That Time in the Kitchen

by trixwitch

Summary

A missing scene from work In It Together, and this one is told from Regina's perspective. In Ch. 7 of In It Together, Emma thinks fondly of "that time in the kitchen" before Regina brings her up to her bedroom. This is that scene.

It can be read as a one-shot, but if you want backstory, read In It Together first. Brief context: set post 5B, but Hook doesn't come back. Emma and Regina grew closer as they both grieved their losses, and then ended up in an emotionally and sexually intimate relationship. This scene comes after they've started sleeping together and before they've really admitted to each other how close they've gotten.

Of course Regina remembered all of their firsts. The first time Emma held her hand on a morning walk. The first time she noticed that their touches had gotten to be more than just comforting. Their first kiss, followed quickly by the first time they had sex. And those were wonderful moments. But what Regina treasured most was the moments that didn’t feel new. It was the moments where the history that she and Emma had, and everything they’d been through together added up to them knowing each other better than she’d known anyone her whole life. Emma knew her past and her present, and saw into her and understood what she saw.

Emma had come into her life when they were both very different people. It felt important that they’d come this far; from hatred to mutual respect, through friendship and now to something much deeper and more real than she’d ever imagined. To be known so thoroughly, and still accepted and welcomed in, well, that was something Regina couldn’t get enough of.

It had been a few months since their relationship had turned from friendship into … whatever it was they were doing. Regina had trouble putting words to it, but the actual relationship was
incredible. They continued their morning walks every day, and that space and time had become a balm to her. Life in Storybrooke went on with its challenges and adventures, both interpersonal and magical, and she still struggled to understand where she belonged in this world. She was part of her little family, yes, and begrudgingly accepted that that now included Snow and Charming. But the rest of the town still regarded her with trepidation, if not outright suspicion. Emma, though, made her feel like she was exactly where she needed to be. The daily opportunity to talk things through, or to just be together and in their own thoughts helped Regina sort through her wildly conflicting emotions about where she’d ended up in her life. She wasn’t sure she could ever express to Emma how much that time meant to her.

And the other part of their relationship, well, that was going along just fine as well. Regina had been with women before, but always as a Queen taking a plaything to her bed. The mutual pleasure she and Emma found in each other’s bodies was unlike anything she’d experienced before, and it was crazy how much she wanted this woman. All the time. Emma was a patient and attentive lover, and Regina knew she was much less patient herself. But it worked. Oh, did it work. Their evenings together were passionate, often creative, and always long.

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One dreary fall night, Regina invited Emma over to her house for dinner. They usually went to Emma’s place, but Regina wanted to make lasagna and that just felt easier in her own kitchen. She heard the knock at the door and a familiar voice call her name just as she put the lasagna pan into the oven.

“In the kitchen!” she replied, and went to wash her hands. She heard Emma’s footsteps coming towards her and she added “take off your shoes, it’s raining and I don’t want mud everywhere.” The footsteps retreated and Regina smiled to herself at the accompanying grumbling. She did love to give Emma a hard time.

“What was that dear?” she called.

“Nothing, your majesty,” came the response. Regina rolled her eyes. Emma was the only one she let her tease her like that, and honestly she hated how happy it made it her.

She tossed the kitchen towel onto the counter just in time to see Emma, now barefoot, walk in. Before she knew what was happening, Emma had grabbed her around the waist and locked their lips in a searing kiss. Regina’s pulse quickened as her body responded immediately to the now-familiar touch of this incredible woman. She opened her lips and sighed as Emma eagerly sucked her tongue into her own mouth. She lost track of all coherent thought for a minute as her senses acclimated to the overwhelming presence of Emma’s taste and smell and feel.

Regina felt more like herself in these moments with Emma than in any other place in her life right now. The emotional toll of all they’d been through weighed her down frequently, and nothing could bring her back to balance better than this. There was something about the way this physical connection had grown out of the time they spent just being together, letting each other feel and say whatever they needed to, that grounded her. The worst days were made better just by intertwining her hand in Emma’s on their morning walk. And the best days were made even brighter by the electricity they created when they were both in a certain mood.

Like today, apparently. Their kiss went on for a while, but when they finally came up for air, Regina rested their foreheads together the way she often did when she wanted to block out everything else around her. She’d picked it up from Emma in fact, and the thought made her smile. She looked at her lover. “Well, I could get used to that kind of greeting.”
Emma grinned at her, and the hungry look on her face had Regina’s heart racing.

“I’ve been thinking about doing that all day,” Emma said, and pulled her closer.

Regina glanced over at her oven timer to make sure she had time to encourage this before dinner was ready. Satisfied that she did, she threaded her hands through loose blonde hair and pulled hard enough to make Emma close her eyes and part her lips. Regina adored this look, and allowed herself a moment to appreciate how incredible it was that she knew exactly how to elicit it.

She leaned close to Emma’s ear and whispered “oh really? What else have you been thinking about today?”

Emma’s eyes snapped open and that hungry look returned, as Regina had hoped it would. Emma reached up and ghosted her fingers across Regina’s lips, this barest of touches bringing a warmth to her body as her nerves stood on end with anticipation. Emma brought her hands around to the spot just below Regina’s earlobe where her skin was exquisitely sensitive. Regina shivered as she traced a finger up and down across the spot.

“I’ve been thinking about how soft your skin is right here,” Emma answered finally. She bent and replaced her fingers with an open-mouthed kiss, sucking gently.

When she added her teeth, Regina gasped and grabbed at whatever part of her lover was closest. She felt rather than saw Emma’s grin at her reaction. She groaned, “ugh, you know me too well.”

Emma stood up and looked at her, the desire in her eyes softening for the moment. “Yes, I do.” She kissed her sweetly, caressing her hands up and down Regina’s back.

Regina lived for these moments of tenderness between them, and she was always surprised at how quickly they could switch from hot and heavy to sweet and caring and back again. Their physical need drove them most of the time, but they never lost track of where they both were emotionally. And to be honest, it made things even hotter. Because she knew she was safe, Regina let her guard down and indulged many more of her whims and fantasies than she might have with someone she trusted less.

Emma broke the kiss and returned them to where she’d left off. “I know you very well, Regina. I know exactly what makes you gasp.” She nipped at the same spot under her ear, on the left side this time. Regina did indeed gasp, and she was a little embarrassed that she could have seen that coming and stopped herself from proving Emma right quite so easily.

Emma sucked on her neck for a moment, and then trailed her fingers down Regina’s sides, teasing the hem of her shirt. She continued, “And I know what makes you moan.”

Her hands were suddenly pushing aside Regina’s bra and palming her breasts, squeezing and rolling her nipples at the same time. Dutifully, Regina moaned at the touch, and then laughed as she played right into Emma’s hand. She felt like she should protest, but honestly this was everything she wanted right now – to be touched and known and cared for, just like Emma did so well.

Without removing her hands, Emma leaned close and whispered, “and if you want, I’ll show you that I know what makes you come. Hard.”

Regina moaned again and found Emma’s lips with her own.

“So is that a yes, then?” Emma mumbled against her mouth.
“Yes! Yes, Emma. Please.” Regina could hear the desperation in her voice, and she really didn’t care at this moment. She felt a little desperate. It had been a challenging week on many levels, and right now she wanted to lose herself in the physical sensations of sex. She needed to be grounded in her body, brought out of the maddening swirl of thoughts and emotions into the clarity of skin against skin.

Emma obliged immediately, hoisting Regina up so she was sitting on the table behind her and kissing her with an intensity that left Regina absolutely breathless. She opened her knees and pulled Emma between them as she surrendered to the kiss and the feeling of her lover’s hands slowly tracing her ribs. Emma stepped back to yank Regina’s shirt up over her head, taking her bra with it. Regina whimpered with longing at the lust in Emma’s eyes as she roamed her gaze over Regina’s now bare skin.

Without being asked, Emma pulled her own top off as well, and pressed their naked breasts together. Regina groaned and clutched at Emma’s back, pulling her impossibly closer. The part of her brain that was still capable of rational thought noted that Emma was taking her on a tour through her own strongest turn-ons and she should probably be prepared to be in this for the long haul. Emma wasn’t just bragging when she said she knew how to make Regina come hard, and if she was going to use all of her tricks, well, Regina felt herself grow wetter by the second thinking about what was in store for her.

She wrapped her legs around Emma’s waist, then got distracted by the rough fabric that still separated them. She leaned in and whispered “these, too,” slipping her fingers under the waistband of her jeans and running them around to the front. Emma took a step back to shuck her pants off, never breaking eye contact. Once she was fully undressed, she rushed back to encircle Regina in her arms again, zeroing in on that same damn spot on her neck, this time sucking hard. Regina knew it would leave a mark and made no attempt to stop her. Instead she roamed her hands over the expanse of skin now delightfully at her fingertips and between her thighs. Her breath quickened and her fingers dug into hard muscle as the intensity of Emma’s mouth on her skin increased.

When Emma released her, she shivered and groaned. Regina felt hot breath on her neck as Emma murmured “stand up and turn around so I can take off your skirt.”

Regina looked at her and grinned. She knew exactly what Emma was up to, and also that she definitely could have gotten her out of her skirt another way. But she obliged, hopping off the table and turning around slowly. She leaned over to put her hands on the table and pushed her ass out farther than was strictly necessary for the task at hand. Emma knew her well, but Regina knew her lover just as thoroughly, and that included how much she appreciated Regina’s ass.

Emma wrapped her arms around Regina for a moment, peppering her back with light kisses. Her hands made their way slowly down to unzip her skirt. They lingered there for a moment, teasing the newly exposed skin with feather-light touches. Regina began to squirm as her desire coursed through her. She needed more.

Sensing her impatience, Emma stepped back and pulled the skirt all the way down. She directed Regina to step out of it, and then trailed her hands back up the inside of her legs to her hips again. Once there, she hooked her fingers inside of Regina’s panties and repeated the motion, this time kneeling down as she pulled them down her thighs and off.

Regina had watched all this over her shoulder, but now she leaned her weight down onto the table, letting her head rest on her arms. She knew what was next. She felt Emma gently push her thighs apart and she stepped her legs wider, arching her back in the way she knew would give her lover the best access to where they both wanted her to be.
Emma trailed her fingers up the insides of Regina’s legs, following the trail with her tongue. Regina held her breath, senses lit up in anticipation. Finally she felt a warm wet tongue on her pussy, and she let out the breath she’d been holding in a long, low moan. Emma’s mouth was attentive and quick, working her up to a fever pitch in no time.

Regina felt her body begin to relax into shivers of pleasure as Emma swiped her tongue around her most sensitive spots. But when she felt a finger enter her, she began to truly surrender to the sensation. She pushed her hips back and whispered “yes, Emma. More.” Emma hummed, the vibration sending electricity through Regina’s core. As Emma added another finger, she felt her knees start to tremble. She shifted slightly so her weight was solidly on the table, cradling her head on her forearms and letting herself vocalize her pleasure. She knew how well Emma responded to the noises she made, and it was freeing to just let them happen. Their relationship was all about that – letting each other feel what they were feeling – and intense pleasure was no exception.

Emma’s lips moved away, but Regina barely had time to miss the sensation before she felt fingers creeping up to tease apart her ass cheeks. Regina had never had anyone touch her ass like that until Emma did a few weeks ago. She’d been interested, but nervous, and Emma was so gentle and attentive that it had quickly become something she wanted all the time. Now, like always, Emma stilled her movements for a moment to check in. Regina looked over her shoulder at the almost shy expression on her lover’s face.

“May I?” Emma asked.

“Please do,” breathed Regina.

Emma planted a sweet kiss on her inner thigh before turning her attention elsewhere. Regina closed her eyes as Emma covered a finger in her wetness and begin to tease her back entrance open. As she did, she returned her lips to suck on Regina’s glistening folds. Regina willed herself to relax, and moaned loudly as she felt Emma’s finger begin to push inside her. She’d found that she didn’t really like to have her ass fucked, but she did like the feeling of being filled from both sides. Emma knew this, and as soon as she got one finger in, she brought her other hand underneath and quickly inserted two fingers into Regina’s waiting vagina. This brought Regina up to the edge right away, and she began to pant and gently thrust her hips back to meet Emma’s steady rhythm as she pushed into her.

But Emma wasn’t done yet. She stood up and leaned over, brushing her taut nipples over Regina’s bare back as she curled her fingers and found that incredible spot inside that made Regina screech with pleasure. Regina grasped her hands along the smooth table, desperate for something to hold on to, as her orgasm built up and up, wiping out all thoughts except the feeling of electric pleasure coursing through her nervous system.

Emma leaned to one side so her hair fell over Regina’s face, and Regina immediately grabbed it and wrapped her fingers up in the soft waves. Emma bit her shoulder lightly, just enough to let her know how much she was enjoying this as well: Emma liked to bite when she got excited. Regina pushed her hips back into Emma’s hands one more time and her orgasm exploded over her. She trembled with the force of it, crying out her lover’s name over and over as her knees buckled and she almost slid off the table. Emma bent and pressed her own hips underneath her until she could get a hand out to hold her up.

Regina held tight to the length of hair in her hand and tried to turn herself around. She was so limp and spent, though, that all she managed to do was shift to one side. Emma got the hint and lifted her up so she was sitting on the table again. Regina immediately wrapped her arms and legs around her lover, and as she brushed her overheated pussy against Emma’s sweaty skin, she came again.
almost instantly.

She slowly relaxed her limbs, but held Emma close. The grounded calm spreading through her body was exquisite. She tried to find words to say that, but all she could manage was low hum of contentment.

Emma cradled her head in one hand and kissed her cheek, her neck, her collarbone, and back up to her lips.

“So I guess I was right?” Emma grinned at her.

Still not entirely thinking straight, Regina just looked at her quizzically.

“I know you really well.” Emma supplied.

Regina laughed. “Yes, I’d say that’s true.”

Emma was about to say something back, when the oven timer rang out. Emma jumped, and Regina laughed again.

“Dinner’s ready.”

Disentangling herself, she pushed past Emma’s arms to the timer and turned it and the oven off. She felt a little self-conscious bending to take the lasagna pan out, given that she was still completely naked. But she ignored the feeling when she felt Emma brush her hair out of her face from behind. She smiled and closed the oven door. Turning around and depositing the pan on the stovetop, she placed a hand on Emma’s chest, which was still delightfully shiny with sweat.

“How about I feed you some real food first, and then we pick up where we left off?”

Emma smiled. “Sounds good to me.”

Regina reached out with her magic and summoned two robes from her room. She handed one to Emma. “Go wash up, and there’s some mouthwash in the cabinet under the sink.”

Emma rolled her eyes but sauntered off willingly, pulling the silk robe around her as she went.

Regina rinsed her own mouth out briefly before gulping down a glass of water. Her body felt alive and alert, and she drank in the sensations around her; smells, sounds, and textures all felt heightened. She grabbed a plate and fork from the cupboard with magic, just because her energy brought it so close to the surface and it felt good to use this kind of magic. Light magic, she thought in passing.

She placed a full glass of water with the plate of lasagna, and sat down just as Emma came drifting back in from the bathroom. Regina looked up and let her eyes wander over Emma’s form, her robe
falling open to reveal the creamy skin underneath. Regina breathed in and settled her gaze on
Emma’s hips. She did so enjoy making this woman feel wanted and special, and she’d found out
early on that letting her own desire be visible went a long way towards doing just that.

Emma clearly noticed the attention, and a coquettish grin spread over her whole face. Regina held
out a hand. “Come sit.”

Emma took her hand and settled herself sideways on Regina’s lap. Regina’s heart glowed looking
up at her. What an unexpected delight it was to get to indulge her playful side with this gorgeous
woman. Most people had no idea Regina even had a playful side, and Emma brought it out on a
regular basis. It was one of the many reasons Regina felt herself getting pulled closer and closer to
Emma. She wasn’t quite ready to admit to herself exactly how close that was, or what it might
mean for them, but she did know that right at this moment, she was exactly where she wanted to be.

Regina ran her hand up Emma’s thighs, and they both shivered in delight as if they hadn’t just
spent the better part of the last hour fucking. Emma sighed and tangled a hand in the hair at the
back of Regina’s neck.

“I thought you were going to feed me first,” Emma purred as she bent to kiss her lips. Regina
chuckled into the kiss and pulled her hands up to grab Emma’s away from her.


“Not that I’m really complaining,” Emma replied. “But now that I can smell that lasagna I am
actually really hungry.”

She turned to pick up the fork, but Regina snatched it out of her hand. “Nuh uh. I believe I wanted to
feed you dinner.”

Emma just looked at her. “What?”

Suddenly Regina got shy, thinking this was a terrible idea and she probably should have checked
with Emma before launching into it. She looked down and stammered, “I, uh, well I had it in my
head that I wanted to actually feed you, like this.” She gestured haphazardly at the fork. “Sorry, it’s
dumb idea.”

Before she could move, though, Emma cupped her chin and pulled her face up towards her. “Don’t
apologize, Regina. I love it when you try out ideas on me. I just didn’t get it.” She bent and kissed
her softly and then wrapped one arm tenderly around Regina’s neck. “I think it’s a great idea. Feed
me dinner.” She picked up the fork and handed it to Regina, then sat patiently waiting for the first
bite.

Regina smiled shyly and willed her emotions to settle back into the comfortable place they’d been
a minute ago. One look at Emma’s face got her back on track, though, as she saw nothing but
adoration and excitement in her eyes. Regina took a moment to appreciate that she was the cause of
this look before turning back to the task at hand. She cut a piece of lasagna and raised it to Emma’s
mouth. She watched the fork slowly disappear and reappear empty. It was an unbelievably erotic
sight, though she couldn’t exactly say why. No matter. The tugging in her lower abdomen told her
this was as good an idea as she’d hoped.

“Oh my God, Regina,” said Emma, still chewing. “That is so fucking good.”

Regina grinned. She knew she was a good cook, and she also knew that Emma wasn’t just saying
that to be nice. She could tell the difference between “thanks for dinner it was great” and “Oh my
god that’s so fucking good.”

She sliced off another piece and brought it to Emma’s mouth, watching as she ate it with relish. She took a piece for herself and had to agree that this dish had turned out remarkably well. After a few more bites, Emma’s hunger seemed to wane and she started to engage in the game of being fed. She slowed her movements down, making eye contact with Regina as she closed her lips around the fork. They kept going in silence, both of them enjoying the show Emma was putting on. Regina forgot all of her shyness from earlier and gaped at her lover openly, perfectly content to let her know how much she was enjoying this.

After the last bite Regina put down the fork and gathered a bit of sauce onto her finger. She brought it up to Emma’s lips, where she happily took it into her mouth and sucked it clean. Regina’s heightened senses vibrated with the feel of Emma’s tongue on her fingertip, and she looked up with pure desire written on her face. Emma’s face matched hers, and Regina trailed her free hand up and down her thighs again. Emma responded by swirling her tongue around Regina’s finger, which was still in her mouth.

Regina worked her hand higher, and Emma parted her legs in silent invitation to continue. When she reached the warm cleft between her thighs, she raised an eyebrow in question, just to be sure she had the go-ahead to continue. Emma didn’t always want that, and Regina made it a point to check in frequently. She never asked why, and the fact that Emma was always happy to cuddle or kiss even when she didn’t want sex helped Regina understand that this wasn’t about her, so she didn’t worry. Honestly she’d surprised herself with this easy acceptance of Emma’s needs, but that’s what this relationship had become for them – accepting each other exactly as they were in the moment.

Now, though, Emma nodded quickly, and she grabbed Regina’s other wrist to exchange the one finger in her mouth for two. She sucked and swirled her tongue around them, and Regina was so distracted by the incredible sensation that she just sat there for a moment. With effort she pulled her concentration back to her other hand, and began to trace patterns around Emma’s soaked pussy. She watched her lover’s eyes flutter closed and gradually tightened her circles until she was dragging her fingers over the slick flesh, grazing against her clit just enough to make Emma start to moan around the fingers in her mouth. When she judged her sufficiently worked up, Regina finally and easily slid two fingers into her, delighting in how Emma’s body seemed to pull and welcome her in. She pushed in as far as she could, then quirked her fingers up to touch that sensitive spot inside.

Emma twitched and gasped, then spread her legs even wider, hooking one leg over Regina’s knees to stabilize herself on her lap. All this time she kept sucking on Regina’s fingers, and the feeling of having both hands enveloped by slick warm muscle had Regina panting and moaning just as much as Emma.

She started to push in and out with her lower hand, making sure to hit that special spot every time. Emma’s breathing quickened in response, and she released the fingers from her mouth just long enough to pull a kiss from Regina’s lips. Then she picked up her hand again and this time took three fingers into her, delighting in how Emma’s body seemed to pull and welcome her in. She pushed in as far as she could, then quirked her fingers up to touch that sensitive spot inside.

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Emma nodded around her hand. Regina pulled her other hand out and gently pushed three fingers back inside. Emma moaned and grabbed the chair behind Regina’s head with her free hand. Anchored and spread open, her hips matched the rhythm Regina established and she began to spiral up fast. Regina stayed with her as her hips bucked and her breathing became erratic until finally Emma pulled her mouth off Regina’s fingers and came with an exquisite cry of pleasure. God, Regina would never get tired of eliciting such a powerful response from this woman. She sighed
happily as Emma turned and straddled her, grinding their hips together as she rode out waves of sensation.

Regina wrapped her arms protectively around her lover’s back until Emma rested her head on her shoulder, panting. When she’d caught her breath, she raised her head for a tender kiss and said “thank you, Regina. That was exactly what I needed tonight.”

Regina pushed Emma’s hair out of her face and replied without hesitation “you’re wonderful, Emma. This evening has been exactly what I needed, too.”

The smile that beamed up at her made Regina’s heart soar and her breath catch. When did it become so important to her to make this woman happy? After all, they had quite literally tried to kill each other when they first met. But so much had happened since then. Regina didn’t feel like the same person as she was a year ago, let alone when Emma had first arrived. And Emma actually had a lot to do with that growth.

As they sat there, Regina felt something inside her shift, a warmth spreading through her that was too tender, too real. She shied away from the feeling even as it overwhelmed her. Her emotions must have showed on her face, since Emma now looked at her with some concern. But Regina took a deep breath and pushed away the flood of fear from recognizing this feeling. Instead she pulled Emma in for a long, slow kiss. That seemed to clear the air, and they eventually got themselves up and dressed again. Emma was due at the Sherriff station at 6am the next day, so she took herself home before it got too late or they started anything again.

As Regina cleaned up the kitchen (by hand – she didn’t need to invite more intense emotion by bringing magic to the surface again) she slowly talked herself out of the feeling that had come creeping up in her this evening. It was too soon, too much, and nothing good had ever come of letting herself feel it. Well, at least not in the long run. Shaking it out of her head, she put the feeling back where it belonged and focused on disinfecting the table instead. Emma was important to her, and she lov-- really enjoyed their time together. That was all she needed to know right now.

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