to that morning. After he and Emma had gone to their separate tents, it was still early, so he went back to sleep. With Emma on his mind and the taste of her still on his tongue, her scent still lingering in his nostrils, it was easy for him to fall into a deep slumber, even though he didn’t get to share a tent with her and he had to listen to David snoring right next him. As it turned out, he was not half as intimidating as he tried to make Killian
Everything was going fairly well, Killian was helping Leo learn how to cast his fishing pole and they were all bonding and overall enjoying each other’s company when, out of the blue, David decided to open a can of worms, literally and metaphorically.

“So, Killian, what happened to you and Emma this morning?”

David’s question garnered both the brothers’ gazes. Killian was dumbfounded; he thought things were finally calm, and actually going smoothly, but apparently not. He didn't even know anyone noticed they were gone. Everyone had been sleeping, or so Killian thought.

“We just went for a jog,” Killian replied casually, trying to mask his annoyance.

“Oh, really?” David asked doubtfully. “You and Emma went jogging at dawn?”

“Aye, we wanted to catch the sunrise.” Killian glanced at Liam, catching the furrowed brows and uncertain expression embedding his features.

“I've known Emma for a very long time and I've never known her to get up at dawn to go jogging,” David pointed out.

Killian gritted his teeth.

“And don't you think it's a bit dangerous to be hiking through the woods in the dark? The beach doesn't even open until six.”

“Look, I don’t know why you two are acting like this, and I don’t feel I should have to explain myself over and over again, but you need to stop treating Emma and I like children.”

“Killian—”

“No, I mean it,” Killian cut his brother off in a resentful tone as he set down his fishing pole and
turned to glare at David and Liam. “Ever since day one, you’ve tried to dictate our friendship, but guess what? We don’t feel like we need anyone’s permission to be around one another. It’s quite ridiculous how we’ve been treated.”

“Killian, we’re only looking out for Emma. She’s family to us,” David assured.

“I understand that, but she’s family to me too.”

David’s stare became hard as he threw down his fishing pole, and pointed a finger at him as he spoke quiet enough so Leo couldn’t hear. “You say that, but if I remember correctly, the first time I met you, my wife and son and I came out of her bedroom after you said to Emma, ‘I’m going to fuck you hard,’ and we saw you and Emma kissing hot and heavy before you were about to do just that.”

“Wait, wait, wait. Back the bloody fuck up,” Liam demanded, putting his hand up. “You and Emma almost had sex?!”

David’s eyes blew wide and he went over to his son, cupping his hands over his ears. “Could you maybe keep your voice down?”

Killian clenched his jaw; he was about to explode with impatience.

“When did this happen?” Liam demanded.

“A few months ago,” Killian admitted, his voice cold and intolerant.

Disappointment flashed in Liam’s eyes, and he appeared to be offended. “Why didn’t I know about this?”

“Because, it was none of your business.” Killian picked up his fishing pole and reeled in the line. He’d had enough.

Liam was staring at him the entire time, expecting more answers. “But I’m your brother. We’re not supposed to keep secrets.”
“Liam, with the way you’ve been treating me, like some little child, are you really surprised I haven’t told you? Emma and I have been scrutinized and judged for the way we’ve interacted from the moment we stepped into each other’s lives.”

Liam mocked him with a chuckle. “And you forget how you and Emma met. She caught you wanking off in her tub like a drunken, foolish git.”

“Wait, that’s how you met?” David asked, his eyes wide with shock.

“Just stop! Both of you!” Killian barked out. “Yes, Emma and I didn’t get off to the best start, and yes she met me during one of the worst moments of my life, but guess what? She still stuck around. She was there taking care of me even though I was a naked, drunk stranger. No one has ever showed me the kindness that Emma has. So yes, I was attracted to her and yes we almost had sex, and yes it was not my finest moment, and we probably would’ve continued if you two stubborn arses hadn’t put a damper in our plans, but that night when we finally had the chance, I stopped it. I didn’t want to take advantage of Emma. I didn’t want her to be a casual one-time thing. She’s far too special for that,” Killian expressed adamantly, his heart swelling with emotion as he glanced between the two men in front of him.

When his eyes landed on Liam again, he proceeded with his spiel. “And as much as I hate to admit it, it was your words that were running through my mind the entire time—‘Don’t do anything with Emma you might regret. She’s not a quick fix, and if you treat her as such you’ll miss out on something more meaningful that you could have had with her’. I took your words to heart, and have not regretted it since. I didn’t want to take advantage of her like Milah did with me. But it seems as though every move I make with her, I get scolded like a two year old when I’ve done nothing wrong. I respect Emma and I’d never want to hurt her. I helped her get Neal off her back when he actually tried attacking her, and yet you both treat me like the bad guy.”

“Neal attacked her?” David inquired, and Killian couldn't believe that's what he took from his long winded speech. “I didn’t know this.”

“Because, Emma didn’t tell anyone. She didn’t want to worry everyone.”

“Killian, I’m sorry, I had no idea.”

“Well, maybe you shouldn’t have been so quick to judge,” he said to David before glancing at his brother, “and maybe you should’ve had more faith in me.” With those words said, Killian turned and
walked away.

“Killian, wait…”

~*~

Emma took a sip of water as she walked the trail back from the showers after the long hike with Elsa and Mary Margaret. She was enjoying being outdoors; the air was permeated with a woody smell that she loved and the smoke from the campfires and delicious foods. For lunch they ate sandwiches and fruit, so she was looking forward to their dinner that would be cooked over the fire when the guys returned. There was nothing really better than the taste of food cooked over an open fire.

Okay, maybe there were a few things.

Cuddling up with Killian, laying in his arms, his ocean blue eyes, his smile, his kisses. A smile took over her lips as they reached their camping spot. God, why didn't her original plan work? Why couldn't she have one night with just the two of them cramped in a tent and having to huddle close to each other to stay warm. Their time at the beach was amazing, but it was far too short. Emma's heart sped and her stomach coiled at the idea of spending another whole night with him like they had the one time back home, before Liam had barged into the room.

“What do you mean?” Emma asked nonchalantly, throwing a shrug into the mix as the three of them hung there towels up on the clothesline. If there was anything she was good it, it was feigning innocence.

“Oh come on. You've been smiling since you came back from the restrooms yesterday,” Elsa noted. “No one gets that happy using the the restroom.”

Emma smirked, fondly remembering not only what happened yesterday, but also another time when using the restroom brought her all sorts of happiness. Getting fucked against the bathroom stall can
have that effect on a person. “It depends on what you're doing in the restroom, I guess.”

Elsa grinned and Mary Margaret nodded in agreement. “Very good point,” the brunette beamed.

“And you know what, if you don’t want to tell us… if you prefer deflecting, then I won't bug you about it. I may be marrying Liam, but I’m certainly not him, and I'm not going to pry anything out of you. He may be a big soft teddy bear sometimes but other times he can be a huge pain in the ass.”

“You got that right,” Emma agreed without hesitation. “Hounding his loved ones is what he does best.”

“And David doesn't make things better. I'm sorry you have to put up with the two of them and their stubborn ways.”

Emma nodded in agreement. “What's up with you two, and your overprotective significant others anyway?”

“They just care about you, Em, that's all.”

Emma sighed, reminding herself what she’d said to Killian that morning. She’d rather have people in her life than not have anyone at all. “I know.” As soon as Emma said the words, she saw Killian approaching, the distinct look of anger flashing in his eyes as he stormed into the campsite.

“Killian? What’s wrong?” Elsa asked, the three females eying him in concern.

“Just David and Liam giving me bloody hard time. Nothing out of the ordinary,” Killian grumbled bitterly as he stowed away his fishing pole in the van.

Mary Margaret and Elsa sighed in frustration. “What did they do this time?” the brunette asked.

“I prefer not to talk about it.” His shoulders were slumped, eyes guarded as he trudged past them and made his way to his tent.
“Killian?” Emma called after him, but he didn’t stop. He disappeared inside the tent and Emma looked at her friends, genuine worry etched in their features. “I’ll talk to him.”

The two of them nodded. “And we’ll have a little discussion with Liam and David when they return, don’t worry,” Elsa assured her.

Emma entered Killian’s tent, not really knowing what to expect. But, whatever David and Liam said to him must have been the last straw because Killian was packing his things into his duffle bag. “Killian…” she cooed, putting a gentle hand on his arm. “Please talk to me.”

Killian sighed and dropped the bag, dragging his hand over his face. “It’s just the same thing over and over. They treat me like a child and I’m bloody sick of it.” Killian turned to face her placing his hand on her cheek. “I’m sorry, I just—”

“Hey… it’s okay. You’re allowed to be pissed at them. I know I am, for making you upset,” she murmured with a small smile. “Come here,” she spread out her arms, urging him over. He quickly complied, twisting around until they were lying on the sleeping bags, wrapped in each other’s arms, and he rested his head on her chest as she stroked his hair to soothe him.

Killian recounted his unpleasant conversation with Liam and David, and she grew even angrier. The fact that they had to be so nosy and felt the impulse to control everything was unforgivable at this point. Emma continued to comfort him, caressing his cheek and pressing gentle kisses to his forehead.

“You know what, love? We are not going to let them control us anymore,” Killian spoke after a long silence.

Peering down at him, she caught the mischief dancing in his eyes, and laughed, unopposed to the idea. “And how do you suppose we do that?” she asked curiously.

Suddenly he was rolling them over until she was on her back and he was on top, grinning down at her. “We rebel against them.” Killian kissed her breathlessly and she moaned as he urgently plunged his tongue into her mouth. Heat swarmed her body, arousal stirring in her belly as she surrendered to him.

Peeling his lips away, he started kissing along the column of her neck, sending ripples of pleasure to her core. “For instance, we tell them we are sharing this tent together,” he growled and began
grinding his hips into her center. “But first, we’re going to christen it. What do you say, love?”

“But our friends are right outside,” Emma tried in a strangled whisper. Her breathing was labored as Killian sucked on her neck and slipped his hand under her shirt, pushing her bra aside and firmly cupping her breast in his rough hand. She tilted her head back, biting her bottom lip, trying not to squirm or cry out.

“And your point?” Ducking his head down, he lifted her shirt and drew her nipple in his mouth, making it instantly hard as he lapped at it, flicking his warm tongue over the firmness, and groaning deeply against her skin. His breath was hot and his mouth was so wet and soft, it was heavenly.

Emma had to stifle the moan rising in her throat as she carded her hands through his hair.

“So what if they are?” Killian murmured, letting go of her breast, and Emma whined from the loss.

With a quick, stealthy flick of the button, he had her jeans undone in seconds, and slid his hand into her soaked panties, caressing the wetness pooling around her folds.

As he dipped two fingers into her dripping heat, brushing his thumb over her clit, both of them uttered a “fuck” at the same time.

Killian’s ministrations were full of intention as he hungrily drew her breast in his mouth, tugging gently on the stiff nipple with his teeth. “So what if I make you come right here?” he murmured into her skin, his voice laden with desire. “What if I make you come on David's sleeping bag?”

A whispered, broken curse left her mouth as he yanked down her jeans and thong, removing the barriers so he could do just that. Emma quickly fumbled for the button of his pants and reached inside his briefs, taking his unbearably hard cock in her hand. She swiped her thumb over the precum oozing from his slit, eliciting a thick groan as he tried to bite his tongue to keep from being too loud.

Thrusting his fingers and flicking his thumb over her clit, he picked up the pace as she stroked his throbbing dick until they were both a crumbling mess in each other’s hands. Emma pulled him to her, crashing her lips into his to muffle their cries of pleasure as they climaxed. Her limbs convulsed as her nectar flowed freely in his hand, and Killian shot his seed over her stomach, some of it landing on David’s sleeping bag. The air in the tent became thin as they tried catching their breaths, their chests heaving rhythmically while they took a few moments to compose themselves.
“I just wanted to apologize for giving you a hard time. You know I’m just looking out for Emma, right?” David assured Killian sincerely, but Emma wasn’t sure he was buying it.

After the three returned from the beach, Elsa and Mary Margaret had a serious conversation with David and Liam. It didn’t really matter now, because Emma and Killian decided they weren’t putting up with the bullshit anymore. There was a difference between looking out for your loved ones and simply being a controlling ass because you can get away with it. Well that stopped here and now.

“We’re both looking out for her,” Liam added.

Killian was already starting to become irritated at the unspoken implications. “And I’m not?” he asked bitterly.

“We didn’t say that Kilian,” Liam tried to assure him.

“You didn’t have to. I know when I’m not trusted.”

“Alright, that’s enough you guys,” Emma intervened, getting in the middle with her hands up, prepared to throw a punch at anyone who tried to stop her. “This camping trip is not going to be ruined because you two have to be commanding, overprotective hotheads! From now on, Killian and I will no longer be frowned upon, we will not be questioned and we will be sharing a tent, whether you bozos like it or not,” Emma stated firmly, leaving no room for negotiation.

Killian grinned proudly at her.

“And if either of you disagree or fight me on this, I will be throwing some beatdowns, do I make myself clear?” She questioned sternly as her eyes flitted between them with a heated glare.

Clearing their throats, Liam and David glanced between Emma and Killian, their eyes flashing with guilt and apology.

“Yes, of course, Emma,” Liam answered quietly.
“We promise, no more big brother maneuvers. You’re a grown woman and we’re sorry we got carried away with things,” David added.

“Okay then. Now that we’re on the same page… why don’t we have some dinner?” Emma suggested, although the question was rhetorical. After a mind-blowing orgasm and a good chiding, her adrenaline was pumping, and she was starving.

The women started preparing dinner as Killian went into his tent and grabbed David’s sleeping bag to help him transfer everything into his own tent.

“Here you go, mate,” Killian chanted, a smile threatening to bloom across his lips, knowing exactly what happened on said sleeping bag right before he and Emma did a half-ass job cleaning up the evidence.

“Thanks, Killian,” David took it, completely oblivious. He started turning around when Killian patted him on the shoulder.

“You might want to wash the thing when you get back home,” Killian whispered in his ear.

David eyed him cautiously, and with two more firm pats on the shoulder, Killian walked away, winking at Emma, who did her best to suppress the giggle threatening to escalate in her throat.

Things were finally settling down again when they sat around the campfire eating the freshly caught fish that the women had cooked and seasoned. Now this was what camping was supposed to be about.

Emma sat next to Killian throwing a smile at him as he glanced at her with those big, baby blue eyes. Her heart was racing, full of warmth and all sorts of emotions that hadn’t been very welcomed before, but now she was starting to open herself up to those feelings.

“Hey guys! I hope you don’t mind us crashing your fun!”

With a raised brow Emma whipped her head around and saw Ruby and Regina standing there with some bags and big, vibrant grins on their faces. Emma hadn’t even hear them pull into their campsite
with Ruby’s jeep.

“Hey, what are you two doing here?” Mary Margaret poised in excitement as she jumped up and rushed over to give them a hug.

“Well, we knew you were all here having a good time without us, so we decided we didn’t want to miss out on the fun,” Ruby explained. “I hope it’s okay. We brought our own tent.”

“Yeah, of course!” Mary Margaret replied exuberantly.

Emma looked over at Liam and David, and she became a bit giddy witnessing their lack of enthusiasm. After the way those two had acted, they deserved to not have things go their way for once.

“Hey, Emma!”

She joined them, returning the hug Regina and Ruby pulled her into as Killian and Elsa approached.

“Hey, you remember Killian right?” Mary Margaret asked the other two brunettes.

“Yeah, of course.” Ruby grinned like a cheshire cat as she extended her hand to him. “It’s nice to see you again.”

“Aye, you too, love.” Killian offered a polite smile as he pressed a kiss to the back of her hand.

“Such a gentleman. Don’t you just love British men,” Ruby asked Regina.

Emma’s scornful eyes launched invisible darts at the her, jealousy bubbling in her blood. Emma tried to shove it away and ignore; she knew Killian was only being polite. She knew he only had eyes for her.

“Of course I do. I’m dating one, remember?” Regina replied, referring to Robin, who she’d been seeing for a few months now.
Liam and David begrudgingly came over to greet them and chatted very briefly before the guys returned to their chairs and ate the rest of their dinner.

“Hey, Em, you’re pretty good friends with Killian, right?”

Emma narrowed her eyes, staring at Ruby suspiciously. “Yeah, we’re good friends. Why do you ask?”

Ruby’s smile became brighter, if that were even possible. “Well, I know that last time I saw him he was all broody and trying to get over his ex, but it seems like he’s doing much better now, so… do you think you could hook me up with him?” she asked with pleading eyes. “I mean the man is hot. How are you two only friends?”

Emma’s stomach dropped and her heart leapt into her throat; she didn’t really know how to respond. If she denied the brunette’s request then—no, she couldn’t do that. This was Mary Margaret’s friend, and she didn’t want to upset anyone or rouse any suspicion. Plus, Ruby was staring at her with a hopeful gleam in her eyes, so Emma did the only thing she was capable of doing at that moment. She mustered a fake smile and muttered, “Sure, why not?”

“Oh, thanks, Em,” Ruby practically jumped up and down before drawing Emma into another hug, squeezing her a little too tightly as Emma cursed herself.

Why did Ruby and Regina have to show up and ruin everything? Emma had worked so hard to finally have a pleasant evening with her friends, so how the hell did it all go to shit? And why the fuck did she agree to setting Ruby up with Killian? He was already taken!
Okay, there were a few bumps in the road while writing this one, but it's here. As always, thank you for your patience.

Thank you Allison for being an awesome beta-reader and possessing wizard-like editing skills! I had to add on to the story because of a stupid mistake I made and she literally had the section finished before the chapter was completed.

This campground they are staying at is completely made up and not based off of any place in particular. I've learned that the more I write, the more I stop basing things off of real life and the more I just make shit up, so please forgive me for this beach that has made it possible for Emma and Killian to have some "alone time" as crowded as it may be ;-) 

Thanks for reading. Hope you enjoy!

Killian could sense something was off when he observed Emma that night. She appeared to be guilty about something, and he was pretty sure she was about to burst into tears at any moment. Luckily no one else noticed, as they were all gathered around the campfire, too caught up in making fun of him for falling in the mud.

“Do you want me to try and get out the stains,” Mary Margaret asked him, and he was blushing profusely, scratching behind his ear.

“That’s okay, lass. It’s my own fault; I can wash it when we get home.”

“Okay. You just soak the jeans in cool water, use a half teaspoon of liquid detergent and a tablespoon of vinegar and soak for thirty minutes before you wash it.”

“Thank you,” he mumbled, thoroughly embarrassed. His muddy pants had been a topic of discussion for far too long by that point. He didn’t even have mud on them, and it had happened yesterday so really the fabricated incident should’ve been long forgotten.

Emma and Killian were finally able to escape when she announced she had to use the restroom. He offered to go with her since it was dark out and he didn’t want her walking alone in the woods. There was definitely something strange going on because when Mary Margaret and Elsa looked like they were about to get up, Ruby spoke up, asking the two of them questions to distract them, he guessed. She also threw them both a wink as they left.

Killian was actually starting to get excited as they began their trek in the woods. Could Emma have told Ruby about the two of them? Was it time to finally share their relationship with everyone? Although he thought if anyone were to find out first, it would be either Elsa or Mary Margaret.

Emma was very quiet as Killian shined a flashlight to guide their path. When they could no longer hear their friends chatting and laughing in the distance, Emma stopped and whirled around in front of him; he could see the panic flashing in her eyes through the darkness of the night.
“Killian, I screwed up.”

His features fell in concern as he turned off the flashlight and set it down to put a hand on her shoulder. “Love? What happened?”

He could see the tears wetting her eyes as she opened her mouth to speak several times, but couldn’t manage to get the words out. Concern swept over him, and his heart twisted seeing his Swan in pain.

“Tell me. What’s going on, Emma,” he coaxed in a soothing voice, gently squeezing and caressing her shoulder.

“I…”

Killian was certain she would break down into tears at that point; her face was pale white, she was fidgeting and flustered and unable to look him in the eye.

“I did something stupid,” she shrieked out.

Raising his brow in confusion, he took her chin in his hand, gently urging her to look at him. “Love, I’m sure whatever you did was not stupid.” Killian had to bite back a smile. Did she think he would be mad that she told Ruby about their relationship? Bloody hell, was that what this was now?—a relationship?

“I told Ruby I would set her up with you,” she finally confessed.

Killian’s heart plummeted. “Why…” he began to say, fumbling for words. Ruby? Why would he be interested in Ruby, or anyone else for that matter? Did Emma really not know the extent of the feelings he held for her? “Why would you do that?”

Emma shook her head frantically as a tear slid down her cheek. “I don’t know. She asked me if I would, and I couldn’t do the thing I actually wanted to do, which was ring her neck for the way she was looking at you. But she’s Mary Margaret’s friend and I couldn’t exactly say that you and I are in a relationship since we’re still keeping it a secret and—”

“Whoa, whoa, love. Slow down,” he murmured in a soothing tone as he cupped her cheek in his hand. Wiping the tear away with his thumb, a small smile crept across his lips. “So… you would call what we have a relationship?” he asked skittishly, hoping she wouldn’t be deterred by the question.

To his relief, she rolled her eyes and playfully punched him in the shoulder. “Of course it is, you idiot,” she teased. She was still upset, but he knew her words were an attempt to be kittenish with him. “Unless you… unless you don’t think it is?” Worry flashed in her eyes, and Killian reassured her with a grin.

“I would certainly consider it as such,” he admitted, nervously scratching behind his ear. “In fact, when we got back home… I was going to ask you out on a proper date.” His cheeks became hot with blush as his smile turned into a smirk and he lifted a sultry eyebrow. “Not that I’m complaining about all the sex we’ve been having,” he clarified, “but, I want to do other things with you as well.”

A full smile finally graced Emma’s lips, her expression becoming more relaxed. “Well, in that case, you can expect my answer to be a yes. That is, if I can keep Ruby away from you. I might have to beat her off with a stick, just so you know.”

“Emma, I’m not interested in her or anyone else. I’ll just tell her I’m not looking for a relationship right now. It’s a simple solution.”
She nodded as more tears began to fall, and she wiped them off with her hands. Killian pulled her into his embrace and she wrapped her arms around him, sighing heavily into his chest as he stroked her hair. “I’m sorry I freaked out. I just don’t want to lose you,” she mumbled into his shirt.

_Bloody hell_. He didn’t even realize how much he needed to hear those words. His heart was pounding and performing somersaults in his chest as he closed his eyes, emitting a deep sigh. “You’re not going to lose me,” he whispered, holding her tighter and kissing the crown of her head. “Believe me; you’d have to do a lot more than try to set me up with another woman to rid me from your life.”

His words seemed to comfort her as she let her body melt into his, and they held each other until deeming it necessary to break apart and get back to the group, so as not raise any suspicion.

When they did, Killian was prepared to turn Ruby down. He was a bit nervous about it, but it had to be done. She kept throwing him flirty smirks and glances as Emma sat down next to her. They were whispering to each other, and though Killian couldn't hear them, he knew they were talking about him.

“Does anyone want s’mores?” Mary Margaret asked the group as she took out a bag of marshmallows. The evening had grown dark and they were using the glow from the fire to aid their vision and keep warm with the help of blankets wrapped around them. The crackling sounds exuding from the flames were soothing and the atmosphere was rather comfortable. It was picturesque, perfect and flawless, apart from the inappropriate ogling he received from Ruby, and one other thing—Emma was too far away.

“Of course. What is camping without s’mores?” Ruby’s eyes returned to him from across the fire. “Right Killian?”

“Some mores?” he inquired, not sure if that's exactly what she’d said, but that's what it sounded like.

“No, s’mores, silly,” she teased.

“Uhhh,” he uttered, scratching behind his ear. “I'm afraid I don't know what you’re referring to?” he admitted bashfully.

“Killian hasn't lived in the States long enough to know what a s’more is, I'm afraid,” Liam informed her.

Ruby’s eyes blew wide, as if it were unheard of to not know what a s’more was, and Killian guessed it was another popular American thing that he wouldn't understand. “Wait? You've never had a s’more before?”

“Can’t say that I have, lass.”

“Well it's a crime to live in the U.S. without at least trying one. MM, pass the supplies over. We’re changing that right now.”

Killian looked over at Emma, who appeared to be uneasy. He could tell she was anxious for him to just tell Ruby he was not interested, but he couldn't exactly do that in front of all of their friends. He didn't want to embarrass the lass. So instead, he had to settle with Ruby teaching him how to put together this marshmallow treat that apparently he’d been missing out on.

However, he had to admit he was rather fascinated with the entire process from acquiring a skewer for roasting a marshmallow to finally smooshing the charred marshmallow and chocolate between two graham crackers.
Ruby held out the finished s’more, presenting it to him. Before he could grab it, she tried to feed it to him, but he quickly halted her advances by taking it in his hand and drawing it into his mouth without her assistance. And he had to admit, he enjoyed the crispiness of the cracker, followed by explosion of warm, gooey spongy confection, mixed with creamy chocolate. He licked his lips and fingers as Ruby watched him in uncontained anticipation. At the same time, the burn of Emma's stare made his heart ache.

“So? What do you think?”

“It’s quite delicious,” he answered, proceeding to clean off the sticky goodness.

Ruby grinned cheekily; she was proud of her success. “See? It’s the best thing you’ve ever tasted, isn’t it?”

Killian had to suppress the smirk that threatened his lips. The s’more was good, but nothing could compare to the taste of his Swan’s sweet nectar. He couldn't exactly say that out loud though. “I don’t know if I would go that far, but it’s certainly high on the list.”

“Here, you got some marshmallow on your lips,” Ruby informed him, and before he could respond, she was swiping it with her finger and sliding it into her mouth, sucking it off. Killian's jaw fell open in surprise as she gazed at him with hungry, wolf-like eyes and made sure to clean up any remnants of the marshmallow with her lips and tongue. “Mmmm, it's definitely my favorite treat.”

Killian didn't quite know how to respond to that. He looked around, seeing that all eyes were on him. Including the one person he wished hadn't been a witness to that.

“You know what? I'm really tired. I think I'm going to call it a night.” Emma stood up from her chair and mumbled a goodnight to everyone.

He could tell she was hurting, even though she avoided his gaze at all costs.

“I’ll see you all in the morning.” She disappeared inside the tent, leaving Killian with the rest of the group.

“It is getting pretty late. I think Emma has the right idea,” David spoke, and his wife agreed. Leo was already asleep in their tent, so they put things away before heading off to the tent join their son.

Regina went off to bed while Liam and Elsa were wrapped in a blanket and seemed to be cozy and content to stay put in front of the fire pit. So Killian saw this as his opportunity to set things straight with Ruby. He took her hand and stood up, leading her away from the campfire.

“I see you finally decided to get me alone,” she flirted with a big smirk, leaning into him and placing her hand on Killian's chest.

He politely removed it and flashed a small smile. “Ruby…” Killian fumbled, nervously scratching behind his ear. “I… Emma told me…” Killian struggled to find the correct words; he didn't want to offend the lass but at the same time, he had to tell her he was off limits.

“Look, I know you went through a terrible breakup, but I’m not asking for a proposal.” Ruby's grin grew and her eyes lit up with titillation as she eyed his lips, biting her bottom one. “I just thought we could have some fun.”

Killian drew in a shaky breath and with Ruby’s intense gaze on him, he felt his cheeks flushing with red. “I'm flattered really, but the truth is… I'm really not interested in starting anything at the moment.”
Her eyes fleeted to meet his gaze again, and her face fell in disappointment, mouth falling open in surprise. “Oh…”

Guilt twisted in his gut, but he wasn't about to lead Ruby on. “I'm sorry; I wish Emma would've told you.”

She shook her head. “No, it's okay. It was worth a shot. Emma agreed to hook us up because she’s a nice person, and I shouldn't have taken advantage. I shouldn't have placed any pressure on her.”

Killian couldn't help but smile at her name as he looked back at the tent she was sleeping in. He knew Emma only agreed to it because she didn't want to disappoint anyone, and because Ruby was a good friend of Mary Margaret’s. She agreed even though she’d hated the decision. If Killian were placed in the same situation, he wouldn't have been able to agree to set Emma up with someone else. He'd have the wanker’s head on a stick first. “Aye, she's an amazing lass.” He looked at Ruby again to find a slow, toothy grin crawling across her lips.

Arching a brow in confusion, he couldn't fathom why Ruby was suddenly beaming after he’d rejected her. “What?”

Ruby leaned in, speaking quietly to keep out any prying ears. “You like Emma, don't you?”

His heart automatically jumped, the mere thought of how he felt for Emma making him shudder in excitement. Killian opened his mouth several times, but couldn't gather words or at least fully coherent ones anyway. “Wh—I—Wher—” Running his hand through his hair, he tried again to speak, but Ruby’s expectant stare was rendering him useless, and then she started laughing.

“It's okay, you can tell me. Mary Margaret has been kind of filling me in on what's going on, and I promise, I'm the last person to judge anyone.”

“Lass, I don't—” Killian began, but who the fuck was he trying to kid? Ruby was scrutinizing him with narrowed eyes, patiently waiting for him to speak, so he just blurted it out. “I'm in love with her.” The confession was accompanied by a bashful smile as he blushed profusely, but at this point he didn't really care.

Killian didn't think the brunette’s smile could grow any wider, but her mouth fell open, excitement dancing in her eyes, and she was damn near bouncing up and down. “Does she feel the same?”

The question caught him off guard a bit, and although he liked to think he knew the answer, he settled for a safe reply. “I'm not sure, but I think so. We've been seeing each other, but neither of us wants to rush into anything.”

Ruby clapped her hands to her cheeks, apology flashing in her eyes as realization dawned on her. “And she still agreed to set me up with you? Oh my god, I feel like an ass for even asking her. And for—oh my god, I licked marshmallow off your lips. I'm so sorry, I didn't know. Mary Margaret told me you were only friends.”

“It's okay, lass. No one knows but you now; please don't say anything to Mary Margaret.”

A wide grin slowly made its way across her lips again. “So, it's a secret? You can definitely count me in. I am such a sucker for secret romances.” Her eyes were glowing with mischief, the endless possibilities unraveling in her mind; it was clear as day to him.

“Thank you, Ruby.”

“Don't mention it,” she said with a small flick of her hand. “It's the least I can do considering what I
put poor Em through. And she handled it like a pro. If I were her, I would've clocked the daylights out of any bitch who had eyes for my man.”

“Ah, I think she came close, lass, but you were lucky,” Killian chuckled.

“Again I'm so sorry. What can I do to make it up to you and Em?”

Killian’s first reaction was to reassure her that she didn't have to do anything to make amends, until an idea struck him like a bolt of lightning, and a smile lit up his face. “Perhaps there's one thing you could do.”

Ruby studied his face, and her expression soon matched his own, her eyes buzzing with devilry. “Name it.”

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Emma quickly wiped her tears when she heard the tent unzipping. She’d been glad she had brought some tissues in her bag, although she thought she would be using them for something else and not tears. Emma quickly discarded them in her bag and suppressed a sniffle before tucking her hands under her cheeks. Her back was to the opening of the tent as she closed her eyes so Killian would think she was sleeping and completely unaffected by the scene that played out before her eyes between him and Ruby. She wanted to rip her friend’s throat out for the whole marshmallow incident but she had a little more tact than that. She also just wanted to grab and kiss Killian in front of everyone, but she didn't quite possess the boldness for that.

“Emma? You awake?”

Killian’s voice made her heart stagger, and she squeezed her eyes tight, trying to keep her breathing steady. It was working perfectly, until she heard him lie beside her and felt his arm snaking around her waist, lips pressing to the shell of her ear, his hot breath hovering over her skin sending a shiver to her core. “Love, I'm so sorry you had to see that,” he whispered, and she could no longer contain her sadness. She could smell his cologne and manly scent, and feel his luscious lips kissing the opening of her ear, making her skin tingle. She turned around in his arms, finding his stubbled cheek with her hand as his sparkling blues eyes bore into hers.

“Ah, so you are awake,” he noted with an apologetic smile.

“Oh, so you think I could sleep after witnessing Ruby licking food off of your face like a rabid dog?”

She could see the amusement in his eyes before his features fell, concern washing over him. “Hey, you know I would've much rather had you licking marshmallow off my lips. In fact I would've let you feed me the s'more, and it probably would've ended with us making out in front of everyone, covered in marshmallow and chocolate while we fucked each other’s brains out.”

Emma laughed at the vision he planted in her head. “I know, and I'm sorry, I know this is my fault —”

Killian hushed her by putting a finger on her lips. “No more apologies. I straightened everything out with Ruby, and you no longer have to worry about her going after me.”

Arching a brow, Emma wondered what Killian had said or done to get Ruby off his back. “Did you talk to her?”

“Oh, of course, love. I told her I wasn't available, and…” he paused briefly, guilt playing over the
handsome features of his face, “you were brought up in the conversation, and Ruby figured out we’re seeing each other.”

“She did? How?”

“I don't know, I guess the hopeless smile on my face when your name was brought up gave it away.”

Emma’s eyes widened in panic. “So she knows about us?” This was it. The secret was out.

“Aye, love, but don’t worry; she won’t say anything.”

“That’s bullshit. She tells her best friend everything, and we all know Mary Margaret can’t keep a secret.”

Killian seemed perturbed by this as he searched her eyes with his. “Would it really be such a bad thing if everyone found out about us?”

“Well, no, I’m just… I’m not ready to tell anyone yet. And it has nothing to do with you. When I was with Neal, it felt like I was in a fishbowl. All of my friends wanted to know everything about us. They wanted every detail of our relationship.”

“By your friends, you mean Liam and David?”

“And Mary Margaret and Elsa.”

“Well, I think they all knew what kind of guy he was and were only looking out for you.”

“But still, I just can’t take that sort of pressure.”

Killian flashed a soothing smile. “No worries, Swan. We won’t tell them yet. Not until you’re ready. And as far as Ruby goes, I know she won’t say anything because she’s going to help us.”

Confusion and intrigue washed over her as Killian took her hand and pressed a kiss to her knuckles, his thumb gently brushing over her skin.

“She's going to help us how?”

“She’s going to cover for us—be our beard so to speak.”

Emma started to smile at that, knowing they could possibly have a chance to be out of the spotlight, when realization dawned on her and she frowned. “So Ruby’s going to pretend to date you?” Emma shook her head. “I don't want that. Even if it’s not real, I can’t watch that.”

“I don’t want that either. I couldn’t do that to you love, and that’s not what Ruby will be doing. She’ll simply be displaying her affections for me; enough to make the others curious about whether we are together or not, so as to take the spotlight off of you and me.”

Emma nodded in understanding. “Okay. As long as she doesn't try to feed you s’mores again.”

“She won’t. Ruby felt terrible about that once she found out about us. She also promised to get us as much alone time as she can. But only if you’re comfortable with this.”

“Yes, I can deal with that. What I can’t deal with is watching you hold hands with her and pretend to be in a relationship.”
“Hey… I told you, baby—I would never put you through that. I like you far too much for that.”

An audible gasp left her lips at the affectionate pet name and she locked eyes with his as he caressed her cheek. Normally she didn’t care for people calling her baby or sweetheart or honey, but she decided Killian… Killian could call her whatever the hell he wanted to.

Grabbing the collar of his shirt, her lips crashed into his, and the unexpected contact had him groaning in approval. She eagerly found his tongue, brushing over it with hers as they pulled each other in, seeking to be as close as possible. She wanted his body on hers, wanted to indulge in the delicious weight pressed to her body. His hand ran up her curves as he tilted his head, both of them taking a breath before deepening the kiss. Emma was instantly lost in this man—consumed with him. He was the only person in this world who could drive her mad with both emotion and pleasure; it was unreal.

After a moment, she released his lips to catch her breath, an impish smirk curving her lips. “How much do you like me?” Normally she would be too afraid to inquire such a thing. She would be too cautious to go digging up things she wasn’t even sure she wanted to find, but with Killian, she felt absolutely hopeless, and was willing to push her limits with him. Only him.

To her delight, a wicked laugh sounded in her ear, making her shudder as he sprinkled kisses along her jaw, speaking in a husky tone. “I like everything about you,” he proceeded to make his way down her neck with his wonderfully soft lips, “your smile, your laugh, your stubbornness…”

Emma laughed, and at the same time her mind was clouded with lust, heart pounding erratically as he took his sweet time, making his way slowly down her body. “I love your wanton ways and how you tease me. I love your breasts,” he admitted before pulling up her tank top and drawing a soft nipple in his warm mouth, instantly making it hard as he sucked on it. She moaned as he swirlled his tongue around the erect bud, his hand creeping down her body, slipping underneath her and grabbing her ass. “And I love your perfect butt,” he murmured against her skin, firmly squeezing one of the globes in his hand. Emma was trying to hold back; her breathing became heavy as she tried to suppress any moans threatening to rise in her throat.

Killian lapped and sucked on her other breast, making sure to give it the same care and attention as the other one before moving on, releasing her nipple and kissing down her stomach. Emma’s panties were soaked by that point, and it only increased when he licked her belly button and tucked his fingers inside her shorts and panties, stroking her folds. “Gods, I love your belly button and I love how fucking wet you become when I touch you.”

“Oh,” Emma cried softly as he yanked down her bottoms. She lifted herself up so he could remove the intrusive clothing, and he pulled them off, carelessly tossing them aside before pressing a sweet kiss to her silky nub.

“Can you spread your legs for me, love?”

Emma quickly did as she was asked, parting her thighs for easy access. She was incredibly wet as her juices met the cool air of the tent. Hot breaths fanned her already heated skin as he kissed down her down her folds, the anticipation building in her core; she didn’t know how much more she could take as she squirmed underneath him.

“Excuse me for being crude, but I love when you open your legs for me, and I love your pretty pink pussy.” He opened her up with his fingers, the flat of his warm, wet tongue broadly sweeping through her slit. “Mmmm, so exquisite.” Killian’s voice was sinful and just as dirty as his kisses and licks.
Emma quickly grabbed the pillow from underneath and laid her head down as she covered her face to suppress the inevitable moans. At the same time, she could hear music playing from one of the tents and grinned, knowing exactly who the culprit of the noise was. *Thank you Ruby,* she thought, but kept the pillow secured to her face; Emma had a feeling she was going to be very loud.

Killian was flicking his tongue over her clit and slipping his finger in her wet heat as she bit her bottom lip and carded one of her hands through his hair to urge him on. He had to curl up since they were in the cramped space, but *God,* his ministrations were so perfect and heavenly; she was rapidly crumbling underneath him.

“Yes,” she whispered and began moving her hips, trying to resist the urge to pull him in closer, but it was extremely difficult. His tongue felt so wonderful, it took every ounce of strength within her to draw this out as long as possible; she didn’t want it to end.

Her efforts seemed pointless when he added two more fingers, stretching and filling her deliciously. “Oh, baby, just like that.” Emma normally didn’t call men pet names either; that just wasn’t her thing, but with Killian, she found herself doing a lot of things she didn’t normally do.

Speeding up his movements, he growled into her folds and pushed his fingers into her center while hungrily lapping her up. He was rough, but not too rough, and she loved it. She could no longer contain the exploding pleasure washing over her.

Emma whimpered into the pillow, bucking her hips wildly and letting the heat overwhelm her. “Fuck, please don’t stop,” she begged shamelessly. She was so close.

“Mmmm, I love when you moan and beg for me. I love making you come in my mouth. Can you do that for me?” Killian slammed his fingers into her channel, relentlessly licking and sucking her into his mouth. “Can you fill my mouth with your sweet come?”

That was her undoing, and she did just as he asked, her orgasm rippling through her body, hips jerking madly as she screamed out into the pillow. Her nectar was erupting freely, and Killian eagerly lapped up everything she had. He was groaning into her folds and licking all of her essence as if he were a man starved. Emma shuddered and pulled the pillow away, trying to catch her breath as he finally released her, allowing her to slowly fall from her high.

“Mmmm…” Killian panted and licked his lips and fingers to gather any remnants of her nectar in his mouth. “Now this is my favorite treat.

A strangled laugh left her mouth as Killian pressed a wet smooch to her nub before crawling up her body and kissing her mouth. Emma sighed happily against his lips, tasting her orgasm on him and taking in her pleasant smell. “You know what I love?” she practically moaned from merely thinking about it.

Killian quirked a brow, his eyes sparkling with curiosity. “What’s that, Swan?”

A dirty smirk took over her lips as she reached in between them and slipped her hand down his pants, wrapping her fingers around his dick. He groaned, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as she gently stroked him.

“I love when you become hard for me,” she purred, feeling his thick shaft twitch and begin to stiffen. “I love sucking you and tasting your cock in my mouth.” At her words and the vivid imagery they induced, his cock sprang to full attention within seconds. “Mmmm… just thinking of your hard dick, I can't wait,” her thumb swiped over the precum leaking from his tip and her clit throbbed, aching to feel his big cock inside of her, “to taste it.”
“Oh, fuck,” he uttered out, his voice completely wrecked with desire.

Emma grinned, rose to her knees and yanked off his underwear and pants. “I’m going to suck your beautiful cock now; would you like that?”

“Aye,” he choked out and started to work his hips into her strokes, seeking more friction. “I want you to suck my cock. I want to fuck your mouth until I come,” he growled. “I want you to swallow every last drop I give you.”

Her eyes began to dilate with an animalistic need racing through her body. “Yes, Captain.” She moaned while leaning forward to lick the tip. Emma loved their sex, but there was something about sucking him dry that made her crazy. The first salty flavor of precum, the scent of sweat and man and sex, the texture of his velvety skin against her tongue; she was growing wetter just thinking about it.

As she circled her tongue around the tip, she lightly stroked his shaft with one hand while cupping his balls with her other. Hearing him groan made her even more dedicated, and she began to flick at the head of his cock with the underside of her tongue. Moving down, she sucked one of his balls into her mouth before switching to the other. She lightly sucked on them while rolling her tongue all the way around. She had only given him a blowjob one time, but she was beginning to know exactly what he liked, and how he liked it, based on how he reacted, thrusting his hips and cursing her name. Going back up to the belled tip, she puckered her lips tightly and slowly lowered her mouth onto his shaft. As she began to bob her head up and down, she swirled her tongue around the head, so he was receiving double stimulation.

“Oh, fuck,” he groaned, unable to keep quiet as she devoured him. “Gods, I love how your mouth feels.”

Emma peered up at him, her green eyes dilated with lust. They held each other’s gaze while she took him all the way inside her mouth and began to move faster, gripping the flat of her tongue along the length of his shaft for added sensation.

Killian proceeded to buck his hips as his fingers got tangled in her hair, and he bit his bottom lip, trying his best not to push himself deeper, and instead, stroked her golden locks, gently encouraging her. “Gods… you're gonna make me come, baby. I’m so fucking close.”

She reluctantly pulled her mouth away, wishing she could taste his milky fluid, but reminding herself that there was one more thing she wanted to do while he was at her mercy. She crawled up to him and reached between her legs to grab his length as she whispered in his ear. “You know what I love the most?”

Killian arched a brow, his breathing still labored as he tried to restrain himself. She was pretty sure he was close to exploding right then and there.

“I love having your cock inside me. I love when you fuck me into oblivion,” she confessed boldly, never breaking contact with his stunning blue eyes.

Killian groaned as he managed a smug smirk. “And I love fucking you into oblivion.” As he spoke the words, he suddenly flipped them over so he was the one on top. Rising to his knees, he pulled off his shirt, his muscles bulging and his abs rippling as he tossed it aside.

Emma licked her lips at the sight. “Come here,” she beckoned with her index finger, her words laced with seduction and want.

He immediately complied, leaning over her and settling between her thighs, kissing her breathlessly.
She moaned in his mouth, anxiously spreading her legs and curling them around his hips. She'd been waiting for this since they left New York for the campgrounds. Pushing the velvety head of his cock against her dripping entrance, he gradually entered her, slowly expanding her wet walls and filling her up. When he was fully seated, she had to pause for a moment and savor the feeling of being full.

“Oh, fuck,” he groaned, watching himself slowly disappear inside her welcoming center as he moved. Her long, muscular legs were spread wide and her shirt was half off, but her breasts and hard, pink nipples were exposed thrusting up into his chest, his soft hair tickling her.

Emma cried out as her glistening folds enveloped his thick length. She wrapped her arms around him to pull him closer, her nails digging into his back as he began plunging into her harder and more desperately.

Dry humping, hand jobs and oral sex were all flipping fantastic, but having her man inside her as they made love was something she never thought she would enjoy. Then she’d met Killian; he’d breached all of her expectations when it came to sex. And yes, she wasn't afraid to admit that while the sex was filthy and dirty, she would consider being with him as making love because… well, he was more than just a good fuck to her. He was so much more.

When she was in college, and even now, her female friends and co-eds (apart from Mary Margaret) always told her guys were either good at relationships or fucking, but never both. Well, Emma would have to disagree. While she’d never been on a date with him, she’d been around him and knew enough about him to know that Killian was a man with many talents who was capable of meeting all of her needs.

They were both covered in a light sheen of sweat, both of them thrusting and grinding as they kissed fiercely, fully indulging in each other’s warmth. They could both feel their climaxes building, shooting through their bodies like electricity. She could tell he was as close as she was.

Her inner muscles started to clamp down on his shaft, signaling the arrival of another powerful orgasm. She was trying her best to stave it off, knowing that feeling her come would send him stumbling over the edge.

“Emma,” he cried out as he felt her walls flutter around his pulsing cock, milking it for every last drop.

“Oh, Killian!” She was so glad the music was still playing and hopefully covering up their sounds of passion. Either no one minded the tunes, they were sleeping or just didn't bother to complain about the noise. “I'm coming all over your cock. Come for me, Killian. Come deep inside me...”

The sound of his name and the profanity being poured from her beautiful, swollen lips combined with the ecstasy of her tight pussy and the sight of her flushed, writhing body beneath him sent Killian over the edge. He began bucking his hips wildly until he was spurting his thick, hot come deep inside her.

When they rode out the last wave of euphoria, he slumped onto Emma’s body, being careful not to crush her. As soon as he could move, he reached up and grabbed her face roughly, kissing her senseless while running his hands through her soft blonde hair. As he pulled away, she looked deep into his eyes.

“You know what I love the most?” he asked her, still struggling to catch his breath.

“What's that?” she asked swallowing thickly, never peeling her eyes away from his.
"You."

An audible gasp escaped her, and her mouth went dry. Did he just tell her what she thought he was trying to tell her? More importantly, was she really reciprocating his feelings? “I love you too…” It was a strangled whisper, but the truth in her words were evident in the way she kissed him, the way she held onto him like she never wanted to let him go. He matched her affections with the same passion and the same zeal. Her heart was fluttering in her chest, and she was high on the euphoric sensations of pure satisfaction, but also love. Yes, she was absolutely and completely in love with him.

Before Emma became too comfortable, she searched around for her panties and shorts before sliding them on, removing her bra and tugging her tank top down in place to cover her breasts.

Killian pouted as he watched. “You’re getting dressed, love?”

Emma tittered. “Considering all of the people outside the tent and how easy it would be for any of them to barge in here, I think it’s a good idea; don’t you? What would they think if they entered the tent and saw us with our pants off and my boobs hanging out of my shirt? There’s really no way to talk our way out of that one, because ‘hey, we’re friends who sleep naked together’ isn’t really a convincing story.”

“You might have a point there, Swan,” he agreed with a chuckle and pulled on his own shorts. With both of them fully clothed, they lay down, Killian's arms wrapped around her as she nuzzled her face into his warm chest, hearing his heartbeat thud underneath her ear. She wrapped a leg around his waist and he held it securely in his arm, his hand sliding underneath her shorts and affectionately caressing and latching onto her butt.

“As much as I love our naked cuddling, this isn’t so bad,” he mumbled into her disheveled hair. “You are so sexy, with or without clothes.”

Emma failed to suppress a laugh that tickled her throat and she squeezed him tighter, pressing a kiss to his chest. “Naked cuddles are the best though.”

“Mmmm,” he hummed in agreement, both of them letting their eyelids fall shut.

Emma was extremely content in their fluffy cloud of bliss. They were wrapped in a cocoon of sleeping bags, blankets, and each other, and finally—finally—she got to spend a peaceful night with her man.

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The next day, Killian woke with a permanent smile on his lips and Emma in his arms. The sunlight was threatening to burst through the tent, and he could hear the various critters from the woods and the activity going on outside. He didn’t have to look at the time to know it was late in the morning, but he honestly didn’t care. Emma had pronounced her love for him, and that had been the thought running through his mind all night. When he had first said the words, he’d thought it may have been a mistake, but Emma surprised him and said it back. And he… he could not be any happier at that moment. This camping trip was going much better than he’d ever expected.

Emma stirred in his arms and he pulled her closer as she sighed contently. Killian was so comfortable and cozy with his Swan, he did not wish to get up. But when a hand smacked the outside of the tent, and his pain-in-the-arse brother started shouting jarring words like, “Up and at ‘em!” and “Are you two going to sleep all day or are you going to join us at some point?” Emma and Killian were both pushed off their blissful cloud.
Groaning and cursing underneath their breaths, they each pulled on a hoodie and emerged from the tent where David and Liam were cooking breakfast and arguing over who had the best survival skills. Killian tried his best not to pay much attention, but their boisterous chatter was loud enough to disturb the entire campsite.

“Care for some breakfast? You two must be starving after all the sleep you’ve had.”

Killian bit back a grin at Mary Margaret’s comment; he was indeed starving, but he reasoned it was because of all of the physical activity he’d endured last night with his lovely Swan.

Nevertheless, the brunette was handing them plates before they could even answer.

“Okay, you two have to tell us who cooks the best meat—me or Liam,” David insisted. He used cooking tongs to fill part of their plates with sausage links while Liam gave them sausage patties with different seasonings on them.

Emma looked down at her plate in bewilderment. “And why are we having this debate?” she asked, stabbing one of the sausage links with her fork.

“Because Liam seems to think he’s a better cook than me, but we all know I cook the meanest steak.”

Emma’s face contorted in lazy confusion. “But we’re not even eating steak.”

“Hey, that’s an idea. Tonight we should get some steaks and grill them up,” David suggested.

Liam shook his head in disapproval while the rest of the group sat around the campfire either rolling their eyes or ignoring them completely. “Tonight is hotdog night.”

“So? We can have hotdogs tomorrow.”

Liam sighed in annoyance. “Sorry, mate; tomorrow’s no good either. I already planned out the meals. You already ruined my breakfast plans with your sausage links.”

Killian looked over at Emma, catching a glimpse as she tried to suppress her laughter.

“Well why don’t we just grill both and let them decide?”

“Hey, I don't know about you boys, but as far as us ladies are concerned, I’m pretty sure you could put any type of hot meat in our faces and we would happily devour it in our mouths.”

At that point, a gale of giggles erupted from the females and Killian couldn’t resist a small chuckle in between his bites of sausage as David and Liam stared blankly at Ruby, clueless.

“What’s so funny?”

“Oh nothing, dear,” Mary Margaret responded, the laughter dying in her throat as she came over and kissed David’s cheek. “You know I always enjoy your sausage.”

Ruby and Emma snorted, almost spitting out chunks of meat from their mouths. “Well, this is certainly a morning to wake up to,” Emma joked as she tried to go back to eating her breakfast without choking on it.

When David and Liam finally decided to quit bickering and join the others, they were able to eat their breakfast in peace before they all got ready for the beach. It was a rather sunny day and even in the shaded woods, the air was thick and oppressively warm.
With their beach supplies in tow, they walked to the shore and found a comfortable spot in the sand to spread out their towels and perch the cooler and beach bags.

Deciding on a game of frisbee in the water, Liam and David were about follow behind Mary Margaret and Regina who were holding Leo’s hands.

“You coming Killian?”

He would rather have stayed with Emma, but started leaving with them anyway.

“Wait! Killian, before you go, can you help me with my sunblock?” Ruby’s words caused the three guys to stop and turn around.

“Can’t Emma help you with that?” Liam suggested impatiently.

A devilish smile tugged at Ruby’s lips. “She could, but I’d rather have a strong man’s hands on me, and I just figured Killian would be up for the task.” She threw him a wink, and David and Liam rolled their eyes before running off towards the ocean.

Killian grinned as he hurried over to where Emma and Ruby sat on their towels and plopped down in between them.

“You’re welcome,” Ruby teased, handing him the bottle of lotion.

“Thank you lass.” Killian accepted it and poured the creamy lotion into his palm as he looked at Emma who was holding a warm smile. She was wearing her skimpy red bikini and looked absolutely stunning, her skin shimmering in the sunlight. “Where would you like me to start, love?”

Emma pursed her lips, contemplating the question carefully. “How about my back?”

“Of course; turn over,” he smirked, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

She lay on her stomach, resting her forehead on her arm as he began massaging the cool lotion into her back.

“You know, now I get why you two are hiding your relationship. Liam and David are a couple of nutheads, aren’t they?”

Emma and Killian both tittered. “Yes, they are. I’m glad someone besides us sees it,” Emma agreed.

“I mean who holds grilling contests on a camping trip? This is supposed to be a relaxing vacation, but it’s difficult to relax when those two are constantly bickering. I mean they might as well take their dicks out and see whose is the biggest.”

This time Emma and Killian roared with hysterical laughter. “They can measure all they want, but I know they don’t hold a candle to this one,” Emma retorted, referring to the man who had his hands all over her back, soothing the lotion into her skin.

Ruby grinned and leaned back, propping her chin in the palm of her hand, her eyes buzzing with intrigue. “Okay, so I need all of the juicy details since I’m helping you two out.”

“Well, I don’t know if we’d be willing to share everything, but what do you want to know?” Emma asked her.

Ruby shrugged. “How long have you been seeing each other?”
“That’s a bit tricky,” Killian replied. “We weren’t actually seeing each other when we first got together.”

The brunette’s eyes widened even more. “Really? Please do tell.”

Killian blushed and smiled. He wasn’t too keen on spilling all the intimate details to this woman, especially since he didn’t know her all that well.

“Let’s just say we had a rocky beginning. This one wanted to be a gentleman and I couldn’t handle rejection that well, so it kind of happened in the spur of the moment,” Emma supplied. It seemed that was all they were both willing to divulge, and Ruby accepted it begrudgingly.

“Okay, I’ll stop pesterin’ you two and make sure to keep the rest of the gang distracted. Do you think if I flashed my boobs at them that would be enough distraction for the day?”

Emma laughed. “Go for it.”

“I’m sure David and Liam would be surprised more than anything,” Killian added with a chuckle. “They wouldn’t even know what to do with themselves.”

“Yeah, the expressions on their faces would be highly entertaining, but I don’t feel like getting smacked by their significant others. Besides, there are young ones around, so there’s that,” Ruby shrugged as she pushed herself up and started trotting off, winking at them. “I’ll have to think of something else. Have fun you two.”

Killian covered the back of Emma’s legs with the lotion before she flipped around, laying on her back as he grabbed the bottle and poured more of the contents into his hands. He really wished they were alone because touching her gorgeous body was more than enough to make him hard as a rock.

She rested her head on the towel as he started kneading his fingers into her chest and stealthily slipped his hands under her bikini top. Emma moaned softly as he skimmed his thumb over her nipple, making it hard under his touch. “Fuck, Killian. You better stop that before we end up having sex on the beach for everyone to see.”

He chuckled, continuing his ministrations as he moved to the other breast, palming the soft, delicate weight. His shaft was straining painfully in his trunks, so he figured he should probably take Emma’s advice and quit before things got carried away. He had to pause for a moment before beginning again and slowly, teasingly, making his way down her body. Emma got her kicks from teasing him, so maybe it was his turn to engage in all the teasing.

It didn’t work very well though, because the more he touched her and the longer he focused on one area that he knew she loved, the more aroused he became. She was so unbelievably sexy, he was thinking of all the dirty, filthy things he could do to her. By the time he reached her luscious, creamy thighs, he was so unbelievably hard; he almost fucked her right there in the sand.

However, Emma had other ideas.

As Killian moved to her toned legs, dousing her skin in white before rubbing it in, Emma’s emerald eyes were sparkling with mischief. And Killian knew he was in trouble.

Before he knew what was happening, she was leaping up from her spot, grabbing his hand and pulling him down the beach, away from their friends.

“Emma? Where are we going?”
She only giggled, tugging his hand as they both hurried through the sand. When they were far enough away, Emma led him to the ocean and they splashed through the water, making their way to a hidden alcove. By then, Killian knew exactly what his little vixen was plotting in that beautiful head of hers. He really should’ve been able to guess sooner.

They swam the rest of the way there, and the water was cold, but it felt refreshing under the beating sun. When they reached their destination, Emma turned and held his gaze, devilry dancing in her eyes as she licked her lips. Her hair was wet, her skin glittered with beads of water as he closed the distance between them.

“I thought we could use a little privacy,” she murmured, eyeing his lips.

He growled and captured her mouth, kissing her deeply as he wrapped her up in his arms, gently pressing her against the solid rock. He tasted the salt on her skin as they became entangled in a heated kiss that made their goosebumps disappear.

“Have I mentioned that I love you,” he breathed when they tore their lips away to catch their breaths.

Emma nodded, a big, happy smile taking over her face. “You did.” She tucked her hand inside his trunks and began pumping his already hard cock, causing his erection to increase in size as it throbbed under her touch.

“Have you ever had sex in the ocean before?” She inquired out of curiosity as her upward movement dragged his swollen, sensitive bulb down in her hand.

A deep, guttural groan spilled from his lips. Her touch sent a tingling, electric current through his body as he began rutting his hips into her hand. He had never had sex in the water, but fuck, he wasn’t opposed. “No, I can’t say that I have.” There was something about being with Emma, his siren, which made him bold as brass, and he was enthralled by it.

“Good. Me neither.” Her voice was strangled, ridden with desire.

Emma was settled in the water in front of him and her breasts were barely hidden inside the scrap of red, so he felt the urge to change that. Deciding to play out one of his little fantasies, he grabbed the strings of her bikini top and pulled it loose, letting her gorgeous, sun-kissed breasts spill out of the fabric. The bottom string was still secured to her body so he let the top fall into the water as he hauled her up against the rock and pushed her bottom bikini aside as she wrapped her legs around his waist. Her breasts were completely out of the water now, her nipples fully hard and seeking attention; soon he would take full advantage.

He pulled down his trunks just enough to free his aching erection, and she moaned as he hastily pressed his silky tip to her entrance. Her cry matched his at their contact; delicate, broken moans muffled as they fused their lips, tongues engaging in a rapid duo. His frantic fingers found her bottom, holding her into place as he started moving his hips, slowly plunging into her depths. He wanted this to last, so he paced himself with every thrust. The water was aiding their movements letting her easily ride his dick as he lowered his head and drew her nipple into his warm mouth, licking and sucking the salty sweetness as her fingers sifted through his wet locks of hair.

“Fuck,” she yelped out, thrusting her hips more fiercely, begging for more.

Killian growled and released her nipple, her tight heat surrounding him as he dragged along her walls. They could hear swimmers in the background, but it only urged him on, and he quickened his pace, fucking her roughly against the rock.
“You liked being fucked in the ocean, don’t you?”

“Oh god, yes,” Emma whimpered, her body shuddering in his arms as her walls started fluttering around him.

“Naughty siren,” Killian growled, taking her sharply in his arms as the water splashed wildly around them. He reached between their bodies and found her clit, stroking her there, and it didn’t take long for her to find release.

He captured her lips, muffling their cries as his orgasm ripped through him, and he spurted his hot come inside her, his hips stuttering and slowing down as her tight quim milked every drop he had. They clutched tightly onto each other for balance, chests heaving as he buried his face into the crook of her neck. He couldn’t believe they’d just made love in the water during the middle of the day, with their friends close by nonetheless. When he’d first met Emma, he’d never imagined the shenanigans they’d be getting into. But he wasn’t complaining. Not. at. all.

~*~

Emma was still floating, her body satisfied and sated when they made it back to the camp. Luckily she and Killian had joined the rest of the group in the water without them suspecting anything.

They all decided on dinner, but not before Liam and David had to drive to the nearest market to acquire some steaks. Emma just laughed to herself at her two dorky friends. They of course had their grilling contest, and everyone ate steaks and hotdogs with some potatoes they had cooked in a foil over the fire. Of course the steaks won because who would choose a hotdog over a steak?

After dinner, David, Mary Margaret and their son took off in the pickup truck to buy more firewood, and Killian disappeared to fill a pitcher of water. Ruby and Regina went with him while Emma was playing a card game with Liam. This time, Emma didn’t bat an eye seeing Killian and Ruby together. She knew he only pined for her.

“Okay, Em, I know I’m not supposed to butt into Killian’s romantic life, but… I have to know… is Ruby the lass Killian slept with?”

Emma almost dropped the cards in her hands at the question and she quickly scrambled for an excuse. She really should’ve expected this though. “Umm—I—I really don’t know.”

“Oh, come on. I know you and Killian are close. He must’ve told you something.”

Emma didn’t really know how to respond. She should tell him that, yes, Killian slept with Ruby, and yes, the thong that he found in Killian’s pocket were hers.

“I mean, I’ve been thinking about it and you mentioned you two went to the club after Elsa and I left, and that’s where they met. Then we had our engagement dinner and we all went home and went to bed… except the knickers were in the pocket of his suit pants, which means he must have snuck out of the flat and slept with someone that night.”

Emma nodded, pursing her lips. “That makes sense. I mean Ruby obviously has a thing for him, so I wouldn’t doubt it. And maybe Killian decided one time was enough and he’s no longer interested in her, but he’s too nice to let her down.”

She wasn’t sure if Liam was buying her fictitious theory, but to her surprise, he was nodding in agreement. “I think you’re right, Em. It’s obvious Killian isn’t interested in the lass.”

Emma almost grinned at that. He certainly wasn’t.
Before anything else could be said, Killian and the two women were making their way back, and to her utter relief, Liam didn’t speak of the conversation.

With the rest of the group together again, they sat around chatting, drinking nonalcoholic beverages and enjoying the warmth from the fire. This time Ruby kept her distance, sitting in between Mary Margaret and Regina as Emma took the opportunity to be next to Killian and roast marshmallows with him and eat s’mores with him. She felt rather silly for overreacting the day before. Things had turned out so much better than she could’ve imagined, and tomorrow would be even better. Tomorrow was the fourth and they would be sitting on a pontoon boat drinking alcohol as they watched the fireworks. For now, Killian and Emma would get to enjoy making fireworks of their own in the tent they were sharing together. She smiled at the thought.
Fourth of July

Chapter Notes

So there was this prompt floating around on Tumblr that is similar to one of the scenes in this chapter, and I had this planned for months but I wasn't quick enough to post, so hopefully you haven't already had your fill of it yet.

Thank you Alison for beta reading and putting up with all my mistakes. You truly are amazing! And a shout out to those who are always encouraging me, letting me vent and talk through my ideas - Lydia, Tori, Eva and Alma. You ladies are the best!

Thank you all for reading and being patient with me. Your support means more to me than you know. Hope you enjoy the chapter!

Killian didn't even attempt to suppress the smile from his lips when he woke up the next morning with Emma in his arms, his hand tucked under her top and grasping onto one of her perfect breasts. He wanted to shout out how happy he was to the world from the rooftops, but for him it wasn't an option at the moment, and honestly it hurt like hell that he couldn't, but he wasn't going to let that sour his mood. Besides, there was this energy swarming through him which fueled the urge to run laps around the campsite or even the whole beach. This energy gave him life. In fact, as sated as his limbs felt, just laying there was driving him crazy. And his blonde angel beside him looked so comfortable and peaceful, he didn't wish to disturb her, so he carefully removed his hand from her boob and rolled her over so she was laying on her back as he gently slid his other arm from underneath her head.

“Where you going, baby?” Emma's sleepy words surprised him; she still had her eyes closed. Killian grinned and lifted her hand, pressing a delicate kiss to each of her fingertips, his heart speeding up a bit as he felt the softness underneath his lips.

“Just going for a jog, sweetling. I'm feeling a bit antsy, and it's six in the morning so you should go back to sleep.”

Emma groaned—it was a groggy, needy sound that pulled at the strings of his heart—but she didn't argue with him. “'Kay,” she breathed, sifting her fingers through his chest hair. “I will miss your body heat.” Her voice was raspy as she spoke, and she was so adorable, the thought of leaving her was painful, but he knew he wouldn't be able to rest, and he would end up disturbing her and messing with her beauty sleep. Not that she needed it.

“Is that all I'm good for?” he chuckled, running his hand through her bangs to push them aside, his thumb caressing the pale lines of her forehead, “My body heat?”
A lazy smirk crawled across Emma's lips as she bit her bottom one, continuing to drag her hand across his chest, her fingers tracing around one of his nipples. “You know that's not true.” Her words were slurred as she gripped his sides, pulling him to her. “You’re good for many, many things.” Emma spoke like she were drunk, but there was not a trace of alcohol in her system. Like him, she was drunk on love. They both revelled in the feeling as Killian leaned down and kissed her hard and deep, expressing everything he felt.

She sighed pleasantly against him and when he pulled away, she licked her lips, her eyelids still shut. It was very difficult to leave her side, but he knew if he didn’t, things would quickly spiral into something more. Their romps in the little tent were very gratifying, but he could hear voices outside, indicating people were already awake, and all they had to do was unzip the tent to see that Killian and Emma were much more than friends. Besides, he really needed to work off some of the harbored energy inside him to maintain some sort of sanity because he was out of his mind in love with the enchanting woman he was currently holding in his arms.

So reluctantly, he let her go, kissing her sweetly on the forehead before pulling away. “Get some sleep, love.”

Other than the small whine that tore from her throat, she was incapable of protesting at that point, too sleepy to do anything else, other than turn on her side and tuck her hands under her cheek, her body wriggling slightly to get more comfortable.

“I'll be back soon.”

Emma nodded and whispered, “Love you.”

Killian smiled and watched as she started to drift off to sleep; it was really difficult to leave, but he summoned the strength, and with an “I love you too, Swan,” he kissed her forehead once more and got up, quietly changing into a t-shirt and shorts before leaving the tent.

The morning air was pleasant and the sounds of the seagulls and the tide crashing into the shore were calming, he got lost in his run on the beach, and the time quickly slipped through his fingers. By the time he got back, he was panting heavily, dripping with sweat and pretty sure someone would be able to smell him from a mile away.

He quietly snuck into the tent and grabbed his bag full of toiletries, some clothes and a towel, stuffing them into his duffle bag. Emma was still sleeping, so he made sure to be as quiet as possible before
slipping out of the tent.

Liam and David were ready to go as Mary Margaret and Leo were just waking up and the other women were still sleeping.

“Morning little brother. You slept well, I take it?” Liam greeted, his sleepy eyes lighting up with curiosity.

The big grin permanently plastered to Killian’s features must have gave himself away. “Younger brother. And aye, I did sleep very well actually.”

“You mean Emma didn't keep you up with her snoring?” David teased playfully, patting Killian’s shoulder.

Killian chuckled. She kept him up alright, but not because of her snoring. “You're one to talk, mate. Your snoring could wake the dead.”

David frowned. “I don't snore. I sleep like I'm under a sleeping curse; that's what Mary Margaret always tells me.”

Liam and Killian exchanged amused glances as they headed away from the campsite. “And I’m sure she's not telling you that to protect your feelings,” Killian teased.

“It doesn't matter—she’d love you either way, which is a very good thing,” Liam added seriously, but at the same time, he and Killian were trying their best not to laugh.

Killian found it difficult to believe that as long as they've been together, Mary Margaret had never told him he snored, but then again they were a couple who still acted like they were on their honeymoon. He could sense there was a great deal of history between them, but there was also an undeniable, unbreakable love illuminating from the two, which was usually only visible between newlyweds.

David smiled broadly and proudly. “She really would. And yes, that is a very good thing.”
The subject was dropped, and Killian walked with the two fellas through the woods, chatting about their plans for the day. It was actually pleasant, and neither of them mentioned Emma or Ruby or anything involving his lovelife, and Killian was grateful that they could just shoot the breeze without anything getting in the way.

They reached the showers; there were five, four of which were empty, and Killian chose the one on the end, next to the stall David had disappeared into. After closing and locking the door behind him, setting his bag on the bench and hanging up his towel on the hook, Killian turned on the shower, twisting the knobs until the water reached his desired temperature. He retrieved a bar of soap, some shampoo and a scrub from his bag before getting undressed, placing his clothes on the bench and stepping underneath the shower. He sighed in content when the water cascaded over him, hitting his skin. Bending his head down to wet his hair, visions of Emma started playing in his head as he scrubbed the shampoo through his locks, lathering the soap under his fingertips. As satisfied as he was, he could never get enough of her. As he finished rinsing his hair, he heard a knock on the door.

“Occupied,” he called out over the sound of the running water, hoping the person on the other side of the door would hear him. Thankfully they left. Or so he thought.

Certain he wouldn’t be bothered anymore, he grabbed the bar of soap and lathered the scrub with it, ready to wash himself.

Knock knock knock.

This time the pounding on the door was a bit louder and Killian instantly became irritated. “The shower’s occupied,” he bit out.

Knock knock knock.

“Bloody hell,” Killian cursed under his breath as he placed the scrub on the shelf, stepped out from underneath the shower and grabbed his towel, wrapping it around his hips. The door was locked, so why couldn’t this annoying person get the bloody picture? It wasn’t his fault if all of the showers were full.

“The shower’s occupied,” he spat through gritted teeth. His patience was wearing thin as the knocks became incessant until he unlocked the door and yanked it open. “You’ll have to wait your tu—” His words were cut off when a hand clapped over his mouth and he was being pushed back towards the shower. The door was being slammed shut and locked again before his towel was ripped off of him and draped over the shower hook, and Killian was being attacked.
He was being attacked by a green-eyed blonde who was smashing her lips into his with a force so powerful, he almost stumbled backwards.

He was already half mast when Emma grabbed his cock, stroking him in her soft her fingers.

“Bloody hell,” he whispered, clutching onto her shoulders for balance.

Emma smirked and bit her bottom lip. “Still want me to wait my turn?” she asked quietly.

“Fuck, no,” he groaned and thrust himself into her touch, letting her know he was not at all opposed to sharing the stall with her.

Emm ran her hand up and down his length, and just as he was fully hard, she released him and backed away. But as he whined in protest, she was removing the towel from her shoulder and the clothes from her body, tossing them on the bench, and he wasn’t about to complain as his gaze moved over her hot, naked form. Her eyes were plagued with mischief as she kissed him again, walking him back under the shower. Killian grabbed her hip, enjoying this little dominant act she was presenting to him. He felt the water spraying his back as Emma broke the kiss, staring in to his eyes.

“Turn around,” she demanded, her voice wrecked with desire. “I wanna wash you.”

He quickly obliged, turning away from her as his erection throbbed, his cock aching to be touched.

The water was streaming over his body as she ran her hand down his back, gently following the shapes of the muscles in his shoulders, stroking along his spine and over to his hips.

He exhaled deeply, reveling in the feel of the hot water spraying his chest, and her gentle caresses.

Placing her thumbs in the small of his back, she pressed and rubbed, massaging away some of the tension from the tight muscles. “That feels good, love.” He closed his eyes, emitting a sound of contentment as she continued, applying more pressure.
After a few minutes of blissful torture as she gave him a really good, thorough massage, she picked up the scrub and began the process of washing his back.

He leaned his hands against the front wall of the shower, dropping his head down to allow the water to cascade over his head and down his back.

“Hey,” she chided gently, “let me wash before you rinse.” She shifted her scrubbing down to his ass cheeks as he chuckled. His quiet laughter stopped abruptly with a sharp intake of breath when she reached under to caress his balls with one of her soapy hands.

“Oh,” he uttered with a soft groan. She continued massaging and lathering his balls with soap far longer than necessary for cleanliness. “Fuck, that feels amazing.”

She dropped the scrub and snaked her other hand around his hip, now using both hands to roll his soapy balls around, back and forth between her silky fingers, and shifted her front hand to slide up his unbearably hard cock.

He groaned as she stroked him slowly, the foamy soap making his cock slide easily through her fist.

“Just making sure you’re really, really clean.” She smiled against his back, placing kisses along his spine as she continued stroking and fondling him, sliding his shaft through her fist while massaging his balls. It felt so fucking incredible, he didn’t know much longer he could possibly last if she kept this up. His blonde temptress was a bloody little tease and he loved every second of everything she did to him.

Emma ran her tongue up his back, tasting the salty skin and bit him gently with her teeth. Killian shuddered with pleasure.

“I think I’m clean now,” he murmured in a strangled voice and tried to turn around, adding, “It’s my turn to wash you.”

Tightening her grip around him to halt his movements, she replied quickly, “Ah ah, I don’t think so. I’m not convinced you’re clean enough yet.”

**Bloody siren.**
She shifted and moved her hand more rapidly along his length before slowing down, squeezing him just a bit tighter at the head each time.

She was driving him crazy, increasing her speed until his breathing hitched in the familiar way that told her he was on the edge, before slowing down again. They both knew there wasn’t enough pressure or friction to get him off; it was just enough to keep him on the brink. He was so close to his orgasm but too far away.

Finally relenting, Emma loosened her grip on him. “Okay, you’re probably clean enough…” She had barely finished the sentence when he turned around, sharply pushing her back into the wall of the shower, covering her mouth with his. She was squealing in surprise feeling the cold tiles against her heated, bare skin, but she didn’t mind one bit.

They breathed each other in with hot, sloppy kisses as his hand found a beautiful breast, his tongue mingling with hers as he squeezed the soft weight in his hand, his thumb grazing over her stiff nipple. They tried to keep the noises to a minimum seeing as the stall was next to the one David was currently in, but their heavy breathing and soft moans could not be controlled, as much as they tried.

It was Emma’s turn to whine in protest as he shifted his grip from her boob to her silky nub, sliding a finger through her slit and slipping it inside her dripping heat.

“Bloody hell, you’re wet,” he growled, adding a second digit. He kissed her harder to swallow her moan, pushing his tongue into her mouth in a rhythm that matched the movement of the fingers that were fucking her pussy.

A needy sound spilled from her lips, and she rocked against his hand, seeking more friction.

“Oh, no, love,” he murmured with a wicked grin, removing his hand from her body and wrapping his fingers around her wrists to hold both against the wall above her head. “Not after all of that teasing,” he muttered with a shattered groan. “You have to wait for me this time.”

A smirk was curving her lips, her breathing heavy, green eyes glowing with anticipation.

“And maybe I’ll let you cum… or maybe I won’t.” He kissed her hard, pressing his body against hers; he knew she loved when he took control of her. She thrived on it.
She whimpered, feeling his hard cock trapped between them and squirmed against him while he kissed her with everything inside him.

Reaching down, he grabbed his cock and slid it between her thighs, making sure his hard, throbbing length was buried between her folds, riding her clit.

With a sharp intake of breath, she uttered a strangled, “Oooh,” as he moved, thrusting into her, allowing his cock to drag back and forth against her clit with every movement, feeling her breath panting against his neck. She looked like a tortured mess; her face was flushed and her pupils were blown wide, pleading for more. Part of him wanted to tease her to no end, keep her directly on the edge, but the other part of him wanted to give her exactly what she desired.

Relinquishing her wrists, he grabbed her thigh, urging her legs apart, and she responded eagerly, curling one leg around his hip in irresistible invitation as he grabbed her ass.

Her hands were clutching his shoulders as he bent his knees just enough to slide the velvety tip of his aching cock into her opening.

With one hard thrust he entered her, muffling her cries of pleasure with another kiss.

He fucked slowly into her depths, getting lost, buried deep inside her as he released her lips, gasping for air. “Now,” he growled in a whisper, gazing into her lustful eyes, “now I’m going to make you come, you sexy tease.”

Her eyes were clouded with heat, and she moved her leg higher, grinding against him with purpose as he gripped the back of her thigh. “Yes,” she begged and bucked against him again and again, “Killian, please.”

“Please what?” He slid his cock out just a little, and then shoved in again, hard, filling her completely. “Tell me what you want, love.”

She looked at him, her eyes full of hunger and love, “You know exactly what I want.”

“Do I?” He grinned and began moving in and out of her again very slowly. “I want you to say it,” he
whispered, his lips a hair's breadth from hers, their heavy panting mingling together. “Tell me exactly what you want.”

She closed her eyes, muttering a “fuck me,” which turned him on even more, and he rocked into her a little faster, a little harder. Opening her eyes and smiling, she kissed and bit his lower lip, before sliding her mouth to his ear, whispering, “I want you to fuck me. HARD.”

The words sent vibrations through his body, making his spine tingle, and he finally gave in to what they both wanted. Lifting her leg as high as it would extend without hurting her, he gripped her tightly, his fingers pressed firmly into her luscious thighs as he fucked her roughly against the shower wall.

He plunged into her hard and fast, listening to Emma moaning quietly and cursing under her breath. With each thrust, there was a grunt or a curse, and every time he filled her to the hilt, he became closer and closer.

Small grunts were flying from his lips as he chased his release until a long groan, which signaled his impending orgasm, pushed her over the edge. Her fingers dug into his back as she held him tightly, her walls fluttering around him in waves, drawing out his own orgasm as he spurted his hot come into her depths, continuing to capture her moans with his kisses.

Releasing her leg, he slumped into her body, heartbeats pounding rapidly as they held each other up, taking some time to gather their wits.

A few moments passed before they realized that the water was starting to cool down, and it felt refreshing against their flushed skin.

“Looks like it's time to get out, love. We used up all the hot water,” he chuckled quietly, trying not to be too loud, “I'm not sure how much of me actually got washed... not that I'm at all complaining.”

She smiled at him, still slightly sleepy as he turned to shut off the water, and she grabbed the two towels, handing one to him.

“I'm pretty sure none of me got washed,” she laughed, wrapping the towel around her body.

Bending his head, Killian scrubbed the towel through his hair. “Oh love, I do remember offering, but
you were too intent on making sure I was clean enough.” He lifted his eyes seeing Emma toss him a sarcastic smirk as he wrapped the towel around his hips and stepped closer to her, curling his arms around her waist.

“Not to worry. We can certainly make up for that tonight after the fireworks. I will enjoy giving my dirty girl a very thorough wash,” he murmured suggestively, wiggling his brows, and gave her a soft kiss on the lips.

When he rested his forehead against hers, Emma's cheeks were tinged with pink and there was a smile gracing her lips and a twinkle in her eye. Killian squeezed her hips and ran his hands up her body, engaging her with a few more lingering kisses, not wanting to break apart from her. Emma seemed to also indulge in the soft, quiet moments as she ran her fingers through his stubble, nuzzling his nose with hers.

They kissed for a few minutes longer before they had to peel themselves off of each other to get dressed. Killian replaced everything in his bag and grabbed his towel, unlocking the door. He was about to poke his head out to make sure the coast was clear, but he didn't need to. He could already see someone waiting in front of the door. Killian panicked and scratched behind his ear, not really knowing what to do.

“Uhhh… you might not want to go use this one. I'm afraid I used up the hot water.”

It wasn't a lie but the lad, who was maybe in his mid-twenties, looked perplexed. “Wouldn't all the showers be cold then?”

“Aye, that's correct… so you might want to wait.”

To Killian’s dismay, the guy waved off his words. “That's okay, I'll be quick. My ex-girlfriend dumped me a few months ago, so I'm used to taking cold showers.”

Damn, why couldn't the bloke just take a hint? Killian looked from side to side, making sure David, Liam or the lasses weren't around, but there were only other people waiting for showers. “Oh uh… I just remembered, I left something behind. Be right back.”

Killian quickly slipped inside where Emma was still waiting patiently. He extended his hand as she eyed him in confusion. “Love, you have to come with me.”
A dirty smirk curved her lips as she took his hand. “Ready for another round already?”

Killian blushed and smiled. “For You? Always. But right now we have to leave the stall.”

She was confused again but didn’t question him and he led her out the door where the same man was still waiting. He observed them, smirking deliberately. “Well I can guess why there isn’t any hot water left.”

Emma and Killian were both blushing profusely, grins tugging their lips as the lad winked and brushed past them, entering the shower.

Killian and Emma were still smiling and blushing when they walked away and headed through the woods. He hated that he had to let go of her hand when they got back to the campsite, but he did so reluctantly.

“How was your shower?” David asked him, and Killian froze in his tracks. His mouth fell open to speak, but he couldn't find the words. Did David know what was going on in the stall directly next to his? Of course he did. The guy wasn’t an idiot. “It was uh…” he started, but David cut him off.

“Mine was rather weird. I could hear two people having sex in the stall next to mine,” he admitted bluntly.

Fuck.

Killian swallowed thickly. Yup. They were busted.

“Are you serious?” Ruby asked, her eyes wide with curiosity as she looked up from pouring cereal into her bowl. “They were having sex?” she asked loudly.

“Ruby!” Mary Margaret chided as she covered Leo’s ears. They had just come from the tent walking in on the conversation at the exact wrong time.

“Sorry, MM.” Ruby poured milk into her bowl and sat on top of the picnic table, eating her cereal with big bright eyes as she looked at David. “So tell me more.”
He shook his head. “All I know is I heard moaning and grunting from a male and female. And I could hear them getting it on. Smacking skins and whatnot.”

Killian looked over at Emma and her eyes were blown wide in absolute horror, her face as white as a sheet.

Luckily, David turned and walked away towards his wife and son by the campfire to avoid anymore questions, but when Ruby’s gaze fell upon Emma and Killian, she immediately put the pieces together and her jaw dropped, speaking quietly for only Emma and Killian to hear. “It was you two jumping each others bones in the shower, wasn't it?”

They both smiled bashfully, their cheeks heating with blush as they sat at the picnic table and Killian grabbed a couple bowls, pouring them both some cereal. Neither answered but Ruby grinned like a Cheshire cat and went back to eating her own breakfast; she knew. She definitely knew.

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The sky was bluer than Emma had ever seen and the sun was shining brilliantly, reflecting off the lake as the boat was gliding across the water. Emma was already feeling the buzz from her Mai Tai and Killian was behind the wheel after he and Liam had spent half the day fighting over it.

“I'm the Captain of this ship—this whole trip ,” was Liam’s argument, but of course Elsa talked some sense into the stubborn pain in the ass and he begrudgingly gave the wheel to Killian, who took his position very seriously. He acted as a tour guide after he did some research on the surrounding area, and even had Leo sit in his lap with his little life jacket on, helping Killian steer.

Emma watched them smiling. Two of her favorite boys were getting along, and she liked the idea of that. She also found it (just a little) satisfying that Liam had to settle for sitting on the sidelines; he even fought with Regina over who was going to be the mixologist for the evening, but everyone voted and he lost. Regina owned a bar, so of course everyone picked her, and she made everyone drinks, which were not very strong, but the way the gang was throwing them back, it wouldn't take long for them to get drunk. But then again there was Leo on the boat, so they'd still have to keep themselves in check, which was a very good thing, Emma reasoned.

Emma was watching Killian as he drove the boat from the dock and towards the middle of the lake. He started blushing profusely when he passed by the secluded cove where he and Emma made love in the water, but luckily the others weren't paying much attention as the two of them shared a look
and a smirk.

“So, have you two picked a date yet,” Mary Margaret asked Elsa and Liam as they sat across from each other, the wind blowing through their hair.

“That seems to be the question of the week,” Elsa laughed. “We’re still deciding, just can’t agree on anything yet.”

“Welcome to married life,” David chuckled and wrapped his arm around his wife, lovingly kissing her temple.

“Yes, but it has its perks,” Mary Margaret pointed out with a buoyant grin, resting her head on her husband's shoulder. “Well, if you need any help, I'd be happy to assist.”

“Oooh, me too,” Ruby chimed in from beside her friend. “I love weddings. I'd just never have one of my own,” she admitted, taking a sip of her drink.

“That's really nice for both of you to offer,” Elsa replied, smiling brightly. “I might just take you up on that. What do you say, Emma? Wouldn't it be fun for the four of us gals to get together and plan this wedding?”

“Yeah of course.” Emma smiled; she liked the idea of her friends getting along and spending some quality time together. “Sounds great. And don't worry, you and Liam are going to have the perfect wedding; with Mary Margaret by your side, you're in good hands.”

The Nolan woman beamed at her. “Aw, thanks Emma.”

“All I have to say Liam, is be prepared to be blown away,” David added. “My wife has always been fantastic at planning events.”

Liam smiled and looked at Elsa as they held hands. “I'm not worried. This one agreed to marry me, so I can't really ask for much more. In fact, Elsa, I think we should have the wedding the way you want it.”
Elsa’s jaw dropped. She, like everyone else, was in complete shock. Liam was willingly giving up control of something? That was a first. “Really?”

Liam sighed, but his smile never left his lips. “Really. You have all made me realize that me being a controlling, overbearing arse—”

“We never said that,” Killian teased with a smirk. “Not to your face.”

Liam rolled his eyes at his brother. “You've all made me realize that there are things more important, and I wanted thank you all for being here and for putting up with me. This camping trip might be just that to all of you, but for Elsa and I, we’re still celebrating being engaged. And I'm grateful to have you all here with us, as difficult as I've been.”

“You're not the only one. I haven't been much better, but I am very happy for you and Elsa. Congratulations, Liam,” David praised sincerely as he leaned over at the edge of his seat, extending his hand.

Liam mirrored David's movements, shaking it. “Thank you David. You're a good man. Don't beat yourself up.”

Mary Margaret was beaming in excitement and Emma was surprised she wasn't jumping up and down applauding. “I for one am glad we all got the chance to spend some time together.”

All of the adults who weren't in charge of steering the boat drank to that.

“Even though some of us weren't invited,” David teased Regina and Ruby with a laugh.

Ruby shrugged unapologetically. “What? Come on, you have to admit, this trip became much more interesting when I joined the party.”

Regina rolled her eyes. “I'm the one who procured the alcohol and made everyone drinks; you can't have a party without drinks.”

“Hey, there's an idea, Elsa. If you plan on serving alcohol at your wedding you could hire Gina as
the bartender,” Mary Margaret suggested.

Regina didn't seem to be opposed. “Yeah, I would be happy to.”

Elsa’s eyes lit up and glanced at her fiance. “What do you think, babe? Should we have a bar at our wedding?”

Liam chuckled and kissed her cheek. “I told you, darling, whatever you want.”

Elsa averted her eyes to Regina. “You’ve got the job.”

Now it was Mary Margaret’s time to clap her hands in excitement. “Yay! You got one thing checked off the list already. This is going to be fun,” Mary Margaret exclaimed and they all took another drink in celebration.

When Killian found an acceptable spot to perch the boat, they were already dressed in their swimwear, so Ruby was quick to step to the edge and dive into the water.

“How is it, Rubes?” Regina asked, ready to jump in herself.

“It's a little cold but it feels fantastic!”

Regina joined her and soon, the rest of them were diving in and enjoying the refreshingly cool water. Emma was mostly staying close to Leo and steering clear of the men who were dunking each other underwater, but she was glad Killian seemed to be enjoying himself and was getting along with her other two favorite guys—Liam and David. For her that was important. After all the drama this trip had incurred so far, it was nice to see him so relaxed and able to have fun, and not only when they were sneaking off and hiding to have sex.

Although, Emma wasn't sure they were actually doing a very good job at being secretive, Ruby was doing a very good job at showing her affections towards Killian, flirting subtly with him without pissing Emma off, but she knew it was only a matter of time before they got caught. And Emma had to prepare herself for when that happened; she just wasn't sure she was ready yet.
“Hey Em, did you see that hot guy a few sights down from ours?” Mary Margaret asked her as the group of women were treading in the water. “He seems cute.”

Emma shook her head. “No, I don't think think so. Which one is he?” Not that it mattered because Emma was hardly capable of noticing any men there when her boyfriend was the most gorgeous of them all.

“Oh come on, he's the tall one with dark curly hair and baby blue eyes. How could you miss him? He's so dreamy,” Ruby added.

Emma shrugged. “Sorry, didn't notice.”

“Well you know, you need a date for Elsa’s wedding so maybe you should keep an eye out,” Mary Margaret suggested. “Not that I’m trying to pressure you. Believe me I'm not trying to push you towards some guy who may potentially turn into a flying monkey. I've already learned my lesson with that one.”

“It's okay, really. I'm fine going to the wedding single.”

“I really have to agree with her,” Ruby admitted. “A wedding is a prime place to meet single, hot men. Believe me I've had some experience in that department,” she added with a wink.

Emma rolled her eyes and laughed, swimming away from them. Ruby was doing a very fine job keeping her and Killian's relationship underwraps. Emma really owed her big time.

When the sun began to set, everyone eventually climbed back into the boat and retrieved towels to dry themselves off.

Ruby turned on some music, choosing some tunes that were appropriate for the occasion and for the ears of a young boy, and she and Regina got up and started dancing, encouraging the other women to join.

“You coming Em?” Mary Margaret asked as she joined them. The guys were chatting about sports and Leo was sitting in his father's lap, not paying much attention to the girls, but Emma didn't really feel like making a fool out of herself. The last time she went dancing, she was sandwiched between two men; even though one of them was Killian, the other turned out to be a real douchebag whom
she was using to make Killian jealous. It was not a very proud moment for her.

But after a few more drinks, Emma found herself standing and started dancing shamelessly; she felt weightless, like she was floating. It had been awhile since she'd been this drunk… and she kind of liked it. She liked it even better when she bumped into a solid figure from behind and turned around to find Killian there dancing with her.

Emma smirked and curled her hands around the back of his neck as he slid his good hand around her waist, the other one placed on her hip.

Emma could tell he also had a few drinks in him as he flashed a lazy smile and clumsily moved while he tried to dance, but she was in no state to care or complain.

“What's the matter Captain? Can't hold your liquor?” she teased, and he tilted his head to the side, his smile growing into a smirk.

“Quite the contrary, love,” he mumbled, his words slurred together. Emma’s breath hitched when he spoke in her ear, “I can hold you in my arms for hours while I fuck you, so I can certainly hold a little liquor.”

Emma had to bite back a moan as he pulled back slightly, his thumb caressing her hip bone.

“Not to worry though, Liam is manning the helm from here.”

Emma nodded and smiled, accepting his words as she closed the distance between them, dancing unabashedly. It wasn't long before Ruby was tugging on both of their hands, trying to pull them apart and Emma and Killian just went along with it, dancing with Ruby, Regina and Mary Margaret.

When the beat changed into something slower, Emma found herself gravitating towards Killian again, and maybe it was because she was getting tired, or maybe it was because she just wanted to be in his arms, but she needed him.

The sky was completely dark and many other boats had gathered around when the fireworks began to light up the night, the colors reflecting across the water. It made the whole event seem far more magical than any Fourth of July celebration Emma had ever witnessed before. Or maybe it was because she was drunk. Or maybe it was because she was celebrating with Killian.
It didn't matter though, because everything and everyone else sort of faded out in the distance as she leaned into him, resting her head on his shoulder, arms wrapped around one another. Their bodies were pressed together, heartbeat against heartbeat, his cheek resting in her hair and their breathing slow and steady as they swayed to the music. Emma was feeling alcohol simmering through her and she had only felt this relaxed when she was with Killian, but the difference was there were currently no insecurities or worries or past heartbreaks or other wounds from the past clouding her mind. It was just her and Killian dancing together as though they had done this a thousand times, even though they could no longer hear the music—only the screeching, the loud booms and crackling of the fireworks as they dissipated into the air.

She was feeling good—really good—possessing the urge to express all her emotions, so she lifted her head and grabbed the collar of his shirt, her lips colliding with his. He responded quickly with a groan, pulling her closer, tightening his arms around her and deepening the kiss. And it was just her and Killian in the moment. Just the two of them indulging in each other’s warmth and the soft caresses of tongues and lips mingling sloppily but affectionately.

Just as soon as she got lost in the little bubble she and Killian had formed, it was popping and bursting around them.

She was surprised she could even hear the clearing of Ruby’s throat as she tried to warn them, but it was too late. Emma and Killian stiffened and slowly pulled their lips from each other, looking around them. Liam, David, Mary Margaret and the rest of them were staring in shock. Emma was stunned in her spot; she couldn't move and didn't know what to say. But luckily, Killian had enough strength for both of them as he pulled away slightly, his arms still embracing her, a bewildered look on his face.

“Love, I think we’ve had too much to drink.”

“Ummm…. what's going on between you two?” David implored, confusion etched in his features.

Averting her gaze to her friends, Emma widened her eyes and pushed Killian away. “Oh my gosh, I must be out of my mind,” she mumbled, trying to laugh it off. “You all know how I get when I've had a few drinks—I start making out with random guys.” She looked at Elsa and Mary Margaret, clumsily pointing between them. “Just be thankful I wasn't near your fiance or your husband.” She started stumbling backwards but Killian caught her.

“Okay, love, I think you should sit down.”
Meanwhile Ruby appeared to be hurt as she watched the two of them and turned around, walking to the other end of the boat. Mary Margaret approached Emma, concerned. “Emma, you know Ruby likes him. How could you do that?”

“I will talk to Ruby. It was really nothing, I assure you,” Killian spoke as he helped Emma sit down.

She was feeling dizzy and her pupils were dilated when she looked across the water, the colorful lights zooming over the lake. Her head was spinning with what she had allowed to occur in front of everyone. How could she let this happen? Did they actually believe her and Killian? At this point, Emma highly doubted it.

~*~

Killian went to check on Ruby as the others sat down and turned their attention back to the display on the lake. Ruby was leaning back against the railing, her eyes fixed on the fireworks too. But she looked completely devastated and Killian was beginning to wonder whether she actually had feelings for him or not.

“You alright, lass?” he questioned, leaning next to her. The rest of the gang were fixated on the fireworks display; they didn't see the slow, wide grin curving Ruby's lips as she looked at him.

“You alright, lass?” he questioned, leaning next to her. The rest of the gang were fixated on the fireworks display; they didn't see the slow, wide grin curving Ruby's lips as she looked at him.

“Are you kidding? That was amazing,” she commented quietly.

Killian sighed in relief and let out a small laugh.

“My acting classes really paid off, huh?”

Killian smiled and nodded. “I would say so.”

“Maybe someday I won't need my waitressing job anymore.”

“You definitely have what it takes to be a movie star one day, lass,” he chuckled. Ruby had informed him of her dreams to be a movie actress, and he was aware they could use her acting skills to their advantage, so he guessed he should have known better when he saw her moping after she expressed
her approval of his and Emma's relationship.

“Thanks Killian.” She smiled at him before moving her eyes to the fireworks again. “You really should tell them though. They're going to find out. It's too obvious that you're both into each other. I'm surprised they haven't figured it out yet.”

Killian blushed; he knew Ruby was correct, and he wanted to tell everyone, but not while Emma was opposed to it. “Aye. You're right, lass. But try telling that to Emma.”

Ruby shrugged. “She loves you and this is something difficult for her to deal with, so she just needs time to accept this is real, before everyone else can know it is. She’ll come around though.”

Killian took a moment to process Ruby’s words. He knew she was right. In fact, it all made sense now. Emma was the type of woman who’d been treated worse than she deserved, so when something good came along, he could see how it might be difficult to accept that it's going to last and not just a dream—to accept that it's very real and not ending anytime soon. He just hoped he would be able to prove to her that he wasn't going anywhere.

~*~

Emma didn't remember much of what happened that night, only bits and pieces, so luckily the group believed her when she assured them she didn't remember kissing Killian (which that part she actually did remember).

“So you don't remember locking lips with Liam’s brother,” Elsa teased. “Must not have been a very good kiss.”

“Oi! I heard that,” Killian called out, offended as he carried some of his things to the van, but he knew very well Emma remembered.

The gang decided to leave early when rain was forecasted, which was fine, because they were mostly ready to go back to their normal lives in the city. Ruby had snagged their camping neighbor’s number, the kissing incident had eventually been dropped and (not) forgotten, and Killian and Emma were finally going on a date.

A week later...
“You look lovely, Swan,” Killian breathed, still in awe of the dress she was wearing. It was black, hugging all of her delectable curves, and she wore it with shiny black ankle wrap stilettos.

Emma blushed and smiled as she took his offered arm. “Thank you.”

They walked arm in arm towards the restaurant, Killian's stomach full of nervous butterflies. Even though they'd been together many many times, going on a date was still a huge step for them.

“Did you get Liam’s and Elsa texts,” she asked him, recalling the message she had received from each of them.

“Aye, they wanted to speak to us about something tomorrow night. What do you think it's about?”

Emma shrugged as he opened the door for her and they walked into the restaurant. “Not sure. Maybe they decided on a date for the wedding,” she guessed, her eyes circling around. They had never been to this place before and figured they wouldn't see anyone they knew, since it was crazy expensive. But Killian decided he owed her many dinners and date nights for as long as they'd been together without having one.

“You're probably right, love.” He approached the front desk and gave the hostess his name for their reservation.

“I just have to use the restroom,” Emma declared, kissing his cheek after they were showed to a booth.

“Would you like some wine, sweetheart?”

“Sure, I'll have some white wine.”

“Okay, I'll order us a bottle.” He kissed her lips before she headed towards the restrooms. He sat down and started perusing the menu to pass the time. When the waitress came to the table, he ordered the wine and sat patiently, waiting for his gorgeous date to return to him.
“Killian?”

When his name was called, his ears perked up and he turned in his seat. His jaw dropped in shock. Liam and Elsa were standing there, their hands linked, and they were both very surprised. But still not as surprised as he was. And certainly not as mortified.

“Uh… hi… what are you…” Killian cleared his throat, trying to find the right words. “I mean, I didn't know you'd be here.”

“Yeah, we didn't either, but we were able to get reservations at the last minute,” Liam explained, confusion etched in his features. “What are you doing here?”

Fuck.

Killian didn't really know what to do. They were busted. He should've listened to Ruby when she had told him to just fess up.

“Emma?” Elsa's call was strangled as she looked past Killian. “You're here too?”

Emma stopped in her tracks, her mouth falling open as she looked between Liam and Elsa. “Uh hi… what are you two doing here?”

“We could ask you the same,” Liam asked curiously.

“We uh…”

Emma and Killian exchanged glances, trying to conjure up an excuse for both of them being there at the same time.

“We’re both on blind dates,” Emma replied as Killian announced, “We’re here on a double date.”

“Yeah, we set each other up on blind dates and decided to make a double date out of it,” Emma asserted, hoping they bought it.
“Oh,” Elsa uttered, glancing at Liam before returning her gaze to Emma. “You never mentioned anything.”

“Well, it was kind of a last minute thing,” Emma told them.

“Okay, well that's great. Would you like to sit with us while you wait for your dates?”

“Oh, we wouldn't want to intrude.”

“It's not at all,” Elsa assured them, and again Emma and Killian looked at each other before agreeing to follow them to their booth. They informed the waitress they wouldn't need the other table, so she brought them the bottle of wine.

“So, who did you set Killian up with?” Elsa asked when they were all seated.

“Oh this girl I met in college. You wouldn't know her,” Emma told her nervously.

“What's her name?” Liam asked, and Killian took Emma's hand under the table; her palms were sweating.

Emma named someone he figured she went to college with, and of course Liam had to ask Killian a similar question—*what was the lad’s name he was fixing Emma up with?* He affirmed it was Eric, one of the instructors he worked with, but being the bleedin’ fool he was, he forgot one *minor* detail.

“Isn’t he married?” Liam asked, his brow raised in suspicion.

“Nah, you're thinking of someone else, brother.” Killian quickly changed the subject, and thankfully they both went along with it.

Ten minutes later, Emma and Killian checked their phones, pretending they had received texts from these people, informing Elsa and Liam they wouldn't be able to make it.
“Neither of them were able to come?” Elsa posed with an arched brow.

“No, guess not. But if you two prefer to have some alone time, we can leave,” Emma offered.

“Nonsense,” Liam asserted, stopping them from getting up. “Stay.”

Again, Emma and Killian sighed. It was their first date, and they weren’t even able to spend it alone. Nevertheless, Killian decided he was going to enjoy the night, despite the fact that things hadn’t gone as planned.

Besides, Emma looked rather fantastic in her dress and it would be a shame to let it go to waste. In fact, he was dreaming up all the ways he could take her in it, (or out of it) when she grazed her hand along his thigh beneath the tablecloth. He glanced at her, noticing the mischief dancing in her eyes, and quickly took another gander at the menu, trying to focus on it. But he couldn’t ignore how his breathing stuttered when she moved her hand just a little closer to his groin. He soon became uninterested in food, hungry for something else entirely.

Killian was sure the little minx was intent on teasing him because she kept rubbing his thigh before slightly moving her hand back, repeating her movements over and over again.

He almost groaned three times at the dinner table, and he was becoming unbearably aroused, so he decided two could play at this game. Luckily his good hand was closest to her and he snuck it under the table, flashing her a devilish smirk.

When his fingertips reached her soft, supple skin, he could feel Emma’s breath hitch; he grinned in success as she removed her hand to hold up the menu, hiding her face behind it.

Liam and Elsa were completely clueless to what was transpiring while Killian bunched up her dress, his fingers slowly moving towards her panties which he knew, judging by the way her pupils were blown wide, were soaking wet.

But the joke was apparently on him because when Emma leaned back a bit, spreading her legs apart, he slid two fingers up her thigh, finding her completely bare.

_Bloody fuck._
Stifling a growl, he tried to simmer down a bit before his two fingers found her clit and she silently gasped. And he was correct; his naughty vixen was drenched.

Killian studied Liam and Elsa intently to make certain they had no idea what Killian's intentions were.

His fingers moved agonizingly slow, delving in and pushing into her wet heat. Emma gasped again, trying to shield her arousal from the two pairs of eyes staring at her.

Her breathing was shallow as he forced his middle finger between her slippery folds, plunging into her depths. Emma shifted a little, spreading her legs even further to grant him more access.

She was biting her bottom lip so hard, trying not to draw attention to herself in the crowded restaurant; he was surprised she didn't draw blood instead. But he knew it was becoming harder and harder as he slowly began to move his fingers in and out. The bulge in his pants was growing stiff, but he did his best to stave off his arousal, only focused on her pleasure and making her putty in his hand.

When she was mere seconds away from completely losing it, he pulled his fingers out and she almost whined in complaint before he pushed his digits back in. Elsa asked her a question regarding the wedding planning and Emma was barely able to get the words out as Killian kept stopping and starting again.

“I um… that sounds…” Killian fucked his fingers into her core, causing her words to become broken and strangled. “That sounds—that sounds sooo—ooo great.”

Killian had to suppress a smug smile from forming across his face.

Just as he was certain she couldn’t take anymore, the waitress came to to take their orders.

He held off a bit, still gently sliding his fingers in and out of her tight cunt.

“I'll take the…” Emma stammered, her cheeks flushed and emerald eyes glowing with lust. “I'll take the Chef’s special.”
The waitress took the rest of their orders and was off again, along with their menus.

Resuming his movements, he pushed his fingers between her folds, pressing them slowly and firmly up inside her. She stifled a gasp, trying to maintain her composure now that she couldn't hide behind the menu, but he could tell it was extremely difficult.

Holding his gaze with Elsa and Liam as they spoke, he continued thrusting his fingers in and out of his girlfriend, his thumb rubbing her clit in little circles. He wasn't really listening to anything they said but he was nodding and agreeing.

Emma’s chest was starting to heave, jaw clenched and her body tensed up—signs that her orgasm was encroaching. She reached over, her hand clenching his wrist, and her face slightly contorted as he plunged his fingers deep inside, holding them there, and twisting his wrist, while his thumb continued to circle her clit. He could feel her muscles clench and she shuddered under his touch, pressing her pelvis into his hand.

Emma orgasmed silently; he wasn't even sure how she possessed that type of control, but somehow she managed, and her face was completely flushed when the appetizers arrived.

After Elsa served a little onto everyone’s plates, Killian took the opportunity to eat one, raising his fingers to his lips, sucking the digits clean, but it wasn't to taste remnants of the food. After a moment, he looked at Emma, offering a devilish grin as he remarked, “The appetizers are quite delicious here.”

Emma was composing herself as they ate in silence, enjoying the food while making yummy noises.

It wasn't long before they had finished and Liam and Elsa were exchanging looks, appearing to be conflicted about something.

Finally Elsa spoke. “So, we were going to tell you both tommorrow, but since you're here with us now, we thought we might as well just tell you.”

Emma and Killian exchanged glances, very much intrigued and maybe a bit worried.
“Elsa and I have decided, since we’re getting married, we wanted to start looking for a place to move in together.”

“Oh,” they both replied simultaneously.

“That’s great,” Emma exclaimed, her voice higher in pitch than she had meant it to be.

Killian was happy for his brother and future sister-in-law, but he didn't quite know what that meant for him and Emma. He certainly couldn't afford a two-bedroom apartment with his own salary.

“But we're not in any rush, so you'll both have time to figure out if you want to get roommates to replace us.”

“Or here's an idea—maybe you could just move in together?” Elsa suggested. “I mean you're friends and all, and I'm sure you'd be able to tolerate each other, right?”

“Um yeah…” Emma agreed with hesitance.

Killian looked over at her, and could almost see her walls visibly going up. Not that he could blame her too much; here they were on their first date, already talking about the possibility of living in the same flat. But, he'd be lying if he said he didn't like the sound of it. Not that it mattered. He couldn't even convince Emma to tell their good friends about them, so how in the bloody hell was he going to open her up to the idea of moving in together?

“It's something to think about for sure;” he remarked.

Emma offered a forced smile, and Killian swallowed thickly, fearing the worst possible outcome from the conversation. He quickly became dizzy with panic, afraid that by the end of the evening, they would be calling it their first and last date.
I know, I suck. It's been far too long since I updated, lots of real life stuff getting in the way. I'm so sorry for the way I left the story and then for making you wait for so long, but here it is... finally.

There's a smut scene which may not be everyone's cup of tea, as it involves anal, so I've used * * * * to indicate when the scene is coming up and when it has ended. If you choose to skip it, please continue reading directly after the asterisks, or you will miss an important section of the chapter and will be completely confused during the next chapter.

Thank you Allison for being an awesome beta reader and for putting up with my forgetfulness about Killian only having one hand in this story *Doh!* That's what happens when I don't update in months. Another thanks goes to Lydia and Eva for their ideas and feedback.

Hope you enjoy!

“Emma, please talk to me,” Killian pleaded as Liam and Elsa drove away from the restaurant. He couldn't believe such a perfectly planned evening could end in such a disaster.

Emma stopped walking and turned around, seeing him standing there completely wrecked. Her features immediately plummeted, concern flickering in her eyes. “What is it?”

Killian swallowed thickly as he walked over to her and took her hands in his, gazing into her jaded emerald depths. “Love, you know I would never pressure you into doing anything you aren't comfortable with, right?”

Emma’s brows furrowed together, her mouth falling slightly agape. “Yes, of course. I know that.”

His eyes widened in disbelief, a bit of relief washing over him. Was he worried for nothing? “So, you're not upset?”

Emma shook her head, confusion still etched in her pale features. “No, of course not. Why would I be?”
Killian withdrew a long, shaky breath. “I just thought… you looked like you might have been uncomfortable when Elsa suggested we move in together. And you haven't really said much since then.”

Her expression softened, compassion lighting up her eyes. “Oh. Well, I mean, I wasn't exactly jumping up and down at the idea, but I'm not upset. I just think it's too soon to talk about that. But Elsa doesn't know that. She just thinks we're friends.” She moved in closer until their bodies were pressed together, her chest pushed into his as she lifted a hand, caressing his cheek. “Hey, we're okay. I promise,” she murmured and gave him a reassuring smile, her eyes gentle and full of sincerity.

Killian took her hand in his and pressed her fingers to his lips, closing his eyes and delicately kissing each digit. “I'm glad I was just worried for no reason, love.”

Emma pressed her forehead to his, a gentle whisper passing her lips, “It's going to take a lot more than mentioning us moving in together to scare me off.”

“You mean like talking about marriage and having babies?” he teased with a chuckle.

Emma laughed and shoved him playfully. “Yeah, stuff like that.” She tried to pull away, but Killian took her hands in his to stop her.

“I'm only teasing, love.”

Emma's lips twisted into a smile, her cheeks tinting with blush. “I know.”

“Come here, baby,” he beckoned softly, and Emma stepped closer releasing his hand and prosthetic, placing her palms on his chest as he wrapped his arms around her back, pulling her flush against him.

“I'm here, Killian,” she whispered, “and I'm not going anywhere.”

He smiled and whispered, “All mine,” before capturing her lips and engaging her in a searing kiss.

His heart fluttered when their tongues collided, and he felt her warm body melt against his. She ran
her hands up his neck, cupping his face and giving his ears a gentle tug as she deepened the kiss. The dinner date may have been interrupted, but their night was just beginning. Killian took her bottom lip between his teeth, giving a gentle pull as he grabbed her hips and pressed his hard erection to her pantiless center. Emma moaned into his mouth and rested her forehead on his for balance. He was aching for this woman, but afraid if they kept at this, they would end up giving everyone who came and left the restaurant, a show.

“So what should we do now, love?” he asked with a wicked smirk. “Even though my brother ruined our date, we can still have a pleasant evening.”

Emma nodded, a wide grin spreading across her lips as she gave him another kiss on the lips. “What did you have in mind?”

“Well, at first I was thinking we could catch a 9 o’clock movie, but now I have the urge to skip that and go straight to the dessert.”

Emma laughed against him, the sound vibrating through him. “Now, you’re starting to sound like me.”

Killian’s eyes flitted over hers as his thumb caressed her cheek. He knew they shouldn’t spend all of their alone time having sex, but he couldn’t help himself. He was addicted to her and everything she offered him, and he knew she loved having such an effect on him. She was a little temptress set out to weaken her prey, and it was working like a charm. “I guess you’ve rubbed off on me a bit,” he chuckled.

Emma offered a wicked smirk and reached between them, finding his clothed groin, which was already stiff and firm for her. “Mmm. I love rubbing you off.”

Killian growled and pressed his lips to hers. “Such a naughty little minx.”

Emma giggled, pulling away from his arms, and he whined in protest as she turned around and walked away.

He watched her hips sway from side to side as she sashayed towards the car and opened the door to the backseat. She extended a hand toward him, beckoning Killian to her with a crooked finger and a come hither stare.
“Maybe we could do both?” Emma suggested before turning and crawling into the backseat. Killian followed closely behind, growling as he smacked her ass. She jolted and shimmied across the seat heading for the other end, but once Killian shut the door, he took her hips roughly in his hand and prosthetic, pulling her towards him. “Get that perfect little arse over here.” She moaned as he sat her in his lap, her thighs encasing his as her back was pressed into his chest and her ass was rubbing his clothed groin.

“This is a bit cramped,” Emma pointed out, arms and legs only being offered a few inches of leeway before contact with the doors and seats became a problem. Her yellow bug was far too small for what they had in mind.

Killian pulled up the skirt of her dress and slipped his hand up her bare inner thigh and began a slow circle with his thumb, tracing invisible patterns over her wet clit which left Emma moaning and spreading her legs apart.

“This was your idea,” he eventually stated, his voice cracked with lust as he feathered her velvety pink pearl.

Emma opened her mouth to protest, but Killian started thrusting his fingers into her heat, and any words of denial flew right out the window. Relenting, she sank into him, letting out a sigh. “Okay, true, but we should know by now—” Her words were cut off when Killian voraciously plunged his fingers into her depths, “my ideas aren’t always the best,” she managed with a breathy moan. “Remember the cold shower during the camping trip? Ohhh. And David hearing our sounds of pleasure?”

The reminder of their escapade in the shower brought a smirk to the corner of his lips as he continued fingering his sexy siren. He would never dream of complaining about the shower turning cold, but he could have gone without David hearing them.

“This idea shouldn’t be too bad,” Killian offered and Emma writhed in his arms at the touch of his fingers across her clit. “What can go wrong in a car?”

“We could get caught,” she whispered as he moved her hair to one side, his hot mouth on her ear, teeth skimming across her skin and soft lips leaving warm kisses behind her ear. “Someone could catch us and we could get arrested for public indecency.”

Killian chuckled against her ear and moved his head down, burying his face in the crook of her neck. “Since when is my siren worried about getting caught in public?”
Emma smiled and bit her bottom lip, thinking about all the times they’d fucked in public without getting caught. There was always the tiny bit of fear in her bones, but the thrill of it all was much more powerful and controlling. Knowing someone could walk up and watch her getting fucked by her gorgeous boyfriend made her blood run hot.

Killian dragged his fingers away from her center and took her jaw in his hand, drawing her lips to his, his thumb pressing into her bottom one, and he watched intently as she wrapped her lips around, encasing the tip of his finger, which was coated in her sweet venom. The feel of her warm mouth and soft lips around his finger made his dick throb in his pants.

“Emma you’d like that, wouldn’t you, love? I bet if someone walked over and saw us, you’d continue to fuck yourself down on my cock.” The words were whispered against the shell of her ear, a dirty secret which had Emma gasping. He chuckled, the sound low and full of delight.

Killian grabbed her hip, and she sat up and grabbed the front seat, pressing down into his lap and seeking a friction that, when she found it, emitted a satisfied groan from his lips. It was easy to fall into a rhythm, the steady drag of her bare sex against the hard erection in his pants sparking a delicious heat in her lower belly. Emma tightened her thighs around his hips, scooting backwards until they were flush together as she rolled her hips.

“Bloody hell,” Killian groaned, the grip on her hip flexing. “How much time do we have?”

The idea of a time limit had Emma frowning but she tilted her head to glance at the clock on the dashboard. “Thirty minutes. Is that enough time?” she asked, the final words offered in a teasing tone.

Killian gave a light slap to her ass, eyes alight in a newfound mischief. “Trust me, thirty minutes is enough.”

With that decided, Killian undid his belt and pants, and Emma reached behind herself to help pull his pants down. Killian took out his aching cock, and Emma was quick to lift up her ass. His hand rose to pull the hem of her dress to her slim stomach and he grasped onto either side of her waist, fingers rubbing a few soothing circles into her skin before he began to ease her down onto his length. Emma moved her hips up, letting him enter her, hands bracing the front seat.

He slid into Emma until they were flush against one another, muscles tense as Emma gave her body a moment to adjust. Her back was pressed into his chest and she could feel the thundering of his heartbeat against her.
Emma turned her head, sliding her fingers in his hair as she engaged his lips in a heated kiss, their breathing sporadic as they made love in the cramped bug. It was a tantalizingly slow pace as his grip on her hips guided her movements, nothing but a leisurely drag of his cock against her inner walls, but she felt so amazing, he didn’t want it to end.

Their tongues collided, both swallowing each other’s groans and indulging in the pleasant energy coursing between them.

Killian struggled to pull down the strap of her dress, and he finally yanked it down, allowing one of her beautiful breasts to pop out. He took the gentle weight in his hand as they kissed and fucked, his fingers tweaking her stiff nipples.

Emma whimpered, arching her back and pressing her breast further into his hand, seeking more of his touch.

“You like that, baby?” he growled and gave her a rough squeeze. Emma was grinding down against him, fucking herself onto his length until the burn in her thighs became too much. He met her movements, thrusting upwards, hips slamming against her ass until the interior of the car was filled with nothing but grunts and moans and the sound of skin against skin.

“Fuck,” Emma whined, hips working into him, body itching to find that release that was so close, she could taste it. She leaned forward, clutching at the headrest of the front seat, one hand braced on the door as Killian began fucking up into her, his pace relentless, his own body searching for that final explosion of pleasure.

It was far too hot in the car, the windows slightly foggy as a thin layer of sweat began to gather along his forehead. Emma’s back arched as he was pounding into her, coaxing her closer with filthy words and promises that left her gasping and begging for utter release.

“Killian…”

He pulled her back against him and stroked her clit, whispering. “Come all over my cock, baby.”

Emma hit her release just seconds before he did, their bodies convulsing together as wave after wave of pleasure ricocheted through them. She could feel him pulsing inside her walls, his release filling her up. She was so glad she was on birth control because, God, she loved when he filled her with his come.
“Fuck,” Killian groaned, trying to catch his breath as he sat back in the seat, Emma sinking into him. Their hearts were racing against each other as they tried to focus on steadying their breathing.

“See, not a bad idea at all,” he managed with a strangled chuckle and moved her disheveled hair aside to catch the time. “And we still have ten minutes to get to the theater.”

The cinema was a two minute walk as they held hands, and finally got to spend their evening together, just the two of them out in public.

~*~

The next few months flew by rapidly as Emma and Killian helped Elsa and Liam plan the wedding. The engaged couple had finally picked a date and decided on the beginning of December, which didn't give them a whole lot of time, but Elsa and Liam decided they didn't want to wait any longer. It also meant, they were rushing to find another place to live, and Emma wasn't so enthusiastic about that. She didn't want things to change, not between her and her friends nor between her and Killian. Though, she knew they had to. She wasn't ready to move in with Killian, but she didn't want to move away from him either. She loved that he was only across the hall when she needed him. They spent their mornings jogging or going to the gym before work and she loved hanging out with him and their friends, even though they were still keeping their relationship a secret. She knew she had to tell their friends, she was just afraid it would change things. There were already too many changes as it was.

“So, I take it you like the dress?” Elsa asked, her lips widening into a hopeful smirk.

Emma’s jaw was dropped; she was in a state of awe, along with Mary Margaret, Ruby and Elsa’s sister, Anna as they gazed at the dress in front of them. It was a stunning light blue gown with the sleeves and outer layer made of sheer, white lace, elaborate snowflake patterns stitched into the material. The train of the dress draped around her feet and she looked like a radiant ice queen, which fit well with the theme of the wedding. Elsa and her sister grew up in a place where it rarely snowed, so the winters Elsa experienced in New York City were her favorite seasons. Of course Liam wasn't too keen on the idea of having an outdoor wedding in the snow, but they had managed to come to a compromise.

Their wedding would be in December, and the ceremony and reception would be held inside, and the photos would be taken outside the gorgeous venue. The entire wedding would be located somewhere between the cities they grew up in—Edinburgh, Scotland and Brighton, England. Elsa’s mother was Norwegian and she and Anna were raised in Scotland while Liam and his brother were born and raised in Brighton. Killian and Emma had found this gem during some computer research a
week ago, since the newly engaged couple were unable to come to an agreement about a venue.

“What do you think of this place?” Killian questioned as Emma came up to him, offering a hot cup of coffee.

Emma arched a brow as he took the beverage appreciatively, and she slipped into his lap, scanning the computer screen as he took a sip from the mug. “Florida? I don’t know, the location doesn’t scream Elsa and Liam.”

Killian nodded and set the mug on the desk, wrapping his arms around his girlfriend and swallowing the hot liquid down his throat. “You might be right. I’ll have to search a few more places, but I’ll come up with something.”

Emma turned in his arms, swinging her legs around and straddling his thighs as she curled her arms around the back of his neck, placing a gentle kiss to his lips. Killian’s eyelids fluttered shut and he hummed against the warm feel of her soft, cherry-flavored lips, both of them parting slightly as they took a moment to indulge in their affections toward one another. Killian cupped her cheeks in his hand, and when she pulled her mouth away from his, her eyes were dancing with mischief and her lips were hinting at a smirk.

“I think you should take a break for now,” she murmured in a low voice, her words tinged with seduction.

The last few months, during which they'd actually been dating, had been incredible. And managing to sneak away from a newly engaged couple as they tried to plan their wedding was a piece of cake, especially in the big city. And since the group had promised to not question their relationship, Killian loved the fact he could take his girlfriend to the MET or Central Park or out to a lavish dinner or even just jump on a train and head nowhere in particular without having their friends or brother interrogate them.

They were able to talk about their childhoods and past relationships and how Killian and Liam had joined the Navy, and they were able to get to know each other more and connect on a level that was more than just sex. He’d even told her his birthday was coming up soon.

It really had been the best few months he’d had in a very long time. It would still have been better if he could tell everyone he and Emma were romantically involved, but for now, he would take what he could get.
Killian tried to relax, but the stress of finding the perfect venue for his brother and future sister-in-law wore in his features as he exhaled a heavy sigh. “Love, I promised them—”

Emma placed a finger to his lips, shushing him gently. “And you will.” His lovely vixen was wearing a button up blouse that she started unbuttoning, exposing her red lace bra underneath.

Killian growled at the sight, his eyes sweeping over the pale swell of her breasts that were begging for attention, her nipples poking out from the material just enough to tease him.

“For now, I don't want you to think about anything,” Emma pushed the shirt sleeves from her arms, letting the blouse fall to the floor, and she unclasped her bra and pulled off the straps, carelessly tossing the lingerie aside, “but me,” came a whisper as she leaned in kissing his lips.

Killian groaned as she pressed her bare breasts to his chest and he moved his hand, cupping the gentle weight in his palm, his thumb grazing and pulling her nipples.

The heat between them quickly boiled over, and together, they pulled off his shirt so he could feel her supple breasts against his bare chest as their lips collided again, mouths parting and tongues sweeping to taste one another. There was a flurry of hands and heavy panting as more clothes were discarded, and soon, Emma was riding his dick in the chair, their sounds of moaning and dirty talk filling the room, muffled by deep, passionate kisses.

Eventually Killian went back to his research and Emma pulled on his shirt, and was sitting the other way in his lap to help him when they stumbled upon the perfect wedding venue for Liam and Elsa—the Corsewall Lighthouse Hotel located in the U.K. The lighthouse towered over the hotel structure, which looked like a small castle and overlooked the North Channel of the Irish Sea. According to the website, it had the charm and romance of an 1815 functioning lighthouse with the comforts of a small, very unique hotel and restaurant. It was perfect for Elsa and Liam.

“I think we have a winner,” Mary Margaret breathed finally, a smile making its way across her lips.

“It’s perfect,” Anna commented, her grin showing her pearly white teeth.

Elsa sighed in relief, still holding up the train of her gown in her hands. After trying on several dresses, she was glad they all could agree on one. The other dresses were fine, really, but she was looking for one which elicited the response that… well the response her friends and sister currently had.
“But only if you agree,” Emma added with a beaming smile. “Whether you love it or not is the most important thing.”

“I do,” Elsa assured them. “This one's a keeper.

Mary Margaret clapped her hands excitedly as Elsa stepped down from the platform. “This is so exciting! You're wedding is going to be absolutely amazing!”

Elsa gave a small smile as they drew her into a group hug, being careful not to harm the dress in their endeavour. “I really hope so. Thank you all so much for helping me with this. I'd be absolutely clueless without you.”

“Not a problem,” Mary Margaret assured as they pulled away. “Now, what do you say we have some lunch.”

“Yes, I'm starving.”

Elsa changed out of the gown and they went to a nearby cafe for some sandwiches and tea, discussing more details about the wedding Elsa and Liam were planning as she showed them pictures of their ideas—what type of cake they’d picked out, what kind of flowers they wanted, what the table settings would look like and things like that.

“So, Emma, what kind of bachelorette party are you planning?” Of course it was Ruby who asked as Emma was in mid-bite of her sandwich after Elsa had stood up to use the ladies room.

“Emma, you really don't have to plan anything extravagant. Just dinner and drinks is fine by me,” Elsa had mentioned a few days earlier when the subject had come up.

“Ooh, what shall we do?” Mary Margaret asked, excitement buzzing in her eyes as Ruby held a look on her face, like she were about to explode with ideas.

“We could go to a strip club.”
“I don't think so,” Emma found herself saying, shaking her head, her cheeks tinting with blush. She wasn't interested in seeing any man but Killian with his clothes off. And now, since they were talking about Scotland, she was picturing Killian in a kilt giving her a private show as he stripped for her. She smiled a little at the thought, cataloging the idea in the back of her mind. She sipped on her iced tea through the straw, staring down at the table, but she could feel three pairs of eyes scrutinizing her. Emma released the straw, lifting her head to look between the three of them.

“What?”

“Why are you so against strippers, Em? It's not like you have a boyfriend,” Ruby teased with a small smirk that only Emma could see.

“I'm not, I just…” she stammered, not really knowing how to respond to that at first. She looked at Anna, searching for some kind of assistance with this issue, but instead the auburn haired woman smiled a bit, moving her eyes to her tea as she twirled the spoon inside the hot cup to mix in the sugar. She removed the silverware and placed it on the small saucer, an indifferent look etched in her features as she nursed her drink. Emma sighed in exasperation. “Well, for one, we're going to be in Scotland. There are plenty of places we could go and explore rather than reduce ourselves to being cooped up in a strip club. Besides, do you really think Elsa would want some guy shaking his butt in her face the night before her wedding?”

“Of course she does,” Ruby answered adamantly. “She’s gonna be stuck with one man for the rest of her life. Let the woman live a little.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “That's a typical Ruby answer.”

“I have to agree with Emma,” Mary Margaret chipped in.

“Thank you,” Emma said appreciatively. She could always rely on her best friend to be level headed enough to make practical decisions.

“We should just hire a stripper, that way we can be entertained in the privacy of our hotel room.”

Emma’s eyes blew wide, not believing even her sweet, innocent friend was against her on this. “ Seriously? Don't make me tattle on you,” she threatened her friend playfully. “I'll be happy to tell David his wife suggested to pay another man to take his clothes off in front of her.”

Mary Margaret’s jaw dropped. “You’d make me pay? You're the maid of honor.”
Emma looked to Anna for a response, and finally she spoke, laughing. “Alright, alright, there will not be any strippers involved in my sister’s bachelorette party. Emma’s right, we can have a nice evening out doing other things.”

Luckily Elsa came back at that moment and they were forced to change the subject as she sat down looking between the four of them. “So, what are you ladies talking about?”

Emma didn’t respond, and instead looked down at her phone, which was laying on the table. There was a text message from Liam about the small get together they were planning for Killian’s birthday.

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Killian was giddy with excitement when Emma had texted him, asking him to meet her across the hall. Elsa and Liam were hanging out with Anna while she was in town, unknowingly affording Killian and Emma the opportunity to have some alone time. He was especially looking forward to tonight considering his birthday was tomorrow, and he knew Liam would make a huge deal about it.

To him, it would be just another day he would hopefully get to spend with Emma.

Killian knocked on her door, and when there was no answer, he grabbed the knob, squeezed and turned it until the door cracked open. The room was dimly lit, and he could see small flames flickering in the room, so he pushed the door open in panic and cautiously stepped inside. His worries immediately dissipated when his eyes scanned the room, and he shut the door behind him with a soft click, a small smirk tugging at his lips.

The apartment was filled with the warm glow of candles from every surface, and there was a path of red and pink rose petals sprinkled along the carpet, leading him to the hallway. His heart fluttered; he wondered what exactly his scheming girlfriend had brewing in that gorgeous head of hers. He had an inkling that whatever it was, he was in for a treat, and he couldn’t wait to find out. He reached Emma’s bedroom, opening the door, anticipation coiling in his stomach. Stepping into the room, he shut the door behind him, his eyes immediately landing on his beautiful vixen.

Emma was spread out on the bed in a satin red bathrobe, her chin perched on her fist as she leaned on an elbow to hold herself up, eyes glowing in the dim light. “There’s my birthday boy,” she spoke in a low seductive voice, the flicker of candlelight dancing in her eyes as Killian made his way over to her. His cheeks were heating up with blush; he couldn't believe she had gone through all this trouble for him, but he wasn’t about to complain.
A big smile blossomed over her lips as she rose from the bed and grabbed a basket from the night stand, handing it over to him.

“Happy birthday, Killian.”

He took it, still in a state of bewilderment as his eyes scanned the basket. “Thank you, love, but you really didn’t have to do this.”

“Believe me, I wanted to,” Emma assured with a small laugh, leaning in to kiss him.

Killian swooned at the feel of her soft lips on his, but the contact was only brief before Emma pulled away and sat on the edge of the bed, waiting for him to look through the basket. “Open your presents,” she encouraged, a devilish excitement buzzing in her eyes.

He went through each item one by one; he pulled out a box of strawberries dipped in chocolate, a bottle of chocolate sauce and a can of Reddi Wip before the basket was almost empty. Killian’s cheeks were tinged with blush as he started chuckling, thinking about what Emma could possibly have in mind with these items. He was hoping he’d get to eat all of these items off of her by the end of the night. The skin of his chest tingled as he set them down and kept going through the basket. The last item made his breath catch and his hand still in the basket. He took out the object, which was a pair of handcuffs.

Killian laughed and blushed as he observed the item, holding it up with a smirk. “Hmmm…” The handcuffs clinked briefly as he cupped them in his hand. They were red and furry, the two loops connected by a silver chain only three links long. The links were large, but there still wasn't a lot of room for movement.

Emma stood up, wearing a naughty smirk on her face, her cheeks tinted with pink. She took the basket from him, along with the handcuffs, setting them aside, and handed him a rectangular shaped box, which was wrapped up in a shiny blue foil, and he opened it, revealing a navy blue cotton corduroy boatneck sweater, with a matching pair of gloves and a beanie.

“I know you’ve never had to endure the winters in the city before, and I wanted to make sure you stayed warm,” she explained with a warm smile.

Killian’s grin was tainted with mischief as he placed the items in the box and curled his free hand
around her hip, pulling her close to him. “Love, I already have you to keep me warm,” he pointed out, quirking a playful brow.

Emma laughed and slowly captured his lips. They indulged in a soft kiss, his heart swarming with all of the love and emotions he felt for this woman. Their tongues met, and even though he felt the familiar stir in his groin, his feelings for her were so much more than anything physical. He loved her with everything he had. He pulled back slightly, pressing his forehead to hers and whispering softly, “Thank you for the gifts.”

Emma was again smirking as she stepped back and walked to the end of the bed, turning around to look at him. “There’s still one more gift you have to unwrap.” Killian arched a brow, but he didn’t miss the way she bit her bottom lip as her hands dragged along the opening of the robe.

Killian swallowed hard. “There’s more?” he asked in bewilderment. He still couldn’t believe Emma had gone to all of this trouble for him. On the other hand, she was a little devil in human form and she loved teasing him. She loved making him putty in her hands.

Emma didn’t answer, and instead she loosened the robe, and Killian’s eyes were glued to her hands as she slowly, torturously opened the material to reveal what she was wearing underneath. Letting the robe fall to the floor, she breathed a throaty reply, “Me.”

Killian’s mouth dropped on its own accord and he almost fell over as his eyes scanned her gorgeous figure. His sexy siren was wearing a lacy black lingerie teddy, which barely covered anything other than the center of her stomach and nub, showing off all of her slender, delicate curves. The negligee was held together by a scrap of frilly lace at her hips and a spaghetti strap around her back, framing her gorgeous breasts and leaving them completely bare with a satin bow underneath the center of her vivacious curves; her areolas were covered by heart-shaped, black nipple petals with tassels dangling from each one.

Killian growled, licking his lips at the delicious sight before him, and a smirk danced over her lips as she walked over to him. “You like what you see?”

He nodded with certainty. The evidence was in his pants, his erection stiff and firm against the confining material of his boxer briefs as he pictured ripping off her stunning negligee or just fucking her with it on. “You look delectable enough to eat,” he groaned, his eyes still roaming over her scantily clad figure.

Reaching into the basket, she pulled out a couple of items, holding them up—the Reddi Wip and chocolate sauce. “Good…” Emma walked over to him, seductively swaying her hips and closing the
distance between them, “because you’ll be having me for dessert,” she whispered in his ear. He started to grab her arm, pulling her flush against him, but she raised a finger, waving it from side as she lightly clicked her tongue a few times. “Ah ah, not yet.”

Killian whined and frowned, his features falling in disappointment.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get your dessert, but first,” Emma pushed him onto the bed so he was sitting on the edge as she set down the items and picked up the handcuffs. “First you have to come for the main course.” Emma giggled deviously, running her bottom lip between her teeth.

Killian gulped, not too keen about the idea of being in handcuffs, only because he wanted to run his hand all over her body, but he let her do as she had planned. His clothes were discarded with her help, and he was completely naked as he removed his prosthetic and laid back into the bed. Emma secured the handcuff around his right wrist, letting his other arm free since he didn't have his left hand.

She grabbed the box of strawberries and climbed on the bed, kneeling above him and straddling his chest.

Killian waited in excitement, his cock hard and throbbing, aching to be touched as he felt how wet she was through her thin panties. He cursed himself, wishing he could caress her thighs and grab those tantalizing breasts that were hanging above him as Emma picked up a chocolate covered berry, and brought it to his mouth.

His lips parted over the chocolate, letting half of the strawberry slide into his mouth before he bit down, tasting the explosion of fruit juice and sweet, creamy chocolate hitting his tongue. “Mmmm.” He licked his lips, savoring the decadent taste as she pulled the other half of the strawberry away and tore off the stem, fingers brushing her lips as she pressed the strawberry into her mouth. He watched her pink lips purse as she sucked half of the large succulent fruit, licking the juices and chocolate from her lips as she swallowed it down.

The next one went to Emma first, but as it touched her lips, she didn't bite into it. Instead she pushed the strawberry almost all the way past her lips, but kept her fingers on it.

“Suck,” she commanded, leaning into him, and Killian did as he was told, sucking the chocolate off the strawberry and letting it melt in his mouth.
His tongue swiped over his girlfriend’s fingers a few times where she held onto the base of the strawberry, and he kept his gaze locked on her sparkling eyes, getting lost in the intensity behind her green irises.

Soon he felt another strawberry on his lips and he opened his mouth, but Emma let the berry just sit for a second, rubbing chocolate back and forth on his lip.

Emma kept leaning into him and pressing her lips next to his on the strawberry. He flicked his tongue on the chocolate a few times, his tongue briefly touching her lips before the berry was gone and Killian’s tongue was in Emma’s mouth. Her lips were exquisitely soft against his, warm and wet, as Emma kissed him deep and slow, exchanging the sugary flavors of chocolate and berry with him.

By that point, he was extremely turned on, he was almost incoherent and his brain was foggy, he couldn’t think straight.

When she released his lips, Killian chased after hers until he felt her hands on his hips. “Bloody hell, love,” he barely managed, letting his head sink into the pillow, his cock throbbing painfully.

“Would you like me to touch you, baby?” she asked, moving back, pressing seductive kisses to his chest and smirking against his skin.

“Please, Emma…”

She moved off of him, but only to reach for a lower part of him, and Killian awaited in crippling anticipation as Emma’s hands ran up his thighs, massaging him gently. His hand braced against the cuff, the fur rubbing against his wrist as he felt her thumbs dip into the insides of his thighs, stroking softly, and he was desperately craving for her to stroke something else.

She removed her hands, and soon there was something cold and sticky landing on his thighs and creeping over his skin. The cap of the chocolate syrup clicked back on and Emma spread his thighs apart as he lifted his head, watching her lick her lips salaciously.

“Mmm, would you like me to lick the chocolate off with my tongue?” she offered in a sweet tone as her hands were tucked under the back of his knees, and Killian didn’t even hesitate to answer.

“Fuck, yes,” he uttered in a raspy voice, his words stricken with lust before he felt her tongue
swiping along his thighs.

His body jolted at her touch and he let out a breathy groan.

Emma stroked her tongue along his inner thigh, the tip of it purposely brushing his balls in her wake as she lapped up the chocolate from of his sensitive skin. Killian groaned a desperate, needy sound he didn't even try to suppress. She continued her endeavor of trying to kill him, and he was beyond frustrated by the handcuffs and the fact he couldn't put Emma’s mouth and tongue where he really wanted her.

He didn't know how much longer he could take, afraid he would end up exploding without being touched. He also couldn't recall exactly how long it took for Emma to lick all the chocolate off of his thighs, but when she was done his skin was sticky and his chest was heaving, breathing ragged. His cock was throbbing and his head was swimming as he spread his thighs more, silently begging for her to suck him off and offer him some relief.

“What do you want, baby?” she asked him sweetly, licking the chocolate off her lips, sliding her hand over his cock, and he uttered a groan as she rubbed her thumb over the slick head, swiping his precum with her finger and slipping it into her mouth.

He didn't even realize he was trembling until he heard a little pop of a seal being peeled off.

"Tell me what you want, Killian,” she encouraged again, smiling at him sweetly.

“Suck my cock, love,” he begged unabashedly. “I wanna fuck that gorgeous mouth of yours.”

Emma shuddered above him, and her grin transformed into a smirk as she shook the can of whipped cream in her hand. Killian swallowed hard, Emma's hand on his thigh and her tongue darting out to wet her lips as she looked forward to her tasty treat.

He heard the noise of the pressure from the aerosol can being released, and he felt the whipped cream being sprayed around the base of his dick and over his balls as she let a heavy amount of it gather over his groin. She topped it off with a light drizzle of chocolate syrup and as she set the items aside, she was staring at him with those intense, green eyes.

His breathing was shallow as he watched Emma finally, finally lower her head and wrap her lips around the head of his cock. His muscles relaxed and his pupils were blown wide as she moved her
tongue up and down his length, gathering the chocolate and white cream off of him.

“Bloody fuck,” he cursed almost incoherently as Emma took his length into her hot mouth, slowly sucking the sugary substance off of him.

He closed his eyes, sinking his head back into the pillow and let out a small sigh of pleasure as Emma swiped the sauce and whipped cream off his dick. He was aroused to no end, but he felt a sense of warmth and calmness, not immediately chasing his orgasm, letting Emma take her time with him. However, as soon as she took his entire cock in her mouth and began relentlessly sucking him from base to head, he started thrusting into her, and began slowly unraveling.

Emma added more whipped cream and licked it off his balls, her tongue massaging him and swirling around in maddening circles, making his head spin. She took his cock in her mouth again, bobbing her head over him again and again, picking up her speed. The restraint and control she had on him drove him stir crazy as he fucked her mouth, letting the tip hit the back of her throat.

“Fuck... so fucking good you little minx...” It didn't take him long for his muscles to tense and his balls to tighten, that familiar sensation of his orgasm rising to the surface as her tongue and mouth worked on him masterfully. When he reached the precipice, he yanked on the cuffs, letting it scrape harshly against his skin as she added her hand, tightening her fingers around his slick shaft, fiercely stroking up and down as she let him slide into her mouth over and over. “Emma…”

His orgasm went off like a grenade, a powerful explosion ripping through his body as he rocked his hips madly into her swollen, red lips, watching her suck him off as he shot a long, hot stream of cum into her mouth. His body trembled as he took in the sight of Emma swiping her tongue over his slit and swallowing everything he offered her down her throat. Killian was panting harshly, trying to reassemble himself as Emma crawled up his body kissing his lips. He tasted the multiple flavors on her tongue—the chocolate, the whipped cream, his cum—and he groaned in her mouth, kissing her deeply.

When they broke the kiss, he was dizzy, a completely discombobulated mess, and he wasn’t sure what Emma was up to next. All he knew was she was on top of him again, straddling his hips, and he was faintly aware of something being drizzled onto his chest. Still trying to steady his breathing, he lifted his head and looked over at her, his breath once again catching in his throat.

Emma’s tassels were removed and she was pouring the chocolate sauce over the curves of her perfect, beautiful breasts, the thick syrup drizzling over her swollen pink nipples.

Killian growled, and he didn’t even care that his chest hair was coated in chocolate when she was
done. She topped off the chocolate covered peaks, adding a thick layer of whipped cream over them, and she lowered herself, sliding her fingers through his hair and bringing his lips to one of her breasts.

Killian groaned, tasting the whipped cream and chocolate as it hit his tongue, and he pursed his lips, sucking off the substances to get to the best part. Emma moaned, pressing his head into her and dipping her head back, writhing above him. Her hard nipples were absolutely delicious, the familiar saltiness combined with the sweet sugary syrup and light cream was absolute heaven.

He swiped his tongue over her pink pearls, licking and biting and sucking every last drop of chocolate and whipped cream in his way, until her breasts were revealed and covered in nothing but his wet, sticky saliva. He drew her nipple into his mouth again, savoring her bare flesh for as long as he could until she was pulling the beauties away from him.

* * * *

“Did you enjoy your treat?”

Killian almost laughed as he laid his head down. “Are you kidding? That was… that was seventh heaven, love. You make a very tasty dessert,” he murmured, wagging his brows at her.

Emma laughed, shaking her head. “That wasn’t the dessert.” She leaned in, whispering in his ear, “That was only the appetizer and main course.”

Killian shuddered at the way she spoke the words as she raised her head, and he knew she had much more planned for him.

“What’s the dessert then?” he asked, swallowing thickly as he saw the words of his question sparking that familiar mischief in her emerald greens.

She smirked and leaned over him again, speaking in a sinful tone. “My ass.”

Killian groaned, catching the meaning of her words. His dick was already hard again as he imagined ramming his cock into her tight hole. “Fuck… love, are you sure?”
She nodded without hesitation and grabbed the key to the handcuffs, releasing his wrist from the
constraints. “Yes, I’m sure.” She kissed the inside of his wrists, rubbing the tips of her fingers into his
skin in soothing circles. They had both wanted to for a while and he would often touch her there,
stretching her and preparing her for this.

Emma grabbed the bottle of lube from the drawer of her nightstand, and Killian rose, stroking
himself as Emma got on her hands and knees and parted her thighs and cheeks, presenting her ass to
him and everything she had. He growled, staring at her puckered hole as she waited for him to fill
her up. She still had on her lingerie, but there was nothing but a g-string obstructing the center of her
ass cheeks so they decided she leave them on. Besides, he could grab onto the frilly lace band around
her hips as he fucked her, so he saw that as an added bonus rather than a nuisance.

Killian lowered his head, his teeth nipping at one of her ass cheeks before he smacked her with the
palm of his hand, leaving a red palm print on her pale flesh. Emma gasped, her nectar, dripping
down her thigh. He inched his way closer and settled behind her as she spread her thighs further
apart. He lifted his hand, stroking along the base of her spine as she whimpered impatiently.

“Killian… please…” she beseeched, greedily moving her hips back and forth to give him the hint to
take her.

“Please what, Sweetling?” he grinned, giving her a taste of her own medicine.

“Please fuck my ass, Killian.”

He didn’t need any other encouragement, and he briefly squeezed one of her perfect ass cheeks
before pulling his hand away, moving her g-string to the side and slipping his finger inside her hole,
massaging the opening. He groaned, his cock twitching as he felt the tight wetness around him, and
Emma sighed and moaned as he pushed his finger further and further in her tight channel.

“You like that, love?”

“Oh god yes,” she cried out, and he plunged his finger in a little further, eliciting a loud whimper
from her lips.

His breaths were shaky as he carefully added a second, spreading her further for him, and small
noises leaked past her lips, her body relaxing around his fingers. By the third digit, she was moaning
loudly, whining and fucking back onto his fingers. Killian watched with restrained elation,
thoroughly enjoying how responsive she was, his cock bobbing painfully as he rocked his fingers into her.

“You are so fucking stunning like this, Emma,” he murmured and placed a soft kiss to her back, “and so fucking tight.” The gentleness of the kiss was a strong contrast to the sudden thrust of the fingers inside of her, and she gasped and shuddered, body curling for a brief moment before he carefully removed his fingers. “Such a good lass,” Killian cooed sweetly. His cock throbbed, hanging heavy between her slick thighs, and he groaned, feeling how incredibly wet she was for him. It was all he could focus on without finishing prematurely. “Ready baby?” Killian asked softly, his words wrecked, and Emma nodded vigorously, thrusting her hips back.

“Please, Killian… I need you…”

His breath stuttered, but he was able to pick up the tube of lubrication next to him, and he coated her hole, massaging the sensitive area before stroking himself with the slippery substance. The press of his penis bulb to her opening make them both gasp, and slowly he pushed himself through her puckered entrance, slowly infiltrating her and stretching her extremely tight walls.

Emma immediately tensed up and leaned forward, a strangled, high-pitched whimper leaving the back of her throat.

“You okay, Emma? Would you like me to stop?”

She shook her head. “No, don’t stop.”

Killian began again, gently rocking himself into her, but he had to pause briefly, overwhelmed by the tightness of her ass around his cock; he didn't want to cum too soon, but fuck, she felt bloody amazing. He went back to moving his hips back and forth, slowly thrusting into her ass again. Emma’s thighs trembled and she moaned, arching her back, silently begging for more.

“How’s this, love?” he asked, striking her ass cheek with the palm of his hand, and he could see the white flesh spreading with a rosy shade of red. He curled his hand around her hip, knowing she was ready for him to pick up the pace. He knew his little siren all too well.

Sure enough, she started pressing her ass into him. “Harder, Killian. Fuck me harder,” she pleaded.
He growled and began rocking his hips, plunging deeper and allowing Emma to relax even more before he went faster.

In no time she was moaning and screaming out his name as he fucked her hard, practically pounding into her, skins slapping and heavy grunts filling the room. Removing his grip from her hip, he curled her long golden hair around his hand, using her as an anchor as he filled and stretched her ass. His fingers tangled themselves in her hair, pulling harder, and she screamed out her pleasure with each thrust.

“So—fucking—tight,” he muttered with a guttural groan.

Emma’s warmth surrounded him, her muscles gripping him hard and bringing him closer to his release. She could tell he was getting close with how erratic and sloppy his thrusts became, desperate for release.

“I’m gonna come, love,” he uttered, his words cracked as he fucked relentlessly into his girlfriend’s ass. “Touch yourself, Sweetling,” he commanded, wishing he had two hands at this moment.

Emma was quick to comply as she reached her hand below and started stroking her clit.

“How does that feel, Emma?” he asked softly, but he knew how close she was to her peak by how loud her moans and mewls became.

“So fucking good,” she responded, her words strangled.

He watched her cry out in pleasure as she flicked her clit vigorously until she was screaming out, her muscles contracting around him, and he felt the ripples of her orgasm coursing through him, pulling him in.

“Bloody—fucking—hell,” he cursed breathlessly between thrusts, and he could no longer hold back. He released her hair from his hold, and with a hard tug on the frilly waistband at her hip, he gave her ass a rough pounding. It didn’t take long for his whole body to spasm as his orgasm hit him hard, and he came deep inside her channel with a choked groan, releasing a long, thick stream of hot semen. His hips stuttered and halted, and they both rocked in a gentle rhythm, trying to catch their breaths and regain some semblance.
His mind went pleasantly blank, and when he finally floated back from his mind blowing orgasm, he was momentarily disoriented. He slowly slipped from his girlfriend’s ass, watching as his white fluid leaked from her puckered hole and slid down her thighs.

* * * *

Killian grabbed a blanket to cover them as they collapsed into the mattress, and he held a satisfied, lazy smirk on his lips as he pulled his girlfriend into his arms. Emma smiled softly, purring in content as she rested her head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat underneath as it started to slow.

“I love you,” he whispered, planting a soft, sweet kiss on her shoulder.

“I love you too,” she murmured and leaned forward to kiss his lips as both their eyelids flickered with exhaustion.

“That was wonderful,” he said, swiping her bangs from her face and pressing a soft kiss to her sweaty forehead. “Definitely the best birthday I’ve ever had… and it’s not even my birthday yet.”

Emma laughed feebly, the sound vibrating through his body as he indulged in the pleasant ache coursing through him. “Good, I’m glad,” she whispered, nuzzling her cheek deeper into his chest. There was a warmth spreading underneath his skin, and he couldn’t even dream of anything other than staying right there with her, just snuggling peacefully with no interruptions.

“There’s only one more thing that could make this night even more perfect.”

Emma weakly lifted her head, raising a questioning brow. “What’s that?” she asked, her voice raspy and wrecked, eyes content from their activities.

A gentle chuckle tore from his throat as he lifted a hand to caress her cheek. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m not at all complaining, but…” he paused, swallowing thickly. He probably shouldn’t have said anything, but the thought of celebrating his birthday with a woman whom he had to pretend he wasn’t dating made his heart ache. “But, I think it’s time we tell everyone about us,” he suggested in a serious tone. “The only thing that could make tomorrow absolutely perfect is if we no longer went on pretending we weren’t together.” There was a hopeful spark in Killian’s eyes as Emma held an impassive expression on her face, not saying anything at first. He took her chin in his hand, pressing his thumb just underneath her bottom lip. “Say something, Emma.”
The room was resonating with a perturbing silence, but after a moment, she suddenly pulled away from his arms and pushed away the blankets.

Killian’s heart dropped as she hastily got out of the bed and picked up her robe, slipping it on. He sat up, completely befuddled, feeling dizzy from the quick movement. “Love? Where are you going?”

She appeared to be heated as she tied the belt of the robe around her waist, pulling it with a harsh, purposeful tug. “Are you fucking kidding me right now?” There was a resentful bite in her tone, her green eyes wide with fury.

“Excuse me?” he asked, utterly perplexed as to why she was so upset.

Emma scoffed, and she made a gesture with her hands to lead his eyes around the entirety of the room. “Here I spent weeks worrying about your birthday and wanting to do something special for you… I made a fucking trail of rose petals and lit fifty fucking candles for you, and I bought ridiculously expensive lingerie… I even—” Her voice squeaked and she paused briefly before continuing again. “I gave you every part of me, and all you can say is, ‘I don’t want to pretend we’re not dating anymore?’”

“Emma, you know I love everything you’ve done… I just meant that us deciding to tell everyone would make my birthday even more perfect. Please come back to bed,” he called softly, patting the spot next to him.

To his dismay, this only seemed to anger her even more. “Well that’s funny because I don’t remember deciding that.”

Killian started gritting his teeth, and he pushed the blankets away, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed and picking up his boxers as he cursed underneath his breath. Why was she so upset by the idea? “Well maybe it’s time you did decide,” he suggested brusquely, standing up and pulling on his underwear.

“How many times do I have to tell you that I’m not ready to tell them?! Don’t you think that when I am, you would be the first to know?!”

“Love, we’ve been together for almost five months now. How much longer do you think we can keep this a secret?” he asked in irritation as they exchanged heated gazes fueled by anger. Emma stared at him for a moment in silence as he picked up the rest of his clothes and got dressed in a
frazzled haste. Grabbing his prosthetic hand from the nightstand, he secured it back on his arm.

Eventually she sighed and started to walk towards him, her features a little smoother. “I just need a little more time, that’s all,” she spoke softly, closing the distance between them. “But we’ll tell them, I promise.”

Killian was stunned in his place. He couldn’t believe she was still holding back on him. He couldn’t believe they still had to hide from his brother and their friends. He was sick of it, completely exhausted at this point.

Emma reached out for him after he finished pulling on his t-shirt and she tried to grab his hand, but he pulled it way. Her eyes flickered in confusion, her mouth falling slightly in surprise.

“I can’t do this anymore,” he blurted out. “Milah did the same thing to me, she made the same promises, but I’m done with being a dirty little secret. After we met, I told you I didn’t want just part of you, I wanted the whole thing.” Killian scanned her features, his eyes swarming with sorrow and degradation. “And guess what, hiding from our friends and my brother, and not being able to hold you in my arms when we’re around them…” he managed, his words breaking and tainted with the pain weakening his body as he attempted to finish, “well this doesn’t feel like the whole thing to me.”

There was a torrent of regret pooling in her emerald depths as he headed for the door passing her coldly. “What are you saying, Killian?” she asked, her face completely pale, astonishment etched in the lines of her forehead.

Killian’s eyes were hooded and his heart clenched painfully in his chest. This was the last thing he ever wanted to do, but he knew he had to. “I’m saying you no longer have to worry about being ready to tell everyone about us because,” he opened the door, a gutted expression embedded in his features as he looked back at her, trying to swallow down the pain he felt, “there’s no longer anything to tell. We’re over.”

With those words said, Killian turned and left the bedroom, making his way to the front door.

“Killian, wait!” she cried out after him, her voice throttled, but he kept going, ignoring her words.

His heart ached and he felt completely nauseous, but he knew he had to end it. He wanted to be with someone who was proud and happy to tell the world she was with him. But Emma… she wasn’t that person. And possessing knowledge of this… well, it hurt like hell.
Killian stepped out of her apartment, letting out a long, depleted sigh from his lips as he dragged his hand over his face, releasing the weight of emotions that were heavy on his heart. He couldn’t believe after the way the evening had begun, this was how it ended. Killian turned and placed his prosthetic hand on the door as his right hand lingered on the knob in hesitation. Was he making a huge mistake?

No, his mistake was going through with Emma's plan and letting her keep their relationship a secret. Killian finally willed himself to walk away and he took the elevator down to the first floor and headed for the bar. His phone rang a few times. But he didn't bother to answer it, let alone find out who was calling him.

He hadn't been to the bar in months, and he hadn't had much to drink other than an occasional beer and a few mai tais on the fourth of July, but he found it easy to fall back into the habit he'd tried to rid himself of since he'd met Emma.

He tried to drink his pain away. He threw back a few rums, letting the burn of the amber liquid slide down his throat as he tried to forget the images of their earlier activities. He tried to forget how good Emma felt in his arms, he tried to forget how just one gentle touch from her soft hands on his body could relax him and make him feel sane again when he was stressed. He tried to forget how passionately he loved her and kissed her and made love to her like nothing in the world existed or mattered. She had been his rock who kept him grounded, but now she was like the dust filtering through his fingertips.

He was such a bloody fool.

Maybe it was the alcohol or maybe it was the heavy sting in his heart which hurt so badly he couldn’t take it, but Killian eventually stood from the stool and made his way to the apartment building. He took the elevators to his floor, deciding how stupid this all was. He’d told her he’d wait for her. He’d made promises, and he couldn't just walk away from those promises He needed Emma, he didn't want to be apart from his sweet, beautiful flower.

So he made a choice to go back to her apartment and make things right. His vision was starting to get a bit blurry; he’d drank more than he thought, or maybe the effect was stronger because he was no longer used to drinking rum. He focused on getting to her though, even if he had to stumble along the way. His eyes were trained on the door as he began to reach for the doorknob to open it.

“Killian…”
The voice made him cringe, and his blood curdled, his heart dropping once more. He didn't think his night could get any worse… that was until he turned around and his eyes were met with the ones of the familiar woman standing on his doormat—the one who had previously ripped his bleedin’ heart out of his chest and crushed it in her hand.

“Milah?” He blinked a few times to make sure he wasn't hallucinating or imagining things. But that only made things worse, because he started seeing two of her. He wobbled closer until the two figures started drifting together and became one so he was only seeing one of her again.

As the woman stepped closer, meeting him half way, he knew what he was seeing was real.

Her hands were in the pockets of her coat as her lips tilted a little into a small smile, offering him a shrug. “Happy birthday, Killian.”
A/N: I am so sorry for taking so long to update, but with some other writing projects complete, it has freed up some more time for this story and hopefully the updates will be more frequent :D

Thank you @ilovemesomekillianjones for being an awesome beta reader and for your dedication.

Thank you to all of you who always support and encourage me no matter what! I love you all!

Emma had no energy left. She cried until there were no more tears within her. She cried until her body was shaking—until she was curled up into a ball, the pillow beneath her cheek damp with tears, her face stained, puffy and red, dried tears and snot encrusting the patch of skin below her nose. She was a complete train wreck, much more so than when she found out Neal had been cheating on her.

She’d wanted to chase after Killian, but the apartment was full of burning candles and she was only in her robe, so she was not really in any state to leave. And if she knew Killian like she was sure she knew him, he had headed to the bar.

Besides, she knew she was not in the wrong. She knew her reasons were justified. She didn’t want to risk what she had with Killian by displaying their relationship out in the open for everyone to see and know about.

She’d done everything to protect her relationship with Killian, and this was how he repaid her?!

_Fucking men._

Emma didn’t know how much time went by, too consumed in a mess of tears and tangled sheets, before she was towed out of her misery and heard a commotion outside her bedroom door.

_Shit._
Elsa was now home, with Anna and Liam.

Emma wiped what remained of her tears, but she knew there was no point in trying to cover up her distressed condition. Her eyes were all swollen and puffy and there was a frown permanently plastered on her face.

Maybe they would see the lit candles and rose petals and get the hint.

_Fuck._

How could she leave everything like that for them to see? And the night before Killian's birthday nonetheless? Even if they left her be, they’d ask questions later, there was no doubt about it.

Emma sighed an exasperated breath, using a tissue to blow her nose, which continued to leak with snot. She heard some giggles outside the door, and could also hear Liam’s loud, booming voice as he said, “Alright, let's get you two to bed.”

If she were emotionally sober, she'd be wondering what was going on, but at the moment she only prayed no one would come bursting into her room finding her like this.

Finally, the apartment grew silent again and Emma emitted a long, heavy breath into her wet pillow, closing her eyes and burying her face there.

“Emma?”

_Damnit._

She groaned into the pillow, hoping Liam would go away.

But it didn't work.

Instead, she could hear the door open and the creak of his footsteps, and see the bright glow surrounding her blocked vision when Liam flicked on the light. “Emma, what's with all the candles I
had to blow out? Are you trying to burn down the—” he paused as Emma lifted her head to look at him through her watery vision. His face immediately fell, concern flooding his features. “Are you crying?”

Still curled up into a ball, she peeled her eyes away, trying to avoid looking at him.

“Em, what's going on?” There was worry lacing his words as he walked across the room. She couldn't see him, but she could hear the sound of his footsteps cease before he reached the bed. “And what in the devil are these?”

Emma’s head jerked up and she spotted him picking up her nipple tassels. “They're none of your business,” she snapped, and launched out of bed, tearing them out of his hands.

Liam's eyes drifted to the handcuffs and Reddi Wip laying on the table, his eyebrows quirking in subtle curiosity as he picked them up. “I'm guessing I don't want to know what happened here?”

Emma huffed and snagged the items from his grasp. “Trust me, you don't.” She shoved them in the bedside table drawer and plopped onto the mattress, curling up again and laying her head on the pillow. “Just go away.”

“Sorry, lass, but we're like family, and family is supposed to look out for one another,” he stated stubbornly, gently pushing her legs over and taking a seat on the bed, “so I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what's wrong.”

“Liam, I appreciate your concern, but I'm serious, I don't wanna talk to anyone,” she grumbled and rolled over to face away from him.

She heard a long, dramatic sigh as he sat back against the headboard. She couldn't see him, but she knew the stubborn ass was getting comfortable in the bed, waiting for her to speak. But she was not in the mood to talk.

“Look, Elsa and Anna ended up drinking a wee too many daiquiris and they're both passed out in Elsa’s bed, so I have all night until I have to take care of my hungover fiancé and her sister in the morning.”

“Liam, I…” Emma squeezed her eyes shut, trying to suppress the tears that were again threatening to
fall. “I don’t want to talk about it,” she whispered, her words cracked with the despair she felt.

There was a long pause and no argument from the Jones brother. Maybe he was starting to get the hint.

“Alright, well then I’ll just stay and keep you company, and when, or if you’re ready to talk, I’ll be here,” he offered sincerely.

Emma could no longer hold back, and she gave into her emotions, choking out a cry, the warm tears streaming down her face once again. She turned around and sought out Liam for comfort, resting her head on his chest. Her heart squeezed tightly and it hurt so much, she didn’t care how she looked in front of Killian’s brother.

Liam’s whole body softened as he wrapped his arms around her, not saying anything, only letting her cry into his shirt. She sobbed and sobbed, her body shaking as she let it all out. Liam rubbed her back in soothing circles, and soon she drifted off to sleep, waking up an hour later, still in his arms. Her heart still stung, but knowing she had someone there to listen for whenever she decided to talk, softened the blow a bit.

“How did you find the courage to tell Elsa your secret?” Emma blurted out suddenly with a snuffle, wiping her tears with a fresh Kleenex he had retrieved for her.

“My secret?” he asked, peering down at her and wiping a stray tear from her cheek.

“Yeah, about the girlfriend you lost.” Emma lifted her head from his chest and propped herself up on her elbows. “What made you decide to break down and tell her?”

Liam shrugged and looked away from her. “Easy, I knew I had to be honest with her, I didn’t want her to find out some other way and I didn’t want to lose her, so I had to make a choice.”

“Even though it meant you could lose her by telling her?”

“Aye, it was a risk, but sometimes you have to take those, otherwise you’ll end up sad and lonely because you were never willing to stick your neck out for the people you love.” He turned his head towards her again, eyeing her in curiosity and lifting a brow. “May I ask why you are asking?”
Emma peered down as she bit her bottom lip in contemplation. She was conflicted with whether she should confide in him or not. And it wasn't as though she didn't trust him, because she really did, and at this point she wasn't worried about him giving her a hard time about it. “Because there’s a secret I’ve been hiding from everyone, and I haven't been bold enough to tell anyone… but if I don’t, I risk losing the best thing in my life.”

“Oh Em, you don't have to worry about that.” Liam’s concerned expression transformed into a smirk, and he wrapped his arm around her shoulder, kissing her chastely on her tear-covered cheek. “You're not gonna lose me.”

Emma laughed, playfully slapping across the chest. “Oh stop. You know you're important to me.”

Liam chuckled, rubbing his chest and pretending to be hurt. “Okay, so tell me who outranks me,” he said light-heartedly.

Emma scrutinized him carefully, trying to gauge whether this information would make him upset or not. “Promise you won't get mad at me for keeping it from you?”

Liam nodded. “Scout’s honor.”

“Well, here goes nothing...” Emma took a deep, shaky breath and figured maybe it was time to tell Liam, the person she used to confide in all the time before his brother came along. “For the last five months, I've been seeing your brother.”

Liam looked off into space, avoiding her gaze, and his lack of response threw her off a bit. She was not a mindreader, but she really wished she was in that moment.

“Well? Aren't you going to say anything?”

Her words didn't seem to change anything, though, and he seemed to be contemplating something; she just wasn't sure what.

Finally, he tilted his head, but to her surprise, his lips were curving into a smirk. “Well, it’s about time you decided to tell someone.”
What? Was he serious? “How did you…” she stammered, completely dumbstruck, “how did you know?”

Liam stroked his chin with his finger and thumb, his lips pursed in thought, but she knew he was only trying to mock her. “Hmmm, I think the better question is how could I not have known?”

Emma rolled her eyes, unappreciative of how lightly he was taking this. “Okay, well when did you find out?”

“Well, let's see… I've known ever since I found you and Killian in bed together, so it was kind of easy to put together the pieces.”

“Huh?” Emma was utterly perplexed. “When did you find us in bed together?” she demanded, her nose scrunched up in confusion.

“Don’t you remember a couple of mornings after Elsa and I announced our engagement?”

Emma thought back to that morning, trying to remember which day he was referring to. She remembered forgetting to call off her date with Graham the night of the engagement dinner, and the next morning she only showed up to the cafe, where Graham was waiting for her, to pour coffee in his lap. She remembered walking in on Liam and Elsa having sex on the coffee table when she came home from work, she remembered eating pizza with Killian on the rooftop and then sitting on the couch chatting while he french braided her hair. She had fallen asleep in his arms and woke up in his bedroom with his morning erection pressed to her bottom. They then enjoyed a couple of fantastic romps in the sack before Emma had to go into work and—

*Oh.*

Emma paled as she remember what had happened before she’d left Killian’s bed.

“You walked in on us.”

Liam nodded, a hint of a smile detected in the corner of his lips. “Aye, you were trying to hide, but when I went across the room to pick up Killian’s clothes, I spotted your blonde hair poking out of the
blanket, and not to mention the room smelled like sex, so I knew Killian wasn’t by himself wanking off.”

Emma’s mouth fell open, eyes blinking rapidly, trying to process this revelation. But so many questions rose to the surface, making her head spin. “But how did you know it was me? It's not like I'm the only blonde in the city,” she remarked in irritation.

He smirked. “I’m aware, love.” Emma rolled her eyes, and he grew more serious to answer her question. “Well, I wasn’t sure at first, but then I asked Killian if he had seen you, and it wasn’t difficult to see he wasn’t being truthful. I left the flat, thinking I shouldn’t dive too much into it, because I knew you must have been trying to hide after I dumbly told Killian not to see you.”

Emma was still in awe by the whole thing and she started thinking back to all the times she and Killian were sneaking around and when Liam had given them a difficult time. Emma had been so sure he wasn’t on to them, but he knew the entire time?

“The real telltale sign was when I went to the drycleaners to find out there was a pair of panties in the pocket of his pants.”

Emma furrowed her brows, narrowing her eyes at him. “And how did you know those were mine?”

She could clearly see he didn’t appreciate the unspoken accusations.

“Well, I could only assume. He was wearing the suit for the engagement dinner, and when we came home, he changed out of his clothes and into his boxer briefs because I remember running into him when we were both headed for the bathroom, so I know he hadn’t left that night, and when else would those panties have gotten into his pocket? Also, you and Killian were gone an awfully long time during dinner, you had a lot weighing on your mind when you got up to use the restroom and suddenly you were more relaxed and chipper when you got back. The whole thing was suspicious, Em.”

Emma nodded, knowing he was correct. She and Killian didn’t actually do a great job at hiding their relationship. “Then what about you giving us a hard time about being friends?”

Liam shrugged. “It was all a ruse. You should know by now I love messing with my little brother,” he smirked impishly. “You don’t know how much fun it was to rain on his parade when I offered to share a tent with him,” he chuckled.
Emma gave him another eye roll. “Yeah, I’m sure, but you know you rained on both of our parades, right?”

“Oh, I’m quite aware, but you both were the ones keeping this secret from the rest of us, so I didn’t feel bad. And believe me, it was not easy to keep it to myself at times. I about died laughing when David said he could hear people having sex in the shower next to his,” Liam laughed heartily, and she could feel the vibrations booming from his throat.

Blush crept into Emma’s cheeks as she looked down in embarrassment. “Yeah, I’m sure you got a kick out of the whole thing.”

“Oh, I did.”

Emma looked up at him again, and a thought suddenly struck her, because Liam’s fiance was one of her best friends after all. “What about Elsa? Does she know?”

Liam shook his head. “That was a dilemma I’ve been struggling with this whole time. I didn’t want to keep another secret from her, but at the same time, if she knew you were keeping it from her, she would’ve been hurt. And besides, it was not my secret to tell, so I waited until you were ready to tell her.”

Emma sighed, regret and shame falling over her already distressed features. “I’m a terrible friend, aren’t I?”

Liam glanced at her, eyes reassuring and full of warmth. “No, I don't think so. You had your reasons for keeping the secret, I completely understand. But tell me, why did you feel the need to keep it from us in the first place?”

Emma leaned back against the headboard, taking a long, depleted breath. She didn’t know exactly how to explain how she felt, but she knew it was only fair since he had known this whole time and kept it to himself, even from Elsa. “Well, at first we tried to only be friends, but we liked each other too much and ended up adding sex to the equation, so I didn’t think of it as anything that needed to be shared at the time. Then we fell in love and I… I guess I didn’t want everyone knowing. I didn’t want anything to change.”

Liam’s eyebrows furrowed together, confusion showing in his face. “And how would it change
Emma shrugged. “I don’t know. I was afraid you and David would disapprove…”

Guilt flashed in his eyes as he offered an apologetic smile. “And what exactly gave you that idea?” he asked playfully.

“I just… I didn’t want anything to screw up what Killian and I had,” she explained, but she didn’t think she was actually doing her reasons any justice. Emma turned to face him, and folded her legs, holding herself up with one hand as she leaned against the headboard, trying to come up with a better explanation. “Okay, let me ask you something—would you think of your relationship with Elsa as something to be protected at all costs?”

Her question threw him off a bit, but he answered quickly. “Yes, of course.”

“Well that’s how I see my relationship with Killian. I’ve never been with a guy who didn’t feel the need to break my heart every chance he got, so to me, this is something new for me. And I didn’t want anything to ruin it. I wanted to keep our relationship locked up in a cabinet like expensive, rare china because I was afraid if I brought out the fragile tableware set, it would end up getting broken and ruined. I figured our relationship had more value locked away in the cabinet, so I kept it there. I didn’t want anything or anyone to break Killian and I apart, whether intentional or not.”

Liam nodded, comprehension shown in his bright blue eyes. “I can understand that, but what’s the point of having expensive china if it just sits in the cabinet looking pretty? Sometimes the china wants to be let out and admired and eaten off of.”

Emma bursted into laughter at his unintended pun. “Oh, Killian has not been deprived of being eaten off of,” she jested, thinking about when she had licked chocolate and whipped cream off of him earlier that night.

Liam’s face distorted in distaste. “Alright, I really don’t need the images to go along with the whipped cream and handcuffs,” he sighed.

Emma’s features became more solemn as she thought about what he was actually trying to tell her. “You’re right though. I’ve been selfish, keeping the china all to myself. And I realize now that I have deprived you and Killian from some much needed bonding time. He didn’t have the opportunity to go to you about his feelings for me and he didn’t have anyone to share those with because I asked

anything?”
him not to.” Emma closed her eyes in regret, tears pricking her eyes once again. “God, I’m a terrible person, aren’t I?” Emma felt Liam’s hand on her back as he pulled her close to him and placed a kiss on her forehead.

“No, Em, you are not a terrible person. You had good intentions, and I can honestly say Killian is a lucky man to have you as his girlfriend. Actually, I am quite relieved you two are together. You’re good for each other.”

Emma’s eyelids squeezed together, her heart clenching in her chest. “Yeah, we were,” she murmured, and opened her eyes to catch his reaction.

“What?” His face fell, concern etched into the lines of his forehead.

Emma dabbed the corner of her eyes with the kleenex to prevent anymore tears from escaping. “Why do you think I’ve been crying?”

“What happened?”

Emma emitted an audible sigh, replaying the events of that night in her mind. “Killian wanted to tell everyone, but I told him I wasn’t ready.” Her eyes welled up with tears at the memories of the conversation. “So he said we were over.”

“He what!?” Liam appeared to be shocked and angry.

Emma shrugged. “You can't really blame him though, can you?”

Liam was appalled as he shook his head in disapproval. “Emma, I’m sorry, I think if he knew you weren’t ready, he shouldn’t have tried to pressure you into it.”

“No, it’s okay, I deserve it. I don’t even deserve him,” she choked out, her words cracked with sorrow.

“Stop that, love. You didn’t deserve that. And if anyone’s too good for someone, it’s you,” Liam told her, lifting his hand and brushing his thumb over her cheek.
Emma graced him with a small smile. “Thank you.”

He offered one back. “It’s true.”

“I need to tell Killian I don’t want to hide our relationship anymore. Here, I was so worried about protecting the china, and I’m the one who ended up dropping it and breaking it by taking it back to the cabinet.”

Liam chuckled. “I think it's fixable. If I know my brother at all, he’s going to be cursing himself up and down in the morning, if he hasn’t already. He’s going to take you back with open arms, whether you never want to come clean to everyone or not.”

Emma smiled weakly, knowing Liam was right. “If not, do you think he could be persuaded by some blueberry pancakes?”

Liam grinned widely. “I think he’d be a bloody fool not to be.” They laughed and he gave her a hug, dropping a kiss to the top her head.

Emma felt so much more relieved, and she knew what she had to do. She didn’t know if she was exactly ready to tell everyone the truth, but she knew she wasn’t about to lose Killian because of it.

The next morning, she took a deep breath, letting it out slowly as she stood in front of the door to his apartment. She was bound and determined to make things right with him.

Emma pondered whether she should knock, or use her key. She knew if she knocked, he would probably look through the peephole and not answer the door, and then she would have been devastated by yet another rejection. So she unlocked the door and opened it, stepping inside.

It was quiet, and there was no one around, so she assumed he was still sleeping. She quietly shut the door, a small smile gracing her lips. She was about to surprise him by bringing him breakfast in bed—blueberry pancakes, which were his favorite treat, other than her of course. Or at least she was.

She had cooked the pancakes in her apartment while Liam took Elsa and Anna out to breakfast to give Emma the opportunity to talk to Killian. He’d assured her he would take care of the small party
they had planned, and would pick up the cake and make the final preparations for that night. She was amazed he had the energy, considering he stayed up until after three a.m. making sure Emma was okay.

She hadn’t been sure about what to carry the pancakes in when they were done, so she’d cooled them off on a wire rack for twenty minutes to keep them from getting soggy and stored them in a cake carrier with a lid.

Hoping the pancakes would win him over, Emma was about to make her way over towards the kitchen to grab some syrup and silverware when she heard movement.

Killian was awake.

Emma perked up a little and her fingers began to tremble in anticipation. “Killian, I brought you some breakfast. I hope you don’t mind me stopping over, I just thought we should talk about last—”

Emma stopped abruptly in her tracks and dropped the cake carrier from her hands. It collapsed on the floor with a thud, along with her heart, Emma’s train of thought completely lost and her mouth hanging open.

What the fuck?

She had been expecting Killian to emerge from the hallway, but instead, standing before her was a dark haired woman wearing his Kiss t-shirt—correction, their Kiss t-shirt. The one Emma had spilled her wine on and flaunted around in to tease him after he’d left it in her apartment. The one Killian had told her he’d never washed since it touched her half naked body. This woman was wearing that same shirt.

How fucking dare she?

When the woman stepped closer, Emma couldn’t breathe. There were a million thoughts racing through her mind and she felt like she were suffocating. The woman had tattoos up her arms and legs, so Emma was pretty sure she knew exactly who this woman was. But the looming questions were how the fuck did she get here and why the fuck was wearing that t-shirt?

“Who are you?” It was the brunette speaking, and Emma didn’t even know if she were able to
answer the question if she wanted to.

The woman folded her arms, a frown settled in her features, her jaw set and firm as she stared at Emma intently.

Emma was growing angry, blood bubbling under her skin, ready to explode at any moment. She had to will herself to calm down, to exhale a slow, steady breath and to somehow summon the courage and energy to speak. “I'm Killian’s girlfriend.”

The woman scoffed, eyes dancing with amusement. “That's funny because,” she stepped closer, far too close for Emma’s liking, “I'm his girlfriend.”

Okay, seriously, what the fuck was happening?

The brunette's eyes widened in recognition and she pointed a dainty finger at her. “Oh, you must be the ex-girlfriend he dumped last night. My apologies,” she laughed with a sound meant to taunt Emma as she stuck out her hand. “I'm Milah, and you must be Emma.”

Emma was shaking, almost vibrating with anger, but she wasn't about to let this bitch win (so easily).

“Really? That's funny, because Killian told me you dumped him months ago,” Emma stated, somehow maintaining her cool with a fiery gaze as she left Milah hanging, not about to engage in any physical contact with her unless it involved punching this bitch in the face.

Milah nodded casually and pulled her hand way, waving both over her t-shirt clad form. “He did, but as you can see we got back together last night.”

Emma cringed, her stomach coiled with knots and her entire body heated with rage. “Where's Killian?” she demanded hoarsely. “I need to speak with him.”

“Sorry, he's sleeping at the moment.”

Bullshit.
Emma started to move past Milah.

“I wouldn't go in there if I were you.” The brunette's words caused her to stop and turn around.

“And why the hell not?”

“Because he had a little too much to drink last night,” Milah replied, turning around to face her. “He needs his rest. Why don't I relay a message to him?”

“No thanks,” Emma bit out, trying to disguise the pain she felt inside with a harsh, insistent tone.

“Well, just in case you're wondering why he didn't return any of your calls or texts, I'm more than happy to tell you.”

“That's okay,” Emma replied firmly.

Milah's smile was tainted with mischief as she folded her arms over her chest, and Emma blanched in fear, afraid of what this woman was about to throw at her. “Too bad.” Milah rose her hand to her face, stroking her chin. “Lets see… for one, you're no longer his girlfriend, and therefore he has no obligation to you.”

No, no, no, no, this conniving cunt was not using her own fucking words against her, was she?!

Emma began to panic, her eyes bulging out as she waited for Milah to finish.

“Secondly, he was a bit preoccupied with all the sex we had last night.”

Emma's blood was screaming on the inside at Milah’s words and how she seemed to throw them in her face so proudly and wickedly with no remorse.

As if that weren't enough torture, the bitch had to top it off with, “I had the best orgasm of my life
last night.”

Emma was fucking furious, merely seconds away from exploding with rage, and the worst part of it was, this woman seemed to take pleasure from hurting her so much.

“I need some coffee. Do you want some?” Milah had the audacity to ask her in a sweet, yet taunting tone laced with innocence which was clearly meant to mock her as she made her way towards the kitchen with a devilish smirk on her face. “Having rough sex all night is really exhausting.”

Emma didn’t waste her breath answering. Instead she made a mad dash for the door, fired up with rage. She was so angry she could have screamed at the top of her lungs! She couldn't believe Killian slept with that woman, and immediately after breaking up with her nonetheless! The fucking nerve of him!

But there was also the question of whether that fucking bitch was telling the truth or not. She’d used the exact same lines Emma had fed to her the night Milah had tried to get back with him. And Emma might not have believed her if not for all of the evident signs—Milah was wearing nothing but his shirt, she had emerged from his bedroom and Killian had been inebriated last night. Emma knew him more than anybody else did. He liked to drink his problems away, and he ended up doing crazy shit when he was drunk.

It didn’t matter though. The fact that Milah was even there at all was a sign that Emma had to get the hell out of dodge.

She bursted into her bedroom and grabbed her suitcase from the closet, tossing it on the bed. For the next twenty minutes, she was scrambling around the room gathering all the clothes she could fit in her suitcase. She grabbed her phone charger and some other essentials and threw them in there before zipping up the luggage and dragging it out of the room.

Emma went to the kitchen and picked her keys up from the counter, eyeing the one for the apartment. She remembered after she had moved in she’d had it made with a buttercup design. To avoid any temptation of giving in and coming back, she removed the apartment key off the ring set and placed it on the counter, tears pricking her eyes.

With that done, she hauled her suitcase out, locking the door from the inside and stormed out, slamming the door behind her. She didn’t even look back as she dragged the suitcase down the steps and got the hell out of the goddamn apartment building, texting Mary Margaret on the way to her car.
Emma: Would it be okay if I stay with you and David for awhile? I moved out of my place today… for good.

It wasn't until Emma was on the road, driving through the city when her phone dinged in her purse as she received a message. She grabbed it and glanced down very briefly to read it.

MM: Yes, of course. You can stay as long as you need.

Emma waited until she stopped at a red light to text her back. She was certainly in no mood to get a ticket for texting and driving, so she quickly typed it and hit send.

Emma: Thanks! You and David are lifesavers.

She knew she shouldn't just leave without telling Elsa, but if Emma did, she would have to tell her where she went, and she didn't want that information to get to Killian. She also hated the fact she would have to keep yet another thing from one of her best friends, so it was best to avoid temptation. She rolled down her car window, a steely expression on her face as she added,

Emma: I don't know what I'd do without you. I'll explain everything when I get there, but I won't be able to contact you anymore until then.

With that sent, Emma looked up, and the light turned green, so she pressed her foot on the gas and took off, tossing her phone out the open window.

As it landed somewhere on roadside, sending a crack through the screen, it lit up with a text.

Killian: Emma, can we please talk about last night?

Followed by another one.

Killian: I don't want to be apart anymore. I'm so sorry about leaving the way I did. I was just upset.
Killian: I love you too much to let anything get in the way of what we have.

Killian: You are way too special to me.

Killian: Miss you, baby <3<3<3

A car pulled up to the curb, crushing the device under the weight of the tire and smashed it into a million pieces.

~*~

Killian felt like shit. He was pretty sure a jackhammer was pounding his head over and over again, his eyes were bloodshot red and his neck ached from sleeping in his car all night. And he still couldn't remember how the hell he ended up in the backseat of his vehicle. He’d acquired the car a few months ago once he grew tired of taking the crowded subway to work. New York City was quite different from England, but he was able to adjust to both the busy city life, driving on the right side of the road and manning the steering wheel with only one real hand. The traffic had been very tricky to maneuver around in at first, but he was a quick learner and became accustomed to it in no time.

He peeled himself out of the seat and made his way into the building while checking his phone. Trudging up the steps, he hoped Emma had responded to his texts, but received nothing. When he’d woken up in the car, he saw the messages on his phone from Emma and had to talk with her about what had transpired, but when he knocked on her door, she didn’t answer. His ability to recollect the memories from last night wasn’t the best, but he’d managed to remember the fight he and Emma had before he rushed off and how he’d drank his heart out.

Things after that were a blur.

Crossing the hall to his apartment, he unlocked the door and stepped in when he saw Milah sitting at his kitchen table eating cereal.

“What in the devil are you doing here? And why the fuck are wearing my t-shirt?” he asked angrily.

Milah frowned at his reaction to her presence. “Good morning to you, too,” she said sarcastically and stood up, walking over to him. “Here I was starting to get worried about you.”
“You didn't answer my questions,” he demanded again. “Why the hell are you here and why did you taint my shirt?”

Milah looked offended, eyes flooding with hurt. “Because, Killian, it’s your birthday.” She stepped up to him, closing the distance between them. She tried to put her hands on his chest, but he derailed her movements, gently grabbing her wrists to stop her.

Milah became irritated and snatched her hands away.

“I'm going to ask you one more time…”

“I already told you,” she bit out, anger flaring in her eyes. “I came here to the States for your birthday. I missed you, Killy, and I want us to get back together.”

And there it was.

“Don't call me that.”

Milah’s lips formed a pout. “But you're my Killy bear, you'll always be my Killiy bear.” She tried to touch him again but he stepped back before she could.

“Don't touch me. I'm not your anything,” he stated and casually walked past her towards the kitchen. “Now, get the fuck out.” He retrieved some coffee grounds and dumped out the coffee that was already in the pot, pouring every last drop before cleaning it out. He wasn’t about to drink coffee she had made. “And take off my shirt. But not out here,” he clarified, thinking about the last time he’d asked someone to take off his shirt. Although, last time it was his blonde beauty, and he would never complain about that incident. Milah, however, was the last person he wanted to see parading around naked. “Get your damn clothes and get the hell out.”

Milah’s eyes went wild with anger as she watched him. “What are you doing? I already made coffee.”

“And I’m remaking it,” he stated in a breezy tone. “I don’t want anything you’ve touched.”
She huffed out her frustration, crossing her arms over her chest, her jaw clenched as she stared at him with eyes full of fire. “Killian, I flew all the way from England to be with you.”

“Yeah, well I flew all the way here to get away from you,” Killian said as he filled the coffee pot with water.

Milah walked across the kitchen, her features twisting into a scowl. “You are so ungrateful. You were a stumbling drunk last night, I took care of you and helped you to bed and this is how you repay me?”

Killian emptied the water into the machine and set the pot underneath before turning around and planting his hands on his hips with an imploring look on his face. “What exactly happened last night?”

“I waited for you in front of your apartment last night, and you came home drunk, so I helped you inside and you told me how you broke up with Emma or whatever her name is. So I tucked you into bed and joined you so you wouldn't be alone. When I woke up you were gone.”

Bloody hell. Did he really tell Milah about his breakup? Killian narrowed his eyes at Milah. “I what?”

She sighed and rolled her eyes. “You told me you broke up with her and how miserable you were. If you ask me, she doesn't deserve you. I'm the one who took care of you last night.”

That was hilarious coming from her. “Yeah well Emma is the one who took care of me when you broke my heart. And she was a complete stranger to me at the time.”

Milah glared at him, but did not retract as Killian started walking past her.

“Didn't I tell you to get the fuck out?”

Before she could answer, Killian left the kitchen and went to his bedroom, Milah hot on his heels. He grabbed her bag and tossed it to her with a stern look on his face. “Now take your things and get out.”
Milah huffed as Killian left her in the room so she could change out of his shirt.

Ten minutes later, she was in her clothes as she stormed out of the bedroom with her bag strapped over her shoulder, tugging on her shoes along the way to the front door.

She threw his t-shirt at him with a, “Here's your stupid shirt!” and hauled the door open, but he didn't bother to catch it, knowing where it'd been, and let it fall to the floor. He'd have to remember to wash the thing very thoroughly.

Before Milah left, she had to get her final words in. “I'm leaving, but don't come crawling back to me when Emma won't take your pompous ass back!”

“Believe me, I won't,” he tossed back calmly before she scowled at him. He just grinned at her, unafflicted, which made her angrier, and she dashed out, slamming the door shut behind her.

Killian breathed a sigh of relief at the fact she was gone. He didn't know what he would've done if Emma had come over to find her there. He tried to call her again, but he was immediately directed to her voicemail, and left a message hoping he would hear from her soon.

His stomach started growling so he went to the kitchen to cook some breakfast. Honestly, he was craving blueberry pancakes because his mum always made him blueberry pancakes on his birthday, but instead he settled for something simpler. He retrieved the milk and gathered supplies to make scrambled eggs and sausage. He used the last of the eggs and went over to the trash can to dispose of the empty carton. It was the kind with a lid that swung open, but as he tried to dispose of the empty carton, the lid didn't move. It was blocked by something so he removed the lid, seeing a round plastic container on top of the already full garbage.

“Really, Liam?” he grumbled to himself. “And you always give me grief for throwing large items in the trash can instead of taking it directly out to the dumpster.” Why was there a plastic container in there anyways? Killian went to grab it, but the lid was unlatched, and the container ended up falling to the floor.

Killian sighed and bent over to pick it up when he noticed the stack of golden pancakes. Why would anyone throw away delicious pancakes? And were those blueberries? “What a waste,” he mumbled and grabbed the cover when he noticed there was a piece of paper taped to the inside of it. Arching a brow in curiosity, he carefully ripped off the note, seeing the flourished words written there on the page.
I know these pancakes don't make up for anything, but I know they're your favorite. Even if you don't take me back, my heart will still beat for you, Killian Jones. Happy birthday.

Always your Swan

His heart fluttered, a smile blooming over his lips. Perhaps he hadn't ruined things with her after all. He should've never pressured her into telling everyone about their relationship. He shouldn't have pushed her. He would have never forgiven himself if she'd told people just for the sake of pleasing him, as uncomfortable as she would have been. He felt like such an arse. He knew in his heart she was nothing like Milah. She wasn't trying to cover up their relationship so she could go back to her husband at night. She did it because she was scared. Of what exactly, he didn't know. But he was willing to wait until she was ready to tell him.

Killian lifted his eyes, still holding the paper, which was sticky from the pancakes, but he would never dream of throwing the note away. He would have to frame this.

Killian was still smiling as he went to his bedroom to find a safe place to put it for the time being. As he reached his door, reality suddenly crashed over him, his smile instantly vanished and his face drained of blood.

Oh Fuck.

Emma must have been at his place, because why else would the pancakes be in his trash can? She must have dropped by when Killian was gone…. when Milah was there… in nothing but his Kiss shirt— his and Emma's Kiss shirt. Killian instantly transformed into panic mode. He placed the note on his dresser and dug out the phone from his pocket, quickly dialing Milah's number.

“Well, that didn't take long,” she laughed when she answered. “I knew you couldn’t actually let me leave.”

Killian cringed. Of course she thought he was trying to get back with her. “Was Emma here at my place this morning,” he demanded, unamused.

“No, she wasn't,” Milah answered, her tone oozing with irritation.
“Don't lie to me, Milah. I saw the pancakes in the trash with a note from her.”

A dramatic sigh passed through the phone. “Yes, she stopped by. She came with the intention of crawling back to you, so of course I shut her down.”

Fear rushed through his blood, his entire body rigid. “What the hell did you do?”

“I only gave her a taste of her own medicine,” she replied sweetly.

His eyebrows wrinkled in confusion. “What are you talking about? What did she ever do to you?”

She scoffed. “Well, I don't know if you're aware of this, but Emma answered your phone one time while you were in the shower and said you never returned my calls because you were busy giving her multiple orgasms…”

Killian froze completely, almost crushing the phone in his hand. “Oh, Milah, please tell me you didn't.” His words were cracked with fear and panic, a shiver racing down his spine.

“Oh, but I did.” Killian could almost hear her smirking devilishly over the phone. “And I have to say, the look on her face right before she ran off, was absolutely priceless.”

Killian immediately hung up and wasted not a moment more, fleeing out the door and across to Emma's, unlocking the door and rushing in. He scrambled for her room and opened her drawers, hoping and praying she didn't take off. But to his dismay, her drawers nearly were emptied and when he went to her closet, there were some empty hangers, and her suitcase was gone.

Heart twisting in his chest, he couldn't breathe, the air completely missing from his lungs. This was all his fault. If he hadn't suggested they tell everyone about their relationship, if he hadn't given her an ultimatum and broke up her with her, if he hadn't fled from her flat last night, then Emma wouldn't have left.

Completely deflated, he trudged to the kitchen. He started pacing quickly, running his hand over his face and trying to figure out how he was going to fix this. Sometime between his frantic walking back and forth he lifted his eyes and spotted a key on the counter. He went over and picked it up, seeing it was a copy of the key to the apartment he was currently in. He knew it was hers because it had a Buttercup design on it.
This only meant one thing. Emma was gone for good.

Killian’s heart plummeted; he couldn't believe she’d just up and left. Where would she even go on such short notice? Perhaps a motel? No. Killian curled his fingers around the key, pondering that thought for a moment. Where did she always go to find retreat? And who would take her into their loving home, no matter what?

There were only two people he could think of who didn't currently live in this apartment.

Dashing out the door, he frantically ran down the steps as he called Liam.

“Killian, what's up?”

“Brother, is Elsa there with you?” he asked impatiently.

“Yeah, she’s with me. What’s going on?”

“Could you ask Elsa where the Nolans live?” he demanded, ignoring Liam’s question as he jumped into his car. Turning on the speakerphone, he mounted the device to the dashboard so he could talk while driving.

“Elsa’s using the ladies’ room right now, but I can tell you where they live. I've picked Emma up from there before, when her car had broken down.”

“Alright, text me the address.” he grumbled, peeling out of the parking lot. Killian knew roughly about where they lived, on the outskirts of the city, but he hoped he was heading in the right direction.

“Will do,” Liam agreed and gave him directions over the phone. Depending on the traffic, it would take about forty five minutes to an hour to get there. “Can I ask why you're going there?” Liam questioned curiously.
“It's a long story,” Killian sighed, trying to weave through traffic, wanting to get to Emma as soon as he could. He hated every second he wasn't with her, and he was anxious and nervous about whether she would take him back or not.

“Does it have anything to do with you breaking up with Emma?” Liam asked quietly.

Killian’s eyes blew wide, the area between his brows furrowing. “Wait, you know about that?”

A heavy sigh was expelled through the phone. “Who do you think held her and let her cry until she was able to talk about it?”

Killian gritted his teeth. “And I'm sure you enjoy throwing that in my face.” He didn’t like the idea of Emma running into another man’s arms, even if Liam was his brother. But he only had himself to blame. He hurt Emma, and now he had to reap the consequences. It just hurt like hell.

“Oh, you have no idea,” he answered, but it was not in a light manner. Killian could tell Liam wasn’t happy with him. “You’re lucky I don’t slap you upside the head for what you did to her.”

“Liam, believe me, I’m already slapping myself over the head, but right now I’ve got a bigger problem.”

“A bigger problem than hurting Emma?”

“Okay, it’s the same problem, but I apparently managed to make it worse. Milah showed up at our flat last night when I came home drunk.”

Killian didn’t hear anything from the other line for what seemed like an eternity.

“Liam?” he muttered, thinking his brother had hung up the phone.

“You didn't let her in, did you?”

“I was drunk and apparently lost my mind last night. I did break up with Emma, remember?”
Killian couldn’t see his brother, but he could hear Liam’s anger and disappointment as much as he attempted to mask it with a more relaxed tone. “Alright, so what happened?”

“Nothing happened. Milah helped me in and slept in my bed, so I went to my car and slept. Meanwhile, Emma showed up this morning to make up with me, only to find Milah in nothing but my Kiss t-shirt. So she went to her apartment, packed her clothes and fled, leaving her key behind.”

“Oh, bloody hell,” Liam remarked, agitation and bewilderment edging his words. Killian knew if he were with his brother right now, he’d definitely be slapping him upside the head. “You need to fix this, Killian, before I kick your arse.”

To that, Killian rolled his eyes. “Really, because I thought it would just fix itself,” he spat, sarcasm lacing his words.

“No need to be snarky, smart ass. You are the one who fucked this up by breaking it off with Emma in the first place.”

“Don't remind me,” Killian pleaded softly as he came to another bloody red light. He was never going to get to his Swan at this rate.

“So I can assume you're not going to be home until late tonight?”

“You can, but hopefully when I do come home, I will be with Emma,” Killian answered optimistically. He had to be positive and have faith he could win his baby back.

“Good luck, Killian.”

“Thanks, something tells me I'm gonna to need it.”

“Just don't fuck this up with her… again,” Liam warned sternly.

“Any other words of wisdom?” Killian asked snidely.
“Nope, just tell me Milah's out of our place because otherwise I'm gonna kick her out myself.”

“Don't worry, she’s gone,” Killian reassured his brother.

“Thank God. Now go get Emma.”

“On my way, don't forget to text me the address.”

“I won't. And Killian?”

“Yeah?”

“Happy birthday.”

“Thanks, brother.”

Killian hung up and eagerly awaited the text so he could plug it into his GPS. No matter what he had to do, he was going to get his Swan back.

Or at least he hoped so.
“So, are you going to tell us what happened?” David asked kindly as Emma unpacked her things and filled the drawers of the guest bedroom.

As much as she didn't want to talk about anything having to do with Killian, she thought she might as well tell them; they were letting her stay in their home after all.

Emma peered down into her suitcase briefly before gathering the remaining clothes and zipping it closed. She made her way to the dresser one last time and emptied her hands, tossing the clothes into the drawer and pushing it closed. Looking over at David, she flashed him a weak smile as he waited patiently for her to say something.

“Yeah, I will,” she finally answered. “I just…” she paused, her heart still stinging with the pain she felt. She didn't want to bring everyone down with her. Emma shook her head, and tried to be positive. “It doesn't matter.” She walked across the room, passing David along the way and headed out of the bedroom.

“Emma, you know you can talk to us, right?” he asked following behind her.

“I know.” She strode downstairs with him hot on her heels, and went to the living room where Mary Margaret and Leo were emerging from the kitchen. The Nolan woman was juggling three hot mugs of cocoa and whipped cream as her son carried a small cup of the homemade chocolate drink.

“Emma, whenever you're ready to tell us, we're here to listen,” her friend assured with a warm smile. “We love you and want you to know we are here for you.”

Emma smiled faintly, accepting the hot cocoa which was warm and comforting as she slipped her
hand underneath the handle, her fingers curling around the mug. “Thank you.”

“You're very welcome.”

Leo set his drink on the coffee table and climbed into his godmother’s lap as she slowly nursed her beverage.

“Leo be careful, so Aunt Em Em doesn't spill her cocoa,” Mary Margaret chided softly.

“Yes, Mama,” he said and sat still on Emma's lap.

David started Leo's favorite movie, Zootopia, as the four of them sat in the living room. Emma was conflicted with whether she should tell them everything, but at this point she guessed it didn't matter anymore.

“I was dating Killian,” she finally blurted out when the movie was about five minutes in.

“Ha! I knew it!” Mary Margaret shouted exuberantly. “I knew you were more than just friends!”

David immediately paused the film, bringing his attention to her, the brunette’s eyes wide with bewilderment.

“What's dating?” Leo asked curiously as he turned to look at Emma, his sky blue eyes peering up at her.

“It means being with someone you really like,” David answered his son.

“Oh, does that mean I'm dating you, Em Em?” he asked her, eyes wide with excitement.

She laughed and dropped a kiss to the top of his head. “You're too young to date, kiddo.” Leo frowned in disappointment as Emma looked over at Mary Margaret and sighed, returning to their conversation. “Of course you knew,” she said sarcastically, rolling her eyes. “So did everyone else apparently.”
“What did everybody know?” Leo asked, confusion etched in his adorable features.

“Nothing, sweetie,” Mary Margaret said to him before averting her eyes to Emma, her features suddenly falling as she realized something. “Wait you said was dating? What happened?”

“Killian and I broke up,” Emma mumbled, looking down to avoid her friend’s gaze.

“Why don't we go in the other room and talk so Leo can watch his movie,” the brunette suggested after a moment of silence. Emma and David nodded in agreement as Mary Margaret looked at her son, speaking in a gentle voice. “Leo, why don’t you move from Em Em’s lap so she can get up.”

“But I don't wanna,” he groaned in complaint. “I wanna sit with Em Em.”

David eyed him sternly. “We will be right back, and then you can visit with Em Em, but right now we have to have a grownup talk.”

“Don’t worry kiddo, we’ll have plenty of time together,” Emma reassured him in a soothing voice, her lips pressed to his temple as she gave him another kiss.

He sighed, but listened to his parents and slid off of her lap, and onto the couch cushion next to her. David got up and ran his hand through his son's hair, ruffling it up and kissing the top of his head. “We’ll be right back, Leo.” Using the remote, he played the movie, and placed it next to his son before the three adults made their way into the kitchen, where they sat around the table with their hot cocoas.

“So, I’m guessing the birthday party isn’t happening then?” Margaret Margaret assumed.

“If it is, I won’t be there,” Emma answered, even though she had helped plan the get together. She didn’t want to take a chance that Milah would be there. She didn’t wish to be anywhere near that woman’s presence. “But you and Leo can still go if you want. I won’t be upset, I just…” Emma stopped abruptly, tears threatening her eyes again.

Mary Margaret reached out a hand, placing it over Emma’s, her features etched with concern. “It’s okay, Emma. We can stay here with you, if you’d like.”
Emma offered a weak smile. “No, you got him a gift, and I don’t want to keep you both here to wallow in my misery with me.” She looked over at David, waiting for him to protest, but he had a thoughtful look on his face.

“Wait, so were you and Killian dating during the camping trip?” he asked with a frown.

Emma nodded. “Yeah, we were,” she croaked, remembering the night in the tent when they had first confessed their love for one another.

“So, it was you and Killian who were getting it on in the shower stall next to mine, wasn’t it?”

“David,” his wife chided as she released Emma's hand and swatted him gently in the shoulder, scolding him. “Now is not the time.”

Emma’s cheeks filled with blush, embarrassment forcing her to look down at the table. To think, she put herself out there for Killian, just so he could break up with her and get back with his ex the same night. “It’s okay,” she assured them, but was more or less trying to convince herself of this. “You don’t have to worry about hearing us or accidentally walking in on us anymore.”

David and Mary Margaret didn’t seem happy about that though, in fact they exchanged worried glances, distress evident in their faces.

Emma’s bottom lip quivered and she felt like she were about to burst into tears again. Leaning over, she pressed her face against the back of her hands, which rested on the table. She just wanted to crawl into a hole and die so no one had to see her like this.

~*~

When Killian arrived at the address Liam had texted him, he knew it was the correct place because he saw Emma's yellow bug and the Nolans’ truck in the driveway.

Parking his car in the front of the house, he paused to gather his thoughts and mused what he would say to her, hoping she’d hear him out and give him the chance to explain. He pulled out his phone and looked at a picture he had of her. It was a selfie of the two of them and he had an arm around
her, kissing her cheek. The smile on her face was the most arresting aspect of the photo. This was how he wanted her to look at him—with pure joy reflected on her face and a happy, toothy beam that reached her eyes. If he could have one wish for his birthday, he’d want to see her wearing that exact same smile on her face again. He knew it was a strange wish, but it was the only thing he truly wanted.

Killian tucked his phone into his jacket and got out of his car, a deep sigh released from his lips. Shutting his car door and walking up the porch steps he breathed unsteadily, praying to the gods above she’d take him back.

The welcome mat read, *You Better Have Tacos*, and he would have chuckled if he weren’t so nervous and anxious to get his Swan back. He rang the doorbell and waited with bated breath.

It wasn’t long before the door cracked open. Killian took a deep, shaky breath, his heart beating rapidly in his chest.

Seeing no one there, only the narrow view of the inside and the chain securing the lock, he looked down, spotting a pair of blue eyes, level with the knob, peering through the gap between the frame and the door. It was Leo.

“Killy?!” the young Nolan boy exclaimed, recognizing Killian straight away.

A smile cracked Killian’s lips. “Hey there, little lad.”

Leo immediately tried to reach up for the chain, but he was too short, and his fingers couldn't quite reach.

“Who’s at the door, Leo?” David’s voice rang from inside. “You know the rule about not opening the door for strangers.”

“It’s not a stranger, Daddy, it’s Killy!” Leo shouted. “We have to let him in!”

Leo disappeared from view and the door was shut before Killian heard the click of the lock. It opened, to Killian’s relief, and David was standing there with his arms crossed and a stern look on his face.
Killian swallowed thickly at the intensity of his stare as he managed a small smile. "Hi, mate."

"Does Emma know you were coming over?" he asked, ignoring Killian’s polite greeting.

"No, but I came here hoping she would hear me out. There was a huge misunderstanding this morning and I have to explain to her what happened."

"Are you here to date Em Em?" Leo asked curiously, looking up at him.

Killian’s cheeks warmed with blush as he glanced down at the young lad. "I'm certainly hoping to."

David put up his hands to stop Killian from entering. "Just hold on a sec. I don't know if Emma wants to see you right now. She's pretty upset."

Killian stared at the man, eyes pleading with him. "Could you just ask her to hear me out? Please. We can talk outside if you want us to. I just need to set things straight with her, and if she decides to still be mad at me then I'd understand. I just need to tell her the truth."

David expelled a long, weary sigh. "Alright, I'll ask her. Wait here."

Killian had to refrain from jumping up and down in anticipation and hugging David in gratitude, and instead settled for a grateful grin. "Thank you."

David left the foyer, trudging off to the kitchen, and Killian was grateful, but he knew David had made one mistake.

"Em Em is sad without you," Leo said to him, taking Killian’s hand. "Let's go cheer her up."

Before Killian could respond, Leo was tugging on his hand and pulling him inside following after David.

"Lad, I don't know if I'll be welcomed," he tried, but Leo kept going until they went through the kitchen door, facing Emma and the Nolan couple before David could even get the words out.
“Em Em, look, it’s Killian!” Leo shouted in excitement. “He's here to date you!”

Everyone in the room turned their attention to Leo and Killian. That’s when he noticed Emma had been crying, fresh tears streaming down her cheeks.

His heart shredded seeing her in such distress.

David had a baffled look on his face, an apologetic smile curving his lips. “Did I mention Killian is here?”

Emma was not any happier seeing him there, that much he could tell. She huffed in frustration and shot up, immediately heading out of the kitchen.

“Emma. Wait!” Killian called after her, but she didn’t retract her determined endeavour in leaving.

“Just let her go,” David demanded quietly, staring at Killian with pleading eyes.

He didn't listen.

He wasn’t willing to let her get away, especially not with her thinking what she did. He let go of Leo’s hand and scrambled out of the kitchen and out the front door.

Seeing Emma rush to her car, he shouted after her. “Emma please, you need to know the truth!”

This seemed to infuriate her even more, and she whipped around scowling at him before she had made it to her car door. “What, that you're a piece of scum?! Well don’t waste your breath because I already know that,” she bit out and turned around, unlocking her car and throwing the door open.

“I didn't sleep with Milah,” he tried breathlessly, but he didn't know how well his attempt would go over.
Thankfully she paused, her hand still gripping the door as she stared at him, waiting for him to continue.

He suddenly became nervous, her fuming gaze rendering him useless. Running an anxious hand through his hair, he expelled a deep, shaky breath, trying to gather his wits and his words. “I slept in my car all night because,” he started to explain, his voice cracked as he stared at her, eyes stormy with the fear he might lose her, “even when I'm completely trashed, I never want to be with anyone but you.” Her expression didn't change much, and he was afraid she wasn't buying anything he was saying. “If you really think I would, then obviously I've failed you,” he murmured, his heart aching at the thought of losing her for good. “For that, I'm sorry,” he managed, his words completely wrecked by that point, and she still did not respond, so he took that as a failure on his part.

Accepting defeat, he turned and began making his way for his vehicle, tail between his legs. He knew he had to let her go, he knew he fucked everything up and there was nothing he could do to fix it.

“Killian…”

The sound of his name, however broken it came from her lips, made him pause.

“Did you really come here to date me again?”

The question was music to his ears, and he turned around to look at her. She wasn't smiling, but she didn't appear to be as upset as she was.

Emma was pursing her lips in thought, and he could tell the gears were grinding in that beautiful mind of hers. “Because if you really want to tell everyone about us, I will. I'll do it for you,” she claimed, and sucked in a breath, fear flickering in her eyes. “I just need to know you still want me.”

Killian was stunned. She went from hating his guts to questioning whether he still wanted her, which of course he did. He would never not want her.

With long strides and determined steps, he made his way over to her with an indecipherable expression on his face.

Emma waited for him, her hand lingering loosely on the door as her eyes chased his movements.
Killian walked around her car and approached her, taking her hand off the door. His hand clasped possessively on her hip as he glued his gaze to hers. “Doe this mean you believe me?” he asked, words laced with hope.

He held his breath waiting for her to tell him no, to slap him or call him an asshole, but she just left him hanging with her silence for a few minutes. He was determined on winning her staring contest, even if he had to stand in front of her all day and night.

He felt her body melt in his at last, and raised his hand to her face wiping the remaining tears off of her cheek.

“Yes, of course I believe you.”

Killian let a long breath escape his lungs—a breath he hadn't even known he'd been holding, and he felt a thousand times lighter. “That's a relief, because I'm crazy in love with you, Emma Swan,” he declared, wrapping her in his arms and lifting her up. She gasped, but didn't reject him, her hands curling around the back of his neck as he rested his forehead against hers, the anxiety inside of him dwindling rapidly.

She looked at his lips, then up at his eyes, “You better be,” she murmured and dropped her eyes to his lips again.

“I'm a fool for letting you go in the first place,” he breathed softly, indulging in the feeling of having her in his arms again.

Finally, a smile came over her face, and before he knew what was happening, she leaned in and claimed his lips with hers, drawing him into a kiss that was soft and delicate. That electric, galvanizing feeling of her taste brought on a series of delicious shocks that attacked every cell in his body.

She didn't pull back or change her mind, which he was half expecting, so with relief flooding him completely, he tightened his arms around her and swiveled them around so her back was to the car before he slanted his mouth over hers, deepening the kiss. Twenty four hours hadn’t even passed since they’d been apart, but it had been some of the worst hours he’d ever experienced before. It was worse than Milah breaking up with him, it was worse than losing a limb and it was worse than not being able to tell everyone about their relationship.
Mouths parted, tongues sliding to taste one another with heated strokes full of fire and urgency. His heart was pounding and he was filled with joy; he didn't want to let his Swan go ever again.

“Ahem.” The clearing of David's throat pulled both Emma and Killian back to reality.

They reluctantly tore their lips apart and craned their necks to look at him while trying to find the air for their lungs again.

“I’m glad you two made up and all, but maybe you could... get a room?” David suggested as he and Mary Margaret stood on the lawn, each holding Leo's hand in between them as he was bundled up in a jacket.

“Mom, can Em Em and Killian come with us?”

“Sorry, honey, but I think we need to let them talk for awhile,” his mother answered with a small grin, and looked up at Emma and Killian. “We were just going to the park so you two could have the chance to work things out inside, but it appears you already have,” she snickered.

Killian and Emma blushed as they glanced at one another before returning their attention to the Nolans.

“There are still some things we need to talk about, but we’ll be okay,” Emma assured with a smile.

“Okay, well take your time. We’ll be back later,” Mary Margaret assured, and Emma and Killian waved at the Nolans before they left in David's truck.

Emma and Killian walked into the house and sat on the couch to talk. Her hands were pressed together between her knees as she looked down, explaining to him what she’d said to Liam and how she was only trying to protect their relationship.

“Emma, why do you think what we have would so easily be ripped away from us? Do you think I'd let you go that easily?” he asked, eyeing her in confusion as he lifted his hand and swept stray hairs from her face and behind her shoulder so he could see her better, but she avoided looking at him. Had he done something to make her feel this way? Even though they had made up, his stomach was still coiled in knots, and he was hoping they would be okay.
Emma shrugged. “I guess not, but I didn't want to take the chance. I like you too damn much, Killian Jones,” she laughed, her cheeks tinting with blush. She finally peered up at him, eyes fleeting to his as a small smile curved her lips. “I didn't want to lose you.”

She once again took his breath away. He smiled and took her chin in his hand, thumb gently caressing her smooth, delicate skin. “You're not gonna lose me, love,” he assured softly. “Even though I walked away from you last night, I immediately regretted it.”

“You did?” she asked, her voice cracked with relief and surprise.

“Aye. It may have taken a few glasses of rum for me to realize it, but I didn't want to be apart from you. And I would have never forgiven myself if I pressured you into telling people about us when you weren't ready to. I’m just sorry Milah showed up at my door, and I’m sorry for the chaos she caused while she was there.”

Emma looked down again, a frown taking over her features, but she didn’t face away from him. “Yeah, I really don't like her. And I didn’t like her wearing our shirt.”

“I'm glad you think of it as ours, too.” Killian smirked and gently lifted her chin so he could look her in the eyes. “But don't worry, laundry day is soon and we can wash it.”

A beautiful smile bloomed over her lips, and her eyes seemed to sparkle once again. “I do love laundry day.”

“Me too, Emma, me too,” he smirked, wagging his brows suggestively. “And after we wash the shirt, you'll have to christen it with your scent again by wearing only your knickers with it.”

Emma smirked mischievously, and he could almost see her mind flooding with devilish thoughts. “Or I could wear the shirt without knickers…”

Killian emitted a low growl with the image in his head and graphically pictured how she’d look with flushed cheeks, green eyes blown with lust and a parted mouth as he fingered her in his shirt or just lifted her up on the kitchen table and fucked her on top of it. “Sounds bloody fantastic,” he groaned, pressing a kiss to her lips. The images were arousing, but he tamed his desires to have her so they could continue on with the conversation. They still had some pertinent issues to discuss.
“So, can I ask... how did you know I was here?” she questioned, looking up at him with curious eyes.

Killian took her hand in his good one and caressed her knuckles with the pad of his thumb, peering down at his movements. “Well, after I kicked Milah out of my flat, I saw the pancakes you made me, in the trash and I found the note.” His eyes darted up, meeting hers again, the memories of earlier that day tugging the strings of his heart. “I put the pieces together and knew you must have been by this morning, so I called Milah and asked her about it. She told me what she said, so I went to your apartment. Sure enough, your key was on the counter and I figured you came here to stay for a while.”

Emma had a guilty look on her face, eyes full of regret. “I’m sorry, I shouldn't have taken off like that, but... I was upset and acted on instinct. Milah was trying to get under my skin, and she succeeded,” Emma admitted, shame laced in her words.

“I’m just glad I found you, love,” he said with a reassuring smile. “I talked to Liam to get this address.” He paused and sucked in a breath, debating whether he should mention the conversation he had with his brother or not. He should've been a bit upset about that. After all this time of Emma wanting to keep their relationship a secret, and after getting into a fight over it and breaking up, she ended up telling someone anyway. “He said he already knew about us?” he asked skittishly, hoping the question would not upset her.

Emma just sighed, looking at their joined hands. “Yeah, he found out a while ago and decided not to tell us.”

Killian’s eyes widened in bewilderment. “Liam already knew?”

Emma nodded. “He said he was waiting for us to be ready to tell him,” she lifted her eyes to look at him, adding, “and because he had fun messing with you.”

Killian was stunned and a bit pissed at Liam at the same time. “Is that so?” he asked, making a mental note to get his pain in the arse brother back for that at some point.

“Yep,” she answered matter of factly.

“That git,” he grumbled, but he wasn’t at all displeased with Emma, only at his brother who seemed
to take pleasure in taunting him. “Of course he would do that. Be glad you don't have a brother, love.”

Emma smiled faintly and leaned her head on his shoulder.

He wrapped his arm around her back, dropping a kiss to the crown of her head and tightening his hand around her hip.

“I'm sorry for making you keep it a secret and for not allowing you to go to Liam and talk to him about us,” she apologized, placing her hand on his stomach and burying her face in his neck.

Killian expelled a long, trembling breath, released her hip after a gentle squeeze and began rubbing her back to soothe her worries. He didn't care about that right now. He was just thrilled to have his Swan back. “No need to apologize, Emma, there's plenty of time for that.”

Emma nodded against him, turning her head from his neck so he could hear her speak. “Yeah, I know, but still… it was a disservice to you and your relationship with Liam… to all of our friends. From now on I want to tell everyone about us,” she confessed, slipping her hand under his shirt and soothing her fingers along his stomach.

Killian’s breath hitched at the gentle caresses of her soft fingertips and at the fact that she wanted to tell everyone about them. But he hoped she wasn’t just saying these things to appease him. “Are you sure, love?”

“Practically everyone already knows anyways, and besides I want to tell people. I don't want to hide anymore.” Emma lifted her head and removed her hand from under his shirt, gazing into his eyes, her soft emerald depths full of promise and love. “You were right, I wasn't giving you the whole thing, but I want that to change.” She curled her hands around the lapels of his shirt, speaking in a gentle, sincere voice. “I want you to have all of me, Killian.”

His heart fluttered, and after five months of only wanting that, he was so relieved and happy to finally hear those words. “Really, love?”

Emma nodded and smiled. “Really. And I want all of you.” She bit her lip in contemplation, and he once again saw the gears turning in her head. “In fact…” she paused, her eyes studying his face as she gathered the strength to find the words. “I want us to move in together… that is if you want to as well.”
Killian’s entire world changed in that very second, and his stomach was doing somersaults, a big, stupid grin overtaking his face. “Are you kidding? I want nothing more.”

Emma breathed in relief, excitement dancing in her eyes. “Really?!?”

Killian chuckled, his hand caressing the apple of her cheek. “Really.”

She kissed him out of pure joy, laughing against his lips. “We’re moving in together!” she chanted vibrantly.

“Aye love,” he murmured, pressing his forehead against hers, still trying to process all of this while trying to keep himself in check. He didn’t want the extent of his excitement to scare her off, so he let it simmer inside of him.

“And I don’t care if we move into my place or yours. As long as we’re together.”

Killian was so glad to hear those wonderful words, and he was so glad she wanted this, because ever since Elsa had mentioned the idea, he’d wanted it more than he could have ever expressed in words. “We can move into your place on one condition…” he teased her.

“And what’s that?” she asked curiously, narrowing her eyes at him.

Killian delayed his answer a moment, doing his best to contain the excitement coiling the inside of his stomach. “We replace the coffee table.”

“Well, considering I haven’t been able to sit in front of it without the images of your brother’s ass in my head, you definitely have a deal,” Emma agreed, kissing him again on the lips. Killian closed his eyes briefly, savoring the taste of her mouth and the beautiful sound of her laugh which poured from it. “It appears we’ll have more things to christen,” she breathed after pulling away slightly, her cheeks pink and flustered, a wicked smirk crossing her lips.

Killian grinned, his heartbeat spiking, arousal stirring in his belly. “Mmmm, I like the way you think, love.” He held her tightly and left a trail of kisses along her jaw, enjoying the way her breath caught in her throat as his stubble dragged across her skin. He was already becoming hard thinking about
christening the furniture in *their* apartment. “In fact, I wonder if all of the furniture *here* has been christened properly,” he said with a devilish grin of his own.

“Killian!” Emma shouted out in both surprise and amusement, swatting his stomach. He could tell she was struck with a thought just then, and she bit her bottom lip, a dirty smirk curving those beautiful lips of hers. “You know what hasn't been christened?”

Killian lifted a brow, a spark of intrigue lighting up inside of him. “What's that?”

“The bed in the guest room.”

Taking his cue from her, Killian scooped her in his arms, hauling her up from the couch in one swift move that made her giggle as the breath escaped her lungs.

He settled his hand under her ass and she wrapped her legs around his waist and curled her arms around his neck as he started to walk across the living room.

He took a gander around the house trying to guess where her bedroom would be.

“Upstairs,” she croaked, combing her fingers through his hair and tilting her head towards the direction of the staircase.

“I can walk, you know?” she laughed. “I’m probably too heavy to carry up the stairs anyways.”

A playful scuff breezed past his lips. “Please, love, you’re as light as a feather,” he assured, his nose nuzzling her jaw as he placed warm kisses on her skin.

“You're obviously exaggerating,” she said, rolling her eyes.

Killian shrugged, gracing her with a teasing smirk and leaned in to kiss her collarbone. She threw her head back, offering her elegant neck to him, and he kissed the taut skin on her throat. “Maybe a little,” he murmured against her creamy, smooth skin. He pulled back, only to witness the scowl taking over her features. He chuckled and continued mouthing her neck, forcing those pursed lips to fall open in arousal. “I’m going to make love to you,” he whispered before drawing the delicious skin
between his lips, the thought of leaving a love bite on her for all of their friends and his brother to see, driving him mad with lust.

“Killian…” The sound of his name pouring from her lips was drowned in a moan, and he knew she was already soaking wet.

He was dying to find out if his musings were correct or not.

He reached the staircase and started climbing it with movements which were nothing close to graceful. The arousal overtaking him made him delirious, and he stumbled, falling over, but his arms were still securing her in his hold as she sat against the steps. They kissed each other desperately, not patient or wise enough to wait until they got into bed. By that time, he was hard as a rock, his erection straining painfully against his jeans, the denim fabric too constricting and unyielding. He grabbed the railing with his good hand and leaned on his forearm as they started grinding each other, their feral desires possessing them. He swallowed the delicious moans she offered him as he dragged his clothed shaft over the front of her jeans, and he thought he might explode.

Finally they were able to come to their senses and ascend the entirety of the staircase, because they knew David, Mary Margaret and their son could waltz in at any moment, and they didn’t want to scar the kid more than they already had.

“That one,” Emma managed in a broken whisper as he was about to pass her bedroom, and he carried her in, kicking the door shut behind him. By the time they fell into the bed, they were both about to erupt with anticipation alone.

Killian tore his lips from hers, his breathing erratic as he pulled up her top. She lifted herself from the mattress so he could remove the offending material and toss it carelessly to the floor. Her gorgeous breasts were encased in a hot pink bra as he snaked one arm underneath her and easily unlatched it, slipping it from her gorgeous breasts which spilled freely as he flung the bra across the room and took a delicate nipple in his mouth.

A growl roared from the back of his throat as his tongue lapped at the pink pearl, and he felt it tense and harden between his lips. Emma moaned, her body squirming in pleasure, but she was determined to rid him of his clothes.

“Fuck, Killian,” she whimpered below him. Killian released her nipple so she could take his shirt off, discarding it on the floor and reaching for his belt before he could continue his previous ministrations.
He pulled down his jeans and boxer briefs, releasing a deep sigh of relief as his throbbing dick sprang free, and he chucked off his shoes, tossing them to the floor. Emma looked up at him, eyes glowing with excitement, her nipples stiff and inviting as his tongue darted out to lick his lips salaciously. He swiftly unbuttoned her pants and she raised her hips so he could remove them. The first thing he noticed when he revealed her panties was the lace of her thong. Wickedly, she smirked and finished pulling off her jeans shimmying them down her gorgeous legs. His eyes raked over her angelic form. “Gods, love… you're so fucking hot,” he uttered, desire dripping from his words.

“You want to kiss me then?” she beckoned him with the crook of her index finger, levering her hips up.

He growled and cursed, “Take those damn panties off.”

Emma was biting her smile as she wriggled her hips to slip the sexy thong off, and he’d been right—she was absolutely drenched—and the damp material was stuck to her labia, not wanting to part with her sweet heat. He swore viciously at the wanton little show she put on with her deliberate moves, and the way she murmured, “Oh darn, now my panties are all sticky!”

Once the thong was gone, Emma spread her legs wide in invitation, her arousal glistening between her decadent thighs.

“Bloody tease,” he groaned, lustful eyes roaming over her delicious looking folds.

“What?” she asked innocently, fluttering her lashes. “It's not my fault you made me soak my panties.”

He growled, and normally he'd dive in and lick up all her goodness, but he knew they didn't have long until the Nolans came home. So instead, he crawled into bed and slipped between her legs, laying atop her so her thighs were cradling his hips. He kissed her sweet mouth, feeling her wetness soak his aching cock. He responded instinctively, moving his hips and giving her little thrusts to feel more of her soft, cozy walls around his length as he whispered against her parted lips, “So wet for me,” his voice low and husky and riddled with desire. Her breath was hot and ragged against his mouth, a delicate hand slithering between their aching bodies as she reached for his rock hard dick, her fingers wrapping around his girth.

“Oh fuck,” he ground out and couldn't help thrusting shallowly into the sheath her hand provided, groaning as his precome lubricated her palm everytime her fingers slid over the swollen tip of his cock.
He touched his nose to hers before stealing a scorching kiss from her lips, emitting guttural groans into her mouth.

“Emma,” he pleaded. “If you keep that up, I’m gonna come in your hand,” he stuttered, feeling her fingers tighten around him as she stroked him more firmly. “Ohhh,” he groaned and somehow managed to sneak his hand between them and slip his finger into her incredible heat, looking forward to replacing his index with his thick cock as he fucked her. Letting go of him with a whine—she wanted the same and they both knew it—she raised her hand to her mouth, savoring the taste of his precome on her fingers as she sucked them clean, eyes locked with his. Killian groaned, watching his naughty little vixen enjoy his salty come on her tongue.

Reluctantly removing his fingers, he encased his length with his hand, pressing himself to her opening. He entered her, eliciting maons from both of them, lithely moving his hips as her wet heat swallowed him inch by inch until he was all the way in, wrenching a primitive growl from deep within him. His prosthetic automatically moved to her greedy hip, grasping onto her as they found a pleasing rhythm which had them both crying out in cadence.

She felt like heaven, as she always did, a slur of curses singing from her mouth as he moved inside her just the way he knew she liked.

Threading his fingers between hers, he pressed her hand into the mattress, never halting his movements or slowing down.

After the damage Milah had done, he was so happy to have his Swan back as he made love to her in the guest bed, whispering, “You're the only woman I ever want.”

Emma was panting sporadically, her emerald orbs searing into his blue ones, her slickened soft walls expanding around his dick, devouring him whole. Killian captured her lips as he rocked into his sweet angel, delving his tongue inside her mouth to taste her and swallow the delicious noises she offered.

He was under her spell, her beauty, the way her legs were completely snaked around his waist, the way she cursed his name, begging for more and the way she looked up at him, like he was the only man in the world she wanted to be with.

“I love you, Killian,” she breathed, a single tear escaping her glistened eyes.
“I love, too, Emma,” he whispered in her ear, burying his face in the crook of her neck. “Love you so much.” He picked up his pace, Emma's thigh muscles tightening around his hips to secure him in place as he surrendered to his goddess.

Her lips parted once more, eyes fluttering shut and head tilting back into the pillow. The sight of her enthralled him and brought him close to the deep abyss along with her.

“Come for me,” he coaxed sweetly with a few powerful thrusts.

“Oh God!” she whimpered grasping for him, fingernails digging into his back, almost breaking through his skin. She was shaking all over, sweat dotting her forehead, face and chest flushed as her wonderful, quivering walls clamped around him, sucking him deep every time he plunged into her. A few more rough thrusts at just the right angle pushed her over the edge, and she screamed through her orgasm, soft walls fluttering around his girth.

“Gods, Emma...“

The pleasure overwhelmed him, but he didn't stop ramming his cock inside of her, even when her swollen flesh contracted violently around him, milking him for all he had while her hot juices coated his dick like warm honey. He unloaded streams of hot come deep inside her with a rough, guttural groan, hips stuttering as he gently collapsed into her, their chests heaving rapidly as they both fell from their euphoric high.

Both sated and satisfied, the room around them was spinning as they used each other as an anchor, trying to clutch the hands of reality again. Killian was so entranced by the warmth that radiated around him, he didn't ever want to leave her embrace.

~*~

Emma was floating, a smile stretching across her lips as they bathed in the aftermath of glorious makeup sex. The bed was smaller than her own, but that only meant they had to snuggle closer, which neither of them minded. She couldn't get enough of him—his musky scent, the feel of his warm lips on her skin as he nestled his head into her chest, his arm draped around her stomach. She knew her friends would be home any moment, and at first her heart had flitted in panic, but then she realized they already knew about her and Killian.
And despite the fact they were both naked underneath the sheets, bodies and hair and limbs entangled together in a delicious heap, she didn't really care if someone walked in on them.

“Em Em!”

But she didn't expect it to actually happen.

Emma and Killian both gasped and hurried frantically to make sure they were both covered adequately as Leo burst through the door and scurried into the room. “Killy!” He climbed the bed in excitement as Emma sat up, securing the sheet over her body.

“Leo, what did I tell about running upst—” Mary Margaret's words trailed off when she saw the scene before her as she walked into the room. “Oh gosh, I’m so sorry. Leo get off the bed,” she chided her son. “Emma and Killian are having some private time.”

“Killy, did you cheer Em Em up?” he asked curiously with a disappointed frown as he slid off the bed.

Killian nodded and sat up, a smile curving his lips. “I sure did, Leo.”

He pouted. “But I wanted to cheer her up too!”

“Leo, you can cheer her up later. Let’s give Killy and Em Em some privacy,” she demanded gently, taking her son’s hand.

“What’s all the commotion?”

David’s voice filled Emma with panic, and her eyes widened in horror when he stepped into the room. After one glance at Emma and Killian, he immediately turned his face away. “Dammit,” he cursed with a deep sigh. “I see you two made up,” he groaned.

“Yes, and Leo and I were just leaving so they can finish… making up. You did tell them to get a
room, ” Mary Margaret reminded him wryly.

“Guys, I’m so sorry,” Emma moaned into the palm of her hands.

David took Leo’s hand and they left the room as the kid asked, “Why is Em Em and Killy nakey?” and Mary Margaret headed for the door behind them.

“Just get dressed soon. We’re making dinner,” she informed, and Emma lifted her face, seeing the hint of a smirk on her friend’s lips before the brunette closed the door.

Emma awkwardly looked at Killian, cheeks flushed in embarrassment. “I’m so sorry.”

To her surprise, Killian merely laughed and leaned in, pressing a kiss to her temple. “Don’t be. This is turning out to be the most interesting birthday I’ve ever had.”

Emma groaned as she buried her face into Killian’s warm chest, but it wasn’t long before they both erupted into a fit of giggles.

They were never going to catch a break, were they?

They eventually managed to get dressed and went downstairs where Mary Margaret was cooking in the kitchen. Emma and Killian offered to help, but were both swatted from the room. So they sat on the couch next to Leo watching the rest of Zootopia. Mary Margaret poked her head into the room half an hour later asking for Emma’s help.

“Do you need an extra hand?” Killian asked, but the Nolan woman shook her head. “That's okay, we have to engage in some girl talk anyways,” she said with a beaming smile.

Killian chuckled as he kissed Emma on the lips. “Alright.”

She stood up and left the room as Killian turned his head towards the movie, with Leo next to him, his eyes glued to the television screen.
It wasn't long before the movie was over. Leo wandered from the living room and the house grew eerily quiet. Killian turned off the tv and listened for any sign of movement, but there was none. So he stood and walked across the room, making his way through a door. He still didn't know his way around the house, so he had no idea where was going.

The door lead to a spacious kitchen, but there was no one there and no sign of cooking, although the delicious smells of sausage and pasta sauce still lingered in the air.

“Emma,” he called out, swallowing thickly. “Leo?” There was no answer, so he made his way to the sliding doors which led to the backyard patio as he called for David and Mary Margaret. There was absolutely no response, so he started to panic a little when the patio was empty. Turning around and heading back inside, he went through another door and stepped into the adjacent room. It was dark, so he reached for the wall, feeling around for the light switch flipping on the light.

“Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you…”

Killian was bewildered as he watched everyone who was gathered around the dining room table with a birthday cake in the middle, and a candle lit as they sang slowly, “Happy birthday to Killian, happy birthday to you!”

There weren't many people, only the Nolans, Liam, Elsa and Anna, Ruby, Regina, and of course his darling Swan. A smile bloomed over his lips as they blew party whistles and threw confetti at him.

Liam had a big grin on his face as he approached and drew his brother into a bear hug. “Happy birthday, little brother.”

“Younger brother,” Killian corrected as Liam patted his back.

“Aye, I’m aware, you know I’m teasing.”

“And I'm aware of how you like to mess with me,” Killian grumbled, rolling his eyes.

Liam laughed. “Come on. What are brothers for?”
They broke apart and everyone took their turn, hugging him before Emma drew him into her arms, whispering, “Happy birthday.”

“How did everyone know I’d be here?” he asked her, confused, as they pulled apart. “Liam didn’t know how things turned out between us. For all he knew, you could have turned me away.”

“Mary Margaret called Liam and Elsa, because initially we were going to have the party at Elsa's and my apartment,” Emma explained as the others chatted amongst themselves. “After Mary Margaret saw that we made up, she had the idea of having the party here.”

Killian nodded in understanding.

“So, Emma, are you going to tell me what's going on?” Elsa asked, her arms crossed as she came up to her and Killian.

A guilt ridden expression fell over Emma's features. “Yeah, actually, there's something we have to tell everyone,” Emma announced, drawing everyone's attention. “Some of you already figured it out… most of you figured it out,” she corrected herself. She looked at Killian, smiling at him and took his hand into hers, threading their fingers together. “Killian and I have been seeing each other for the past five months,” she confessed to everyone.

Elsa looked around and could tell most of them were not surprised, especially her fiance. A distressed look fell over her features as she glanced at Emma. “Wait, am I the only one who didn’t know?” she asked, offended.

“I didn’t know,” Anna assured her sister.

“Neither did I,” Regina added.

Emma released Killian’s hand and took both of Elsa’s, speaking with apology. “Elsa, Killian and I didn't tell anyone, they figured it out on their own. I only found out last night that Liam knew.”

“And you didn’t think to tell me, your roommate and best friend?” Elsa asked, her eyes welling up with tears. “You just left your key on the kitchen counter and ran without even saying goodbye!” Her voice cracked with hurt. “You couldn’t have at least called me and told me what was going on?” Elsa was stricken with grief, the pain evident in her pale features. “I made you my maid of honor,
and you couldn't even tell me you were seeing my soon-to-be brother in law?"

Before Emma could answer, Elsa spun around and made a dash out of the room.

~*~

Emma felt like an ass. Elsa was right; out of all of the people in the world, Elsa was one of the four she should've confided in. And the worst part of all was Emma felt like she didn’t really have a valid excuse. Yes, she wanted to protect her relationship with Killian, but Emma knew she could’ve trusted Elsa to keep a secret. Emma should have gone to her about everything, but she didn’t, and now she was reaping the consequences.

Emma stepped out onto the front porch and took a seat next to Elsa in the swing. “I’m sorry, Elsa. I wanted to tell you, but I found Milah in Killian’s apartment after he had broken up with me last night, so I left. I was upset and I… I actually destroyed my phone because I was so upset. I left in a hurry, but I fully intended on telling you everything, I promise.”

Elsa shook her head, looking down at her hands as she sniffled. “I’m not just talking about moving out without telling me. You always shut out the people closest to you, Emma, and you don't realize how it affects people.” Her words hit Emma like a ton of bricks. She was right, and Emma knew that, she just didn’t know how to change it.

“I know, you’re right, I have a tendency to do that, but it has nothing to do with you or our friendship, Elsa. You know you are one of my closest friends, and the last thing I wanted to do was hurt you, but I was afraid, and I was hurt. I wanted something like you and Liam have, and I was afraid by telling everyone, it would get ruined.” Emma shrugged. “What else can I say? I have issues, I…”

That elicited a strangled laugh from Elsa’s lips. “At least we can agree about that,” she teased, finally looking up at Emma and taking one of her hands. “I just want you to be able to talk to me. Before you bring up those walls of yours, just… just let me in first, okay?” she asked, another tear sliding down her cheek. “You can let others in too, but please… just please don't leave me out.”

Emma nodded, offering her friend a smile. “I promise, from now on, I will always let you in.”

A smile crawled across Elsa’s lips, eyes lighting up with warmth, and Emma was able to take a breath of relief. “Thank you.”
“No, thank you, Elsa,” Emma replied. “Thank you for always being a good friend.” Emma thought she was going to cry again, but this time it would be out of joy. “I love you, Elsa.”

“Love you too, Em.”

They shared a laugh and hugged each other. Emma was glad she was able to secure another relationship in her life that day. If there was anything she learned from this whole ordeal, it was that shutting people out jeopardized her friendships, and she risked losing the people closest to her. And she didn’t want to feel like that ever again.

“So, does this mean you’re not moving out?” Elsa asked, a hopeful glint in her eyes as they broke apart.

Emma shook her head. “No, I’m not.” A big smile bloomed over her lips. “In fact, I think you should be the first to know…” she paused, leaving Elsa in suspense.

“Know what?” Elsa asked, eyes dancing with curiosity.

“After you and Liam find a place to live... Killian and I are moving in together.”

Elsa’s eyes widened in shock. “You are?!”

Emma nodded in confirmation. “We are.”

Elsa clapped, practically bouncing up and down in excitement. “Oh, Emma, that’s wonderful news!”

~*~

Killian and Liam were a bit nervous as they waited in the dining room, hoping Emma and Elsa were able to straighten things out. Killian had his own bone to pick with Liam, but he decided they’d all had enough drama for the day, and besides, he and Emma were back together and he was with all of the people who he had gotten to know and had become friends with over the months, and he no
longer had to hide his feelings for Emma. So overall it was a pretty fantastic day.

Elsa and Emma finally joined them and they were both smiling, so Killian was able to sigh in relief.

“Everything alright?” he inquired when the two blondes reached him and Liam.

They both exchanged warm glances. “Yeah, we’re good.”

“That’s a relief,” Liam said, planting a kiss to Elsa’s temple.

Emma looked at Killian, her smile never fading as she stepped closer to him. “Killian, what do you say we tell everyone the other news?” she whispered so no one else could hear.

His lips quirked into a grin. “I would love that.”

With that agreed on, they looked to everyone who was drinking punch and chatting.

“Everyone, there’s some more news Killian and I would like to share,” Emma announced to the room, gathering everyone’s attention. Emma wasted not a moment to tell them. “Killian and I are moving in together.”

“Oh, that's wonderful,” Mary Margaret chanted in excitement. “Isn't that wonderful, David?”

“After what happened earlier, it’s a good thing you’ll both have your own place,” David sighed.

Emma and Killian exchanged blushing looks.

“What happened earlier?” Elsa asked curiously.

“I'll tell you later,” Emma reassured her, cheeks flooding with blush.
Everyone was thrilled and happy for Emma and Killian, and they sat around the dining room table eating lasagna as Killian and Emma shared everything that went on the night before, how he and Emma broke up and how Milah showed up and the things she’d said to Emma, trying to keep the conversation on the g rated side for Leo’s ears. He was just excited to eat lasagna with the promise of cake later as he sat on his auntie's lap. They were all able to have some good laughs after everything had been said and done, and no one was the least bit surprised that Emma and Killian were more than friends.

The moonlight filtered through the windows after the darkness had overwhelmed the outside. The Nolans invited the gang to stay a while for a bonfire after they tucked in Leo. They all moved outside, bundled up in blankets in front of a fire, but with nine of them, there weren't enough outdoor chairs which was perfectly fine, because Emma took the opportunity to sit in Killian’s lap, and she did it happily, without worrying what everyone would think or how they would react. She sat in her boyfriend’s lap, and leaned back against his chest to snuggle with him without a care in the world, and looking forward to what the future held for them.

Killian wrapped his arms around his Swan and held her contentedly as they indulged in each other’s warmth. He kissed her temple, whispering sweetly in her ear, “I can’t wait to be your roommate.”

Emma trembled and smiled as his words vibrated in her ear, excitement shooting through her. “Me neither.” She loved her friend, Elsa, dearly but boy, she couldn’t wait until she and her boyfriend had a place to themselves where they wouldn’t have to worry about people walking in on them. “And no one gets a key to our place, do you agree?” she asked, turning her head to catch his reaction.

Killian grinned against her cheek like a cheshire cat. “I couldn’t agree more.”

Chapter End Notes

Just wanted to give everyone a heads up, I only have a few more chapters planned. I love writing this story, it is definitely one of my favorites, but I feel it's time to bring this story to a close soon. Thank you to everyone for reading and following along. This story probably would have not even made it past a one shot without all your constant encouragement and endless support.
It was the day they were heading to Scotland for Liam’s and Elsa’s wedding, and Killian was all too excited and happy for his brother, but he found it difficult to go anywhere when he was currently floating in blissful heaven with his blonde goddess. Their naked limbs were tangled underneath the covers, Emma's breasts buried in his chest hair, and they were embraced in each other's arms, chatting quietly and giggling in bed, not wanting to part with the peaceful serenity of their cozy, little bubble.

Needless to say, Killian was in heaven.

“Are you two ever going to get out of bed? We have a plane to catch.” Liam’s intrusive voice pulled them down from their cloud of bliss as the door knob to Killian’s bedroom turned. Before either of them could tell him to stay out, the door flew open, and Liam charged into the room. Luckily, Emma and Killian were both covered by a sheet and blanket as they turned their attention to him, a dumbfounded look etched in their features, even though it wasn’t the first time Liam had walked in on them.

“Get out.” Killian threw a pillow at him, but Liam caught it before it hit him in the face and didn't budge. He couldn't wait until Liam and Elsa closed on the house they were buying after the honeymoon.

Liam tossed the pillow on the bed and his eyes immediately spanned the room, taking in the sight with a critical eye. He didn't need to say anything though. Killian already knew the room was a mess. Clothes were strewn everywhere, on the floor and the bed and any other available surface he had in the room. It had been a disaster scene since last night when Emma had come over to help him pack, although they ended up not getting much packing done.

Killian's suitcase was visible on the floor, completely empty. It turned out trying to pack together was just as bad (good) as doing laundry together. Killian and Emma have done more dirty things in that
laundry room than the number of loads that get cleaned in a week.

“Don’t be such a groomzilla,” Emma mocked him, looking back at Killian and laying her head on his chest. “We’ll be ready in a bit.”

Killian chuckled, his gaze immediately returning to his girlfriend, and planted a kiss to the crown of her head.

Liam’s mouth fell open, his hands moving to his hips. “Ha ha very funny, lass,” he rolled his eyes, unamused. “We leave for the airport soon and you haven’t even packed yet,” he barked at Killian.

The way Liam was acting wasn’t exactly encouraging Killian to get out of bed, and only irritated him, giving him a heavy dose of déjà vu from when they lived together in England.

“Relax, the plane doesn’t leave for another seven hours. We have plenty of time,” Killian grumbled and raised the blanket over both their faces.

“Aye, we only have seven hours. It could take time to get a taxi, there could be traffic, the plane could leave early.” Liam continued to drone on about everything that could set them back, everything they had to do before they boarded the plane and not to mention everything Killian hadn’t packed yet. “Killian, don’t ignore me. I’m not going to leave this room until you get out of bed and start packing.”

Killian smirked as he climbed atop his girlfriend and started kissing her neck. Emma started giggling, and his name came out of her lips in a moan as he pressed his morning erection to her folds. “Killian…”

“Oh no, if you two think you’re going to scare me off by giving each other a good rogering under the sheets, you’re dead wrong.”

They paid Liam no mind as Emma wrapped her legs around her boyfriend and combed her fingers through his hair, bringing his lips to hers.

Don't make me rip off those bleedin’ blankets,” he spat, and Emma almost burst into laughter against his lips. “You think I’m joking? I'll do it.”
Turned out he really wasn’t joking.

The blankets were ripped off of them, revealing Killian’s bare ass. Luckily, all of Emma’s essential parts were hidden under his body.

“What the hell, Liam?!” Killian yelled as Liam threw the blankets on the floor.

“I told you I wasn’t joking.”

“We’re naked, you ponce!”

“Oh relax, it’s not the first time I’ve seen your bare arse! Now get it in gear and get packed!”

“I’m not worried about me, I don’t want you seeing my girlfriend naked!”

“Killian, I’m not trying to, I’m getting married soon, remember?! I’m not interested in your girlfriend. No offense, Emma,” he clarified.

“None taken,” she replied unafflicted, peering over Killian’s shoulder.

“What the hell is going on in here?!” Elsa asked, bursting into the room. “Oh my god!” she cried out, shielding her eyes from the sight.

“Killian and Emma won’t get ready, so I took their blankets!” Liam whined like a child.

“We still have plenty of time!” Killian repeated.

“Could everyone stop bickering and someone put the blankets back on us?” Emma yelled out in irritation. “I’m freezing!”
Of course it was Elsa who gathered the blankets and spread them out across the bed to cover up Killian and Emma.

“Sorry, Emma, but if my little brother had done what I'd asked, then I wouldn't have stolen the blankets,” Liam apologized, glaring at Killian.

“Elsa, could you turn around for one moment, please?” Killian asked her politely as he rolled off of Emma beneath the blankets and sat up. “And don't look behind you.”

Elsa eyed him warily. “Okay...” There was a bit of hesitance in her voice, but she did as he asked and turned around facing the wall in front of her.

“Thank you.”

Emma had a feeling she knew what he was doing. Sure enough, she was correct.

“Now Liam, tell me something.” Killian slipped out from under the blankets, got out of bed and stood up facing his brother. He was stark naked, giving Emma a fine view of his gorgeous butt and Liam a view of his stiff cock at its full potential.

Emma clapped a hand over her mouth, giggles erupting from her throat, while a wide-eyed Liam scrambled to pick his jaw up off the floor and cover his eyes. He was too shocked to even think about just shutting them.

“Do I look little to you?” Killian asked his brother.

“Oh no, baby, you certainly don't,” Emma chimed in, her words strangled with laughter.

“Thank you, darling,” Killian smirked, tossing his girlfriend a wink.

“Bloody hell, Killian, put your willy away!” Liam barked.

“Then stop calling me little,” Killian demanded, not moving from his spot.
“Fine, younger brother! Happy now?”

“Thank you.” Killian grinned in success and climbed back into bed, scooping up his girlfriend, who was still vibrating with giggles, into his arms. “You can turn around now, Elsa.”

“Thanks for the warning,” she said appreciatively as Liam lowered his hands.

“Sorry, honey, Killian decided he needed to prove he doesn’t have a small dick,” Liam told her in a snarky tone.

“Okay,” Elsa squeaked, putting her hands up to prevent him from saying anything more, “it’s time to get out of your brother’s room so these two can get ready in peace.”

“But—”

“No buts, I said out,” she demanded firmly, and before Liam could argue, Elsa was grabbing his ear and tugging him out of the bedroom.

“Guess we know who wears the pants in that relationship,” Killian joked once they reached the door.

“Oi, I heard that!” Liam shouted, trying to turn around, but Elsa kept hauling him forward, shutting the door behind them.

Emma and Killian both laughed and finally relaxed in each others arms, no longer burdened by Liam’s intrusion.

“Thank Gods that stubborn arse has someone to put him in his place,” Killian said apologetically as he slid his hand through Emma’s hair. “I’m sorry about him, love.”

She shook her head and placed a hand on his cheek to ease the lines of concern etched in his features. “Please, don’t be. I knew what I was signing up for when I told him about us. You forget that I’ve known him for while now.”
Killian offered a small smile. “I know, but that still doesn’t excuse his actions. You and I don’t go barging into his room when he’s with Elsa, trying to force them out of bed.”

“That’s true,” Emma stated with a nod. “We don’t do that.”

“But maybe we should,” he grumbled bitterly. “It would serve him right.”

“You could… but then you would be just like him,” Emma pointed out. “And I happen to like you just as you are.”

“Aye, you’re right, I’m not him, nor do I wish to be. I like what I have just by being me.”

Emma smiled at his sentimental words, and her smile turned into a smirk as the mental image of Liam's face when Killian showed him his package made her want to giggle again. “Besides, you got him pretty good by throwing your dick in his face.”

“Damn right I did.” They shared a laugh, and Killian climbed on top of her, looking down at her with a loving warmth as her emeralds sparkled up at him. “I love you, Emma,” he breathed, capturing her lips with his. “I love you for putting up with my stubborn brother and his antics,” he mumbled against her mouth.

“For you, I’d put up with a lot of things,” Emma assured. “That’s how much I love you.”

Killian smirked and dipped his head into the crook of her neck, peppering soft kisses to her skin. Emma choked out a laugh as she tilted her head back, offering better access, her fingers sliding through his hair in encouragement.

Killian lifted his head, cocking a brow at his beautiful goddess, curiosity dancing in his eyes. “What’s so funny?”

Emma shook her head, strangled giggles erupting from her throat. “Nothing, it’s just—” Her words were cut off by another giggle.
“Just what, love?” he asked, growing more curious.

“It’s just that, not only do I keep thinking about Liam getting a good look at your cock, I also can’t stop thinking about Elsa getting a good look at your bare ass.”

“Oh.” A smile tugged at his lips, his cheeks warming with blush.

“I guess it was her turn though, since I saw Liam’s ass.”

“Don’t remind me,” he grumbled, leaning in to leave a soft trail of kisses down the column of her neck. Emma seeing his brother naked wasn’t something Killian wanted to think about, especially while they were naked under the sheets.

Emma shoved him playfully, forcing him to lift his head and meet her gaze. “Oh please, I told you before, yours is better.” She sealed her words by reaching behind him, her hand moving down the slope of his back and pinching his delectable, tight butt. A groan tore from his throat, and his cock twitched at her touch, any negative thoughts vanishing from his mind. “I would say Elsa was lucky, but…” her words trailed off and her expression became more serious. “I’m the luckier one.” Her other hand reached his other butt cheek. “I get to look and touch,” she finished, squeezing his ass with both hands.

A slow, lascivious grin stretched over Killian’s lips as he pressed his massively hard cock to her entrance, feeling her wetness coat his belled tip. “Oh, you’re about to get even luckier,” he growled and thrust into her delicious warmth while simultaneously attacking her lips before she could even respond.

A whimper escaped her lips and she immediately wrapped her legs around his hips, letting him take her good and hard before they had to force themselves out of bed to get ready for the day. Killian hoped Liam could hear them as their enjoyable activities made the mattress springs squeak over and over, neither of them holding back as her snug walls took him under her spell, and they both groaned out loud, climaxing in each other’s arms.

~*~

Security at JFK was long and slow, which Liam had anticipated and factored in. He was annoyingly prepared for things like this, and had the entire trip well planned ahead of time. Emma and Killian had managed to have breakfast, get showered and dressed in an hour and a half, before she’d helped
him start packing, which Liam had also counted on and was ready with his checklist of items Killian and Emma needed for the trip. And still the four of them left in a taxi three hours before the plane was scheduled to take off. Liam knew they had plenty of time, but of course he had to make a big scene out of everything as per usual.

*Pompous arse,* Killian thought to himself, still perturbed and irritated about his brother walking in on him and his girlfriend. His dark hair was disheveled from his fingers sliding through it repeatedly and he had a three day stubble growing on his face from a pain in the arse brother who hadn’t allowed him time for a trim. Because sitting at the airport bored out of his mind for over an hour was a better use of his time. “I'm going to hate being stuck on a plane with you for seven hours,” Killian grumbled to Liam as he wrapped his arm around Emma’s shoulder.

They were at the seating area by their gate, facing each other by the large bay windows. Outside, planes were taking off and landing, slowly wheeling in to gates to let people out and in. It was a sunny day in New York and unseasonably warm for December, the temperature reaching a high of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, but it was forecasted to be cold and rainy when they arrived in Scotland. Killian was only wearing a pair of jeans and the sweater Emma had bought him for his birthday, but he had packed his jacket and beanie in his carry-on bag for when they arrived in Scotland.

“Don’t forget the two hour layover in Dublin,” Liam reminded him wryly, to which Killian groaned. “I’m not looking forward to it anymore than you are.”

There was a bitter tension between the two brothers as Elsa and Emma chatted, trying not to let the sour mood between the guys get to them. Luckily, the Nolan’s arrived with Ruby, Regina and their significant others, bringing a bright, cheerful energy along with them.

“We’re here!” Mary Margaret announced with a beaming smile, her husband and son in tow.

“Sorry we’re late, we had to wait for these two,” David grumbled, pointing to Ruby and the boyfriend, Jefferson, she was bringing as a plus one to the wedding.

“We had a late night,” Ruby said with a wink. Ruby had instantly hit it off with the guy from their camping trip, and Killian wasn’t surprised by that, but he was surprised they were still together. The brunette with a streak of red hair and a wolfish grin on her face wasn’t exactly known for relationship longevity.

Emma and Elsa rose from their seats to greet their friends with a hug, while the others groaned at Ruby’s reference. Leo was bouncing in excitement, and Emma scooped him up in her arms, dropping a kiss to the top of his head as she reclaimed her seat next to Killian with Leo in her lap.
“Were you at least packed ahead of time?” Liam asked Ruby, again shooting a glare at his brother.

“Yep, I was packed yesterday,” she answered proudly.

“Only because she knew it would take forever with all the stuff she has to bring with her,” Regina added snidely.

“Hey!” Ruby uttered with an offended look on her face, rolling her large carry on bag behind her as she made her way to a seat next to Emma, Jefferson following behind her. “I only brought the necessary clothing for the celebration stuff and the wedding.”

Regina gave a playful eye roll which Ruby couldn’t see with her back turned. “No one needs that many pairs of shoes on vacation.”

“Speak for yourself,” Ruby huffed, plopping down in her seat. Her boyfriend sat down next to her, laying his duffel bag in the seat on the other side of him and wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

“What’s with the frowns?” Mary Margaret asked in concern, glancing between Killian and Liam as they continued to stare at one another from across the way, Liam’s brow slowly folding in as he glared at his brother. Finally, he had to look away as Mary Margaret and David took their seats across from Leo and Emma, awaiting an answer while Regina and Robin took the two seats next to them, filling up the rest of the row.

“Killian didn’t pack until noon,” Liam answered in a bitter tone.

“That’s not true,” Killian shot back, sitting up straighter in his seat. “I’d started, but I just hadn’t finished.”

“Exactly,” Liam muttered, and Killian rolled his eyes, looking away to avoid Liam’s stare, certain he was receiving a judgmental look. “You have poor time management skills.”

“I have great time management skills,” Killian retorted defensively, “when it matters.”
Liam raised a brow. “So my wedding doesn't matter to you?” Liam sounded horrified and disappointed as Killian finally met his eyes again.

“Of course it does, but I knew we had plenty of time. You made sure of that.”

Elsa glanced between the two brothers with a frown, growing irritated. “If you two are going to keep arguing with each other, then you can both sit over there, away from the rest of us,” she said, gesturing to the other side of the sitting area.

Liam sighed and looked at Killian offering an apologetic look. “Killian, I’m sorry I walked into your room. But if you would’ve gotten out of bed when you were supposed to, I wouldn’t have had to intervene.”

“I was going to get out of bed… eventually.”

“Eventually would have made us miss our flight.”

Killian gritted his teeth. “I can’t wait until you eventually move out so I don't have to put up with your antics anymore.”

“Yeah? Well me neither,” Liam huffed like a child on the edge of his chair, both brothers about to leap from their seats and attack each other.

“Okay, that’s enough, you two,” Elsa lectured sharply, scowling at her soon to be husband and brother-in-law. “Liam, we’re about to be married, and this is supposed to be a happy time for us, not a time for you two to jump down each other’s throats,” she cried out as her eyes welled with tears. “We’ve arrived to the airport with plenty of time to spare, so can’t you put your petty differences aside and just get along for two seconds?!?”

Her words and the angered expression on her face immediately changed the mood between the brothers, and Liam apologized profusely to her and wrapped his arm around Elsa, pulling her to him and sweetly kissing her temple. “Sorry, honey, you are absolutely right. I shouldn’t let anything, or anyone rain on our happiness,” he spoke pointedly, glaring at Killian once more.

“Liam,” Elsa chastised again, although her voice was much calmer than before.
“Sorry,” he mumbled, looking at the ground in shame.

“You should be,” Elsa grumbled, folding her arms and not molding into Liam’s arms. “You should also be happy and excited about the wedding, not pouting like a child because your brother wanted to sleep in a little longer with his girlfriend.”

“Thank you, Elsa,” Killian said appreciatively, and his lips quirked into a smirk at the thought of what he’d actually done with Emma in bed. “Although we weren’t exactly sleeping,” he corrected smugly and looked at whose cheeks were turning fifty shades of red.

“Yeah, we heard quite well, thank you very much,” Liam sputtered sarcastically. “You weren’t very good at hiding it.”

“You're welcome,” Killian tossed back at him. “And we weren’t trying to hide it,” he added pettily.

“Okay, I sense this is something we probably shouldn’t be talking about in front of the little one,” Regina interjected.

“Agreed, why don’t we talk about something else, perhaps the trip and the upcoming wedding,” David suggested in a stern tone, not liking where the conversation was heading.

“Yes, this is a conversation to be had later,” Mary Margaret added, throwing Emma a wink.

Everyone took David’s advice, chatting about the trip, which, unsurprisingly, Liam was excited about.

Unfortunately, Liam lashing out at his brother over nothing was also nothing new, but it was certainly unfamiliar in recent times. Killian had thought Liam was becoming better at curbing his outbursts and frustrations towards him, but he could tell this wedding had him out of sorts, which was understandable, Killian supposed. If things were reversed and Killian were the one getting married to Emma, he’d be a complete nervous wreck. Not about the marriage part, but about the wedding, hoping and praying it would go smoothly.

A small smile graced Killian’s lips at the thought, and he gazed admiringly at his Swan and the big
grin on her face at the topic of conversation the group was having, which was a dramatic contrast to
the Jones brothers squabble just a few moments prior. Killian was truly happy for his brother, but he
couldn’t help but think about the possibility of marrying Emma, when the timing was right of course.

“You okay, baby?” she whispered in his ear, towing him from his thoughts as she sensed he was
deep in his musings.

He flashed his concerned girlfriend a reassuring grin and leaned in, kissing her temple. “Aye, just
looking forward to the wedding,” he murmured against her skin, and he wasn't only speaking about
his brother’s.

~*~

The group filed onto the plane, and found their seats. Emma and Killian were towards the back on
the right side of the plane, next to one another. Since each couple purchased their tickets at separate
times, they were spread out among the full airliner. It was probably a good thing, considering Killian
and Liam couldn’t stop bickering with each other. Maybe some time apart would cool the air
between them. Emma didn’t blame Liam though, she could only imagine having a wedding was
beyond stressful and frustrating. She had been there to witness and help with the planning, and it was
not an easy experience. Thankfully with Mary Margaret's help, things like the music and flowers and
cake flavors had all been decided on and planned for occasion at the Lighthouse Hotel. Hopefully
everything from that point on went smoothly.

After stuffing their carry ons into the compartments above, Killian offered the window seat to her,
knowing Emma had never been on a plane before. They buckled in as the rest of the plane filled up,
and Emma stared out the window, taking Killian’s hand and threading her fingers through his. The
airport was still visible, as they hadn't begun to move yet, and the flight attendants were still checking
all the rows to make sure all of the passengers were secured in their seat belts and all overhead
compartments were closed. By the time the plane started to move, Emma was a bit nervous, and her
stomach was full of butterflies as she looked over at Killian, offering a small smile.

“Relax, love, flying is not as bad as you may think,” he said, sensing her obvious anxiety as a first
time flyer. “I mean, I hate it, but that's because the last time I was on a plane, I was…” his words
trailed off, bright blue eyes darkening, and she imagined the unhappy thoughts of Milah and how she
had broken his heart was not something he wanted to dwell on. “Well, you already know.” he finally
finished, offering Emma a weak smile. She gave him one in return, gently squeezing his hand.
“Besides, I've always preferred the sea to the sky. If only boats were much faster,” he added in a
soothing tone as his thumb brushed over her knuckles to help ease the tension she felt. “But I'm glad
you're here with me, love,” he said, pressing a kiss to her temple. “You've already made this trip
better just by being here.”
Her smile widened at him, her heart melting at his words. “You too, Killian. I’m so glad we both get to be in the wedding and experience this trip together.” She leaned in and chastely kissed his lips. “I love you,” she whispered, pulling away slightly.

“Love you too, Emma.” He caressed her cheek, and eventually she pulled her gaze away from him, facing forward.

Sinking her head back into the seat, she breathed out slowly as the plane rolled along the runway and picked up more speed before lifting off the ground and making its ascent.

When the plane reached cruising altitude, the seatbelt signs went off and Emma’s ears stopped popping. She was able to relax again, loosening her grip on Killian’s hand, but not letting him go. Her modest fear of flying was replaced with excitement for the trip and wedding, but her brows furrowed when she saw the stressful look on Killian’s face. “What’s wrong?”

Killian took a deep, shaky breath as he offered a timid smile. “Nothing much...it’s just…”

Emma let go of his hand and undid her seatbelt so she could get closer to him, placing her hand on his bicep.

“It’s just what?”

Killian ran a hand through his hair, expelling another long breath. “I still haven’t written my best man speech for Liam,” he confessed nervously.

Narrowing her eyes at him, she could tell he was a nervous wreck. “Killian, relax, you still have time.”

“I know, but I’m not sure what to say…”

“I know this sounds cheesy, but just say what’s in your heart.”

“Easier said than done, love,” he murmured, looking away from her and seeing the top of Liam’s head several rows in front of them.
Shifting in her seat so Emma was fully facing him, she gently took his chin in her hand and forced him to look her directly in the eye. “Look, I know you and Liam aren’t too happy with each other right now, but you two have been through a lot together and were still able to work things out over the last several months. I’m sure there are plenty of stories to tell or things you could say about the two of you reconnecting again. But don’t let the speech stress you out. You’re his best man, and your brother’s getting married, you should enjoy this.”

Killian smiled warmly at her and lifted her hand from his shoulder, planting a warm kiss to her knuckles. “You are absolutely right. I get mad at him sometimes... well most of the time,” he chuckled, “but the truth is I hated living without him. I’d rather take him as a stubborn pain in the arse than not have him in my life at all.”

Emma tilted her head, her smile widening as she admired Killian’s adoration for his brother, even as much as he tried to hide it sometimes. “I think you just came up with your best man speech,” Emma stated, “or at least part of it.” Killian may get irritated with Liam sometimes, but the truth was he’d always struggled when it came to expressing love for his brother.

“Aye, you’re right,” Killian agreed, pointing at her. He then pulled out his phone to type a note of it. “Thanks, love,” he murmured, looking up at her from his phone screen.

“No problem.”

An easy silence came over them, so Emma decided to catch up on some reading. She retrieved a book from her tote bag and sank back into her chair, getting into a more comfortable position.

A few minutes later, the flight attendants were making their way through the aisles with beverage carts when a petite, blonde haired woman reached their row. Emma looked up from the pages of her book and couldn't help but notice the charming grin the stewardess dazzled Killian with as he lifted his eyes from his phone screen to offer a polite smile. She was professional enough, but Emma had a feeling in her gut that the attendant’s actions weren’t entirely innocent.

Emma decided to vanish the thoughts from her mind, though, and continue reading. She refused to be one of those jealous girlfriends who got upset every time a cute girl threw a glance her boyfriend’s way. Besides, Killian was not Neal. He would never reciprocate any feelings for another woman. He loved her and would never betray her.

“Hi sweetie, would you like juice, water, or some wine?” the stewardess asked him.
“What would you like, love,” he turned his head to ask Emma.

“I’ll take some white wine,” she replied with a smile as she glanced at him briefly before peering down at her book once more.

“And I’ll take some water,” he told the other blonde in a breezy tone, apparently oblivious to the way the woman was looking at him.

“No wine or whiskey to ease the stress of traveling, honey?”

Killian shook his head. “No, I’m not a drinker,” he replied kindly. Ever since he had broken up with Emma, he hadn’t imbibed one ounce of alcohol.

The stewardess poured them their drinks and placed a white napkin on each of the small tray tables in front of them before bending over to set down each glass on their respectable tables. As the woman shamelessly tried to put her small boobs in Killian’s face, which Emma could see out of the corner of her eye, she took a peek at the blonde’s name tag. Her name was Tink. As in Tinkerbell? Emma wanted to snort, but she suppressed the urge and continued reading.

“I love your accent, where you from?” Tink asked Killian.

“I was born in Brighton, England, but now I live in New York.”

“Oh, wow, Brighton is a lovely place, I visit frequently.”

“What about you, lass? Where are you from?”

“New Zealand,” she answered him enthusiastically—too enthusiastically.
Emma rolled her eyes as she listened to the stewardess drone on about her hometown.

“Okay, if you’d like anything else, please don’t hesitate to let me know, sweetie,” she told Killian.

At the same time, Emma looked up catching the ridiculously wide smile on the blonde's face, along with one of her dainty hands as it rested on his shoulder. She also caught the wink Tink tossed his way as though Emma were not even present.


Emma felt her cheeks burn scarlet. The woman proceeded down the aisle as Emma glared at her and then looked at Killian who was still completely clueless to the whole encounter with the flight attendant, as he sipped his water.

He felt Emma's eyes on him and lifted his head, looking at her suspiciously. “What?”

Emma managed a laugh, even though she was not too happy with the stewardess. She could let that go though because she knew Killian wasn’t remotely interested in anyone else. “You didn't notice that woman shamelessly hitting on you?”

After the initial shock of the question, Killian chuckled in amusement. “Nah, love, she was only being nice.”

Emma lifted her brows, her features full of doubt. “So if I put my boobs in some guy’s face on accident, touched him while I talked to him and winked at him, none of that would bother you?”

His face twisted in confusion. “Emma, she was only serving our drinks.”

*Really?*

Emma sighed. “She was totally hitting on you. Not that I blame her, I mean you are a cutie,” she said, winking at him and leaning in to kiss his lips. “But you’re *my* cutie.”
“That’s right, love,” he agreed, smiling against her lips. “Even if she were flirting as you say, I’m only interested in you.”

“I know, but I don’t like people fawning over my man, that’s my job.”

“And you’re very good at it,” he assured, pressing a kiss to her cheek.

Emma’s heart fluttered at the contact, feeling his scruffy beard prickling her skin. “Besides, you get to fawn over me and much more,” he said with a wink. “You’re my one and only.”

“And you are mine.” She kissed his lips once more and decided to let the topic go as she grabbed a blanket from her bag and spread it over their laps.

Killian rested his head on her shoulder and closed his eyes as she continued to read her book.

An hour later, Emma had drank all of her wine and was feeling parched when Killian raised his head and opened his tired eyes, rubbing the sleep away. The same stewardess must’ve seen him wake up because she was soon approaching them again.

“Do you need anything, darling?” Tink asked Killian.

“No thanks,” he answered politely.

“Oh, let me know if you need something, anything at all.” Again, she placed her hand on his shoulder and winked at him. Before Emma could request anything, the attendant was gone.

“I wanted a water, but thanks for asking,” she muttered sarcastically to the stewardess even though she couldn’t hear her.

“Oh, I’m sorry, love, I’ll call her back.” Killian turned around in his seat and called out to Tink as she was serving other passengers. “Excuse me, lass?”

The woman turned around, a little too happy that he was calling for her attention. “What is it,
“sweetie?”

_Again with the pet names? What the hell?_

Emma was about to tackle a bitch.

“Can she get some water?”

“Oh, of course.” The woman didn’t seem disappointed, in fact she wasn’t any less cheerful or flirtatious as she poured the drink for Emma, again trying to present her cleavage in Killian’s face, but he turned his head, averting his eyes from her. “Please, call me Tink.”

“Will do, thank you.” He offered an appreciative smile, glancing at her once she was about to leave.

“No problem, cupcake,” Tink said, flashing him a big grin and a wink before she was off again.

Emma contemplated throwing the bitch down with the luggage so maybe Tink would get sucked out when the wheel well opened for landing.

Killian scratched behind his ear, reverting his eyes to Emma.

She didn’t say anything though, only took a sip of her water with a look that said _I told you so_.

A while later, the flight attendants arrived with the food. Killian and Emma had ordered their food online ahead of time and selected what they wanted instead of getting the main complimentary meal that was offered.

“What are you having, darling?” he asked her, perusing the menu online as she sat in his lap at the computer with his right hand curled around her hip.

_Emma pursed her lips, trying to decide which four course meal to choose from. “I was thinking about getting the taste of Britain,” Emma looked at him, a wicked smirk curving her lips, “but then again, I’ve already had a pretty good taste of it.”_
Killian cocked his brow, his features etched with puzzlement. "You've never been to the UK."

Emma laughed and leaned in to kiss his lips. "No silly, I meant I've already had a taste of you."

"Oh, right," Killian chuckled, his cheeks flooding with blush as he squeezed her hip. "You can always have a taste of Britain, love."

Emma giggled and peppered his lips with more kisses. "Oh believe me, I plan on taking advantage of that offer." She kissed him again, and this time her lips stayed on his, kissing him deeply, breathing him in and savoring the taste of him.

"Mmmm, I'm thinking about getting the gourmet meal," he murmured when they broke the kiss, "I do love eating gourmet." His eyes danced with mischief as he licked his lips, and Emma knew he wasn't talking about food.

Emma almost laughed when Killian really did order the gourmet meal, which consisted of poached king prawns with sliced mushrooms and a light dressing, braised beef with two sides, a chocolate ganache bar with passion fruit coulis, and cheese and crackers. Emma ultimately decided on the Taste of the Far East which included sushi, prawn crackers with sweet chili sauce, a sweet and spicy stir fry, and green tea tiramisu. She was more intrigued by Killian’s chocolate dessert, but they had agreed to share their desserts like they normally did when they went out to eat.

They took their time eating their meals, sharing bites of food with one another, especially the dessert. Emma was stuffed when they were both finished eating, and she couldn’t wait until they arrived in Dublin so she could walk off some of the calories she’d consumed.

"So, what brings you on this flight?" Tink asked curiously when she arrived to bring Killian the coffee he had asked for and clear their tables.

Emma was heated by that point; her blood was starting to boil under her skin, her nails involuntarily digging into her palms. Every fucking time this woman came over, she was flashing him a flirty smile and engaging him in casual chit chat and every time she left, she made sure to touch his shoulder and bid him farewell with a pet name. And she always talked directly to Killian, never Emma. Thankfully he had started to see that her actions were not unintentional or innocent, and he turned away, moving his head back to avoid looking at her chest. Emma could tell he was beginning to feel uncomfortable, irritated even, and it took everything inside her to not clock this bitch. How has Tink never been fired?
“We’re going to a wedding in Scotland,” Emma replied with a fake smile as she took Killian’s hand in hers, hoping the stewardess would leave.

“Aye, our wedding,” Killian added, to Emma’s utter surprise, with a huge grin as he looked at Emma and kissed her lips. “We’re getting married at the Corsewall Lighthouse, right baby?” he asked her sweetly.

Emma was smiling genuinely this time as she pulled her gaze from Killian to catch the other blonde’s reaction. Tink’s eyes flickered with disappointment as her gaze dropped to Emma’s left hand, which was ringless.

So of course, Emma went along with the charade. “I had to take my engagement ring to the jeweler to get it resized because I lost some weight. I even had to get my wedding dress taken in because it was too big,” Emma laughed, enjoying this little act and Tink’s reaction, way too much.

“Oh, that’s nice,” the other blonde commented in an unusually high pitched tone, but she looked absolutely mortified.

He looked at Emma and released her hand, curling his arm around her back. “It’s quite incredible actually. Emma is the woman of my dreams and she’s agreed to be my wife.”

“Congratulations to the both of you.” Tink graced them both with a smile Emma could tell was fake.

“Thank you lass, we’re both excited about it.” Killian was blushing profusely, never tearing his eyes away as he pulled Emma closer to him, kissing her lips.

Sinking into the kiss and letting her eyes fall shut, Emma felt her heart flutter at how into this act he was, making sure the other woman knew how very taken he was. Emma was smiling and her cheeks were flushing uncontrollably when she pulled her lips away slightly, brushing her nose against his. “Very excited.”

Tink flashed them another big smile that was just as fake as the prior one before bidding them farewell and finally letting them be.
Emma was on some sort of high, still bewildered and impressed with her boyfriend and how he handled the blonde stewardess, but when he turned to look at her, his eyes were laced with apology and worry.

“Emma, I’m so sorry about that, but you were right about her, and I was becoming unbearably uncomfortable—”

“Sorry? Why are you sorry?”

“Well, love, I didn't want you to think I was trying to suggest anything by saying we were getting married, I was just trying to get her off my back.”

“Are you kidding?” she laughed. “That was amazing!”

Killian raised a brow, a small smirk pulling at his lips. “Really?”

“Yes,” Emma assured him and expressed how unbelievably happy she was with him by grabbing the chain of his necklace, pulling him to her and kissing his soft lips to ease his worries. “In fact, I’m pretty turned on,” she admitted against his lips, still clutching onto his necklace charms as she flashed a devilish smile. “I’m the only one allowed on your back.”

“Mmmm, that’s very true,” Killian agreed, staring into her eyes, his blue depths swarming with mischief. “But I prefer the reversed position,” he murmured in a deep, husky voice, arousal pooling in those baby blues of his. “I do love that delectable arse of yours.”

His words sent shivers down her spine as his lips lingered over hers, and the tension was so high between them, Emma slanted her lips over his again, drawing him into a deep, fiery kiss. Her body surged with an undeniable desire for this man as their tongues connected, both insistent, trying to dominate the other.

Realizing they were surrounded by passengers, who were more or less sleeping in their seats, she had to yank herself from the cloud of lust fogging her brain. She broke the kiss and rested her forehead against his, trying to catch her breath.

She could tell Killian was completely wrecked as he held her in his arms, trying to get the air back in his lungs.
His breath was wobbly and shallow as he whispered breathily, “Careful love, it's too long of a flight to be sporting an erection.”

Emma giggled softly, her mind flooding with dirty thoughts. “You know, I have no problem resolving that issue for you.”

“Mmmm, I look forward to that love, but until then I’m going to be quite uncomfortable if we keep this up,” he quipped.

“We can always join the Mile High Club.”

She was only joking, but when she heard the low growl that tore from his throat, she was ready to act on her words.

“You really want to?” she asked him with raised brows.

Killian took her hand and pressed it to his groin under the blanket covering their laps. Emma had to stifle a moan when she felt how extremely hard he was. “Does that answer your question?”

“God yes,” she replied, her words cracked as she leaned in, whispering in his ear. “Meet me in the restroom in two minutes?”

Killian answered her with a groan and she managed to stand up and slide past him to get to the aisle. As she made her way towards the back, she looked around the cabin to find her friends and was relieved to see them all either sleeping, occupied with their iPads or phones, or watching movies.

Emma grinned slyly and sashayed into the bathroom, sliding the latch of the door in place and locking it so no one else would walk in except for Killian, who she patiently waited for.

~*~

As soon as the door was shut and locked behind him, Killian surged forward, their lips connecting
with a heat and passion that was all too familiar to him, but not something he loved any less. Their hands were instantly flying to undo buttons, belt buckles and anything else in their way. He tugged her blouse open with more strength than intended causing one of the buttons to pop off and fall into the sink.

Emma laughed into the kiss. “A little eager are we?”

“Allow me to show you how eager I am.” Killian pushed his tongue into her mouth, swirling it around to taste the sweetness on her tongue from the desserts they’d shared. He pressed the unbearably hard erection in his pants against her thigh, fingers tangling themselves in her blonde locks as he tried to maintain his balance. They had only made it into the lavatory, and his little minx was already making his knees weak.

Emma was pressing him into the closed door, rolling her hips to gather more of that delicious friction between them. As she tugged at the waistband of the his jeans, and wrapped her fingers around his hips to pull him into her, Killian felt himself harden even more and hoped her hands would travel south.

“Oh, fuck,” his voice was completely wrecked, the sort of wrecked he sounded like when he was about to come as he rocked his hard bulge against her covered folds.

Emma’s fingers reached down his boxer briefs, grabbing his rock hard dick and softly fondling the his balls before he could even protest. He gave into the rough groan that tore from his throat as Emma lowered herself to her knees and pulled out his shaft.

Killian briefly wondered if the attendants or any other passengers could hear them, but his mind suddenly went blank when Emma’s tongue lapped at his slit and her teeth grazed his underside. He shamelessly groaned and bumped his head against the door, trying to keep himself vertical. Even that was a difficult task at this point. Emma gently swatted his thigh, wordlessly telling him to keep quiet before trailing several kisses over a thin patch of dark hair that led to the raging erection in her hand.

With her usual tenderness, she gently nipped at his velvety head, sweeping the tip of her tongue over his slit. Killian’s hand instantly flew into her golden tresses, conflicted between pulling her away so he could fuck her against the sink, and tugging her towards his cock so he could fuck her mouth.

Killian’s hips moved involuntarily into her as she stroked him, only spurring her on as she licked a stripe from his balls to the head of his cock. An irregular collection of sounds were pouring out of his mouth as Emma took him in her hot mouth and started sucking him, halfway at first and gradually taking him deeper until he felt the unmistakable clenching of her throat muscles around his pulsating
length. Emma was wickedly fantastic at giving him blow jobs, so there was no way in hell he was going to ruin this whole mile high experience by coming too soon.

Killian found himself unable to hold back, emitting groans that egged her on, and she sped up the rhythm of bobbing, hollowing her cheeks and pressing her lips harder as she took him all the way in and almost all the way out, repeating her ministrations masterfully.

“Ugh, that's so good, baby,” he whispered softly. His eyes were closed, the top of his head pressed against the door, his breaths shaky as she rapidly unwound him.

Emma pulled back, pumping him with her hand, lips slack around his head, eliciting a low guttural sound from the back of his throat. She knew he was close and cupped his balls in her delicate fingers, squeezing him softly. He could feel the familiar pulsation between her swollen lips as she pulled her mouth back a little, including more motion with her hand.

He peered down watching his slick length slide into her mouth and hand. His fingers found her hair again, this time tugging slightly, but not pushing her forcefully.

“Gods, love… so fucking good,” he cursed under his breath.

She responded by wrapping her hands around his hips, pressing Killian against the door and relentlessly deep-throating him, an array of filthy wet sounds bouncing off the walls of the tiny room.

His eyes rolled back as the first signs of an encroaching orgasm hit him, making his hand shake. Her mouth was absolutely merciless around him, hands touching him everywhere as she sucked him off—his hips, thighs, his ass, his balls. Every inch of his skin was on fire, and he knew his cock was going to erupt with hot, white seed at any given second. He tugged on her hair for some sense of stability, and there was a raging pressure inside him begging to be released. He could feel the back of Emma’s throat again, hot around his length, and as soon as her teeth graze under the head again, pure bliss cascaded over him.

He wrapped his hand around the back of her head thrusting himself into her mouth, and she moaned around his cock, pushing him over the edge. He released a stream of hot cum into her mouth, his body violently trembling as Emma continued moving her lips up and down his shaft, making sure to taste every last drop of him. For several seconds he couldn't see or hear anything, only felt the overpowering sensational explosion, legs shaking against the locked door.
When she felt the pulsating dissipate almost entirely and his size decrease, Emma kissed his tip before she stood up and kissed his lips. He melted into her, groaning as he tasted his come on her tongue.

His cheeks were red and his heart was beating out of his chest, but he wasn't finished yet. He wanted to make sure his love was satisfied before they left the bathroom. Besides, he had not intended on finishing in her mouth, but with the way Emma was moving her tongue around his and running her hands up his body, small moans erupting from that gorgeous mouth of hers, he knew she’d have no issues getting him hard again.

He bit down on Emma’s bottom lip and felt a hot, shuddering breath on his cheek. He smiled into the kiss, slipping his fingers under her opened blouse, wrapping his arm around her back and unclasping her bra with one hand. Killian pushed her forward against the sink, switching their places. Sliding his hand around, he cupped one of her gorgeous breasts in his hand, squeezing the soft weight as he angled his head to deepen the kiss. Sure enough, his cock started twitching to life again as Emma’s nipples hardened between his fingertips.

Killian couldn't resist lowering his head and sucking on her pink pearl as his fingers toyed with the other one. Emma tried immensely to suppress her moans, her beautiful lips falling open, her breathing shallow as he sucked on each of her breasts.

Anticipation was coiling in his belly as he dragged the zipper of her jeans down, making sure his fingers were touching her clothed sex when he released the zipper. He could feel her diligent fingers digging into his bicep, and he released her nipple with a pop and looked up to see Emma biting her lower lip to avoid making unnecessary sounds. There was so much heat enveloping the lavatory they both wanted to scream.

Killian ran his teeth along her chin, nipping a little at her soft skin and kissing her there before making his way down her neck, hearing her breath quiver when he sucked at her pulsepoint. When his head rose, his eyes locked with hers, Emma’s emeralds were shining brilliantly with the love she had for him.

“Gods, I love you,” he whispered, words utterly shattered as he leaned in and proceeded to kiss along her jawline, smelling the distinct scent of her familiar fruity body spray.

“I love you, too,” she returned, tilting her head back as his teeth teased her collarbone, lips leaving open mouth kisses in his wake.

There was a bout of turbulence which shook the plane, and Killian stumbled backwards, but Emma’s
hands clutched onto him securely, holding him to her. Then it was back to a flurry of kisses and wandering hands, both trying to savor the moment, but knowing they needed to hurry before someone noticed they were both in there.

Seeing the beads of sweat forming at his hairline, Emma pulled up the hem of his sweater and he raised his arms to allow her to remove it and toss it aside. She kicked off her shoes and Killian pulled her pants down as she struggled to step out of them in the cramped space, even with Killian’s help. But they managed to get them off.

“Why couldn't I have worn a skirt?” Emma grumbled, pushing her panties south and shimmying them down her legs. Killian growled, his eyes roaming down his girlfriend’s sexy legs. He couldn’t wait to have them wrapped around his hips.

Killian didn’t dare to dream that sex in an airplane lavatory would be easy, but that didn’t stop or deter either of them in any way. “I do love you in a skirt,” he said as he scooped her in his arms and lifted her up on the sink. Emma’s chest rose and fell from strained breath as she grabbed his waist and brought him to her. “Of course I love you in jeans too,” he clarified with a smirk. “In fact you could be wearing a garbage bag and I’d still want to ravage you.”

Emma rolled her eyes, cheeks tinging with blush as she whispered in his ear. “Just shut up and fuck me.”

Killian gave her a lopsided grin that she seemed to revel in, her eyes dancing with devilry. “No worries, my love. I already planned on fucking you good and hard,” he promised and finally dragged his pants and boxer briefs down, letting his throbbing cock spring free as his jeans fell around his ankles.

“Yes, please,” Emma begged, licking her lips as she ogled his aching member that was once again fully erect, ready to have him inside her.

He slid his palm over her inner thigh, parting her legs for him and slipping his fingers into her heat. “Oh fuck.” His cock twitched and his legs almost gave out on him as he thought about her walls devouring him. The effect Emma had on him never ceased to amaze him. Killian removed his fingers, sucking her venom off his digits. He grabbed her ass with his right hand, pulling her to him, and entered easily into her slippery core.

“Oh, yes,” she whispered, trying not to be too loud, as he expanded her walls. She was holding on to him for dear life as he moved inside her, capturing her lips.
Killian wasn’t sure how he had managed to keep his balance because every time he made love to her while standing up, her warm walls always crippled him. Somehow he managed to pick up his pace, rocking into her relentlessly as she wrapped her legs around his ass securing him to her. He groaned against her mouth and she greedily swallowed the sound, her nipples dragging along his chest hair as he fucked her dirty and hard in the bathroom, 30,000 feet in the air. Harsh, shallow breaths were exchanged with every thrust, and Emma’s walls pulled him in deeper and deeper until he reached the hilt of her. She let out small moans that were muffled by his mouth, her nails clawing his back as he brought her close to her demise.

“Killian, fuck I’m so close,” she whimpered as he pounded into her with no mercy.

He released her lips and reached between them where they were joined, and Killian rubbed her clit, whispering in her ear, “You love being fucked on a plane, don’t you?”

“Fuck yes.”

Killian could tell she was holding back her normal volume as his fingers worked on her clit and his dick plunged into her relentlessly. “Such a naughty minx.”

Emma buried her face into the crook of his neck, and he felt her teeth biting his shoulder as she suppressed more sounds of pleasure.

“Come for me, love. And let me see you. I love watching you fall.”

Per his request, she lifted her face, dipping her head back as her mouth opened, pure bliss washing over her. She writhed in his arms, panting breathlessly, her skin flushed and sweaty; she was all wanton and quite exquisite, like always. Her quim violently fluttered around his dick, and he knew he was a goner. His hips stuttered as he tried chasing his orgasm, but it hit him quicker than he’d expected.

He slammed into her hard, shooting a thick stream of come into his blonde goddess as they both muffled their sounds with a hard kiss. Killian swallowed every breath she offered him as the room spun around him, and they both tried gripping onto reality again.

Emma had a satiated grin on her face as they got dressed in the tight space, her cheeks flushed beautifully. He knew they both looked like they were fucked thoroughly, which no amount of
tidying up their clothing or taming their hair could fix. Emma pressed her lips to his, kissing him one last time before vacating the bathroom.

Emma poked her head out the door and made sure there was no one around before she left and snuck back to her seat. Killian took a few minutes before emerging from the bathroom with a satisfied grin on his face. He was looking forward to taking a nap after two mind blowing orgasms, but when he came back to his seat, Elsa was sitting in it.

“Hey Killian, I hope you don’t mind switching for a minute, Liam wanted to talk to you,” she said with a knowing smile.

He glanced at Emma, whose cheeks were still painted a beautiful shade of red and her hair was still a bit disheveled as she tried to refrain from laughing.

Did Elsa and Liam know what he and Emma went off to do? Something told him that’s exactly what Liam wanted to talk to him about.

“Bloody hell,” Killian mumbled and walk down the aisle to where his brother was sitting. He was not looking forward to this. He didn’t want to be lectured by his brother, especially if the lecture had to do with Killian having sex on the plane.

He sighed heavily and took the aisle seat next to Liam, who was looking out the window before turning his head to face him.

Fuck.

Killian was in trouble, if the serious look on his face was any indication.

“Hey Killian…” Liam’s voice was surprisingly quiet and soft, but perhaps it was the calm before the storm.

“Look, if you’re going to lecture about joining the Mile High Club, just—”

“The Mile High Club?” he asked, cutting Killian off and shaking his head. “No.” Liam sighed and
looked away from Killian. “Look brother, I wanted to apologize for my behavior this morning, and in the airport.” Liam looked over at Killian again, and he could sense the sincerity in his words.

Elsa must have put him up to this.

“And I know what you’re thinking, but Elsa did not ask me to do this. Well, I mean she suggested I apologize to you, but that’s not why I am. I admit I’ve been stressed and out of sorts for the wedding, and also that I’ve been taking it out on you.”

“Look, Liam, you don’t have to explain yourself, I get it,” Killian offered, hoping to put that morning behind them. “The wedding is a huge deal for you, and I know I would be stressed out if I were in your shoes, so I imagine it’s a hundred times worse for you,” he teased.

“Oi, what’s that supposed to mean?”

Killian chuckled at the offended look on Liam’s face. “Oh come on, we both know you’re the bigger pain in the arse. You like things to be neat and organized and perfect, and if things aren’t, you tend to go a little haywire.”

“Oh come on, I’m not that bad.”

Killian scoffed at his statement. “Oh really? When we were teenagers, how many times did I leave my room looking like a tornado went through it and come back to find it picture perfect like I stepped into a page of an HGTV magazine?”

“Your room didn’t look like a tornado swept through it,” Liam argued with a small smile. “It looked like pirates pillaged your room, turned it upside down and shook it. Then, after they left, a hurricane blew through and destroyed anything that wasn’t already.”

Killian laughed and nodded, not willing to argue with that. “Okay, so I was a tad messy…”

Liam pulled a hearty laugh from his gut. “A *tad* messy? I tell you what, it’s a good thing the Navy taught you cleanliness and discipline, because if Emma saw your room the way it used to be at home, she’d be long gone.”
“I don’t disagree with you there, Liam.” Killian’s features grew serious as he looked him in the eye. “It wasn’t only the Navy that taught me those things. You’ve taught me a lot and always looked after me. I hate to admit it, but… without you I’d probably be lying in a gutter somewhere, homeless and broke.”

“Nah…” Liam disagreed, shaking his head. “Without me, you’d be a pirate learning how to survive. Come on Killian, give yourself a little credit. That IED took your hand, but it didn’t take away your spirit. You’ve learned to adapt with one hand like you’ve learn to adapt to everything else in your life. When Milah broke up with you, you were a broken man, and yet less than a year later, here you are dating a beautiful blonde who’s agreed to live with you.”

“For your information, she asked me,” Killian gloated with a smug grin, pointing at his chest.

“You’re right, and you didn’t even have to twist her arm… even after she caught you jackin’ the beanstalk when you both met.”

Killian rolled his eyes and sighed dramatically. “Of course you have to bring that up.”

A wide, mischievous grin stretched across Liam’s lips. “Oh, you just wait, when you two get hitched, I’ll make sure to mention it in my best man speech.”

“You better not,” Killian scowled at him.

“Oh, I will.”

“What makes you so sure I'll ask you to be my best man anyway?”

“Because you love me,” he replied with a smug grin. “Besides, if you don't, I'll give you a noogie.”

Killian frowned, moving his head away from Liam’s threatening hand. “And here I was going to say some more nice things about you.”

Liam waved off his words. “No need brother, just save it for your best man speech,” he told him, letting him know he didn’t have to get into a long speech right now while they were on the plane.
“Oh, I am,” Killian assured, retrieving his phone from his pocket and holding it up. “Already have it written out.”

Liam raised his brows in surprise. “You do?”

“Aye, I mean, I just finished it a few hours ago after the plane took off, but I finished it.”

A wide smile took over Liam’s lips as he patted his brother’s shoulder. “I can’t wait to hear it.” As he spoke the words, his face clouded with a frown. “You said nice things, right? I mean we were in a fight before we got on the plane,” he pointed out.

“Relax, Liam,” Killian assured him with a grin. “I didn't say too many terrible things.”

“Ha ha, very funny,” he jested playfully. “I still can’t wait to hear it.” Liam looked back to see that Emma and Elsa were still in their seats chatting. “Hey, Killian, did you and Emma really…”

“Well, when you took Elsa's seat, you mentioned you joined the Mile High Club. Wasn’t it cramped in there, not to mention unsanitary?”

Killian’s cheeks heated with blush. He was hoping that topic wouldn’t come up.

“So, it’s true?”

Killian sighed. “Liam, I’m not talking about that with you.”

“You're the one who brought it up. Not to mention you were about to shag her in front of me this morning,” Liam reminded him.

“Aye, but you were being a pompous pain in my arse then.”
“So, you’re saying if I acted like that again, you would tell me?”

“Liam…” he warned.

“Come on, Killian, I’ve always wondered what it’d be like to join the Mile High Club. You and Emma aren’t the only ones who do crazy things in public.”

Killian scoffed. “Ha, you would never do anything indecent in public. You are the image of a good citizen.”

Liam looked at him offendedly. “I’m not always a good citizen.”

Killian rolled his eyes. “Sure, Liam, whatever you say.”

“Have you two made up yet?” The sound of Emma’s voice pulled them out of their conversation as they looked over in the aisle and saw both blondes standing there with prying ears.

“Yes, lovelies, actually we have,” Killian assured them.

“Oh that’s good, I’m glad,” Elsa smiled, relieved.

“You can have your seat back now, Elsa.”

“Thank you.”

Killian stood up and followed Emma back to their seats. She slid into her window seat, but before Killian could join, Ruby slipped in and stole his seat. “Sorry Killian, I have to talk with my girl,” Ruby beamed, grinning from ear to ear.

Killian sighed and went to sit by Jefferson, who he didn’t really know, so he offered an awkward grin as he sat down next to him.
“So did you two really join the Mile High Club?”

“Ruby…” Emma groaned, not wanting to discuss this with yet another person. She’d already had to talk about it with Elsa.

“Oh, come on, just tell me how it was? Like was it cramped? Is it really something to brag about? I want all the details,” Ruby begged, rubbing her hands together as though anticipating a delicious treat.

“Ruby, I’m not going to talk about this with you.”

“And why not?” she asked with an offended look on her face.

“Because it was sex, okay? You’re fully aware of how sex works, I shouldn’t have to spell it out for you,” Emma laughed, her cheeks overwhelmed with blush.

“Can I have my seat back?” Killian asked, approaching them. “Not that I don’t enjoy awkward conversations with people I don’t know…”

Ruby sighed in defeat. “Ugh, fine.” She got up and turned to look at Emma. “But don’t think you're completely off the hook. You’re telling me everything later.” With a wink at Killian, Ruby turned and made her way back to her seat, but before he could sit down, it was Mary Margaret's turn to snatch up his seat.

"Dammit."

“Sorry, Killian.” The Nolan woman graced him with an innocent smile, letting him know she wasn't budging. Killian cursed under his breath as he left and sat next to David.

Mary Margaret waited until he was gone before she turned to face Emma, placing her hands on her
friend’s arm. “Okay, I wanna hear everything.”

~*~

“The Mile High Club, really?” David asked, glaring at him with a critical eye as Leo was on the other side of him sleeping.

“Bloody hell,” Killian muttered, groaning into the palm of his hand. Killian knew he and Emma should have flown together on a separate plane.

“Oh, come on Killian, you can tell me, I’m not going to kill you since I know you only have good intentions with Emma. We’re, as you would say, mates now, right?”

The lad did have a point. David didn’t hate him anymore and they got along now, so that was a huge plus.

“Come on, did you and Emma really get it on in the bathroom?”

Killian wanted to laugh at the creativity the guys seemed to lack when it came to naming the enjoyable activities he had shared with Emma. Instead, he lifted his head, a playful smirk curving his lips. “Why do you ask, were you hoping to join us?” he asked, wagging his eyebrows suggestively.


“Uh huh, sure, mate, whatever you say,” Killian teased, tossing him a wink.

“I’m a married man, Killian.”

“Your wife could have joined us too. It might have been a little cramped, but we could have made it work.”

“Or I could punch you in the face like I did to Graham?” he scowled.
“You forget, I also clocked that wanker in the nose,” Killian laughed. “You don’t scare me, Charming.” He reached over with his right hand and gave David a friendly pat on the shoulder. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to steal my seat and my girlfriend back.”

Killian stood up and returned to his seat where Mary Margaret was still sitting. “Alright, lass, time’s up, I would like my Swan back,” he said kindly.

“Okay fine,” Mary Margaret agreed willingly and stood up. She grinned at him as though she were hiding a secret. “Now, don’t be surprised if you see David following me into the restroom.”

“Okay, we won’t,” Killian chuckled before she wandered off. “Finally,” he sighed and turned to look at Emma, planting a kiss on her forehead, “some peace and quiet again. Unless… you don’t think Regina is going to try and switch seats with me too, do you?”

Emma laughed and shook her head with certainty. “No. Don’t worry, Mary Margaret will tell her all about it.”

He furrowed his brows, narrowing his eyes at her. “What exactly did you tell her?”

Emma had a mischievous smirk on her face as she went back to her book, turning to the next page. “Wouldn’t you like to know.”

“Yes, love, I would,” he answered seriously. He didn't want everyone knowing everything he and Emma did in bed... or out of it.

“Hey, you're the one who wanted everyone to know about us,” she pointed out.

“Yeah, but not everything we do.”

Emma looked up at him and kissed his lips, offering an apologetic smile when she pulled away. “Sorry, honey, but with our friends, it comes with the territory. They don't stop until they've pried everything out of us and more. You should know that by now.”
Killian expelled a heavy sigh, unwilling to debate her on the issue. She was right, he had wanted to
tell everyone, but with how much easier things were, now that he didn't have to mask his feelings for
her or hide their relationship, he wouldn't have it any other way.

“You're right.” He took her hand in his and smiled warmly at her. “I want all of you, and if that
means telling our friends and my brother everything, then so be it.”

“I mean, we don't have to tell them *everything*, but just enough to shut them up,” she said with a
smirk.

Killian chuckled. “I like that plan, sweetheart.”

Emma put the book in her bag and grabbed the blanket, covering them up with it. She snuggled up
with him, resting her head on his shoulder as he wrapped his arm around her. “Thank you, Killian,”
she murmured, her voice raspy with tiredness.

“For what, love?” he asked, peeking down at her.

Emma shrugged in his hold. “For putting up with me and everyone else. For being supportive and
for just being you. It means a lot to me.” As Emma spoke the last words, her eyelids slowly fell shut.

Killian’s heart melted as he planted a tender kiss to her forehead. “Of course, Emma. I'd put up with
you until the end of time,” he murmured, not sure if she actually heard him or not.

She snuggled closer, burying her face into the crook of his neck. Killian smiled at her and swiped
some hair from her forehead as he watched her fall into a deep slumber. He pressed one more kiss to
the crown of her head before sinking back in his seat to get some shut eye as well.

They both stayed like that until the plane reached Dublin Airport and landed safely on the tarmac.
Two more hours and it was off to Scotland.
Hello again! So I'll be honest and admit, I'm losing some steam for this fic as we near the end of this universe, and I apologize for that, but I do intend on finishing this. It's just taking much longer than I had intended because I don't want to just come up with a bunch of crap just to give you lovely people an update because I've done that in the past and yeah it wasn't great. So I'd rather take my time and write when the inspiration strikes and be proud of what I'm giving you all. I love writing this universe and I don't want to rush through this just to get to the end. With that said, there will only be a couple more chapters left and the next one will be Elsa and Liam's wedding.

The smut scene in this chapter contains smut that may be a trigger warning for some people, maybe not, or it may not be everyone's cup of tea, so to be safe I've added a tag and also included asterisks before and after the particular content as I did for Chapter 15, Dirty Little Secret, so feel free to skip that section if you wish.

Hope you enjoy reading!

They arrived in Glasgow at eight in the morning and took a minibus to the nearby hotel they would be staying in for the night, after doing some sightseeing. Though there was a drizzle of rain and a chill in the air, the streets and buildings made for beautiful scenery on the way there, especially for Emma who had never so much as crossed the American border before.

Anna and Kristoff, who had arrived a day earlier than everyone else, were waiting for the group in the lobby. With greetings and hugs out of the way and an agreement to reconvene in an hour, the group dispersed, each couple who arrived that morning checking in and finding their room. After depositing their bags, settling in and dressing for the weather, they all met back in the lobby, ready for what the day held.

It was obvious everyone was swept up in the frenzy of the wedding and from being away from their normal, everyday lives and out of the country; they all had big smiles on their faces, and the smallest things could make them giggle. The bride and groom-to-be were especially in pleasant moods and appeared to be on some sort of high, despite the stress of the wedding. They had promised everyone and themselves that whatever hiccups happened along the way, the trip would be a positive experience for everyone.

The earlier drama was long forgotten and everyone was able to enjoy a delicious breakfast at Cafezique, which was recommended by Elsa who fondly remembered eating there as a young girl. It was crowded, but she assured the group the food was well worth the wait. After they were seated, Emma found it interesting that black pudding was listed on the menu, but Elsa promptly informed her it was not a dark chocolate dessert and instead was pork blood sausage. Emma’s nose twisted in disgust and needless to say, she decided to skip the black pudding.
They were on a bus afterward, traveling around the city and stopping at different shops and seeing what there was to see in Glasgow. Before the trip, Emma had to obtain a passport because she had never been abroad, and that saddened Killian, but at the same time, seeing her eyes light up and a big smile on her face from everything Scotland had to offer, from the food to the scenery, made his heart soar. He was thrilled to be able to share this experience in a new place with her. And he could tell Emma was having far too much fun because the idea of being in Scotland gave her ideas.

“Love, I am not wearing that.”

“Oh, come on,” Emma pleaded, clasping her hands together. “I promise it will be fun.”

“Maybe for you,” he chuckled.

Her eyes were shining with a playful mischief she was unable to conceal as a wicked smirk crossed her lips. “I promise, it will be fun for you too,” she assured him, closing the distance between them and running her hands up his chest. Her lips formed a pout and she was batting her eyelashes innocently as her fingers slid over his shoulders and down his arms, squeezing the firm muscle underneath. “Please.”

Killian sighed, as he stepped in closer, curling his hand around her hip. “You know, love, you’re lucky I’d do anything for you.”

Emma smirked as she wrapped her arms around the back of his neck, her big green eyes twinkling at him. “We’ve already established I’m pretty lucky.”

“You’re more than pretty… you’re beautiful,” he said with an earnest smile. “In fact, I take back my former statement, I’m the lucky one.”

“Well, if you put on the kilt, you’re going to be very…” she began in a husky voice, “very lucky.” Her smile stretched even more as she leaned in until their lips were only an inch apart.

“I’m very, very lucky all the time,” he informed her with a chuckle and touched her forehead with his.
Emma sighed theatrically, her eyes dropping to her hands which were now resting on his chest. “Fine, you don’t have to get it.”

Killian chuckled. “I’ll get it, I’m only giving you a hard time.”

Her eyes lit up at the promise. “You’ll get it?”

“I said I would, now didn’t I?” he asked with an amused smile.

Emma gave him a toothy grin that showed off her pearly whites, and she was almost giggling in excitement as she jumped up and down. She pulled away from him and grabbed the green and red tartan from the rack. “Maybe you would like to try it on first?” she asked biting her smile. Ever since Ruby had mentioned going to a strip club for Elsa’s bachelorette party, Emma had conjured up images of Killian in a kilt giving her a private show. That alone proved just how attracted she was to her boyfriend. There wasn’t a second that flew by when she didn’t think about him, either in the bedroom or just spending time with her. She wanted this man, craved him with everything she had, whether he was near her or not.

Killian’s cheeks tinged with an adorable, pink blush as he took the proffered kilt, a coy smile pulling at his lips. “Your wish, Sweetling.”

Emma’s eyes sparkled in excitement. “Really?” She’d only been joking about trying it on, but she wasn’t about to say no if he offered.

“I told you, Emma, I’d do anything for you, and I meant it,” he said sincerely, his eyes a stormy blue. She could easily see he wasn’t lying.

“Mmm, I can’t wait to see you in it.” She smirked, anticipation coiling in her belly as she pictured him in the kilt and perhaps in a complete Scotland outfit. “You could just try on the complete Highland Dress,” Emma suggested teasingly. “You know, with the kilt hose and the cute matching garter flashes.” His cheeks were as red as the kilt, the tips of his ears matching. She couldn’t help it, though, she became inspired by the mannequins that were dressed in a Prince Charlie jacket, a waistcoat and the plaid fabric she had remarked to Killian looked like a one-shoulder cape with how the fabric draped down the back, the gathered corner anchored to the breast of the jacket by a plaid brooch. She was quickly corrected by the elderly shopkeeper with his deep, highland brogue, that the material was called a fly plaid. She also learned what was looped around the waist of the kilt like a tasseled leather fanny pack was called a sporran and the small blade tucked in the knee sock was a word Emma couldn’t pronounce correctly.
“And I may as well get the ghillie brogues while I’m at it,” Killian added with playful sarcasm, referring to the traditional kilt shoes.

“Exactly,” Emma laughed. “You’ll be dressed like a true Scotsman,” she teased, attempting a Scottish accent.

Killian chuckled and kissed the tip of her nose. “Ye better watch it or I’m going ta skelp yer pritty, wee behind,” he drawled, and Emma was jealous of the way he nailed the delivery of the accent.

She cocked a brow. “Skelp?”

“Aye,” he murmured with a smirk and leaned in to whisper in her ear, his voice low and laced with a sinful brogue as he lowered his hand so his fingers rested just above her butt. “It means I’m going to smack that tight little arse of yours.”

His words, the deep, silky timbre and the way his hand suggestively squeezed her flesh, even if he weren’t exactly squeezing her ass, but pretty damn close to it, sent a wave of heat to her core. “Killian, please…” she whimpered softly so only he could hear. His body tightened against hers, and she knew he was feeling just as tortured as she was.

“Gods, I love when you beg,” he growled in her ear, the sound vibrating over her skin, making her shiver.

“You better go change before I beg you to take me right here and get us both kicked out.”

Killian pulled away reluctantly and cleared his throat. “That’s probably a good idea because I would happily oblige your request,” he groaned, his eyes burning with lust, and Emma was stunned from the loss.

“I know,” she said with a strangled laugh. “Now get that pritty behind in the fitting room.” She attempted the accent again.

Killian smirked and walked backwards taking the kilt with him. “As you wish, milady,” he answered with a playful wink and a flourish of his hands as he bowed and disappeared into the changing room.
When he stepped out, Emma was leafing through some scarves. She turned around and gasped at the sight of him.

Her eyes immediately went to the red and green tartan and the way it fit his frame and fell to his knees. He grabbed on to the belt and did a twirl for her to give her the entire view. His dark chest hair was poking out of the half-buttoned black dress shirt he was wearing as he posed for her. Emma laughed, and as silly as the whole thing was, she wished they were in their hotel room. Even after their recent encounters—the previous morning, the plane and the way he ravaged her when they got to the hotel from the airport and ate her out to pay her back for the Mile High blow job—Emma couldn’t get enough of him. He was the only man on God’s green earth that could satisfy her until she couldn’t take any more, while at the same time leaving her wanting more and more. It was completely maddening.

“So, you like the kilt?” he asked, towing Emma from her musings.

She blinked and stepped up to him, smiling with devilry. Taking the lapels of his shirt in her hands, she pulled him closer until they were almost kissing; if they weren’t in public, she would’ve kissed the hell out him. “Let me put it this way, you get that kilt and I would do anything for you.”

Quirking a brow, he looked intrigued. “Anything?”

Emma nodded. “Mmmmmm. Anything.”

Killian groaned, his eyes fleeting to her lips as he curled his hand around her waist. “Love, you do know you don’t have to do much to make me happy, right?”

“I know.” And truthfully, Killian didn’t have to be wearing a kilt to get her to do anything he wanted her to.

Killian purchased the kilt, and they returned to the group outside the shop, Mary Margaret and Ruby giving them curious looks.

“What’s the kilt for?” David asked as they continued down the street with shopping bags.
Killian’s cheeks burned with blush as he scratched behind his ear.

“Oh, it’s just a souvenir. You can’t go to Scotland without getting a kilt,” Emma replied with a sly grin.

“But what’s the point if he’s never going to wear it?”

“Oh, he’s going to wear it,” Emma said, trying to suppress a laugh. “Maybe not out in public, but he’ll wear it.”

“I wouldn’t be caught dead wearing a kilt,” David remarked, and Killian’s cheeks were growing redder by the second.

The guys didn’t seem to catch on, but the ladies did. “David, we should get you a kilt, too,” Mary Margaret suggested as though David hadn’t expressed his opposing opinion just seconds earlier, her eyes lighting up with mischief.

David sighed, his eyes squeezing shut. He’d been waiting for his wife to ask him that. “I guess I’m getting a kilt,” he grumbled, but at the same time leaned into his wife and pressed a kiss to her temple.

Liam laughed and gave David a friendly pat on the shoulder. “Joru ka gulam ,” he said in a teasing tone.

As though on cue, everyone looked at him like he was speaking a different language, which he clearly was.

Killian and Elsa, however, didn't look the least bit confused and in fact, found humor in Liam’s words.

“What was that?” David asked, his brows scrunched together in confusion.

Liam shook his head with a lopsided grin on his face. “Nothing, mate.”
“Oh, come on, tell me what it means,” David begged.

Liam looked over at a gift shop and took Elsa’s hand. “Hey, love, do you want to stop here?” he asked her to avoid having to tell David what he had said.

“Sure,” Elsa agreed, and he quickly led her in the quaint shop.

The rest of the group, other than Killian, followed the couple inside, but when he released Emma’s hand to hold the door open for her, David stood in front of him to block his path and put a hand on his shoulder after Emma disappeared inside. “Come on, Killian, tell me what your brother said.”

Killian sighed, meeting David’s narrowed eyes. “Are you sure you want to know?”

He frowned. “Is it that bad?”

”Ehhh, it depends how you look at it.”

“Then yes, I want to know.”

“Alright, but remember, I’m just the translator,” he reminded him warily. He didn’t wish to get in the middle of his brother and David. Not one bit.

“Just tell me,” David grumbled impatiently.

Killian relented in the hopes that, if anything, David would move out of his way so they weren’t blocking the entryway. “Joru ka gulam. It’s a saying in Hindi that means tied to wife’s apron strings.”

David’s brows furrowed in confusion. “So, what’s that supposed to mean?”

Killian sighed once again, this time with more air behind it as he tried to get past David again, but to
It means you’re bloody whipped. Can I get past now?”

David didn’t budge. Instead, he frowned and took his hand off of Killian’s shoulder to fold his arms over his chest. “I am not,” he argued defensively.

Killian put up his hands in defense. “Not my words, Liam’s.”

“But you agree with him, don’t you?”

“Look, David, if you really must know, I think you can be an overly doting husband, but I’m not saying it’s a bad thing.”

Finally, David lowered his guard, a dumbfounded expression on his face as Killian walked past him. “You don’t think so?” he asked, hot on Killian’s heels.

“No, because you love your wife and you’d do anything for her. If you were a lousy husband you would do what you want and not care what your wife thinks. But you do care,” he said, giving David a friendly pat on the shoulder. “So, my advice is, take it as a compliment.” Killian started walking through the shop and David caught up to him, this time walking next to him.

“How do you and Liam know Hindi anyways?”

Killian chuckled. “You’d be surprised what they teach you in the royal navy.”

“Oh, right,” David mumbled, and thankfully he put the conversation to rest, at least for the time being.

For lunch, they grabbed some sandwiches and walked around the marina, and for dinner, they visited Two Fat Ladies at the Buttery, an upscale seafood restaurant. The name alone made it worth dining at. They arrived at the hotel afterwards, and the women agreed on soaking in the hot tub, and as Mary Margaret put it, “No boys allowed, except for Leo.”

So, after they kissed their significant others, Killian planting a kiss on Emma’s cheek and whispering with a dirty smirk, “I look forward to seeing you in your swimsuit afterward,” the ladies and Leo
trotted off to their rooms to change into their bathing suits.

“Wanna get a drink?” Liam asked the guys after the women disappeared into the elevator.

“Sure,” David grumbled, still a little bitter about Liam’s earlier remark. “And just for the record, I’m saying yes because I want to, not because my wife told me I could.”

Liam scowled at Killian. “You told him what I said?”

Killian sighed. “If you didn’t want him to know what you said, you shouldn’t have said it.”

David didn’t want to hear about it, so he started walking through the lobby. “This place is supposed to have a great bar. Come on.”

The hotel was enormous and elegant and actually had three bars, along with two restaurants. Killian followed his brother to the back where there was a bar attached to one of the restaurants.

“Look, David, I was only teasing about before,” was Liam’s attempt at an apology as they were seated and served the beers they had ordered. Kristoff and the other guys were to the left of David, chatting among themselves.

“It’s fine,” David assured, attempting a small smile.

Liam sighed, exasperated, and Killian knew he was genuinely sorry for the remark he’d made. “No, it’s not. The truth is, I admire your marriage with Mary Margaret.”

David looked over at Liam in shock. “You do?”

“Yeah, I mean who wouldn’t? It’s obvious you both have an old fashioned kind of relationship, but not in a bad way. You both have a timeless love. I only hope mine and Elsa’s marriage will be half as good as yours.”

David had to blink as he stared at Liam, completely dumbfounded. “Really? Because if you’re
“Relax, Nolan,” Liam chuckled, giving him a friendly pat on the back. “I’m not messing with you. I’m serious.” When he pulled his hand away, clutching his glass of beer between his palms, a serious expression clouded his features. Killian could detect a hint of vulnerability in his brother’s eyes he didn’t get to witness a lot. “It may seem like I’m not worried or distressed about the wedding or marriage or a future with Elsa, but the truth is, I’m terrified.”

“How come?” David asked in concern.

“Because I want Elsa to have the best, you know? I’m afraid of failing.”

David snickered, causing the guys to eye him in confusion.

“That’s funny to you?”

“No, it’s just, you always seem like you have your shit in order. You’re always so fearless. I never thought Liam Jones, veteran Navy Captain who literally always has a plan would be so terrified of the future.”

Liam had to laugh at that. “Believe it or not, I’m human after all.”

“Who would’ve thought?” Killian teased him.

“Very funny, little brother,” Liam retorted with a sardonic smile. Killian scowled and Liam rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah, I know, you’re not little.”

“So, what about you?” David asked the younger Jones brother warily, looking at him over Liam’s shoulder. “Is there any possibility of wedding bells in the future?”

Killian was taken off guard by the question. He never thought he’d see the day when David asked him a question like that.
“Do tell, Killian,” Liam encouraged him like a teenage girl with a big grin on his face.

Killian scratched behind his ear, contemplating how to answer the question with his brother and David staring at him expectantly. “I mean, I’ve thought about it for sure. I love Emma,” he said, a smile tugging at his lips. “She’s… she’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me, but I think moving in together is a big enough step for now, I don’t want to push her away by bringing up marriage too.”

“Yeah, that is smart, especially considering it’s Emma you’re dealing with,” David remarked.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I just mean, it takes her time to wrap her head around things. Look at how long it took for her to tell us about your relationship,” he pointed out. “Mary Margaret, Elsa, Liam and I… we’re her best friends and we’ve known her longer than you and still she decided to keep this huge thing from us.”

“Dave… I don’t think it’s a good idea to bring that up,” Liam chided him softly. “Emma had her reasons.”

“It’s okay, brother,” Killian assured, waving his hands to dismiss Liam’s words. “You’re right, David, Emma does require a lot of time and patience to get close to anyone, but I must say, it’s well worth the wait,” he said with a smirk. “When the day comes for her to be ready to say I do, I’ll know it, and I will wait for as long as it takes, no matter if it’s one year or fifty.”

“That is a good answer,” David acknowledged with a nod and cleared his throat as he went for another swig. “I just hope you don’t break up with her every time she says she’s not ready.”

“Excuse me?” Killian asked him defensively, his eyes darting to David.

“But there wasn’t enough alcohol in his system to let David’s words escape him. He was too on edge, anger bubbling up under his skin and his jaw was tightening as his hand clenched around his cold, half empty glass of beer. Here he thought he and David were getting along. He thought the three of them were mates having a pleasant conversation, but somehow it was part of David’s tactic to attack Killian with what had happened weeks ago. “No, I want to know what in the bloody hell that’s
supposed to mean,” Killian demanded sharply, his eyes shooting lasers at him.

David’s hands went up in surrender. He didn’t appear to be sorry though, which made things worse. “I was saying, you told her you’d be patient with her about coming forward with your relationship, but then you ended up breaking up with her anyway. I don’t want the same thing to happen if she’s not ready to get married when you want her to be.”

Killian slammed his tumbler on the bar counter and jumped from his stool, about to launch himself at David, but Liam quickly put his hand on Killian’s shoulder to stop him.

“Killian, he didn’t mean it.” Liam scolded David. “Tell my brother you didn’t mean it.”

“But I did. I’m only looking out for Emma. She doesn’t deserve to be tossed aside every time you get a little impatient.”

“Fuck you, Nolan.” Killian was about to start throwing punches at him, but Liam was body blocking him before Killian could get to him. “Liam, stay out of this. It’s between me and him,” Killian snarled through gritted teeth.

“Cool it, brother. You’re not getting into a bar fight.”

“We’ll take it outside then.”

David tried to step around Liam. “That’s fine by me.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, just stop it!” Liam demanded firmly, placing a hand on each of their chests to keep them from striking each other. “No one is getting into a brawl, not inside or outside this bar, nor on this trip, so you two need to make up right now.”

Killian scoffed, glaring at David as if he glared hard enough, David would turn into a fly. Maybe then David would be less irritating. “Fine, he’s not worth the risk of hurting my only real hand,” Killian relented in a seething tone. “But in case you forgot, Nolan, I immediately regretted breaking up with Emma and wanted to make things right with her. Not everyone can be perfect like Prince Charming,” he added pettily and turned to walk away as David tried to come after him, but Liam and Kristoff were working together to hold him back.
“So, are you ever going to tell us what happened yesterday morning?” Mary Margaret inquired as she, Emma, Elsa and Ruby were lounging in the hot tub, enjoying the gentle bubbles hitting their skin while Regina was swimming in the pool with Leo.

Emma rolled her eyes, a smile blooming over her lips. “Oh, nothing, just the typical Jones brothers squabble.”

“That’s all we get?” Mary Margaret almost gasped. “When we showed up at the airport, there was some major tension in the air.”

Emma sighed, not seeing any point in withholding the details her friend was eager to hear.

“She has a point, Em, you have to tell us,” Ruby chimed in.

“Alright, alright, Emma put her hands up in defeat. “If you must know, Liam walked in on us while we were in bed.”

“So, you were having sex?” Mary Margaret asked.

“Not exactly, but Killian was so irritated with Liam he almost initiated it while Liam was still in the room.”

Mary Margaret’s eyes widened and Elsa was rolling her eyes. “Those two can be such children, am I right, Emma?” Elsa asked.

“Yes, they can be,” Emma agreed, “but totally loveable,” she added, and Elsa seemed to wholeheartedly agree. The two of them went on to retell the events of the morning, including the part about Killian proving to Liam he wasn't little.

“Killian showed Liam his penis?!?” Ruby shrieked as Regina walked Leo from the pool after
wrapping him up in a towel, and it was a good thing no one else was around.

Mary Margaret scolded her. “Ruby?! What have I told you about talking like that around him?”

“Sorry.” Ruby said, her eyes full of apology as Regina covered Leo’s ears as though it would prevent him from having already heard.

Leo pulled her hands away. “What’s the big deal about pee-pees? I got a pee-pee.”

The women all laughed and Mary Margaret sighed. “You do sweetheart, but you're not allowed to show your pee-pee to other people.”

“But you and Daddy see mine when you give me a bath.”

“That’s different, we’re your parents.”

“Sorry to interrupt, lasses, but have you seen Killian?” The sound of Liam’s voice drew their attention, and his question filled Emma with panic.

“No, the last time we saw him was when he was with you and the other guys,” Elsa answered.

Liam’s eyes went to Emma, and he looked a bit worried. “Em, can I talk to you for a minute?”

“Is everything alright?” she asked, her words laced with concern.

“Yeah... well I think so,” he replied, not quite sure.

Emma’s eyes circled around, looking at the other women.

“Go ahead, Emma, we’re not going anywhere,” Elsa assured her.
Emma stood up in the hot tub and Liam extended a hand to help her out and handed her a towel. She wrapped it around her waist and started to grow more worried as she scanned Liam’s features.

“What’s wrong?” she asked as they stepped out of the pool area and into the corridor.

Liam took a long breath. “I think Killian took off.”

Emma’s eyes widened, fear washing over her. “What do you mean he took off?”

“He took off from the bar after he and David got into it. I’ve searched the other bars and restaurants in the hotel and I checked his room and tried to call him, but there’s no answer.”

“Wait, David and Killian got into it?”

“Yeah, there were some resentful words thrown around, and if I weren't around they would have been throwing fists at each other.”

“Okay, well maybe he’s in his room, he just didn't answer?”

“Let’s hope.”

“Well, where else is he gonna go?”

“I’m not sure, but he is a former alcoholic. I just hope he didn't go off to another bar and fall off the wagon.”

Emma nodded and went back to the jacuzzi to let the others know she had to leave, but she didn’t say why.

“Is everything okay?” Elsa asked her.
“Yeah, I’ll explain soon, I just have to go back to my room to check something.”

They accepted her answer, and Emma grabbed her phone and made her way to the elevator, dialing Killian’s number. He didn't answer, so she sent him a text.

**E: Babe, where are you?**

On her way to the room, she kept double checking her phone, but there was no response. When she unlocked the door, she looked around the room, but he wasn't anywhere to be found. Emma was growing more panicked by the second. She quickly threw on some clothes over her damp bathing suit, not caring if her clothes got wet.

**E: Killian, Liam said you might’ve taken off and I’m worried. Please call me back. I love you.**

She sent the text as she stepped out of the elevator where Liam was waiting for her.

“He wasn't there?”

Emma shook her head. “No.”

“Alright, well there are a few pubs nearby, let’s check and see if he went to one of them.”

“Okay.”

They made their way towards the lobby as she asked Liam what exactly David and Killian said to each other, but when they reached the entrance, Killian appeared, stepping inside.

Emma sighed in relief and rushed over to him. “Killian, what’s going on?” Emma asked him. He looked worn and a bit angry, but she couldn't smell any rum on him, only beer on his breath as she cupped his cheeks in her hands. “Why didn't you answer when I called?”
“Sorry, love, I just needed some fresh air,” he responded.

“You had me worried,” she chided him gently. “Liam said you took off.”

Killian took one of her hands in his, pressing a kiss to her fingers. “I’m sorry, Emma,” he murmured, resting his forehead on hers. “I’m sorry for everything.”

Emma was confused. “For everything?”

“Aye.” He pulled away slightly, gazing into her eyes. “I am never going to pressure you into anything ever again. Ever. You have my word. Whatever you wish, I will not question.”

“Killian, what’s this about?”

“Nothing, it’s just… David has so kindly reminded me of some things,” Killian replied, his jaw clenched, “and I don't want to make the same mistake twice.”

“What did he say to you?”

“It doesn’t matter, Swan, all that matters is—”

“Tell me,” she demanded. “What did David say to you?”

“He said he didn’t want me to break up with you every time you weren't ready to take the next step in our relationship.”

“He said what?!”

“Emma, please,” Killian begged her as he placed a hand on her shoulder. “I don’t want to start anything again.”
“You didn’t start anything, he did,” she reminded him sharply. Emma was furious, her nails leaving marks in the palms of her hands as she stormed to the Nolans’ room, despite Killian’s futile attempts to dissuade her. When she reached the door, she had to take a deep breath to calm down in case Mary Margaret and Leo had returned from the pool area.

When the door opened, she could tell he’d had a few too many beers as he offered a lazy smile. “Hey, Em, what’s up?”

Emma promptly responded by lifting her hand and smacking him in the face. David held his cheek, his expression full of concern, not a trace of anger shown in his face when he saw the tears clouding her eyes.

“Don’t you hey Em me, you know exactly what’s up,” she bit out curtly.

Realization dawned on him, his eyes darkening with apology. “Emma, I’m sorry.”

“I don’t believe you,” she cried out, tears streaming down her cheeks. “Ever since Killian came into my life, you’ve done nothing but judge him.”

“Emma—”

“No, let me finish. You all wonder why I kept our relationship a secret, well this is exactly why. You saying things to Killian to cause a rift between us is just one example of why I didn't tell anyone.”

“Please let me explain,” David attempted again, but Emma was determined to get everything off her chest.

“No, you let me explain because I’m only going to say this once, so you need to listen. In case you haven’t noticed, I love Killian, and nothing you say or do is going to change that.”

“I know that,” he was able to get out before she continued.

“No, I don't think you know exactly how I feel about him.”
“Emma, I do and that’s why—”

“Why what? Why you feel the need to protect me? I don’t need your protection. I’m capable of looking out for myself.” Emma took a deep breath, her words softening as she went on. “You know how much I love and appreciate you and Mary Margaret, and everything you’ve done for me, but I’m not that poor, homeless girl you once knew. You both have taught me kindness and hope and love, and believe it or not, it’s because of you both that I took a chance on Killian. We may have had some rocky times, but I’m completely mad about him,” Emma choked out, a smile breaking over her face. “And I know he feels the same about me. I want a future with him, I want to marry him and have babies with him, so you… you better get used to that. Whatever grudge you have against him, just forget it, because whether you like it or not, he's going to be in my life for a very long time.”

“Emma,” David tried again.

“Is that true?” The sound of Killian’s voice had Emma whirling around to see him standing twenty feet away, and he looked completely wrecked. She hadn’t even noticed he was there. “You want all that?”

Her smile widened as she made his way over to him. “Yes, I do.”

Killian sighed in relief as he closed the distance between them, wrapping her up in his arms. “Emma, I would never purposely hurt you ever again, you know that right?”

Emma’s heart tightened at the thought of him having doubts about that. “I know,” she whispered, pressing her lips against his.

He pulled her into a passionate kiss and slid his fingers through her hair, his thumb caressing her cheek. Emma was completely consumed, expressing everything she felt for him without words. Her heart was bursting as he held her tightly and deepened the kiss, their tongues sweeping to taste one another. She honestly couldn't wait for their future to begin, and the thought of losing him was too painful to think about.

Emma finally broke the kiss, remembering David was still there standing in the doorway. “Easy tiger,” she breathed, trying to get the air back in her lungs again. She pulled away and turned towards David.
She could see the smile threatening his lips as he lifted a hand, gesturing for them to continue. “Please, don't let me stop you. I only want you to be happy, Emma.”

“Good, because I am happy.” She looked at Killian again, and if he were holding a grudge against David, he didn't show it one bit, too busy looking at her like she was the only person in the whole world.

Killian picked her up and she giggled, wrapping her legs around his waist as he carried her to their room.

They were kissing each other again, getting caught up in the heat, and everything else was forgotten.

Killian fumbled with the key card and they stumbled into the room, still kissing wildly. Kicking the door shut behind them, he set her down, their lips still attached.

They were helping each other out of their clothes, things falling to the floor during their pursuit towards the bed. His fingers worked on the row of buttons on Emma’s blouse, leaning in to kiss each inch of milky skin revealed.

“Could you…” Emma breathed, tilting her head back as his warm kisses made her knees want to buckle underneath her. “Could you put on the kilt?”

Killian lifted his head from the swell of her breasts. She was still wearing her bikini as she bit her bottom lip, eyes twinkling with mischief.

“I want you to tease me with that gorgeous body of yours.”

His eyes hungrily roamed her figure, and though he was hard and aching in his jeans, he was eagerly willing to abide her request.

“Your wish, love,” he groaned.

Emma played some music on her phone and waited patiently as he went into the bathroom and changed into the kilt. The anticipation was almost too much, but he was soon stepping out, a bashful
smile on his face.

Emma laughed as she watched him awkwardly walk towards her. He was wearing nothing but the kilt, and damn, he looked good.

“I know I look ridiculous, love, but your laughter isn't helping,” he chuckled, his cheeks a crimson red.

“No, you don't look ridiculous, I'm laughing because you're the only guy in the whole damn world who can pull off adorable and insanely hot at the same time.”

Killian arched a brow, his features relaxing a bit. “You think so?”

She nodded furiously. “Fuck yes. I’m so wet for you right now, it’s not even funny,” she admitted unabashedly.

Killian's eyes darkened with lust, a low growl tearing from his throat as he licked his lips. “I’m looking forward to tasting that wet cunt of yours.”

A moan escaped her lips, her walls clenching as she thought about that hot tongue on her. With the tension thick and the awkwardness gone, he felt comfortable enough to start dancing to the music. Emma had to tear her eyes away from his alluring blue, her gaze trailing down his body as he moved.

She was cheering him on and wolf whistling, and he got more into the dance, using the bedpost as a pole and seductively grinding against the wood.

She clapped a hand over her mouth and giggled, watching him intently as he showed off that toned body, his muscles rippling as he danced.

“I can't wait to ride you like this, love,” he groaned, thrusting his groin into the pole.

“I can’t wait either, baby.”
He turned around and shook his hips, lifting the skirt of the kilt to show off his ass. The temperature of the room was increasing by the second and Emma was positive she could come from merely watching that butt move from side to side.

He turned around to continue dancing, and Emma was so hot and bothered by the time he was done, she had stripped off her bikini top and bottom and sat near the edge of the bed with her legs spread wide in silent invitation. Killian growled, a predatory glint in his eyes as he stalked towards her, his tongue lashing over his lips.

Scanning her parted thighs and waiting cunt, he climbed on the bed, crawling between her legs. The anticipation was high, Emma's breathing was already spiked as she felt his breath on her folds. He reached for her smooth mound, his thumb stroking her slit, and she moaned in relief, sinking into the mattress. With his good hand, he spread her glistening folds apart and leaned in, his tongue flicking across her slit like a snake, causing Emma's hips to lurch upwards.

Killian lapped at her goodness, groans vibrating against her bundle of nerves as he inserted two fingers inside her. Emma was moaning, her body writhing underneath him as he picked up speed, his tongue moving in sync with his fingers. He had done this so many times with her, but each encounter brought her new kinds of pleasure. The position they were in, the way he moved his tongue inside of her, the rhythm of his fingers, or how many he used was always different. She was his instrument and he knew exactly how to play her, stroking every key and hitting every chord perfectly. Each song was different, but in the end, he always went for the grand finale.

Killian knew she was almost there because her hips were greeting his tongue with eager thrusts and her nectar was coating his fingers. Emma was a mess, breathing shallow and her heart pulsing in her ear as he sent her higher and higher towards the peak of euphoric bliss. Killian sucked her clit hard, setting off a powerful orgasm, and Emma’s body spasmed as she cried out, squirting her juices all over his face. He licked his fingers clean as she slowly floated back to earth.

He always knew how to make her body turn into a pile of useless limbs, but eventually, she always came back with a vengeance, wanting to return the favor. But first, she really needed that beautiful cock inside her cunt. And she needed him now.

But to her dismay, she felt the bed shift as he got out. She sat up and crawled over to the end of the bed, and when he went to remove the kilt, Emma put her hand on his to stop him, mischief dancing in her eyes. “No, leave it on a while longer. I want you to fuck me while you're wearing the kilt.”

Killian growled and pulled her into his arms, both of them tumbling to the mattress again as his lips crashed into hers.
The kiss was electric, sending pleasant shocks all over her body as he plunged a hand into her wealth of golden hair, pulling gently. She writhed underneath him with a moan as she tasted herself on him.

“Mmm, you're so beautiful.” Killian kept his hand buried in her hair as he peppered her jaw with wet, open-mouthed kisses before descending to her neck, his teeth gently gnawing at her skin.

Emma moaned and slipped a hand under his kilt, her fingers sliding up the back of his thigh to grasp onto his perfect ass cheek. She loved his ass; it was one of her favorite features. She loved all of his qualities of course, both physically and inwardly. Her hand was working around his hip to grasp his erection, stroking him softly, and Killian jolted and groaned, his eyes rolling to the back of his head.

“Gods, love...”

“You feel so good, baby,” Emma whimpered as she moved her hand gently back and forth, dragging the skin up and down his shaft, and it felt delightfully hard in her hand, like silk over steel.

Despite the waves of pleasure sparking through him, Killian managed to slide his hand between their bodies and slip his fingers into her heat where she was still dripping. They were kissing again, nearly inhaling each other in their enthusiasm.

“I want you to fuck me,” she moaned against her lover’s lips.

“Gods, yes.” Killian kissed her like there was no tomorrow, plush lips connecting with hers.

He worked his hips into her hand, his body shuddering with the feeling of her fingers stroking him and cupping his balls.

“I wanna ride you, baby,” she whispered, her words completely shattered.

He didn't argue.

He moved off of her and Emma rose to her knees, climbing atop him, straddling his lap and clutching
onto his shoulder with one hand while the other was still stroking his cock. Their eyes were locked as she pressed his velvety tip to her slick entrance and lowered her hips, slowly descending upon him. Killian quivered at the contact, stretching her until he was fully buried inside of her heat.

He was groaning roughly, wrapping her frame up in his arms as she rolled her hips into him, slowly riding his dick. Her hands went to his butt, fingers squeezing the firmness and pressing him closer, drawing out long, guttural groans from his throat. Their lips connected again as they moved, the heat building between them. A slew of curses and moans tumbled from their lips as he rocked into his lover, her walls collapsing around him.

“Oh, God, Killian...” She was so close, she could almost taste another orgasm.

“You feel so…” he gave a good, hard thrust, “uggghhh, so fucking good,” and then another, making her whimper. His fingers were deep into her skin, deep enough to leave bruises as he held her tightly in his arms and moved inside of her, hitting that spot inside of her with just the right amount of speed and consistency.

“Killian…”

Her soft cries became loud, drawn-out screams as she exploded once more, her insides bursting with hot bliss. She was panting, trying to piece herself together as her body melted into his. She wasn't finished with him, though, her mind flooding with ways she could make him come.

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“Killian, can I try something?” she asked him breathlessly, her teeth grazing his earlobe as her hands snaked around to squeeze his ass.

He stopped moving, swallowed hard and scanned her face, his eyes sparkling with intrigue as he cocked a brow. “What, our sex life isn’t exciting enough for you, love?” he teased with a laugh.

Emma rolled her eyes. “Of course it is. Sex with you is all I think about thanks to you,” she giggled, pressing a soft kiss to his jaw. “You’ve got me hooked on everything we do together. I want you, Killian, in any way I can get you.”

“Well, in that case, you can do anything with me your heart wishes,” he growled. “Little siren.”
Emma told him to stay put as she slipped out of his arms and out of bed. She went to her suitcase and fumbled through her clothes to find a bottle of lube. When she held it up for him to see, his eyes brightened, beautiful lips falling agape; he knew exactly what she was up to. “Spread for me, baby,” she encouraged and watched as her lover got on all fours, eagerly spreading his legs open in glorious invitation. She joined him on the bed, kneeling behind him as she unscrewed the cap of the lube and slicked up her fingers. With one hand on his thigh to settle them both, she lifted his kilt and slid her fingers down, carefully parting his ass cheeks to find the tight pucker of his entrance. “You’re sure this is okay?”

He replied with a groan and an, “Oh, fuck yes.”

She gently worked a fingertip inside him and was rewarded with a low groan. Emboldened, she pushed her finger in farther, watching in fascination as it slowly slid in and out of him. When Killian relaxed, melting into her ministrations, she reached around to take hold of his cock. He was long and elegant just like the rest of him, and her heart swelled to see how vulnerable he looked, on his knees and at her mercy like that. She gently squeezed his beautiful cock as she introduced a second finger into his ass. He groaned again, deep and guttural and started rocking his hips as she probed and stroked him simultaneously, both hands working at the same speed and rhythm. When she crooked her fingers, he shuddered, and Emma felt a flush of heat roll over her.

He was putty in her hands and she could tell he was getting close with the way his breath hitched every time she plunged her fingers inside his walls. Emma was getting so wet, watching him writhe and push his hips back to gain more friction; it was hot, she wanted to intensify the pleasure for him. She wanted to hit his male g-spot and push him completely over the edge, but she had an even better idea in mind of exactly how to accomplish that.

“I wanna fuck you, Killian,” she moaned desperately. “Can I?”

“Have I ever denied you, love?”

“No, I mean… I wanna fuck you.”

Killian paused, his ears perking up as he craned his neck to look at her. “And how do you propose doing that, sweetling? Because I’m looking at you right now and you don’t have the right equipment for that.”

Emma laughed. “Here, let me show you what I mean.” Slowly withdrawing her fingers from her
boyfriend’s ass, she got off the bed and went to her luggage, pulling out a device that would certainly do the trick and she held it up.

Killian swallowed thickly, his eyes lighting up. He was definitely not opposed. “Fuck.”

“You want this baby?” she asked him with a wicked smirk. Since they’ve been together, she hadn’t used it on herself; Killian used it on her and she used the vibrator to massage his balls, but that was it. She never found it useful for herself since she had something so much better. She had Killian and nothing or no one could ever replace him. “You want me to fuck you?”

“Please, Emma,” he begged, and Emma absolutely loved when he begged because usually, she was the one begging. “Fuck me, love. Make me yours.”

Emma’s blood ran hotter, hearing the desperation in his tone and how wrecked he looked as he watched her reach for the lube and squirt a ribbon of gel over her palm, slicking the dildo with it. She climbed on the bed again and positioned herself so she was in between his legs, the head of the dildo nestled between the cheeks of his butt as she lifted the kilt out of her way. Looking over him as he was on his hands and knees for her, presenting his gorgeous, toned ass, his baby blues looking back at her with desire, Emma felt incredible. She was the one wielding the power.

With one hand, she stretched him open for her, while the other guided the silicone shaft into his tight hole. She pushed it in carefully and slowly, letting him adjust to the intrusion. Killian had to try and remember how to breathe as Emma deepened the dildo, the lube aiding the process. And that was it, she was fucking her boyfriend, being the one to penetrate him with the dildo, and he was the one asking for it. As she moved the device inside him, he groaned and sighed with delight and, even without touching herself, her cunt was soaking wet again, her juices running down her thighs.

It took a few efforts to get used to thrusting, pushing it in just the right way, but soon she found a natural rhythm. As Killian began to push back to meet her thrusts, Emma grew in boldness and began to pound into him until his tightness was completely sheathing the dildo. Her free hand was clutching his waist as she peered down to see the dildo sliding in and out of his ass.

“Ohh, fuck, baby,” Killian groaned, “Just like that. I don't think I can hold back much longer.”

“Why don’t you get on your back,” she suggested, “and spread your legs?” She wanted to see his face as she fucked him until he came, wanted the full conquest to be visible.
Killian eagerly obliged, rolling around and lying back into the mattress before she pushed his kilt back, admiring him appreciatively when his hard cock bobbed free. Her boyfriend was a wet dream come to life stretched over the bed. He was lean and beautifully muscled, long, ropy limbs, miles of creamy skin and a rosy erection, hard just for her, bumping against his stomach.

He licked his lips. “Should I take it off...” His hand went to the fasteners of the kilt.

“No, keep it... I like it,” she replied slyly.

“Alright,” he chuckled and took a deep breath.

Once she began plunging the shaft in and out of him again, and he closed his eyes, letting the sensations roll over him. With the dildo buried in her boyfriend’s ass, Emma grabbed his hard, aching dick in her free hand and started stroking him in tune with the thrusts of the dildo. Groans were pouring out of Killian’s mouth, his eyes rolling into the back of his head and it was one of the best sights she’d ever witnessed.

But it was all too much. Emma was so aroused, she needed release again, and Killian could see it in her eyes.

“Touch yourself, love. I want you to make yourself come so I can watch you fall,” he breathed in a strangled voice.

So Emma removed her hand from his cock and slipped her fingers into her slick heat, fiercely stroking her clit as she continued pounding the dildo into Killian’s tight ass. Rubbing her clit sent an electric current right through her core, increasing the erratic rhythm of fucking her boyfriend’s ass. It didn’t take long for her to explode, her warm nectar erupting over her fingers. Her mouth parted, moans spilling from her lips, cheeks rosy red as he watched her fall.

Seeing her orgasm while still buried dildo-deep in his virgin hole was enough for him to feel that familiar surge through his body. With Emma back to pumping his cock while she stimulated that spot inside of him over and over again with the dildo, the room filled with the sounds of the mattress squeaking and the noises Killian made as she doubled her efforts to drive him out of his mind as she fucked him with increasing abandon. Killian felt that warm tingle rising from the base of his cock signaling his imminent release.

“Ooooh, fuck!” he cried out as his orgasm crested over him, pleasure rolling through him in long
shivery waves of bliss.

Emma aimed his cock towards her and opened her mouth as ribbons of come spurted out, spilling into her mouth and down her chin, hitting her breasts and Killian’s stomach until he was milked dry and his body sank into the mattress. Emma licked her lips and scooped his come with her fingers, drawing the salty goodness into her mouth and sucking it off. She carefully removed the dildo and set it aside for now. Killian reached up to catch her as she tumbled over in a heap across his chest, both sticky but satisfied in each other’s arms.

“Bloody hell, love…” he uttered, breathless and panting as he pressed a kiss to the crown of her head. She could hear his heart racing underneath her ear. “That was fucking fantastic.”

Emma laughed in agreement. “I should definitely do that more often. Maybe next time with a strap on?”

“Aye, love. Any time you feel like fucking me like that, I will be more than happy to oblige.”

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When some semblance of calm had returned, Emma rolled over and Killian stood, unfastening the damp kilt and dropping it on the floor. They both stumbled into the bathroom to clean off in the shower. When they got out and dried off with a towel, Killian washed the dildo off before mindlessly throwing it in the bedside table drawer. He turned off the lights and joined Emma in bed, underneath the covers, eyes as blue as the Aegean sea regarding her through the spill of darkness.

“Thank you,” he whispered in her ear, taking her in his arms and stroking her hair.

“Thank you for wearing the kilt.”

Killian paused his ministrations to really look at her. “Gods, I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Emma whispered, and he gathered her close, dropping kisses over her collarbone and neck.
“Mmmm.” She arched against him like a cat, and just like that, they were kissing ravenously again, clutching each other as close as they could.

~*~

The next morning, Emma and Killian had just managed to get out of bed and throw on some clothes—Emma was wearing Killian’s t-shirt and he was in a pair of pajama pants—when there was a knock on the door.

“I’ll get it,” Emma mumbled with her toothbrush in her mouth. She rinsed it off and laid it on the counter, spitting the toothpaste into the sink. She kissed her boyfriend on the cheek, as he was still brushing his teeth, and stepped out of the bathroom, trudging across the room to open the door.

“Hey,” she murmured, and Killian cleaned off his toothbrush and stepped out of the bathroom to see who it was, but he had a pretty good idea who it might be, judging by Emma’s tone and how quiet she was after she’d answered the door. She was still holding resentful feelings towards David for what he’d said to him last night.

“Hey,” the guest parroted. “Can I talk to Killian?”

A pang of anger hit Killian when he heard David’s voice.

Emma nodded and stepped aside to let him in. She looked at Killian, pleading with him silently to hear David out, so Killian only sighed and walked over to David.

“Killian, I really want to apologize about last night,” David declared, looking Killian in the eye.

Killian glanced down, the memories of last night washing over him, the pain of the words David had used made his stomach hurt. “David, you really don’t have to—”

“No, I really do. I was way out of line. I had been drinking, and what Liam had said earlier in the day kind of got to me, so I was a bit on edge.”

Killian lifted his eyes witnessing the genuine apology in his features. “You were looking out for
Emma,” he replied, “I understand.”

“I was, but it’s still no excuse. You’re a good guy, Killian. You’re good for her and I’m really sorry I said the things I did last night. This is supposed to be an enjoyable trip, with your brother getting married, and I’m sorry I put a damper on things.”

Killian offered him a small smile. “Thank you, David, I appreciate that.”

David returned a bashful grin, extending his hand. “Still mates?”

Killian couldn’t help but chuckle and instead of shaking the man’s hand, he drew David into a hug. “Mates,” he accepted, patting him on the back.

David sighed in relief, also giving Killian a friendly pat on the back. “And just for the record, my wife had nothing to do with me being here to apologize,” he assured as they broke the hug. “I wanted to apologize since Emma literally slapped some sense into me,” he laughed.

Killian's brow arched as he turned to look at Emma, who appeared to be guilty as charged. “You slapped him?”

She nodded and joined them in front of the door. “I was furious when I found out,” she admitted with an apologetic smile. “Sorry, David.”

He shook his head, waving his hand to dismiss her words. “Please, don't apologize, Em. I deserved it and so much worse. I shouldn't have said what I did.”

“Hey, don't worry about it, Killian forgives you, so why don't we just forget it happened?” Emma suggested.

David agreed with a nod, pulling her into a hug. “Thank you,” he sighed in relief, his hand cupping the back of her head. “I’m so glad you’re happy, Em,” he murmured in her ear. “Mary Margaret and I only want what’s best for you. We always have.”

“I know.” She offered a smile as they withdrew from the hug.
“Well, we should go downstairs and meet the others for breakfast,” David suggested, glancing between them. “I’ll let you get dressed.” As he opened the door, Killian heard the pitter-patter of footsteps in the hallway, and then Leo burst into the room, his mother following behind him.

“Aunt Em Em!” He threw his arms around Emma’s waist, and she laughed, returning the hug.

“Hey, kiddo.”

“Can you tell he’s excited about Aunt Elsa and Uncle Liam getting married?” David chuckled.

“Aye, the little lad is always full of energy, though,” Killian commented as his eyes reverted to David.

“Yeah, just wait until he gets some OJ and pancakes at breakfast, he’ll be bouncing off the walls.”

“Well, you know, if you and Mary Margaret ever need us to look after him, we’d be happy to, right Emma?” he asked her.

“Yeah, of course. We’re all for Charming date nights,” Emma added with a laugh. “Leo can be a handful, so I’m sure you two could use a break every now and then.”

“Thank you for the offer, we will definitely take you up on that,” David said, and Mary Margaret nodded in agreement.

“We sure could use a date night, right honey?” she asked her husband, a bright smile blooming over her lips as she rubbed his back.

“Absolutely,” he answered with a happy grin, chastely kissing her lips.

“Aunt Em Em, what’s this?”
Killian was smiling, his arm around Emma’s shoulder as they turned their heads to see what Leo was referring to.

As soon as he saw what was in the little lad’s hand, Emma stiffened and Killian froze. Complete mortification came over them, the blood draining from their faces.

“Leo!” Mary Margaret shrieked. “That’s not a toy. Put that back where you found it.”

She started towards her son, scowling back at Emma and Killian. “Really, Emma? You couldn’t refrain from using it on vacation?” She took the device from Leo’s hand, extending it to the horrified couple.

A small smirk tugged at Emma’s lips as she looked at Killian, her face fully flushed. “It wasn’t for me,” she murmured more to herself and Killian than to her friends. She went to Mary Margaret and took the dildo from her hand, replacing it in the drawer where Leo had found it.

“So, mate, I guess you’re rethinking the whole babysitting idea?” Killian inquired playfully, trying to diffuse the situation. He didn’t even dare see what kind of a look David was flashing him, but a death glare certainly came to mind.

“Maybe you could just leave the toys at home, and hide them someplace where Leo can’t get to them when he’s over,” was all David remarked though, and he didn’t even seem mad as Mary Margaret came back to them, holding Leo’s hand.

The young boy was scowling because he couldn’t play with the toy, and Killian stood there awkwardly scratching behind his ear.

“Alright then, who’s hungry?”

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Emma was still a little embarrassed as they came downstairs, but she was mostly feeling the high from her and Killian’s night together, a smile making its way across her lips. The hotel restaurant was nice, with a lovely view of George Square, one of the six civic squares in the city center of Glasgow.
After visiting the buffet, they found the tables the rest of the group had pushed together so they could all sit at one table. Before Emma could claim a chair, though, Killian was pulling her into his lap, a giggle escaping her lips as he showered her cheek with kisses.

“You two seem happy,” Ruby commented with a cheeky grin. “If we didn't know any better, we’d think you two were the ones getting married.”

“Oi,” Liam muttered, frowning at her. “What about us? We seem, happy, right?” he asked, his arm curled around his fiance as he kissed her temple. Elsa blushed and smiled brightly at him.

“Don’t worry, you two look very happy together,” Ruby assured them before taking a bite of her sausage. “You’re just more conservative about it,” she added, her eyes moving to Emma and Killian from across the table. “These two are shameless is all.”

Mary Margaret snorted in amusement at Ruby's words as she arrived at the table with two plates of food, one for her and one for Leo. David sat at the end of the table and his wife and son took the two seats on either side of him.

“Leo, why the long face?” Ruby asked, witnessing the sadness in his expression as his mother placed the plate in front of him.

Leo took the fork and dug into the pancake his mother had cut up. “Mommy took my toy away,” he grumbled.

Emma’s cheeks burned crimson as she felt Killian stiffen underneath her, but not in a good way.

“You took the kid’s toy away? What the heck, MM?” Regina teased.

“What kind of toy?” Elsa asked curiously.

Leo shrugged. “It looked like a pee-pee. I found it in Aunt Em Em’s room.”

Mary Margaret’s mouth fell open, her eyes widening in mortification.
“Leo, we don’t speak that way at the breakfast table,” David chastised softly.

“Sowy, Daddy.”

Ruby looked confused, but also intrigued. “What kind of toys are you letting him play with?” she asked Emma.

“It wasn’t a toy,” Mary Margaret squealed. “At least not for a kid,” she mumbled before taking a sip of her coffee.

“Wait, you mean…”

No one replied to Ruby’s question, but the way Emma ignored her and watched the end of the fork as she picked at her food, her cheeks burning under Ruby’s gaze, Ruby didn’t need a verbal response to her question. Her jaw dropped, eyes lighting up as her gaze flitted between Emma and Killian.

*Oh God, Ruby will certainly have a field day with this,* Emma thought as she glanced up at her again.

“Rubes, don’t say anything,” Mary Margaret warned sternly.

“What?” she burst out in defense. “I wasn’t going to.” She went back to eating her breakfast, a big grin returning to her lips. “But now we know why you two look so happy.”

“And mind you, Leo found it after she and Killian offered to babysit,” David added.

Ruby laughed. “Oh my gosh, this trip just keeps getting better and better.”

“Oh come on, I’ve watched Leo plenty of times before,” Emma reminded them.

“Yeah, but not while you were with your boyfriend. You two won’t be able to keep your hands off each other.” That was Elsa who decided to interject, and Emma eyed her in shock. She thought Elsa would at least take her side.
“Oh, come on, we are capable of behaving ourselves in front of the lad, right, babe?” Killian asked her, kissing her cheek.

“Of course. We’re not savages.”

“Eh,” Ruby replied shrugging her shoulders. “Maybe. When you two are separated, you’re civil around others.”

Emma rolled her eyes at Ruby, unable to contain the smile threatening her lips as she looked over at her nephew. “Leo, how about I buy you a toy when we get home, anything you want. How does that sound?”

Leo’s face lit up at that. “Really?”

“Yeah, kid, but you have to be good for the rest of the trip, okay, and you can’t talk about what you found in my room, got it?”

Leo nodded. “I won’t, I promise.” Emma ruffled his hair and dropped a kiss to the top of his head.

“Em Em, you’re such a cool aunt,” Ruby chanted.

Mary Margaret shook her head, a small smile on her lips. “Oh, she certainly gives the term cool aunt a whole new meaning.”

Emma didn’t argue with her friends; she wasn’t ashamed of what she had with Killian. She only hoped her nephew wouldn’t need therapy because of their escapades. She craned her neck to share a chaste kiss with her boyfriend, both of them wearing blissful smirks as they returned their attention to their breakfast.
After breakfast, the group split up for the day. Emma and Mary Margaret had planned for the ladies to spend the day along the Royal Mile, the heart of Edinburgh, for Elsa’s bachelor party. The bridesmaids gave her a sash that said Mrs. Captain Jones on the front, and she giggled when she saw it, and put it on before they left. They began at an extinct volcano and continued down a slope that was formed by the retreat of an ice age millions of years ago and was now the main street of the adjoining burghs of Edinburgh and Canongate. They visited a few of the significant landmarks, including the Edinburgh Castle, a world-famous attraction, and the Scottish Parliament for a tour of the building and its art collection, and to see parliament in debate. They had lunch in one of the restaurants down the Royal Mile and visited a few museums and shops, all while enjoying beautiful views across the city to the Firth of Forth, the estuary of several Scottish rivers.

Meanwhile, the men, including Leo, spent the afternoon competing in mini highland games. The group reconvened at the Lighthouse Hotel for the rehearsal dinner and afterward, Liam and Elsa said their goodbyes for the night with parting kisses, both of them giddy with excitement for the big day tomorrow. The ladies threw Elsa a small party in the hotel suite where the bridesmaids were wearing matching royal blue robes with their title for the wedding in pink letters on the back, and they drank wine and showered the bride with gifts and played some silly games.

The wedding day finally dawned, bringing a pandemonium of excitement through the hotel, and also a few minor hiccups along the way. But it was nothing a cool-headed bride, an over-exuberant wedding planner and eager to please groom could not handle, even if he were a bit of groomzilla. The soon to be married couple complemented each other, and usually, Elsa was the one talking Liam down or putting him in his place. He was the worry wart and she was the levelheaded of the two, the one who always had a way of calming him down to a normal, human level. However, even Elsa had a breaking point.

Emma ran frantically through the hall in her high heels and royal blue maid of honor dress, holding up the fabric so it didn’t drag along the floor as she headed for the groom’s suite, bursting through the door with one hand covering her eyes. She scrambled into the room shouting, “Where’s Mary Margaret?” while trying to catch her breath.

Liam and his groomsmen were startled, grumbling in complaint from the female intrusion. “Bloody hell, Emma, don’t you know how to knock?” Liam asked curtly.
Emma scoffed. “You’re one to talk. You wouldn’t know how to knock if there was a sign on the door that had instructions on how to knock.” When she thought it was safe to do so, she peeked through a narrow slit between her fingers to see that everyone was decent - Liam was buttoning up his shirt and David tying the bow of Leo’s tux—and removed her hand.

“Aunt Em Em!” Leo shouted and ran over to Emma jumping into her arms as she scooped him up. “Hey, kiddo.” She gave her nephew a small smile and a peck on the cheek, but she knew she still looked anxious; she was afraid her friend would have a nervous breakdown before the wedding.

Killian was buttoning up his vest as he approached her, and of course, he looked adorable and handsome as always, with his black tux and blue vest that matched his mesmerizing eyes, his hair a bit untidy from running his hand through it over and over. And of course he was not opposed to her presence in the dressing room, but his smile fell when he saw the frantic look on her face. “What’s wrong, love?”

“There’s a wedding dress emergency.” Emma replied, setting Leo down. He was growing like a weed and getting heavy; soon he’d be too big for Emma to carry. “The zipper broke, so Elsa can’t zip up her dress at all, and she’s freaking out, afraid she’s going to have to walk down the aisle with her butt hanging out.” As she looked around the room, she could see the little smirk on Liam’s face; he was not opposed to the idea. “We need Mary Margaret, she will know what to do.”

“I’m not sure where she is, did you check our room?” David asked her.

“Yes, but she’s not there.” Emma let out an exasperated sigh. “Great, the wedding dress is defective, the bride’s a wreck and the wedding planner’s missing, what else could possibly go wrong? Not even her own sister can calm her down.” Emma placed her fingertips to her temple, rubbing them slowly to ease the headache blooming over her.

“Hey,” Killian murmured in a soothing tone as he came behind her and kissed the tip of her ear, massaging her shoulder with his one good hand, switching from one side to the other. Emma melted into his touch, able to calm down a bit. “Relax, we’ll find Mary Margaret, I’m sure she has a sewing kit.”

Emma shot David a questioning glance.

“Knowing my wife, she’s fully prepared for situations like this,” He extended his hand to his son. “Come on, Leo, let’s find your mother.” Leo took his hand and they headed for the door.
“Thank you,” Emma said appreciatively.

“Don’t worry, we’ll find her.” He flashed her a reassuring smile, somehow easing her nerves a bit, and left the room.

Emma’s back slumped into Killian’s chest as he wrapped his arms around her, reveling in the warmth he offered. Killian always knew how to calm her down, and right now the whole atmosphere of the wedding needed calmness.

“Come on, Killian, you can help me calm the bride down.” She took his hand and headed for the door.

“Oi, what about me?” Liam asked with a frown. “I am the groom.”

“It’s bad luck to see the bride before the wedding,” Emma told him and pulled Killian out of the room.

“But, love, if her own sister can’t calm her then what makes you think I can?” Killian asked in confusion.

Emma paused and turned around, cupping one of his cheeks in the hand which was not entwined with his. “Because, baby, you may only have one hand, but it works wonders.”

Killian didn’t bother to argue any further as he flashed a smug grin and allowed Emma to lead him to the bridal suite.

When they rushed through the door, Elsa was still in panic mode as she sat in her chair while Anna’s arm was around her sister’s shoulder as she planted a kiss to her temple, trying to calm her as Ruby applied Elsa’s makeup. Although, neither Ruby’s nor Anna’s attempts were working very well. Elsa could not sit still and was squirming in her seat as Ruby sighed in frustration trying to hold her chin where she needed it in order to not fuck up her makeup.

Elsa moved her head away, her makeup only partly done as she looked at Killian and Emma. “Did you find Mary Margaret?”
“No, David went to look for her, but in the meantime, I brought the Best Man to help you relax.”

Elsa arched a brow, not in the mood to smile. “As much as I like you, Killian, I don't like you that much.”

Killian chuckled. “She didn’t mean it like that.” He went around and started massaging her shoulders.

Elsa’s tense body seemed to melt at Killian’s touch. His hand was magic like that. “Oooh, that is very relaxing,” she murmured and closed her eyes. Elsa was able to relax enough to allow Ruby to continue with applying her makeup. She added some final touches before handing the bride a hand mirror so she could study her reflection.

Elsa frowned, panic washing over her features. She had blood red lips and her face looked even paler than her normal complexion. “What did you do?”

Ruby frowned in confusion. "What do you mean? I made you look like a Queen, just like you wanted."

Elsa’s eyes widened at her. "I said Ice Queen, not the White Queen!"

Ruby’s face flashed with apology. “Oh, sorry, I just thought the dark lips was what you wanted.”

“No, I wanted cool tones for my eyes and lips, like pale pinks and blues, not warm colors!” Elsa closed her eyes, taking a deep breath.

“Alright, alright, I’ll redo it, it will be fine.” Ruby cleaned off Elsa’s makeup and retrieved some lighter colors from her cosmetic case.

Elsa kept looking into the mirror to make sure Ruby was doing her makeup to her satisfaction, critiquing every step and blurting out comments like, “Too much blush,” “Not enough eyeshadow,” and "Why are you using that color? It's too dark."
Ruby sighed and rolled her eyes. "Keep telling me how to do my job and I’ll make you look like a drag queen,” she warned with a sweet smile.

“Did someone ask for a sewing kit?” Mary Margaret’s voice pulled their attention as the cheerful Nolan woman entered the room with a bright smile.

Elsa’s eyes widened when she saw the kit in her hands. “You have one?”

“Well of course. What kind of Wedding Planner would I be if I didn’t have a sewing kit handy?”

Elsa sighed in relief. “Thank you, you're a lifesaver.”

Killian stepped away, letting Mary Margaret stand behind the bride as she stood up, allowing Mary Margaret to assess the damage as she pursed her lips together. She tinkered with the zipper a little before concluding, “Well the bad news is there’s nothing I can do about the zipper…”

“And the good news?” Elsa asked impatiently in a panicked tone.

“The good news is I can sew the dress together but it won’t be very easy to get out of. You’ll have to cut the thread to get the dress off.”

Elsa sighed. “Fine, do what you need to do so my ass isn’t hanging out of my dress when I walk down the aisle,” Elsa bit out in frustration.

Emma took her friend's hand to soothe her. “Don’t worry, MM knows what she’s doing, just relax,” she said in a calming tone as her hand soothed Elsa’s.

Ruby snickered and everyone glanced at her, wondering what was so funny. "I’m sure getting out of the dress will be no problem for Elsa, Liam could just rip the dress off himself. He has strong hands."

That remark earned a scowl from Elsa. "Talk about my groom's hands again and you won't have any,” she shot back.
Ruby frowned. “At least spare one of my hands, I can still work with that.” She shot Killian a mischievous smirk. “Lord knows Killian has learned to work with what he’s got.”

“Alright, enough of the offhanded comments,” Mary Margaret interjected, and the other women snickered.

Killian groaned. “That's enough hand jokes, aye?” Then his frown turned into a smirk as he pulled Emma into his arms and kissed her cheek. “Besides, I don’t have to try very hard, do I, sweetheart?”

Emma shook her head and blushed as a small laugh tumbled from her lips. “No, you don’t.”

Ruby returned to her task of working on a grumpy Elsa’s makeup. “Just relax, Elsa, I don’t feel like losing my hands today. Besides, if I had no hands then who would do your makeup? Believe me, with your attitude, you're going to have a hard time finding anyone else.”

Elsa closed her eyes in regret. ”I'm sorry, I'm just very tense, and normally Liam knows how to calm me down.”

“Why don’t I get him for you, lass?” Killian offered.


“No!” the other women all shouted at once.

“It’s bad luck-”

“Then cover his eyes with a blindfold, I don’t care, just bring him to me!” Elsa shouted, and no one bothered to argue with her. Very seldom, Elsa raised her voice. So when she did, everyone knew not to mess with her.

“I’ll get him,” Emma offered and left the room in a flash to fetch the groom. She dashed into the men’s dressing room as Liam flashed her a questioning look. “Were you able to find Mary Margaret?”
“Yeah, she’s going to sew Elsa into the dress.”

Liam sighed in relief, and without any preamble, Emma undid his tie and started wrapping it around his head. He stepped back, putting his hands up in a defensive pose. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, what are you doing lass?”

“Elsa asked for you,” Emma replied without any further explanation.

Still, he allowed her to tie the fabric around his eyes. “I always knew you were kinky.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “You have no idea,” she mumbled.

“What?” he asked, dragging the blindfold from his eyes.

She laughed. “The blindfold is supposed to affect your vision, not your hearing. It’s bad luck to see the bride before the wedding.”

“Well, can I at least see on the way to the bridal suite?”

Emma sighed and grabbed his hand, pulling him out of the room. “Fine, but before we reach the door, it goes back on.”

“Such a demanding thing, aren’t you?”

Emma scoffed at that. “Again, the pot calling the kettle black,” she teased and rushed him to the Bridal Suite.

Emma opened the door and peeked her head through. “The groom’s here, can you turn Elsa around, please?” She pulled the blindfold over Liam’s eyes and pulled him into the room when Elsa was facing away from them. Ruby pulled the train of Elsa’s dress to the side so Mary Margaret could have room to work on the back opening of the gown without worrying about stepping on the gorgeous skirts of Elsa’s dress.
“Liam?” Elsa called to her groom.

“I’m here, darling,” he said in a soothing tone as Emma led him to her.

“Can someone hold the dress together?” Mary Margaret asked.

“I’ll do it,” Liam replied quickly and Emma guided his hands to the material, and he held the opening of her dress closed while Mary Margaret sewed. With his finger and thumb securing the fabric together, he raised his other hand to Elsa’s lace covered shoulder and offered soft endearments to her. Elsa instantly relaxed and placed her hand on top of his.

“Everything’s going to be alright, love,” he assured her, taking her hand in his. We are going to be married by the end of the day, and none of this is going to matter.”

The women swooned as he continued to ease Elsa’s worries with his soft, encouraging words, and in no time Mary Margaret was finished with the dress.

“There, all done.”

Elsa visibly sighed in relief, as though a huge weight was lifted from her shoulders. “Thank you.”

Mary Margaret moved out of the way with her supplies, and Liam wrapped his arms around his bride, planting a kiss to her shoulder blade.

“I love you, Elsa.”

“I love you, too.”

It was a beautiful sight to behold as he held his bride in his arms, melting all of her fears and worries away.
“Oh hell, let them see each other before the wedding,” Mary Margaret said. “We’ll give you two some privacy.” Emma agreed, and the bride and groom did not appear to be opposed, so Emma removed the blindfold.

His eyes widened, a big smile taking over his lips as Elsa turned around, also flashing him a grin. She took his breath away as his eyes scanned her beautiful form. The dress was not the traditional white and instead was a pale blue, but she looked no less gorgeous in it.

The others left to give them some privacy, and Mary Margaret went off to check on the current status of things, making sure everything was in order for the wedding.

Killian pulled Emma in his arms once they were left alone. “Finally, we have a quiet moment,” he said with a smirk. Emma blushed and smiled as he kissed her lips, reveling in her taste. “Have I told you how exquisite you look in that dress?”

She ran her hands down the lapels of his tuxedo jacket with devilry in her eyes. “No, but maybe you could show me later?” she offered with a lascivious grin.

Killian arched a brow, intrigued by her proposal. “I can’t wait, love.” He pulled her to him and buried his face in the crook of her shoulder, peppering soft kisses to her neck. Emma laughed, his trimmed beard tickling her skin.

Ten minutes later, the women were back in the room when the minister knocked on the door to announce the ceremony was about to begin. The bridesmaids and maid of honor gathered around the bride, hugging her and wiping the tears from their eyes.

Soon, Anna and Elsa’s Aunt Ingrid entered the room. She gathered her nieces into a hug before cupping the bride’s cheeks in her hands, a look of pride in her eyes. “So beautiful, just like your mother,” she commented, her eyes welling up with tears. “Are you ready to be walked down the aisle?”

Elsa had a smile on her face and nodded without hesitation, finally ready to walk down the aisle; there was nothing that could bring her down now. And since Elsa’s parents passed away long ago, Ingrid had always been more like a parent than an aunt, so they only saw it fitting for Ingrid to walk Elsa down the aisle.
“Are you ready, brother?” Killian asked an anxious Liam, patting him on the shoulder.

Liam inhaled deeply, his shoulders rising as he adjusted his tie. “Ready as I’ll ever be.” He turned and looked at his brother. “How do I look?”

Killian rested his hands on Liam’s shoulders. “Relax, you look fine, Liam.”

Liam frowned. “Just fine?”

“You look like you’re ready to get on with this shindig,” Killian clarified with a laugh. “And also handsome,” he smirked and added, “but not as devilishly handsome as me.”

Liam rolled his eyes. “How did I know you were going to say that?” He took another deep breath, trying to calm his nerves. “I can’t wait for this day to be over with. Does that make me a bad groom?”

Killian shook his head, another chuckle leaving his lips. “No, it just means you can’t wait for your’s and Elsa’s lives to begin.”

Liam grinned from ear to ear at the idea, his blue eyes lighting up. “Exactly.” He drew Killian into a bear hug. “Thank you, brother, for being here with me every step of the way… even if I have been a royal pain in the arse.”

Another laugh tore through Killian’s throat as the two men patted each other on the back. “I’d take my royal pain in the arse brother over no brother at all,” he murmured sincerely. “I love you, Liam”

“I love you too, brother.”

They broke apart, and soon it was time for them to enter the ceremony from the side and join the minister at the altar as Liam waited for his bride in heightened anticipation.

The ceremony was an enchanting affair for an enchanting couple, beginning with the bridal party
walking down the aisle in pairs. The chairs were square, each one adorned with a silver cover and royal blue ribbon which wrapped around and tied in the back with silver and light blue roses. There was an archway made of silver leaves and a mixture of light blue and royal blue flowers. Bouquets of royal blue and light blue accented with crystals, stephanotis and blue Picasso Calla Lilies were set out on the ends of each aisle in long, tall vases made from real crystal, and there was a pianist in the corner playing live music.

Emma entered the room, carrying her bouquet as she walked down the aisle alone, following behind Anna and Kristoff with a brilliant smile that showed off those pearly white teeth as she made eye contact with Killian.

_Gods, she looked gorgeous_, he thought to himself, and even more so when he winked at her, making her cheeks flush with an adorable shade of pink.

She never tore her eyes away from him though, only smirked when she reached the other side of the altar. Leo wandered down the aisle with a ring bearer pillow holding the rings and then the flower girl, who was a second cousin of Elsa and Anna’s threw one blue petal at a time, and everyone laughed as she dumped the rest of the petals at the end of the aisle. The bridal party stood in their positions, the bridesmaids holding their bouquets. The bridal chorus cued and all the guests stood and turned to watch as Elsa entered with her Aunt Ingrid. Killian glanced at Liam, and the look on his face was priceless. Even though Liam had seen her prewedding, he was still blown away and waited for his bride with bated breath. When Liam had seen her before the wedding, Elsa was a nervous wreck, but now… now she had a giddy, carefree smile on her face as she locked eyes with her groom. The spark between them was undeniable, and Killian’s heart warmed knowing his brother had picked the most perfect woman to spend the rest of his life with. She was stunning, and looked like an exquisite ice queen.

Elsa kissed Ingrid's cheek and joined her groom at the altar still donning a bright smile as they exchanged the vows they had written for each other, telling everyone how they had met and how they had fallen in love, not leaving a dry eye in the place by the time they said their _I do’s_.

Through a watery gaze, Killian looked over at Emma, who was wiping tears from her eyes, and he could hear the sniffles of the guests throughout the room. When the rings were exchanged and the minister announced them, husband and wife, Liam kissed his bride as everyone cheered, and off the happy couple went down the aisle.

The day was bright and clear when the bridal party made it outside for photos, and even though it was a little chilly, it was nothing to deter them from having the photos taken out on the edge of the cliff with the beautiful mountains as their backdrop as well as at the top of the lighthouse.

The reception was held in the banquet hall with an open bar, raided by the guests before they sat at
their assigned tables. The bridal party sat at the Head Table and Killian took the microphone and stood to give his speech.

"For those of you who don’t know me, I am the more devilishly handsome and wittier Jones brother,” he quipped, and immediately received a playful eye roll from Liam. “What can I say about Liam?” he asked and then held up a finger as though an idea struck him suddenly. "Ah, yes…” He reached inside his suit jacket and retrieved a folded piece of paper, which was blank, but he pretended to read from it. “Liam Jones is a great man, he is selfless, he's kind... he's honorable." Killian paused and looked at Liam pointing at the piece of paper. "Liam, you spelled handsome wrong," he spoke loudly, “you forgot the d,” and everyone laughed, including Liam who shook his head. Killian returned his attention to the guests. "And apparently he can't spell correctly, even when writing about himself."

"Haha, very funny," Liam teased with a bashful grin.

Killian cleared his throat as he tucked the paper away and looked at his brother, lifting his hand to his shoulder. "No, but seriously, Mum would have been so proud of you if she were alive today,” he said sincerely and looked toward the audience again. “Ever since we were kids, Liam has always been there for me… when we lost our mum, when our dad walked out on us, when we were in the navy together, when I lost my hand, and even when we weren't on such great terms.” He looked at Emma and smiled. "There was a time, believe it or not when I did not have great taste in women, unlike my brother here." Killian gestured to Emma, "I'm clearly not speaking of my lovely girlfriend, Emma."

Emma smiled and blushed, and Liam nodded, not willing to argue with him there.

"He warned me about this other lass, who shall remain nameless. Tried to tell me she wasn't good enough for me, and I should've listened… but alas, I was a stubborn arse, just like my brother here, and so I got my heart stomped on by said woman. To make matters worse, I was an alcoholic at the time, so I tried to drink my sorrows away, and then one day I decided to get out of bed and pick my pride up off the floor to call Liam. After I told him what had happened, he could've said he'd told me so or he could've just hung up on me, but he didn’t. Instead, he told me to pack my bloody things, get my arse on a plane and fly as far away from that devil of a woman as I possibly could. And I said to him, where am I gonna go? You're all I've got, brother. And that's when I knew those were the magic words to Liam's heart, because after he so lovingly told me to go to hell," Killian paused, allowing the guests to laugh before continuing, “he said, you're staying with me, whether you like it or not. So that's exactly what I did. I got on a plane and literally stumbled through my brother's door. I dropped my luggage off before stumbling over to a bar and then, later on, I stumbled into my neighbor’s apartment and one of the occupants came home,” he added with a smirk, “boy was she surprised." He winked at Emma while the audience laughed.

“I ended up making said occupant my girlfriend, but that's a story for a different time. Anyway, what
I'm trying to say is, when I was at my worst," Killian held up his prosthetic hand, "and yes, it was worse than getting my hand blown off in the Navy…" he joked, prompting another spur of laughs from the crowd, "Liam offered me his home, got me a job and helped me get on my feet again. He has always taken care of me, despite how angry we were with each other or how much more handsome I've always been than him" he said, emphasizing the d, "and how much I beat him at arm wrestling, even with one hand."

Liam rolled his eyes but was smiling at the same time.

"And Elsa, well… I don't think it needs to be said, but I'll say it anyway… Elsa, I am so glad Liam found someone to put the royal pain in the butt in his place. I could not have chosen a better sister-in-law if I had picked her myself." Killian went over to Elsa and they exchanged chaste kisses on the cheek.

"Thank you, Killian," she smiled.

"Liam… Elsa…" Liam took the microphone, holding it up for Killian so he could raise his glass. “To a lifetime of love and happiness.”

"Thank you, brother," Liam said appreciatively, patting his brother on the back.

Everyone drank to the toast, and Liam passed the microphone to Emma as she stood up.

“Hi, I am Emma, the Maid of Honor and also one of Elsa’s best friends. So, the story of how I met Elsa is pretty ordinary,” Emma began. “Elsa was looking for a place to live, I was looking for a roommate and the rest is history. But little did I know at the time, our friendship would be so much more than ordinary. I can’t tell you how many days we have known each other, but I can tell you, there was never a day when Elsa wasn't there for me. She is like the sister I never had and while we we were roommates, we borrowed each other’s things without asking, we got after each other for borrowing each other’s things, I would break into her boyfriend’s apartment to borrow things from him—you know the typical sisterly stuff," she quipped before adding, "but then I didn't have to break in because I started dating his brother." She looked at Elsa and Liam who were both laughing and offered a sweet smile. "But before that, I had the advantage of witnessing these two fall in love. I remember how Elsa would come home with a great big smile on her face after running into our British neighbor who had moved in across the hall, and I remember how he came to me one day to ask for advice about how to ask Elsa out. If it were any other guy, I probably would've told Elsa to run away and never come back," Emma laughed, "but I knew Liam was different and I'm so glad I trusted my instincts. It was such a privilege to be there for them every step of the way while they slowly fell in love with one another.” Emma’s eyes welled up with tears as Liam took Elsa’s hand, and she could tell they were also on the verge of tears.
“And now they're both moving out and getting a place of their own. But I'm not worried because there is no distance that could keep us apart.” She looked over at Elsa who was smiling back at her. "You will always be like a sister to me," Emma said sincerely and turned her attention to the audience. "And if there is one thing I have learned about my good friend, Elsa… it's to never keep a secret from her because you’ll regret it. Elsa will never judge you, she is warm and kind and forgiving… and no, she did not tell me to say these things,” she joked with a small smile. “She is really perfect for Liam because for those of you who don’t know him very well, I will be the first to say it—he is an OCD control freak.” Emma paused as everyone burst into laughter. “Elsa is the only one on God’s green earth who can sweeten his bitter ways. That's why he takes his coffee black and why we never hear him complain about Elsa hogging the blankets, even though we know she does… it's because she's sweeter than any creamer and she's warmer than any blanket he would need. He's the whiskey to our glass and she's the Coke with the cherry garnish. He's the peanut butter to our bread and she's the strawberry jam. Alone they can be a bit overbearing—well Liam can be at least," she corrected with a smirk, and Liam scowled playfully, "but together they are the perfect combination. In fact, being friends with these two is like going skydiving… only instead of jumping off the plane when you’re ready, Liam throws you the parachute and pushes you off when you refuse to jump.” Everyone cracked up, and Emma continued when the laughter died down. “And Elsa is the parachute that softens the landing.”

The audience cheered and clapped as Elsa looked up at Emma with tears in her eyes.

“I love you both, and it is with great honor that I raise my glass to you...” Emma lifted her glass to Elsa and then to Liam, “to you...” before raising her glass higher to both of them, “to your happy beginning… and to happily ever after.” They clinked their glasses and drank, and Emma handed off the microphone to the announcer as Elsa stood to hug her.

“Thank you, Emma, that was very sweet.”

“It was only the truth,” Emma assured her.

Liam took his turn and drew Emma into a hug, kissing her cheek as Killian looked over at her with pride in his eyes. “Great speech, Emma.”

“Aye, you nailed it, love,” Killian added

Emma smirked and kissed her boyfriend's cheek. “I know.”
After they all had their turn at the buffet, it was time for the cake, which looked way too good to eat. It had three tiers and royal blue frosting, decorated with silver sugar pearls to make it look like it was frosted with snow. Liam and Elsa cut the cake before shoving it in each other’s faces. They had their first dance as husband and wife before everyone else joined in. The group took turns dancing with each other in pairs, and Leo got to dance with Aunt Em Em, and finally, Emma got a chance to dance with her boyfriend. He spun her around and dipped her, spurring on a gale of giggles. The reception was a blast, and soon, it was time for Elsa to toss the bouquet, which Emma caught. Killian made sure to snag the garter belt after Liam flung it in the air, and he promptly slid it up Emma’s leg.

They sent the bride and groom off in a decorated limousine. And from there, the newly married couple would head to the airport and leave for their honeymoon in Bali. Emma and Killian went back to their hotel in Glasgow that night, and were so exhausted they went straight to bed and fell asleep in each other’s arms. While the rest of the group had to get back to the States, Emma and Killian spent a few more days in Scotland before they headed home. Luckily they had a different flight attendant who didn't hit on Emma’s boyfriend.

~*~

The next couple of months flew by, probably because they were very eventful, with Elsa and Liam moving into their new home, Killian and Emma moving his things into her place, both couples buying new furniture and of course the holidays they all spent together. Because Elsa and Liam were still in the process of unpacking at the time, the group spent Christmas at the Nolan’s, and then Liam and Elsa hopped on a plane to visit Anna and Kristoff for New Years, while Emma and Killian spent the days leading up to it painting their bedroom, which had been Emma’s when she had lived with Elsa, but they both decided pink wasn’t the best color, just like the pink, fluffy pillows and pink furniture needed to go as well.

They both wanted to make their new home theirs. And since they moved Emma’s bed into Elsa’s old room, and since Killian’s bed frame was so old they literally broke the bed, they were waiting to get a new frame once they were done painting their room (although they started playing around when Killian told her she missed a spot on the wall and they ended up getting more paint on themselves than they did on the wall that day and cleaned off together in the shower). They spent New Year’s Eve in Times Square watching the ball drop since Killian had never experienced anything like it before. As fun as it was, the weather was bitter cold and they spent a lot of time waiting for the ball to drop since they had to arrive very early to retain their spot, they agreed to spend the next New Year's Eve at home.

Superbowl Sunday was at Liam and Elsa’s house, and the couple was more than happy to host their first party after they had made the desired changes and redecorated the home to their liking. Liam, of course, wasted no time to make sure the house was picture perfect. Although it was nowhere near finished, for he planned on fixing up the basement and garage and planned on building a backyard deck in the spring.
The next day, Emma had to drag herself out of bed; she felt like crap even though she and Killian had no alcohol. She had explained to the gang she was refraining from alcohol to support Killian’s sobriety, but what she didn’t tell them was the other reason she hadn’t drank…

Emma sat on the toilet seat, waiting in anticipation as she stared at the white stick in her hand, not able to peel her eyes away, as though the pregnancy test would catch on fire if she looked away. She couldn’t believe she forgot her birth control pills while she was in Scotland. She never forgot to take them and didn’t even realize she hadn’t until after she and Killian had arrived home. She didn't think she could get pregnant from going a few days without them until she ended up vomiting yesterday morning. And it couldn't have been the food she ate the night prior when she was babysitting Leo considering he didn't get sick, although he was recovering from the flu.

When only one line remained, Emma breathed a sigh of relief. She and Killian had talked about having kids someday, but she knew they weren’t ready yet. They’d only been dating for eight months, she loved their life and didn’t want anything to change just yet. But a tiny part of her—okay maybe an even larger part of her—ached in disappointed at the fact that she was not pregnant. It turned out she'd gotten the flu from Leo.

~*~

One week later

“Okay, I can’t take it anymore, what’s the surprise?” Emma asked as Killian took her hand and led her through their apartment. “And why am I wearing my bathrobe for such a surprise?” Only moments ago, she was wearing a black dress and heels for her birthday dinner that she had carefully chosen when Killian told her he was taking her out to a nice dinner and dancing. Now she was in her bra and panties and a bathrobe per Killian’s request. She was also wearing a blindfold as he took her to his desired destination.

“If I told you, it wouldn’t be a surprise, love.”

Emma sighed, but allowed him to lead the way, and soon she felt the cold, tiled floor under her feet, which meant they were in the kitchen, because why would they be in the….

Killian lifted the blindfold, and to her utter confusion, they were in their bathroom, and it was currently lit by scented candles which covered the bathroom countertop.
Emma raised a brow as she looked at Killian, who was also in nothing but his bathrobe. “Why is this such a surprise?”

Killian smirked at her with those smoldering blue eyes that told her he was up to no good, and he pulled at the belt of his robe, untying it. He let the cotton fabric fall to the floor and got into the tub naked. It wasn't even filled with water.

“What are you doing?” Emma was even more perplexed

Killian reclined back, leaning his head against the tiled wall as he waved his hand around him. “Doesn’t this look familiar to you?”

Emma planted her hands on her hips and pursed her lips, thinking about his question for a moment. Killian was lying in the tub naked, which of course was how she had found him nine months ago. “This is how we met... sort of.” She crossed her arms and smirked. “Only you were jerking off if I do recall.”

Killian nodded, blush coloring his cheeks as he gave a small smile. “I was, but that was a different time in my life. Milah had just broken up with me, and my brother and I were not on speaking terms. But you, my love, you found me in this exact spot.” His features grew serious as he continued. “I was a shattered mess... and you accepted me even when I was at my worst.”

Emma smiled, her eyes pricking with tears. She climbed into the tub and straddled him in the cramped space. Killian sat up and wrapped his arms around her back as she cupped his cheeks in her hands.

“You were adorable,” she laughed.

“I was a hot mess,” he tried to correct her, his eyes clouding with regret and embarrassment as he lowered his eyes.

“An adorable hot mess,” she added with a small smirk and lifted his face so she could gaze into those bright blue eyes she had swooned over even during their first encounter. “I can’t say I would have pictured us getting together at the time, you did throw up in my hair,” she reminded him.

Killian blushed deeper, and his expression was still full of regret, but at least she got a small smile out
of him. “Sorry, love, it wasn’t exactly my finest hour, was it?”

Emma shook her head. “Nope.”

Killian’s smile widened a bit. “And yet, you’re still here with me.”

She smiled brightly. “That's true, and I wouldn’t want it any other way.”

“Me neither.” Killian bit his bottom lip, and he looked nervous about something, although she didn’t know why. “In fact, I always want you here with me, love, no matter what.”

Emma arched a brow. “Here in the bathtub?”

Killian chuckled and shook his head. “No, in my life.” He glanced above Emma, and she lifted her head to see what he was looking at. “Could you hand me that, love?”

Her eyebrow only seemed to rise higher toward her hairline. “You mean the loofah?”

“Aye.”

“Okaaay,” she answered skittishly, studying him cautiously. “But if you plan on taking a bath, you kind of need water and soap to do that.” Emma grabbed the loop of the loofah and removed it from the hook it was hanging on. Glancing at it, she noticed something silver and shiny sitting at the bottom of the loop. Her mouth fell open as she stared at the large diamond.

“No, I plan on asking you to marry me.”

Emma was too stunned to speak as she gaped at the ring with wide eyes.

Killian took the loofah from her hands and removed the engagement ring, holding it up for her. “Will you marry me, Emma?”
She gazed at him in shock, seeing the glint in his eyes as he awaited her answer.

“Love?” His face fell slightly in concern, and she knew what her answer was, she just didn’t have the strength to say it at first.

Finally, a smile blossomed over her lips and she blurted her answer out in a choked sob. “Yes.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I will marry you,” she laughed, a tear streaming down her cheek.

Killian sighed in relief, a big smile spreading across his lips. His eyes were buzzing with excitement as he drew her in for a kiss, his hand sliding through her hair as he breathed her in. “Love, you scared me for a moment,” he murmured, resting his forehead against hers.

“Sorry, I was just surprised.” She stuck out her hand, and he slipped the ring on her finger. “I love you, Killian, of course, my answer is yes.” She giggled and cupped his cheeks in her hands.

“I love you, too, Emma.”

Pure bliss took over them as she crushed his lips with hers and they kissed with everything they felt for each other. She would never grow tired of kissing this man’s lips, she never grew tired of how he smelled or how he tasted, how he bit her bottom lip and groaned in her mouth when she slipped her tongue against his. The kiss ignited a fiery spark between them and quickly intensified, similar to how a flame reacted to gasoline. Emma removed her robe, tossing it to the floor, along with her bra and panties, and they made love in the tub, both of them finding blissful release in each other’s arms before collapsing. Killian laid on his back, resting his head on the edge of the tub and Emma laid her head on his chest, their limbs entangled as they struggled to catch their breaths.

It took a few minutes of calming her heart rate before she was able to speak again. “Can I ask you something?” she asked, running her fingers through his chest hair and taking his naval charms in her hand to admire them as she often enjoyed doing.

“Of course, love.”
She looked up at him, gazing warmly into his eyes. “You still don’t remember anything from that night, do you?”

Killian took a long breath as he thought about her question. “I remember being at the bar, but that’s it.”

Emma nodded and bit her bottom lip. “It’s really strange because I was only gone for not even ten minutes. I left my apartment and headed downstairs. It’s amazing we didn’t see each other before I found you in the tub.”

“You were only gone for ten minutes?”

“Yeah, I was in a tank top and a pair of grey shorts, you know the shorts I always wear when I don’t plan on going out in public.”

Killian grinned salaciously and ran his tongue over his lips as he skimmed his fingers up her arm.
"Are you kidding? How could I forget those shorts? I'm just surprised I don't at least remember you wearing them that night."

Emma nodded. "There are many little mysteries from that night I wonder about."

"Like what, love?"

“Like why you decided to jerk off in the tub,” Emma laughed.

Killian shrugged. "Not sure, but if I had to guess, I'd say I took the elevator up to our floor and got a peek of you in those shorts as you took the stairs down to the laundry room without noticing me, and I decided to take matters into my own hand once I got home. This bathroom is where my bedroom was in Liam's apartment so I probably mistook the tub for my bed. Once I realized it was indeed not my bed, I was probably too trashed to care,” he mused with a solemn expression and a weak smile. “So, I thought of you in those lovely shorts to avoid thinking about my bleedin' heart."

Emma nodded and smirked at the idea. "That sounds like a reasonable explanation. If only it were true."
"I guess we'll never know."

Emma shrugged. "Guess not."

They were silent after that, and eventually, they moved to the bedroom and he scooped her in his arms under the covers with only the light of the moon aiding their vision.

Her mind was frazzled with thoughts, and she decided to tell him about how she had thought she was pregnant a week ago, and how she didn’t tell him then because she didn’t want to get his hopes up before she knew for sure. Killian was shocked, but told her he’d love any baby they have. Emma agreed.

“I have to say I was a little disappointed when I found out the test was negative,” she confessed.

“Don’t worry, love, we’ll have babies when the time is right,” he assured with a small smile as he stroked her cheek.

A thought occurred to her suddenly and she laughed as her face heated up with blush. "Just think, when we do have children someday we'll have to tell them the story of how we met, you know when they're old enough."

"I suppose you're right," he chuckled.

She looked at him to see him also blushing. "You wouldn't be too embarrassed to tell them?"

"Perhaps a little, but, as long as I get to tell it with you, I’d be a very happy man."

Emma looked up at her sentimental fiance—wow, she'd have to get used to calling him that—with pride. She was so grateful she had met him, even if they did meet under less than ordinary circumstances. Now, nine months later, they lay in each other’s arms, engaged to be married. Another unbidden thought occurred to Emma and she snorted out loud, clapping her hand over her mouth.

Killian peered down at her with a raised brow. “Love? Care to share what's so funny?”
Emma shook her head, her face beet red. “Sorry, I was thinking… we’ll have to tell our friends how you proposed bare ass naked. Liam will make fun of you, for sure.”

Killian blushed profusely and scratched behind his ear. “Aye, I guess when I came up with such a brilliant idea, I clearly didn’t think it over thoroughly.”

Emma shook her head and laughed as she cupped his cheeks in her hands. “No, you didn’t. That’s okay, I love you anyway,” she teased with a wink.

"I love you too, Emma, and I'd take endless joking and teasing from my brother than a lifetime without you," he professed sincerely, carressing her cheek. Emma's heart fluttered at his words, and she smiled, her eyes shining with tears. "As I've told you many times before… I never wanted just part of you, I want the whole thing. So if that means we have to tell our children how we met and our friends how I proposed, so be it.”

Her smile broadened as she remembered fondly the first time he had told her that, when he had refused to take advantage of her for one night of passion. It still melted her heart, to this day. Emma nuzzled his nose softly with hers, whispering to him gently, “You'll always have the whole thing with me... I promise.” She sealed her promise with a kiss.

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