**Consumed**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org) at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/13872981](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13872981)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Once Upon a Time (TV)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Evil Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Evil Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>emma swan - Freeform, Regina Mills - Freeform, Friends to Lovers, Smut, Explicit Sexual Content, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, magic!cock, Girl Penis Emma Swan, G!P, Ejaculation, Dirty Talk, Grinding, Teasing, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Porn With Plot, Consensual Sex, Blow Jobs, Rough Sex, Romance, Angst, tender moments, Robin Hood Bashing, Dominant Emma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2018-03-05 Updated: 2019-05-23 Chapters: 7/10 Words: 102185</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Consumed

by [Emma_Swan](#)

**Summary**

When Emma takes on the Darkness to save Regina, Regina finds herself taking Emma the next night.

[Set after season 4 finale; smut with plot].

**Notes**

Just to be clear and up front, this story is very different from "A Flicker of Light" so if you're coming here after reading that, please DO mind the tags. It is probably not going to appeal to some readers.

- TW: Robin Hood, and Robin Hood bashing, but his appearances are brief. Regina ends her relationship with him.
- This story features extremely graphic sex between Emma and Regina. Sensitive individuals should avoid.
"Sometimes, you just have to re-write your story," Regina whispered to Robin while he sat close to her with his hand on her thigh. "This isn't working. Perhaps the girl who I was could have been your soulmate, but the woman I am now.... she's different."

He tried to kiss her then, to stop her pathetic attempt to end their relationship, and he wouldn’t relent until she was panting against his neck.

With a knowing look on his face, Robin pushed his hand up her skirt and ran a finger along her panties. "Please reconsider. We haven't been given a fair chance, you know. Don't you want that? Maybe you are supposed to discover who you used to be. That may be the only way to heal from all of the darkness in your life."

Regina exhaled breathily and stood up, disentangling his hands from her and putting some space between them. "I need you to leave," she pleaded, as firmly as she could manage. "It's possible I'll feel differently in the morning, but right now, I want some time alone."

He seemed hurt, confused and offended, but for once, Robin listened to her and stepped towards the front door. She would have gone with him if she could trust herself to see him out, but he was cunning enough to manipulate her into letting him stay.

She remained in her guarded posture until she heard the rumble of the motorcycle he recently purchased from August. Only after he left did her defenses come down, and she tucked herself into a huddled ball to cry.

The emotional release brought clarity and let Regina face the reality that her "happy ending" was not at all happy. She blamed herself, and wondered why she lacked the ability to feel all the joy she knew she should be feeling. Instead, she felt guilty that Emma sacrificed everything for her, and her relationship with Robin turned out to be nothing but a disaster.

The thought of Emma's suffering made her wipe away her tears and change into a dry shirt. She went into her study, poured herself a stiff drink, and sank into the black leather chair behind her desk.

With a little liquid courage in her, she removed the Dark One's dagger from her drawer. She'd been entrusted with the blade, since she had magic and there was no one better to defend it.
"Dark One, I summon thee," she choked out.

Just like before when the darkness had swirled around Emma, pulling her away from the people she loved and wished to protect, it pulled her back. Without knowing where she was destined to show up, all Emma could do was succumb to the pull of magic and let it take her where she was being summoned. The room she materialized in was all too familiar, and the grim expression on her face said quite clearly how she felt about being dragged back to town. “You know Regina, my cell phone works just fine.”

It was a flippant remark emphasized by a wave of her hand. The sparkle of mischief that had once been so clear in her eyes had been snuffed out -- replaced by a dark glint, the kind that she often had when she was having a shitty day.

When she’d stepped into the swirling darkness, Emma had known what she was giving up. Except, what she’d thought would happen turned out to be far from the truth. It almost made her laugh. What she’d expected was to feel empty, dead inside, joyless, hopeless and hardened.

The reality of course was that she still possessed what she did before. She still loved, she still cared, she still felt. The difference, she was coming to realize, was the short fuse she now had. The rational side of her had been tamped down--some part of her knew that. But with such power flowing through her veins, and the inability to die, well, it brought out the worst in anyone. Even Emma Swan. Not a single living being could outmatch her, and if she’d felt cocky before with the magic she’d wielded, having an unending supply would surely chip away at her better judgment.

The unamused sigh she gave as she turned to find Regina at her desk turned into a stormy frown as she caught sight of the red eyes of the Mayor. Whatever barb about not being in the mood to chat was quickly forgotten as the muscles in Emma’s jaw clench and jumped with barely restrained anger. “What happened? Who hurt you? Was it Hood; where is he?”

The idea of it being related to Henry didn’t enter her head, probably because she knew the kid would already be concocting a plan with her parents to change Emma back to normal. He wouldn’t be in danger. Nobody would be that fucking stupid. “I’ll find him.” She snarled, and turned with the intent to leave, fists clenched by her sides.

“No one hurt me,” Regina defensively snapped, for Emma’s benefit more than her own – she wouldn’t let Emma find out that she was miserable with her ‘soul mate,’ not after Emma rescued her from the vortex of darkness. “I’m fine. I just wanted to check on you. You can’t just disappear and not expect anyone to worry. When was the last time you had a hot meal?” she expertly deflected, and coaxingly reached out to loop her arm through Emma’s, leading the likely starved woman into the kitchen.
The leftovers from the evening meal she shared with Robin were still sitting on the counter, but she frowned at them and gathered up her apron. Emma deserved more than Robin’s scraps, and besides, their tastes were quite different.

The random question evoked a scowl from Emma, as if she had better things to do than discuss food. “The last time I ate? A while ago. Why?”

“I’ll make you dinner,” Regina offered. She decided to cook a roast, in part because it ensured Emma would have to stay for a while.

The dark look Emma directed towards Regina fell away when Regina caught ahold of her arm, the contact warm and startlingly welcome as Regina led her further into the kitchen. Though it came back when she caught sight of the remains of what had obviously been a meal with her true love.

It wasn’t rational, the way Emma sneered at the plates, or how the sight turned her stomach as much as it annoyed her. This was what she’d sacrificed for, though — to let Regina get her happy ending. At least it seemed as though she’d gotten it.

“You know I don’t need you to cook for me. I mean, I can just do this.” Emma waved her hand with a flourish and smirked as the table changed; the roast Regina had planned to cook was already done, along with all the vegetables to accompany it—it had even been carved and set on separate plates.

A single red rose filled a slender vase between two candlesticks and napkins shaped like swans sat proudly atop the tablecloth as if they’d been there the entire time. Like they belonged. A spell like that would have taken a hell of a lot more than just a passing thought before, and now here she was, producing things with less effort than breathing.

“Well, can I get you a drink?” Regina asked, gesturing grandly at the fridge, but she was already popping the top from a bottle of Emma’s favorite beer and handing it over by the time Emma opened her mouth.

Regina saw the first signs of protest in Emma’s features, but she was having none of it. “There, now, you’re staying. You’re safe here, Emma. I know you’re afraid of lashing out with everyone else, but Henry isn’t home, and I have your dagger. What’s the worst that could possibly happen?” She needed Emma to stay as much as she suspected Emma needed the companionship after that ordeal.
Though wine glasses were filled and set aside each plate, Emma took the offered beer and sank down in the nearest chair with a tilt of her head, a curious look on her face before she shrugged, “I’m safe anywhere in town.” She said, sounding both bitter and bored at the same time. “I can’t be killed, remember? And anyone that thinks of taking that dagger to stab me won’t get far if you’re holding it, so…” Emma trailed off, and sipped at her drink as she reclined in the chair, barely looking at the meal she’d created.

“Yes, I know. You are safe from others, but not yourself,” Regina explained in a hushed voice, her lips parting in awe at the sudden transformation of her dining room. She stepped cautiously around the table, as a familiar chill went up her spine, and she thought back to Rumple’s illustrative shows of power when he was the Dark One and her mentor. “The more you use your new abilities, the more vulnerable you’ll become to the corruptive magic.” Aware that she might upset Emma by being honest with her, Regina pulled up a seat next to Emma and quickly lifted her wine glass to her lips.

Emma sucked on her teeth as Regina gently hit her with the harsh truth regarding her circumstances. Several acerbic quips had her tongue dancing within the confines of her mouth, yet as she gazed at Regina, so willing to sit beside her when half the town was afraid to look at her, she couldn’t say any of them.

Instead, Emma sucked in a deep breath, and the corners of her mouth tugged downwards and she nodded slightly as if making up her mind. “Figures that after everything I’ve faced the biggest problem is still myself.” There was no malice in her tone, not even defeat--just a weary kind of clarity as she rolled her eyes. The very first glimpse of a smile coaxed the left side of her lips but failed to fully materialize. If anyone could understand what it was like to be your own worst enemy, it was Regina. “I thought I’d feel…” Emma shook her head, aware of how ridiculous she was about to sound. “I dunno, evil-ish, but I don’t. I don’t know what I feel -- ”

“I can help you, Emma,” Regina quietly insisted. “Why don’t you stay here for a little while? After all you gave up for me, the least I can do is open my home to you. Snow said you didn’t go back to the apartment last night. Would it be uncomfortable for you to take the spare bedroom? I’m sure it would put Henry more at ease…” She carefully unfolded one of the white swan napkins, though she was bothered by the act of destroying its perfection.

Emma shrugged and stuck a fork into the piece of chicken on her plate, like a child showing restlessness. “It wouldn’t bother you to have me living under your roof?” Emma looked skeptical, but the mention of Henry calmed her, despite the way she cringed.

“Of course not,” Regina immediately replied. “Emma, I’m terribly sorry you gave up your life to save me. It wasn’t worth it. The truth is, Robin and I very different people. I thought we could be happy, but maybe I’m incapable. I keep trying to force it when my instincts are telling me to run.” Her confession poured out of her, and she placed her hand over Emma’s to make sure she understood that her actions were more than appreciated—that her sacrifice wasn’t in vain. “I can
never repay you for what you’ve done for me,” she muttered. “Thank you. I promise I’m going to keep trying to be happy, and you know what? So are you. We’ll find some way to free you from your curse, and then you and Hook can pick up where you left off--”

“Regina,” Emma breathed out. “I didn’t give up my life. I’m still here, aren’t I?” It wasn’t a question, and from the way she suddenly grabbed up a napkin to shake out and broke eye contact with Regina, it was obvious she wanted to drop the subject. “So what if you and Robin don’t end up together -- that doesn’t mean you can’t be happy. I believe you can be. After everything you’ve done to change, Regina, you deserve it as much as anyone else. You think I’d expect you to stay with him because my name’s on that dagger instead of yours?”

Emma set her beer down and began cutting up the meat on her plate, as an excuse to keep herself busy more than due to actual hunger. “You can’t force happiness. It’s not how it works.” The knife stilled in her hand as Regina clasped her own atop hers. Emma swallowed thickly and wet her lips before smiling for the first time since she’d vanished with the darkness. “I don’t regret having your back.”

“Even if we can’t break the curse, if it really became a threat, if I really became a threat, I trust that you guys would push me over the town line,” Emma whispered. “Outside, I’d just be me. No magic, no Dark One. I would just be a regular screw-up out there.”

Regina directed a curious look at Emma. “What?” she asked in confusion. “It seems like you’ve always made the right choices. Even when you were a thief, you stole for someone you loved. You thought you were helping him. Everything you’ve done can be justified or explained away, except maybe your most recent action. You saved me, and for what? I still can’t figure that out. Why did you do it?” She dropped her napkin in front of her and stood up, clutching her side as if it hurt. “I thought it was to give me the chance to feel love again. But it’s complicated with Robin,” she sighed. “He’s the only one who wants to be with me.” She wrung her hands together and stared at a spot on the table. “And I don’t want to be alone anymore.”

Regina’s heart thumped faster as Emma reached out and took her hand again. She gazed down at it with soulful, teary eyes. “I wasn’t his first choice, but that always made sense to me. His wife needed him more, and of course he was going to reconnect with her. Finding out that she was Zelena all along…. That sits heavier on me. My mother once tried to trick me into thinking another man was my soulmate, but I knew. I knew right away it wasn’t him. I keep making excuses for Robin. He only wanted to rekindle what he lost with Marian. But then you come along… and presented with a very difficult decision, you chose me. You put me first, Emma. My family never did that, or any of my friends. Only one man did that, and he’s dead. So, I’m asking you: please – don’t go. Don’t stay away. Even if you saved me for Henry, or out of pity, I am still thankful--”

Emma found herself standing too, though it was more from confusion than the urge to leave. “Wait, hold on a minute. You think I did this out of pity?” Emma asked indignantly. “I told you exactly why
I did it. You’ve worked too hard to redeem yourself to have it be snatched away from you again. That has nothing to do with pity, Regina—or Henry, for that matter.” The scowl on Emma’s face deepened as she listened, and wondered why Regina was suddenly so emotional. “What is the big deal if I leave for a little while? You honestly think I’d stay away completely, away from my family, our son, y… - everyone?” She gave a derisive snort like a wounded bull, utterly affronted by the conclusions Regina had drawn. “I had to make sure I was still me last night. I didn’t know what to expect, how I’d be. I sure as hell wasn’t going to stay here where everyone could witness me fall apart if it happened!”

The excessive wringing of Regina’s hands ate away at Emma until she forced herself to take a breath and try to calm her voice. It was instinct that had her reach out to clasp Regina’s wrists gently, a silent command to stop. “Honestly, Regina, I don’t like Robin. I tried, but the man’s honor code is apparently in his pants, and you can do better. You deserve better than that, and deep down, I think you know that. To hell with everyone who doesn’t pick you first. They’re not the kind of people worth your time.” If it was said with a sneer, she couldn’t help it.

Emma’s remarks about Robin made Regina study her feet, defensively and in shame, but her head shot up again as Emma ranted.

“Enough about Robin,” Regina asserted, feeling the change of energy in the air and Emma’s crackling anger, which begged to become dark magic. “Just promise me you’ll calm down, and that you’ll stay. We can even have slumber parties and braid each other’s hair. Whatever makes you happy.”

The impulse to find Robin and knock him around coursed like fire through Emma’s veins but it was Regina’s flippant childish remark that snapped her back to reality. “Don’t do that. Why do you need to be sarcastic? Either way, I’m honestly not sure I can stay here, Regina. I don’t want you sharing your space with a magically loaded gun. I feel like I’m falling apart—”

"No one is going to criticize you for falling apart. Least of all the person who you saved." Regina gaped at Emma in consternation and shook her head. "For the record, I wasn't being sarcastic," she insisted. "I just want to be your friend. Apart from Maleficent, I've never really had a friend."

“We are friends,” Emma stated, stuffing her hands into her back pockets as she actively tried to keep still. Hadn’t they established that time and again by being there for one another? So why did it irk her to hear Regina say the exact same thing she’d said all those months ago? “Apart from Elsa I haven’t really had one either. I’d say Lily was a friend, but after seeing her stalker wall I’m not sure she counts any more.”

Deflection worked wonders, even when Emma wasn’t entirely sure what she was deflecting in the first place. “You’re my friend, okay? And I trust you to toss me over the line if I get out of hand. It’s
the only fail safe we have, so if it comes to it, we do it, even if I’m begging you not to.”

“That’s not going to happen,” Regina sighed heavily and shook her head in misery. “Worst case scenario, we’ll all leave. We’ll have to find a way to survive in the real world, but you won’t be alone. What are we really leaving behind? Magic… and constant unwanted interruptions to our lives?”

“Out there isn’t as easy as in here. Trust me,” Emma sighed, and ran her fingers through her blonde hair. “Things are better for everyone if they stay here. Is it sometimes complicated? Yeah, that’s life, but at least here we can go about our business without having to worry about anyone else.”

With a wave of her hand, Regina cleared the table with magic and sent the food that neither of them touched back to the kitchen. “I’ll certainly miss being able to do that, but from what I saw, the real world isn’t much different than our little town. What are you so worried about?” She’d seen the news when they had been traveling together, but the criminals outside of Storybrooke had no reason to target them. “Maybe it wouldn’t be such a bad idea to leave town for a while. Henry has always wanted to go on a family trip. It’s something to consider.”

Emma tensed then relaxed under Regina’s delicate grip and side eyed the woman’s hand as she licked her lips anxiously. “Nobody is leaving Storybrooke, Regina, it’s a bad idea. You think magic is bad? Try not having it when you need it out there. You think you can talk down a guy with a loaded gun? Save someone from a guy with a knife? People don’t need rational reasons to lash out, Regina. You should know that. I sure as hell know that. Storybrooke might have its issues with magic, but there are enough of us here to hold it together. Out there we wouldn’t survive. It’s just better to stay here. We’re safe from outsiders, and if I get out of hand, well it ensures you’re safe from me too.”

Regina knew it was best not to argue, not when Emma spoke so vehemently about leaving Storybrooke. “For now, we won’t worry about it,” she insisted. “Just let me get you some pajamas and fresh towels, so we can both get some rest.” She indicated the staircase with a small gesture, and pointed out the linen closet. "Bathroom is down the hall. And while I'm sure you could conjure a pair of flannel pajamas, it'd be better if you didn't use your magic. Allow me..." It took only a flashing pulse of her own light magic to produce a flattering striped pair of pink pajamas, which she handed over with a smirk.

The fact that they were pink truly didn’t bother Emma as much as Regina probably counted on. “Nice color, shame about the pattern.” Emma quipped, and snatched up some towels while she was there. “You mind if I take a shower now, or do you want to stay and make sure I don’t conjure up a hot tub or something?”

"A hot tub might be worth a plunge into darkness," Regina replied, stretching her arms and back
with a smile on her lips. "There is a tub in the master bath, if you'd prefer that." She pushed open the door to her bedroom and led the way inside. "I'm going to read for a while."

The truth was Emma preferred showers. They were quicker, cleaner, and easier to escape if someone burst through the door. However, now that she’d been granted the opportunity to see the inside of Regina’s bedroom, how could she not accept? Sure, her days of stealing were behind her, as were being a bail bondsperson, but her curiosity and the desire to snoop around? That had never left her. “I don’t know why I pictured it being darker.” She murmured, taking in the soft pastel colors of the sheets and the cream of the dresser. That was all she said though, even if her gaze darted around for a few seconds before she entered the bathroom.

As Emma stepped into the en suite, Regina sat in bed and reached for the thick spell book she'd pulled out after Emma’s transformation. The book belonged to Gold, and it was loaned to her by Belle, who explained that the spells and stories within were related to the Dark One. Her eyes trailed over the pages, until she came to an entry regarding the Dark One's history, and the sexual appetites of someone afflicted by the curse.

Only once Emma shut the door did she release the breath she’d been holding. The tension across her shoulders shifted as she slumped against the wood. “I shouldn’t be here,” she whispered to the empty room, then promptly set down the towels and pajamas near the sink. It was bad enough that she felt what she felt, but being so close to Regina only seemed to intensify it, and while her shoulders were no longer stiff… Emma glanced down at herself and let out a disgusted, if not frustrated, throaty noise of displeasure. With determination she marched towards the tub and twisted the taps on full. The crashing sound and slow building steam helped to focus her mind, and she used her time wisely to browse the many expensive bottles of body washes, shampoos and bubble baths. Deciding that she could get away with using some on account of Regina’s ‘no dark magic’ rule, Emma snagged a bottle and poured a rather generous amount into the bath where the water splashed and frothed. The fragrant scent tantalized her senses as much as soothed, and before long she’d stripped off and slipped into the very warm water with a satisfied sigh.

Regina closed the book, disappointed that she’d managed to find a piece of information that left her not only clueless about how to do undo Emma’s curse, but also frustrated. She huffed as she put on her pajamas, and moodily went through her evening routine of applying face cream and brushing out her hair. Emma soaked in the tub for a long time, until Regina’s brooding got the better of her and she knocked on the bathroom door. “Are you alright in there?” she asked.

Emma spent twice as long in the tub than she would have a shower, and though she washed herself and her hair, by the time she got out the water was still surprisingly warm. She watched the water drain away, taking with it the remaining bubbles while she wrung out her wet hair and picked up the nearest towel. The knock startled her, and whether from guilt or panic, she wrapped the towel around herself and pulled the door open to quickly announce: “Yes fine, be out in a minute.”
Steam puffed out from behind her and the stark white of the towel only emphasized the blush that scalded her skin, though Emma was quick to shut the door again in her rush to dry off. Barely a minute later she reappeared wearing the pink striped pajamas, her hair a wet tangled mess and a faint sheen of sweat coated her forehead from the effort of rushing and pulling clothes on over damp skin. “All yours.” She mumbled, her arms full with her clothes and the wet towels she’d used.

Regina gave Emma a pleased once over, but her triumph over seeing the savior in the pink striped pajamas was short lived. In all of the years she’d known Rumple, he never once blushed or fidgeted the way Emma did, even as the Dark One. "Is something the matter?" she frowned. "You seem nervous. It's weird, isn't it? I thought with all of that dark magic you'd be different. Rumple was... scheming, maniacal and always confident." It might have been tactless to point out Emma's discomfort, but she was beginning to wonder if the Dark one's magic lacked potency within the savior.

The second Regina brought attention to how she was acting was the second Emma straightened up and actively shook herself out of the ridiculous way she was behaving. “I’m fine. Kinda hungry. Could use a drink,” she said, her tone confident even if her eyes trailed down Regina all the way to her toes, though they lingered in places as she brought her gaze back up. “Just going to put these in the washing machine.” Emma nodded towards the bundle of things she clutched in front of her. Any excuse really to put some distance between them. “It is weird. Just not Rumple’s kind of weird, I mean he got creepy and schemey when he lost his son. I haven’t lost mine.” Emma shrugged as if somehow that explained everything, all the while knowing it did not.

"Speaking of Henry,” Regina remarked, “Your parents agreed to take him home with them. They thought you’d showed up there. I’m sure he will be excited to see you first thing in the morning.”

Though she looked forward to seeing Henry tomorrow, Emma still didn’t trust herself yet. She expected at any moment to suddenly do something horrific. The tragedy of that was that they both knew it could happen. “I’m not tired yet, so if you don’t mind, I’ll be downstairs watching whatever’s on.” She still found herself leering hungrily at Regina, and that prompted her to leave Regina’s bedroom quickly.

She hurried down the stairs to stuff the wet towels and her clothes into the wash. Then she searched the kitchen for her unfinished beer, and picked at a few leftovers before settling in the living room with the remote. She adjusted the volume to barely a whisper and flipped through the channels, pausing here and there when something caught her eye. Unfortunately, she soon realized the things that caught her attention weren’t exactly the best things to watch in someone else’s home, so she grudgingly left the TV on some kind of action movie.

Regina couldn’t sleep after Emma's eyes burned over and through her, as if getting a visual of what was underneath her clothing. Her curiosity got the better of her, and she ventured down to the living room.
"What are you watching?" Regina husked as she sat down next to Emma, without regard for the woman's personal space. If Emma was going to check her out, Regina had no qualms about leaning over the savior to reach for a blanket. She focused on the movie with a serious intent to watch it, but she found herself watching Emma instead. "This is a terrible movie," she complained, only to rile Emma. She grabbed the remote, and pressed the button to change the channel back to the usual one she preferred. Instead, the soft moans of two consenting adults filled the room, and she realized that she switched to a network she wasn't even aware she had. "This should be blocked. Someone must have changed the parental controls...."

Emma tensed as Regina settled beside her, and she held her breath. Regina clicked onto the very station Emma had pointedly tried to avoid. She instinctively grabbed the blanket and bunched it in her lap, her fists tight around the plush material.

No sooner had the soft moans started did Regina put two and two together, and Emma wet her lips as a sudden feeling of dread washed through her. If Regina had actually gone to sleep, Emma sure as hell wouldn’t have been watching the shitty movie she’d put on just in case Regina came downstairs to watch TV before bedtime. Turns out that was a good plan, but she just hadn’t taken into account that Regina might actually want to browse the channels.

Regina’s face glowed hot with anger as she entertained the possibility that her teenage son had changed the TV settings, but she knew that Henry hadn't been home since the last time she turned on the television. "Wait," she muttered, and glanced sideways at Emma. "Do you watch this filth?" As soon as the disapproving words were out of her mouth, Regina became enthralled by the two women on screen. She clicked the 'off' button and stood up. "Emma, I should... tell you, the book I was just reading mentioned something about the Dark One experiencing... an unquenchable need... to..."

Emma would have stormed off up to her bed had she not been quite so flustered, and even worse, mortified by Regina’s sudden awkwardness at trying to say what Emma damn well already knew. “Yeah, yeah, I’ve realized why Gold was always so pissed off when we interrupted his time with Belle, okay?” Emma glanced towards the stairs, her face burned with a mixture of shame and embarrassment. She moved as if to get up, but then thought better of it. “Can we just forget this happened? I’ll lock the content. It won’t happen again.”

"If you truly want to forget it, then we will. But if I can help in any way with your issue..." Regina stood proudly as she made her proposal, in case Emma refused or questioned it, but all she saw in Emma's eyes was hunger. “Emma, let me help you.”

“Help me?” Emma sputtered, half indignant, half flustered by the sudden proposition. “Look, Regina, if this is because you feel sorry for me or because you feel guilt-uh, whu--?”
To test out the waters of this new possible arrangement, Regina had slid out of her pajama top, giving Emma a full view of her breasts and hard, dusky nipples.

Whatever protest had been on her tongue, Emma all but choked on it when the sight of Regina topless filled her vision. God, she was beautiful. Emma knew instantly that she was fucked. All those fantasies over the years hadn’t done her justice.

"It's okay," Regina whispered with insistence. "You can look. Tell me what you want, Emma. Tell me what you need. Whatever it is, it's yours." She placed a hand on the blanket that covered Emma and carefully pulled it away, taking a seat close enough to allow Emma to touch, if that was what Emma wanted. "If this feels wrong… we can stop. I'll just go upstairs and we don’t have to discuss it again."

"Regina." Emma groaned out, but whether it was a warning or a plea wasn’t clear. Quick as a flash, Emma’s hands landed over her lap as Regina completely removed the blanket. The tip of her tongue wet her lips nervously as she side-eyed her, halfheartedly attempting to look at Regina’s face even though her gaze landed on her breasts. She itched to touch them, could practically feel their gloriously soft weight against her palms already, but she didn’t dare move her hands. “Oh we’re discussing it right now. Are you even attracted to me? Be honest.”

Of all the times she’d hoped to see Regina naked, Emma hadn’t considered it would ever happen when she was like this, and if they were about to sleep together then Emma wanted it to be mutual, and not out of pity.

Regina’s face fell almost regretfully, but she made no move to hide herself from Emma’s roaming eyes or shy away in embarrassment. “I feel guilty that you ended up like this, Emma, but I would never offer myself to you just out of some sense of obligation,” she firmly stated. “You must think that’s my MO now, because of Robin. I did feel obligated in that case, because I thought I had ruined his life. I thought he deserved--something.” Sucking on her bottom lip, she peered thoughtfully down at her lap, forced to rethink this whole situation with Emma. “I ruined your life, too, but isn’t it obvious that I find you attractive? It might not be true love between us, but we might enjoy it, and in any case, it’ll take the edge off. Maybe it will keep you from lashing out.”

Emma’s hands shifted on her lap so she could turn to look at Regina more fully but also covertly, almost unable to control the way her eyes drifted downward before snapping back up to meet the curious mahogany intently watching her in return.

Regina shamefully crossed her arms over her breasts, although she couldn’t quite conceal herself from view. She finally reached for her pajama top, but doing that required dropping her hands and only put her on display. Her areolas were a delicate, dark cream that surrounded her aroused nipples, which reacted so easily to the cold. And then she caught Emma staring, completely unguarded and
“Don’t get self conscious now,” Emma murmured. “Okay, look, I’ve been into you for years. I just never realized you liked me back.” Carefully, Emma tugged the pajama shirt out of Regina’s hands and then tossed it haphazardly behind her and out of reach.

“Well, put your hands on me,” Regina softly urged. “There’s no harm in a little touching. Is there?”

The gentle request sent tingles of anticipation through Emma, the kind she felt whenever Regina got a little too close. Except now she could touch, and all the longing and desires swirling inside her coaxed one of her hands to cup Regina’s breast before she could think her way out of it.

The soft warmth of Regina’s skin was addictive. Emma’s lips parted at the delicious thrill she got from it, and she pinched Regina’s stiff nipple playfully, giving a slight twist only to flick her thumb lightly over the hard little bud. It was everything and not enough all at once, so she palmed her breast fully, and a soft delighted moan escaped her mouth before she could stop it.

Regina’s breathing hitched at the unexpected attention, and then she leaned in to kiss Emma – her tongue gentle but assertive as it pushed into Emma’s mouth. She worried her brow as she deepened the kiss, but relaxed more as it was reciprocated. Tangling her fingers into Emma’s thick curls, she licked her lips and savored the taste that remained on her. “Do you want me?” she quietly asked, although she knew the answer: the Darkness had always craved Regina, but she sensed that craving somehow changed in Emma and fed off natural desire.

“Yes.” Emma whispered back, her voice a mixture of sandpaper and honey, the desire practically dripping from her lips as she leaned in to kiss Regina again. Bolder this time, without cautiously guarding herself. Both hands caressed Regina now, winding around her waist to pull her closer, the feel of her skin and scent of her hair enough to leave Emma light headed with arousal. “I could kiss you for hours.” She husked against Regina’s lips, relishing the soft, warm puffs of breath that tickled her face. The darkness inside her implored her to let it reach Regina too, though it manifested differently, and she belatedly remembered what was straining against her pajama bottoms.

Regina evidently was close enough to feel it too, because she paused and gawked at Emma’s visible erection. “Is that what I think it is?” she sharply asked, shocked but not put-off by the alteration of Emma’s anatomy. She unhelpfully decided to climb onto Emma’s lap, and she grinned into another kiss as she pressed Emma’s hard-on in between her thighs. Without a full awareness of what she was doing, Regina groaned from somewhere deep in her diaphragm and began a slow grind against Emma’s cock.
“This only happened when I was around you.” Emma shot back defensively, as if it were Regina’s fault that she was attracted to her.

Self-consciously, Emma tried to adjust herself but with Regina on her it was useless; it seemed to only emphasize the rigidness of her new appendage. A moan tore itself from her throat as she kissed back, and her arms coiled around Regina to hold her closer. Her own hips rocked into the pleasurable friction Regina gave her so freely. “I guess this wasn’t in the book,” Emma murmured breathlessly, and one of her hands slid down to squeeze Regina’s backside encouragingly.

“Not this specifically, but the darkness manifests differently in every Dark One. The darkness must be putting you in touch with some of your unexpressed desires. It’s like a vine, latching on to something that was already there.” Regina panted, and her pupils expanded as she gazed searchingly down at Emma, and then shifted to remove her own pajama bottoms. In just her thong, she lowered herself back into Emma’s lap and nuzzled the underside of Emma’s neck. “Don’t be ashamed.” Her fingers skimmed underneath the waistband of Emma’s pajama bottoms, and she gently freed her thick cock. “I think this is a good way for you to practice self-control. We’ll take things slow.”

“Hey, I have self control,” Emma impulsively stated, then cringed once she realized how she’d just proven herself wrong.

Emma froze when Regina’s fingers quested further, and she swallowed anxiously as they both took in the sight of her erection. With Emma’s pants halfway down her thighs, Regina got a full view of it: the wide head and the arousal that collected at its tip, along with the muscular solidness of the shaft. Regina’s hand looked small beside it, but she took ahold of the base and gave Emma’s cock a thorough stroking.

Luckily Emma didn’t have to think, because Regina’s hand was on her and the contact suddenly became her whole world. Regina’s grasp was firm but her skin so deliciously warm and soft, and the contrast sent a pleasurable shiver down Emma’s back. The slow, teasing strokes pulled a moan from Emma, and a startled, “God, Regina” to go along with it.

When she felt the familiar signs of straining, Regina released Emma’s cock and started all over again. She gathered some of Emma’s arousal on her thumb and rubbed it underneath the sensitive head, then massaged up and down the full length in a repetitive rhythm that made Emma’s cock push harder into her hand. “Does this feel good?” she murmured.

“Fuck yes.” Emma stated breathlessly. “It feels amazing.” In the back of her mind Emma was aware of her legs trembling, the muscles in her thighs squeezing and relaxing with every deliberate move Regina made.
Emma felt like an instrument being played; there was an ebb and flow of her arousal as it built almost to its crescendo only to be left for a moment on the edge before gradually declining. The noise of her own breathing filled her ears, interspersed with quiet grunts and low excited moans. Her hands had settled on Regina’s waist, but they ventured up to palm her breasts when the most wonderful torture began.

Every little rub from Regina’s thumb sent pleasure straight through Emma, just enough to make her feel heavy with lust and arousal. As all of her heady emotions threatened to consume her, Regina switched it up again, gripping her shaft until Emma forgot her name, forgot she was The Dark One, and only knew Regina.

Licking the corner of her mouth, Regina kissed Emma’s neck and smudged her lipstick all over her jawline, and then again as she messily wrapped her lips around one of Emma’s earlobes.

After a little while, Regina moved between Emma’s knees and left behind more lip prints, this time around the large brimmed head of Emma’s cock. She chose not to rush it, and instead looked up at Emma with intensity and purpose, all while flattening her tongue underneath Emma’s cock and rolling it languidly.

Then Regina pushed her lips further down towards the base, until Emma was deep enough in her throat to feel the vibrations of her soft moaning. Her sensual noises made Emma’s cock respond and tighten, and Regina sucked like she meant it: her lips popped wetly, and her cheekbones became taut and more defined as she took several long pulls. She swallowed against her natural reflex to clear her throat, and breathed through her nose as she opened wide for Emma. Sitting up on her heels, she steadied herself on either of Emma’s thighs, and sped up the fluid pace of her motions, pumping her mouth full of Emma’s cock.

If she continued, she knew that she would soon taste Emma, and more than just the light arousal that already coated her length.

Regina tried to ease up, but Emma tangled a hand into her hair to keep her mouth wrapped around her cock for a split second longer. “If I’d known you looked this good sucking cock I’d have strapped one on years ago.” The words were out of Emma’s mouth as she thought them, and she tensed in shock at the language she’d used. Where the hell had that come from? The darkest part of her desire apparently.

“If you tried that years ago, I would have shoved it somewhere you wouldn’t have liked.” Regina sat back and lifted her head to assess Emma. Her own cheeks were flushed from her activities, and she wiped at her still wet mouth. “You didn’t want me to stop,” she remarked, sensing all of the energy of Emma’s darkness.
“Of course I didn’t want you to stop, who the hell would?” Emma roguishly replied, her earlier awkwardness melting away now that she was incredibly aroused.

“Why don’t we go upstairs?” Regina asked. “I’ll take these off for you.” She ran a hand down her side a bit carelessly, and gave a gentle tug on her panties.

Emma moved her hand to splay between Regina’s shoulder blades and as they shared a kiss, her tongue tasted herself on Regina’s without shame. Finally, Emma pulled back just enough to flash a devious smile, and with Regina still in her lap, she clapped under her thighs and stood up.

Emma carried Regina confidently up the stairs and straight into the bedroom, where she gently placed her down on the bed. Instead of trying to cover herself, Emma stood proudly, in all sense of the word, and her cock bounced slightly as she straightened up. With a quirked eyebrow, she pointedly glanced at the thin strip of material barely concealing the most intimate areas of Regina. “Time for the panties to go,” she murmured warmly. “Now I can see if you’re a dirty girl, Regina. The kind that gets wet from having her pretty mouth filled with cock.” Excitement buzzed through her like electricity as she leaned over to hook her fingers into Regina’s thong, and began peeling it off.

As Emma stripped down her panties and spread her legs, Regina propped herself up on her elbows and watched. Her pussy was already slick and Emma easily parted her lower lips with a finger, probing her smooth skin and entrance. “Well?” Regina husked. “What kind of girl am I?” She grabbed the front of Emma’s pajamas and tugged her closer, giving her an almost predatory look. But she pouted a bit innocently then, and the Darkness responded to that: she could feel it, almost like a third person in her bedroom. It was part Emma and yet more ancient, and Regina had once belonged to it and now, in some small way, it was like she belonged to Emma. “I think I’m the kind who needs to be fucked hard.” Coyly, she ran her foot up and down Emma’s calf.

There was a possessive hunger inside Emma that resonated through her body and gleamed in her eyes at seeing Regina spread out for her. “Oh yeah?” She rumbled approvingly, voice thick as she knelt on the bed to remove her shirt with no regard for the buttons that popped off at her rough treatment. “I think you’re the kind that wants to be stuffed full on a daily basis.”

It was a bold statement that rolled off Emma’s tongue like syrup. With one fluid motion, she coaxed Regina into a position on her side and slipped her hand between her legs. She rubbed her palm over the impossibly smooth skin and deftly parted Regina’s puffy lips to stroke two fingers along her opening. “I bet you’d let me fuck you raw.” Emma whispered directly into Regina’s ear as she sucked the lobe into her mouth. Slowly she pushed three of her long fingers into Regina’s slick velvety warmth, and moaned against her neck as she felt Regina’s pussy clench in response. “Keep your legs open.” Emma throatily demanded. “I want you to watch your little cunt stretch wide to take
my fingers.” It was obscene, and before Regina could ask how that was possible, a large mirror appeared at the bottom of the bed as Emma began thrusting her fingers into her already soaking pussy.

Regina quivered from the forceful pounding she received from Emma’s fingers, and from the crass way Emma spoke to her and put her on display. She would never have tolerated that behavior from anyone else, but as Emma crooked her forefinger and middle finger to concentrate on stroking the smoothest and most sensitive muscle inside of her, Regina lost all focus and bucked involuntarily. Her body wanted Emma, and she could only show her disdain through biting, snapping kisses and by cutting Emma with her nails. There was no point in trying to preserve her dignity or save face, when she clearly desired all of the filthy things Emma so flauntingly mentioned. “Fuck me raw,” she choked out, slapping Emma’s free hand away when she snatched a condom out of thin air.

Even without the risk of pregnancy, Regina had taken to using precautions with her lovers, but this was carnal lust on another level and she needed to feel Emma’s body heat, and every throb of the veins that were so well defined on Emma’s erection. She boldly stared down at the mirror, and caught Emma’s gaze as she stared openly at her vagina—the tight little hole just barely accommodating her fingers. “Make me take more,” she exhaled. “Make sure I take it, otherwise there’s no hope of you fucking me.” Emma’s cock was too large, and to be satisfyingly full of it, she would have to be properly opened up. “Emma,” she enunciated. “That’s it, Em-ma. Show me what you can do with those hands of yours before you show me what you can do with your cock.”

Emma hissed as Regina’s nails scraped her skin again, but she shivered in pleasure at the scorching heat they evoked. The darkness more than welcomed the pain. Hearing Regina say such dirty things only increased the fire running through Emma, and she eagerly added another finger into Regina’s slippery pussy.

“Don’t underestimate what a greedy little cunt you have,” Emma rasped between bruising kisses, her lips curling into a devilish smirk. “Look at it taking four fingers already. It’s like your little hole is desperate for my cock. I can hear how soaked you are.” Lewd as her words were, Emma relished the wet smacking as she drove her fingers in and out of Regina. She could see how swollen and deliciously red she was becoming, and how eager she was to be fucked.

“You’re loving this aren’t you?” Emma huskily whispered, spreading her fingers apart as she curled them inside to massage the soft spot that shook Regina’s legs. “Letting me see what a dirty little slut you are. You want me to come deep inside you so that you can feel me spill out of your sloppy cunt afterwards.” Emma’s free hand busied itself by tweaking and pinching Regina’s nipples until they were stiff and aching, then she lowered her mouth onto one. Flicking it with her tongue before drawing it into her mouth to bite and suckle, she kept her on the mirror to watch Regina’s every reaction.

But Regina’s reaction wasn’t at all what she expected, and the Darkness taunted her: Oh, she’s not
Regina roughly grabbed Emma’s face and then released it only to slap her across the cheek. “You’re crossing a line, Emma,” she warned, gripping Emma’s wrist hard before flinging it away from her body. She threw her legs over the side of the bed and all of her instincts screamed at her to leave the room, but she turned back and spotted the wounded look on Emma’s face.

Emma brought her hand up to rub the sting out of her cheek, her brows furrowing at the way she’d been acting. This wasn’t like her--well, maybe it was a little, but she was never quite so vulgar. She’d wanted Regina for so long, and this was how she spoke to her? It shocked her to realize how into it she’d been, and she swallowed back a wave of shame as she met Regina’s murderous look.

“Don’t you know proper bedroom etiquette?” Regina asked. “Be crude all you want, but only with permission.” With a deadly serious glare, she returned to sit in Emma’s lap and then her anger was gone, or else she covered it by playfully pretending to smack Emma around. “You might have sacrificed yourself for me, but you have to earn the privilege of speaking to me that way,” she purred. “Prove to me that you deserve it.”

“I’m sorry,” Emma whispered, “I… uh…” Lost myself. For a while, she truly had, but the words wouldn’t form on her tongue. Though the worry was evident in her eyes when Regina settled into her lap. Emma barely reacted to the light slaps that landed across her shoulders and chest, tilting her head to the side instead as she tried to work out just how she was supposed to prove that she deserved to sleep with Regina. With a flick of her wrist the mirror vanished, and a bouquet of red roses appeared in Emma’s hand, which she then gave immediately to Regina. A bottle of wine sat on the nightstand with a solitary glass half filled, accompanied by a box of expensive chocolates. Scented candles came to life on the dresser and vanity, creating a far more intimate atmosphere.

Regina rolled her eyes at the silly romantic gestures, but the flowers were still dewy as if freshly picked. She paused to breathe their fragrance and then summoned a vase to put them out of the way. Gently, she touched Emma’s chin and waited for Emma to meet her eyes; it didn’t take her long to find the glimmer of uncertainty and conflict that had always been there, even before the Darkness. “Stay with me,” she whispered. Threading her fingers through Emma’s, she initiated a heated kiss and toppled them both onto the bed. “Let’s pick up where we left off,” she rumbled. “I believe you were going to fuck me, and show me just how much I’ll like being a dirty slut for you.”

Regina clutched Emma’s cock firmly, and let it glide up and down between her pussy lips. The head pushed into her opening, but she clamped her legs shut and avoided taking it inside. Every teasing gyration made her feel tense, and Emma’s cock prodded her again, slipping into her vagina without going deep at all. “Emma,” she groaned weakly. “Mmm… Emma.”

Raising herself onto her forearms, Emma pressed her forehead against Regina’s and tried to maintain
eye contact. She couldn’t risk losing herself, or worse, hurting Regina in the process. “Relax…” She whispered warmly, stilling herself with barely the tip of her cock pushed inside Regina’s wet hole. Exercising control, she pulled out and then pushed slowly back in, feeling the soft slick muscles wrap deliciously around the head of her cock, the sensation like liquid heat. “Fuck, Regina…” She moaned quietly, slipping back out to repeat the motion again. If she wasn’t careful, Emma knew she’d come just from this alone. “Please spread your legs for me.” She encouraged eagerly, moving her hips back to free the head of her cock once again. Wet as Regina was, she’d need to be more lubricated to get inside her, and what better kind than Regina’s own arousal?

With a shift of her hips, Emma positioned the length of her cock against Regina. She rocked gently, running herself from base to tip between Regina’s soaked folds and feeling herself harden further. “I want you ready to take all of me, and you’re not there yet.” She muttered against Regina’s lips, kissing her as she used the head of her cock to arouse and begin to open her.

With moans that were low and gravelly, Regina bent her head to the side to gaze down at their joined bodies: Emma’s cock stretched her, but still posed a sizable challenge. Although Regina had taken four fingers, Emma’s hands were small.

Regina’s pelvis tightened, and her sex squeezed the head of Emma’s cock, unable to handle more. All of the muscles in her lower abdomen refused to loosen, but she swung her legs around Emma and with several well-timed rotations of her hips, she at last took Emma’s cock.

Regina grunted at the unrivaled feeling of fullness. “You’re so deep inside of me,” she breathed.

Having the bulk of Emma’s cock inside of her made Regina’s knees quake, and then Emma began to fuck her. Emma lunged forward and rocked her hips, and they both watched the way Regina’s delicate little hole gaped as Emma pulled back. With a few short strokes, Emma seemed to test out the pace, to see if Regina’s vagina could withstand it. “Don’t hold back on me,” Regina rasped.

So many emotions bombarded Regina: she fleetingly feared the consequences of sharing this night with Emma, but she needed this, consequences be damned. She had needed Emma for a long time—far longer than she cared to acknowledge. It crossed her mind that she might only be feeding Emma’s darkness, but the Darkness had given Emma the ability to take what she wanted without apology. Dark Magic brought out the worst in people, but the selfishness it inspired was incredibly freeing—and for the two of them, that was unquestionably the lure of it. Freedom.

The only thing was that it would be incredibly easy to get carried away, and Regina had a dangerous curiosity to know what that looked like in Emma. If she wanted to save Emma, it would help to see what could really rile her beyond the point of no return. And that meant Regina would have to satisfy that curiosity sooner rather than later.
Provocatively, Regina let her hips sway and undulate to encourage Emma to ride her harder. “I always sensed that you wanted to fuck me,” she husked. “Sometimes, when I was particularly rude to you, you looked like you were about two seconds away from hiking my skirt up. I think you’ve had a lot of pent up frustrations over the years, and I want you to take it all out on me tonight, Emma. Give me a good, rough fucking. Use my little cunt the way you’ve always wanted to—”

Memories of when Emma first came to Storybrooke flickered to life in her mind, and the darkness within her latched onto the heated emotions those interactions had sparked. “I used to spend all night thinking about fucking that smug, perfect smile off your face,” Emma admitted. The intensity of her thrusts increased just a little, her hips pushing fully into Regina as she recalled how she’d spent most of her nights back then. “Until your legs wouldn’t work and your throat felt raw from all the moaning, so the next day you couldn’t say anything to piss me off.” The strangest euphoria began to creep through Emma at getting to vocalize it all, and it reflected in how she rolled her hips, confidently and strong, ensuring Regina’s hot little pussy opened up to wetly welcome every inch of her.

Rubbing her cheek against Regina’s, Emma listened to every hitch of breath given, every raspy moan that sent tingles down her spine. “I was so close to pinning you to that fucking apple tree.” Emma husked warmly into her ear, “The way you looked at me it was like you could read my mind, like you were daring me. Like you needed it just as much. I think you still do, don’t you? You need a good, long, hard fuck, but you just haven’t found anyone who could give it to you.” Emma’s cock plunged forcefully into Regina’s slippery little hole faster, pleasure and vindication swirling into one as she pounded harder, her breathing short and sharp as she added with a low growl, “Until now.”

Strong hands found the back of Regina’s knees and in one fluid motion she hooked them around her arms and leaned fully over her once more. The new position was lewd, and it spread Regina’s glistening pink cunt wide – enough for them to hear the wet smacks of Emma’s cock pumping into her harder. She could feel the difference, the tight canal finally relenting as it loosened pleasurably, letting her get deeper than before, right to the base. Emma let a guttural moan out, rocking vigorously as she felt herself strain inside Regina. Her back arched, hips slamming harder to force her cock all the way in as she felt it go rigid, then spasm as she shot spurts of thick, warm come inside Regina. Yet, she didn’t feel completely satisfied, and her cock never went limp.

Pulling out, Emma glanced at her thick length and smirked, “Well you wanted a good fuck, so you’ll get it.”

It was cocky, but Emma felt self-assured. Her hands held Regina’s legs apart so that they could watch the slow trickle of her come try to leak out, spilling just a little before Emma coaxed Regina onto her hands and knees. “That’s right, your Majesty, get that pretty ass in the air so I can fuck you.” Emma’s hand came down lightly onto Regina’s backside, squeezing possessively as she positioned the head of her cock at her weeping entrance. “Let’s see just how much come your royal cunt can really take.” Oh, it was brazen, and she pushed teasingly slow into Regina’s swollen hole. It
welcomed her back immediately, wrapping hotly around her to squeeze in need. She’d make Regina want it, Emma was sure of it, by sliding in inch by slow inch until she asked for more.

Emma’s arrogance sent a familiar thrill through Regina and got her pulse thumping in her neck. Regina proudly raised her ass in the air, but she balled her fists in the bed sheets and had to steady herself as Emma slid fully back inside of her. Soft groans caught in Regina’s throat as Emma drove into her from behind and then suddenly took her sweet time with it. “What was that you said about fucking me, and giving me exactly what I need?” Regina scoffed. “If you’re going to brag, you can’t turn out to be such a disappointment.” She arched her back and stretched like a feline, lowering her upper body into the bed and keeping her rear up. It made all the difference, and Emma’s cock sank in deeper until it met resistance.

Emma’s come already covered her, and she could feel it pooling between her ass cheeks and running down her thighs. “A lesson for you: when you put a Queen on her knees, you’d better be fast and skilled with your… ahem, sword.”

“There’s the Regina I know and lo-ike,” Emma grinned despite how close she’d been to saying something else. She’d barely caught herself, but her excitement and lust overpowered her caution and she carried on. Her hands found purchase on Regina’s hips as she added, “Taunt me all you want. All I hear is how desperate you are for this greedy pussy of yours to get fucked.” Her fingers dug into Regina’s flesh, firmly pulling her ass backwards into the sudden onslaught of vigorous thrusts, the sound of her thighs slapping against Regina echoed around the room as she dove into her roughly. The entire bed shook with the force, but she could hear the unabashed noises coming from Regina and feel how easily her cock pushed inside. “How do you like my sword skill now, your Majesty?” Emma taunted in return, watching the way Regina’s slippery hole reddened and stretched as she pounded into it.

Regina made the most erotic sound as spasms of pleasure finally jolted through her core. Pinpricks of light popped across her vision and internally, she convulsed with such intensity that Emma’s cock responsively emptied another flood of come into her. The aftershocks left Regina trembling and practically delirious, with her mouth hanging open dryly and her limbs giving up all efforts to keep her upright. Emma held her close, and she turned to wrap her arms around Emma’s waist and rest her head on Emma’s shoulder.

For a long time, Regina stayed quiet and considered Emma’s near slip-up; the word love had almost cleared the air between them, but it was left unsaid and Regina figured it was better that way.

Nestled into Emma’s arms, Regina almost believed they could wake up the next morning without any complications. She trusted Emma implicitly, in spite of and perhaps even because of the Darkness: she knew why she had never experienced this level of intimacy with the Savior, or thought she knew. It all came down to being the Evil Queen. Emma’s fall from grace had been an opportunity for her, and Regina tried not to think about how she felt about herself after taking that
As she tenderly caressed Emma’s chest, pressing her cheek into it, Regina dared to sigh happily. And her happiness brought on a feeling of dread, which wasn’t totally unwarranted.

She suddenly heard a scraping of boots on her stairs, and then the door creaked open. To her dismay, Robin Hood entered and gaped down at her, naked and completely entangled in Emma. Fortunately, Regina concealed enough of Emma’s anatomy to prevent Robin’s wandering eyes from seeing too much, and Regina reacted fast enough to cover Emma from sight with a blanket.

“What in God’s name are you doing?” Robin sputtered, waving his hands angrily and looking like he might forcefully reach for her. “Is this why you asked me to go earlier? This… this is beyond twisted, Regina.”

Regina frantically launched herself out of bed and rushed to the closet to pull on her bathrobe. “This wasn’t planned,” she insisted, and then flung some clothes at Emma. “It just… happened.”

Robin grabbed both of her hands now that she was a distance from Emma. “Please, tell me this was an accident, or that you wanted nothing to do with it.”

“What the hell are you saying,” Regina snapped, too flustered by his implication to free herself from his grasp. “There’s always been a certain… something between Emma and I. We both wanted this, although the timing of exploring it could have been much better.”

“There are so many things wrong with this,” Robin pointed out, and gestured wildly as he paced with shock and disappointment on his face. “You need help, Regina. I never believed you when you told me that you were broken. But I am beginning to see that you clearly have a lot to work through. Do you know the rest of your family is out looking for Emma right now? I ran into them on my way back to the woods. Henry is distraught, and Emma’s parents are worried sick. Meanwhile, you’re here engaging in some sort of perversion.”

The disruption to their quiet tenderness unfurled something primal inside Emma, yet instead of scrambling to her feet or grasping the clothes flung at her, she observed the interaction as if it were unfolding on a screen and not right in front of her face. Each word Robin spat riled the darkness inside her, but it was the last part that truly tipped her over the edge, and it brought forth all the dangers of a quiet storm seconds before the destruction began.
Emma stood up from the bed in an unnaturally smooth stride, the covers falling away like a shedded skin. No longer naked but bound tightly in black leather pants and a tank top to match, Emma’s blonde hair had also been tied back out of the way, leaving sharp cheekbones on display. The muscles in her arms strained under her pale skin as she stalked towards the unsuspecting fool. The tears in Regina’s eyes glinted in the light and Emma struck without mercy. One hand gripped Robin’s throat and slammed him back against the wall, hoisting him up as if he weighed nothing more than a stuffed toy until his feet dangled and kicked uselessly.

“Rehgehna!” He choked out, his eyes bulging in fear as he pleaded. Scrambling to gain control, his hands wrapped around Emma’s in an attempted to pry her fingers off, but he couldn’t.

“You want twisted?” Emma stated lightly, her tone threateningly calm as she enjoyed his struggle, “Did I tell Regina she was my soulmate one week, beg her to fuck me in front of my frozen wife, then leave Regina the second Marian thawed out just to knock her up in a matter of days? Or maybe I came crawling back, after finding out it was her sister, and propositioned her that we could go back to being together because she’s my happy ending. Maybe I returned in the middle of the night after Regina broke it off because she could feel how wrong I really was for her. Except her wishes have never mattered to me because I don’t respect her at all -- in fact I go so far as to barge in and tell her how perverted and broken she is.”

Emma’s fingers curled tighter around his throat, his skin turning beet red as she pulled him down to her, her eyes burning with rage as she screamed into his terrified face, “She’s not broken, she’s never been broken. She’s a person, not a fucking arrow! You’ve never been good enough for her, even when she chose you time and again! I never said anything because I respect her and I wanted her happy, even if it meant it wasn’t with me! But you couldn’t do that could you, because you’re a pathetic selfish bastard who only thinks about himself. That’s not love!”

She could feel herself losing control, could sense the turmoil and panic in Regina without even looking at her, and she dropped Robin like the sack of shit he was. “That’s not love.” Emma repeated, stepping back, her hand blindly reaching for Regina’s as she stated, “This is:“

Slowly, Emma turned to look at Regina, the rage she’d shown Robin gone as she confessed softly, “It always has been, and it always will be.”

“You’re mad, both of you!” Robin wheezed out, staggering to his feet as he gaped on in horror. “Regina, please, can’t you see what she’s doing? This isn’t you. You belong with me-- you always have. The pixie dust-”

Terrified and shaken up by the conflict unfolding before her eyes, Regina stood frozen. Emma’s confession of love hardly registered in the moment, but it resonated with Regina afterwards as Robin continued screaming in her face. She should stop this now before Emma acted on impulse and truly
hurt him, but she was too startled by Emma’s unexpected show of power and too overwhelmed by Robin’s insistence that they should be together. “The pixie dust got it wrong! I don’t want to be with you, Robin!” she shouted. “Please get out, and don’t come back this time. I will not ask you again.” Her tone rumbled threateningly, and he took a step back though he still proceeded to snarl at her.

“She’s used magic on you!” Robin concluded, pointing an accusatory finger back at Emma even as he clutched his side in pain. “You shared your story with me, and I know exactly what this is! This must be what Rumplestiltskin meant when he said that the Darkness would consume you. She doesn’t truly love you, Regina. If you don’t fix this now, you’ll be the main dish and dessert for the Darkness! She’ll leave nothing but crumbs behind. Mark my words!”

Robin’s speech was quite effective at unnerving her, although Regina withstood all of it without breaking down. “On the contrary,” she softly informed him, choosing her words carefully to bring a swift end to this fight. “I was the one devouring her tonight. Now please go.”

Robin’s disgust showed all over his face, but he ran off fast enough and she was grateful. She stood for an instant, transfixed and watching the door and then she turned back to Emma. Stepping in close, she choked back a sob and buried her face in Emma’s neck.

It would be easy to have him trip down the stairs, or get run over, or inflict a number of random accidents to land him in the hospital or morgue. None of that would help Regina out though, and so Emma did the only thing she could do: wrapped her arms around Regina and held her. She took careful steps and led them back towards the bed, then Emma sat down, bringing Regina onto her lap to gently cradle her. Emma’s mouth opened, a quip about offering to kill him on her tongue, but she swallowed it back.

“I’m going to make a few calls,” she quietly explained once Regina’s tears had stopped. Standing, she brought a blanket up and around Regina before snatching her phone from thin air. It showed only one missed call, and two texts from Henry: Hey mom, I know you’re scared but we love you. Don’t run off, okay? We’ll find a way to fix this. We always do.

The second simply stated: Mom’s not answering her phone either. Grandma and Gramps think she’s found you because you guys always find each other just like they do. Just text us so we know you’re safe okay? We love you guys.

Emma found herself smiling despite the horrible situation that had just occurred. “Our kid says he loves us and that we have to text him to say we’re okay.” She clicked for the voicemail and put it on loudspeaker. The sound of a breathless Mary Margaret erupted from the phone; “Emma? We know you’re upset and you need some time but we need you to know that we love you, and we’re so proud of you, you hear me? You were so brave to take on the darkness, so don’t hide from us. We’re stronger together, and Regina... -- Emma, she’ll worry herself sick if you don’t come back soon. We
just saw Robin in the diner, half drunk off his ass, telling Henry that he’s going to win Regina back. Please, check in on her before he does something stupid. I get the feeling he’s not nearly as honorable as he keeps saying.”

“That lying son of a bitch.” Emma growled low in her throat, but shook her head as if to clear it, as she hit the call button. “Mom? Hey, yeah, I’m okay. I’m with…” She glanced towards Regina, her face softening as she met her gaze. “Yeah, Regina. She called me over earlier, made dinner, gave me a strong talking to and got through to me. I know she’s good at that. Listen, we’re okay but Robin burst in about ten minutes ago raving about how you’re all worried sick, and looking through the forest for me? You weren’t? That bastard. He said some really deplorable things to Regina and went off on how they belong together because of the pixie dust. I might have handed him his ass, but he left convinced I’ve used dark magic on Regina. Of course I haven’t.” Emma sighed, rolling her eyes to the ceiling, “Tell Dad I say thanks, and give Henry a hug for us will you? Okay fine. We’ll see you for breakfast at Granny’s. Bye.”

Emma tossed her phone back onto the dresser and turned her attention back to Regina. She stepped closer and placed her fingers under Regina’s chin. “David’s going to throw his ass in a cell for the night to cool him off, and we’ve been roped into a family breakfast tomorrow at nine. It’s going to be okay.”

Regina swallowed the painful lump in her throat and nodded halfheartedly. She had traces of tears still in her eyes and the veins on her forehead warned of an oncoming tension headache. But Emma managed the situation with the same sensible approach she had always taken as the Savior, and that gave Regina hope that very little would change between them. Everything might remain the same, except one aspect of their lives: Emma loved her, and that feeling was reciprocated. Her chin wobbled and then a soft but dazzling smile replaced the sadness on her face. “It will be, yes,” she emphasized, and pressed her palm into Emma’s palm. She felt it then: Emma’s dark magic in that simple touch, reaching for her like an invisible and sinister claw. But Emma also radiated an extraordinary amount of love. Regina held on tight to it, knowing that this wouldn’t be easy between them. They had a lot to discuss, and Regina had every reason to be cautious with Emma’s darker side, but for now she was content in the knowledge that the savior she knew still resided within. Emma was not only fighting with the Darkness, but also fighting for her.
Sunlight streamed into the bedroom from where the curtains didn’t quite close all the way. Birds chirped to signal a new day had arrived, and Regina slept heavily, curled on her side: she was exhausted from a combination of the emotional turmoil of yesterday and the physical activities of the last evening.

Emma spent the night watching over her, until she tried to relax in an attempt to doze off. Yet the hours had slipped by, and she remained tucked under the covers, wide-awake.

This marked the second night Emma hadn’t been able to sleep, and it dawned on her that this, too, could be part of being The Dark One. Considering how much she used to love to sleep, it disturbed her to suddenly find herself energized without it. The horrible realization that for the rest of her life she’d be awake felt daunting, but maybe there was a spell for that. Rumple would probably know.

Emma watched Regina slumber, with a mixture of emotions swirling inside her—the deep desire to protect her combined with love, and a hint of bitter envy at Regina being so blissfully asleep.

With a sigh, Emma turned to look at the clock, and rolled her eyes at the red flashing lights declaring it was seven. Knowing they’d be expected to be at Granny’s at around eight thirty, restless energy brought Emma to her feet and she slipped downstairs to brew coffee.

Memories of last night flickered to life for her as she enjoyed the quiet morning: her mind offered up the noises of Regina in the throes of pleasure, then switched to Robin as he burst in, spittle flying from his disgusting mouth, along with hate.

The sound of porcelain snapping brought Emma back to the kitchen, and to her dismay she took in the sight of Regina’s favorite mug, cracked to pieces and crumbling from her vice-like grip. With a flick of her wrist, the mug returned to normal, but the anger still resided within her.

Impulsively, Emma stepped into the hallway and stared at the mirror, until her reflection swirled and changed to reveal the cells in the Sheriff station. Bundled under blankets, Robin slept peacefully, despite his snoring.

Seething at the sight of him, Emma felt the muscles in her neck and shoulders tensing, as if she were
able to reach through the mirror to throttle him again. “Nightmares.” She suddenly hissed. “Intense, vivid nightmares. Every time you sleep for the next month.” If she couldn’t sleep peacefully, then neither could he, at least for the next four weeks. Robin shifted in the cell, animated by whatever imaginary horror his mind conjured up, and the sight of it made her smile.

Turning, Emma ventured back to the kitchen and poured Regina and herself a cup of coffee. She took them back upstairs and set them carefully on the bedside table. “Regina?” She placed her hand on Regina’s arm to gently rouse her from slumber. “Time to rise and shine. We’ve got places to go.”

Regina flinched back to wakefulness as if in expectation of finding someone other than Emma standing above her. She shifted into an upright position and exhaled in relief as she took in the sight of Emma in the clear light of day. “This might be the first time I’ve seen you look so alert before 10 AM,” she hoarsely remarked.

Squinting to focus her blurry vision, Regina peered over at the clock and then reached for the coffee Emma offered her. “We should talk before we go to this family breakfast, don’t you think?” She sipped her coffee, unable to conceal the worry on her face, except by hiding it behind her mug. “I don’t have any regrets about what happened last night, but we have a lot of damage control to do. Once David lets Robin out of that cell, our secrets are going to be out with him. Everyone in town is going to know what we did, and they are all going to draw their own conclusions about it. They’re going to think the worst of us.”

“You heard what Snow said last night, and Robin was drunk off his ass. Who can say that he really saw what happened here?” Emma’s voice held a tinge of speculation, as if she were questioning Robin’s account of last night already. It felt convincing, and the confidence in the way she said it made it clear that she’d be ready to discredit him at every turn.

“What kind of man gets that jealous over someone comforting her friend?” Emma asked. “We were just reading about The Darkness. It was a lot of information to absorb. Is it any wonder we wound up in your bedroom? You’d just had a shower while I continued reading, and then he burst in. Didn’t even knock. Just broke straight in.” Her lips curled in a sly smirk, as she interwove lies with truth effortlessly. “I won’t let anyone think any less of you, and I sure as hell won’t let Robin define the narrative of last night either. He was the one in the wrong, Regina. Not us. That’s all the town will know.”

Emma’s easily spun web of deception bothered Regina, but all she did was frown severely and shake her head. Swinging her legs out of bed, she deposited her coffee mug on her night table and went to get ready. She put on a tight-fitting dark blue dress, unaware of how Emma watched her fumbling with her zipper.

Emma’s hand was on her back before Regina could react, and a thrill rolled up her spine as Emma
Regina’s eyelashes fluttered heavily, and she pressed herself into Emma. Her lips parted hungrily to kiss and suck on Emma’s bottom lip.

The warm suction of Regina’s mouth evoked a deep, appreciative rumble from Emma, and her arms kept Regina fully against her. But one of her hands slipped down to Regina’s backside to squeeze firmly while the other slid to the base of her neck. Emma’s strong fingers were deceptively gentle as they pushed through Regina’s dark hair to grip as she deepened the kiss.

They had to leave soon, Emma knew this, and yet her desire to feel Regina wouldn’t be denied. She hiked Regina’s dress up, and her hand molded itself in between Regina’s thighs to rub her pussy through the panties she wore. Still, Emma’s excitement was offset by a slight frustration. “Take these off.” She husked, ripping at the thin fabric.

“I just got dressed,” Regina protested, but Emma’s gruff insistence made her pause and she slid the panties down her legs.

As she bent down, Regina found herself at eye level with Emma’s cock and saw how it already visibly bulged. “I have a feeling we’re going to be late,” she muttered. Emma had the same dark energy as a lightning storm, and it raised goose bumps on Regina’s skin. “Send a text, and tell everyone we’re making some progress contending with your darkness.”

Emma raised her eyebrows at the off-the-cuff suggestion to send a text, and shrugged as if it weren’t a big deal to fabricate why they’d be running a bit late.

It wasn’t a lie exactly, was it? Rationalizing it, Emma pulled out her phone and sent the text off to David. He was less likely to ask questions and would be ready to roll with the inconvenience.

Against all better judgment, Regina kneeled in front of Emma and began opening the belt and the button on her jeans. Emma’s hand settled on the top of her head, threading into her hair and caressing her in an almost praising way.

Lowering Emma’s pants, Regina noted the pair of men’s boxers underneath and pushed them down Emma’s hips without comment. Emma’s cock stood erect and Regina openly stared at the striking and swollen tip, the pronounced veins and exceptional heft of it.
Captivated by the sight of Regina so willingly on her knees, Emma suddenly wondered how she’d gotten so lucky. The curse. All that dark magic, and it gave her a cock that seemed to manifest around Regina as if it were the most natural thing in the world. *It was starting to feel like it was.*

“All I have to do is walk by, and suddenly you’re straining to fill me up in any way you can,” Regina intoned, simply to work Emma up as she gently nuzzled her thighs. “I’m beginning to take pride in that.”

“You should take pride in it. Hell, I’m proud of you for doing this without prompting,” Emma stated in a matter of fact way.

In the back of her mind, Emma came to a conclusion that she voiced openly as her hand tenderly stroked through Regina’s hair. “It’s your fault I even have a cock to begin with. The least you can do is suck it.”

With her nostrils flaring over Emma’s bold statement, Regina flashed her a critical look and arched her eyebrows.

Then Regina lapped at the head of Emma’s cock and fluttered her tongue across the groove where a drip of warm arousal waited for her. She rubbed more liquid hot excitement out of Emma, and watched Emma’s every reaction with smoldering eyes.

Each gushing trickle cascaded hotly over Regina’s lips and chin, but she refused to taste another drop until Emma could see just how much she truly wanted her to fuck her mouth.

The exquisite teasing made Emma’s toes curl in her boots, and the sight of Regina so eager to please her made the darkness inside her hum approvingly.

Licking away the mess became a drawn out flirtation, and Regina was covered in Emma’s stickiness as she lifted Emma’s cock towards her face. She let the head of Emma’s cock take a tour of her lips, and as she pushed it around, felt it respond most to the scant contact with her bottom lip.

Emma bucked in spite of herself, and filled Regina’s pouting mouth with cock.

Regina made a gratified noise, and her lips puckered responsively around the immense penis that settled in her throat.
It was obscene to see the way Emma’s arousal clung to the plump lips now snugly wrapped around her shaft, and she groaned at the hungry way Regina worked her tongue along the underside of her cock. “That’s it. Open your mouth. Let me deep into your throat where I know you want me.”

Emma encouraged, her voice thick with lust as she slowly rocked her hips forward, testing the resistance she met and feeling the deliciously silky warmth of Regina’s cheeks at her own pace.

Emma cradled her hand at the back of Regina’s head as she watched her hard length slip in and out of Regina’s wet mouth. Their eyes locked as Emma used her free hand to cup Regina’s cheek, her thumb caressing along the cheekbone as she began to rock her hips a little faster, meeting the back of Regina’s throat and pushing in still deeper this time, past the resistance until she felt the hot muscles beyond. “Regina…” Emma husked, pleasure tingling through her abdomen as she sped up her thrusts, enthralled by how much of her cock she could push inside. “I can feel how much you want this,” She whispered, fucking Regina’s pretty mouth with confidence now, making sure to fill her throat with every thick inch as they maintained eye contact. “And you’re going to take it all, aren’t you? Just for me, like a good little cockslut.”

Regina struggled with the dimensions of Emma’s cock, but her baser urges took over and she sucked ravenously to deepthroat it for Emma. As Emma pounded vigorously in her mouth, Regina’s tongue curled underneath Emma’s cock with the same fast momentum.

A drizzle of Emma’s desire rushed down Regina’s chin along with her own warm saliva, but she kept her lips from closing as Emma tensed fiercely and then slammed into the back of her throat. The scent of Emma filled her nostrils and Emma emptied a hot rush of fluid into her. Tirelessly, Emma continued to pump her hips and Regina swallowed thickly, unsurprised that Emma’s cock remained rock hard and absolutely straining.

Regina sat back on her heels and cleaned Emma off with languid swipes of her tongue. “I am good, aren’t I?” she purred, although her intentions were anything but.

Her unrelenting mouth wrapped around Emma’s cock and she took a few torturously slow pulls on it, making sure that it stayed throbbing and stiff. She coaxed another unexpected spurt from the tip, which she wiped up with her own panties before putting them back on. Her actions made it clear to Emma she would get nothing more for now. “You, on the other hand… I suggest you be on your best behavior if you want me to take care of this later.” She poked Emma in the chest, and then meaningfully glanced down at her rigid cock. “That also involves watching your language. You’re being awfully fresh with me again today.”

Self-control had never been one of Emma’s strong points, and it certainly got tested when she witnessed Regina wearing the panties that were still damp with her fluids. She might have been paying more attention to that than to what Regina was saying. Lust had taken hold of her like never
before, and she felt her cock strain towards Regina even as she tucked herself back into her pants.

“Got caught up in the heat of the moment.” Emma supplied easily, her fingers buckling her belt. “I’ll watch it.” She added, catching Regina’s eye, her face somber despite not giving an apology this time. “We should talk about your limits so I know I’m not pushing them in the future.” She stepped closer, wiping her thumb along Regina’s lower lip before leaning in to kiss her.

Regina melted into the kiss, even if the subtle transition in Emma’s behavior set off her alarm bells. “When you called me a slut yesterday, you saw how I reacted. What part of you thought I’d be okay with cocks**u**t?” She pressed her lips together in consternation, and folded her hands in front of her as she studied Emma. “You’re trying to see just how much I’ll let you get away with, aren’t you?” The question hung between them unanswered, and she raised an eyebrow at Emma in judgment as she stepped away to finish getting ready.

Once they had both dressed and tidied up, Emma gulped down her coffee and they left the house. “You should probably drive. The last thing we need is for me to get road rage.”

It was meant as a joke, but Emma knew it could likely happen, and it reflected in her troubled gaze as she slung her keys towards Regina. “Better safe than sorry for now, right?”

Ten minutes later and a good half hour late, Emma pushed her way into the diner looking as normal as ever -- skinny jeans and button down shirt to boot. A little glamor around the crotch area worked well, and she strode confidently past the curious gawkers who’d heard the news about the savior’s sacrifice.

If it bothered her, Emma certainly didn’t show it as she slipped into the booth across from her parents. The table sat bare, save their cups of coffee, and the concern on their faces said they’d held off on ordering until Regina and Emma arrived.

“Hey, sorry we’re late. Regina was wrapping her head around something.” The corners of Emma’s mouth twitched as she cast a sly glance towards Regina once she’d settled next to her.

Emma’s joke caused Regina to stiffen and shoot a murderous glare in her direction, while simultaneously kicking her under the table. But Regina’s anger went unnoticed by everyone else.

“You look good, Emma,” David commented, and relief filled the space between them. “Why don’t we get some pancakes and you can fill us in on everything?”
Snow’s concern had etched into her face as creases, but she made the effort to shake it off with a smile. “Have you found anything yet that could help to break the curse?” She asked far too cheerfully, lacking her usual tact.

“Regina’s been a really good help,” Emma explained with a genuine smile, her attentions shifting to Regina to nod appreciatively while her hand squeezed her knee beneath the table in gratitude. “She got a book from Belle about The Darkness, and how it affects The Dark One. I never even knew it existed, so we’ve been poring over it.”

Regina softened as Emma continued to caress her out of sight, and she dutifully hoisted the book onto the table to allay some of Snow and David’s worries. “Rumple is proof that a person can contain the Darkness when necessary. He was dangerous when threatened, but the rest of the time he led a somewhat normal life. There’s no reason that Emma can’t do the same. We just need to avoid putting her in situations where she might act impulsively.”

David leaned across the table to look at the book, already nodding as Regina spoke. “Gold might be a bit of a twisted bastard but he’s always looked out for us in his own way.”

“When it suited him,” Snow added quickly. The sigh she gave seemed heavy as it left her, and she shook her head. “Now that we’re all family…” She trailed off as Henry happily slotted himself into the booth.

“Moms!” Henry exclaimed and scooted into the booth right beside Emma, with a large plate of fries he must have snuck away to order.

Seeing his choice of breakfast brought back memories of when he first lived with Emma, and she let him eat whatever he wanted regardless of the time of day.

“I thought you might want your favorite,” Henry explained, pushing the plate in front of Emma for them to share.

“Henry!” A bright smile lit up Emma’s face at the sight of her son, and she laughed for the first time in days at the fries. “Thanks kid. I think Regina will let you off just this once,” she added in a hushed tone that everyone could hear.

Emma leaned sideways into him, pressing her cheek against the top of his head. His arm snaked
around her to give her a crushing hug, and she slipped an arm around him to squeeze back.

“Are you feeling any different?” Henry asked, squinting at her face and taking stock of her. “You look the same, but there’s also something that’s changed about you. I can’t pinpoint it.”

Absently Emma plucked up a hot fry and popped it into her mouth to chew thoughtfully. “I feel...” She mused, being careful of her words as all eyes landed on her. “I’m still me,” she affirmed, straightening up. The corners of her mouth tugged downwards as she raised her shoulders. “I get why everyone’s concerned. I am too. It’s just that instead of fighting things in Storybrooke, I’m kind of going to be fighting things in me for a while, kid. You know what I mean?”

“Yeah,” Henry said sagely, his young eyes wiser than they ought to be for someone his age. “You’ll win.” He said after a beat passed, his voice laced with unwavering conviction as he reached for some fries. “The hero always does, and you’re still the savior.”

Sometimes, Henry resembled Snow in more ways than one, and for some reason Henry’s hopeful reassurance to Emma didn’t sit easy with Regina.

Regina expected Emma to have challenges to face, but she helped sell Henry’s hope-speech anyway with a beaming smile and a playful nudge of Emma’s elbow.

To everyone’s surprise, Regina even stole a fry from Henry’s plate and popped it into her mouth. “Emma is strong, and she has us to look after her.” She squinted at Emma with a mischievous gleam in her eye. “Speaking of which, in the event we ever do find a way to break your curse, I’d rather you didn’t die from hardening of the arteries. I’ll just be taking this.” She tugged the plate of fries away from Emma and gestured to Ruby to bring them menus. “How about oatmeal, or something with a little nutrition?”

“Bacon and eggs sound pretty good right about now.” Emma acquiesced with a roll of her spine, one arm still slung over Henry’s shoulders, and her other partially under the table where her hand still remained on Regina’s thigh.

Ruby paused at their table, gawking at Emma for a moment before putting on one of her usual, warm smiles. “It might be a little insensitive to say this, but I’m really glad you’re the Dark One now, Emma. I owed Gold a favor and now he can’t come to collect. Not like he used to, anyway.”

After how everyone had treated her, Emma expected the worst even from Ruby and narrowed her
eyes, ready to act on the defensive. Yet what the girl said only made her shake her head. “Hey, no offense taken.” She softly remarked, because it was good to know that there was someone in this town who didn’t automatically view her as some kind of demon incarnate. “Don’t worry Ruby, whatever debts people had with Rumple, they haven’t passed on with me. I think a lot of people will be happy to know they have a clean slate again.”

Ruby gave an appreciative smile, took their orders and flounced off to the kitchen to give them to Granny.

They all shared a nice family breakfast, and then Snow offered to take Henry with her to school. David left for the Sheriff station, and suddenly Regina sat alone at the booth with Emma and a curious look on her face.

“Well, we survived breakfast with your parents,” Regina remarked. “What now? Should we tell everyone about what happened last night, before Robin does it for us? Even if we challenge what he says, there will still be some people who believe his side of the story.”

Tilting her head to the side, Emma considered the options. “I can change his memories of last night, and I can do it without disrupting the ones from earlier when you broke up with him. Even if he tries to act like he can’t remember that part, everyone in the diner last night will, since he wouldn’t shut up about it.” Resting her elbows on the table, Emma let her gaze linger on Regina’s lips momentarily, before it sank down to her cleavage. “The real question is, what do we do to make sure David doesn’t head straight to the station to let him out?”

It didn’t take long for Emma to devise a plan. From her Sheriff point of view she was pretty shocked at how easy it was to enact, but for the darkness swirling inside her it was fantastic. “Nothing like a truck full of pumpkins scattering its cargo all over main street.” She murmured dryly to Regina as she glanced out the window, and watched the pumpkins tumble around, bashing into cars that came to a halt. Confused drivers honked their horns and poor David began a wild chase of grabbing them up. “For a guy who wrangled sheep he’s pretty bad at this,” Emma commented lightly with a hint of amusement in her tone. “I say we’ve got at least half an hour.”

“You can’t just cause mayhem in the middle of town!” Regina snapped in exasperation, and peered out the window with wide eyes as she took in all of the developing chaos. She didn’t have the chance to monitor the situation for long, because Emma’s black magic engulfed her and whisked her away to their destination. She found herself standing in front of Emma’s desk, and turned on her heel to glare at Emma—though her eyes wandered further to Robin, who still slept fitfully in his jail cell. “We could have just told David that we’d handle this,” she huffed.

“Yeah because that wouldn’t strike suspicion at all, right?” Emma drawled sarcastically, rolling her eyes at the glare before she sidestepped the desk and honed in on Robin. “Look at him.” She
sneered, “And you thought I was an idiot.” Glancing at Regina in the hopes of seeing scorn or at the very least revulsion after the things he’d said and done, Emma hadn’t expected to see the softness of Regina’s gaze, or the almost sorrow for the undeserving fool. The muscles in Emma’s jaw twitched, her teeth clenching with hidden annoyance that she couldn’t take out on him. The darkness unfurled inside her almost lazily, like a cat stretching in a patch of sunlight to purr suggestions into her mind. She couldn’t take her aggression out on the man that evoked it, but she could definitely stake her claim on the woman that was now hers and not his.

All of Robin’s spiteful words flew back at Regina while she watched him dozing, and she inhaled in a shuddering, anxious way. Her eyes were round, and so full of apology and anguish over the whole situation.

Last night, he had said exactly what she expected most of the town to say or think about her situation with Emma – but the reason he most got under her skin had to do with her deeper insecurities. She put her hand on her hip and stared him down from across the room. “This is all my fault,” she hissed.

Intercepting Regina as she stepped towards the cell, Emma snared her waist with her hands and pulled her back against herself to whisper fiercely, “None of this is your fault. You think he regrets treating you like something to use and discard whenever he saw fit? The only happy ending he ever cared about was his.” Emma’s breaths were short and sharp, and she leaned in heavily until Regina had no choice but to steady herself by gripping the metal bars of the cell. “Tell me Regina, did he ever fuck you good enough to make you come first? Or was it always about him, and over when he finished?”

Oh it was crude to even think it, let alone ask it, but Emma couldn't find it within herself to stop. “I bet he never excited you the way you wanted.” Emma gruffly stated, her strong fingers hiking up the gorgeous blue dress until it settled above Regina’s hips, exposing her ass and panties. “Has he even made you half as wet as I have?” She asked bitingly, simultaneously angry at him for being such a selfish, lousy fuck, and exhilarated to know she was far better than him. Emma ran her hand across the silky fabric of Regina’s panties, rubbing the arousal she’d so diligently wiped up earlier into her. “Even right here in the station, right in front of him I’ve gotten you soaked with need, and all I’ve done is lift your dress.”

Emma’s fingers roughly pulled Regina’s panties down her thighs, her hand then returning to squeeze Regina’s pussy possessively. “You want me to touch you in front of him as he sleeps, knowing he could wake up at any moment.” She taunted quietly, gently patting Regina’s bare little cunt praisingly. “Has he ever seen you look so desperate to be fucked?” She asked wickedly, casually spreading Regina’s pussy lips to show off her glistening hole, despite the fact that Robin was passed out.

Sharp lines of protest formed over Regina’s forehead, and her vein throbbed visibly with tension, yet her mouth gave away just how much she desired Emma. Her lips parted in an enraged noise of
refusal, only to allow a low moan to follow as Emma further exposed her tight cunt.

If Robin awakened or if anyone walked into the station, they would have an unhindered view of this raunchy display, but Regina felt too overwhelmed to fight and went weak in the knees for Emma. “Is this really about me and Robin, or is this about you making sure that I’m yours?” she finally husked, regaining her sense long enough to ask her own questions. “Would it satisfy you to take me like this, Emma?”

Since she could not hold onto her own resolve, all Regina could do was clutch the cool metal cell bars harder. Emma’s rhetorical questions touched on so many grievances she thought she had kept to herself, but discovering that her issues with Robin were so transparent did little to make her want to succumb to the raw need she felt.

“Go ahead and fuck me, right here in your place of work,” Regina challengingly demanded, trying out a little reverse psychology. “After all you’ve done for me, you have more than earned it.” From the way messiness coated her inner thighs already, Regina knew she would give in to all of it, in spite of how critical she sounded. That knowledge inspired a frustration that she expressed by pushing her ass back against Emma’s groin.

“No, you don’t get to play the earned-it card.” Emma quietly snarled, caught between indignation and shock at the mere suggestion. “Everything I’ve ever done was never to earn the right to fuck you. It was because I wanted to do those things. You owe me nothing.” That didn’t change the fact that Regina had hit the nail on the head with her own observations. This was all about making sure Regina was hers, and she felt the darkness respond in kind, fueling her as her fingers spread Regina’s wet, lower lips almost painfully wide to emphasize how empty her greedy little hole felt. “We both know that deep down, Regina, you want the satisfaction of feeling something other than disappointment when you look at him. You just never realized it would be from my fingers stretching your pretty little cunt near his face.” Honestly it was obscene, but fuck if it didn’t feel good to say it.

Emma unceremoniously ground herself against Regina’s ass, so that she could feel how hard she was, and plunged a finger effortlessly into Regina’s hole, which she then left gaping by adding two more. “You can’t tell me you’ve never thought about me doing this. That time I found you on my desk you were practically daring me to bend you over it.” She whispered hotly against Regina’s neck, crooking her fingers as she fucked her fast, relishing the sound of her soaked folds smacking against her palm. “Hear that Regina? That’s your pretty little pussy begging to be fucked, and enjoying it.”

All of a sudden Emma pulled her fingers out and leaned into Regina’s back with a sigh. “Tell me how much you want to be thoroughly fucked, or we can stop right now and you can pretend that your pussy isn’t soaked from the thrill of maybe getting caught like this.”
Regina rested her flushed face against cold steel as tiny aftershocks went through her sensitive pussy, which clenched around nothing now that Emma withdrew her fingers. Torn by her options, she shook with adrenaline and let her heart decide the matter: she wanted Emma, regardless of the risk, and all of the damnable consequences.

Contrary to what Emma believed, Regina’s eyes had strayed everywhere else except towards Robin, and now she avoided looking at him as she rocked her pelvis, seeking better contact between Emma’s stiff cock and her backside. “I want you,” Regina raggedly admitted. “It might be wrong, but if I am being honest with myself, I have wanted you for the longest time. It doesn’t matter where and how - I’ll always want you. So fuck me. You’d better make it so good that I can’t think.” Every provocative roll of her hips positioned her against Emma’s hard-on, and she heard Emma unzip her pants to drop them.

Suddenly her little cunt stretched around the enormous head of it, too narrow to take the first thrust, and yet Emma drove the entire length into her on the second try. Regina groaned at the impossible fit, the feeling of fullness that demanded so much of her, and left her open and completely vulnerable.

This was one of the wildest scenarios Emma had ever participated in, or rather instigated, and while she was aware that she shouldn’t be doing it, that she should probably care if they were seen, she honestly didn't. The pleasure far outweighed the potential consequences and she enjoyed the danger. “I’ll make it the best you’ve ever had.” Emma growled in promise, her hands grabbing at Regina’s hips so her fingers could dig into her flesh roughly in order to fuck her more forcefully. The sound of Regina’s slick hole being filled echoed around the station and Emma kicked at her feet with a demand of, “Open your legs wider.”

Regina didn’t move fast enough, and Emma delivered a resounding smack across her right ass cheek with her palm. “Open them so I can fuck you raw before someone walks in and sees how much of a slut you are for taking all of this cock.” Emma commanded gruffly, and pulled almost fully out, until the tip of her cock barely remained inside Regina’s glistening, tender cunt, then she slammed into her hard enough to make the bars rattle. “Oh, you hate when I call you that.” Emma mused aloud, her lips brushing against Regina’s ear as she husked, “But it gets you off, doesn’t it? To have me whisper filthy things while I do this. While I open you up so wide you can barely take it, yet your pretty cunt is still desperate for more.” Powerful, full thrusts pushed Emma’s large cock as deep as she could get it inside her wanting pussy, and jostled Regina’s entire body. Emma snaked her hand around Regina to finger her clit with fast, precise strokes, and she bit down on her neck.

Regina had no balance, and no control – and she took the deliciously, brutal pounding with vacancy in her eyes, far too caught up in the carnal act to challenge Emma. The wet, slapping noises that came from her proved how lost Regina was to sensation, even when Emma bended her lower, and her back curved almost uncomfortably as Emma’s cock rubbed her internally in the most pleasurable spot. She both loved and hated this, wanted to prolong it forever and stop it before anyone walked in —before either of them got hurt because of it. Her tolerance for Emma’s crass language dwindled, but she moaned in spite of herself and let her hips piston naturally. Unexpectedly, her pussy clamped
around Emma’s cock, and intense thrills rocketed through her core and all the way up to her navel, but Emma had no intention of easing up.

“I knew I was right,” Emma rumbled, the sound of her smirk carrying through her voice while Regina’s orgasm still pulsed around her stiff cock, sucking her in deeper just like her mouth did that morning.

Emma kept up her relentless momentum, eyes half shut from the pleasure that shot through her every time she plunged into Regina’s exquisitely warm, wet pussy. “You just don’t want to admit it,” She tauntingly whispered, rubbing Regina’s sensitive clit harder, smearing the sticky arousal leaking from her drenched hole all around it. “But you enjoy being a dirty slut with your ass on display for me.”

Regina’s vaginal muscles clenched and spasmed around Emma for a second time, and she moaned at the greedy sensation. It wouldn’t take much more for Emma to shoot a thick spurt of her come into Regina’s needy cunt, but she stilled instead to place a wet kiss against the feral bite she had previously given. This wasn’t about Emma’s pleasure, after all. “You’ve been so good for me, Regina, and I hope you’re feeling far more satisfied now.” She put a steadying hand on Regina’s lower back and leaned in to whisper. “I love you.” With a slow movement, Emma pulled her hard cock out of Regina’s sopping pussy, just as Robin stirred with a groan. Before his eyes even had the chance to open, Emma instinctively flicked her wrist and altered his memories, leaving him once again in a deep sleep.

Regina wrenched away from Emma and yanked down her dress, only stooping to snatch up her panties before she put some much needed distance between them. She folded her arms protectively over her chest, and gave Emma a reproachful look that somehow conveyed her deep devotion and attraction to her, along with bitter disappointment. “Do you really love me? Then don’t speak to me like that again today,” Regina spat, unable to reconcile her own conflicting emotions. Emma had always been a bit rough around the edges and impolite, but this treatment perplexed Regina because it made her feel both wanted and profoundly disrespected.

As much as this dangerous little escapade brought her knee-quaking pleasure, Regina sensed the Darkness unfurling in Emma and fusing with the most impulsive aspects of her character. “This wasn’t about satisfying me, or making love to me, Emma. This was about staking claim to what belongs to you, and you are deluding yourself if you think otherwise.”

It wasn’t until she saw the raw emotion in Regina’s eyes, and processed the sharp snap of her words that Emma registered she’d gone too far again. Scrunching up her face, Emma stuffed her hands into her front pockets, “Yes.” She mumbled, her shoulders hunched and eyes downcast. Why was it that any time she got a taste of intimacy with Regina she behaved like that? Was that who she really was, deep down? Or was it The Darkness finding a way to take root when she was serving her base instincts? Could the two mingle?

Emma pressed her lips together and fought the urge to say anything stupid. “Why do you
automatically think it can’t be a mixture? I did want to satisfy you, make love to you… and maybe the last thing you said, too. It can be all three.”

Regina dropped her gaze, stared down at the tile floor and continued to cross her arms. “I am in love with you, Emma. But we need to tread carefully here, given what has just happened. I think we should let Robin keep his memories, no matter the repercussions. I already feel like you are standing on a slippery slope. It starts with the little things like this. A few pebbles fall away from underneath your feet, and you don’t even realize it.”

“Too late.” Emma whispered, nodding to the insufferable lump snoring under blankets. “He was about to wake up and I figured you wouldn’t appreciate him catching an eyeful, so…” Emma trailed off, just as David walked through the doors, looking sweaty and out of breath.

“Hey, what are you two doing here?” He asked, wiping the back of his hand across his forehead. “I thought you were taking a few days off to—uh—” He grimaced, haphazardly waving towards Emma. “Get some rest.”

Emma rolled her eyes at David’s fumbling and turned to face him. “Regina just wanted to check on Robin, even though he’s a horrible jackass. Seems like he’s sleeping off his hangover though, so good luck dealing with that.” She supplied quickly, already walking towards the door with Regina hot at her heels. “We better get back to researching. Call us if you need us.”

Regina raked her fingers through her disheveled hair, unable to so much as glance in David’s direction out of shame.

Once they were past the doors, Emma flicked her wrist and enveloped them in a swirling cloud of grey that swept them up and plopped them back in Regina’s mansion. “Before you start yelling at me, you’re right.” Emma stated, matter of fact, before all the magic had evaporated from around them. “I was out of line.” Emma cocked her head to the side and quirked an eyebrow. “So what do we do?”

Regina placed both her hands on Emma’s shoulders and pushed her down onto the bed. She cupped her hand under Emma’s chin, still showing tenderness towards her in spite of the scolding she was about to deliver. “You practice some self-discipline, and if you can’t do that, then you are losing yourself faster than we thought,” she warned. “Earlier, you asked me to tell you of my limits, and I’ll be honest: if all of this happened between us before you tethered the Darkness to yourself, I would have been more at ease with your dirty talk. But because I’m not sure how much of it is truly coming from you, it unsettles me. That said… The Darkness has clearly manifested in you in a very particular way, and I suspect it’s feeding off some desire of yours to be in complete control. That’s a feeling I understand, and I think it’s one you should explore. I am willing to grant you that, and the full use of your colorful vocabulary whenever we are having sex in the future. But in exchange, you
have to prove yourself trustworthy today. Prove to me that it’s Emma who’s going to be in charge of me when we’re in bed – not some other force.”

Reaching behind her back, Regina unzipped herself and peeled off her elegant dress. “I am going to take a hot shower,” she explained, and subtly licked her lower lip. “You are going to come with me. During our shower, you are going to wash me, and cover my body in slippery soapsuds. You are not allowed to do more than that, unless I give you explicit permission. If I allow you to fuck me, you don’t get to come inside of me until I say you can. This is a test, Emma. Show me you are capable of self-restraint, and I’ll allow you take liberties with me, because then I’ll be secure in the knowledge you can handle it.”

Regina slipped her thumbs under the thin band on her panties, and then stripped them off. With a gentle sway of her hips, she moved to the bathroom with every expectation that Emma would soon follow. . .

Chapter End Notes

If you liked it, please leave kudos and comments. We might just continue it if you do! ;)


Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Warnings for language, talk of consent issues, explicit sexual content - and also brief mentions of Hood, Graham and Hook.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Steam billowed inside the master bathroom and swirled at the intrusion as Emma stepped through the door quietly. It cloaked the sight of Regina and obscured the mirror with condensation that Emma smeared with a swipe of her palm.

Leaning forward, her hands bracing against the cold porcelain of the sink, Emma met her reflection with a perplexed furrow of her brow.

Who are you?

She silently asked, guilt clinging to her skin like an oily film.

What the hell are you doing?

Searching her own eyes for answers, Emma felt her fingers coiling roughly around the edge of the sink until her knuckles ached.

Was this who she really was at her core? Twisted, vulgar and perverted? Or was she giving herself to the Darkness because she wanted it to take over? Free her from all that she’d become, and all that would be expected of her as the savior until the day she died? Anger battled self-loathing until the mirror misted once again, blocking her intense stare along with any clarity that she’d hoped to find.

Inhaling slowly, she stood up and stripped out of her clothes to methodically fold them.

Emma set them on the counter, then turned to watch the silhouette waiting patiently for her under the hot spray. Carefully, she stepped into the shower and let the warm water pelt her skin, with one thing on her mind. Regina deserved better than what she’d given her.

Below the full blast of water, Regina stood with a palm pressed flat against the tile wall to brace herself. The cascade rolled down the back of her tense neck, and she stole a glance at Emma, who hovered close by but made no move to touch her.

Regina followed the familiar pull of magnetism that she always experienced around Emma and cautiously moved closer. She pressed her body into Emma’s and the warm contact left her sensitive nipples sore for attention, but she swallowed thickly and reached down to take Emma’s hand.

Unbidden and unwanted ideas flashed through Regina’s head—an overwhelming and fleeting image of Emma standing behind her in the shower, holding her hips forcefully and thrusting into her obscenely stretched little cunt. Her eyelashes felt heavy with lust, but Regina shook away the
temptation to give into her own wants, and concentrated on the present duty of teaching Emma some self-control. “You overstepped,” she reminded Emma. “And you might not be aware of why you did it, or what inspired you to say all of those crude things, but I want you to think about it right now. With regards to your dirty talk, and your forcefulness: are these new sexual predilections? Are you acting on desires you have always had, or is the Darkness tapping into the part of your mind where your very own definition of depravity resides?”

Emma bowed her head to look at their clasped hands as if seeking strength and reassurance that whatever was to come, whatever test she had to face, she could do it and make amends for her behavior. These weren’t easy questions to answer, and it made her uncomfortable to consider what the answers could mean about her as a person — uncomfortable enough to feel the darkness inside her veins react protectively. “Look, everyone has thoughts and urges they keep locked away from everyone else,” Emma blurted defensively, albeit with a grimace. She tightened her grip on Regina’s hand the same way a mountain climber would hold onto a safety rope, and she released a shaky breath. Let’s try that again. “You’re right about me overstepping.” She announced quietly. “I don’t know why I said and did those things. If I’m being honest, the idea of finding out the answers scares the hell out of me, because it’s either the Darkness, or it’s me, and neither is good, is it?”

Emma tipped her head back in shame to avoid Regina’s gaze and sucked her lower lip into her mouth as she considered what to say. “I’ve always enjoyed a little dirty talk, but not ever to this extent, and maybe I wanted to experiment with some of it. I need to be clear here, Regina. The things I’ve called you…”

It took more will than Emma would admit to face Regina right then, but this was too important to get caught up in embarrassment. “I don’t think, and have never thought that they’re true. I never said it because I considered you that. Some part of me knows there are women that enjoy name-calling, and when I felt how you reacted to it… at least before the slap—which I definitely had coming—I figured on some level you enjoyed it, so selfishly I went with it. I never should have taken the liberties I did. It was disgusting and disrespectful.”

“As for the forcefulness…” Emma swallowed thickly as her mind ventured to the people she had encountered through her life that had saw fit to take pieces of her without ever wanting her as a whole person. She had been fostered to families that just wanted the pay cheque, and bounced around to countless homes filled with people who wanted her to bend to their will. Then she’d met the man who left her to sit in prison. Finding out she was the Savior just resulted in meeting more people who wanted pieces of her, and everyone in town looked to her to save them from their problems and themselves without any regard to the toll it would take. She became a happy ending, instead of having one herself.

Oscillating emotions battered against Emma’s ribcage with the intent to break free, and for a precarious moment, she almost wanted to let them. “What I did back at the station, I’m not excusing,” she murmured. “Seeing you there, looking at him like that? Some part of me did want to claim you, and I let the Darkness encourage that part until it felt rational. Until it rid me of my insecurities.” It wasn’t nice to say, and she couldn’t imagine it would be nice to hear, but she owed
Regina the truth, as ugly and complicated as it may be.

Regina sucked in a slow intake of breath, and resisted the building pressure behind her eyes that warned of oncoming tears. “Your insecurities?” she quietly echoed. Emma’s honesty both confirmed Regina’s worst suspicions, and also roused that fiercely protective part of her that would allow her to put her wounded feelings aside for now. She needed to focus on slowing the spread of Emma’s darkness, and that required a test to determine just how much self-control Emma still retained, and how much influence the Darkness already possessed.

Regina would have to do more than rely on Emma’s own statements about what happened, although she still had questions about it. She frowned as she stared at the person before her, whom she still so desperately wanted to trust and believe in, no matter the danger. “Are you insecure because you think I’m going to run back into Robin Hood’s arms?” she scoffed incredulously. “I would rather be alone for eternity than settle for someone who takes me for granted. You might think I’m his soulmate, but that word has different meanings to everyone. For him, it’s a guarantee and maybe even an obligation to each other. It’s not the same for me.” She squinted critically at Emma, and draped her arms around her. “I still feel sorry for hurting him, but I stand by my decision to end that relationship. I don’t want him—not as a boyfriend and certainly not as a soulmate.”

There were precious few things that Emma couldn’t stand the sight of, and Regina with watery eyes was damn near top of the list. “I never thought you were his soulmate,” Emma bit out roughly, her eyebrows coming together in agitation as she added bitterly, “I’ve been to Neverland. You think I trust a damn thing pixie dust touches? We make our own fate.” She concluded, repeating the words Regina had said to her when she’d felt just as lost and volatile as she always had as an orphan. *Perhaps as she always would.* Even in Storybrooke those self-doubts lurked, and they’d resurfaced with a vengeance back at the Sheriff station. Apparently being part of a fairytale didn’t mean everyone got to experience the healing magic of it—someone would always be the sacrifice that protected it. Evidently from birth, in her case.

Regina softened, and pressed her nose into Emma’s cold neck. She shed tears over the safety she felt in the embrace, and with the peace of mind that that her teardrops would be indistinguishable from the dewy beads of moisture that already collected on her skin. “You’re right, we do, and I want the true love that all of the stories talk about,” she stressed. “The life-saving, world-changing love that withstands all obstacles.” Swallowing the knot in her throat, she held on tighter to Emma. “I love you. And I can’t believe I am saying this, but you threw yourself into an abyss to save me, Emma, and I am going to pull you back out of it. Or I will go down with you, so far until we hit the bottom and can crawl our way up.”

Emma coiled her strong arms around Regina and accepted the comfort from the embrace. Warm water bounced off of Regina’s shoulders and sprayed against her face, but Emma didn’t shut her eyes. Frozen in place, she could do nothing but listen to the raw desires of the woman she wanted to forever protect, and she choked on the realization that someday it could come down to protecting Regina from herself. Taking a shaky breath, Emma had to wonder why Regina would go to such lengths for her, because love or not, she’d never encountered anyone who would fight for her. Even
now as The Dark One, Emma felt the possibility of being abandoned more than ever. Maybe that’s how the Darkness sank deeper into all the people before her, by finding the cracks where their pain was exposed, and crumbling away at it.

“You know what, Regina?” Emma’s voice wobbled, and she sniffed to conceal it, then pressed her cheek against the top of Regina’s head, the same way she often did with Henry. “You are the only person in this town, in my whole life, that looks at me as a person. Not as a tool who’s required to fix everything. And you’re the one person I’d willingly do anything for – without hesitation. I love you.”

Regina took courage in Emma’s soft, surrounding presence. She indulged in it, and the fantasy of forming a relationship without any hindrances or complications from the Darkness. Tears trickled down her nose, and the vein on her forehead rippled into view as she nodded, all the more purposefully and with full knowledge of what she had to do.

For a long while, they remained standing close together with their arms wrapped around each other. Then Regina initiated a sensuous and steamy kiss, and slipped her tongue into Emma’s mouth. She sank her teeth into Emma’s bottom lip, and gently pulled at it, provoking the Darkness with every deliberately rough tug.

The biting certainly awoke the Darkness, yet Emma reined it in with little more than a flare of her nostrils and a low rumble of warning. Standing naked in a confined space, Emma’s heart thumped wildly within her chest, and her eyes fleetingly showed how wild she felt. Every fiber of her being buzzed with power and she wondered if this was how Ruby felt before every full moon—like a barely restrained animal in human skin.

“As you well know, I once succumbed to the darkness,” Regina whispered intently, unafraid to speak of the deeds she so heinously committed. “But what you don’t know is how much I tried to manipulate and control others, especially when it came to sex. I thought there were only two options back then: I could either be the one who wielded power, or continue being everyone’s pawn. In some ways, you and I are similar, Emma.”

The weight of her past atrocities returned to her, but Regina refused to spend even a passing moment in quiet reflection. “I hurt people.” She exhaled, letting the confession linger to have a lasting impact. “I took what I wanted, and I will never forgive myself for it.”

Emma was struck instantly by a memory of Graham and how Regina acted in desperation, ending his life to prevent him from revealing the truth about the curse. Before all of that, there had clearly been a sexual power play between him and Regina, though it was hard to say who was truly using whom in that situation, although Regina’s frank statements seemed to make it clear.
Even back then, Emma had been bottling up her feelings, and it disgusted her when she found Graham sneaking out of Regina’s window. She had never been jealous over Graham—rather, she envied him for being with Regina. Turns out she’d always been an idiot.

“It’s not that I think you’d make the same mistakes,” Regina sternly insisted. “In fact, I have faith in you. Enough faith that I consent to having sex with you again in the future, and I am still offering you that deal. You can have control in our sexual relationship, if you manage to show me that you’re capable of following some basic rules and exercising self-restraint.”

Emma cocked her head to the side and shrugged hopelessly. “I’d be arrogant to think I can keep myself in check when we both know I’ve already tripped over that line repeatedly,” she frowned. “You’re the only one who knows me the way I know myself, but you also know that being filled with such Darkness can warp your perception and I don’t want to become someone who hurts you. I need you to help me stay in line, the same way I helped you. I’m not saying it’ll be easy, but I know I need help. I need you, Regina.”

Gently, Regina clasped a sponge against Emma’s shoulder and began to lovingly wash her. “You have me,” she promised. “And I will guide you.” She showed great tenderness in wringing out the suds, and laving up Emma’s whole body. “My first rule is this: after sex, if you cause me any pain, then it is your responsibility to soothe it. To be clear, any pain you seek to inflict should be sensual. It should go without saying, but you should never truly harm me. When you decide to be a little rough, some tenderness afterwards can go a long way. The second rule relates to consent: I give you permission to say whatever you’d like during sex, but if I am uncomfortable with the way that develops, I will stop you. When it comes to our physical activities, the same rule applies: I am open to exploring your desires, but if any of them make me feel unsafe or unloved, we’ll stop immediately. That brings me to the last rule: we need to be open and honest with each other at all times. This will only work if we communicate constantly.”

With every gradual brush of the sponge, Emma felt her muscles loosen and relax once more. It was an unfamiliar situation, and far more intimate than she’d ever imagined it could be, to the point it caught her off guard. “I accept these terms but I want to add my own,” she stated quietly, slipping the sponge from Regina’s hand to squeeze more soap onto it. “I think you’re right about communication, but I feel like we need more. Don’t get me wrong, the idea of having full control makes me…” Emma trailed off, quirking an eyebrow at her own obvious excitement, then shook her head. Squeezing the sponge under the warm spray until bubbles frothed, she positioned Regina in front of her and began to wash along her shoulders. “But this isn’t just about me, and it never should be. As much as I’m all for spontaneous sex, I think if it involves more than the usual stuff, we ought to talk beforehand, you know? Establish just what you’re in the mood for, and what I might want, so there’s no surprises like today, and I don’t leave you feeling anything except happy, loved and satisfied.”

There was something calming in the way she watched bubbles form across the expanse of Regina’s back. The slow, methodical cleansing of her skin evoked a sense of protective care within Emma,
and she carried on as if she’d always done this. “If we’re going to dabble with new stuff, I want us to be fully informed. I’m not going to risk harming you. Trust is a two way street, so if I’m not comfortable with something, I’ll tell you.” Emma’s hand lowered with the sponge to lather Regina’s backside, and the apex of her thighs teasingly before she spun Regina around to face her. “I want to know what turns you on, what words you like, how rough and or how gentle you want to be treated—all of it. We take this step together, Regina, or not at all. I won’t let it be one sided.”

Regina pushed her hand against Emma’s midsection to shove her carefully away. “It’s not,” she insisted, and flicked her lashes erotically as her eyes wandered to Emma’s mouth. “The truth is, Emma, I want to explore this with you. Even though it was risky and very wrong, I loved what you did to me earlier.” The recollection of that encounter made her muscles clench, and she pursed her lips as she held her breath, letting it all out in a slow exhale that made her chest fall. “I fully expect you to challenge my endurance…” She turned off the shower, and slipped out of the stall to dry herself—first her arms and torso, then her shapely legs. “As for your language, I will allow you to make liberal use of the word *slut*, so long as you praise me for all that I do.”

Regina’s remarks sent a spike of arousal through Emma, and she felt the surge of Darkness that encouraged her to follow her—except she remained there, dripping wet, and watched as Regina toweled off first. *Restraint*. She had to repeat it in her mind like a mantra, denying the urge to simply grab Regina up and carry her off to the bed. She wouldn’t allow herself to be controlled by Darkness, and the Darkness would have to come to terms with that. It wasn’t easy when Regina bent forward, her backside in the air, giving Emma an eyeful of everything she wanted.

Knowing she had to earn the right, Emma stepped out of the shower to find her own towel and moved to the bedroom to create a little space between them. “How would you like me to praise you?” Emma asked, quirking an eyebrow as she let her gaze slide down Regina, lingering in all of the spots she wanted to touch. “By telling you that you’re a good girl?”

At a deliberate and slow pace, and with a subtle sashay of her hips, Regina strode after Emma. “You could call me that,” she suggested with a thoughtful scrunch of her nose. “I’m open to all of your creative ideas. But before we get into any further discussion about your interests or mine, you have a test to pass first. Now sit,” she ordered, and forced Emma down by the shoulders and into a seated position on her lounge. With a magical snap of her fingers, Regina produced an opaque bottle of substance that she promptly emptied into her palm. She rubbed the shiny liquid between her hands, and then took hold of Emma’s rigid cock to entice it to stiffen further.

Using what remained, Regina covered the apex between her thighs and straddled Emma’s lap. “You don’t get to be inside of me,” she whispered against Emma’s mouth, and then began to smoothly grind her slick pussy lips against Emma until she experienced friction in all of the right places. Her controlled, bouncing movements excited the little bundle of nerves above her entrance, and then she lowered herself with precision—giving her cunt just enough of Emma’s solid tip to satisfy its growing need to be full.
Emma seemed fixated on that sight—the view of Regina’s vagina spreading to accept the ample, blunt head. Gripping Emma by the chin, Regina maintained eye contact and withdrew, returning to her careful glide over the length of hard cock. She rode vigorously until her eyes were glassy and hungry, and then she let Emma’s cock slip into her, bare and unprotected but not deep—not fully inside.

The silky smooth heat of Regina’s pussy evoked a low moan from Emma, the same kind reserved for sinking into a hot bath after a long day. If she were honest, she wanted to sink herself into Regina, but just as her hips tensed in preparation to rock forward, she paused and forced herself to sit still with a frustrated sigh. “So your plan is to torture me,” she dryly concluded.

It was deliciously deviant, and Emma approved even if it left her toes curling and her cock throbbing. She could feel herself harden almost painfully with Regina’s every gyration, but it was the way Regina continued to hold her chin and force her to witness the building pleasure that showed on her face that got to Emma the most. Never had sitting still been so impossible. Every cell in her body screamed at her to act, while the Darkness begged her to take control and guide Regina’s ecstasy, but under the warring intensity, deep inside her chest, there was a euphoric calm that relished how Regina commanded her own pleasure. She focused on that even as Regina claimed the head of her cock with her slick hole.

Emma moved her hands to grip the edge of the lounge, knuckles white as she strained and resisted the temptation to buck into the inviting warmth of Regina’s wonderful pussy.

“It’s difficult when you have what you want within reach, but you just can’t have it,” Regina lilted. “Tell me how it feels, Emma. Are you thinking of pushing your cock inside of my pussy—and making me your good little slut?” The words rolled from her tongue, even if they felt unnaturally thick—but she wanted to see exactly how Emma reacted to her vulgar questions.

It all sent a bolt of arousal through Emma and she felt the way her cock twitched from it. From the smirk on Regina’s face, she’d felt it too, and saw fit to clench her inner muscles around the tip as she waited on the answer.

“It feels like sweet hell.” It pained Emma to admit it between her shallow breaths, because despite everything, she was starting to enjoy this denial and the battle of wills between herself and the Darkness. “I am thinking of fucking you,” Emma growled out, her voice sultry as she forced her hips back against the lounge to quell her urges. “But I know you’re thinking about it too, Regina, or you wouldn’t be teasing yourself on the tip of my cock.” She smirked then, because knowing that she wasn’t the only one wanting more made all the difference.

Regina gently smacked the side of Emma’s thigh and shifted off her lap. “On the contrary,” she coyly murmured, and dragged Emma towards the bed to lie down next to her. “I don’t need you to
fuck me.” She sprawled out on the mattress, with her legs splayed wide apart, then she tugged Emma’s face closer to the lush and smooth lips of her vagina. “You are going to observe,” she whispered. “Don’t you dare look away. I want you to see just what you are missing, and I want you to remember why you are being denied my pussy.” Her fingers meandered lightly over her belly, and she stroked her bare lips until her middle and index fingers were covered in her own slippery arousal. Parting herself, she circled her responsive hole and then stretched her squeezing and puckering little cunt for Emma. “Look,” she husked, and spread her inner walls to permit Emma inside of her with her eyes alone. “I want you to see all of me, Emma. This is what you can’t have.”

“Why the hell would I want to look away?” Emma retorted, her voice gravelly as she inhaled deeply and exhaled in an effort to let Regina feel her in some small way. After all, using her breath wasn’t breaking the rules.

Regina strummed the sensitive bud of nerves at her center until she groaned and could easily drive two of her fingers into her pussy. The tickle of Emma’s breath made her ache for more. She plunged into herself with punishing momentum, then paused to show off her gorgeously aroused body.

The power play at hand sent an erotic thrill through Emma—a tantalizing shiver that prickled the hair at the nape of her neck and trailed down her spine as she settled on her stomach between Regina’s thighs intently. It was easy to envision Regina as The Evil Queen right then, taking control of her own pleasure and keeping her lover transfixed with nothing more than words that acted as restraints. If this was punishment, Emma welcomed it. With her face mere inches away from Regina’s pussy, not only could Emma clearly see the slick arousal that glistened against her sensitive folds, but she could smell it—a heady, exciting musk that filled her senses—a natural aphrodisiac perfume that had her hips pressing against the sheets subtly as she tried to stimulate her stiffened cock.

Everything Regina had said heightened Emma’s excitement, and a moan tore free from her throat as her hips shifted against the bed, restless in her need to feel what she couldn’t. “That’s it, Regina,” She encouraged hungrily, lips opening as her eyes devoured the sight before her. “Spread yourself wide and show me exactly what I’ve lost the privilege of getting.” Emma throatily whispered, groaning as she witnessed Regina fucking herself. Truly, it was sight to behold—one that had Emma panting, and her hands itching to touch Regina. But she curled her fingers uselessly into the sheets until she ripped holes in the fabric.

Emma’s cock throbbed from the desire to be buried deep inside her soaked cunt, and she clenched her thighs in an effort to restrain herself. Regina’s wet hole twitched and clenched around nothing when she removed her fingers, and her clit was gloriously swollen with need and begging Emma’s mouth to wrap around it. She could barely silence her pained moan in time, and had to bite down on her lower lip as she shook from the strength of her longing. “Fuck,” She finally husked. “Fuck your little cunt for me.”

With dark and expanding pupils, Regina’s gaze revealed just how Emma’s lewd demand affected
her. She threw her head back as her willpower weakened enough for a moan to form and become trapped low in her throat. Tensely crying out as she failed to resist its intensity, Regina slammed two fingers harder into her pulsing vagina. She curled her fingertips against the grasping inner wall that granted the most pleasure. Rivulets of her own wetness trickled down her palm and wrist.

Every muscle in Emma’s body became taut as she watched Regina do her bidding. The sounds of her wet hole taking such a thorough pounding was wonderfully obscene, and had Emma riveted to the spot.

Chasing her release right to the edge, Regina continued to ravish her pussy with long, raw strokes that left her feeling sore. Emma could practically taste Regina’s orgasm and leaned as close as possible, only for the show to abruptly end. To spite Emma, Regina slowed her rhythm and wrenched her fingers free of her tightening cunt.

“Now turn around,” Regina softly grunted. “Think about taking me this forcefully, Emma. Frankly, I want you to fuck me that hard. But right now you need to contemplate what you’ve done, and why you deserve nothing from me.”

“What?” Emma spat in confusion as she glanced up at Regina. Belatedly it hit her that this was part of the test, and she had to comply and show she still had the capacity for restraint or all was lost. Growling in frustration, Emma pushed herself up and off the bed with an aggravated grunt of, “Fine.” She wandered a few steps then sank heavily onto the bottom of the bed with her back to Regina, her hands pressing into her thighs as the mixed emotions of lust and disappointment clashed with the rational side of her. With nothing else to do, Emma began to reflect on how she behaved previously at the station. You did this to yourself. She concluded soundly, releasing a heavy sigh as she gazed down at her evident and unrelenting arousal.

Emma envisioned pushing her thick length into Regina, giving her the hard fuck she spoke of, and focused on the memory of how it had felt hours ago. Her cock stirred in response, providing her with the realization that Regina had just gotten her to torture herself willingly.

As soon as Emma became preoccupied with her own thoughts, Regina slipped her skilled fingers back into her very empty feeling pussy—but without Emma’s complete attention, she did little more than tremble in frustration. Still, Regina had a lesson to impress upon Emma, and so she managed a raspy moan and breathed heavily as she sagged back against the mattress. “I’m far from satisfied, Emma,” she griped. “That is your fault.” Standing on unsteady legs, Regina went to her wardrobe and picked out a black dress that was far lower cut than what she had been wearing earlier. She hung the dress on a hook designed for that purpose, and then peered over at Emma. “You can leave now,” she snapped.

Quirking an eyebrow at the accusation, Emma followed Regina with her gaze inquisitively but
refrained from standing up until the sudden dismissal. The tip of Emma’s tongue pressed against the back of her teeth as a surge of dejection threatened to envelope her, only for it to simmer back down to a fluttering buzz in the pit of her stomach that felt incredibly close to what she’d heard people call butterflies.

“Go make a reservation at one of the nicer restaurants in town,” Regina clarified, calming Emma’s fears that she would be sent away. “Come back at seven, and you may take me out on a date. After all, this is a relationship, isn’t it?”

“You’re damn right it is,” Emma hurriedly agreed, and for a brief flicker, it was all her, and no darkness. A pure, undiluted, beaming smile lit up her face and she swelled with hope and love.

Although she succeeded in remaining confident during her performance, Regina’s vulnerabilities suddenly surfaced as she muttered, “We could both use a little romance.”

“I think you’re right,” Emma stated softly, stepping close to Regina to cup her cheek, her thumb lightly brushing away the vulnerability on display.

Canting her head to the side, Regina shook off her fleeting sadness and glanced up at her simmering little dress. “I suggest you wear looser fitting pants with a zipper tonight. This morning, you subjected me to a risky situation, and I think it’s only fair that I get to return the favor. Since you have behaved yourself so far, I’ll be charitable and leave my panties at home.”

Ideas burst to life within Emma’s mind, born from the countless times over the years that she had fantasized about asking Regina out, so it was with eager steps that she began to pull on her clothes. “I’ll keep that in mind,” Emma retorted with a crooked grin, “And I definitely appreciate your charity.” She added roguishly, her eyes trailing down to the apex of Regina’s thighs to give one last, longing look to where she wanted to be, before announcing, “I’ll be back at seven, and not a minute later.” Then she left, stopping only to give Regina a soft kiss on the cheek before the temptation to stay came over her.

Time moved fast providing she was busy—Emma had learned that over the years, and it served her well now. Five hours went by like five minutes, and she managed to do a hell of a lot. She was helped no doubt by the fact that she was now the new Dark One, and it didn’t hurt that she was also the Sheriff and Savior.

Whether out of respect or fear, people had been more than helpful the whole day, and if anyone was curious as to what her plans were, they had the good sense to keep it to themselves. She secured a table at the fanciest restaurant in town for seven thirty. It was owned by Gold, and he didn’t seem to
mind when Emma called him after the maître d’ insisted they were fully booked that night. Gold had chuckled at her request, though never asked who would be accompanying her as he gave the go-ahead to postpone another couple. From the way his grin carried through the phone, it was a safe bet he already knew.

Afterwards, Emma had ventured into a chocolatier that had always seemed far too pricey for her casual snacking, and handpicked twenty-eight of the most decadent chocolates she ever laid eyes on. There was no cliché heart shaped box, either—instead the sweets slotted into a faux leather one that was sleek enough to look like a large clutch purse with the initials of the shop emblazoned in gold at the top.

Content with her purchase, Emma then stopped by the florist to buy a gorgeous bouquet of the freshest, reddest roses, and then went home to shower and make herself presentable.

She could have gone shopping for an outfit, but there had to be some perks to having such raw power coursing through her veins.

At ten to seven, Emma sauntered up Regina’s path with her gifts clutched by her side. She wore a pair of black pants to match her suit jacket, along with a white shirt that was offset by the thin black tie she had chosen. She tied her hair up and out of her face, and put on a splash of red lipstick and dark eyeliner that gave her an intense look that she pulled off well.

Stopping at the door, Emma checked her watch and then sucked in a deep breath to still the nervous excitement that tingled through her limbs. She announced her presence with a confident knock.

In her formfitting dress with the plunging neckline, and a pair of sharp stiletto heels that showed off her trim legs, Regina stepped out onto her front porch. She ran her fingers through her perfectly coiffed hair to give it some more volume, all while she appreciatively took in the sight of Emma. Her hands went straight to Emma’s tie, and she gave it a firm tug to draw her in closer. In lieu of a greeting, Regina kissed her with such sultry longing that their lipsticks smeared. “Shall we?” she asked, and looped her arm through Emma’s as they walked together down her stone path.

The sky was mostly dark, but there were a few stars scattered above them—like a dash of salt. Emma opened the car door for Regina, and she carefully tucked her dress underneath her as she slid into the passenger seat. She cradled the flowers and chocolates in her lap, and lifted the bouquet to breathe in their aroma. “These are lovely,” she smiled, taken aback by the gesture but still so delighted by Emma’s thoughtfulness. “Thank you. It seems like you went through a lot of trouble, and I didn’t even leave the house this afternoon. Henry came home after school today. We talked a lot about you, and I helped him with his homework. David just picked him up a little while ago. We’ve made arrangements for him to stay there over the next few days while you’re still getting your bearings.”
“It was no trouble. I’ve wanted to do this for a very long time.” Emma supplied easily, sliding her gaze towards Regina once they’d settled in the car, though her eyes strayed southward and she shifted in her seat with a soft exhale. “You look stunning.” She murmured, tearing her eyes away to focus on the road as she drove down the street, though half her attention was firmly on Regina in her peripheral vision. “I hope Henry’s okay,” Emma muttered, sobering from her excitement briefly as she thought of her son. “I bet he’s thrilled to be staying there. They spoil him rotten. Better start counting the mailboxes because if David has his way they’ll be teaching him how to drive again.” The smile carried in her voice as Emma steered her way into the parking lot and came to a stop. She stepped out of the car before Regina had unfastened her seatbelt, and strode around to open the door for her.

Offering her hand, Emma helped Regina out, and led them into the restaurant with a cocky swagger. The maître d’ caught sight of them and all but swallowed his tongue as he choked out, “Ah, Miss Swan, your table for two is ready. Please, come this way.”

Regina took note of the cursory glances of the other patrons in the restaurant, which only burned into her back once she glided towards their reserved booth. Sinking into a the leather seat, she accepted one of the heavy menus from an overly attentive waiter. Emma selected ale from a smaller menu, while Regina ordered a glass of white wine. “I know you’re still going to worry, but our son will be fine,” she asserted, to reassure Emma and finish their interrupted conversation. “Also, I might have enchanted your father’s truck for added safety. I trust that he will eventually give into Henry’s requests to practice driving again.”

Laughter erupted from Emma as she listened, light and bubbly and free, as if she were unaware of the curious looks thrown their way, but there was a collective understanding that passed from table to table that nobody would speak of this. The risk of upsetting her far outweighed the juicy gossip, and after the initial reaction, everyone returned their attention back to their own tables. “I can’t to hear my parents’ reaction when they discover that. Just don’t go enchanting everyone’s in town or I’ll be out of job,” Emma quipped.

It seemed the whole staff was on high alert to give Emma premier service, because the waiter returned with their drinks and plates of appetizers that looked vastly superior to the dishes that appeared on other nearby tables. Regina sipped at her wine, and clasped hands with Emma over the top of their table. “Trust me, the people of this town need you to do more than direct traffic. But we have more important matters to discuss. We should talk about our relationship,” she suggested. “I want to do this often—to sit down together and truly get to know you in ways I never have before. You had said you wanted to ask me out for a while. Why didn’t you consider doing it sooner?”

Sucking in a deep breath, Emma cocked her head and pursed her lips together. “Honestly?” Selecting her words carefully, she squeezed Regina’s hand and held her gaze. “Fear. And because of obligation. At first I was afraid I’d ruin our friendship, then when you were finding your own happiness, I was afraid I’d ruin the relationship you were pursuing. I was also afraid of what Henry
might think, and how my parents would react, but also how the town would. I’ve seen how fast they are at assembling into a mob.” She rolled her eyes at her own stupid joke, then shrugged as an uneasiness came over her.

“As for my sense of obligation…” Emma paused, and the muscles in her jaw twitched as a flash of leather entered her mind, with the scent of rum following it. She lifted her glass and took a sip of her drink to wash away the bad taste in her mouth, and forced a smile onto her face. “Henry brought me here to bring everyone their happy endings,” she softly explained.

Then Emma effectively switched topics, lifting one of the appetizers up to inspect it before holding it out to Regina. “These look scrumptious.”

Regina eyed the oyster and put her hand out to refuse it, because she was troubled by the smooth transition in the conversation. She was smart enough to detect Emma’s true meaning. “Hold on. You are not responsible for anyone’s happiness but your own,” she emphatically declared. “With everything that has happened over the past few days, I failed to ask you: when did you break up with Hook? I haven’t seen him skulking around Storybrooke.”

“Oh I’m sure he’s brooding somewhere,” Emma drawled. The last thing she wanted to do was turn their date into a conversation about him. She popped the oyster into her mouth to chew, and the slippery delicacy slid easily down her throat. As she licked her lower lip thoughtfully, her eyes darkened, and she dryly recalled: “I told him the night I took on the Darkness that I couldn’t do it anymore. Be with him. So, three days?” His rage had been palpable, and her emotions had yet to settle and merge with the Darkness that night. She’d come undone, overwhelmed and unprepared, sobbing at his words that had cut straight to her bones, and she’d fled in a whirl of grey, leaving him with nothing but his bitterness as she broke down at the town line.

Nauseated by the fleeting idea that Emma might have remained in a relationship with Hook simply for the sake of keeping him happy, Regina frowned as she considered what an awful oversight she had made. Given Emma’s upstanding character and concern for everyone else, Regina had just assumed that Hook and Emma experienced a peaceful parting of ways, but she should have asked about him much sooner. “I can understand whatever fears you might have had about becoming involved with me,” Regina insisted. “But I worry about the rest of what you said, and especially about what might have happened with Hook. You might be the savior, and you might feel like it’s your duty to help out whenever this town is under some threat. But you do realize that you can’t spend your life trying to please everyone, right? You can’t singlehandedly ensure that each person gets what he or she wants.”

Regina stared hard, trying to catch any glimmer of disagreement in Emma’s eye—and her stomach twisted when she immediately found it. “Emma,” Regina firmly stated. “No. That is a burden you should never have quietly endured. You need to adjust your thinking, because you don’t owe anyone that kind of personal sacrifice. Do you hear me?”
Settling back against the booth, Emma entwined their fingers and tilted her head coyly. “I have adjusted my thinking.” She finally whispered, the corners of her lips tugging into a blander smile as she gazed back at Regina. “I hear you, and I agree with you. For the record, you’ve never been an obligation, Regina. My sacrifice for you was selfish. I wanted you to get your happiness, and I wanted to be the one who made sure you got it. Now,” She grinned crookedly and motioned towards the tray before them. “Are we going to indulge in these appetizers before the waiter comes back expecting us to order?”

Regina gripped an oyster shell, and carefully poured the delicacy into her mouth simply to appease Emma. She sensed that this was a closed subject for now, and there was no point in lecturing or debating with her about her savior complex. Even as the Dark One, with an instinct to pursue her own ends, Emma was still self-sacrificing to a fault. But Regina would bide her time and address this with her in the future.

“For the record, my fears were never about being with you,” Emma continued. “They were all about fucking up what we had. I never want to lose you, lose this,” She squeezed Regina’s hand for emphasis and carried on with conviction. “It had nothing to do with who you are. It was about me, Regina. Since the curse broke, all my parents talk about is how they expect me to settle down and marry a guy. I don’t know if you’ve noticed but there’s a serious lack happy endings around here that look anything like what we might have together, and I don’t know how people will react to me going against their expectations. The difference now is that I don’t care what they think. Everyone deserves happiness. Even me, and especially you.”

The waiter approached to take their dinner order, and Regina was forced to sit in silence while he rattled off the evening’s specials. She brusquely chose a steak, and passed the menu off to him without so much as directing her gaze towards his intently curious face. Emma mindlessly pointed to the menu, selecting at random because she refused to give her attention to anyone else right then.

Regina’s grip on Emma’s hand tightened and she shifted forward to play with the tie that dangled onto the polished surface of the table. “I want to be the one to make you happy,” she softly admitted. “If anyone wants to pass judgment on us, it’s their problem. But I don’t think anyone in this restaurant is going to utter a word about you. In fact, tomorrow morning, go ahead and ask any of them what they saw here tonight. I sincerely doubt they’ll remember seeing us.”

Emma turned without any trace of subtlety and watched as everyone pointedly looked everywhere else except at them. “You might be onto something there.” She smirked, and tried to confirm that Regina already made her happy, but the words were stolen from the tip of her tongue.

Regina boldly yanked her closer and wetly kissed Emma on the mouth, then sucked firmly on her lip.
Emma had never realized just how riled she could get from having her lip sucked, until Regina treated her to the experience. Suddenly food was the last thing on her mind, and she moaned into Regina’s mouth unabashedly. “I won’t live in fear anymore, and I won’t have you feeling like a dirty secret either, so if you want us to be public then I’m all in.” Emma rumbled quietly. Come what may, she knew without a doubt that they’d stand by each other, especially after this brazen display.

Their booth happened to be quite secluded, but under other circumstances Regina might have avoided shows of affection when there was a even a small possibility of encountering gawking onlookers—yet she wanted to prove to Emma that even public opinion could not alter her willingness to commit to her. “Let them look,” she gruffly affirmed. “It doesn’t matter what they think.” In spite of her earlier fears, Regina spoke with true conviction in her voice.

Even if Snow and David disapproved of their relationship, or if their love caused some kind of outcry, Regina would never turn back now. “I believe we should carry on with your test,” she confided.

The tablecloth hid them both from view, and Regina slid off one of her heels so she could drag her toes flirtatiously up and down Emma’s leg. “Unzip your pants,” she murmured. “I want to feel you stiffen in my hand.”

Raising her eyebrows, Emma’s bemused expression conveyed no trace of the excitement that washed over her. “Really, you want to do this here?” she asked. The second she felt Regina’s foot against her calf, Emma couldn’t hide the shiver of delight that worked through her, and she grinned. “Not that I’m complaining.”

Surreptitiously Emma lowered one hand to her thigh while the other lifted her drink. She took a liberal sip as her fingers worked at the zipper of her pants, and once undone, she snagged another oyster to wordlessly signal that she’d done as Regina had asked. “Your move.” Emma husked quietly, evidently thrilled by the game they were playing.

“No one can see what I’m doing beneath the tablecloth, so as long as you put on your best poker face, we won’t be found out,” Regina promised.

Mildly, Regina peered around at their surroundings to ensure they had some degree of privacy, and then she closed one of her small hands around the hefty brim of Emma’s cock. She ate another appetizer, and licked the sauce from her thumb all while fixing her searing gaze on Emma. All it took was a few generous strokes of Emma’s shaft, and it began to press into the space between her fingers.
Emma leveled Regina with her best neutral face and began to focus on her breathing in an attempt to keep it slow and even—which proved harder than she imagined when Regina’s skillful fingers squeezed around the tip of her cock, smearing precum in deliberately lazy circles.

Aided by the hot substance that came from within Emma, Regina pumped her fist around the blunt head of her cock. “Remember. Control yourself, and you can control me,” she murmured. “I know what you need, Emma. I’ve had this theory that one of the reasons you have a cock is because somehow, the thought of filling me with your come is a major turn on for you. Tell me all about that.”

Her pussy had practically overflowed with the evidence of Emma’s desire for her, and she had no doubts that would be part of what she would experience in the future—deep, rutting sex with a gloriously messy finish. But right now, Regina was not just engaging in a guessing game, so much as trying to get answers from Emma about her sexual interests, and figure out how the Darkness responded to each tawdry thing that she said.

“That’s a hell of a theory.” Emma sighed out, as Regina’s tease of pleasure left her limbs heavy with desire. She put her hands against the table to collect her composure and sank further down in her seat with her hips angled up. To anyone looking, it was her usual laid back posture, and she lifted a dainty puff pastry appetizer to entice Regina closer. “It’s nothing about wanting to be a guy, if that’s what you’re thinking.” She murmured warmly as she fed Regina. “I’d toyed with the idea of fucking you with a strap-on over the years, and I admit, I was curious when I discovered I had magic, you know? I mean after that stint in the Enchanted Forest, seeing how people could masquerade as other people, it made me wonder. Like, could I change my anatomy for a little while, just to see what it would be like?”

It felt strangely erotic to be touched so intimately in a room full of people without anyone being the wiser. It spoke to all the naughty little ideas that had fluttered through her mind, sealed away privately and branded far too deviant to express. “I never tried it, because I know my luck. I’d end up stuck with one permanently, and then I would have had to either come running to you, or Gold to help fix it.” She laughed then, clasping her glass as she shrugged her shoulders in amusement. “And then I wound up with one anyway.”

With nimble fingers, she selected another delectable appetizer and Emma chewed it thoughtfully, relishing the feel of Regina handling her so discreetly. “But to answer your question, I might have entertained the idea of having a magically conjured cock to fuck you once or twice. Usually in the heat of the moment.” Emma kept her gaze on Regina’s as she finished huskily, “I got off to the thought of leaving behind a little piece of me deep inside you. I’d silently hoped you’d enjoy it. You’ve no idea how much it turns me on to know you really do.”
The waiter returned with two plates and set them hurriedly down, then dashed off with the half eaten starter. Emma quirked an eyebrow down at her unrecognizable food. “What is this?” She asked Regina, then inconspicuously eyed up her steak.

“It appears to be some kind of veal,” Regina concluded after a closer inspection of Emma’s dish.

Picking up on Emma’s interest in her own dinner, Regina slid her plate across the table to share. “Have some,” she offered. “I’m a bit occupied anyway.” Her hand traveled from the base of Emma’s cock up to the thick head in a methodical and repetitive pattern. “I have to say . . . when I imagined sleeping with you, and I’ll admit there were a few times I thought of that, I always envisioned us engaging in more conventional acts as two women. But anatomy has never factored into my decisions of whether or not to take a lover. You turn me on, and that has more to do with your energy than physical appearance. I want you, Emma—in every way that we can possibly explore together.”

Emma gave her plate a disinterested look and appreciatively sliced a small chunk of Regina’s steak off for herself. She moaned around the mouthful, though it had very little to do with the taste and everything to do with Regina’s soft, warm hand wrapped around her. “I don’t imagine I’ll always have this, and maybe it’s weird but the truth is, it doesn’t bother me as much as it probably should.” Why would having a cock make a difference when she was an all powerful immortal that didn’t require sleep to function? It should be startling how her priorities had shifted, considering the first night she could barely look at it, and now here she was, perfectly content to expose herself in a restaurant. “I want you, too, Regina. All of you, and I’m grateful that you’re willing to take me both as I am, and as I was. That’s all that really matters.”

Concealed by the tablecloth, Regina withdrew her hand from Emma’s cock, and rubbed the viscous arousal all over her naked pussy and backside. Even Emma had no way of seeing her lewd maneuver, and Regina’s face betrayed no sign of what she privately did, although she did reposition herself and uncross her legs. “Oh, I am very willing,” she emphasized, and it was true: her heart already belonged to Emma, and it was vitally important to save her from the Darkness, or else lose both herself and Emma to it. “Drop your napkin under the table, Emma,” Regina quietly requested. “Then I want you to retrieve it.”

The loss of contact only seemed to emphasize how exposed Emma felt, and she curiously gazed back at Regina as she considered the subtle command. Intrigued and unable to resist, Emma brushed her napkin off the table in a fluid motion as she reached for her glass. She shook her head more for the benefit of anyone who may have noticed, and mumbled a quick “Sorry.” With ease, Emma shifted in her seat and slipped under the table to snag it.

Regina opened her thighs provocatively and gave Emma a completely unhindered glimpse of her vagina and firm ass cheeks. Marked in traces of Emma’s essence, her skin glistened even in the dimmer light underneath the tablecloth. Showing off Emma’s potential reward heightened the stakes,
and Regina heard her gasp audibly at the sight that greeted her.

Teasing her damp pussy lips for Emma’s benefit, Regina determined that she needed to make this a challenge, lest she mistakenly underestimate the strength of the darkness. “What is the dirtiest thing you’ve considered doing to me?” she asked. “Be honest, Emma, or I won’t allow you to fuck my slutty pussy tonight.”

To look and not touch was fast becoming the most thrilling agony Emma had ever been subjected to enduring. Hidden from view, Emma moved closer until Regina could feel her heated breath against her soaking lips. She inhaled the musky scent of their combined arousal as if it were a drug, and groaned with need. Fuck, it was beyond hot seeing Regina using her sticky desire to play with herself—it made a silent statement she was Emma’s, and that her slick little cunt belonged to her now. “Are you saying what we did at the station doesn’t count?” Emma rumbled from beneath the table, then reluctantly pulled herself out from under it to sit back in her seat with her hard cock still freed from her pants.

Narrowing her eyes, Emma stared intently back at Regina and let the darkness whisper suggestions that mingled with her own until they blurred deliciously together. “I think we’ve both discovered we like the risk of doing things in public,” Emma mused. “I’ve thought about bending you over the balcony of your mansion at night. Earlier I considered the potential of having you under my desk at work, but these ideas aren’t necessarily dirty, are they? You want to know the nasty things that come to mind, like fucking you raw somewhere, and filling your tight cunt with all of my come, then pulling out and having you clean the mess off my cock until you’re swallowing more than you anticipated.” Emma reached out to run her thumb along Regina’s lower lip as she spoke. “How about taking you several times in one day, without letting you shower, or wear panties. So that you’re constantly focused on the fact that at any second, the evidence of what we’re doing could trickle down your thigh for someone to see. Or maybe, I want to hear you beg to be stretched around my cock, even if it means at your office, while you’re making important calls. You’d have to learn how to carry on a conversation while I’m pounding into you.”

Shudders of exhilaration went through Regina as she entertained thoughts of each one of Emma’s fantasies. Sensing the effect she was already having by asking questions, Regina sought the perfect way to completely draw out the Darkness, and find out how capable it was of removing all of Emma’s inhibitions.

Regina wanted to know if Emma would act impulsively when baited, but just as she planned to speak, Emma shared even more vivid descriptions of what she would like to do with her.

With eyes darkly intense, Emma pictured things unfolding like a private movie in her head. “What about waiting for Robin to leave his dingy apartment, and fucking you in his bed, and all over his furniture, so that when he stumbles in later all he can smell is the scent of your pussy, and he’ll never know why. Or getting you to give me daily updates by texting me videos of how wet and empty
your sweet little hole is without me, and how hungry you are for my cock.”

Evidently, there were many scenarios in Emma’s head, and she forced herself to pick up her cutlery and just breathe through the urge to throw their plates to the floor and have Regina right there and then across the table in front of everyone.

Regina suppressed a tiny gasp in her throat, and her neck muscles leapt in response. She had to remind herself that she invited Emma to discuss all of this, but the savage intensity that now radiated from her was more than a little daunting.

It might have been foolish for Regina to assume she could use whatever Emma proposed to her advantage during this test. She was stunned to silence but not entirely repulsed by it—and she thought too long and hard about Emma taking her under each one of those circumstances.

Part of her already succumbed to Emma, even before the entire trial was done, and Regina exhaled deeply over that troubling realization. Robin’s taunts returned to her—about how she would be consumed by Emma and the Darkness, and she furrowed her brow severely as she began to believe him. “I should be furious with you,” she murmured without conviction. “All of your fantasies are positively distasteful, but I did ask.”

Regina’s comment confused Emma, and it reflected on her features. Scrunching her face, she gazed unblinkingly down at her plate silently. The shortest, sharpest pain cut through her and she clenched her hands, inadvertently bending her fork in the process. “Fairly certain a couple are universal considering the amount of people who have sex at work.” Emma finally said, her face a stolid mask as she fixed her utensil and slid Regina’s plate back to her. “You wanted my dirtiest ideas, so you got them.” She finished coolly, and focused on her food despite her lack of appetite. Well, what had she expected, that Regina would accept her with open arms and open legs for sharing the things that she kept tucked away in the back of her mind? The darkness whispered how stupid she was, and Emma found herself agreeing with it.

Yet unbeknownst to Emma, Regina’s ravenous appetites responded in kind to all she had said, much to her own dismay.

Regina crossed her legs to fend off the desire for Emma’s touch. “If given the chance, you would really do all of those things, wouldn’t you?” she softly demanded.

“My dirty little secrets are all there, and you don’t want me to reveal them. I would like you to make me your dirty little secret, but I won’t do it unless you ask me to.”

“You want me to ask you?”

“You do not have to ask me anything. I will always ask you.”

Yet the little voice in her mind taunted. Emma shook her head as if to dispel it and reached beneath the table to slip herself back inside her pants, the soft sound of her zipper unheard over the chatter in the
restaurant. Slicing her meal methodically afterwards, Emma tried to keep her mind as blank as her face, yet she never succeeded.

While Emma struggled with her self-doubts, Regina too was in the midst of an internal war. All of her rationality washed away from her in an instant, like the ocean receding from the shoreline. Once gone, she was left only with purely carnal need, and Regina moved uncomfortably in her seat. “Finish your meal,” she sighed. “You’ve shown restraint today. I want you to take me home, and we can proceed with the last part of your test.”

“What does the rest of this test include?” Emma asked as she ate, barely tasting the delicious meal due to her troubled emotions. “Are you going to ask me to open up about something else just to remind me how sick I am?” Her voice was soft and lilting and at complete odds with how she felt. Picking up her drink, she took a small gulp and brushed her hand down her tie as if smoothing it would soothe her in some way.

Regina flinched at the question, and then shook her head regretfully. “You’re not sick,” she insisted. “Emma, I’m sorry. I really am. We already spoke about how important it is to communicate, so you deserve the truth.” She fiddled with her own hands, pulling at them in nervousness and uncertainty. “What you said turned me on, and right now all I can think about is how much I want to go home so we can act on the desires that have clearly been building in both of us throughout the day. I wasn’t repulsed by your ideas, and although they were quite crude, I find myself feeling very unsure of just what limits I’d impose on our sexual relationship. There’s so much I’d be open to doing with you, and it’s a little overwhelming to me, because I know that I have to be strong for both of us. But what I’m feeling isn’t logical. It’s totally fueled by what my heart and my body wants.” She wholly neglected her food, and the glimmer of conflict in her eyes only seemed to burn more brightly as she gazed at Emma. “The last part of your test was supposed to involve you fucking me. I was going to have you wear a condom, and then deny you release,” she tensely explained. “But that isn’t what I want right now. I want to feel you – your fingers, your mouth, and your cock. I need to be fucked, Emma.”

Emma looked at Regina and finally absorbed that this wasn’t about her being disgusted so much as worried about how much she wanted this. “There will be limits for both of us, and I will respect them.” She said confidently, her entire energy calm and collected, despite the way she buzzed inside. “I think we’re done with dinner, don’t you?” With a wave of her hand, she signaled the waiter, who looked perplexed at the half eaten food and hurriedly brought them the bill.

“Thank you for a lovely evening,” Emma politely told him and fished out her wallet to pay with a generous tip. “Everything was great,” she added, and watched him sag in relief.

Emma stood once he rushed off with a smile, and offered her hand to Regina. “Shall we?” She walked them out of the restaurant and away from the parking lot. “I sense you’re struggling over how much you want this, Regina, and I suspect if I left you to think, you’d just beat yourself up over
it. I won’t allow that.” Emma waved suddenly to flag down a taxi, and turned to cup Regina’s face. “Maybe feeling this way is exactly what we need.” She opened the door to let Regina slide into the back seat and got in beside her.

“Take us to 108 Mifflin Street.” Emma said clearly. With a wave of her hand the thick plastic between the driver and them shimmered, and she turned to Regina with a lustful smirk. “It’s a spell, so all he sees and hears is us sitting politely in the back, with no idea of what’s really going on.” Emma clasped her hand around Regina’s knee and very slowly began to trail it up her thigh. “May I?” She asked, waiting for confirmation before she raised Regina’s already short dress to get a good look at her bare little pussy. “I believe you wanted my fingers.” Emma whispered, her tone sultry as she stroked two of them over Regina’s glistening lips, parting her gently to teasingly feel the velvety warmth of her moist hole against her fingertips.

Cloudy headed and all too enthralled, Regina could only nod weakly in agreement and gaze down at her completely susceptible opening. With bedroom eyes, she glanced back at Emma and then leaned heavily into her arms, feeling so lethargic and yet simultaneously more aroused than she ever had in her life. “You promise he won’t hear us?” she whispered, and lifted her backside to give Emma entry to her sex.

Emma’s deft middle finger carefully dilated her, and they both watched it slide in up to the first knuckle and how her vagina welcomed the intrusion. Her silken ring of pink muscle grasped juicily at Emma’s finger, and Emma penetrated her more fully to give her a praising, internal caressing. “He won’t hear us,” Emma lilted in her ear. “The only one who gets to see and hear you like this is me, Regina.” She shook her head and tutted for effect before carrying on huskily. “But you are being so good for me right now, taking the risk.”

Regina let her head fall onto Emma’s shoulder and softly whimpered in excitement. “Em… Em-ma,” she sighed, lacking the ability to be coherent.

“Shh,” Emma crooned into her ear, and leaned in to kiss her forehead and eyelids in the hopes of calming her. “That’s it, Regina, relax against me and let me feel how much you've wanted this. The whole day you've been testing yourself, too, haven't you? You’re already wet for me, and taking my fingers so eagerly. I can't wait to get you home so I can fuck you just how your beautiful pussy needs it. But I've got to open you up first so you can take all of my cock, don't I? Be a good girl for me, Regina, and take another finger.”

Regina slipped her hands between her legs and spread her pussy lips for Emma to fill her with two fingers. They fit snugly inside of her, but the smooth glide allowed Emma to gently drum at her inner wall to coax it open.

Emma pushed in deeper, until her palm rested flatly against soft skin, and then she gently separated
“Give me more,” Regina practically pleaded. “You’re right, Emma. This has been a test of my willpower, too. And now I am surrendering to what I so desperately want – what I’ve always wanted with you.”

Brushing her lips against Regina’s cheek, Emma indulged her by inserting a third finger and pumping steadily inside with a whisper of, “I’m proud of you for admitting that.” There was no rush in her movements as she lazily stroked Regina’s warm, wet muscles—acquainting herself intimately with the way Regina felt, the tantalizing heat that she couldn’t get enough of.

By the time the taxi reached the mansion, Emma’s palm was thoroughly coated in Regina’s slippery arousal, and she was reluctant to remove her fingers, though she did. Carefully, with her other hand, she paid the driver and stepped out to join Regina on the sidewalk. She took her coat off to place around Regina’s shoulders. It hung lower than the dress Regina wore, and once they were passed the gate, Emma’s hand returned to the soft warmth of Regina’s pussy. As they walked up the path, Emma toyed with her swollen little clit, giving it fleeting and feather light caresses. “When we get in, I want you to tell me what you hoped would happen tonight with your plans. Then I want you to bring me the condom and I’ll decide what we’ll do from there.”

Emma pulled the door open and locked it behind them with a resounding click. Finally taking her hand back, Emma directed a smoldering look towards Regina and languidly licked one of her fingers clean.

Regina could scarcely stand and wobbled in her heels as she hugged Emma’s coat around her. From the heat of their escapade in the car, Regina’s hair curled wildly. She brushed a stray bang behind her ear and then went still as she observed Emma brazenly tasting her arousal. The sight only further diminished her composure and fueled her sex drive.

Gesturing towards the living room, Regina stepped off to sink listlessly onto the couch. “I had hoped to hold out on you, and test your self-restraint,” she huffed. “I figured that if you couldn’t feel me, perhaps it would help you control your urges, so that is why I was going to have you use protection. I also thought it would be an appropriate punishment for running your mouth.” With a magical snap of her fingers, she produced a condom in a silver foil wrapper and passed it over to Emma.

Plucking it from her fingers, Emma eyed the small square packet and quirked an eyebrow at Regina’s reasoning. “Maybe it is an adequate punishment,” she murmured, ripping the foil with her teeth. “Why don’t we find out?” It was a coy suggestion but one that Emma seemed compelled to carry out. After all, this whole day was to pay amends for her earlier behavior, and there was no sense backing out now. What kind of test would it be if she cheated right at the end?
Her quick fingers made easy work of her pants and they dropped around her ankles—an inky black pool that she stepped out of to stand before Regina. It felt peculiar to be naked from the waist down, and somewhat lewd to have her cock right in front of Regina’s face, but she wanted her to see that she was serious as she settled the condom on the head and rolled it straight down to the base. The latex had a strange and chilled texture, though it quickly warmed as she husked, “Pick a room, Regina, and tell me a position you want to be fucked in.”

Regina subtly lifted her chin, and let her eyes rove over Emma’s covered cock. “Bend me over the couch,” she muttered, and then began to unzip her dress. Emma finished it off for her, and then delicately shimmied the garment up and over her head. Regina moved onto her knees then, and draped herself over the cushions and the arm of the sofa. Thrusting her backside into the air, she sprawled out with her hands stretched flat in front of her and her cheek resting against the soft fabric of a pillow.

From the vantage point behind her, Emma saw how her wetly swollen lips came together, and was treated to a peek of her messy hole. Emma gripped both of her ass cheeks, massaging forcefully and shamelessly spreading Regina to get a better glimpse inside her vagina, and at her small and squeezing asshole. It nearly undid Emma, and definitely brought out her more animalistic passion, but she worshipfully smoothed her hands over Regina’s hips and down her spine, not rushing this and closely taking in each of Regina’s reactions.

“Emma,” Regina softly muttered, and positioned her knees further apart. “Is this better?”

“It’s perfect,” Emma whispered. The sight of Regina stirred emotions inside her that went deeper than the darkness, and she groaned as she ran the pad of her thumb between her soaked folds, teasing the glistening pearl that plumply protruded. Emma hunkered down to bring her face closer and sighed. “You’re beautiful, Regina.” With a delicate kiss against her clit that promised more would come later, Emma straightened up, then put one hand on Regina’s backside, and the other around the base of her cock. “I think we should stick to your plan.” She began a slow, deliberate tease of running the tip of her cock over Regina, watching her delicate lips part around her, and the way her empty hole quivered in need.

Emma could feel the urge to slam into Regina and fuck her, but she denied her baser desires by concentrating on that other deep feeling—that soft, almost pulsing heat that radiated from her heart as she looked down at Regina in such a wonderfully inclined position. So trusting, and so willing to bend to Emma’s will. That was why she couldn’t allow the darkness to control her, to corrupt this moment like it had the others. Regina needed to know exactly how Emma really felt, and this wasn’t going to be fast and rough. “Are you ready?” Emma asked, and gently held both of Regina’s hips.

Bending her knees, Emma pushed the tip of her cock against Regina’s eagerly accepting pussy, and
released a low moan as it greedily pulled her in deeper. For the first time, Emma fully appreciated the slow plunge into the woman she loved, and relished the way Regina’s silken muscles clasped around her, even if she couldn’t feel it quite as well through the thin latex. Pressing her thighs firmly against Regina’s backside, Emma leaned over to kiss up the expanse of her back. Her tongue swirled languidly over the sensitive skin at Regina’s neck and she scraped her teeth over it. “The only thing you are tonight Regina…” Emma began in sultry whisper, her lips ghosting the shell of her ear, “Is my very good girl, who deserves to be treated as the Queen she is.”

Capturing Regina’s earlobe between her teeth, Emma began to rock her hips, sliding her cock deeper inside Regina’s hot cunt with gentle, controlled strokes.

Regina arched into the merger of their bodies, and with languid motions rolled back into Emma. She never expected to like being called girl, but somehow hearing such affirmations gave her intense gratification. Perhaps it might have been because she spent many of her younger years trying to be pleasing to others. It appealed to some deep-rooted part of her when Emma expressed approval for her willingness to take a nice, hard pounding.

With Emma’s cock absolutely buried inside of her, Regina gripped at the cushion for leverage, but somehow this whole exchange seemed tempered by what happened earlier in the day. “I know what you’re doing, Emma,” she breathlessly disclosed. “You can make love to me and still be forceful. I don’t want you to be anything but who you are, and I trust you. I wasn’t sure that I could, but I feel certain now.”

Emma let her forehead rest against Regina’s shoulder, and swallowed against the emotions that threatened to overwhelm her. On one hand Regina was right, but on the other, Emma could lose herself in the moment and say something vulgar. That was the risk she had to take though, wasn’t it? To see if she really could control the words that flew out of her mouth. “I just want to show you how much I love you.” Emma whispered, kissing the base of Regina’s neck. She ran her hands over the dimples on Regina’s lower back, then grasped at her waist to drag her back into a first, and forceful half thrust. The wet smack of Regina’s soft cunt against her was like music, and it clenched powerfully around her inside. “Is this what you’ve been wanting, Regina?” she asked, but Regina’s resounding moan said it all.

Keeping a steady and fast pace, Emma pumped her hips harder into Regina and sank every inch of her cock in as deep as she could get it. Groans fell from her lips at the sensation of stretching Regina’s needy pussy so thoroughly and she uttered a low praise of, “Go on, Regina, move your hips for me, and let me see how much you can take.” The sounds of her thighs hitting Regina’s backside echoed and mingled with their heavy breathing, and Emma was mesmerized by the sight of her reddening ass, glossy with a sheen of sweat. The obscene view of her puckered, twitching asshole felt forbidden, and coupled with the sight of her cock plunging into Regina’s sopping pussy, it only made her harder. Emma splayed her palm against Regina’s backside and let her thumb stroke between her cheeks. “Do you have any idea how sexy you are bent over like this?”
Regina tossed her hair to prevent it from hanging in front of her face as she repeatedly drilled herself on Emma’s broad tip and thick shaft. Rounding her shoulders and keeping her ass up high, Regina only faltered from her pose when Emma’s finger settled firmly in the soft dip between her cheeks, and then lingered above the tiny rosebud of her other hole. “I imagine you’re quite turned on by it, because you’re not watching what you’re doing with your hands,” she pointed out. “Or perhaps you’re perfectly aware, in which case I give you permission to proceed with gentle touching—but that is all.”

Righting herself, Regina planted her hands for better balance and revolved her hips as she took every thrust of Emma’s cock.

Emma heard a low, throaty growl of desire escape her and bared her teeth as she fought the sudden urge to caress Regina in places that were off-limits. The darkness inside her unfurled and her thumb moved precariously close to the nervously squeezing ring as she continued to fuck Regina with powerful thrusts. “No.” She snarled under her breath. She watched as her hand began to shake violently, and the sound of her breaths became labored as she forced her hand to move back to Regina’s hip. Roughly exhaling, she held onto Regina and panted out, “No, not tonight. I was just admiring.”

Tipping her head back, Emma experienced a small sense of victory. She let it wash over her as the sounds of her enthusiastic bucking evoked a long, low moan from Regina. Reaching around her hip, Emma’s fingers delved between Regina’s slippery folds to find the stiff little pearl hidden within. “You’re going to be good for me, and come really hard around my thick cock, aren’t you, Regina?” With feather light touches, Emma used two fingertips to circle and stroke the sensitive bud and moaned at the way Regina’s warm cunt spasmed in response. “I can feel how close you are already.”

Regina’s face turned a dark and scalding crimson as she pursued pleasure with every devoted and insistent pitch of her hips. Her pelvic muscles pressed in around Emma’s cock for lasting sensation and she groaned, rich and gravelly as she cursed. “I am. So close,” she rumbled. “Fuck me. Make me remember this for days, Emma. I was so furious at you for using such crass language, but maybe some part of me liked it. I feel so desperate to be fucked, and the most twisted words keep entering my mind, even though you’ve been nothing but polite. Whatever this is, whatever is happening between us, it’s intoxicating.” As her body convulsed with Emma sheathed deep inside of her pussy, Regina raggedly cried and reached out to cling to her lover. Emma’s arms closed around her and after taking a while to catch her breath, Regina turned around and allowed Emma to carry her out of the living room and up to bed.

There had always been a certain strength to Emma, and the exception as she took the stairs with Regina securely in her arms was that she finally felt it. Raw energy sparked through her entire body, adrenaline coursed through her veins at full speed, and endorphins mixed with dark magic gave her a high unlike any drug. She could do anything, literally, but all that mattered to her was the knowledge that she could subdue the darkness when it came to Regina. She lowered Regina onto the bed carefully, then Emma kissed her breathless. “Tell me the twisted words that you kept thinking about.” It wasn’t a question so much as a sultry command that ended with Emma’s hands parting
Regina’s thighs to admire her swollen, puffy lips and gaping pink hole. She grunted in appreciation then quirked an eyebrow at Regina.

Emma straightened up to yank her tie off, her hands finally ridding herself of the shirt that clung to her sweaty skin. Her hand dropped to her still hard cock, and rolled the condom off almost as an afterthought. She held it up to show Regina she’d honored the plan to deny her release, then strode to the bathroom to drop it in the trash. As she came back, she stood at the edge of the bed to admire the sight of Regina naked.

Regina languished against her pillows, and shook her head as if unsuccessfully attempting to free herself from thoughts she was afraid to confide in Emma. “I just keep hearing your voice in my head, telling me what to do and calling me your slut,” she confessed. “You make me want what I previously detested, and it’s confusing to me.” Her big, soulful eyes beckoned to Emma, and she raised her arms up in a silent plea. Emma walked around the bed and sat beside her, and Regina slid into her lap. She placed her head on Emma’s shoulder and a strange memory came back to her, of the first time she summoned a Dark One using a spell book, and how he curiously cupped her innocent face. Her vision blurred and she hung on to Emma’s shoulders as the bedroom seemed to turn, blending past and present experiences—yet she clung all the more tightly to Emma’s neck and soon the unusual recollections passed. “All day, I kept envisioning you looking me over — pulling down my panties when I least expect it, so you can see my pussy. You rub me, and make sure that I know I’ve been so good for allowing you to treat me like that. For being your ‘dirty slut’ —”

As her eyelashes drooped heavily, Regina was every bit like the young woman she once had been, and yet much more capable of handling her competing and complex desires.

With her arms wrapped around Regina, there was no way for Emma to conceal how the confession aroused her. Emma’s thick cock strained against Regina’s ass and she groaned quietly in excitement. “Are you saying this is what you want? That I passed the test and can speak to you like that?” It shouldn’t thrill her as much as it did, somewhere in the back of her mind Emma knew that, but to hear Regina admit how she’d already thought of herself like that? It left the darkness all but singing in her veins.

“You’ve shown self-restraint today,” Regina confirmed, and pushed out her bottom lip subtly as she chose her next words carefully. “Earlier, you assured me that this dirty talk is something you have wanted to experiment with for a while. I believe you, and therefore I don’t wholly associate it with the Darkness. In the context of this relationship, in which I very much want vigorous and frequent sex, I can see how that word might be used to show dominance and to remind me of my needs. The short answer to your question is yes, Emma—you can speak freely. I am putting my faith in you.”

“If you move a little to the left, I’ll return the favor and put something in you.” Emma suggestively quipped with a sly smirk. Placing her hand between Regina’s thighs, she cupped her tender, soaked sex and rubbed it soothingly with her palm. “I’m joking. I think you’ve had enough for tonight. The
only thing I’ll be slipping into is the shower, and maybe some comfortable pajamas.” Untangling herself from Regina, Emma sauntered off to get clean, and returned minutes later in a pair of dark silk pajamas, carrying the bouquet of roses and the fancy box of chocolates Regina had left in her car. With a flick of her wrist, the flowers were suddenly in a beautiful vase on Regna’s vanity. Emma opened the box and selected one of the chocolates before she settled into bed beside Regina. She offered the treat by running it along Regina’s lower lip, and slipped it onto her tongue as she opened her mouth.

The decadent chocolate melted against her taste buds, and Regina grinned broadly as she grabbed Emma’s arm and reached to guide it around her. Emma seemed more herself in these moments than she had in the past few days, and it put Regina at ease as she went through her evening routine of showering and getting tucked into bed—but she sensed they were far from falling asleep as their fingers entwined and Emma pulled her closer. They shared a searing kiss that gradually became sweeter, and when Regina rolled onto her side, she ensured Emma came with her by keeping their hands clasped. Gazing into the shadow of the room, Regina briefly wondered if she made the right choice—the one that would be best for them both. She reflected on it in silence as Emma kissed her neck and wrapped around her.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed the chapter, please let us know. We’re writing this in between other stories, and it helps us decide whether we want to continue immediately, or work on another unfinished fic.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

So, this chapter is a mixed bag of things - comedy, smut, Robin massively overstepping (TW for that: he puts his hands on Regina), and more graphic smut at the end. It's 17k+ words - super long in case you're planning to read in one sitting.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sleep, just like the nights before, had eluded Emma—except this time she had anticipated it, and in her acceptance of her wakeful state, she found a sense of peace by watching over Regina. In the morning, she slipped from bed, got dressed for the day, and settled herself in the kitchen, where she made coffee, whole grain toast and scrambled eggs. Regina had risen to find Emma sitting at the dining table, waiting with breakfast and a bright smile. They enjoyed a quiet morning together, and shared a slow kiss before Regina rushed off to the Mayor’s office.

With no real plans for her day off, Emma walked into town to pick up her car, and found herself gravitating towards Granny’s diner instead. She wanted to speak to Gold, but she could start with Ruby first.

With her ass about to slide onto a stool, Emma leaned onto the counter to flag Ruby down when a hand tentatively touched her arm, then pulled back as if scalded.

Curiously, Emma turned to observe a young woman no older than Ruby with dark hair. She flinched when they made eye contact and lowered her head. “Sheriff Swan?” she mumbled. “I’m Jenna, and I don’t mean to bother you, but I thought maybe you could help...”

Pressing her lips together, Emma looked back to Ruby and sighed dismissively. “I’m not on duty today. David should be at the station by now.”

Jenna shuffled in place uncomfortably, her voice barely a whisper. “Yeah, but he wasn’t much help yesterday. Harvey doesn’t really respond to a strong talk. Not everyone is as noble as David.”

Ruby was busy serving half the dwarves, and Emma knew from experience that they ate like there was no tomorrow. Reluctantly, she turned to ask dryly, “Who is Harvey, and what do you want?”
Licking her lips nervously, Jenna muttered, “My ex-boyfriend. When I ended the relationship a week ago, he decided to keep all of my things. I don’t want any trouble. I just want my clothes. He can keep the rest.”

Emma straightened and fully looked at Jenna—her shirt was creased and unkempt, and her jeans were frayed. Suddenly Emma thought of how ratty her own clothes had become when she had been homeless and had nothing else to wear. The Darkness responded to her emotions the way metal was drawn to magnets and she snarled quietly. “Where does he live?”

“A block away, behind The Rabbit hole. Second floor, number 12,” Jenna quickly supplied, stepping back as if she could feel the shift in Emma.

Without another word, Emma stormed out of the diner and marched her way straight to his door. Her knuckles stung from the force she used to knock.

Harvey answered with a smirk and little else as he stood in his boxers. “I’ll tell you what I told your old man. I don’t owe her shit. She left her stuff here. I never stole it. Now quit bothering me. I’m in the middle of something.”

His attempt at slamming the door in her face resulted in Emma kicking it back open before it had the chance to close. Harvey stumbled backwards with a yell of, “What the fuck?” Fear worked through him, leaving his face pale and eyes wild as Emma strode straight on in.

“Here’s the thing, guys like you don’t call the shots around here anymore, and you sure as shit don’t get to keep anyone’s possessions just because your ego’s the size of a nickel.” Emma drawled, haphazardly grabbing the clothes that looked like Jenna’s and stuffing them into a bag she found in the kitchen. She moved methodically from room to room, snatching things up, until her attention was drawn to the PS4 that was paused mid-game. Snorting, she unhooked the console and stuffed it into the bag too, along with the games littered around the TV.

“Hey, that’s mine!” Harvey wailed, following Emma like a lost dog.

“Not any more.” Emma sneered, pausing to get in his face with a quiet threat of, “Come near her again and I’ll be back for more than this, you got it?”

Gulping, Harvey merely nodded and backed down. Satisfied that he had learned his lesson, Emma left in a swirl of grey, and materialized outside the diner much to Jenna’s delight. Rushing outside,
Jenna wrapped her arms around Emma with a murmur of, “Thank you, Sheriff Swan.”

Emma pulled back and gave her an awkward pat on the shoulder. “Don’t mention it.” She muttered, then added more firmly, “Seriously, just don’t mention it.”

Before Jenna could react, Emma crossed the street, deciding the best thing she could do was just get her car and go home. And she would have, too, if elderly Martha Crane hadn’t stopped her on the way, to beg Emma to rescue her damn cat from a tree.

Of course that’s when Emma’s phone buzzed in her back pocket to say she had a message.

Releasing a heavy sigh, Emma ignored the phone and climbed the tree. She inched her way across a branch, snagging her tank top in the process and scraping her stomach on the thick, cracked bark. Reaching with her right hand, her fingers grazed the grey cat’s whiskers. “Come on, you little fuck…” Emma grunted under her breath. The cat blinked slowly, and with a lazy flick of its tail, sauntered off towards the thinner end of the branch to sit proudly, well out of her current reach. Her phone buzzed again, and she grouchily snapped, “What now?”

“Sorry dear?” Martha called up from where she stood beneath the tall tree. Her wrinkled face was kind and her eyes were wide behind thick glasses. “Are you alright up there? Please do be careful. Mr. Tibbs is frightened of magic!”

Emma pressed her forehead against the branch and huffed out a breath. “Everything’s fine, Mrs. Cane.” She yelled back, and wriggled her hand into her back pocket to retrieve her phone. Regina’s name signaled that she had been the recipient of two texts, and Emma skimmed them quickly with a smile curling her lips.

I have a conference call this afternoon at one o’clock.
If you come by with lunch today, you might just get to experience one of your workplace fantasies. – R.

Emma’s thumb danced across her screen as she fired off a quick response, grinning as she hit send. Sounds great, I’ll pick it up and come over once I finish getting some pussy.

Regina paused at her desk, and a flash of anger lit up her eyes as she scanned Emma’s message. She set down the heavy files she was holding, and typed back a harsh reply that she just as soon deleted.
No doubt Emma expected to rile her, but Regina regained her calm in time to consider that there must be more to Emma’s crude phrasing than she immediately assumed.

Deciding to partake in whatever little game Emma had chosen to play this morning, Regina drew the curtains shut in her office.

Then she acted on impulse, and began unfastening the decorative gold belt that latched around her waist. One of Emma’s fantasies involved receiving pictures or videos of Regina, and she thought that sending a message of that nature would be an appropriate act of retaliation. She imagined it would throw Emma completely off guard, and it was the idea of her shocked face that made Regina follow through.

Never having engaged in such behaviors before, Regina had few ideas of how to continue, but she unzipped her black pants and gently shimmied them down so she could slide off her thong. Unbuttoning her blouse seemed like the next natural step, and she only remembered to lock her office door after she shed the last of her clothing. Clearing her throat, she settled awkwardly onto her sofa and lifted her legs off the floor.

Propping herself against a pillow and raising her knees to her chest, Regina allowed them to fall open just as she moved her phone into place. The screen revealed a striking, close up view of her pussy—with smooth outer lips that in this posture barely parted around her glossy, tight hole. Her thumb found her opening, and teased into the damp warmth that came from deep within. All of the muscles in her abdomen went tight, and Regina used her index finger to supply the tiniest bit of friction to her sensitive clit.

She took two pictures for Emma in that position—one tasteful snapshot, and another in which she held her cunt forcefully open to capture a truly pornographic image of her sexual arousal.

Without second thoughts, Regina sent both pictures to Emma’s number, along with a note: **You can get some pussy right now if you come to my office with lunch.**

Across town, Emma grinned as she held her phone up high to get a picture of herself lying across the branch with a curious Mr. Tibbs in the shot, who was watching her intently. Just before she hit the button, Regina’s messages dinged to life on screen and the sudden sight evoked a jolt of surprise and arousal that resulted in two simultaneous things. The first had to do with Emma’s balance, which wobbled considerably as she scrambled to hold onto her phone, and the second was that in her panic she gripped her cell more than the branch she clung to and set off a humiliating chain reaction.
A series of rapid flashes startled the cat, who hissed menacingly and darted straight for her face. Emma lost her footing and brought her arm up to shield herself. For a precarious moment as the cat scaled her body, she dangled by her left hand and tried to pull herself up, only for the branch to groan in protest. The resounding crack as it snapped was all the warning she got before she tumbled eight feet to land solidly on her ass and hip with an undignified shriek at Mrs. Crane's feet. “Martha, I—” Emma wheezed with a grimace. Leaves and twigs poked out of her hair and clothes, and she would have stood up sooner if the old woman hadn’t saw fit to slap her arm with her church pamphlet.

“I warned you he spooked easily and you go blinding him up a tree,” Martha snapped. “You scared him half to death!”

“Mrs. Crane, he’s fine, look at him!” Emma snapped back, pointing to Mr. Tibbs, who was happily licking his asshole by the bushes, as if he hadn’t just climbed down her like a ladder.

“Oh,” Martha paused, sheepishly tucking her pamphlet back into her purse as she smiled sweetly. “I’m sorry Sheriff. I just don’t know what I’d do if anything happened to my little man. Thank you for your assistance.”

“Yeah,” Emma grumbled, pushing herself onto her feet. She began to wipe herself down then stopped to pick up her phone. Much to her chagrin, not only had she managed to snap a selfie with Mr. Tibbs — she’d captured her descent off the tree with him, and sent all fifteen pictures to Regina. “She’ll never let me forget this,” Emma dryly concluded, and composed another text as she headed towards the diner. **Guess you could say your pics really made an impact. On my way to pick up lunch. Be there in ten. Don’t you dare get dressed.**

Ruby spotted her the second she came through the door and despite her best efforts, still laughed in her face. “What the hell happened? You look like you’ve been dragged backwards through a hedge.”

“Rough morning.” Emma rolled her eyes. “Can I get two lunches to go?” She still wanted to speak to Ruby, but not when Regina was naked and waiting for her. Some things could definitely wait until later.

“Coming right up,” Ruby cheerfully grinned, and rushed off to the kitchen.

Barely seven minutes later, Emma swirled into Regina’s office in a cloud of grey magic, looking altogether more presentable, and holding two bagged lunches, and two take-out cups of coffee.
Regina suppressed a smug chuckle as she scrolled through the images on her phone. “I see you failed miserably in your first attempt of the day to ‘get some pussy.’ It would seem you need me to rectify that.” Setting her cell aside, she reached with both hands for a cup of coffee and drank a generous sip.

In keeping with Emma’s instructions, Regina had remained naked from head to toe and brazenly reclined on the couch. Her breasts jostled as she shifted towards Emma, and the cool temperature in the office made her areolas firm and rosier with excitement. Already she could see Emma’s erection pressing into her jeans, so solid and obvious that Regina released it by pulling at the metal zipper.

Emma sat down on the couch and placed the take-out bags on the table in front of them. She adjusted herself and popped open the button on her pants, if only to avoid the chance of injury—but unexpectedly, taking that precaution also prompted Regina to face the wall and poise herself over Emma’s lap.

“You’re so good for letting me have you this way.” Emma husked, altogether overtaken by Regina’s clear intent in hovering over her. “Go ahead and have a seat.” She grabbed Regina’s curvy backside, and then angled the imposing head of her cock upward to forcefully, and deeply ream her small pussy with one strong thrust.

Bouncing her knees gently, Emma encouraged Regina to move and accommodate the sudden but delicious intrusion in her vagina. “Give me what I need, Regina.” She moaned, her strong hands clasping around Regina’s hips to pull her back down onto her stiff cock after every bounce. “I’m going to fuck your bare little cunt all day long. And there’s no way I’m using a condom. I’ve got so much come to leave deep inside of you.”

Regina found her balance and submitted to the slow but insistent momentum that Emma took up. Her legs dangled on either side of Emma, and she breathed harshly as she allowed Emma to truly bottom out inside of her. The massive tip of Emma’s cock was meeting up against her cervix, and Regina had to lift her backside up before fully bearing her weight down on the entire sturdy length of Emma’s penis.

For her part, Emma raised her thighs to make sure her cock completely penetrated Regina, and she leaned forward to watch in the floor length mirror that sat opposite them. She cupped Regina’s stuffed pussy, and positioned them both so she could see just how the wide head of her cock split her open.

“This feels so good,” Regina admitted, and her face flushed with color as she took in the sight of her pussy, and how her delicate lips parted for Emma’s girth. The sensation of the thick, rimmed head
pushing into her, and the visual of its gradual and then quick advance made her knees quiver. She swallowed the self-doubt that rose up in her throat, and muttered the first thoughts that came to her mind. “I want to be a slut for you, Emma. To give myself to you entirely.”

Emma’s teeth sank possessively into the crook of Regina’s throat, partially stifling her growl of desire. The Darkness inside her longed to be free—so famished, and ravenous enough to demand more from Regina. Securing one arm around Regina’s waist to pull her down against every upward thrust, Emma lapped at the bite she left behind with the flat of her tongue, and gripped Regina’s breast with her other hand. “Prove it,” Emma seductively whispered. “Tighten that hungry cunt of yours, and milk the come straight out of my cock like a good slut, and I’ll reward you with the rough fuck you’ve been craving since last night.”

Thrills of passion brought a warm heaviness to Regina’s limbs, and subdued the tinges of alarm that shot up her spine at Emma’s dirty request. Regina obeyed almost instinctually, and let her cunt pump hard around Emma’s huge cock—until she heard the familiar and sloppy wet noise that came from her vagina being so thoroughly rutted. She craned her neck as Emma kissed her shoulders, and then stared down at the glistening place where their bodies melded—at the ripple of veins on Emma’s rigid penis, and the groove at the tip that copiously leaked fluid. The traces of runny desire clung messily to Regina’s pussy lips, and Emma’s repetitive thrusting pushed it all into her tiny hole. “Fuck my pussy, and come deep inside of me. Show me everything you’ve wanted to do to me, now that you’re in charge—”

Leaning back into the couch to fully raise her hips at a more rapid pace, Emma’s eyes focused on Regina’s face in the mirror, devouring the vision of her—so captivated by witnessing her reddening pussy taking such forceful strokes of her thick cock. Absently, Emma flicked her wrist to cast a spell to soundproof the office. “So nobody outside hears the sounds of you getting ploughed, Madam Mayor,” she crudely remarked.

“Ploughed?” Regina snorted pathetically, unable to think of any way to tease Emma for that wording—because it was an appropriate description for what Emma was doing to her. She had never experienced anything quite like this before.

Emma slid her hand down to finger Regina’s clit with fast and deliberate circles, and she grunted when she felt slick muscles spasm around her. She couldn’t resist the way she slammed into Regina as her cock twitched and pulsed, shooting her warm seed deep inside her cunt.

Emma pulled out the second the last spurt ended, and boldly kept Regina’s legs spread over her own thighs. With nimble fingers, she spread Regina’s puffy lips and held her raw hole open to show off the come she left behind. “Look at what a good girl you are for me,” she encouraged, enjoying the way her fluids trickled and gathered over both of their laps. Regina’s gaping pussy uselessly tried to clench around nothing in its desperation to be filled again and Emma moaned in approval. “Tell me you want more cock, Regina, and maybe I’ll give it to you.”
Regina attempted to get up, but her legs protested any movement, and she remained seated on Emma’s lap as she reached for her cell. “After my phone call,” she softly stated, and stole a glance at the chic clock on the wall that indicated quite clearly that she was late. “It’s actually much more important than I let on earlier. There’s a committee forming on land development, and its primary goal is in direct conflict with the interests of our town’s biggest environmental group. To give you the quick run-down: King George wants to clear forests to build houses, and the wood nymphs aren’t happy about it. If I don’t mediate, we’ll have a war on our hands.” As she dialed the conference number, Regina noticed the generous amount of come that coated her body, and she could still feel the hot seed that flooded her pussy.

Regina leaned back against Emma comfortably as she waited to get through to the conference line. Then all of the sudden they were interrupted by King George’s blaring voice, which asked: “Mayor, is that you joining the call? I suggest you tell these ridiculous, tree-hugging pansies that I am not breaking any laws by developing my own land.”

“You own the deeds to that land due to several purchases you made from the town during your time as Albert Spencer,” Regina confirmed, and then rolled her eyes towards the ceiling as several wood nymphs began to chatter angrily.

“But,” Regina hissed through her teeth, as she held the phone in front of her mouth, lest she be drowned out. “There is an endangered species that dwells in those forests, which means you need to obtain a permit from my board to develop that land.”

Almost on cue, Regina set down her phone at a distance, while King George went on a tirade with frequent, furious interjections from the wood nymphs. “They’re going to argue for a little while, and then I’ll stop them, and repeat what I just said,” Regina muttered.

Intrigued by the viciousness of the argument, Emma quirked an eyebrow at the phone on the table and clasped her arms lightly around Regina’s middle as she settled. “What’s the endangered species?” she asked in a whisper, not that it truly mattered. If it came down to siding with anyone over King George, she would automatically pick them just to spite the old bastard. Which explained her interest as she followed up with another quiet question. “Who’s on your board that decides the outcome of this?”

While she mused over the growing rage that emitted from the phone in shrieks and bellows, Emma’s fingers idly trailed over Regina’s soft, smooth lips to swirl the remains of her excitement over her tender folds. With gentle persistence, she skimmed across Regina’s swollen clit and teased her empty hole with the tip of her finger by circling it. It wasn’t enough stimulation to fully distract Regina, but enough to keep her on edge.
Regina drew a sharp breath as Emma kept playing with the slippery lips of her cunt and gave special attention to her aching clit. She bit down on her mouth to silence a throaty, inevitable whimper, and then choked out a terse answer for Emma. “It’s a protected species of grouse, and there are seven members on the board which could grant King George his permit—including me, your parents, the Blue Fairy, Widow Lucas, Princess Edwina of the Upperlands, and Robin Hood. His merry men have a vested interest in saving our forests and recently voted him into office.”

“Of course they did.” Emma drawled sarcastically, the words frothing on her tongue in disgust at the idea of that fool having any say in a town where he only just took up residence. He had nothing political to gain from being part of the board, and all the intelligence of squirrel shit, so the only draw to it would have been Regina.

All the times Emma rolled her eyes at the prompting from her parents to participate in town politics suddenly came back to haunt her, but the growing aggravation she felt was tempered by the quiet machinations filling her head. “How many votes does the committee need in order to pass King George’s permit?”

Emma’s curiosity wasn’t the only thing aroused, and she smirked at the way Regina squirmed in her lap, unable to close her legs to prevent her from rubbing her freshly fucked pussy. Angling her hips up, Emma dropped one hand between them to position her erection against Regina’s spread puffy lips and moved Regina’s hand to the tip of her cock to hold it in place. Without warning, Emma gripped Regina’s legs and unhooked them from her own to close almost demurely so that she was indeed sitting on her lap. It just so happened that Emma’s thick cock was nestled between her soaked cunt lips, and she rocked gently to feel the exquisite warmth wrapped around her. “You might as well eat your lunch while they bicker,” she suggested, pinching Regina’s right nipple to roll between her fingertips. “It’s not like any of us are going anywhere.”

“Eat lunch while you’re practically inside of me?” Regina’s inhalations became labored while they began to grind against one another, giving and taking until the burgeoning need for more blossomed hotly in her belly. She snatched up her phone and carefully stood up, crossing the room to clear her belongings off her desk. “The couch will creak, but my desk is solid marble,” she confided.

“Mayor Mills, are you even still listening?” King George barked, and Regina just had enough time to announce her continued presence before he offered up his counterargument to the wood nymphs, which he interspersed with plenty of insults.

Regina dared not put her phone on mute, in case she needed to shut him up at a moment’s notice, and yet she crawled onto her desk with the ease of lioness as she caught Emma leering at her.

Stalking over to Regina, Emma urged her onto her back with a confident hand and pulled her by the hips until her ass was resting on the side of her expensive desk. This time, Emma didn’t part
Regina’s legs, so much as drape her ankles over her shoulders as she positioned the head of her cock against her come-gushing vagina.

“You’re being such a good little slut, letting me fuck you raw in the middle of a conference call.” Emma whispered in praise, as her gaze dragged across Regina in her wanton state before she drove the whole solid length of her cock back into Regina’s pussy. There was no slow build up this time—only powerful repetitive thrusts that echoed around the room with unrelenting smacks every time Emma buried her cock into Regina’s hot, tight hole. Emma’s arms wrapped around Regina’s legs for leverage and to keep her in place, but her enthusiastic hips collided with the desk and shoved it a few inches as if it weighed nothing.

The loud scraping evoked a sudden pause in the argument, and George snapped uproariously, “What was that? Is someone moving furniture during our damn meeting?”

Regina flexibly contorted herself as Emma gave her an intense pounding, and opened up her pussy in ways she had never experienced before. “It was my chair,” she grunted. “I have to stretch my legs.”

Part of her did need to stretch, but no one else knew that: Emma’s cock stretched her internally, with a deep caressing that caused a lightheaded bliss to completely engulf her. “Oh,” she rasped, red in the face but shocked to find that her petite body could handle this sort of bareback and extreme treatment. As she curled herself to glimpse Emma’s hard-on, which lengthened and expanded rigidly, Regina grabbed her own ankles and attempted to steady her shallow breathing.

This new level of infatuation between them knew no bounds, and Regina doubted she could hold out on Emma even if it meant public disgrace. No matter what happened, or where they might find themselves, her sexual urges were too strong to deny, and she dropped her head back against the desk as Emma plunged into her well-fucked pussy.

“Don’t let them hear you,” Regina pleaded, although the reverberating slapping sounds were impossible to hide, and there was no way she would make Emma stop. “But whatever you do, keep going. I need this, Emma. I need it so badly.”

Regina’s reaction to the risk they faced heightened the thrill of their indecent act, and Emma watched as her cock spread Regina’s slippery hole to a full stretch. It was a sight she’d never tire of seeing, and the excitement of it only made her swell in size. There was a lot of potential here to up the ante, and so she quickened her thrusts just to hear the lewd noise of their fucking. “What’s wrong, Madam Mayor?” Emma whispered salaciously. “Afraid they’re going to hear how much of dirty little slut you are, getting your hot little cunt fucked in the office? I wonder if they can hear how wet your pussy is.” She let the idea hang in the air for a thrilling moment just to intensify the experience.
The sounds of arguing grew louder, with George bellowing about how ridiculous this all was, and how he shouldn’t have to consult with anyone about what to do with his own land. The wood nymphs chimed in, unwilling to back down or give up their crusade, and so the debate raged on as Emma all but leaned across the desk to better pound into Regina’s deliciously warm, wet vagina. “Let’s see if you can be an obedient little slut and do as I say.” Emma rumbled challengingly. Her lips twisted into a grin as she watched Regina’s eyes become glassy. She bucked her hips roughly into Regina, forcing her impossibly thick cock as deep as she could get it into her sopping pussy, much faster than before. The whole marble desk shook with the power of her movements, and Emma groaned lustfully. “Tell me how much you enjoy having your tight fuck hole opened up, and maybe I’ll fill it with come as everyone listens.”

“Emma,” Regina gasped out in a scandalized tone, although all of the air caught in her raspy throat, and she made wonderfully rich noises that proved just how much Emma’s filthy talk appealed to her. “I love it,” she finally whimpered, and hoisted her legs up not only higher, but also further apart to accept the brutal pummeling from Emma’s cock, which drove so far into her unprotected pussy.

Any rational fears she might have about the conference call had been tucked away, because all she could concentrate on was Emma—how strong and even arrogant she seemed while towering above Regina. Without any hesitation or too much consideration, Regina let herself speak honestly. “I feel almost as though my body to belongs to you now, as strange as that might sound. It’s as if you have some new power over it, because every part of me responds so easily to you. There’s very little that could interfere with these sexual needs, Emma. And I made you a promise yesterday—that I would give you total control, and be a well-behaved slut for you. Keep me honest, and fuck me that way.”

Every single word out of Regina’s mouth set Emma’s blood on fire, and a heavy lustful haze fell upon her, blurring her vision for a moment as her hooded gaze glazed over and a deep, primal growl rumbled from the back of her throat. If the Darkness had possessed a checklist of what it wanted to hear, this would have ticked off every box.

Emma shuddered from the intensity of her desires and slammed her cock roughly inside Regina’s clenching wet cunt with a guttural grunt of release. Liquid heat poured from the tip of her cock and filled Regina with thick, satisfying spurts. Her cock remained straining and stiff as she pulled out suddenly to look at her work. “You should see what a messy cunt you have.” She husked thickly, bending down to spread Regina’s slick pussy lips with her eager fingers to look inside her hole. “So pretty, all swollen and covered in my come.” She stated almost wistfully, then straightened up to look at Regina with a confident smirk. “If you want to be my slut, then I’m going to treat you like one. Get up.” She commanded authoritatively, only to take Regina by the hand and guide her over to the window.

Emma touched the cool glass briefly as she looked out, noting that nobody was around before standing Regina in front of it, with her hands on the windowsill for leverage. “Bend over,” She coolly requested, “and get that ass high in the air.” She punctuated what she wanted by delivering a
quick smack to Regina’s backside, squeezing afterwards to ease the sharp sting to a more delicious warmth. “I want to see how quiet you can be as I take your sweet little pussy from behind.” Emma walked off suddenly and came back with Regina’s cell phone. George was still ranting as she set the phone on the windowsill in between Regina’s splayed hands with a devilish grin. “You don’t want anyone looking up to see you being fucked like a dirty slut, do you? What would they think, seeing their Mayor and Queen getting pounded in her own office? So be a good girl, and stay quiet as I make your wet hole mine.” Emma rogishly whispered, gripping Regina’s hips to force the tip of her cock back inside her tight cunt, relishing the silky heat that wrapped around her and drew her in further.

Regina lunged forward involuntarily as Emma took hold of her ass again and kept her positioned against the broad windows that overlooked the center of their respectable little town.

Shudders of fright went through Regina’s shoulders as she gazed down at the garden, and yet she remained with her feet firmly planted and did just what Emma demanded. Unlike yesterday, when she questioned Emma every step of the way, Regina experienced a sort of quiet resignation and devotedness to fulfilling both of their most unseemly desires. Without any shows of resistance and hardly even a fleeting thought to just how much their reputations were on the line, Regina freed herself entirely to submit to Emma. It mattered very little that anyone who happened to look up would get a good glimpse of her face, and her round, small breasts as Emma took her from behind.

Emma continued to ravage her cunt tirelessly—until the sensations of pleasure brought a new liberation to her body. And yet in spite of how high she felt, a knot of conflict still formed in the pit of her belly.

It reminded Regina that this was tasteless behavior, and she chastised herself until she was struck by an intrusive thought that she was lost—that somehow she committed herself to the Darkness as much as she had committed to Emma. The Darkness only made binding contracts, and because it manifested through Emma, its lure was far too strong.

Her pussy gripped greedily at Emma’s cock, and she moaned as pulsating and exhilarating throbs went through her sex then spiraled outward through her tense tummy and limbs. Regina came with Emma’s cock fully inside of her and her muscles closed hard around the length until she ached. But Emma kept drilling into her, so vigorously that she let out a silent cry that only made her throat leap as she opened her mouth. “Emma — *Emma*—” she groaned worshipfully, and a tear of ecstasy rolled fatly down her cheek.

Unaware of the mixed feelings at war within Regina, Emma felt elated at hearing the breathy way her name was repeated. It fed into everything she’d always hoped for, long before she took the Darkness. Knowing that she’d brought about such intense pleasure gave her a thrill all on its own, and she groaned at the way Regina’s tight, hot muscles gave way to exquisite spasm around her, enticing another flood of ejaculate to shoot freely from her as her cock throbbed and twitched in
response. Emma coiled her arms around Regina’s abdomen and pulled her firmly back against her, thrusting through her own release as she reached down to part Regina’s slippery folds to manipulate her swollen clit with ease. “I want to feel you lose control.” Emma hoarsely stated. “I want you to act on the filthiest thing that runs through your mind.”

The command left Regina trembling as much as her orgasm did, and she turned around to loosely take hold of Emma’s legs as she fell onto her knees. She pressed her face against Emma’s lap, and shut her eyes as she opened her inviting mouth for Emma’s cock. The last jet of Emma’s come shot into her, and dribbled down her lips and chin as she flicked her tongue into the tiny hollow where Emma’s essence still somehow flowed. Her nostrils flared, drawing in air as she swallowed generous streams of ropy fluid.

Emma let a groan erupt from her as she watched and felt Regina take her into her mouth. Instinctively, she brought one hand up to stroke through Regina’s hair, then coaxed her up by the chin. Guiding Regina back onto her shaky feet, Emma kissed her with passion and steamy possessiveness.

“Regina, do you hear this?” George hollered through the phone. “They’ve lost their minds if they think this is how you negotiate!”

Regina limply faltered against Emma, and locked eyes with her to find a glimmer of happiness that belonged uniquely to her. She teetered unsteadily, to the point that Emma picked her up and carried her back to the couch.

“Regina, there must be a problem with your line!” George blustered conclusively, and Regina could picture his sneer. “All I can hear is static.”

“I might have ensured that nobody would hear us.” Emma mischievously announced, her eyes sparkling with mirth as she waved her hand to bring the phone back to couch with them. “Nobody could see through the window either. I placed a temporary charm on it before you even stepped close. I figured part of the thrill would be you assuming the risk was far greater than it ever was.”

Regina appreciated the precautionary measures and that showed in the way she smiled softly from her eyes as she all but collapsed into Emma’s muscular arms.

In tender moments like this one, the Darkness seemed so far away, and unable to touch them. Regina had almost convinced herself to dismiss the terrible fear that had briefly seized her — and then George’s screaming became the more pressing worry.
Anything else they might have said to each other was interrupted as George went on a rant about the incompetent town government, and Emma muttered darkly, “I’m lifting the static so you can speak freely.”

“Belittle me all you like, George, but our board will still vote on this issue,” Regina sharply replied. “And because you’ve proven that you can’t speak without shouting at the top of your lungs, I’m going to have to ask both you, and your opposition to write up formal statements to defend your points of view. We’ll review these documents at our next meeting.”

Before George could make any kind of further rebuttal, Regina hung up the phone.

Smirking at the way Regina put an end to the roaring, Emma snagged up their bagged lunches which were still warm thanks to a little magic, and pulled out two containers and a couple napkins. With a flick of her wrist, a small bottle of water appeared, and she liberally poured some onto a napkin to moisten it before delicately running it over Regina’s chin to wipe away the sticky residue of her excitement.

“I think a little lunch is in order,” Emma supplied, handing off one of the containers to Regina as they cuddled together on the couch, pausing momentarily to tuck herself in before doing up her jeans. She felt quite at ease fully dressed despite how naked Regina remained. “I don’t know about you but I certainly worked up an appetite.”

In gratitude, Regina gave a slight nod and turned her attention to the plastic container that held a warm grilled salad with Caesar kale and chicken. She dug her fork into the leafy greens and then lifted it to her lips to chew thoughtfully. “I am hungry,” she agreed, and after a pause during which she swallowed, she proceeded to follow her own rule about communication. “Emma, while we were having sex, I had an experience I think I should share with you. It’s not that I regret our arrangement. I was in tune with you throughout, even when you used dirty language, and I thoroughly enjoyed that. I could still sense your love for me. But today the presence of the Darkness was a little stronger, and different than before. Once or twice, I grew frightened. It was like I felt the Darkness merging with me, too. I couldn’t fend it off. I didn’t even want to—“ Her eyelashes batted to keep tears away as her throat constricted. She dropped her fork, and shook her head as her lower lip jutted out in dismay.

Confusion worked its way into Emma’s features until she found herself frowning at Regina, even while her arm circled around her to grant comfort. “Why didn’t you tell me at the time?” Why hadn’t she felt Regina’s fear? Had she been so caught up in her own enjoyment that she failed to recognize the signs of it? Emma’s stomach twisted, and she felt sickened by the knowledge that she failed to prevent Regina from having a negative first experience within their new arrangement.
Though she been confident about her ability to control the Darkness, evidently Emma still had much to learn if it affected Regina. “That’s not okay,” she murmured. “We don’t just carry on if you’re feeling afraid. I had no idea you felt like that. I would never have continued if I’d known.” She slid her own container away from her in disgust. “What we have only works if there’s trust between, and we don’t have trust if you can’t tell me these things at the time,” she concluded flatly.

“It was fleeting, Emma. It didn’t last,” Regina stressed, and then she held Emma’s hand to provide added reassurance. “Please don’t let this tarnish your day. You think I can’t handle this? I know the importance of being honest with you, which is why I mentioned it at all. If I truly thought the Darkness had overpowered you at any point, I would have brought an immediate end to what we were doing.” She refused to let Emma bear the burden of guilt for whatever went wrong while they were in the middle of having sex. Glancing down at Emma’s discarded container of food, Regina shifted uneasily and then gestured towards the bathroom. “Why don’t you go get cleaned up? It will make you feel better.”

“Okay,” Emma agreed, if only to give herself some space while she considered the ramifications of what it meant for them both if the Darkness was still trying to corrupt Regina along with her. Magic swirled around her and dropped her in the bathroom down the hall while her thoughts raced. Was she just leading Regina along a slippery path to self-destruction or would they navigate this together without falling into the darkness? Emma had been so sure of herself the whole day but now doubt clouded her thoughts and she felt unnerved by the fact that on some level, she had let Regina down again. Irrational anger and self loathing reared up within her and she clenched her fists until it subsided. She wouldn’t let herself be overcome by it, even if it meant standing in the bathroom until she regained enough composure to return to Regina’s office.

Regina continued to sit on the couch, and rubbed at an awful pain that began to twinge at the back of her neck. She did her best to tidy herself up with magic—yet she was still undressed when she heard someone try to enter her office.

Finding it locked, the person chose to batter in her door rather than knock, and Regina spun around to confront Robin—who wore a baffled expression as he strolled inside. “Door was jammed,” he frowned, and then raked his eyes up and down over Regina in appreciation. “I guess not much has changed after all, has it? Although you’ve never greeted me this way for our Friday lunch dates. I must say this is one new development in our relationship that I will gladly enjoy.” He approached brashly, and placed both of his coarse hands on Regina as she recoiled from him.

“Robin, wait—no. I can explain. I wasn’t expecting you,” Regina hastily insisted, and she contemplated using magic to halt his persistent advances.

Robin breathed against her neck, and cupped her breasts with far too much familiarity. Her head swam as she grabbed both of his wrists in an attempt to remove them from her body. “I meant what I said two days ago,” Regina firmly stated. “Please—leave my office, or give me the chance to get
As if confused, Robin hung back briefly and then grinned down at her as if her requests were nothing more than an amusing nuisance to him. “We can talk,” he agreed. “Why don’t we both sit down first?” He sank onto the sofa and looped his arms around her to drag her down beside him, then rested one hand on her thigh.

Regina put her full weight into resisting and attempted to summon her magic, but it reacted uncooperatively. Her fire ignited and dwindled strangely at her fingertips as a heady rush of pure terror went through her. The impending crisis became all too clear to Regina, and she had the dizzying realization that she was completely powerless to avert it. It was all too much, and the risk of Emma behaving destructively when she returned only increased tenfold as Robin continued touching her.

When Emma finally emerged from the restroom, she seemed more together. Regina might have fleeting moments where she felt afraid, but she did talk to Emma about it, and it wasn’t due to her so much as the Darkness that inhabited and bound itself to her. The distinction mattered.

Instead of using magic to enter the office, Emma strode down the hallway and paused at the vending machine. Candy wasn’t the best thing to eat for lunch but she figured a little sweetness would do them both good. Buying a couple packets of M&M’s and a Milky Way to share, Emma stuffed them into her pockets, then rounded the corner towards Regina’s office and all but walked into her secretary.

“Sheriff Swan, thank god you’re here!” Lauren frantically blurted, steadying herself by grabbing onto Emma’s forearm.

Startled by the intensity on the girl’s face, Emma cocked her head and tried to work out what the problem was and why she seemed so unsettled. “What’s going on?” She asked in confusion, hoping that George hadn’t called back to take his frustrations out on her.

Lauren’s eyes darted down the hall. “It’s Robin Hood,” she worriedly hissed. “He just broke into Regina’s office. She locked the door so nobody would disrupt her conference call but when I tried to say she was busy, he insisted she would want to see him and . . .” She pointed to where splinters littered the ground and swallowed thickly. “I thought they broke up. At least that’s what Nova said. I was about to call the station.”

Everything about Emma changed in an instant. Her face hardened until the muscles in her jaw looked carved from marble, her eyes darkened with a murderous rage and the color drained from her
face. When she spoke, her voice was unnervingly calm and collected. “Call the station. Tell David everything you told me, and that I’m here.”

David would be the safety net to ensure she didn’t do anything too drastic. *Or so she hoped.*

Barging into the office, Emma took in the sight of Robin trying to coax Regina closer on the couch, his arm wrapped around her waist with his other hand gripping her inner thigh.

“Relax, Regina, we’ve done this before. . .” He said, despite the way Regina was trying to pull away from him with a look of horror on her face. “We’re soulmates. Destined to be together. We’re going to get through this.” Robin nasally insisted, ignoring the resistance written all over Regina.

Something snapped inside Emma at the vision of Regina naked and helpless; she saw the sparks of magic that fizzled to nothing on her fingers and understood immediately that her fear was prohibiting the use of it. That was all it took for the darkness to zero in on Robin as a threat, whispering with conviction that she had to do one thing. *Destroy.*

Black magic unfurled like a wave, with Emma at the epicenter. The force slammed the door behind her and shook the room like an earthquake as she stalked towards Robin, his shocked face giving away that he realized how he looked as he hurriedly took his hands back. “Shouldn’t you chap before entering Regina’s office?” he gallantly spat.

Emma sneered viciously as she grabbed the front of his shirt and drew her hand back to deliver not one, but two rapid fire punches straight to his face. The resounding crack signaled a broken nose and she hoisted him onto his feet with a snarl of, “Knock, knock.”

Robin let out a cry of pain and brought one hand up to his face as he staggered, “Wait! Regina and I have lunch every Friday. She wants me here!”

Emma dragged him across the room towards the window that suddenly opened with a blast of magic. “This is police brutality. Everyone will hear about it!” He yelled, struggling to break out of her grasp.

“Hear how you broke through her locked door to put your hands on her against her will?” Emma shouted in return, her rage white hot and pouring out like lava. “You’re damn right everyone will know about it!” She screamed into his face while bending him backwards out the window. His feet
uselessly tried to find the floor but he was too far back with only Emma’s hands on his shirt to stop him from plummeting to the ground. “You think you can just break in and take what you want, you pathetic piece of shit? This is my town and my family!” She roared, teeth bared and inches from his face as she unleashed her fury. “If you come near Regina again I’m going to rip your fucking spine out and shove it up your asshole, do you understand?”

In Robin’s panic he blurted the first thing that ran through his mind. “You’re insane!” He shouted, his hands latching onto her arms desperately.

“And you’re a monster,” Emma hissed in response.

“Me?!” Robin indignantly replied, launching spittle at her face as he tried to keep himself from falling. “That’s rich coming from you! The Darkness has already altered you beyond recognition! If you toss me to my death, no one in this town will trust you ever again. Including Regina!”

Regina threw herself headfirst into the chaos, and clutched at Emma’s free arm to hold it back and prevent her from hitting him again. “Please, don’t do this,” she whispered to Emma. “He’s deliberately riling you up, so that he can tell everyone how unstable you are. Just escort him out of here.” Refusing to so much as glance Robin’s way, she kept a stiff upper lip, even as tears streamed down both of her cheeks.

“Escort ME out?” Robin scoffed, and tightened his hold on Emma’s shirt as if he meant to stop her himself. “Both of you are acting like I’m some common criminal!” As he dangled from the window’s edge, he sought to rationalize his behavior to Emma. “I always spend Friday afternoons with Regina, and it isn’t like I undressed her myself! You are accusing me of being in the wrong, but if she didn’t want to be touched, she wouldn’t very well be waiting for me without any clothes on! Unless she was expecting someone else.” The conclusion dawned on him much slower than it should have, but then Robin focused his ire at Regina. “Is that what you were doing? You tried to break up with me, because there’s someone else in your life? How long have you been sleeping with him, Regina? I can’t believe you would ruin what we have, and not even a full day after you ended our relationship! I always viewed you as a bit licentious, but never did I think of you as a *slag* – ”

The lights in Regina’s office burned brightly then shattered with a loud *pop* as Emma looked from Regina to Robin when he used *that word*. Regina jumped visibly and shrank behind Emma, contracting her shoulders to make herself appear as small as possible.

The air crackled around Emma menacingly and just as she looked ready to drop Robin, she pulled him back inside to toss him viciously across the floor like he weighed nothing more than a pillow. He slid to a stop when he hit the marble desk, but Emma wasn’t watching him, because she turned towards Regina. With a twist of her wrist, Regina was fully dressed again, and the window fell shut.
“You are a common criminal.” Emma bit out, her teeth snapping at the end. “Just not a very good one.”

With malice in her eyes, Emma stepped closer to Robin and forced him onto his front with a foot pressed roughly into his back. “You see, Regina’s secretary alerted me that you broke through the locked door, and I came in to see you manhandling her. Lauren has already called David at my request.” She coldly informed him, wrenching his hands behind his back only to use magic to cuff him tightly. “What I’m saying is, you’re under arrest, because we’re not in the Enchanted Forest now and men that can’t take no for an answer don’t get to have freedom. I might be the new Dark One, but the real evil here is you.” She smirked at his anger and pulled him to his feet. “Now move. David will be here soon.”

Emma turned to give Regina a lingering look, one that said she would be right back. Pushing Robin out of the room, Emma told Lauren to stay with Regina and escorted the bastard calmly and methodically down the stairs and out of the building just as David came to a screeching halt outside in the cruiser.

David practically leapt from the car to help, and swallowed anxiously as he caught sight of his daughter. “Emma, what’s going on?” he asked. “Robin broke Regina’s door down?”

“I believed the door was jammed,” Robin argued in his own self-defense, still unwilling to concede that he overstepped in any way. “Regina never locks her door, especially when she’s waiting for me. But apparently she intended to spend the afternoon in someone else’s company.” Being in David’s presence emboldened him, although Robin ducked his head to protect himself in case Emma lashed out again. “Emma completely lost all self-control and dangled me from the window. I thought you both followed the rules of a fair justice system, but I was mistaken.”

“I’ll listen to your version of the story back at the station,” David insisted, and then pushed Robin into the vehicle before addressing Emma. “You can also catch me up on what happened in a little while, okay? I’m worried about you, Emma.” Trailing off, he cleared his throat and averted his eyes, unsure of how to proceed. “Look, I have no clue what you’ve been feeling or how you’ve been coping with this drastic change in your life, but please give me the chance to help you. I’m your father, and that might not mean much because of the decades we spent apart, but your mother and I want you to come stay with us again until we can fix all of this.” With an ambiguous gesture, David moved back towards the driver’s side of the car. “Come down to the station in a bit. If Regina is pressing charges, she’ll need to file a formal report. After that, you and I can talk. Alright?”

Out of sheer spite alone, Emma managed to keep her composure in front of David as she turned to meet his eyes. “You want to know everything?” she asked. “I stopped by to find out if Regina wanted to grab something for dinner. We were supposed to read another couple of chapters from the
book Belle gave us. When I got here, Lauren greeted me and frantically told me that Robin had arrived, and that when she informed him Regina was busy on a conference call, he completely ignored her. Regina had locked the door to her office, but that bastard just forced his way in.” Her fury left her hands jittery, and Emma shoved them into her back pockets and out of sight. “You need to get Lauren’s statement along with Regina’s,” she insisted, her jaw clenching as she remembered the sight of Robin all over Regina. Nostrils flared, she spat out angrily, “Anyway, when I walked through the door of Regina’s office, I saw Him. He was groping her, and she was trying to get away from him. He wasn’t about to take no for an answer. He kept telling her they were soulmates and to relax, even though she looked completely terrified. So terrified her magic was just fizzling at her fingers like sparking wires. Can you imagine how that feels, David? To feel so helpless at the hands of someone physically stronger than you?”

Emma’s hands curled into fists and she closed her eyes and sucked in a deep breath. When she spoke her voice trembled with emotion that she tried to swallow back. “If I hadn’t walked down that hall when I did, and Lauren called you, and had to wait, can you imagine what you’d be walking into? Because I can, and it sickens me.” She shook her head to rid herself of the thoughts, and the guilt that had she just kept herself under control, she wouldn’t have needed to go to the bathroom to collect herself. A fresh wave of anger crashed over her as she added. “Now I don’t know how you handled these issues back in the Enchanted Forest, but I sure as hell think you doled out more punishment than a punch to the face.”

“And for the record, I’m coping just fine.” Emma insisted, stuffing her hands into her pockets again, completely unaware of how her bloodied knuckles stained the fabric. “I got Mrs. Crane’s cat out of a tree earlier and took a walk around town. I’m not the one who broke into anyone’s place of work to molest her.”

David’s jaw slackened as he stared at his daughter, and then gulped uneasily as thoughts began to gnaw at him. He knew a little about what it was like to be restrained by others and unable to fight back, but he sensed Emma had more personal experiences with it from the way she spoke. Through discussing what happened with Regina, he got a discomfiting glimpse at who Emma was before Storybrooke — and he hastily drew more conclusions about what her life had been like out there in the real world. “Emma, I never accused you of attacking Robin,” he reminded her. “You defended Regina, and that was the right thing to do. I would have broken the guy’s nose, too. But I am worried about you, and that isn’t necessarily related to anything that happened here today. I’m going to put Robin in a jail cell, and then I’ll come right back here, okay?” Lifting his hand, he extended it towards Emma’s shoulder and then faltered backwards to get in the cruiser. Slapping the police light on top of the roof, he blared the siren so he could travel faster.

Revulsion turned Emma’s stomach but it was guilt that weighed her down as she watched David speed off with Robin in the back seat. If she had just stayed in the goddamn room, none of this would have happened. Emma squeezed her eyes shut but the sight of Regina so afraid still remained, and her anger exploded to self hatred in the form of an emotional grenade. Her own perversions caused this — if Regina hadn’t been naked and alone, he would have... He would have...
Emma opened her eyes to stare into the road, unblinking. The darkness supplied an answer she already came to, and she felt the muscles along her shoulders stiffen. *Robin would have still tried something*. It didn’t matter when, or where, or how many layers of clothes Regina wore on any given day. The son of a bitch would have still tried to take what he wanted because he believed he was entitled to Regina all because of pixie dust. He would always believe it, which meant he would never stop. Unless she stopped him. *Permanently.*

Lauren hurried out of the building just as the police car vanished around the corner, and she came to a stop beside Emma. “Sheriff Swan?” she stuttered, and peered at Emma’s cut up knuckles. “Mayor Mills is asking for you.”

Shaken from her thoughts by the sight of Lauren, Emma blinked the darkness back and focused on the girl in front of her. “Thank you.” She quietly stated, “For staying with her, and for calling the station. You did good.”

“So did you.” Lauren whispered, though not from fear so much as the sudden appearance of Snow.

The sounds of footfalls on the pavement made Lauren pause, as Snow came running with a distraught look on her face. Snow wore one of her usual school day sundresses, and almost tripped over herself as she reached Emma. “Your father called me,” she announced, and whatever he had said made Snow’s eyes teary as she searched Emma’s face. “He just briefly told me about what happened. Are you okay?”

Emma grimaced as Snow cupped her cheeks in front of the secretary, but the intensity of her mother’s watery gaze struck something within Emma that made her feel both comforted and deeply unsettled. “I’m fine. It’s Regina we should be worried about. Come on, she’s waiting in her office, David’s going to have to take our statements so he’s coming back after he processes…” Emma shook her head, already sick of the taste of his name in her mouth. All three of them walked back inside the building and made their way to Regina’s office, “Mom—uh, can you give me a minute with Regina? Why don’t you and Lauren get something from one of the vending machines.” She suggested, then knocked on Regina’s door to signal her entrance.

“Hey.” Emma murmured, as she took slow and cautious steps into the room. “It’s just me, for now.”

Regina sat in one of the chairs at the conference table in a rigid posture. The Dark One magic had cleansed her of all of the remnants and sweat from their lovemaking. It also clothed her in an impeccable red dress, which cinched at the waist with a black leather belt and clung perfectly to her shape. Not a single one of her hairs frizzed, or stuck out from her head, but as much as her appearance seemed whole and complete, there were telltale signs of her distress. Mascara ran in a streak down her face. Her expressive eyes were rimmed in red, and her scarred upper lip shook violently when she glanced towards Emma. She grasped a tissue in her fist, and patted at her face to
cover just how much she had been crying. “Let me see your knuckles,” she demanded, and as soon as Emma offered up her hands, white light streamed from Regina’s fingertips to heal the damages.

Even after her healing magic tapered off, Regina continued to hold both of Emma’s hands as she stared her in the eye. “I want you to make a promise to me,” she whispered fiercely. “No matter what happens to me, or to anyone you love, you don’t retaliate with violence. Not until you are absolutely certain you won’t do something drastic.”

Immediately reacting defensively, Emma blurted, “I wanted him to feel as helpless as you did. I wanted him to experience true fear at the hands of someone much stronger. I wasn’t going to kill him.” She stressed, knowing full well that dangling him backwards out a window had taken it too far, but even so, he had it coming. She’d seen the kind of shit that happened in the Enchanted Forest, and by comparison she’d been pretty lenient.

“What do you want me to say, Regina? That I’d be happy to stand back if someone attacked the people I loved? That if someone harmed you, left you for dead, I wouldn’t seek revenge? How can you ask me to do that, when you would have done the same damn thing I just did? When they all would.

Emma took her hands back in agitation to pace restlessly around the office, with her brow furrowed from deep thought. “You think I would have acted differently today if I hadn’t taken the Darkness, but you’ve seen me outside of Storybrooke. You experienced me when Henry was in danger long before I even knew I had magic.” That’s when it hit Emma; that was the whole point. She stopped suddenly to look at her own hands and sighed wearily. “You’re not afraid the Darkness will use me in those moments,” she whispered mournfully. “You’re afraid I’ll use the Darkness.”

“I am afraid of you getting hurt!” Regina emphasized shrilly, and then with grace and poise, she went to Emma and gently took ahold of her hands again. “I am afraid of you forgetting who you are, Emma. I know you think you were only intimidating Robin, but what you did here today was more extreme than that. And maybe you are right — if I found you in the same position, I would have taken it to that next level. But you’re better than me, Emma. You’re better than everyone in this town. You see right through people to their true intentions, and perhaps you can be forceful at times when you’re keeping everyone in check – but never to the point of causing total destruction.”

Squinting critically, Regina paused to take Emma in — to discern every detail of emotion in her face. “I have to ask you something, Emma. And I want you to really think about it.” Visibly swallowing, Regina squeezed Emma’s hand and prepared to deliver her question. Even if Emma didn’t respond, she would be able to read the answer in her eyes. “Are you absolutely sure you never thought about killing Robin?”

Just like their first night together when Emma had begun to lose herself, it was Regina’s unwavering eye contact that tethered her back to who she was and not who she had become. Worry snaked around her ankles, wrapping her tightly until it squeezed the anger from her limbs like poison being
forced from a wound. “I might have overreacted when I saw how you couldn’t fight back,” Emma whispered. “If I hadn’t gone to the bathroom, he wouldn’t have gotten through the door. If I hadn’t come back when I did…” Carefully Emma pulled her hands free and cupped Regina’s cheeks tenderly, in the same way Snow so frequently did with her in times of high emotion. “I didn’t think about killing him,” Emma honestly stated, tears blurring her vision as she tried to articulate her intense feelings. “There’s no lesson in death, Regina. I wanted to punish him, I wanted to hurt him, not wipe him out of existence. You need to realize that the things he said today – he meant them, Regina. He’s always going to see you as his, he’s never going to walk away, and you need to think long and hard on how you want to deal with that, because if you expect any of us to sit back and let him do this again and again…” Emma trailed off, her jaw clenching as she fought to harness her emotions and achieve equanimity. “I’m not suggesting we end his life.” She was so fully aware that she could, at any moment, but she would never take justice into her own hands. “In spite of that, something needs to be done because pixie dust doesn’t entitle anyone to someone else’s body, and it sure as hell isn’t a binding contract to keep someone as a possession.”

Regina faltered and gripped her chair for support as her sudden relief gave way to distress: Emma’s response consoled her and softened her anxious energy, but she wilted over the continued talk about Robin’s repeat offenses.

“For now, the problem has a temporary fix: Robin will be spending another night in a jail cell and that will give us time to figure out a more permanent solution,” Regina reasoned, and then strolled back towards the wide window where she last saw him hanging over the ledge. “In the meantime, I trust you to avoid any chance of confrontation with him, and if you two do clash for whatever reason in the future, I’ll be secure in the knowledge that you won’t destroy him.” The prickles of dread on her skin and the tightness in her step began to subside, and Regina’s posture loosened as she stood in the afternoon sunlight. “I forgot to mention that yesterday, while you were out buying me flowers and chocolates, I also discovered a ritual in the book Belle gave us,” she offhandedly murmured. “It caught my interest because of the developments in our relationship, but now that all of this happened, I’m even more intrigued by its potential.”

In a feeble puff of magic, Regina summoned the book to her hands and propped it open to the page that described the ritual. “I called Belle for advice in case she and Rumplestiltskin ever attempted it. I was surprised to find out they had not.” The crinkled surface of the page revealed an etching of a cloaked Dark One standing above a woman, who appeared to be bound in ropes with a burnished chain around her neck. “It might look very daunting, Emma, but the ritual allows a Dark One to share a deep connection with a mortal – to sense their fears and desires. Belle cautioned me against it, but I think the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, especially because I’m a magic user. You’ll be able to feel what I am feeling — as long as I want that. It could be beneficial when I’m in danger, or when we’re just spending a romantic evening together. It will give you some insight into how I’m responding to you. The down side is that the Darkness will also have access to those insights.”

“Regina…” Emma softly warned, the look on her face perplexed as she spoke. “If Rumple and Belle never used this, and she cautioned you, then it’s for a reason. “She could hear Rumple in her head, gleefully stating, All magic comes with a price! “He was the Dark One for hundreds of years, if anyone could have handled a spell like that it would have been him.”
Despite her misgivings, Emma found herself gazing down at the page. With mixed interest she took in the sight of the woman and The Dark One, and wondered why such a drawing could instill apprehension and desire at once. The Darkness certainly seemed to respond to it and before she could stop herself, her hand flew out to touch the page as if it was trying to make her take it. Instinctively she stepped back, folding her arms before her hands got the best of her. “You’re right,” she shakily stated. “It does look daunting.” Something within her had experienced a thrill from barely grazing her fingertips across the page, and it caught her off guard. She wet her lips nervously and stuck her hands in her back pockets to conceal the way they vibrated, then rocked back on her heels as she gasped for breath.

“The last few days, you’ve been telling me to be careful, and today you’re encouraging me to perform rituals I know nothing about.” Emma pointed out, though not unkindly. “Rituals that would connect us in ways we might not enjoy. That’s risky, Regina.” She muttered, the corners of her lips tugging downwards as she gazed back at her. “It’s not something we should impulsively decide. We can talk about this tonight, when Snow and Lauren aren’t shuffling around in the hallway waiting for David to come and get our statements.”

Regina slammed the book shut with more force than necessary as worry lines cut deep into her forehead. “Snow is here?” she croaked, and then abandoned the heavy tome on her desk. She started towards the door, but paused mid stride and lifted her chin to Emma. “I know you want to talk about this later, but I just want to say that while it might seem like I’m contradicting myself, I am painfully aware of what might happen if we enact the ritual. It plays right into what the Darkness wants, but if you’re perfectly attuned to what I am feeling, it will be like carrying a second conscience with you, and it could also help with intimacy. I’m going to give it some more thought, and I want you to do that, too. I suggest you read the page when you get the chance. We can even talk to Belle and Rumple about their experiences.”

Lauren rapped at the office door just as Regina reached out to stroke Emma’s cheek with the backside of her hand.

“David is back,” Lauren timidly announced, giving them both plenty of warning before Snow and David came rushing in with the paperwork and too many questions. Regina hastily put some space between herself and Emma as her office became suddenly overcrowded.

Giving the report proved to be harrowing for Regina, and she insisted on sitting at the desk to fill it out while the Charmings huddled around the conference table. If Regina’s penmanship suffered at all from her trembling hand, no one seemed notice. She passed the report over to David and asked Snow to fetch them all coffee. Lauren gave her own account of what happened, and David took notes in his crooked handwriting.
The atmosphere in the room changed while David finished up with Lauren. Emma had filled out enough reports to know how long it usually took and how draining it felt to the people writing them out. She scrawled out her own testimony, and by the time she was done, everyone else was looking towards her expectantly, waiting to be told that they could leave. She understood why. Nobody wanted to stand around in a room that left an uncomfortable chill to their skin.

With a nod to David, she gave him the reminder that he was in charge, and he herded them out of the building like sheep. “Thank you all,” he mumbled. “I’ll get back to the station to get the paperwork done. Please, everyone, go home and try to rest. It’s been a stressful couple of hours.”

Emma encouraged Snow to walk Lauren home, citing it would be best if she had the company. She would make sure Regina got home safe, and tomorrow they’d meet up for a family dinner. Both Snow and David had been thrilled by the idea, because it meant they could both fuss over them, and Henry would get to spend time with both of his moms. Even Regina seemed pleased with Emma’s suggestion, and it helped to shift their moods back into a better place.

“Why don’t we take your car, and you can drop me off to pick up my bug on the way back?” Emma asked once they were alone outside. She rolled her shoulders and hooked her thumbs into her pockets with an almost coy look. “Or we can skip all of it and just poof back home.” It wasn’t really an abuse of magic, considering it was Regina’s favorite tactic to just disappear dramatically.

Regina moved her hand as if caressing the air, and purple magic whipped around their shoulders to transport them both back to her house. Curling her wrist, she formed a fireball in her palm, and let the flames lick at her open hand until she tossed it straight into the hearth in her study. Without any pretensions, she sank onto her couch and undid the straps on her heels. “I’m sure you’re wondering how to behave around me tonight. If you could do me a favor, don’t treat me any differently,” she quietly requested, then rolled her eyes and made an attempt at levity. “Well, you could treat me a bit differently. I wouldn’t mind a glass of wine or a steaming hot bubble bath.”

Emma raised her chin and flicked her gaze towards the ceiling in thought. “How about both?” She asked, quirking her brow with the barest twitch of a smile curving the side of her lips. If anyone could understand the need to carry on as before it was Emma, though she never said it. Instead, she produced a glass of red wine with a snap of her fingers and handed it off with a slow and almost cocky smile. “You enjoy this, while I run you that bubble bath. I’m sure you have all kinds of expensive stuff up there.” Mischievously she snagged Regina’s heels and carried them out with her to place them where they belonged, though she did call over her shoulder with a backward glance, “Or I could always magic up that hot tub we discussed on our first night together.” She wouldn’t, but the playfulness they shared had to be maintained after the events of the day, and as much as Emma might want to comfort Regina differently, the best she could do was give her what she wanted: normality.

In the master bathroom Emma poured liberal amounts of the most used bubble bath, figuring it was a
favorite. She swirled her hand through the tumbling water and forming bubbles, and sighed at the wonderful scent that clung to the steam. Impulsively, she used magic to scatter rose petals into the water, and created soft lighting by the means of candles. When she was done and the tub filled, the space was warm and inviting—everything Regina needed for quiet relaxation.

Making her way downstairs, Emma entered the room with a simple, “Your bath is ready.”

Regina swallowed down the last of her wine, then reached for Emma’s hand in appreciation. She ascended the stairs to find the tranquil atmosphere waiting for her in the master bath. As she dipped her toes into the pleasant water, a surprising surge of magic enclosed around her and snatched her dress away. The whispering touch from the Darkness remained on her skin, and she moaned as she felt it slide down the front of her panties. Conflict rose up in Regina’s throat as the magic took the last of her clothing, leaving her nude before Emma — who stepped around behind her as she sank down into the tub.

With no intention of joining Regina in the water, Emma sat on the edge of the large tub to leisurely scrub her. Emma reached for sponge before Regina had the chance to grab it herself. She poured a generous amount of liquid soap onto it only to dunk it into the warm water, squeezing afterwards to bring suds to the surface. Soft music came from Emma’s phone, which she safely tucked away near the sink on a dry towel. She began to run the sponge across Regina’s tense shoulders, using the suds as she worked tenderly into her muscles with strong fingers. “How was the wine?” Emma whispered, pressing a kiss to the back of Regina’s ear as her hand ran the sponge across her shoulder blades. “Would you like another glass?”

Regina swayed into the tenderest of Emma’s touches, and a flute of wine appeared in her hand within a waft of smoky magic that curled around her wrist before vanishing. “Thank you,” she muttered, and drank a small sip that left her limbs pleasantly singing and free from tension.

Scraping her teeth over her bottom lip, Regina simultaneously swiped her tongue over the spot and then glanced towards Emma. “I am sure you were planning to avoid having sex tonight, but there’s a roaring fire waiting on us downstairs. I’d rather be distracted and completely wrapped up in each other than to spend the entire evening preoccupied by what happened earlier.”

This could either prove to be wildly beneficial for them both, or else a horrendous mistake. Some part of Emma felt it would be wiser to hold off on such intimate interactions so soon after what had transpired in Regina’s office. But whatever caution resided inside Emma held no power when met with the uninhibited desires that surfaced when she watched Regina. “I can think of a few ways to distract you,” she confidently stated.

Gracefully getting to her feet, Emma lifted a plush towel and clasped Regina’s hand to assist her from the tub.
Regina stepped onto the bath mat and patted dry with the towel before tucking it around her body. She returned to her study, and unwrapped herself as she sprawled out on one of the leather sofas to bask in the heat from the fireplace. “I feel like doing something undignified tonight,” she husked. “What’s the first thing that comes to mind?”

The heat of fire tickled Emma’s skin, leaving it with a glow that lit up her eyes and emphasized the dark twinkle within. Ideas were already sparking to life in the recesses of her mind, devious and twisted things that the Darkness encouraged emphatically.

Emma stalked towards Regina, exuding a powerful confidence that felt unmatched by anything she had ever felt before. She raised one hand to trace her fingertips along Regina’s cheekbone and down, until she clasped her jaw to hold her gaze intently.

“I want you bound and completely devoted to me,” Emma rumbled out, and leered down at Regina in her supine nakedness akin to the way a starved animal watched its next meal. “I want every part of you to remember exactly who you belong to.” As she was plagued by the memory of Robin’s hands greedily clutching and taking what he wanted, Emma’s eyes burned into Regina’s and her own hands moved fervently over Regina’s body. She cleansed the areas with her own possessive touch, smoothing her rough palms across damp skin and digging her fingers into supple flesh as she re-positioned Regina in order to kneel above her domineeringly. Her hand trailed downwards from Regina’s jaw to clasp slowly around her throat — the same way the chain had been wrapped around the woman’s neck in the book. Magic tingled against her palm as a burnished chain appeared beneath it, yet she kept her hand wrapped around Regina’s exposed throat as she leaned closer still.

Soft, excited breaths escaped her parted lips, mere inches from Regina’s as she whispered fiercely, “You’re mine.” Emma leaned down as if to brush her lips against the full ones beneath her, yet at the last second she shifted and pressed her cheek against Regina’s. “Forever.” She husked into her ear, then pulled back to claim her lips with a searing, forceful kiss.

Regina yielded to Emma’s tongue as it thrust into her mouth. She relinquished herself fully to the thrill of being taken, even as adrenaline coursed through her blood and her pulse quickened at Emma’s startling demonstrations of strength. The small dip in Regina’s throat quivered and the golden collar jangled softly. Surprise and fright crested like tiny waves inside of her, but sank in her belly in a swell of pure carnality. She raised herself up on her elbows to prolong their kiss, and Emma’s arms kept her in a limber arch.

Stretching in that pliant pose, Regina opened her thighs to give herself up to Emma. “Only yours,” she promised. “No one else can come between us now. Regardless of the consequences, I can feel your hold over me – and I never want it to end. It was meant to be.”

Regina’s cunt glistened with fresh arousal, and her entrance was totally exposed in her current
The magic that wrapped around her neck seemed unbreakable, even if Regina had not yet spoken the necessary words to commit to the ritual. This flirtation with it would be enough to reveal their true capabilities to handle such a serious union.

The memory of Robin, and an echo of his cruel insults came back to her — but they only drove Regina to act without any restraint. “Fuck me, Emma. Own me. Use me like a slut,” she rasped with surety.

“My slut,” Emma correctly intoned, keeping Regina in place with one hand around her neck, while her other delved between their bodies. She sought out the liquid heat that pooled between Regina’s slick lips, her questing fingers coating themselves liberally as a breathy, delighted sigh escaped Emma at the arousal she found.

Evidently Emma wasn’t the only one worked up from Regina’s declarations. The Darkness reveled in Regina’s willing attitude, and fed on her complete surrender.

Without preamble, Emma plunged three fingers into the warm depths of Regina, groaning as the velvety muscles wrapped around her in welcome. “You’re going to take everything I give you.” She promised huskily, pistoning her fingers rapidly into Regina’s deliciously wet cunt.

The sound of Emma’s palm smacking against her smooth sticky lips was wonderfully erotic. She curled her fingers to massage the sensitive area inside without ever slowing down and leered at the soft, stuttered gasps Regina made in response to frenetic pounding. “We’re not at your workplace now, Regina. I want you to make noise.”

There was something alluring in holding Regina down—the assertion of dominance not just powerful but entralling in such a position, only because of the mutual craving for it. Emma could feel every breath Regina took, every throb of her erratically beating heart, and she could see the way her pupils dilated until the color all but vanished from her eyes—replaced with something far more animalistic as Emma ravaged her cunt with her fingers.

It wouldn’t take long to make Regina come from this, but she had expressly stated she wanted to be owned and used, and Emma wanted to test out how that felt. “Don’t move.” She whispered firmly, pulling her fingers out of Regina’s gripping pussy to stand up.
Emma made easy work of her belt as she stepped to the edge of the couch, the sound of her zipper soon following before she leaned over to hook her hands under Regina’s arms. She hoisted Regina further up, until her head draped over the arm and her world was upside down.

Regina watched as Emma freed her thick cock, which sprang out and strained towards her face. Emma guided it straight to Regina’s soft, plump lips. “Open your mouth.” She commanded, shoving the tip into the wet warmth. With a gradual lunge of her hips, Emma pushed herself into the back of Regina’s throat and leaned over to resume fingering her pussy.

Regina flexed her jaw wide as Emma filled her mouth entirely. Her lipstick smudged as she began to suck, leaving behind faint red prints that showed off just how deep she took Emma’s cock.

The head of Emma’s shaft prodded her throat until it resisted the bulk, and Regina groaned as her muscles struggled to take it all. She brushed her lips over the small slit at the top of Emma’s penis, and lapped up a taste of desire as she reached with both hands to grasp at the base.

Emma bucked against her then, and Regina had no time to breathe as she drew her cheeks in sharply around the huge cock. With her neck tilted back and her mouth stuffed, Regina experienced a dizzying head rush that sent shooting stars through her vision. But she felt nothing at all, other than a strong connection with Emma that took her beyond herself, and away from the tangled mess of emotions that preyed on her throughout the afternoon. Regina imagined the Darkness standing near them, taking different human forms and grinning diabolically or jeering as she pressed her lips around Emma’s cock and dutifully took the pounding that Emma doled out. “Fuck my mouth, Emma,” she growled, as she challenged the figment of her own mind, which taunted her with chants of \textit{Slag} or \textit{Foolish child}, and \textit{Petulant Queen}. “Put me in my place,” Regina grunted wetly. “Make me your obedient slut.”

Emma let out a growl of her own, formed from frustration as she stood up. With a flick of her wrist she changed the position they were in before Regina had the chance to get comfortable.

No longer on the couch, Regina now draped over the width of her own desk, facing the door with her wrists bound together at the base of her back by thick leather cuffs. Her ankles were forced wide apart by a spreader bar until she was almost painfully on display from behind and kept on her tiptoes. Emma smirked at the sight. Regina’s full breasts hung pendulously over the desk, her stiff nipples clamped with another burnished chain that linked them. “If you’re going to be obedient, Regina, then you better start by listening.” Emma announced, stepping towards her. Gone were her jeans, and back were the leather pants of the other night, complete with a black tank top, which stood in stark contrast to her pale skin. “You’ve already fucked up, so I will put you in your place. Do you understand?” The fierce whisper was offset by the sudden, albeit gentle, tug on the chain that pulled on Regina’s nipples. She had no intent to seriously hurt Regina, but her confidence allowed it to seem possible, and that was more than enough.
Emma fished out her own car keys and pushed them into one of Regina’s bound hands. “If at any point you can’t take it, or need to stop, let these go so they hit the desk. Do you understand?” It was crucial to get Regina into the mindset of submitting by having her respond, and Emma felt a curious thrill as she waited for confirmation.

Regina’s lips parted in awe and outright dismay at being strung up – but she bowed her head and consented in silence with a gentle nod of understanding. She grasped the keys until they marked her palm and her knuckles turned white. The tactile reminder that she could bring an end to this made her more intrigued to see it through, and find out just what Emma would do to her. She swallowed nervously, and kept her eyes trained on the floor until Emma touched her again.

“Keep your mouth open.” Emma commanded, tangling one hand in Regina’s hair as she positioned the tip of her cock at her waiting lips. “Stick your tongue out, and do not suck this time or you will be punished.” If Regina wanted to be used like a slut then they both had find out if they could handle it, and part of that would be taking pleasure from her, as much as giving it back in a curious illusion of dominance and submission. Feeling the soft, wet tongue on the underside of her cock sent a wave of excitement through Emma that she couldn’t quite explain. The confirmation that Regina was willing to do this heightened the darkness inside her as well as her own desires. The first few thrusts were slow, testing and exploring the wet warmth of Regina’s open mouth. Tightening her hand in Regina’s hair, Emma began to fully thrust, forcing the head of her cock to the back of Regina’s throat over and over to hear the wet suction and stuttered breaths, then finally beyond, pushing past the resistance to the tight hot muscles that clamped around her intrusion. “Show me what a good slut you are. Take every inch.”

Regina gagged as the head of Emma’s cock lodged in the back of her throat, and for an instant she wanted to protest. Her eyes burned with the lightest sheen of angry tears, but some other part of her refused to act and drop the keys to bring a stop to this encounter. She tested out the strength of the cuffs, pulling against them in a pathetic attempt to break free. Even as she revolted, she did what was demanded of her and endured every powerful thrust of hips that choked her on Emma’s cock. Beads of cold sweat and shivers of indignation caused her to shake deliciously, so full of fight and yet also so good at this role.

Emma moaned unabashedly, her toes curling in her boots at the exquisite sensation as she fucked Regina’s throat as if it were the most natural thing in the world. As though it were her right to slam into her until saliva and precum mingled and dripped from her open lips, the slick sounds interspersed with gasps of breath. “Good girl.” She appraisingly stated, before pulling her hard cock out to watch Regina greedily suck in air, her cheeks bright red and chin messy.

Emma's praises were a balm for Regina’s ego, and the docile person that she used to be—the one who had tried so hard to get someone, anyone to love her. Regina needed to hear Emma’s affirmations, needed it to soothe and reassure her. As Emma glanced her over, Regina lifted herself and raised her eyes proudly, almost haughtily in spite of her bound position.
“I was tempted to come in your pretty mouth but I’d rather fill up your slutty little hole. Maybe I’ll have you lick up the mess afterwards.” Emma mused, striding to the other side of the desk to get a good look at Regina. She hummed in approval at the sight of her glistening folds and spread her pussy lips to get the full view of her pretty pink vagina, slick and gaping with need. “I’m going to fuck your royal cunt until it overflows with come, Your Majesty, and you are going to enjoy every second, just like the slut you are.” Emma promised, her hands gripping Regina’s ass cheeks to squeeze roughly.

With her limbs suspended and restrained, Regina could do nothing but accept Emma’s large girth, which scarcely fit into her tight opening. The tip pushed uncomfortably against her pubic bone to spread her wide enough, and then Emma plunged the full length of her thick shaft into the liquid heat of Regina’s bare little pussy. Emma’s cock sank in so deeply that Regina felt every stroke of it somewhere in her lower belly.

The sensation of Emma’s penis rubbing hotly inside of her brought a satisfaction that made Regina’s body slack – but she had to maintain her spread eagle stance – and somehow that stretch of tendon and muscle amped up her pleasure. She was like a well tuned instrument with perfect strings, and the most sultry and sexy music came from her lips—soft purrs that became lower and raspy groans, coated thick with honey. “Be rough,” she husked. “Treat me like I’m nothing, Emma. Break me down, so that you can really make me yours.”

It was strange to beg for it, to be reduced that way—and it required a tremendous amount of trust. Another request occurred to Regina, so overwhelming that it could not be spoken aloud. Make me forget him. Make me forget everyone else before you.

Pleasure became marred with confusion that belatedly resulted in Emma’s hips slowing and losing the intense rhythm she’d built up. Her body jerked roughly as a battle began within her, between her own desires and the enthusiastic response from the darkness at Regina’s words. “Treat you like you’re nothing?” She echoed the words quietly, brows drawn together as the voices in her head encouraged it with hushed whispers that repeated back to her: Break her down, make her yours, break her down, make her yours. She wants it, she’s begging, now do it! Emma’s hands tightened around Regina’s hips bruisingly, albeit for far different reasons than fucking her. She needed the leverage to force her hips to still, despite the way her body strained to continue. Teeth clenched and muscles tight, Emma snarled as she fought for control against the Darkness. Trembling from the effort, inch by slow inch she pulled her stiff cock free of the exquisite warmth of Regina’s wet pussy until she slid out completely to stumble back with an animalistic growl of, “No.”

The brief lack of contact gave Emma precious few seconds to establish a limit she just discovered for herself, and a compromise for moving forward. She could break Regina down without making her feel like nothing, and still make Regina hers—she was certain of it. What surprised her the most, however, was the anger she felt towards Regina for even uttering such words in the first place. Shaking her head, Emma stomped around the desk to suddenly grip Regina’s chin imperiously and
force her to look into her eyes as she fiercely hissed. “You’re not nothing and you will never be nothing. You’re mine, and that makes you invaluable. Do you understand? Say ‘Yes Swan.’” She sternly prompted, her dark unwavering gaze burning into Regina’s. “You’re about to learn a lesson about disrespecting what’s mine, and you better learn it well. Do not make me repeat it. Do you understand?”

Emma’s orders shook Regina up, and evoked two reactions: an impulse to completely defer to Emma, balanced by an equally self-destructive force that would have liked to argue. Instead she mutely and unblinkingly locked eyes with Emma to compel her to act first.

Emma released Regina’s chin with a supercilious sneer and strode behind her once more. This wasn’t what she’d expected to be doing tonight but she knew it was imperative to draw a line and enforce it. There was no way in hell she’d ever let Regina believe for a second that she was nothing, and she wasn’t about to treat her as if she were nothing, especially when the Darkness latched onto it so vehemently. “Do you think I’d waste my time on anyone I thought was worthless?” In direct contrast of how aggressive her tone had just been, Emma’s voice was soft and almost lilting as she stroked Regina’s backside tenderly. “Are you under the impression that I’d fuck just anyone?” She curiously asked, her palms smoothing across Regina’s backside in a deceptively feather light caress that ended in a sudden, sharp smack. “When I ask you something I expect an answer.” She reaffirmed coolly, delivering yet another well placed, solid palm to the same cheek with quick precision.

Regina tensed her jaw and breathed through her nostrils, unwilling to capitulate to Emma just yet. She braced herself for a spanking, and did not have to wait long to receive it.

“How are you?” Emma demanded, her hand striking the opposite ass cheek with enough force to elicit a cry from Regina this time. “What are you?”

Regina’s silence earned her another spanking. Then another, and another, and another, until Regina’s flesh pinkened and the imprint of Emma’s hand was visible against her skin. Emma intended it to hurt, but not to bruise, and there would be no lasting damage, but she deserved the spanking she was getting, even if it ended in tears. “Who do you belong to?” Emma barked, her hand striking the sensitive flesh of Regina’s ass while her eyes devoured the sight of the reddening skin, glistening now with a faint shine of sweat.

It wasn’t the only thing moist. Emma could see quite clearly the sticky arousal that gathered between Regina’s pussy lips, viscous and inviting.

“You,” Regina groaned at last, and tears welled in her eyes as the pulsing throb of pain spread a delectable heat to her core. “I belong to you.”
Emma cupped her pussy, squeezing softly as if handling a ripe peach. “That’s right. Even your cunt knows that you’re my good little slut.” She murmured thickly, rubbing her palm over the puffy, slick lips soothingly. “Tell me, have you learned your lesson or shall I continue?” Emma enquired authoritatively.

Regina’s ass cheeks were brick red and sore, and yet some perverse instinct urged her to seek out more punishment. “I think you should continue,” she huskily insisted. “Teach me a lesson with that cock of yours.” Lowering her shackled hands down her back, she just managed to reach Emma’s stiff penis. She carefully touched the ridged shaft, feeling the bulging veins that pumped blood and the rock hard thickness of it.

Emma smirked at Regina’s audacity and yet couldn’t resist the pull of it. More than anything she wanted to hammer home just how worthy Regina was, and if that meant she had to do it with her erection then so be it. “Yeah, you need to be taught the hard way, don’t you?” Emma suavely asked, rubbing the huge head of her cock between the warm, soaked labia of Regina’s vagina. She pushed in, moaning as Regina’s soft canal enveloped her shaft, and leaning into Regina until her thighs pressed against her aching ass. The coolness of Emma’s skin soothed the sting, and she slipped one hand to Regina’s waist to hold onto her strongly. She rolled her hips, enjoying the way Regina’s tight cunt sheathed her entire length.

Regina faltered in Emma’s surrounding embrace, and her small form molded into Emma’s as their bodies came together. She closed her eyes and concentrated on Emma, and how much love radiated between them — enough to overpower bad feelings that still lingered with her.

Emma slammed into her with impassioned restlessness, until Regina’s pussy became as scarlet as her ass cheeks. Then Emma let up, and the cuffs that Regina wore disappeared along with the bar that bound her ankles. It allowed them to completely enwrap themselves in each other, and Regina breathed out contentedly as magic coiled around her like ropes tying her to Emma. She inhaled steadily as Emma began a more powerful momentum, and fully penetrated her vagina with every brutal stroke. “Mmm, Emma,” she moaned. “Yes. Discipline my pussy, remind it that you’re the boss ——”

Emma settled her hand between Regina’s thighs, to grab her cunt while rutting her hard. Regina’s pussy fit perfectly in Emma’s palm, and her clit rubbed continuously over it as her inner passage tensed fiercely in orgasm. Her vagina grasped Emma’s cock and pulsed around it as Emma came, shooting spurt after spurt of fertile seed into Regina’s body.

Groaning hotly against Regina’s neck as her release filled her, Emma coiled her strong arms around her and stayed snugly inside for moment longer, relishing the connection. Finally pulling out, she whisked them to the bedroom, her mouth finding Regina’s to kiss her deeply. Emma murmured
praises against her lips, and soft words of devotion that became laced with a possessiveness that stirred a vicious protectiveness to surface.

Against her will, Emma’s mind returned to Robin, and her fingers sought out the burnished chain on Regina’s neck to trace with her fingertips, soothing her own anger with the solidness of the metal. If he ever touched Regina again she’d break every bone in his hands, one by one. Pushing the thoughts from her mind, Emma focused on the selection of cooling balms and cold, damp cloths that she materialized on the bedside table, and selected one as she encouraged Regina to lie across her lap, with her reddened ass on display. “This will take the sting out so you can sleep tonight without any pain.” She explained, squeezing a dollop of salve into her palm and soothingly stroking it over Regina’s hot backside. With careful fingers, Emma massaged it into the sensitive flesh.

Lulled into a peaceful state by Emma’s tenderness, Regina found that she could scarcely lift her head. “Emma,” she muttered drowsily. “Thank you. For all of this.”

“By morning, you’ll only be left with the memories.” Emma promised, taking advantage of their position to lightly pet Regina, her warm palm gliding between her thighs to tenderly pat her puffy, soaked lips until she felt Regina’s body relax and go limp with exhaustion. Emma shifted then, to bring them both under the covers as she tightened her arms around Regina and whispered, “Rest now.”

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed, please drop us a comment or kudos. We always appreciate them.

One of us is experiencing some mixed feelings with this fic currently and we may not have an update for a while. Thank you for reading.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

If extreme language and graphic sex bother you, here’s your chance to run away. Also, Regina and Emma “check in” with each other in this chapter, and that includes discussion of Robin’s actions in the previous chapter. They indulge their own darkness a bit more throughout this, but by the end they’re back to who they have always been.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

While Regina tossed and turned, Emma found a way to feed the hunger that gnawed at her soul in the sleepless hours of night. The appetites of the Darkness went far beyond the hedonistic pursuits that fueled her during the day. It wanted more. Of everything. And in turn, so did she. More knowledge, more power, more freedom.

She wouldn’t lose herself to its pull, or so she told herself as she dipped her toes into the murky waters of curiosity that snared like a spell of its own. All it took was a thought, and the files in Regina’s office were in her hands, which pertained to the ins- and-outs of Albert Spencer’s plans for the land he held.

Page after page, Emma drank in the details, thirsting for more. By the end it wasn’t enough, and left unsatisfied with a new craving, Emma began to locate the files on the wood nymphs and the group they had established: Storybrooke’s Unilateral Conservation Keepers. Their efforts to protect the wildlife and flourishing nature of the town was intriguing, much like the plumage on the Enchanted Forest sage-grouse they wanted to save. Emma noted wryly that if Regina had still been the Evil Queen and put into bird form, she’d look just like it. If hindering Albert’s desires wasn’t something Emma already wanted, that small similarity settled it for her.

Spite, Emma was finding, was such a wonderful thing when wielded appropriately.

Come the early morning, Emma felt more invigorated than she had in days. Her mind and body buzzed from the new information she had absorbed, and she went so far as to look into every council member to see just where their loyalties may lie in the upcoming vote.

Obviously her parents would vote to save the sage-grouse, and no doubt Regina would too, but Princess Edwina seemed the kind whose personality revolved around the bigger, fancier things in life, and lavish houses would sway her opinion.
The Blue Fairy had always been questionable to Emma, and she would no doubt say that more houses would suit the people, while a small bird would not. Robin would likely vote any way to piss Regina off, which left the Widow Lucas as the swing vote—and that didn’t bode well for the sage-grouse. Granny had been caught and fined twice for killing the birds with her crossbow to make delectable meat pies—once in celebration of the return of Snow from the Enchanted Forest after the curse had broken all those years ago—and then again when they all came back from Neverland.

But Emma’s machinations sustained her for only so long, and as the sun began to burn brightly in the sky she returned to the master bedroom, ravenous for something else.

Even asleep, Regina was a picture of beauty; her dark hair pooled against the pillow, showing off the delicate curve of her jaw and high cheek bones. Full lips still red, even without lipstick, parted just enough to breathe deeply as she slept. The rhythmic rise and fall of her chest was barely hidden beneath covers that had fallen from her shoulders, and the sight drew Emma closer until she was slipping beneath the sheets to press against Regina’s back with a low hum at the warmth radiating from her.

Emma pressed her face against the crook of Regina’s neck and inhaled deeply. Her hand roamed purposely over a toned leg until her palm smoothed across the swell of Regina’s hip and downward, following the natural dip to delve between the apex of her thighs. Emma’s questing fingers slipped past silky lips to feel the exquisite heat within.

“Regina…” Emma’s throaty moan was whispered into Regina’s ear, only to be silenced as her mouth possessively latched onto Regina’s neck, sucking intently as her hand slid lower. Two of her fingers pushed slowly inside Regina’s warm cunt as if it was expecting her.

Emma groaned from the sensation, and rocked her pelvis gently into Regina’s backside, her teeth and tongue tasting the salty sweat that still clung to Regina’s skin. “I need you.” Emma husked, her warm breath tickling against Regina’s ear as her fingers caressed her velvety walls inside with lazy strokes.

Regina stirred with a soft moan, and swayed her hips instinctively as she registered that Emma’s fingers were buried deep inside of her. “Emma,” she groggily exhaled as her body answered the demand of curling fingers. She bucked into Emma’s hand, which spread and exposed her full little hole.

“This is definitely a more invigorating way to start the day than my usual cup of coffee,” Regina husked, and glanced at the alarm clock which still had not gone off. “You couldn’t wait a minute longer, could you?”
Their plan had been to wake up early and visit Gold. Then they were going to spend some time at Regina’s vault studying her spell books and preparing for the rounds of questions they would no doubt have to answer over dinner. They promised Snow and David that they would have a family night, and everyone would want to know about the progress they were making on dealing with Emma’s curse.

“We should wait until later—“

But Regina’s suggestion lost all force when Emma shifted close enough to press her hard-on firmly between her ass cheeks. The thick head of Emma’s cock rested in a precarious place, then slid firmly into her pussy with a short thrust.

Emma took a few longer thrusts until fully hard, but soon withdrew and filled Regina again with three of her fingers.

“I thought you said you needed me.” Regina spoke thickly, and used her own fingers to part her pussy lips in offering. “Why did you stop?”

With a roll of her pelvis, Emma slid the length of her cock against the voluptuous swell of Regina’s ass, nestling it between their bodies as she crooked her fingers to angle Regina’s hips forward. “I didn’t,” Emma confided hotly, her teeth nipping at Regina’s earlobe before her tongue snaked out to soothe the pain she left behind.

“It doesn’t always have to be rough and fast to be a good fuck.” Emma murmured, her free arm pushing under Regina to coil around her midriff.

Emma pulled her closer, exuding strength and confidence as she took her time opening up Regina’s slick muscles with slow, controlled motions. The soft pad of her thumb circled the sensitive sides of Regina’s clit without directly rubbing it, enticing it to grow until Regina squirmed against her palm, plunging Emma’s fingers deeper into her wet hole. A low rumble of approval escaped Emma’s throat, and she slipped her fingers out to leave Regina empty and wanting.

“Put your leg over mine.” Emma quietly instructed, and brought her fingers to her mouth. She sniffed the heady aroma that coated them before she sucked them clean, as though Regina were a meal she planned to savor.
The taste of Regina’s arousal made Emma’s skin burn with desire, and she shifted subtly to position the head of her cock at Regina’s invitingly open pussy. “Stay like that,” Emma commanded breathlessly, her excitement palpable as she pushed inside Regina. “I want to feel you stretch around my cock.” She pumped into her with long, full thrusts, ensuring Regina took her from tip to base each time, and when she felt herself about to speed up, Emma pulled out again.

Her slippery cock pressed between them once more, and her fingers plunged back into Regina’s liquid heat until they were knuckle deep. “God, you feel so good.” Emma moaned, rocking against the fleshy globes of Regina’s ass to stimulate herself while her thumb returned to tease Regina’s clit.

“Fuck yourself on my fingers,” Emma commanded. “Show me what a willing slut you’ll always be for me.”

Emma shifted into a seated upright position to hold and balance Regina as she lowered herself onto Emma’s fingers and completely stuffed her small cunt full.

Emma put one palm under Regina’s ass cheek to steady her and cupped her pussy with the other.

Regina chose to be gentle with herself—to languidly pull back and watch how Emma’s soaked fingers emerged from her pussy before disappearing inside of her again.

“I think I’ve done plenty to prove my willingness,” Regina asserted.

“You have, haven’t you.” It was a soft statement, punctuated by the intense look Emma delivered to the burnished chain that hung heavy around Regina’s neck.

It held no pendant, no markings to signify the meaning behind it, or why it resonated for them both. It was a symbol in and of itself, a bond without any binding necessary, and Emma had never felt so loved. It might have seemed twisted to anyone else - to see it as a token of devotion, a physical representation of being not only understood but wanted so fully. But not to her. Not to the orphan who had never been enough for anyone. Not to the savior who had to fight for everyone else while nobody fought for her. Except that wasn’t true anymore. Someone fought for her — had fought for a long time.

Regina. *Only Regina.*
Regina’s fingers weakly clasped the chain around her throat, but loosened gradually under Emma’s close scrutiny. She refused to so much as glance away, even as her pace slackened and she drew in a nervous little breath.

“I want to make you feel like a Queen,” Emma insisted. It was bold, as far as statements went, especially when Emma’s fingers stilled inside Regina.

“Get on your knees, and hold onto the headboard.” Emma’s sultry whisper could barely be heard as she moved onto her back between Regina’s thighs. She greedily grabbed Regina’s waist to pull her down on her eager mouth.

Emma buried her face into Regina’s slickness—her tongue delved into her twitching hole then swirled around her clit until she felt a tremble run through Regina’s legs.

Emma’s lips locked around the sensitive bud, demanding Regina’s pleasure as her hands squeezed her ass in encouragement to ride her face.

Regina grasped the headboard until her fingers turned white from strain, but she finally relented to Emma’s guiding hands and followed her urge to gently rock. Her arousal brought a pretty blush to her cheeks and chest, which deepened as Emma’s mouth awakened a sexual need in her that overpowered any hesitation she might have been feeling.

Regina relinquished her grip on her bed, and tangled both her hands in Emma’s hair while her knees supported her. “Is this how you’ll reward me for submitting to you, Emma?” she quietly lilted. “If you’re not careful, I might become accustomed to being here on top. I suggest you remind me who’s in charge after I come in your mouth.” Her head rolled limply back and she pushed her pussy a little more forcefully against Emma’s chin.

If the moan Emma gave in return was anything to go by, then she definitely planned on making this a regular occurrence. To Emma, there was nothing sexier than Regina commanding her pleasure right then, and the scrape of Regina’s nails against her scalp only fueled her on as she lapped and sucked as though starved. Her strong hands clamped around Regina’s hips, forcing her sweet cunt closer until her sticky essence covered Emma’s nose, lips and chin.

The wonderfully musky scent filled her senses and Emma groaned, desperate to swallow it down as she built Regina up. Emma’s tongue rolled and flicked wildly at the swollen bundle of nerves between her lips; she pulled it deeper into her mouth, humming around it as Regina’s hips bucked. Emma could feel the tension in Regina’s thighs, the muscles of her ass tightening as she took what she needed.
Regina’s knees trembled and her sensitive pussy pulsed as Emma’s tongue worked fiercely to excite it. Tiny flutters of gratification radiated outward into turbulent surges of fulfillment. Digging her fingers into Emma’s shoulder blade, Regina shook in orgasm. She stared down at Emma with her mouth slack and eyes wide, as if she just had a revelation.

Unsteady though still poised, Regina lifted herself and sat astride Emma’s abdomen, so that she could look down at Emma and lean against her partially propped up thighs. “You know, our town guidebook says that Granny’s special pancakes are Storybrooke’s best kept secret. It would seem you’re another hidden treasure, Emma — and what a coincidence that both involve eating out.”

Emma laughed and her eyes gleamed mischievously. From the smug grin she wore, it was safe to say she had one hell of a quip in mind, but never got the chance to say it as Regina’s alarm clock went off, reminding them both of the long day ahead.

Rolling her eyes, Emma groaned in displeasure while her hands settled on Regina’s waist. She sat up fluidly, her messy blonde curls bouncing against her shoulders as she tipped her head to the side. Her gaze flicked towards the bathroom then settled back on Regina, “Speaking of eating out, why don’t we take a fast shower and head over to Granny’s for breakfast before we speak to Gold? Although I’d rather stay right here and eat you instead.” She added, and without waiting for an answer, lifted Regina over her shoulder and strode into the master bathroom as if she were carrying a towel.

Regina let out a quiet laugh of shock and held onto Emma’s back.

With a flick of her wrist, the hot spray turned on, and Emma gently set Regina down beneath it before stepping in beside her.

Energy crackled between them, electric and exciting as Emma squeezed a liberal amount of liquid soap onto a sponge. She handed it off to Regina, then leaned in to capture her lips in a deep kiss that matched the temperature of the water cascading down her back.

Regina scrubbed Emma’s arms and torso as she glanced pointedly down at the stiff obstruction between them. She coyly maneuvered around Emma’s cock, then turned around to stand in the full blast of the spray.

With a critical though amused smirk, Regina peered over her shoulder at Emma, and then canted her head back to let the water stream down her neck. “Are you sure showering together is a good idea? You’d better think of something that turns you off, or this won’t be the time-saving measure you
hoped it would be.”

“It’s always a good idea.” Emma smartly replied, despite the way she eyed her hard-on skeptically.

In under a week, Emma had gone from barely being able to acknowledge the thing to using it daily. It probably should have affected her more, and yet she felt a strange kind of acceptance as she gazed at the rigid length.

The longer Emma looked, the more natural it became to wrap her soap-slicked hand around it. This was something she had yet to do, and with Regina’s back to her, the display of her shapely backside was more than enough to make her fist loosely clench around her cock. A few experimental strokes quickly escalated until her hand moved with more vigor, and her toes began to curl. Emma groaned low in her throat, and splayed her free hand against the wet tiled wall to keep steady.

“Emma,” Regina gasped out in admonishment, as she noticed Emma’s fixation on her ass and how she pumped her cock with determination. “Seriously? Stop that.”

With a step closer and a small hop on her toes, Emma caught Regina and lifted her into her arms.

Regina locked her legs securely around Emma’s hips and carefully moved her lower body until the head of Emma’s cock settled against her tight cunt.

Breathing through her nostrils, Regina took a sharp little inhale as Emma suddenly pushed into her and then pulled back again to watch the way Regina’s sex responded. Her glistening hole gaped as Emma’s thick cock withdrew, and then reddened as it began to take a good pounding.

“Exactly what I need.” Emma rumbled against Regina’s ear, her strong hands gripping each ass cheek to control the movement of Regina’s hips. She forced Regina down onto every upward thrust, moaning at the pleasurable tightening of her abdomen as she bucked harder.

“You love taking my cock, don’t you?” Emma husked, her breaths hot against Regina’s throat. Impulsively she flicked her tongue out to tease along the side of the burnished chain as she pushed Regina back against the wall for leverage. She rocked harder into Regina, plunging her cock as deep as she could physically get it. “Take it,” Emma groaned, slamming herself into Regina’s slippery cunt as her cock throbbed and pulsed. “I’m coming inside of you. Take every drop.”
Every experience between them took their shared attraction to another level, and tingles danced through Regina at the pure filth that Emma brazenly exhaled in her face. Such crude remarks both riled Regina and gave an edge to her eroticaism that made her snarl as they kissed with bruising force. “Is that all you’ve got, Emma?” she taunted, in a feisty and dark tone of voice that seemed quite opposite from the self-deprecating and subdued tone she used the night before. “You must be tired from the last few days. I thought you wanted to fuck me. I thought you needed a good release.”

The darkness within Emma unfurled at the taunting, causing her fingers to dig into Regina tighter with a barely restrained need to prove herself.

For a precarious second it seemed as though Emma would play right into Regina’s want for more. Except, as she gazed into the challenging and expectant eyes before her, a spark of recognition ignited in Emma’s, and a slow and dangerous smirk curved her lips.

Without a word, she held Regina in place and slipped herself free of the exquisite warmth that gripped her greedily. One hand lifted to cup Regina’s sensitive pussy and squeezed gently while a strange warmth emitted from Emma’s palm. She roguishly lilted, “If you’re going to act like an insatiable slut, then you can feel like one.”

It would take a moment for the full effect of the magic to really register with Regina, and when it did, Emma knew there would be hell to pay, but it would be worth it.

Leaning in, Emma captured Regina’s lips in a kiss, then stepped out of the shower, suddenly fully dressed and dry. She paused to take in her appearance, black skinny jeans with knee length leather boots and a light cream sweater. Not bad at all. “Let’s go,” Emma stated with an almost jovial glint in her dark eyes. “We have places to be.”

Regina lingered in the shower as Emma’s spiteful spell took hold. She forced herself to face the tiled wall to avoid any chance of giving Emma the satisfaction of seeing her suddenly discomposed.

The first uncomfortable little throb inside of her soon intensified to a powerful and irresistible sexual urge, which Regina attempted to challenge with magic of her own. But when that failed, she swung her eyes towards Emma and glared reproachfully at her. “If you think I can’t endure your ridiculous spell, you’re mistaken,” she spat, and then breezed out of the shower as though unaffected. She dried herself hastily and dressed with determination.

In retaliation for Emma’s devious trick, Regina selected a blouse that she only halfway buttoned and the tightest skirt in her wardrobe that would flaunt the shape of her ass. “I don’t need magic to play your game,” she announced in warning as she engulfed them both in her soft purple essence, which
delivered them immediately to the sidewalk outside of the diner. “Go ahead and get your bear claw, then we can get to work.”

Emma didn’t miss a beat as she dragged her gaze over Regina’s cleavage and finally up to her face with a quip of, “Should I get your coffee black to match your mood?” Flashing a dazzling grin, Emma walked into the diner without waiting for an answer. The back and forth taunting was reminiscent of when she’d first gotten to town all those years ago, tempered now with the underlying love that drew them together.

Together, they were a force to be reckoned with, but when pitted against one another they were explosive. A pleasurable tingle travelled down the back of Emma’s neck as they played, her mind already preoccupied with how it might play out.

“You’re looking happy this morning, Sheriff.” Granny’s voice carried over the breakfast rush, her tone pleased and face welcoming as she slid a plate of hash browns and bacon to one of the dwarfs. “What can I get you?”

“Just a bear claw and two coffees to go.”

Once she paid, Emma stirred a liberal amount of milk and sugar into both, then strolled out into the fresh air to hand one off to Regina. “We can split the bear claw if you want.” She said conversationally, pulling it out the bag to take a large bite, “It’s really good.” Emma added, waving it towards Regina as if to tempt her. “So, vault first or Gold’s?”

“Let’s go see Rumple first, then we’ll head to my vault,” Regina huffed, and wrenched her coffee from Emma’s hand.

If Regina noticed anyone glancing their way or making idle gossip, she pretended to be too focused on their plan to care. She strode up the busy main street with purpose and attitude, but her shoulders dropped a notch when she spotted several of Robin’s men throwing dirty looks in her direction.

Rather than react, Regina took it out on Rumple’s door and shoved it back hard enough to completely rattle the bells that signaled the arrival of customers.

The sound of Rumple tapping his cane preceded him into the room. He approached Emma and Regina indirectly — by passing behind the counter and scrutinizing them with that particular knowing gleam in his eye that had always irked Regina.
Without pretense or greeting, Regina dropped the book that Belle had given her onto the counter. “Emma has some questions for you,” she explained.

Rumple cleared his throat and peered at the chain Regina already wore. “And what questions are those?” he asked. “Are they related to a certain dark spell? I never made use of it, but based on what you’re wearing, it would seem you’ve been adventurous enough to give it a go. Or is that just a token of appreciation from the town’s new and improved Dark One? I wonder what Miss Swan is thanking you for –”

His light tone lacked the bite it normally did when he was mocking her, and he cringed as he repositioned his weight and leaned on his cane.

Regina self-consciously touched her neck and slammed the book shut. “I want to use the spell to guide Emma,” she clarified. “If I can be more connected with her, she might exercise better judgment in situations that cause her to become emotionally riled.”

Rumple scoffed and glanced over at Emma as though sizing her up in her changed state. “With all due respect, half of those situations revolve around you,” he told Regina. “Look, you didn’t really come here to get my opinion about this spell. Your mind’s already made up, and you know there will be consequences for enacting it. What else did you want to ask me?”

“Why didn’t you ever use the spell?” Emma’s voice was low – a stark contrast to her heavy booted steps that brought her to the counter. A sadistic part of her enjoyed the way Rumple’s eyes widened, and the brief flicker of fear in his them as he stepped back to rest his hands on his cane. “As the Dark One you couldn’t get enough power,” Emma huffed. “There must be a reason you avoided it.”

A soft creak of floorboards was all the warning they got as Belle poked her head around the wall to announce lightly, “I wouldn’t let him cast the spell.”

“Belle, I thought you were resting.” Rumple blurted, his smug attitude replaced instantly with an almost panicked frenzy. “I was just telling Regina and Emma—”

“I heard what you were telling them,” Belle snapped sternly, her face softening a moment later as she came to stand by the man she loved. “Rumple,” She sighed, placing her hand over his to peer at him gently. “They’re family and they’re here for help. Don’t toy with them when they’ve come for guidance. You of all people understand how difficult being the Dark One was—how hard it could be for both of us.”
Protest riled up inside Rumple until he half laughed, “Well yes, but—”

“No, Rumple,” Belle stressed, her hand squeezing his as her eyes filled with unshed tears. “They saved you when the Darkness was killing you. Do the right thing.”

Rumple hesitated and then swiveled towards the cabinet, where he collected a vial of black liquid and a pouch of powder. “You wanted some more information about that ritual, but the book contains the only record of it, and says nothing of what might happen should you dislike the outcome,” he pointed out. “Even though we have no experience with the ritual ourselves, we have tried out a potion with some similar effects to see if it would be at all agreeable.”

Rumple grasped Regina’s finger and poked her with a needle to draw a drop of blood and squeeze it into the vial. In a small mortar bowl, he poured the mixture over the powder and grinded it with a pestle to create a thick paste. “Choose an object to carry with you, Miss Swan. Apply this to that object, and so long as it is on your person, you’ll find it possible to connect with Regina. Unlike the ritual, which seems to be permanent, the effect of this particular potion should only last three days. There are a few other matters we should discuss before you use it, though. You should be careful that the object does not fall into anyone else’s hands, or else Regina will become susceptible to that person. The potion also amplifies emotions: it can be almost intoxicating at times.”

Belle frowned thoughtfully as she stepped closer to the counter. “The potion didn’t appeal to either of us,” she disclosed. “Rumple is too protective, and I don’t like to conceal things from him, so he knew when I felt distressed or threatened. It changed our relationship. There could be some benefits to using the potion, but I suspect it could also have all kinds of negative outcomes. If the wrong people were to use it, I imagine it could cause them to develop an unhealthy infatuation with each other.”

“Wrong people?” Emma asked, eyeing the small vial cautiously between her fingers. Little did she know that simply the look on her face showed how hesitant she felt towards the potion, and the ritual in general.

It wasn’t lost on Rumple, however. In turn he gave Regina a piercing look that seemed to see right into her very soul. In some ways, they really were alike. How curious, that in this situation it wasn’t the Dark One who wished to use it at all.

“The kind of people who are more in love with themselves than the other person. The ones who don’t take no for an answer.” Belle tried to tactfully inform Emma, yet she cringed all the same when she realized what she said, and whom she just described.
Regina stared into empty space, and only a subtle blink gave away that she knew whom Belle referred to, and that it bothered her to think of him.

“The two of you should be fine,” Belle quietly reassured them, and reached out to touch Emma’s arm. “Neither one of you loves selfishly—“

“You think love plays a part in this?” Emma prompted, her gaze suddenly transfixed on Belle as if she had answers that Rumple had no way of possessing.

“It did for us, but I wasn’t assuming anything.” Belle hurriedly explained, looking to Regina apologetically before adding, “What I mean is, you’ve always shared a connection . . . a bond that goes beyond friendship. I doubt either one of you cares more about yourself than each other. I mean, you’ve proven that enough over the years—”

Emma held her hand up to stop Belle from rambling on and nodded. “Thank you. If we need to talk more . . .”

“You’ll know where to find us.” Rumple stated succinctly with a wry twist of his lips. “Good luck, Emma.” He turned his attention to Regina and smiled the kind of smile that said he knew something. “And you, Regina. I expect we’ll be seeing you both sooner rather than later.”

Regina loathed how much Rumple communicated without even uttering a word, and she glowered back at him as she snatched the potion from Emma. “Thank you,” she dryly replied, while sounding almost ungrateful. She exited the pawnshop before popping the stopper off of the vial, and reaching for Emma’s shoulder to prevent her from walking onward. “If I can keep you from making even one mistake, it will be worth all of the risk involved. What object do you plan to use?”

“What if this is a mistake?” Emma countered, her eyes narrowed in annoyance at being stopped dead in her tracks. A low sounding growl rumbled from within her chest as she fought the urge to snatch the potion back.

“My necklace.” Emma bit out, and in a split second decision, swept them up in her magic to bring them to Regina’s vault. “I’d rather we do this somewhere private and not in the middle of the street where everyone can see what the hell we’re doing. Especially when we’re dealing with something so wildly unpredictable.” Grudgingly, she lifted the chain off her chest and dangled it for Regina.
“Very few people in this town have even a basic aptitude with magic,” Regina sniffed haughtily. “You overestimate their ability to read the situation from afar.” But Regina softened, because caution should have been their first priority.

Regina normally chastised Emma for this sort of impulsive behavior, and yet this situation brought out her own weaknesses.

The side of Regina that wanted to cast the spell immediately had strange motivations: protecting Emma came first, but she also needed to prove herself worthy of that role. Beyond that, Emma’s arousal spell not only affected her libido, but also her aggression. “Some quick ground rules: no one finds out about this, not even your parents or Henry. If either one of us feels that there’s been an abuse of power, we discuss it and we don’t perform the ritual.”

Emma’s tongue danced behind her teeth as she fought the urge to say they weren’t doing the ritual regardless, but that need not be an argument at all if Regina disliked the results of the potion. “Fine.” She said instead, with a frown to accompany the dry tone. “But if one of us starts to act weird, then we lock ourselves away until the potion wears off.” It seemed like a solid plan. Enough for Emma to release a heavy breath.

Regina hesitated as she lifted the potion towards Emma’s necklace. The swan at the center drew Regina’s attention and she swallowed painfully. In what ways would this alter their relationship? Could she safeguard Emma without this extreme approach?

“Maybe you’re right,” Regina spoke in a scratchy whisper, recanting all of her former insistence. “Maybe we shouldn’t do this right now. We can hold off and think about it some more. If we put the potion away for safekeeping, we can always have it on hand if our situation becomes desperate.”

Regina returned Emma’s pendant and then spent some time finding a hiding spot for their potion. Her wall of hearts beat out a tempo, counting the minutes she wasted finding the perfect place for it. As she stashed it away and concealed its location with a glamor spell, Regina’s thighs began to ache from the sexual tension Emma had created with her spell. She had no sooner finished her task than she was bombarded with extreme sensual thoughts of wrapping her legs around Emma’s shoulders while her tongue was inside of her pussy.

It made Regina shake, but her dignity prevented her from pushing Emma into the secret underground bedroom and demanding any form of immediate gratification. That would involve begging, and in spite of the role Regina had agreed to take in their relationship, she would never beg Emma to fuck her under such circumstances.
Emma hung back and waited with her hands tucked into her pockets. She glanced over Regina as she approached, looking entirely too pleased with herself. Turns out they didn’t need a potion to read each other well.

“So, what was the goal of using that spell on me this morning?” Regina asked softly.

“Panties feeling a bit wet, Regina?” Emma teased, her eyes roaming down Regina as though undressing her. “You were trying to goad me into being rough earlier when we didn’t have time. This punishment felt fitting.” Emma clarified, smirking as rage practically emanated from Regina. “The spell remains until you learn your lesson.”

Summoning the Dark One book, Emma sat down and began to flip through it. “Try to focus. We don’t want to show up to dinner unprepared.” It would drive Regina insane, having to concentrate on reading in the state she was in. Emma knew from experience how mind numbingly annoying it was to be stuck with paperwork and an active libido, and it tickled her to have Regina suddenly in her shoes for once.

Regina resisted the escalating desire to lash out, and forced herself into the seat beside Emma. She remained outwardly unmoved, but inside she experienced a revolt like no other, which she struggled to hide from Emma.

Although Regina had been committed to spending the day doing research, there was no way she could be productive like this. “We’ve both read enough of that book to know there isn’t much more we can do, short of killing you to end your curse,” Regina snapped. “And I am tempted to do that right now.”

“I bet.” Emma smugly replied, and peered down Regina’s shirt to admire the soft swell of her breasts. “You could cut glass with those.” She remarked, nodding to Regina’s very erect nipples that poked through her shirt as if demanding to be noticed.

Regina rolled her eyes at Emma’s attempt at wit, and furiously flipped through the pages of the book.

“All we need to tell my parents is that we’re working on techniques to keep me the way I’ve always been,” Emma considered. “Sleeping together on a daily basis has actually helped. We just need to come up with some other reason for it that we feel comfortable sharing with them. How about meditation, or maybe we’re fighting the darkness by having you provoke me to test how well I can resist it? Technically that’s not a lie.”
Regina dragged her shirt up an increment as Emma’s eyes continued to rove down to her nipples. “If that’s what we’re telling them, I don’t see why we have to abstain from the one activity that has been keeping you from teetering over an edge,” she intoned. “In the process of frustrating me, you’re only going to frustrate yourself. And I am going to retaliate.”

“And how do you plan on doing that?” Emma curiously lilted. Regina had a point, of course. In denying her what she wanted, Emma was basically denying herself, but what Regina didn’t realize was that teasing her was exciting. Even the Darkness got a thrill out of tormenting her.

Regina stretched back on the cushioned seat, and eased her hand between her legs to lightly stroke her thong. Her skirt rode up as she pushed her panty to the side and began to rub herself. Deliberately parting her lips so that her glossy but reddened hole was on display, Regina reclined back against her pillows and delved a finger into her tense little entrance. “Like this,” she sighed.

Instead of moving to touch Regina, Emma sat back and closed the book, intent to watch the show. “I used to fantasize about seeing you do this kind of thing.” Emma disclosed with a low, husky tone, clearly enjoying the sight of Regina trying to alleviate her arousal.

“Did you?” Regina rhetorically lilted, and thumbed her swollen clit as she slipped her middle finger into her aching cunt.

“I really thought you’d last longer before taking matters into your own hands.” Emma taunted, taking in Regina’s pussy and how drenched it was with need.

“Why don’t we continue to discuss how desperate you once were, and how often you dreamed about moments like this one,” Regina purred.

“Frequently.” Emma said matter of fact, without a trace of shame or embarrassment. “It crossed my mind every day for a while. I’d wonder what you’d do, and how.” Her tone was conversational as she leaned forward to get a good look at Regina’s plunging fingers.

Regina sank two fingers into her wet little hole, spreading them to tantalize Emma and put on a lewd show. “What did you think about?” she asked. “Did I use my fingers, or something else?”

Emma sighed warmly, only to inhale the heady scent that wafted up to greet her. “I pictured you fingering yourself, and at night whenever I pleasured myself at the thought of you, I envisioned you
fucking yourself with a toy. Really opening up that little cunt of yours.” Emma watched the way Regina’s fingers sped up as she spoke, and wondered how long it would be until Regina realized that no matter how hard she tried, there would be no satisfying herself. “I like seeing this side of you.” Emma’s low, smoky voice was in part to rile Regina further. “Hungering for me, reaching a point of base need that you never even knew was possible.”

Emma craved Regina just as much, but there was a rush of power that came with controlling the situation. With one hand, Emma reached out to smooth her rough palm along the inside of Regina’s thigh, her hand stopping just shy of her spread and glistening pussy. She squeezed possessively, before moving her hand to Regina’s shirt, her thumb and forefinger pinching her hard nipple.

Jolting tingles raced through Regina at the physical contact, and her pleasure surged only to fizzle when Emma pulled away from her. An epiphany occurred to Regina as she rubbed herself hard and fast, and then messily drove her fingers into her cunt: Emma’s spell permitted her to touch herself, but would never grant her any kind of satisfactory outcome.

“Why don’t you take over?” Regina coyly asked.

Unbeknownst to Regina, Emma had been waiting for this moment. The subtle coaxing to see if Regina could get what she wanted. And so Emma responded as though she had no idea what machinations Regina had in mind. “Spread yourself for me. Let me get a good look at your needy cunt.” She encouraged, and moaned at the sight of Regina so eager to show off her sopping pussy.

“Looks good enough to eat.” Emma rumbled honestly, and the lust in her eyes shined through as she steadily slipped two fingers into Regina’s glistening, open hole. “Fuck, you’re so warm.” It felt incredible, and after a few, slow thrusts, Emma added a third finger, enjoying how easily Regina took it.

Regina shamelessly bucked against Emma’s hand and reclined back with her hips angled high. “Should we go lie down?” she hummed expectantly.

But Emma then withdrew her fingers and instead repositioned Regina over her knee.

Emma’s hand rested on her ass cheek before delivering a stinging slap against it. Each smack inflamed Regina’s skin and sent heat through her, until Emma softly spanked her pussy.

“Are you disciplining me?” Regina asked, with a touch of amusement that became a sharp hissing
moan as Emma summoned a thick and realistic-feeling shaft, and shoved the length of it into her over-aroused vagina.

The wet sounds of Regina’s slick cunt were both obscene and erotic to hear, especially interspersed with the low moans that tore from her throat as Emma pushed the cock in deeper. “Is this what you’ve been needing, Regina?” She teased darkly, twisting her hand as she plunged the toy in and out of her wet, desperate hole. “To be opened up like a slut on a nice, thick cock?” It was vulgar to say but even as she uttered it Emma could feel her own erection pressing against Regina’s midriff. With increasing speed, she ravaged Regina’s wanton cunt until she felt the sticky trickle of arousal dampen her trousers. Then she held still, her palm forcing the toy as deep as she could get it while she strummed at Regina’s clit with her fingertips.

“You want to come for me, don’t you?” Emma husked, and every quick circle of her fingers caused Regina’s legs to shake. “You want to clench around this cock as if it were mine, but you can’t.”

Suddenly, Emma’s fingers stopped their caressing, and she withdrew the toy slowly, leaving Regina a quivering and empty mess. “Because it’s not mine.” Emma sternly whispered.

Magic unfurled from her palm and suddenly Regina was sitting upright and fully clothed, the expression on Emma’s face discerningly unreadable. She allowed a moment of silence to pass between them before she leaned in to clasp Regina’s face with her palm. “I’m starting to realize you have no idea why you’re being punished.”

Emma spoke slowly, though not condescendingly as she gazed into Regina’s eyes. “This morning you did something, Regina. Something I’m not pleased about. You attempted to rile the darkness within me to get what you wanted, and that’s not okay.” On some level it stung, after all; the whole point of them working together was to help her gain control, not lose it. Especially not when it came to something she’d willing give if asked. “I want you to endure this.” Emma husked, her thumb tracing along the plump swell of Regina’s lower lip soothingly. “I want you to be consumed with this hunger until I’m satisfied you’ve suffered enough, and then I’ll make it all better.”

“I wasn’t trying to make you lose control,” Regina weakly protested, and her eyes slipped shut as Emma stroked her cheek. They both knew it was a lie.

Regina’s own darkness had surfaced that morning, and sought to twist Emma. She searched herself for the reason, but the details of the issue remained buried like bones under sand — just out of sight, and yet so close to the surface that she could access them if she truly wanted.

A single thought emerged through her quiet reflections: Robin. The way his actions had brought
Emma to the brink of a dangerous fall also stirred up Regina’s blackest emotions.

If anyone experienced Emma’s darkness in the extreme, she wanted it to be her. For all Emma had sacrificed for everyone, and for the sake of Emma’s conscience, Regina wanted to draw out the worst in Emma so that she alone could bear and counter it.

“You can punish me,” Regina finally whispered. There was no need to tell Emma why she accepted it. “Perhaps there’s a lesson in this punishment that I need to learn after all.”

But Emma understood much more than Regina revealed.

Why couldn’t Regina understand that just because Emma had taken on the Darkness, it didn’t make her indebted to her? If Regina was willing to provoke Emma enough to take the brunt of whatever lashed out of her, then where would it ever stop? Was their relationship built on a foundation of guilt and obligation?

The ever-present Darkness whispered its warnings to her and drove Emma’s anger. She sifted through her emotions as best she could, trying to dissipate the negativity before it warped her mind, and found the one tendril of warmth that tugged at her heart until it bloomed inside her ribcage.

Taking a slow, deep breath, Emma concentrated on the feeling. The love they shared wasn’t made of guilt – it couldn’t be. She had to remind herself that it had grown in each of them for a long time, and the darkness had no claim to it. It was theirs, it would always be theirs, and nothing would be able to take it from them.

“Let’s focus on why we’re here,” Emma muttered. “We need something to report to my parents.”

“What about a hobby?” Emma suddenly asked, as the thought struck through her anger. “Rumple used to spin wool, right? I read about it in Henry’s book. He’d spend hours just spinning the stuff. We could just tell my parents that we’re finding a hobby to keep me calm and centered.”

“A hobby,” Regina mused thoughtfully, and then began rummaging in her possessions. A heavy fog of emotion still filled the air between them, so the distraction was a welcome one.

“I know just the thing.” Regina held up a gnarled but sturdy piece of branch and a carving knife studded in black gems. “I can’t imagine you knitting or joining a club. How about carving?” Her
eyes lingered on the blade in hesitation before she extended her hand and passed it to Emma. “This belonged to someone powerful. It has carved a great number of magical relics from trees in the Enchanted Forest.”

The knife had once made treasure boxes that hid all contents except from the owner, and little knight figurines that could be made real for short periods of time.

When Regina was six years old, the knife had also added details to a wooden castle for her amusement. Its tiny living inhabitants instructed her in virtue and the art of being a Queen.

The sharp blade had also sliced her lip open, but Regina would spare Emma that tale, along with the details of the blade’s owner.

“Do I even want to know how you got this?” Emma asked with suspicion as she gingerly accepted the carving knife.

For a split second she was the same Emma Swan who touched items curiously the first time she stepped inside Regina’s vault, eager to learn how to use her magic. Now she was the Dark One, an immortal with such raw power she could destroy entire towns without breaking a sweat, but she still gazed at Regina with the same awe and wonder as always. “I’ve never carved or whittled anything in my whole life.” She murmured, then shrugged. “But it’s worth a shot, right?”

Regina nodded, then settled down on an old trunk to continue her research. Minutes turned to hours while Regina read through the book, and Emma worked her way through countless sticks – simply shaving off the wood as she learned how to handle the blade. She hadn’t carved anything at all, but it didn’t matter. The fact that it had kept her attention for so long clearly made it the right choice.

The sudden noise of her phone ringing made them both jump.

Snow’s voice erupted from the other end, cheerful and insistent, “Emma, where are you and Regina? Dinner is in half an hour. You’re both still coming, aren’t you?”

Emma cringed. “Yeah we’re actually on our way right now, so we’ll see you in a few.”

“Excellent!” Snow breathed, and it was evident in tone alone that she was beaming. “I’ll tell Henry to set the table.”
Emma sighed as the call ended, and looked at the knee-high pile of wood shavings she’d formed between her feet. “How long have we been here? I must have zoned out.” She muttered, shaking herself out of it. Getting rid of the mess with a flick of her wrist, she stood up to stretch. She offered her hand to Regina to help her to her feet and smiled crookedly. “Guess we better head off. They’re expecting us for dinner.”

Regina took Emma’s hand, and a long grey tendril of magic swept around her from head- to-toe, curling sensuously up her leg. She stood outside of Snow’s apartment, but when she reached out to get the door, Emma’s magic continued to hold her.

“What’s going on? Is this part of your lesson?” Regina softly asked, and Emma responded in kind by pushing up her skirt and bending her over the green railing at the stairs.

Emma’s magic lingered in the air, and Regina found herself involuntarily breathing it in until her eyes were the same smoky color. Her limbs and eyelids felt heavy, and while she stood relaxed and still wrapped up in Emma’s arms, Emma removed her panties and began to languidly play with her pussy. Emma’s forefinger and thumb deftly parted Regina’s labia, and she massaged Regina’s opening until a trickle of arousal coated her hand. Then a small, curved bauble materialized in Emma’s palm and she slid it deep inside of Regina.

“What did you put inside of me?” Regina murmured. Her sensitive pussy responded to the smooth shape of the ball.

“Just a little something to keep you on edge and make this dinner more exciting.” Emma whispered into Regina’s ear with a devilish smirk. Her fingers stilled and withdrew only for her palm to deliver an almost soothing pat against Regina’s heated and needy sex. “Let’s see if you can last the whole meal.” Emma teased, quirking a golden eyebrow as she smoothed her hand over Regina’s bare backside and squeezed possessively. “Maybe I’ll even reward you later.” From the way she leaned across Regina to pin her in place it was clear in what way she meant.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m ravenous.” Emma lilted mischievously. Stepping back she fixed Regina’s skirt and took another lingering look at her cleavage with an appreciative hum, only to meet Regina’s dark gaze and languidly lick the arousal from her finger.

The door opened with a cheerful, “Oh good, you’re here! We’re just about ready.”

“Smells great.” Emma smiled warmlly at Snow, but winked at Regina as she sniffed her hand subtly
before stepping inside the apartment.

Regina strode gracefully inside, and smiled dimly at Snow in greeting before tossing a challenging glare in Emma’s direction.

If Regina experienced any hesitation or awkwardness, she showed no signs of it as she stood before their family.

“What have you two been up to today?” Snow asked, while David bustled around and placed a big casserole dish on the table.

“Emma spent the day exploring new hobbies,” Regina explained, as she took her seat and crossed her legs carefully so that Emma could get a good glimpse of her pussy but no one else would witness the power move. “Rumple used to amuse himself by spinning straw into golden thread, and now Emma has taken up woodworking. Turns out that Emma is quite skilled with wood.”

“Don’t listen to her. All I’ve managed to make so far are pointy sticks.” Emma’s gaze slid down Regina and lingered for a moment, a small quirk of her lips indicating that she enjoyed the view. “It does seem to calm my mind, though, so there’s that.”

“Good.” David said, giving his daughter a cautious once over. Satisfied that she seemed more like herself than yesterday, he nodded with approval. “That’s great news. And how is,” He turned to Regina, then thought better of asking anything more personal. “How’s everyone feeling this evening?”

“Hungry.” Henry piped up from the stairs, then made his way down into the kitchen to hug Regina, then loop his arm around Emma. “That’s why we’re all here, right?” He joked, and grinned as David swatted him with the dishtowel. “I’m only here to get fed, then I’m heading over to a friend’s to study.”

“Kid, some days you sound more like me than I think your mom likes.” Emma laughed, and ruffled his hair as he picked up a dinner roll and plopped himself into a seat.

Regina cleared her throat and fixed her skirt as she continued to fall under everyone’s scrutiny. “You’re assuming I like the sound of you at all,” she scoffed. “I much prefer when you’re silent.”
Henry laughed and heaped a big helping of casserole onto his dish.

“Speaking of Emma and silence, we really haven’t heard much from you over the last few days,” Snow interjected, and eagerly took her seat beside Emma. “Do you have any updates for us?”

“I’ve just been keeping busy. I know some people are worried about the Dark One being the Sheriff, and I think it was a good idea to take a couple of days off.” Emma supplied easily, her hand clasping her glass of water. She ran her finger thoughtfully around the rim, the faintest trace of magic doing her bidding as the smooth ball nestled inside Regina began to silently vibrate with her ministrations. Regina shifted in her seat and her eyelashes fluttered weightily, but otherwise she did nothing to betray the secret of what Emma was doing to her.

“We talked to Rumple and Belle earlier,” Emma shrugged lightly, knowing full well this wasn’t what Snow had meant, but she gave her a look that said she sure as hell wasn’t going to talk about yesterday. Especially in front of her son. “He’s agreed to help in any way he can, and I think checking in with him will help.”

Henry looked pleased with this, though he couldn’t say anything with the amount of food he’d stuffed into his mouth. Instead he offered a thumbs up and nodded enthusiastically.

“What about you two?” Emma asked, looking to David as she spoke. “Thank you for letting Henry stay here while I get a handle on all this.”

“It’s no trouble at all. We’ve had a good time with him,” Snow insisted and tried to keep the atmosphere upbeat, although she couldn’t disguise the worry on her face as she glanced between her daughter and Regina. In spite of that, Snow managed to tell several stories about what they had all been doing over the last few days.

The rest of the dinner went smoothly once they settled on idle chit chat. The elephant in the room could be ignored for now, and maybe the next day or two, but sooner or later it would rampage through the apartment and take the foundations with it if they weren’t careful.

After a second helping of casserole, Henry finally shoved his plate away from him with a low grunt. “I can’t eat another thing.” He dramatically slapped his hand against his stomach and turned to Regina. “You’ll need to roll me to the couch. My legs can’t carry me anymore.”

David laughed, and clapped his large hand against Henry’s shoulder. “What a shame. We’re having
donuts for dessert. I guess I’ll just have to eat yours.” His sad tone never reached the amused twinkle in his eyes, his grin still in place as he stood up.

“No way,” Henry blurted, getting to his feet quickly. “I still have room for that.”

They both made a beeline for the box in the kitchen but before they scrambled to grab it, the box appeared with a flourish on the table thanks to Emma. She grinned deviously at them both and opened the box as she hummed in satisfaction. “Too slow guys. Looks like the women get to have first pick this time.” She teased, and snagged a jelly filled one before she slid the donuts towards Regina and Snow.

“The chocolate one’s mine!” Henry called, shoving past David, as if anyone would actually take it.

Regina never ate donuts, but she bit into a glazed donut and rolled her eyes at the surprise on Snow’s face. “I don’t always practice self restraint,” she remarked, and peered over at Emma as they both understood the relevance of that statement as it applied to other matters in their relationship. The spell on Regina’s sex drive seemed stronger than ever, and she licked the sugar from her fingertips.

There was a hypnotic quality to Regina’s tongue that had Emma’s sole focus. Her eyes followed every slow, languid lick as it gathered up the sticky residue for Regina to swallow. The sight was enough to send the blood in Emma’s body rushing southward, and she let out a low moan, thankfully disguised by the ravenous way she bit into her own treat. “So good.” She said thickly around a mouthful, and subtly shifted in her seat as she stared at Regina.

Henry munched on his chocolate donut, and shook his bangs of his eyes to glance between his mothers. “So, can I get some money?” he asked. “You both look like you’re in good moods now, so I figured it’d be the best time to ask. My friend and I are going to grab dessert at the diner while we study—”

“Aren’t you already eating dessert?” Regina softly challenged, and squinted at her son because he excelled at manipulating her. “If I give you some money, you also need to use it to get your hair cut tomorrow.”

“Deal.” Henry eagerly held out a chocolatey hand, and then wiped it down on a paper towel before taking the money Regina offered him from her purse. “You know, you also have Ma to thank for my strong appetite. I definitely take after her. She could eat this whole box of donuts on her own. I’ve seen her do it, but she’s sometimes too embarrassed to be herself in front of you.”
“Over the past few days, I think Emma has gotten over that fear,” Regina confided, and licked her bottom lip as it curled into a teasing smirk. “She certainly had quite the appetite this morning—“

If Regina had hoped to fluster Emma, it backfired as she grinned, “Yeah, I’ve been eating her,” Emma stated confidently, her gaze lingering on Regina’s as she paused to swallow the food in her mouth. “Out of house and home.” She turned to shrug at her parents, then waved a hand towards Regina. “Can you blame me? Her french toast totally beats the pancakes at Granny’s any day.”

“Oh man, she made you that?” Henry’s excitement slowly changed on his face, as he looked at his mom as if somehow she’d betrayed him. “I only get those on special occasions.” He sullenly mumbled, and stuck his lower lip out in the hopes of being awarded extra cash.

It worked, but not in the way he expected. Emma fished her wallet out and slid an extra ten towards him. “Come on kid, don’t guilt trip your mom. So, who are you meeting at Granny’s anyway, huh?” Emma nudged, and much to her amusement, watched as Henry turned a bright pink.

“Just a friend.” He hurriedly mumbled, and grabbed up the money as if half expecting it to be taken back. “I gotta run, because uh--” He scrambled to his feet faster than his mind could work, and took off with a soft call of, “I’ll be back before nine!”

“You’ll be back before eight thirty!” Snow yelled, and she shook her head with a smile as Henry sighed heavily in response.

Henry’s exit instantly increased the tension in the kitchen. David took a seat at one of the bar stools to prepare himself for the inevitable talk his wife would initiate.

“I was really enjoying our family time, but I’m glad we’re getting this opportunity to speak to both of you alone,” Snow admitted. She filled her kettle up with water and put it on the hob to boil. “We know that you’ve both been working around the clock to find a solution to Emma’s problem. This entire week has been very stressful. We thought we should have a family discussion about it. David?”

David’s mouth fell open and snapped shut as Snow unexpectedly asked for his input. “Right,” he agreed. “Between becoming the Dark One, and dealing with bad break ups, it’s not been an easy week for either one of you. I’m just going to come out and say that I think being the Dark One has dredged up a lot of emotions that have been difficult for you to process, Emma. You reminded me a lot of myself yesterday. Regina is family, and I’m proud that you defended her. But I was worried about you. There have been times when I’ve killed to protect Snow, because sometimes that was our only choice in the Enchanted Forest. Even after living here in this world with a second set of
memories, I think I’d still be capable of killing again if someone hurt any of you. And I don’t have to cope with the added complication of the Dark—”

David frowned as four different ringtones played simultaneously and drowned out his final word.

Snow was the first to reach her phone, and Grumpy’s voice carried throughout the apartment as she took the call.

“Hey, did you know there’s a riot out here?” Grumpy barked frantically. “Out by Hunter’s Grove.”

“We’re on the way,” Snow reassured him, and nodded to Regina who was already forming the necessary magic to transport them.

Regina’s spine tingled as tendrils of Emma’s dark magic tickled up her leg and joined her own. Their mingling magic gathered them all up and rushed them into the middle of chaos.

On the plot of land that belonged to Albert Spencer, signs had been raised to advertise the homes he planned to build. But the wood nymphs brought the signs down with their combined power of the earth. Creeping vines tore up the heavy wooden billboards and dragged them clear of the grasses where the Enchanted Forest birds nested.

Albert stood proudly on his property, a nasty sneer spread across his face as his group of investors and allies rallied around him to shout in his defense. Half of them were wealthy, some were contractors, and the rest, surprisingly, were Robin’s men. Their large fists were raised in anger as they hurled insults and slurs to the nymphs.

“Having fun playing king of the castle?” Emma asked sharply, her cold gaze on Albert.

“This is my land and I can do with it what I please.” He asserted smugly, and if Emma smirked it was from a sudden spike in aggression.

“You’re just a common tyrant hell bent on destroying all that’s good in our town!” Shouted one nymph, shaking with a fury that Emma could appreciate.
Regina strode between the two crowds with her hands diplomatically raised. “You need town board approval to put up signs, or any structures that involve breaking ground here. Take them all down, or you will have to pay a hefty fine,” she snapped at Albert, then turned a cold eye on the wood nymphs. “As for everyone else: go home. The town board is handling this issue. There’s no need for hysterics.”

“Why should anyone listen to this harlot? She couldn’t even handle a relationship, she’s not trustworthy!” One of Robin’s men bellowed, and a ripple of laughter spread through the group that was firmly sided with Albert.

Snow looked aghast, her face an almost comical picture of disbelief as she gaped up at the culprit, “Little John?” She gasped, as though he’d wounded her personally.

David placed a comforting hand on Regina’s shoulder, ever the gallant hero, and turned to face his daughter. “Emma—” He called, his tone a warning not to do anything rash.

Emma grit her teeth, her hands balled tightly into fists until her arms shook. She’d hammer him into the fucking dirt if everyone’s eyes hadn’t suddenly gone to her, as though waiting for some kind of Dark One display. Acid rose up her throat and coated her tongue as she lashed out verbally instead, her eyes boring into Little John. “Considering you and your merry friends all live in these woods, I’d be more concerned about where you’ll be living if Albert gets his way and flattens the forest to build luxury housing. I don’t think he accepts pinecones for deposits, or did none of you bother to think about that when you all jumped on Robin’s idea to screw over the rest of the town just to spite the Mayor?”

“As it so happens, I have agreed to build a lavish home for Robin and his Merry Men,” Albert patiently disclosed. “It’s a humanitarian act, one which I feel the town board should take into consideration when weighing their decisions. I’ll also need builders and suppliers, and that’s going to create jobs. Keep that in mind when you vote. I trust that despite our differences, we can all agree that Storybrooke residents are more important than flocks of birds.” He trampled through the taller grass to defend his signposts.

Regina paled a shade under the angry mob’s scrutiny and Albert’s belittling inspection.

In her own dark imagination, Regina saw an easy resolution to the current predicament. She heard her own rich and terrorizing laughter, which would bring fear to the faces of everyone around her before she emptied out the entire grove with a barrage of fireballs.

But Regina never used magic, or made so much as a sound. She stumbled a bit, enough that David
tightened his grip on her to prevent her from falling.

One of Robin’s men brazenly pulled out his bow and snatched an arrow from his quiver. He took aim and shot at a sage grouse he spotted several paces away. “Gonna have me a nice meat pie,” he declared. “I am quite willing to pay the fine.”

The bird let out a pathetic and pained squawk, and that was all it took for the wood nymphs to leap to the animal’s rescue. The nymphs flicked their wands to entangle the merry men in thick brush and vines, which covered up their mouths and suffocated their screams. “Choke on a bush!” taunted a wood nymph.

Something twisted inside Emma enjoyed the callousness of Albert’s manipulations, and how the wood nymphs sought their revenge.

Emma watched avidly at the building panic as vines snaked tighter around everyone, and her lips parted in excitement. Albert always did have a knack for rallying people into a mad frenzy.

A small pulse of light magic drew her out of her haze, and the squawking finally stopped as a triumphant nymph cradled the little bird protectively to herself.

Regina stood numbly beside Emma and stared on in worry at the way the she handled the town crisis situation. If given the chance, Emma might have allowed the conflict to play out. Regina was too startled by Emma’s buzzing energy to do much more than gape.

Emma’s eyes sought out Regina and then flew to the trapped mob. “That’s enough of that!” She icily stated, an eerie calm to her voice as she raised her hand and forced the vines back into the earth. The rejoice of the men lasted but a second as Emma strode up to them and, without preamble, slapped a pair of cuffs on the large man who had fired the arrow.

“This is unjust!” He bellowed, his thick beard nearly in her face as he leaned toward her with a scowl. “It’s not even dead. It’s just a bird!”

“Endangered.” Emma coldly informed him, unperturbed by his animosity. “And you just fired a weapon into a crowd, in front of the Sheriff. That’s unlawful discharge of a firearm, and reckless discharge with malicious intent. You wanna add resisting arrest to that list?” She quirked an eyebrow, daring him to test her, and felt a pleasurable tingle run down her back as she felt the sudden shift in the crowd. “Didn’t think so.” She snidely remarked, and with a flick of her wrist he vanished.
Emma’s action as sheriff prompted Regina to stand shoulder to shoulder with her. “This entire grove is now the site of an investigation,” Regina announced authoritatively. “Our best researchers will need to be called in to assess any damages done, and to study the effects that this incident might have had on the sage grouse population. David and Snow, will you please get the crowd under control? Emma, draw a line. If anyone crosses into Hunter Grove while this investigation is ongoing, they will be subject to the appropriate penalties.”

Regina eyed Snow and David to get them moving, and to prevent Emma having any engagement with the mob. David understood her silent demand and took charge over containing Albert’s followers. Snow patiently approached the wood nymphs, both to reason with them and assure them that justice would be served.

With a sizzling zip and pop of her magic, Regina nodded to Emma and they forged powers to mark the landscape with a visible boundary. Regina simultaneously reached out to grasp Emma’s hand. If she held onto it like a balloon string that could at any moment slip away, no one else took notice.

There was something dangerously alluring to using magic together. Sure, it had always made Emma’s pulse race, but now? Now she could taste Regina flowing through her, and so could the darkness. It enjoyed it just as much. Sought it out, and reached back. The tingle in Emma’s fingertips left her hand trembling and she pulled away with a glower to the mob, “Everyone go home!” She barked, and maybe it was the hard stare she gave or the challenge in her stance that dared them to test her but nobody would meet her eye except her parents. “Get them out of here.” She commanded. “We’re checking the perimeter to make sure the barrier holds.”

That was the only warning they got as Emma’s magic billowed out and snared Regina from sight. They didn’t go far, that much was clear when they materialized fifty feet away with the sound of the crowd arguing in the background. “You,” Emma husked, her hand clasping around Regina’s neck to run her thumb possessively along the burnished chain, “Are wearing far too many clothes for my liking.” She stepped closer, their bodies flush together, and exhaled warmly. Emma’s intent was clear and determined as her hips pushed into Regina purposefully. Wetting her lips, she pressed them to the shell of Regina’s ear to whisper, “You better fix that. Or I will.”

Regina locked eyes with Emma, and then backed herself into the shadows of the ash trees. “I could tell you were enjoying yourself back there,” she whispered. “It seems like you and the Darkness have the same agenda where it concerns Albert Spencer. And now this little escapade in the forest?” Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she stripped off her blouse, and then turned around so Emma could take care of the zipper on her skirt. “I thought it might be the Darkness egging you on, but that’s not the case. It’s the other way around, isn’t it? You want this, and you’ve won the Darkness’ resounding approval.”
She rested both of her hands on a low branch in front of her, and bent forward as Emma dropped her pants.

Emma hummed low in her throat, though whether it was admittance or approval at the sight before her was hard to tell. She splayed her palms against Regina’s bare backside and squeezed roughly, pulling the cheeks apart to feast her eyes on the sight of slick folds. It seemed her little spell was doing its job after all. “They deserve to be punished.” Emma lifted, a hint of excitement entwined with her tone as she thought back to the vines coiling around them like snakes. “Especially Robin’s men.” She grit out his name, her hands tightening on Regina’s hips to pull her ass back until she stood on tiptoes. “Isn’t it pathetic how easily they abandoned all they stood for just so Robin could get his petty revenge?”

The question was rhetorical as Emma slipped the orb out of Regina, then eased the tip of her cock through the moisture that clung to Regina’s pussy lips. She parted Regina effortlessly to feel the delicious warmth within. Emma gradually pushed her thick length inside Regina, spreading her pink hole languidly, despite their surroundings. She pulled out just enough to slam her hips into Regina’s backside and rock her forward, admiring the soft gasp of surprise it caused. “Seems like I’m not the only one enjoying myself tonight.” Emma taunted, her thrusts deliberately paced as if they were having a lazy afternoon in bed, and not on the outskirts of a mob that could walk past any second. She wanted to rile Regina, to make the act turn desperate, and so she sank her teeth into Regina’s shoulder and sucked roughly.

Regina’s snarl of outrage fast became a deep moan of a satisfaction as Emma’s hand firmly tangled in her hair. “I’d be enjoying myself more if you’d focus on fucking me. If this is what you want, Emma – if you’re determined to have me right here and now, then I want total satisfaction.” The frantic and repetitive motion of Emma’s quadriceps slamming into her would no doubt leave bruises, but Regina chased pain and euphoria – she wanted to feel the sting and twinge of her skin, and the fulfillment that only a rough pounding could deliver. “Harder,” she moaned as Emma slackened off her speed. “I need it harder.”

With her breasts pressing into the tree, and Emma still gripping firmly in her hair, Regina’s face flushed to a shade of dark red from the strain of her position. She licked her lips just to taste the sweat from their impassioned public act. Her eyes glittered darkly as she glanced over her shoulder at Emma, who forcefully guided hips to keep her in a secure bend. “You’re on a power trip,” Regina observed in a scratchy husk. “Make me feel that.”

“Oh, I’ll make you feel it.” Emma reiterated with a growl, her hand yanking Regina’s head back to viciously kiss her. It was all teeth and roughness that left Regina’s already plump lips a deeper shade of rouge as Emma plunged her straining cock forcefully into her sopping hole. The branch Regina clung to began to shake from her thrusts, and short, sharp grunts escaped Emma’s throat with her rapid penetration. “You like this, don’t you? You like that I’m opening your hot cunt right here in the middle of the forest,” Emma hissed, tangling her hand fully in Regina’s hair to pull her back against
each deep rutting thrusts, “Tits bouncing in the cool air, ass on display, knowing anyone could see you taking this cock like a shameless slut.”

Every rock of her hips left Emma feeling more animalistic as the Darkness inside her tried to envelope them both. The hand on Regina’s hip slid southward until Emma’s long fingers were spreading Regina’s pussy lips to strum her slippery clit. “I want to hear how much you love this.” She husked, her fingers demanding as they rubbed Regina furiously until her legs quaked and her inner muscles clenched around her throbbing length. The softest whimpers of delight fell from Regina’s lips as Emma spread her aroused pussy with thick cock, and continued to rock even through her first spasms of climax. She tried to hold back on Emma, but the tingling aftershocks of her orgasm forced a louder, gravelly moan from her.

The crowds in the distance seemed to be lingering and several heads turned at the sound of Regina’s pleasure, but no one crossed the line they had drawn.

The Darkness appealed to Regina and quieted her, stopped her moan from reaching other ears.

Small tendrils drifted smokily underneath Regina’s body and around her ribcage, then up to her nostrils like a heady vapor. Her love for Emma made her inhale sharply, to see this curious and impetuous act through to its tawdry conclusion. Becoming more intimately familiar with the Darkness was a dangerous venture, but Regina needed this awareness of it and of Emma, no matter how its potency might tease and tarnish her. A little taste of the Darkness would suffice, and in turn, the Darkness partook of her through Emma.

With the knowledge that they were far from finished, Regina straightened her shoulders and back as Emma withdrew from her, still erect, and beckoned her deeper into the forest. Regina glanced around at the mob scene behind them, and then followed Emma without pausing to fully adjust her clothes.

“Where are we going?” Regina murmured.

“You’ll see.” Emma answered slyly, removing her own clothes with a flick of her wrist to stand momentarily naked in the middle of the forest. The cool breeze did little to tamper the heat that scorched across her skin and she looked just as wild as the animals that roamed through the trees. She turned to smirk at Regina, and then they were whooshed away in a cloud of grey only to reemerge in a large, empty foyer.

Emma tipped her head to the side and took in the new surroundings with a quirk of her lips. Of course Albert was the type to have his own portrait hanging on the wall, looking pompous as ever.
A startled gasp from beside her signaled that Regina had just caught sight of it, and her stern hiss of, “We can’t be here! What were you thinking?” almost fell on deaf ears.

“Sure we can.” Emma exhaled flippantly, and turned to face Regina with a coy lift of her brow. “He’s out there arguing, and I want to know exactly what his plans are. Don’t you?” She taunted, knowing the risk they were taking and reveling in it.

There was a sense of freedom that came from wandering around the asshole’s home buck naked. A reckless kind of enlightenment that spoke of how untouchable Emma currently felt, completely at ease as she swaggered from room to room, until she found the study and with ease of magic, duplicated the files she wanted and sent them straight to Regina’s home office. She turned to Regina abruptly and shared the rush of victory by snaring her around the waist and pulling her into a hungry, demanding kiss. Emma’s tongue parted Regina’s lips to glide against hers. “We deserve a drink.” She stated breathlessly when she pulled back, and clasped Regina’s hand to tug her into the kitchen before she could protest.

Emma opened the fridge as though the thing belonged to her and considered the sparse offerings with a sigh. Albert either couldn’t cook or didn’t care to—either one wouldn’t surprise her—but at least he liked to chill his liquor. Emma snagged a bottle of scotch from the shelf and twisted the lid off to take a liberal gulp before pressing the bottle into Regina’s hand. “Go on.” She encouraged, her green eyes almost black from her dilated pupils.

She watched avidly as Regina took a sip, the way her neck moved as she swallowed. She followed a small droplet that clung to her lower lip as she passed the bottle back and Emma distractedly pushed it onto the right shelf before she licked the flavor from Regina’s swollen lower lip. “Get on the counter and spread your legs,” She husked confidently, “hold your pussy open and let me see how much your wet hole needs me.” There was no question to it, she already knew Regina needed her as much as she needed to be buried deep inside her. Emma was rock hard already, and she wrapped her hand around her thick shaft to stroke.

Regina availed herself of another generous gulp of liquor before scrabbling up onto the counter and flexing her body into a gorgeous curve. With her cheek pressed against the cold surface beneath her, and her ass gracefully lifted high in the air, Regina ran both of her thumbs over her slippery pussy and separated her lips to show off her dripping hole. Trickles of her desire covered her fingertips and she massaged it back into her cunt. “I need so much more than what you’ve given me today,” she intoned. “And I’m bending the law and myself to your whims.” She subtly pushed her knees apart and slid her index halfway into her vagina.

Emma’s throaty moan changed to a short, sharp laugh. “In this town, I am the law. So you’d best do as I say unless you want to spend the night in these.” She punctuated her statement by slapping a pair
of cuffs loudly onto the counter near Regina’s face with magic crackling across her palm. “Use two fingers.” She rasped, watching as Regina pushed another inside her reddening slit. “Faster.” She dictated, and the sticky wet clicking as Regina fucked herself filled the kitchen as Emma groaned, drunk with arousal. “Take them out and suck them clean. I want to see what that mouth of yours can do.”

Vulgar as it was, Emma got off on her own brazenness. Her cock twitched and throbbed lustfully at the sight of Regina’s tongue and lips working her fingers. It was everything and nothing all at once, a tease that Emma couldn’t take a second longer. She grabbed Regina’s wrists and locked the cuffs around them, her breaths coming in soft, warm puffs as she climbed onto the island and positioned Regina on her knees with her back pressed against her own torso. She slipped a hand around Regina’s neck, trapping her cuffed hands between them, and forced her head back to whisper into her ear. “I’m not going to stop until I’ve come inside of you as many times as I want.” Emma’s teeth scraped the shell of Regina’s ear before she latched roughly onto her throat to mark the flesh with a purple bruise that would last for days. The swollen tip of her cock pushed insistently at Regina’s sensitive, slippery folds and with a quick roll of her hips, Emma sank her entire shaft back where it belonged, deep inside Regina.

“I’m gonna breed your hot cunt right here in front of these big windows.” Emma whispered against Regina’s earlobe, and her boastful declaration inspired a full body shiver that traveled all the way down to Regina’s toes.

All of the graphic language could only have been inspired by a raunchy adult film, and not for the first time Regina wondered at Emma’s sexual tastes and influences. “You’re going to breed me,” Regina repeated softly, as she watched their merging bodies in the reflected light of the windowpane. Somehow Emma’s remark began to feel like an appropriate descriptor of their dirty and brute coupling.

The metal cuffs bit painfully into Regina’s wrists and rattled as Emma humped her. They fed off each other’s savage energy, until all that remained in Regina’s eyes was her own fire and that pure luminance that had so enthralled the Darkness.

Emma cupped both of her vigorously shaking breasts and held her in a tight embrace that could only be achieved with superhuman strength.

Regina’s arching contortion excited Emma, who began to slam her hips more emphatically to hammer her soft pussy. Her gloving warmth snugly fit all of Emma’s cock and Regina grunted as an unexpected stream of hot come spurted into her.

Emma kept the tip pressed into her cervical opening, and then resumed rocking into her. Regina trembled as she concentrated on the slow grinding sensation of Emma’s cock massaging her
internally. Her own sexual instincts spurred her on as Emma emptied more liquid pleasure into her body.

Emma’s dominant displays – both invading an enemy’s home and the rush of fucking in that conspicuous place – made it all the more thrilling. It brought on a false sense of invincibility and superiority, a high that Regina once chased. “Em - ” she grunted. “Emma—uhhh—fuck.”

This unrestrained and completely reckless behavior stole her breath and good sense away. “Is my pussy yours?” she groaned. “Are you going to take it?”

“Yes.” Emma growled out, her short nails biting into Regina’s soft skin to leave her mark as her hands trailed from Regina’s breasts to her back. With a surge of magic the cuffs were gone. Emma gave a firm, though demanding push to encourage Regina onto her hands, and promptly grabbed her hips as the cuffs snapped back into place around her wrists.

Emma’s hands were like vices as she pulled Regina strongly back against each rough, rutting thrust.

The noise of their fucking was obscene enough in the large kitchen, but coupled with their grunts and heavy breaths it sounded more and more animalistic.

“You like when I take what’s mine, don’t you?” Emma’s voice was thick and raspy, and she watched lustfully as she pulled out halfway just to see Regina’s pink, raw hole stretch wide around her cock before pounding her achingly deep. “You need me to screw you like this to remind you that your cunt belongs to me. Only I get to fuck it.” It was a possessive statement, punctuated by aggressive, full thrusts that left Regina’s beautiful round ass as red as Emma’s leather jacket.

“Yes, fuck me like a slut, Emma,” Regina groaned. “Fuck me good and hard. Show everyone that I’m yours.” She forced her wrists together and pressed her palms downward into the cold marble as Emma ravaged her pussy. Emma’s cock split her silky lips in a complete and erotic spread. Each time Emma withdrew, she got a glimpse of Regina’s open hole and the darker scarlet muscles deep inside her vagina.

Emma slammed into her with impossible vigor, moving her entire small body. Her breasts bounced as Emma dragged her back onto her rigid length, stopping it from sliding out even as she bucked strongly, the force sending Regina forward with a sharp jolt.

“All mine.” Emma echoed with a snarl, her thighs slapping against Regina’s backside in primal
possessiveness. Anyone could see them if they walked up the back path, and the thought of it kept Emma going.

The scent of their arousal hung heavier in the air as Emma’s hand left Regina’s hip to fist in her short hair. She pulled Regina’s head back, and made her watch their reflection in the glass. “Look at yourself while I fuck you,” she breathed heavily. “So hungry for me that I can have you however and whenever I want.”

Emma pistoned forward with a guttural grunt and spilled more of her warm desire into Regina. “Do you feel me inside you now, Regina?” she raspily asked. “Do you feel how thoroughly I’ve used your cunt? I’m all over you, inside of you, running down your thighs, and you still want more.” Her hot release covered Regina’s pussy, quads and ass, and Emma reached down to rub her slippery cunt expertly. “Imagine the look on everyone’s faces if they saw you right now, bent over, and letting me treat you this way.” She lustfully husked. “They wouldn’t understand how satisfying it is. For both of us.”

With Emma’s hand wrapped over the column of her neck, Regina beheld herself in the window, and not for the first time, she considered how others might perceive her.

For most of her life Regina had been weak for approval, and yet the Darkness fed her soul a haughty dismissal of all those that stumbled around outside in the night. She saw torches, little sparks of light that burned brightly through her reflection, as if the flames were at her knees and face and breasts. The merry men and Albert Spencer had taken the path through the wood, and they stood just beyond range of sight when Regina succumbed fully to Emma, trembling with an ecstasy that rivaled all other pleasure.

Regina cared about what everyone thought of her, but not enough to choose her reputation over Emma, not enough to forfeit this moment. Dark magic drifted like smoke around Regina’s waist, and then both she and Emma vanished.

She sank down into a warm bath that was waiting for them in her home, and Emma slipped in behind her with a sponge. They soaked together in silence for a long while, coming down slowly from the carnality of it all.

“I think we need to check in with each other,” Regina muttered, only after they both had time and space to reflect. She tipped her head to the side to watch trails of water racing down over her stomach. Her hand slipped into Emma’s and she threaded their fingers together. “What do you think?”
“I think…” In the aftermath of such a furious coupling, Emma appeared more subdued. Though her hand clasped Regina’s in return, she continued methodically washing Regina’s back as she gathered her thoughts. Soft, soapy spirals that cleansed her mind as well as the skin. On one hand, she could clam up and act as though she was unaware of what their issues were, but to self sabotage to that degree would damage them and their relationship beyond repair. Which meant they had to talk about everything they both quite pointedly had been refusing to up until now, and while the pleasure of the day had been a balm for the pain they were about to endure, it did very little to comfort Emma.

“I think who we were this afternoon isn’t who we were this morning.” Emma’s slow words were hushed as she dipped the sponge into the warm water to squeeze across Regina’s shoulders. “We’re acting differently because things happened that we don’t want to face, but we need to face them.” Easier said than done. She could feel Regina tense beneath her fingers, and forced herself to speak first. To at least take that burden from Regina, even if she’d created others. “David was right today. I didn’t want to hear it and it pissed me off at the time, but a lot of things that I chose to block out over the years have resurfaced and old wounds are seeping into new. I don’t want to turn into a monster but every time I think of Robin, every time I see his men or look at the forest…” Her teeth clenched and her voice lowered to a growl as she spoke. “I want to punish them all for—”

_Control._ She had to get herself under control. Emma sucked in a slow, deep breath and focused on bathing Regina. The calmness it created and the connection they shared tethered her enough to carry on, albeit cautiously. “There’s a rage in me that I can’t escape right now, and it’s becoming a source of aggression that I know you feel. I don’t want you to feel it, but don’t know how to stop it either. I need…” Emma paused to swallow thickly, ignored the way the Darkness inside her tried to silence her with false comfort. “I need help.” She confessed in a whisper, and for a moment she was only Emma, broken and lost and afraid of what she was and who she was becoming.

Regina melted into a more relaxed posture against Emma, and sighed as her eyes welled suddenly with tears. “I’m here for you, Emma,” she stressed, taking Emma’s hand and tightening her grip on it with a loving little squeeze. “Though I haven’t been doing a very good job of helping or guiding you, as I had promised.”

Shifting in place, Regina turned just enough to glimpse the sorrowful and crushed expression on Emma’s face. Her guilt overwhelmed her then, hitting her with fresh blows.

“I provoked you more than once in the past 24 hours,” Regina softly acknowledged. “You were right about that. I sensed this energy in you, and at every chance, I tried to get you to focus it on me.”

In the shiny reflection of the bath water, visions of the vacant land in Hunter’s Grove appeared, showing them that no one had defied their orders. But the streets just outside the grove were littered with the signs announcing the coming of new homes.
“Albert never would have gotten the support of the merry men if Robin hadn’t sided with him. I suspect Robin wants Albert to bail him out of jail. If that’s the case, there’s sure to be more conflict ahead of us,” Regina huffed, splashing the water as she lifted herself from the tub and found towels for them both. She wrapped her own towel around her shoulders and then gathered Emma up in a plush, larger bath sheet.

As Regina finished drying Emma, she pulled her into a warming embrace. The forked vein near her hairline throbbed the longer she held on. “All along, I should have set better boundaries with Robin, but he also thinks I belong to him because of dust. Dust is just some lingering debris from a time long past.” She hated to dwell on the pixie dust, but so many of her problems stemmed from that favored substance of fairies. “You said before that something needs to be done about Robin, and I’m in agreement with you. I just don’t know what. I thought the solution was finding a way to strengthen the bond between you and I, but that puts the burden on us.”

Regina placed her chin on Emma’s shoulder and leaned into her neck, fitting the curve of her cheekbone against smooth skin. “I shouldn’t blame myself for the fact that he touched me,” she whispered. “That was on him, and it was a total violation. But I did let Robin’s constant persistence overshadow my better judgment all along, and I couldn’t even use my magic to defend myself yesterday because I felt sorry for breaking his heart. I felt actual pity, and he knew — he knew that I wasn’t waiting for him. He knew I didn’t want to be touched.” Her voice cracked, because these were revelations even to her — thoughts she had stored away like canned food she never wanted to eat, stuffed in the back of the cabinet. She coughed and choked on the words, finding them vile. “What’s worse is that I’ve shared things with him, and he was aware of what his actions would do to me. He hurt me intentionally.”

“And that hurt—it’s hurting us,” Regina murmured, separating herself from Emma, and hanging her head as a pained little quiver went through her chin. “I wanted you to have an outlet for the outrage you feel towards him, and I’ve tried to be that for you. Not just because I was afraid of you seeking vengeance against him directly, but also because I needed it. If you caused me pain—if I told you to do it, then I’m the one in control. I’m not powerless.”

Emma remained silent as Regina spoke, and did the most important thing she could right then. Listen. Really listen, to hear everything else that went unsaid, to grasp the mixed emotions that became the turmoil, which had built up and inevitably spilled across Albert Spencer’s kitchen. They were struggling in the worst ways, and she felt sick as it occurred to her that they had used sex as an escape. A way to bury what they felt by losing themselves in something they wanted most: each other.

“I know.” Emma’s voice was laced with an undercurrent of understanding that carried in the way she wrapped her arms strongly around Regina. Holding her to her chest so she could press her cheek against the top of Regina’s head and let everything sink in. “I know you felt powerless, that what he did had rendered you unable to use magic…” Emma grit her teeth at the memory. The surge of anger that reared up unwelcome but she couldn’t ignore it. It fused with her blood and scorched through her veins like hellfire, until her skin felt like it would blister and peel off. “You can’t act like a buffer
for what he’s done, Regina. You can’t be an outlet for whatever I feel towards him, ever. You don’t deserve that, and I don’t want to be that person who hurts you like he did. We can’t become those people.”

Taking Regina by the hand, Emma walked them to the closet and found them both a pair of pajamas. Once they were dressed, she sat on the edge of the bed and tried her best to articulate how she felt. “I spent my whole life just wanting someone to love me, wanting a family all of my own, and I finally found that with you. Seeing Robin yesterday, finding you like that, I snapped. Not just at him, but me, and in a fucked up way, you. Because you still wanted to cling to the man you had hoped he was, because you care about him when he doesn’t deserve your compassion or thoughts. You still think you owe me for taking the Darkness and you don’t. I wasn’t on a power trip, I—”

Emma stood up suddenly, the erratic energy that buzzed through her limbs made her pace, while her hands ran through her hair, leaving it as wild as the look in her eyes. “I wanted to erase him from your skin, from your presence, from this town. I wanted to claim you for my own, until the only thoughts in your mind were of me. I wanted you to be mine and only mine, and I know how disgusting that sounds but at the time it made sense. I wanted you to be so enraptured with me that he just disappeared, until all that was left was us, with no trace of him left behind. And the more you tried to shoulder the blame for his actions, the more you shrank into yourself and believed what those assholes said in the woods, the more aggressive I became, thinking that if I could just show you that you belong with me, to me, and that I was all yours, then you’d shed all the guilt and self loathing that he pressed upon you and remember who you are...”

Emma stopped pacing then, her eyes filled with emotion that swirled with unshed tears. “You’re Regina Mills.” She reminded her, their eyes locking as she reaffirmed, “Mayor of this town, Queen of The Enchanted Forest, mother of my son, love of my life. You face the worst things in all the realms and you still stand. You command armies and city councilors alike. You bow to nobody and you take shit from no one. You’re fierce, you’re strong, and you’re the bravest person I’ve ever known and I will not let him rob you of your self worth. He’s a filthy, cheating, lying bastard that thinks he can do what he likes because he calls himself honorable and I won’t fucking have it. He’s nothing compared to you, he never will be. He’s just a pebble beneath your shoe, and you owe him nothing.”

Regina’s eyebrows formed together, until she wore a severe but moved expression, entirely convinced and empowered from listening to Emma’s lecture. She put her hands on either side of Emma’s face and then kissed her, showing her gratitude and admiration with puckering lips that latched on fiercely and tenderly all at once. “I love you, Emma Swan,” she announced. “Even when you are feeling your worst, you always give me your best. Dark One, or not, you still save me from myself time and time again.” As uplifting as Emma’s speech was, Regina knew her own remarks seemed to overlook the more important parts that still required further discussion. “I have spent so much time over the last few years trying to fix the lives that I ruined. Tink once told me that I ruined Robin’s life. I’ve held onto what she said, especially because I was obsessed with redeeming myself. I forgot some lessons I learned when I was the Queen: I forgot self-respect. I never forget that with you, though, no matter what foul-mouthed language you use with me in bed.” She laughed breezily, even if her joke stuck in her hoarse throat. Then she dragged Emma down into bed to cuddle. “In
some ways, I have wanted you to cleanse me of yesterday’s memories, but when we’re just together like this, when you’re looking into my eyes and I’m looking into yours, I feel pure. Isn’t that ridiculous? After *everything* we did today. But Emma, I’ve never felt lighter than I do when you look at me. You look at me the way Henry looked at every single novelty he discovered as he grew up. With complete wonder. And I think I look at you the same way.”

Lacing her fingers through Emma’s, and pressing their foreheads together, Regina breathed more softly and contentedly. “If we can go to bed and wake up every morning like this, looking into each other’s eyes, then we’ll both be alright,” she murmured. “We are both going to be alright.”

Chapter End Notes

If you read through the chapter and you enjoyed, we’d love to hear your thoughts or if you’d leave us a kudos. ;-;

Your comments inspire us to continue.

And we have a question! Would you all prefer SHORTER chapters in the future? Is this just too long and too much to read, or is the length okay?

We also have Twitter now, if anyone wants to follow us: @emmaswanreginam
Our tumblrs are still the same.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

additional tags: some scenes with Hood and Hook for plot reasons: brief thoughts of self-harm, anal play, sexual role play, humiliation, punishment, sexually violent thoughts (from the Darkness, not Emma), discussion of and use of dominant titles, dark themes, praise kink, breeding kink.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There were two kinds of people who ventured into The Rabbit Hole at ten in the morning: the staff that worked there, and the desperate souls with little else to do but drown whatever sorrows plagued them. The dingy atmosphere and cheap liquor certainly appealed to Hook.

If he closed his eyes and let the rum do its work, it was almost like being back on the ship. The creaking floorboards were reminiscent of better times, and the tipsy lurch in his stomach offered nostalgia for the waves that carried him from shore to shore.

Except he wasn’t on the ocean any more, was he?

He was in a stuffy little town, with an anchor tied to his waist by the name of Emma Swan. He couldn’t, wouldn’t, leave without her. She was his happy ending after all. It was just growing pains of becoming the Dark One. She’d come crawling back once she’d adjusted.

Hook was the man for her. He’d won her heart, and he wasn’t about to give it back.

That was what he told the few people who had asked, present company included: Robin Hood had ventured in earlier and slumped down on the nearest barstool.

“Everyone has a little darkness, mate.” Hook knocked back his shot and leaned forward on the bar casually. “She’s the savior. It’ll sort itself out.”

Robin’s exasperated expression did little to help with his usual whine. “She’s not a little dark, she’s the darkest of dark.”
Narrowing his eyes, Hook swirled the next shot absently before declaring viciously, “I’ve done things far worse than punch a bloke in the face. I’m sure you have too. Emma is still in there. She’s just a bit confused, is all.”

“The point is, she’s becoming reckless.” Robin heaved a sigh and tried to switch tactics. “What do you think the people of this town will do if she starts to lose control of herself?”

For the first time, Hook swung around to glance at Robin. He had hardly noticed at all when Robin first joined him, though the man’s face might have attracted his attention. His battered nose and bruised jaw were deep shades of purple and red.

“Seems like she lost control because of what you did.” Hook remarked, his lips twisting into a smirk as he beckoned the barkeep over to fill him up. If anyone could understand the urge to resort to violence, it was Hook. "Breaking into Regina’s office might not have been the best idea, at least not when there's witnesses." He clapped his hand on Robin's shoulder and confided lightly, "I understand that she's your soulmate, but she's the lass’ only friend, and if Regina wants to shag someone else on the side, you might as well let her. The Queen always did have something of a reputation—"

Robin became downright offended at that and his face turned even redder. “You are missing the point,” he argued. “Emma is now The Dark One. The townspeople have always feared Rumplestiltskin, and now that she has that same power to hold over everyone, she is a much bigger target. You yourself hated the Dark One for centuries; you wanted to bloody kill him! Are you seeing the problem here?”

Their camaraderie would last only so long if Robin dared to compare Emma to Rumplestiltskin. "Swan is no crocodile!” His thunderous voice flew in Robin’s face with enough force that the man had to squint in response. “That monstrous bastard was beyond anything she could ever be! You don’t know her like I do.” Nobody did, and that was why Emma belonged with him. Dark One or not, she was his and always would be.

“However,” Hook grudgingly conceded, as he sipped at his rum to rid the bitter taste from his tongue. “I see your point. The majority of this town is filled with lighthearted simpletons.” He looked Robin in the eye and shrugged. “No offense, mate, but your kind have the tendency to panic.”

“My kind?” Robin echoed harshly, though he dropped any animosity he might have been feeling at the chance to win Hook over to his point of view. “If you see my perspective, then why not get involved? This town is afraid, and no good can come of that fear. What Emma did to me was just a drop in the bucket. She’s powerful enough that she could drown them all with a mere thought. She’s already abused her power in her role as Sheriff. Did you know she stole from a citizen just a few days ago? Barged into his apartment without a warrant and seized his personal property, all because
she thought there was some kind of domestic dispute going on. And last night, the Dark One used her magic again, to prevent Albert Spencer from accessing his own land. Mark my words, her actions will incite riots. She’s making enemies, both big and small – and if you truly care about her, it’s your place to intervene before all of this gets worse—”

Hook raised a dark eyebrow and sized up Robin with a slow smirk. “I heard your men aligned with King George at your behest, and one of them fired a weapon into the crowd no less. Now, I’m no lawman, but even I know that makes a crime scene.” He murmured it with a touch of mirth coloring his words then lifted his glass, only to level Robin with a stare. “I’m guessing Spencer paid your bail, but your man is still stuck in that cell.” Hook might not understand what angle Robin was aiming for, but he could feel the push from him and resented it. “A word of warning, mate, if you’re going to come bother a Captain about petty squabbles, you’d best not bring his girl into it. For a bloke that spouts about being honorable, you just sold yourself to the highest bidder to spite the Queen. If you think she’s going to drop her panties for you after that, you’re drunker than I am.”

Robin scoffed in disbelief and insult, unable to maintain a cool and even temperament in the face of reason. “Regina and I share a connection that is deeper than sheer lust or love. But she has never coped well with her guilt. After what happened to Emma, she is self-destructing because she feels that is what she deserves. In her mind, it should have been her who took on the Darkness. If you won’t help me, I will go and appeal to Emma myself, to see if I can safeguard her against this trouble that is bound to come. Once I help Emma and set matters right with her, I can concentrate wholly on Regina. She is special to me. In spite of what she did to tarnish not only our relationship, but also my good name, I still want her to be my wife someday and Mother to Roland.” He scooted his stool back and paused a moment to contemplate Hook. “You might be content to sit by, but I have always been a man of action. Still, I respect you, Captain, and I wish you well. I’ll leave you to your drink.”

Robin dropped a few dollars on the bar to cover his ale and departed before Hook could utter another word of criticism. He left the Rabbit Hole, and crossed the street to Granny’s diner with plans to grab breakfast. But Granny scowled his way when he entered and he suspected that she spat in the To Go coffee he ordered.

Rather than stay where his presence was not welcome, Robin strolled down the street and set off to Emma’s home. He knocked persistently and waited until she came to speak with him.

Normally, Emma could tell exactly who was at her door from the sound of the knock. Three short, sharp knocks in fast succession signaled Henry. Two curt knocks meant it was Regina. Hurried, panicked knocking was what Snow excelled at, regardless of emergencies—but this?
The loud, paced thumps that echoed through the wood like a monotonous drone left her… *curious.* Enough to slip away from Regina’s embrace with a quirked eyebrow and soft “Wait here,” after it became very clear that the thudding slaps against her front door weren’t going to stop. Either someone was feeling brave, or they were incredibly stupid.

Taking slow, measured steps down the stairs, Emma placed her hand against the door and wrenched it open. Her eyes bore straight into Robin’s and she smiled dangerously, allowing the sight of her white teeth to inspire the idea of how she could rip his throat out with them. “*Robin,*” She bit out in warning, though more for Regina’s sake than his, as Emma’s voice carried through the house.

With a long, hard stare, Emma let her gaze trail over his bruised face and then down his filthy clothes to settle on his dirty boots. “Whatever you’re here for, no.” She lilted icily, relishing the way his face contorted in protest as she slammed the door shut.

Robin was quick to throw up his hand and to wedge himself into the door frame. “Please, Emma,” he begged, and screwed up his eyes in a pathetic bid to show his true emotion. “You have no idea how sorry I am. I came here to apologize for my behavior. When I imagined Regina in the arms of another man, I forgot who I was and all that I stand for. Hasn’t that ever happened to you? You are grappling with your own Darkness. Can’t you see how losing Regina might have affected *me?* She’s your closest friend, and I know you wouldn’t take kindly to the thought of losing her either. I overreacted, and I never meant any of the words that came out of my mouth. You have to believe that I would change it all if I could.”

With his torso halfway into the foyer, Robin seemed to recognize his options were to force himself inside or back off. In a display of good will, he raised his arms in resignation and withdrew. “Won’t you please let me come inside so we can talk about this?” he asked kindly.

Just out of the line of sight, Regina eavesdropped on the conversation, barely breathing as she considered the next move Emma might make. They had gone to Emma’s house for clean clothes that morning, and although returning back to their respective jobs had also been on the agenda for that day, Regina had phoned in late and sprawled naked in Emma’s bed for the better part of an hour.

For a change, neither of them initiated more beyond kissing and Regina felt a renewed bond with Emma. After the dark days behind them, Regina had been grateful for the light in Emma’s eyes and the pure devotion in every gentle meeting of their lips.

Robin’s arrival threatened to alter all of that, and Regina’s fingers twitched with the desire to act. But fear clutched at her throat as she peered down the stairwell. She pulled the bed sheet that was draped around her shoulders just a tad tighter.
“I won’t be long, but this is important,” Robin firmly insisted. “Regina is important. And I have to set these matters right with you.”

One hard push of the door and Emma could snap him in two like one of his terribly made arrows.

The thought might have crossed Emma’s mind more than once as she stared at him, but that would do nothing but feed into all of Regina’s fears, and all of Robin’s self-righteousness when he called her a monster. Which, she had to reason, is probably what he wanted. Narrowing her eyes, Emma stepped back and allowed him entrance if only to stop him from causing a scene on her steps. “If you were that concerned about hurting Regina,” She murmured, her eyes sharp as they followed him, “you’d have gone to her, and yet here you are, loitering in my foyer.” Emma circled him slowly, her booted feet tapping out a crisp warning that echoed like a haunting melody.

So if he wasn’t here for Regina, then why was he here?

The sheer proximity of the man made her blood boil. The fact that he had the audacity to come to her home, demand access in the guise of caring about what he’d done after badmouthing Regina to all of his men, and aligning with Albert…

“What is it you want, Robin?” The Darkness within Emma whispered of all things she wanted. To rip his head off, for a start, or toss him into a wood chipper so he could fertilize the very trees he pretended to give a shit about. A sharp ding came from her pants pocket, and she slid her phone out, fully expecting a warning text from Regina to keep her cool.

Instead she was greeted with a simple text from Hook. Locksley tried to persuade me that you were a loose cannon. Don’t let the weasel best you, love.

Sucking in a slow, deep breath, Emma felt the anger inside her bubble, thick and scalding like tar. In an impulsive move, rather than knock every tooth from his mouth, Emma waved a hand towards the kitchen and asked as politely as she could manage through gritted teeth, “Why don’t we settle this over a cup of coffee? I’ve just made a pot.” She hadn’t, but the magic that thrummed through her being took care of it in an instant.

Robin accepted the invitation with a tiny roll of his shoulders and jerk of his head, as if he was preparing himself for a long conversation. “I would love a cup of coffee,” he admitted, and followed Emma into the kitchen as casually as if they regularly spent time together engaging in idle chitchat.
He slid into an open chair at the table, and curiously glanced around at his surroundings while Emma poured their drinks. “To answer your question: I am concerned about Regina, but I didn’t go to her first because I want to help you. Ever since your – ehm, transformation – Regina has been completely out of sorts. She’s worried about you, and I can understand her fears and concerns perfectly well. You sacrificed your whole identity as the savior and now you have to deal with these darker impulses. It is going to be a hard adjustment for you and everyone in this town recognizes that. But Regina – she sympathizes with you on a much deeper level. She’s lost part of herself, too.”

Pausing his speech to take a big gulp of his coffee, Robin also took a moment to assess Emma’s cold face for even the smallest hint of emotion. He must have believed he was finally getting through to her, because he mistook her outrage as a sign to continue.

“I believe you know that she ended our relationship a few days ago because of her guilt,” Robin sighed miserably. “She doesn’t feel like she deserves happiness if she’s in some way made you unhappy. I know Regina, and I know she wouldn’t just sleep with some other man if no feelings were involved. She would only that for one reason: because she’s destroying herself over what’s become of you. And I can help you in two ways: first of all, I’ll negotiate with Albert Spencer on your behalf. Perhaps some sort of compromise can be struck. I also want to work with you so we can both fix Regina. I’d like to speak with the man who’s recently bedded her. Not only was that a dishonorable thing to do, but he will never be able to make Regina happy. You gave up absolutely everything for Regina’s happiness and I’m devoted to her. She will never find anyone who loves her half as much as I do.”

Out of the bullshit that Robin spewed, what Emma detested the most was the slivers of truth he unwittingly spit out, like the flecks of saliva that coated her table. Emma had given herself up to the darkness for Regina, but so what? That was who she was, and making sacrifices is what she did when she loved someone. Not that Robin would understand that, the moron. He loved Regina in the selfish way a child loved toys. In his mind Regina was his, not as a person but an object, a tool for his happiness to wield and brandish whenever he saw fit.

Emma stirred her coffee, her entire focus on the steaming surface that rippled around her spoon, willing the disgust to dissolve from her face and tone. “What’s Albert Spencer got to do with anything, other than posting your bail in return for your vote on the Storybrooke Council? You realize I’m not a member, right? As Sheriff of this town I was called in by worried citizens last night. Albert knows that.”

Out of sight, her magic did her bidding. The dagger she had kept carefully hidden landed on
Regina’s lap with a light thump. A sliver of paper floated almost jovially through the air to rest atop it, the words *Stop me from hurting him* written in calligraphy.

“You know,” Emma drawled, allowing the darkness to guide her. “You’re right. It has been a tough adjustment, but with Regina’s help, and Henry’s, and my parents, I’m starting to feel like a whole new woman.” She smiled then—a bright, wide and toothy grin that was all warmth and no malice. *That* resided in her eyes.

“I get that you must be hurting right now,” Emma continued. “The whole town knows about your relationship ending.” She painted a mask of empathy on her face, despite the way she casually gloated, “But *I really* can’t involve myself with whoever Regina chooses to see on an intimate level. She’s an adult. All I can do is respect her wishes, and maybe that’s what she needs most from you right now, too. I’m sure Roland will enjoy getting you to himself for a while—”

“No, no, Roland prefers Regina’s company,” Robin cut in, and reached out to clasp his hand over Emma’s in an effort to persuade her. “You misunderstand me, Emma. I want Regina to *marry* me one day. I really must find a way to get through to her. Surely you know the man who has preyed on her at this vulnerable time. It makes me sick to think of how he’s taking advantage of her.”

Regina sat on the top of the steps with the dagger in her lap and strained to hear the conversation. Her skin paled at Robin’s remarks, and she impulsively hoisted the dagger over her head. “Dark One, I command thee,” she croaked. “Make an excuse to leave the kitchen, and come to me.”

Emma coughed, a choked scoff that she tried to reign in before it dislodged from her throat. Between the outrageous assumption that Robin’s own child wanted to be around a stranger instead of him, and his confession of wanting to marry Regina, Emma was a split second away from launching herself across the table and ripping his tongue out. “Regina’s the strongest person I know, and *you’re the only one* who’s—”

Emma’s mouth snapped shut, her furious gaze hidden by suddenly closed eyes. Dark magic billowed inside her like smog, and she stood abruptly, the chair screeching against the floor from the sudden movement.

“Third cup of coffee this morning,” Emma lied. “I’ll be back in a moment. Help yourself to another.”

Striding out of the kitchen, Emma closed the door and vanished in a swirl of grey to materialize in front of Regina. She seethed with rage from everything he’d said and shook from the effort to restrain it. “Do you know how hard it is to drink coffee with that bastard?” She hissed, pacing to try and dispel some of her bottled emotions.
“Hook texted,” Emma huffed as she stopped at the door to her bedroom. “Robin hit him up first before coming here. The *nerve* of that asshole. I hope you’re not listening to the shit he’s saying, Regina. He’s out of his damn mind. I might be the Dark One but he’s the one who’s lost it.”

“Emma,” Regina firmly stated, both to steady and calm her. The soft, reassuring tone of Regina’s voice did not reflect in her face and she forced her eyes shut in an attempt to lock away her own fluctuating emotions.

“I must say this conversation has given me a very interesting glimpse at what Robin truly thinks and feels,” Regina sighed. “But do you think it was the wisest idea to let him into your home? Then again, he was rather persistent about talking to you. I imagine he’d only come back. We need to figure out a plan to get him out of here. I suppose I can’t exactly join the conversation now and make it clear how much I *don’t* want to share my life with him. I don’t even want to share a sandwich, the sidewalk, or the same zip code with him—”

The dagger gleamed in her hand, its jagged edge begging Regina’s attention. She pressed the blade against her side and frowned a bit dismally at Emma.

From the way the muscle in Emma’s face twitched and her jaw hardened, Regina suspected none of this would end well. The only security Regina had was the blade, the failsafe in case Emma used violence to get her point across.

“Stay up here with me until you’re calmer,” Regina commanded, with the knowledge that Emma would have to heed her every spoken request. “You look like you’re on the verge of snapping. What can I do to cool you down?”

“I don’t know, talk to me?” Emma grumbled, her frustration not with Regina. She didn’t trust Robin to be alone downstairs. With a wave of her hand, the mirror in her bedroom shimmered and changed to reveal Robin not only pouring himself another cup of coffee, but opening her cupboard to help himself to some of her peanut butter and chocolate cookies. Gasping, Emma felt the growl vibrate up her throat as she snarled, “*That thieving son of a bitch!*” She spun towards Regina, her eyes full of thunder, and exhaled, “Now can I punch him?”

Of course she couldn’t, but if she *hadn’t* wanted to before…

Emma stalked around the room, an animal caged, before settling grudgingly on the edge of the bed. “How do I get rid of him?” Emma asked, her tone bitter as she added, “You know… without
physically kicking him out.”

The look on her face said she would like nothing more than to shove her boot up his ass, but they had to play this right. “I think Robin wants me to either help him find your mystery guy, or flip out so he can run around telling everyone that I’m—”

Pieces of the mystery began to slot into place, and Emma shook her head with a nasty grin. “*That I’m too dark to be the Sheriff.* That I should be feared, not respected. That I don’t care to help the people in the town because I wouldn’t help him.”

Emma had to hand it to Robin. It was a smart play, but not one she’d ever allow to happen.

Regina tacitly agreed by swallowing the lump forming in her throat and casting her gaze down at the floor. “There’s no easy way out of this, because you absolutely cannot do either of those things,” she frowned. “You can’t explain our relationship to him, and you can’t lose your temper. I suppose you could always lie, and send him on a mission to find a man who doesn’t exist.” She shrugged and shoved at Emma’s leg so she could perch on the bed beside her.

Seeing Robin’s face in the mirror sent an unexpected chill through Regina, and she glowered at him while he stuffed a cookie into his mouth. The bed sheet dropped away from Regina’s shoulders and she noticed that Emma’s eyes had found their way back to her and settled on her breasts. The tips of her nipples reacted to the cool air, stiffening as Regina gently covered herself again. “Let him browse through your cupboards,” she concluded. “Make him wait a while. He’ll get bored, and when he does, you can go back down there and tell him you need to leave right away. Tell him that something came up.”

*Something was definitely coming up.* Emma tore her eyes away from Regina and bent over to rest her elbows on her thighs. “If I lie, there’s a chance he can manipulate it to his advantage.” The ways in which she hated him just kept multiplying. The fact that she just watched him stir his coffee with his finger, then suck it clean made her want to sanitize every surface in the kitchen. “The trick is to beat him at his own game. I won’t help him, but I can call David, since he’s the deputy, and ask him to meet with Robin since he’s concerned about you. There’s no way David would encourage him, and Robin can’t say that I refused to help him.” Emma’s grin turned wicked as she watched him in the mirror.

“That is a genius plan,” Regina declared, so eager to put it into action that she climbed over the bed to grab Emma’s phone from the nightstand. She even typed the text on Emma’s behalf and paused only to show it to her before clicking the option to send it.
David took a long time to respond, but then a string of apologetic messages appeared. *I’m so sorry, Emma. Will be there as soon as possible. In a meeting with King George. I’ll explain later.*

Regina’s face showed every line of distress as she passed the phone to Emma. “We’ll just have to be patient,” she sighed, unwilling to so much as glance at the man in the mirror. “Why don’t you use magic to freeze Robin in time? He’ll be confused when the spell ends, but that’s the least of our worries.” She waited until Emma’s concentration was wholly on Robin, and then reached for the Dark One’s dagger.

Instinct guided her and Regina turned to the Darkness for a solution to the current problem with Robin and the deeper issue he represented. Her knuckles turned white as she tightened her grip on the handle. She ran the pad of her thumb over its sharp edge and shuddered at how it made her feel.

It would be all too easy to prick her finger. Regina continued to recklessly press the metal against her palm until she overcame the strange urge to slice through her own skin.

Regina raised the dagger over her head to commune more deeply with both her own darkness and the greater void that manifested through Emma.

With shallow breaths, Regina was seized by a vision of its twisting power, its restless voraciousness.

All of her desires and vulnerabilities surfaced and she found herself begging for the Darkness’ familiar touch. *Please, touch me. Hurt me, if you must. I need you now. Show me a way forward. What must I do to keep Emma safe?*

The will of the Darkness responded to her desperation just like she knew it would. It might have only been an illusion, but in her mind she saw the primal substance shifting blackly in the air. It slipped around her shoulders with a whispering caress like a silken robe falling against bare skin.

The embrace of the Darkness both soothed and panicked Regina. If Regina wanted, she could simply use its force on Emma, who would be unable to resist. But the Darkness revealed to her that even such obedience wouldn’t be enough to stop the inevitable conflict that was brewing. *Emma would fall unless Regina did more to stop it.*

Regina’s blood coursed with the energy of pure intentions and the Darkness licked at her, unable to tap into the source of it but enjoying the intimate contact with her essence all the same. She begged for the Darkness to show her all of Emma’s deeper drives and desires.
What does she need from me? Regina mutely asked herself. How can I give it to her?

What you both need is there inside of you. Let me reveal it to you.

Regina gasped as the dark magic closed around her again. It transformed and enveloped her in the softest gown of white silk and lace. She grabbed at the long skirt, and then pressed her hand into the beadwork below her breast. Her short hair grew rapidly down her back with a gentle curl.

Your innocence, your goodness, the Darkness demanded. Give it all to her.

Regina stood agape and stared over at Emma as she tried to get her bearings. “Emma?” she whispered.

Tension caused the tendons in Emma’s neck to pop to the surface, ropes of strain that expressed how much effort it took to cast a spell to slow time. She lowered her hands and sneered at Robin in the mirror.

The brute’s mouth was open, his grubby hand clutching his coffee, and if it weren’t for the faintest movement of hot steam painstakingly trying to swirl into the air, Emma might have believed he was made of rock. Just like his brain, Emma silently affirmed.

“Hey Regina, I think I did it.” Emma pointed toward the mirror even as she turned with a look of pride on her face. It vanished in an instant, replaced by a bewildered surprise that had her tongue dancing behind her teeth as she struggled to find her words. She was flummoxed and caught off guard by the sight of Regina looking so… not vulnerable, exactly, but soft.

“What’s with all the, uh—”

Emma waved her hand, her eyes drifting over the gown and Regina’s much longer hair with curiosity. She strode forward, reclaiming her ability to speak as she asked, “Changes?” There was a roughness to her voice that wasn’t intended as she caught sight of the dagger in Regina’s hand.

Emma stopped just short of colliding with her, close enough to breathe in the scent of her skin as her gaze drank in the new Regina before her.
There was something lighter about Regina when she looked like that. It inspired a deep, powerful desire to not only protect her but to keep her, have her, and Emma wondered if this was how Regina had been when she was younger. Some part of her already knew, because she could feel the Darkness respond in kind to it. They shared a symbiotic connection that simultaneously fueled her desires and strengthened them. “You’re up to something.” Emma asserted, though from the intrigue in her eyes she wasn’t displeased by it. “Tell me what you’re doing, Regina.” She rumbled softly, staring intently into her eyes. “Let me in on the secret.”

Regina grasped at the sheer sleeves of her dress and then at the bunches of dark curls that were draped over her shoulders. “This is what I was like before the Darkness,” she explained with a quiet tremor in her voice that turned mocking. “I appealed to it for help and now I need a haircut. I don’t understand it, either.” Her sneer did not fit with the wide-eyes that fixated on Emma, so full of sensitivity and wonder.

“Do you like how I look, Emma?” Regina quietly asked and stepped into the radius of Emma’s body heat. The dress reminded Regina of the days before her wedding and even afterwards when she continued to wear only ivory lace, baby blue and the rare pink gown that flaunted her innocence to the court.

It also made her recall the day that she strolled arm-in-arm with Tink — the moment when she had almost entered a tavern where Robin Hood sat drinking ale.

It almost seemed like the Darkness was taunting her, except that her gown attracted Emma’s hands and suddenly the buzz between them changed. For an instant, Regina saw Emma’s playful side — a brief vision of Emma’s own past that peered down at her admiringly through long lashes before the Darkness crept in.

“You appealed to it for help.” Emma quietly repeated, cocking her head to the side as an ephemeral glint shone in her eyes. It was clear from the way she pinned her with a heated gaze that Emma liked how Regina looked, yet it still begged the question why. Why would Regina do that? Why try to engage the very thing that Emma chose to take on to spare her? A tremor of something dark rocked under the surface of her skin, a restless shift that compelled her hands to land on Regina’s hips in a possessive, warning grip. “You need to be careful,” Emma husked. “You’re playing with fire, Regina.”

Emma’s pupils were blown wide with lust as she devoured the sight of Regina. Her longer hair gave Emma the urge to pull, and it showed in the way her hand ran through it. With a curl of her fingers, Emma gripped for a second, tugging just enough to tip Regina’s head back to expose the soft, pale column of her throat. “What exactly were you trying to do?” Emma whispered, her breath warm against Regina’s skin as she ran the tip of her nose against the racing pulse in her neck.
“Give you what you want — what you really need from me,” Regina stuttered out, with a tiny gulp that did nothing to undo her nerves of steel or the determined way she stared at Emma.

If this was the only way to keep Emma and the Darkness thoroughly occupied, Regina would do whatever it took to completely engage them.

The dagger remained in her hand and Regina tightened her fingers around the twisted handle. “Defile me,” she whispered suddenly, with both surprise and certainty. “Use my body for your pleasure. I might look pure in this gown, but I want you to do absolutely filthy things to me while I’m wearing it.” She leaned into Emma’s grip until her windpipe felt constricted and she was forced to pull back.

Heated looks passed between them as Regina stood to her full height. “Remove your pants and stroke yourself,” she ordered. “You can only release when I say. But how you come is your choice.” She eased up her heavy skirts and gazed down at her white garter belt and underthings.

The slightest jut of Emma’s jaw made the crooked row of her bottom teeth visible, and she exhaled sharply. “Regina…” Emma growled her name like a reprimand. If the Darkness resided within her, then her body was merely a cage, and right now? Regina was provoking it by running her hands over the bars, and it was so very, very, hungry.

With the blade in her hand, Regina sensed Emma’s frenzy and eagerness to carry out the most sordid of acts. “Do you want to come in my mouth, Emma? My pussy?” she quietly asked. “Do you want to fuck my ass?”

The sharp sound of Emma’s zipper being torn open was punctuated by the pop of her button as it ripped free to clatter on the floor. Emma’s movements were supernaturally swift and precise as she freed her erection with an intense stare directed towards Regina. It bordered on aggressive, with her jaw clenched as her fist moved over her thick cock. An invisible battle was taking place, between herself and the Darkness, and it showed only in her eyes that bore into Regina. She tried to keep her mouth shut, lips pressing into thin, white lines but the word still burst forth grudgingly. “Yes.”

Like a dam that couldn’t be contained, more words followed. They tore up Emma’s throat and forced their way out roughly. “Yes I want to fuck your ass.”

Regina gasped and hesitated as she reached this precarious point in her mad game with the Darkness. She eyed its prison, Emma’s strong physique and her veined cock that she handled too roughly.
It would take no more than a mutter of dismissal to end this, and yet Regina clung to the blade with damnable resolve.

Regina began to reflect on the message from the Darkness: she believed this was just an elaborate distraction for Emma, but maybe there was also a dual meaning somewhere in the Darkness’ answer to her.

She wanted to see just what might happen if she confronted Emma’s Darkness now and allowed herself to be completely vulnerable in a way she hadn’t before. She needed to embrace this side of herself for Emma’s sake, to see what more it had to offer.

Her innocence and goodness could be an asset in averting a potential crisis between Emma and the rest of the town. Through pure intentions and good acts, she might be able to alter the outcome that the Darkness insisted was imminent.

But it was possible that the Darkness just wanted to see her crumble, to break her down sexually through Emma and rebuild her anew.

Worse yet, the Darkness could be opening her up to the susceptibility of anyone who was capable of exploiting her kindness or taking advantage of her good intentions.

Out of the corner of her vision, she spied Robin in the mirror and her skin tingled icily. In the last few days, she cowered and suffered because of him, and now the Darkness tempted her with old promises of warmth, comfort and power. It could restore the missing blaze inside of her that was extinguished when she pledged herself to a life of Goodness.

But Regina found strength in resisting the Darkness, in baiting that powerful ancient force and not compromising after all. Or so she thought.

She believed she had the upper hand, though she had only a partial knowledge of how even touching the corrupted blade could work against her.

“The Darkness wants me, doesn’t it, Emma? But if it enters into this at all, I will stop you,” Regina warned. “You can be rough and dirty, but this is about the two of us. Remember that.”
If the Darkness wanted to push Emma to violence, if it wanted to demolish all that Regina worked so hard to re-build, then she would push the Darkness in turn.

Emma’s nostrils flared at the limit Regina set. She felt the Darkness rebel inside her, vicious and angry as it burned through her veins and left her muscles straining with barely contained urges. It demanded more, completely unsatisfied that it wouldn’t be unleashed to do as it pleased after it had been invited out.

Regina primly hiked her skirt up and bent at the waist to present her ass to Emma. Flaunting her round cheeks, she pulled at the thin straps of her garters to give Emma a peek at her pussy. “Rub yourself against my ass,” she instructed.

Her face only flushed red as Emma slipped her penis between her ass cheeks. Regina tensed instinctively as the tip of Emma’s cock brushed against her tiny puckering hole.

“I’ve never done this before,” Regina abruptly admitted, and the hairs on her neck bristled as the Darkness responded with enough potency to shake Emma.

Regina closed her eyes and grew still while she became accustomed to the way Emma’s hard length nestled in between the smooth curves of her ass.

As taboo as this was, and fraught with so much perilous emotion, Regina pulled one of Emma’s arms around her waist and indulged romantic thoughts of Emma being her first in every way. “I can’t help but think about what it would have been like if you had taken my innocence,” she muttered. “Are you thinking about that too, Emma?”

The arm that coiled around Regina tightened like a python snaring its prey and Emma groaned, rocking her hips forward to watch her hard shaft slip between Regina’s ass cheeks. It was obscene to see the thick head protrude between the fleshy globes, glossy already with pre-cum. If she hadn’t been thinking about taking Regina’s innocence before, Emma certainly was now. “There are spells for virginity.” Emma’s husky words were barely a whisper, repeating what the Darkness hissed in her mind.

Emma’s free hand squeezed Regina’s right cheek, forcing it against the other to grant more friction as she pumped her hips faster. Her dark eyes were drawn to the twitching ring of muscle that she wasn’t allowed to enter yet. She slid her thumb over Regina’s ass crack, so on every upward stroke, she pressed the tip more fully against her puckering hole, rubbing the sensitive underside of her cock more firmly over it. “Fuck…” Emma grunted, the darkness inside her slowing her down to match the command Regina had given. She couldn’t come unless she was told to do it.
“If you really wanted to experience what it’s like to have me as your first, there are ways,” Emma muttered. The thought of seeing Regina intact and all for her left Emma hotter than she expected, and her cock throbbed from anticipation.

The natural lubricant from Emma’s tip trickled down into the cleft between her cheeks and settled against the round ring of tight muscle. Regina’s body responded by clenching, drawing some of the sticky substance inside. “There are?” Regina whispered, sounding a little perplexed by her own lack of knowledge. “Do you want to experience me as a virgin, Emma?”

“Yes.” The word was bitten out with a snap that punctured the heavy breathing that filled the room. The Darkness reveled at every dirty secret Emma voiced: it found them within her and pulled them out like a backstreet dentist yanking teeth, even as it resented being controlled. Emma fought it as best she could, which proved futile. It wasn’t that she felt shame, so much as surprise at the truth. Deep down obviously some part of her knew what she wanted, but consciously she hadn’t considered it.

Regina leaned forward to hold onto the edge of the bed. The move only further accentuated the beautiful slope of her ass and back. “Restore my innocence, so you can be the one to take it,” she requested. She seemed to assume it would be no different than pretending, but when dark magic caressed her skin, she felt the reversal most in the way Emma reacted to her.

There was no build up, no warning as oily dark magic slipped from Emma’s hands to stain Regina intimately. She parted Regina’s pussy lips with her thumbs and exhaled shakily, “It worked…” The sight of Regina’s hymen so intact evoked a startled moan from Emma, and her cock strained with purpose, desperate to fulfill the fantasy.

Except it wasn’t just a fantasy anymore. Regina was as untouched as she had been all those years ago, and it pained Emma to realize just how fucking hot she found that. Nobody had been inside her now. Not Robin, or Graham, or anyone else. Some twisted part of Emma understood the fascination that men had with virginity. To see it on the woman she loved left her positively ablaze with need to claim it. Just knowing it was for her turned her blood to fire, and she gripped Regina’s hips almost painfully in an attempt to control the raging lust that overtook her sense.

Regina took shallow breaths while Emma handled her smooth pussy, and then fingered the thin barrier within her vagina. “Wait,” Regina insisted. She lifted her head and then moved to sit down on the mattress before she vulnerably reached out to grasp Emma’s arm.

Anger scorched through Emma, furious and painful at Regina’s commands, but it wasn’t from her. Displeased, the Darkness could do nothing but subject Emma to its rage, a precariously contained
“I want you to take my dress off,” Regina stated. “I want to lie down with you. Go slow with this, Emma.” Her magic wafted from her in strong emotional waves and the bedroom transformed into a chamber for a Queen. The curtains around the canopy bed, the high arch of the window and even the designs wrought in the stone walls were unmistakable. She cleared her throat as she stood up and turned around to allow Emma to loosen her dress.

“You have no idea how happy I am that you said that.” Emma thickly whispered, her eyes widening at the changed room. The implication was clear, and she privately vowed that this time, it would be everything Regina had hoped for and more. “I want this to be special.” She murmured against Regina’s ear, her hands ghosting over the fabric of Regina’s dress to slip it from her body. “Don’t make me defile you, Regina. Not like this. Let me make love to you.” It was plea that left her breathless as she stood by the bed.

Regina knitted her eyebrows together in uncertainty, as if she might refuse Emma outright. Her exposed skin prickled easily and she slid beneath the blankets almost as soon as Emma finished removing her gown.

“You’ll do what I asked of you,” Regina asserted.

It shouldn’t have turned Emma on to hear those words. Yet she experienced a deliciously sordid tingle that left her cock throbbing. *Spoken like a Queen.* Emma thought wryly, a smirk flickering to life at the corner of her lips.

Taking in every detail of her surroundings, Regina shrank against the bed and her jaw hardened as she quietly huffed out a clarification. “What we have is *special*, Emma. Even though you used a spell to make me a virgin, I don’t want to be treated like one. Maybe what you need from me right now is to remember who I am. You kept saying it over the past few days, but it’s just really sinking in. By redeeming myself, I might have expelled some of the evil from my heart, but I also forgot what I learned from my downfall: I lost my drive to squash every idiot who crosses me. I forgot how to fight for my own happiness without making apologies for it. I need to find balance.”

Regina pushed the covers away from her body, then pulled her panties to the side, allowing Emma to stare openly at her chest and bare cunt. “Get into bed. Use your mouth on my breasts while you play with my pussy. Then I want to feel your thick cock between my legs. You’re going to want to thrust in deep, but you can’t. My body is very different like this and your size is too much for me to handle. For now, I want you to rub your tip against me. You should be able to push inside just enough to feel resistance. Don’t break it until you have my permission.”
The tip of Emma’s tongue parted her lips, and that was as far as her protest got. Unspoken words lodged in her throat as the Darkness answered the command with unnatural speed.

Pressed against Regina, Emma’s piercing gaze bore into her as she realized she couldn’t even kiss her first. Her head dipped, and she brushed her lips over the soft swell of Regina’s breasts, feather light at first, then more forceful. Open mouthed, wet kisses turned quickly to sucking bites that left red marks behind. Emma drew a stiff nipple into her mouth to lavish with her tongue and teeth and slid her hand down Regina’s abdomen. She tore away Regina’s white underthings, then pushed the garter belt further up on her hips to fully expose her vagina.

Her strong fingers parted the silky smooth lips of Regina’s pussy to delve into the warm wetness and Emma groaned at the sensation. She stroked Regina’s slit languidly, teasing her fingertips around her clit on every upward rub to stimulate and excite her just enough to make her legs tremble with need.

The more wetness that gathered, the faster Emma’s fingers and mouth worked until suddenly she shifted to lie between Regina’s thighs. She hissed quietly when her thick shaft pressed against Regina’s bare cunt, the liquid heat too much and not enough all at once as she rubbed her hard cock against Regina. God, she felt so fucking close to coming, but just like before, she had to follow Regina’s command, and she stilled her hips with a snarl.

Emma positioned the head of her swollen cock against Regina’s entrance and rocked forward barely half an inch to meet the resistance there.

The warmth was exquisite as Regina’s pussy barely wrapped around the tip of her, and she trembled from the overwhelming need to push in deeper. “Fuck. So warm and soft…” Emma grunted, feeling the way her cock pulsed, more than ready to release her load.

It was torturous to rub the tip against Regina and go no further. Emma’s toes curled and her hands fisted the blankets as she panted. Every muscle ached from sheer restraint, and yet Emma’s hips still moved to tease against Regina’s slippery entrance.

“Come for me,” Regina unexpectedly demanded. “All over my pussy and ass. I can feel how much you need it, Emma, so come. But stay hard for me because we are far from done here.”

Painful pleasure tore through Emma, and the noise that erupted from her throat sounded more animal than human. The rush of the release didn’t just wash over her -- it was forced out. Expelled in a way she never knew possible.
All it took was a tiny contraction of muscles around the head of Emma’s cock, and thick spurts of semen filled Regina’s entrance. Another jet coated her belly as Emma withdrew, and then the last blast of warm seed bathed her pussy lips and between her ass cheeks.

Regina hardly moved as she took in her own appearance and loosened her tight grip on the dagger. She tried to wipe herself clean but there was just too much of Emma all over her body. “Separate what you want from what the Darkness wants at this very moment,” she enunciated. “Show me what you want to do me. Act on it without hesitation.”

There was no time to recover as Regina gave her back some control, and Emma grabbed at it with both hands. “I know what it wants, and it can’t have it.” She gruffly insisted, pressing her lips against Regina’s in a demanding, desperate kiss. It was sloppy and wet, her tongue gliding over Regina’s before she captured her lower lip to suck on it.

Emma could feel the darkness and its voraciousness like a gnawing pit in her stomach, and her hands shook as she fought against it.

It wanted all of Regina, every hole, in the most brutal way she could conceive, especially because Regina had denied it the chance to come out and play. Wrenching herself away with a twist of her hips, Emma shimmied down the bed to clasp Regina’s knees and push them apart. The sight of Regina’s bare pussy glistening in her come evoked a guttural moan, and Emma did something she never thought she would do. She pressed her mouth against the mess to find Regina’s clit and began to lick and tease it with urgency. There was no telling when she would use the dagger again, and Emma was determined to get Regina off.

Regina groaned and rocked into Emma’s eager mouth without an ounce of self-control. Emma’s tongue fluttered over her clit and latched on hard enough to make Regina’s blood pulse faster. Her hips reflexively raised from the bed as she entangled her hand in Emma’s hair, desperate for this fast and filthy pleasure.

When she came, Regina’s thighs clamped around Emma’s head, and she rode her orgasm out against her face. The second she sank back to the bed, Emma got onto her knees and snared Regina’s ankles. Soft silken ropes of magic bound Regina’s wrists to the bedpost above her head, and with an eager push, Emma raised Regina’s legs until her knees were against chest. Magic held her in place, and the position gave Emma one hell of a view.

Even in the white garter belt, Regina’s pink cunt and puckered asshole were on full display and Emma groaned approvingly. “Do you have any idea just how fucking hot you are?” Of course she did, Regina had enough sex appeal to turn the entire town on if she walked with purpose down main street.
Emma gripped her hard cock at the base and lightly slapped it against Regina’s spread pussy lips. “You said you’re doing all this for me but I think you want it just as much.” She teased the tip of her cock lower, letting it slide over the twitching little ring of muscle as she watched Regina’s face. She grinned at the hitch of breath she caused, then shifted to let her erection rest on Regina’s pussy. “You want me to be the only one who gets to fuck this pretty cunt of yours, and now, there’s no trace of anyone else. You’re mine completely. Even here…” Emma husked confidently as she lowered her hand to Regina’s ass. The soft pad of her thumb circled her tight puckered ring, smearing her arousal over it delicately.

“You like that.” Emma observed, feeling the clenching hole begin to relax as she teased it. Ever so slowly she increased the pressure, and then a soft tingle of magic signaled she had done something. “Figured you would appreciate being clean.” Emma murmured lustfully, and with a flick of her wrist her hand was gloved. She resumed her teasing, coaxing the tight rings gradually open until finally they accepted the tip of her thumb.

Regina’s tiny rectum squeezed around the intrusion and she moaned as Emma entered her more fully. She almost halted her, almost stopped Emma’s thumb from gliding through the tense outer muscle. It felt so forbidden and even a little shameful to have Emma in her ass, and yet Regina never used the dagger to stop it.

Giving up control to Emma meant completely entrusting her with this experience, and Regina expected her to mete out both pain and bliss. For now, Regina held onto the dagger— but even without the blade, she would have put her faith wholly in Emma.

“This feels... sinful,” Regina admitted, and hung her head back, not quite touching the pillow in her contorted and tied position. She blushed as Emma probed her intimately with small motions. “So wrong, but so good. I can’t take much, can I?”

“You will with practice.” Emma rumbled quietly, her attention torn between Regina’s face, and her thumb slowly sinking into forbidden territory. “I can feel how much you like it, Regina. Every little clench of your cunt squeezes my thumb—”

“Emma,” Regina breathed, unable to hide how her knees quivered as Emma attempted to push her thumb in past the knuckle.

“Every bit of this seems so real.” Regina’s breasts shook as she took in another slow breath and exhaled it. “Like I’m a virgin just waiting to be married again. And you’re a knight or a noble from another kingdom, touching me behind closed doors. Taking me in the most depraved manner. You’ve been careful so far, but your desire for me is getting the better of you, and now you’re
determined to have me in all of the ways that you can have a woman.”

“I’m no noble.” Emma scoffed, but since Regina had broached the notion of a little roleplay, she embraced it. “You know I’m a knight, Regina. You were drawn to my sword the first time we met.” The cocky grin on Emma’s face showed her teeth just enough to make it endearing. Her clothes shimmered with magic, transforming into the deep blue leather she had worn when they were trapped in the author’s revised storybook. Her trousers were still half undone around her thighs, with her dick proudly standing at attention. The tip leaked with excitement and her free hand wrapped around her shaft to stroke lazily. “I know every secret passage in this castle, and I’m not going to let a wedding stop me from fucking you. You’ve already given me your heart, and now you’re giving me everything else because you’re mine.” Emma bent her thumb just enough to massage the tight muscles from the inside, relishing the deep heat that surrounded her. If the darkness had its way, she wouldn’t be taking her time, and it wouldn’t be just her thumb inside Regina’s ass, either. “I’ve been sneaking into your bedchamber for weeks, and I know you want to feel what it’s like to have my cock inside you. I refuse to leave until you give me your virginity. I don’t give a damn about the consequences.”

“Release me from my bonds, Emma, and you can have what you desire,” Regina intoned. She experienced an intense ache in her arm from holding the dagger upright and she considered laying it aside.

As Regina placed the dagger on the mattress, so many mental images flew at Emma like nocturnal creatures with talons poised to rend flesh from bone:

Emma’s cock nestled deep within Regina’s virgin cunt and ass. Regina in bondage, with the most private areas of her body agape and on view. The Darkness fully inhabiting Emma as she gagged Regina with her well-hung shaft, forcing her to swallow.

“What?” Regina repeated, breaking the spell of the savage and dangerous thoughts. Her magical restraints vanished and Regina sat up in bed. “If you are a knight, then you are a knight in my service from now on,” she whispered, continuing on with their little game. “Come closer, and you can have your reward. You can have every pure part of me. But your loyalty to me must go beyond any other obligation, any other connection you might have – even to the Darkness. Do you understand?”

Reeling from the intensity of the images in her mind, Emma blinked rapidly. Her hand flew to one of the bed posts to steady herself, and she removed and disposed of the glove as she nodded. “Yeah, I understand.” She rasped with a throat parched from the heat that coursed through her veins.

Emma moved drunkenly. Fighting against the Darkness when she was commanded to deny its whims was far easier than facing the full force of it when it raged inside her indignantly. Every step she made took effort to control, and her limbs jerked stiffly, like those of a puppet trying to pull its
own strings. She wouldn’t let the Darkness ruin this for them.

Emma crawled onto the bed to get beside Regina, blocking out the screams telling her to grab the dagger. “Kiss me,” She gruffly demanded, reaching for Regina to quell the noise in her mind. “I need you.”

Regina turned the tides of Emma’s inner war with a breath-stealing kiss and soft groan of urgency. “I need you,” she whispered. “I’ve always needed you, Emma. You were the first person to stand by me, the first to see through me, the first to truly know me. Now you get to be my first in other ways, and I’ve realized today that I also want you to be my last. There will never be anyone else for me but you.” She nuzzled into Emma’s neck and drew her in closer, until their bodies fused in the most delicious of ways. Emma’s cock pressed into the scant space between her thighs and rubbed her clit before lining up with her wet vagina.

Emma felt out of her mind: the darkness and all its voices almost drowned her but she latched onto Regina like a buoy and gulped for air. “I’m yours forever.” She husked roughly, kissing and biting at Regina’s lips to make her realize it. It was a statement, a plea, a desperation to be absolved from the tumult urges that hammered inside her skull like a drum.

Moving down, Emma sank her teeth into Regina’s shoulder in an attempt to ground herself. Tasting the salty tang of her skin only made her want more, and feeling the inferno of their bodies restlessly gliding against one another left her spinning. “Nothing will come between us.” Emma vowed, her voice a broken whisper as she trembled, yet her hips thrust forward to feel the exquisite restriction. She groaned low in her throat, her willpower wavering at the sensation, and hissed through her teeth. “Open your legs wider. I want to watch you take cock for the first time.”

Unable to stop herself from taking what was rightfully hers, Emma pushed deeper, moaning when the thin barrier finally gave and she sank into Regina an inch or two. “You look so beautiful stretched around me,” Emma husked, her tone a mixture of adoration and lust as she praised Regina. “You’re so good for allowing this, Regina. For allowing me to be your first, knowing nobody else will get to be inside you again, except me.” She rocked forward, sheathing herself fully in Regina’s virgin cunt to claim it as her own, until the only thing that separated them was skin.

Emma’s groin pressed into Regina’s pelvis, and Regina experienced a dizzying moment of clarity in which she was able to appreciate this act between them as a pure expression of their love. She gazed into Emma’s eyes with such softness and affection as she remained still, letting herself become re-acquainted with the size of Emma’s cock.

Her desire for Emma prevented her from immediately seeing the conflict with the Darkness, until Emma caressed the side of her face with a rough palm. She leaned into the gentle touch only to flinch as she felt the barely restrained energy of the Darkness ready to hurt her. “No,” Regina quietly but
Relief washed over Emma when Regina grabbed her hand. There was no judgement or anger in Regina’s eyes, only a knowing look that left Emma feeling naked under her gaze. “I’m sorry,” Emma whispered.

Regina shuddered as she forced the evil magic back with her own light and peaceful energy: it burst forth from her fingertips like silken, golden thread and protectively covered Emma. “It’s just us now,” she reassured Emma. “Just you and me. Anyone who gets in the way of that will suffer my wrath, whether it’s a pathetic man or an evil, ancient force. Fuck me, Emma. You have nothing to worry about, except how you’re going to get my pussy to take the rough pounding that I know you want to give it.”

“You have no idea how sexy you are when you’re being protective.” Emma’s tone was meek, but her lust proved to be a powerful drive and not even fear of the Darkness would hold her back now. With a slow rotation of her hips, Emma felt Regina’s silken muscles begin to relax, and the vice like grip around her thick shaft loosened enough for her to pull almost fully out. The sight was glorious and Emma rumbled softly, her excitement heightened.

Regina’s glistening slit enveloped the broad head of her cock, and with a quick thrust forward she plunged back in, stretching Regina’s pink hole obscenely wide. “Your pussy swallows every thick inch of my cock like it knows who it belongs to.” Emma groaned approvingly, watching as she buried her cock deep in the woman she loved. “You’re all mine now, Regina.” She husked, unable to disguise how she hungered for more. She all but pinned Regina to the bed, her strong hands clasping Regina’s wrists to lock them above her head as she bit and sucked at the tender flesh of her breasts, marking her as she drove her hips forward with deep, powerful thrusts that rocked the bed. “All mine to love,” She whispered seductively into Regina’s ear, “to touch, and to fuck until your hot little cunt is overflowing with my come and so sore from what I’m going to do to you.”

Regina’s lip quivered in pleasure from each collision of Emma’s groin with her thighs, which both satisfied and ached in equal pleasure. Her pelvic and hips bones felt taxed from the extreme way she spread herself, her sensitive and tight vagina barely capable of ceding to Emma’s invading cock. She tried to raise her ass, but Emma’s jolting motions and weight pressed her down into the bed. “Use me,” she husked. “Even if it hurts, I want lasting reminders that my body is your possession, Emma.” Her pupils expanded as she gazed up at Emma with not only affection but also a different respect. “If you’re going to be in control, I want you to really own it. I need something to call you. Calling you by your given name no longer feels like it’s enough.” She clutched weakly at Emma’s back and arms, unable to in any way stop her petite frame from being jostled each time Emma plumbed her fully with her immense cock.

The bites on her breasts purpled and bruised, along with the areas of skin Emma sucked hard. Emma’s palm closed around her left breast, squeezing much more roughly than before as she rutted
Regina and stretched her uninitiated pussy. A soft hiss passed Regina’s lips and she jerked her head back as she attempted to relax her inner muscles, even as her toes curled against the mattress. “Em—Emma. It feels like you’re splitting me open,” Regina rasped. “But I don’t want you to stop. I don’t ever want you to stop.”

“I need this from you,” Regina pleaded, straining as she forced her legs further apart for Emma. “I thought this dynamic in our relationship would help you, but it’s doing so much for me.” The frantic, ceaseless rotation of Emma’s hips and the fast drilling of her wet little cunt were enough to leave her breathing ragged. “Please tell me what you want me to call you.”

“Call me…” The Darkness inside Emma whispered master. It held all the right notes of authority with added power, but it wasn’t what Emma truly wanted. She didn’t want Regina to become anything less than who she was, a pet or some sort of slave. No, she wanted Regina as fierce and sassy as she had always been, ready to talk back, but ultimately to do what she’d been told. From the depths of her own desires, it came to her, a little taboo and deliciously perfect. Emma’s dark eyes locked with Regina’s, and she slammed herself balls deep with a low growl of, “Daddy.” It was the right shade of perverse to give Emma a thrill, but with connotations that silently showed she cared.

“That’s right,” Emma husked, hammering her thick cock into Regina’s sopping hole, “tell Daddy how good this feels.” She was testing the waters, her pupils blown wide as she felt Regina react.

“Daddy?” Regina breathlessly asked, feeling almost delirious from how hard Emma was thrusting into her.

Emma’s chosen title affected Regina deeply for a number of reasons, and not only because of its taboo implications, yet she masked her conflict by completely giving in to her lust.

If she strained the tendons in her neck, Regina could watch Emma’s furiously pumping cock as it broke her in. Her red, sore pussy lips darkened to an abused color as Emma took her far faster than she should be taken. “It’s painful but I deserve it,” she scratchily groaned. “I deserve it and I want an even harsher punishment. Keep me in line, Daddy. Yesterday I behaved badly, and you allowed me to get away with it. Today I’m being so good, but you’re not going to easily forget how I acted, are you?”

Emma’s cock moved so fluidly, expanding her tight little tunnel and making a bump in her lower belly every time it sank deep. Regina undid the clasps on her garter belt, and Emma paused to peel the rest of her lingerie totally off.

Everything Regina said turned Emma on, and she felt herself swell inside Regina’s velvety embrace.
Pre-cum spilled freely from the tip of her cock, warm and slick as she pushed in against Regina’s cervix to keep her thoroughly lubricated for the pounding she was taking.

The Darkness approved of how it sparked a hedonistic empowerment within her and Emma almost lost herself to its pull. It wanted to take it to extremes, whispering ideas of how to better punish Regina in cruel and sadistic ways. It tainted her own thoughts, blurring the fantasies in her mind until she trembled at the imagery. “You deserve this and so much more.” Emma stated, exhilarated by Regina’s acceptance and emboldened by her desire. The Darkness wanted to tear into Regina, degrade her in ways Emma didn’t agree with, but there was an element to it that drew her in, and it was that part that she latched onto and claimed as her own.

Running with the idea, Emma pulled out and grinned at the confusion of Regina’s face. “Raise your knees to your chest. I want to see if your pretty hole is gaping yet.” She seductively whispered, leaning down to spread Regina’s pussy wider with her thumbs. “Not nearly as open as you should be.” She sighed as if disappointed, her hot breath caressing Regina’s sensitive folds deliberately as she ran her finger around Regina’s glistening entrance. It clenched around nothing, greedily trying to pull her finger inside and Emma smirked. “Maybe your little cunt needs something else, something more suitable in size.” Using magic to conjure a slim phallus, no bigger than four inches, she held it next to her own for Regina to appreciate the difference. It looked laughable compared to the girthier length of her own cock, which stood proudly at attention. “I think I’ll call this one Robin.” Emma grinned, letting that sink in before she handed the small dildo to Regina with a firm command of, “Fuck it for me.”

Regina rebelled at the idea of using the short silicon cock. Especially after all they had done together, she despised Emma’s chosen punishment, but she knew immediately that she would follow through with it. Her face glowed hot with shame as she slid the cock into her vagina.

Even after the brief but thorough rutting from Emma, the small cock still fit snugly inside of her, but it was cold and uncomfortable. She obeyed Emma’s direction unenthusiastically and began to fuck herself with it. “This is humiliating,” she huffed as she pushed the cock back inside her tight pussy. “Why are you doing this to me?”

That was the whole point and yet Regina tried to put more effort into loosening her inner walls with it. “Do I have to prove I’m ready for you?” she asked, tugging out the toy to let Emma see inside of her. “Or did you just want to remind me that Robin is inadequate and I owe him nothing, least of all this?” She gazed at Emma’s thick hard-on and slowed the pace of her motions with the toy. “Ah, I know: you’re showing me how dissatisfying this feels.”

“Clever.” Emma husked, avidly watching as Regina tried, and failed, to properly pleasure herself with something so pitiful. “It would be more humiliating if I made you come while it was inside you.” Emma whispered, using the pad of her thumb to tease Regina’s clit with fast, feather light strokes until she clenched around the tiny toy involuntarily. “It would be so unsatisfying, wouldn’t it?
To orgasm around practically nothing. Your little hole virtually empty with nothing warm to hold onto as it spasms…” Emma grinned as she taunted Regina with the idea of it, relishing the conflict it caused her, but just as Regina’s breaths began to get labored, Emma stopped touching her with a low authoritative rumble of, “The only cock you get to come around is mine, and you need to be better prepared to take it.”

With a wave of her hand a new addition was brought to the room, and she watched as Regina took in the sight of it. “The blackwood bondage horse,” Emma lilted, walking towards it to trail her hand over the long, vinyl padded seat. A small puff of magic emitted from her palm and all of the sudden an actual saddle was draped over it, with an incredibly thick, six inch cock on top. “Consider this your punishment for yesterday.” She murmured thickly, beckoning Regina over. “Be a good girl, and get your ass up here so we can begin.”

The note of condescension in Emma’s voice had an effect on Regina. It tickled her skin and raised goosebumps as she did as she was told.

Emma took hold of her by the hips and hoisted her up onto the horse and into the waiting saddle. “Knees on either side.” She instructed, allowing her a brief moment to kneel above the phallus. With steady hands, Emma rocked Regina’s hips, using her own arousal to coat it before encouraging her onto it.

Only after she sat on the enormous head of the stouter cock did Regina tense. The cock felt too wide and Emma forced her down by the hips to make sure it completely penetrated her.

Her throat constricted as she gasped and groaned from her own fullness. “This might be too much,” she admitted, looking down at the painful cock buried inside of her already tender vagina. “Swan-Daddy… Daddy – please. You’ve made your point.”

“You need to do this,” Emma corrected with a husk and pointed glare. “It’s for your own good, Regina. You have a lesson to learn, and you’re currently too tight for me to fuck as hard as I want and you need. Sit there for five minutes, like a good girl, or I’ll restrain you for twenty like a bad one.”

Emma’s strong hands ran comfortingy up Regina’s back, brushing over her shoulders soothingly as she leaned in, her voice much softer as she met Regina’s eyes and whispered, “If you aren’t okay with this, say red, and we’ll stop. If you want to keep going, say green, and relax into it. If you tense, it’ll hurt more than it should.”

Regina breathed through her core muscles and remained on top of the horse. Her limit for pain had
grown over the years and she knew she could endure this and much more, though her physical body’s changed sensitivity made her feel vulnerable in many more ways than she cared to admit. She reflected on this while she sat in the saddle with the thick cock forcing her delicate entrance to open.

The way Emma threw around good girl and bad girl did so much more than just make her wet: there was no use in denying it to herself, not when it stroked at that deeply-rooted need of hers to please. The thought of earning Emma’s praise made her unwind just a little. “Green,” Regina grunted and stayed put, although she tried to keep herself from sinking down fully to the wider base of the cock. “I am more relaxed now,” she added, both to convince herself and Emma. “I don’t want you to get the wrong idea: I have a high threshold for pain and punishment. I’m just more sensitive right now. What you did to my body with magic… I’m really starting to feel it.”

Emma straightened up the moment Regina consented to continuing, and leveled her with a lustful look. She raised one hand up to brush her fingers through Regina’s hair, rumbling softly, “I’m proud of you for accepting your punishment.” With a twist of her fingers, Emma took a fistful of Regina’s hair and kissed her hungrily, holding her steady as she tasted her lips before breaking away.

This could be freeing for Regina with the right mix of pleasure and pain, but given all of the emotionally heavy situations of the day, she wondered if it would be more of one than the other in the end. If the punishment brought out something worse than physical pain, Regina trusted Emma to take care of her. She shut her eyes and held onto the saddle with both hands.

“You know, I expected you to ask me to call you mistress or master,” Regina confessed quietly, and then blurted a secret that had been lurking in her mind. “You’re not the first to ask me to call you Daddy in bed.” Her shoulders went rigid and she glanced around the bedroom first as if seeking someone who was absent. Then her eyes glittered with hatred as they settled on Robin in the mirror, and before she even glanced Emma’s way, she knew her honesty would set off a fierce spike of protectiveness and jealousy.

“With you, it feels… appropriate,” Regina continued and pushed herself downward, testing out her own threshold for pain in case Emma decided to intensify it. “It also takes the things that were wrong in my life and makes them right, makes it ours. All of this satisfies me in ways I could never have imagined days ago--”

The corners of Emma’s mouth tugged downward and she tipped her head back just enough to appear confidently arrogant. “The Darkness craved that, for you to call me master.” She let that tidbit hang in the air between them, what it meant and how it could affect them, before clarifying succinctly, “Me? Not so much. I know what I want, and it wasn’t that.”

The implications of who had wanted Regina to call them that unsettled Emma and she bristled instinctively, an overwhelming urge to keep, claim, and protect Regina taking hold as her eyes
darkened with anger. “You’re mine.” She hissed fiercely, glaring at Robin in the mirror with such intensity it was a wonder how it didn’t shatter. The honesty from Regina centered her, and she ran her warm palms along Regina’s thighs appraisingly, pushing her volatile emotions down to focus on what really mattered: the trust between them, and their evolving relationship. “I want more of this with you.” Emma said slowly, her fingers trailing up Regina’s thigh to ghost over her obscenely spread labia. She tapped her finger thoughtfully against Regina’s hard clit, enjoying the way she winced when her vagina clenched around the large toy keeping her open. “Pleasuring and punishing you. I think it’s clear that part of me has always wanted to be in charge like this, Regina. It just took the darkness to bring it out in me, and now that it has...”

Emma paused dramatically to keep Regina in suspense, and in a whim, climbed onto the bondage horse behind her. She clasped Regina’s waist, and shivered deliciously when she felt her tense beneath her fingers. Exhaling warmly against the nape of Regina’s neck, Emma nestled the length of her hard cock between Regina’s ass cheeks and rocked slowly, her hands keeping Regina perfectly still.

“We need to revisit our rules.” Emma sighed softly, enjoying the warmth of her against her erection. “I’m going to keep you in line and treat you like a good slut, but when you disappoint me, or break a rule, I’m going to punish you for it.” She hummed low in her throat, and reached down to flick Regina’s clit lightly. “Right now you’re being punished for what you did yesterday when you were trying to push the Darkness in me to come out. You’ll think twice about trying that again after this.” Emma’s voice was sultry and she bit down on Regina’s shoulder roughly, aroused by the power play. “You need discipline.” Emma husked, rolling her hips to glide her length more fully between Regina’s cheeks. “I’m going to spank you when you misbehave. I enjoy pushing you out of your comfort zone, and I can be very creative when it comes to punishments, so keep that in mind. I might want to humiliate you and leave you with a reminder of who is in charge, and I might want to cause pain, but nothing that will ever be lasting. We should discuss your punishments beforehand. It’s your responsibility to tell me if you don’t want something, Regina. You can say red at any time to stop whatever we’re doing, or yellow when you need me to back off or pause, but don’t ever stay silent if you want to stop. I will never forgive that.”

Cupping Regina’s breasts, Emma pinched and rolled her nipples roughly between her fingertips, relishing the way Regina’s breath hitched. “First rule, use the safe words when necessary and without fear. Second,” Emma grinned, nipping Regina’s earlobe as she whispered seductively, “no masturbating. Your body belongs to me, Regina, and if you want to touch it you better ask my permission first. Third, when we’re engaged sexually or you want to be, address me as Swan or Daddy, unless we’re around people and you can’t. Fourth, you’re mine sexually when I want, how I want, unless we’ve discussed it beforehand. And five, always be honest and communicate with me.”

The hairs at the back of Regina’s neck stood on end. She shivered as Emma’s mouth moved from her earlobe to her neck, kissing and bruising soft skin. “I can accept and live by all of those rules,” Regina replied, silent as she considered whether or how to add her own terms.

Something exquisite blossomed within Emma at Regina’s agreement of the rules. Love and pride tied
together with adrenaline soaked pleasure, which was tempered only by the seriousness of their situation.

“I keep thinking about what I did yesterday, Emma,” Regina muttered. “We’re still in a precarious place, not just because you need to continue to exercise self-control, but because I still have darkness in me – a self-destructive streak that could be a problem for us. I also have goodness, which I feel flourishing again like a meadow after the harshest of winters. The Darkness wants to raze it and sow new seeds there. When I hold your dagger, I’m in touch with it. It’s an added complication and we both have to be vigilant. I thought we were being careful, but it’s strong—”

“We’ve always worked best as a team. Even now that’s our best defense against our own predilections and the Darkness.” Emma’s voice was calm as she spoke, her hands kneading Regina’s breasts as she added, “We should discuss this further once we’re done here.”

Regina’s ab muscles quivered from the effort of sitting in the upright posture with her pussy so impaled on the wide cock. She went to flick her clit and then stopped just as she made the mistake of touching herself without permission. “Emma—I didn’t mean to do that,” she stuttered out almost pleadingly, at the same time bracing herself.

Out of the corner of her eye, Regina caught sight of movement in the mirror.

Downstairs, the door to the kitchen swung open and David walked in with his cuffs at the ready. He circled around Robin in confusion and then called out for Emma.

The magic faded from the bedroom in an instant, returning it to its former state, but Regina’s hair was still long and she remained astride the horse. Her punishment should have been over, but Regina had broken another rule and restraints slipped over her ankles and wrists to keep her from dismounting. “Wait, you’re going to leave me up here?” Regina practically whimpered. “Like this?”

“Yes.” Emma answered coolly, and swung her leg over the apparatus to land on her feet. She tucked her cock back into her pants and with a flick of her wrist concealed her erection with magic. Turning to face Regina, Emma couldn’t stop the slow grin that spread amusement across her features. “Use this time to reflect on your mistakes, and ask yourself if there is anything else you’d like to add to the rules.” Giving Regina a gentle, almost jovial pat against her thigh, Emma walked towards the door, only to call softly over her shoulder, “Feel free to watch the mirror while I’m gone.”

Closing the door quietly, Emma let magic change her outfit back to what she was wearing when she answered the door to Robin earlier that morning. She intercepted David in the kitchen.
“Emma, what the hell is going on?” David blurted, his tone on the verge of accusatory as he lifted a hand to gently prod Robin’s shoulder.

“I kind of froze him in time.” Emma stated, shrugging almost carelessly at the perplexed noise that David choked out. “I’ll undo it, but I just… I couldn’t listen to him anymore. He showed up here banging on my door, demanding to come in. He thinks Regina is seeing someone else and he’s trying find him. When I attempted to reason with Robin, he started talking about how he plans to marry Regina and I just…” She motioned to Robin, still stuck there with his mouth open, and she sighed in disgust. “I spoke to Regina and she wants nothing to do with him. I can’t blame her. The cherry on top of this shit sundae is that Robin went to Hook and asked him to get involved. I know about it because Hook texted me a warning that Robin was on his way.”

David pulled out a chair and sat down heavily. “You know,” He muttered, rubbing his large hand over his face in exasperation. “I’m starting to miss the Enchanted Forest, because I could just tie him to a horse--”

Emma laughed, her eyes sparkling as she looked up, knowing that Regina would be watching.

David cracked a grin before he frowned, looking wearily at Robin. “I could arrest him for harassment.” He suggested, an almost hopeful lilt to his voice.

“We can’t.” Emma grunted, stuffing her hands into her back pockets, her lips forming a white line before she clarified, “it just feeds into his agenda of how he’s the victim here and how the Dark One is corrupt and incapable of being the kind of Sheriff the town needs.”

“Alright…” David sighed, his brows knitting together. “So what do you want me to do?”

Emma wet her lips, and swallowed back all the terrible ideas she would love to enact. “For starters you need to go back out and knock on the door, so when I unfreeze him everything seems normal. Say there’s something I need to deal with and I’ll suggest he speaks to you about his issues. You can tell him how out of line he is for wanting to invade Regina’s privacy and that he needs to back off because she’s made it clear they’re over. That way, Robin can’t blame me for not helping him.”

“You’ve really thought about this.” David murmured, as if unsure whether he should be proud or concerned.
“My first idea was to knock his teeth out, but Regina advised against it.” Emma tipped her head to the side, her shoulders lifting lazily in a shrug.

“Regina was wise to advise that.” David confirmed needlessly. “Well, let’s get this over with—”

Emma followed him out of the kitchen and with a snap of her fingers, let time resume for Robin. She heard him in the kitchen, and then David thumped loudly on the door. She pulled it open with a wry smile and ushered David inside, “Everything okay?” She asked, just as Robin poked his head out of the kitchen.

“Actually, you’re needed across town.” David stated firmly and caught sight of Robin. “Robin, what the hell are you doing here?”

Panicked, Robin stepped into the hallway, brushing crumbs off his beard with the back of his hand. “I uh-I wanted to apologize to the Sheriff and ask for her help with—well— with a problem…”

“It seems like she’s going to busy today, so why don’t I help you?” David suggested, already motioning Robin out of the house.

Robin grimaced. All his machinations were going up in smoke before his eyes. “I really don’t think you—”

“Nonsense. I’m the deputy. I’ll give you a ride back to town and we can talk over lunch at Granny’s.” David led Robin down the steps, flashing a wink at Emma as he all but shoved him into the squad car.

Emma watched as they drove off down the road, and through the mirror, Regina watched Emma lingering in the foyer.

The restraints kept Regina in a painful position and a sudden wave of unstable emotion filled her with the urge to cry. It came out of nowhere, the extreme vulnerability that the Darkness had been directing her towards all morning. She soothed herself with a circulation of her hips, which drove the cock in deeper and distracted her from unexpected feelings. Her pussy juices coated the ample toy and lubricated her gentle rock.

Ascending the stairs with a weight off her chest, Emma pushed the bedroom door open and basked
in the sight of Regina strapped to the horse. “Now that’s a sight I could get used to,” she husked. She took her time as she made her way to Regina, building the sexual tension with every step. “I’ve dealt with Robin, so now it’s time to deal with you. Anything you’d like to say before we begin?” She asked smugly.

Regina stilled on the cock and instinctively attempted to raise her hands, which were secured to the horse. “Are you looking for me to apologize? I’m not going to apologize,” she quietly asserted. “I wasn’t deliberately breaking a rule.”

The tip of Emma’s tongue poked out between her lips as she fought a grin. In truth, she hadn’t been looking for an apology, but the attitude she got from Regina regarding her slip up pushed all the right buttons and Emma quirked a pale eyebrow. Regina was testing her, whether she consciously meant to or not, and Emma wasn’t going to let it slide. Her eyes trailed down Regina’s nakedness to linger at her stretched pussy. The toy glistened with arousal and she smirked lightly, noticing Regina had sank onto it more fully.

Regina’s lips fell into a natural pout as she furrowed her eyebrows severely, her cheeks flushed with heat from balancing herself in the saddle. “It was an accident, but I understand why you’ve chosen to punish me and I respect your rules,” she clarified. “I won’t make another mistake.”

Her current mistake was costing her enough, stretching her inside and restricting her movements. With a tiny buck, she tried to lift her weight from the cock but it was pointless. “You asked me to think more about our rules while you were gone,” she added huskily. “I have a few hard limits. When you punish me, I don’t want to be left in a room alone. I need you to be present, and if you have to step away, then you can resume punishing me when you return. If you choose to tie me up, I’m fine with you binding my ankles and wrists, but fuller body restriction is something we should discuss before it happens. Apart from that, anything is fair game.”

Meeting Regina’s gaze, Emma nodded seriously as she agreed, “Those are fair additions to the rules. I accept them and will honor them.”

Once that was out of the way, Emma walked slowly around the bondage horse while considering her options.

“You know,” Emma lilted, trailing her nails threateningly along the inside of Regina’s thigh. “I’d planned to let you down when I got back. I thought leaving you up here would be punishment enough, but then you were disrespectful.” She tsked lightly, her eyes intense as she leaned in to breathe against Regina’s lips, “You wanted to give your clit some attention, well now it has mine.” A swirl of magic curled from Emma’s palm, and suddenly she held a high-end vibrating wand that she inspected casually for Regina’s benefit. Satisfied with the sleek design, she turned it on and pressed it firmly against Regina’s hard little bud with a devilish smile.
Regina’s body jerked and she grunted from the overpowered stimulation. Her pleasurable agony mounted fast towards a breaking point and she couldn’t control the desperate noises that came from her throat. All she could control was the reflex to roll her hips and fuck herself on the thickset cock buried inside of her. She needed it badly and gave into her needs, riding the silicon penis while Emma watched intently and rubbed at her pussy.

“You can’t help yourself, can you?” Emma lilted, all too pleased with Regina’s behavior and the way she responded to discipline. “Fuck yourself like a good slut. You’re going to come for me.”

Bouncing as if on a horse going at full gallop, Regina’s cunt showed all the proof of punishment — it was brutally red and stretched.

“Please,” Regina begged, unsure if she was asking to orgasm, or for an end to this sensual suffering. She made up her mind when her pussy squeezed. Nearing the edge of euphoria had never been so painful. “Please—I don’t—”

Her vagina clenched in excruciating spasm, and she let out a soft cry as she became unbearably tight around the cock. She came so hard that a tear trickled down her cheek and she screamed incoherently. “Fuck—"

As her restraints fell away, she lifted her arms out to Emma, who gently removed her from the saddle.

“I’ve got you.” Emma whispered, and effortlessly carried Regina back to the bed. She laid her down on her back with a low rumble and brushed her palm across Regina’s cheek lovingly.

“Let me have a look at you while you catch your breath.” Emma commanded softly, coaxing Regina’s knees apart to get a better view of her sore and very puffy lips. The heat radiating from Regina’s core was exquisite, and Emma parted her swollen labia carefully with the pads of her thumbs to truly appreciate how red and gaping her hole had become.

Emma’s cock strained demandingly in her pants, but she ignored it as she used magic to retrieve a soft cloth and a bowl of ice water. “You look so good like this.” She said, soaking the cloth before wringing it out to lightly press against Regina’s overheated and sensitive folds. “I know you think you made a simple mistake earlier, but you broke two rules we just established and then you gave me attitude.”
Emma’s voice was soothing as she tenderly took care of Regina, easing the ache and cooling the throbbing as she talked. “First you touched yourself and then you used my name, but I think you’ve learned your lesson, haven’t you?” She asked, her eyes meeting Regina’s as she added with a smile, “You’ve proven you can be a good slut for me by accepting your punishments.”

Emma soaked the cloth and reapplied it, gently cupping Regina through it while she tucked her against her side protectively. “How are you feeling?” Emma asked, her dark eyes intense as they searched Regina’s. “Would you like a drink while you recover?”

Regina gritted her teeth as she swiveled her head to watch Emma tending her sore pussy. “I’m okay,” she quietly insisted. “I don’t need a drink.” She fell quiet and thoughtful while Emma cared for her and cleaned her up.

Instinctively, Regina reached out to touch herself again, but pulled her hand back before her fingers so much as grazed her tender pussy. Even after receiving such a harsh disciplining, Regina knew her behavior was bound to earn her more punishments. If she kept this up, she might not be able to sit down or walk for days without experiencing twinges of pain.

“It’s going to take me a while to adjust to this,” Regina admitted. “I’ve never given up control this way before. It could be tougher than either of us anticipated. You might spend a lot of time punishing me.”

“I might like that.” Emma raised her eyebrows and the slightest hint of a smile teased the corners of her mouth, then vanished as she pressed her lips tightly together. “I think we’re both going to be adjusting to it for a while. That’s why it’s so important that we communicate honestly, Regina. We’re walking a whole new line here, but one I only want to walk with you.”

With as much care as possible, Regina moved to sit on Emma’s lap and leaned in to rest against her.

In this close moment of peace, Regina noticed a subtle discoloring of Emma’s skin — a streak of silvery pigment that was a mark of dark magic.

Regina stared transfixed for as long as it took Emma to also shift her attention to it. Her panic showed itself in how her lips parted as she drew breath and yet she tried to hide her concern from Emma. “It’s nothing to worry about,” Regina whispered, though it inspired a deep fear in her.
Lowering her mouth to brush a soft kiss over the patch of Emma’s skin, Regina intoned, “All magic has a way of taking a toll, and you’ve been using a lot of it lately, both for recreational and practical purposes. You’ll just have to be a little more conservative with its use—”

The sight of the mark momentarily confused Emma, so shimmery and pale against her skin that it looked like a small patch of body glitter. Except it wasn’t, was it? It was part of her, and it chilled her more than anything to know that. What sickened her the most was that she couldn’t fathom why it occurred. *Sure, she used magic, but nothing major. She wasn’t out there causing chaos and killing people, that was for damn sure. And it hadn’t been there this morning after she’d slowed time for Robin, or when Regina had used the dagger …*

*A terrible realization slithered down her spine and left her silently seething. The Darkness was a deviously vindictive force and apparently a petty fucking bitch. Emma had denied it the chance to play with Regina earlier, and if it couldn’t taint her heart with its corruption then it would taint her skin to make everyone else think it had a stronger hold on her. *If it spread to an area where she couldn’t conceal it…*

Emma felt her world unravelling around her and in a desperate attempt to calm the disquiet of her mind, threw herself into kissing Regina. She didn’t want to think anymore, she didn’t want to acknowledge the repercussions she was facing for daring to displease the Darkness. Emma’s hand slid over Regina’s hip, pulling her closer as a pulse of magic emanated from her palm against Regina’s overstimulated pussy, returning it to how it was before she restored her virginity.

Regina’s body tingled from the sudden change and she nuzzled into Emma. She pushed her tongue into Emma’s mouth and moaned into their kiss. “It’s clear to me now why Rumple always kept his dagger buried and far away from his house,” Regina husked out when they paused to breathe. “We need to hide it somewhere safe and never bring it into the bedroom again. If it’s not magic causing your skin to change, then it could be the dagger—”

Their ravening hunger for each other prevented them from doing the sensible thing, from stopping and having a deeper conversation about this new development.

Regina wanted to get rid of the blade but her hands were already pushing down Emma’s pants and freeing her cock from tented pants. She could feel Emma’s need before she saw it, so stiff and dominating. “What can I do for you, Swan?” Regina asked quietly.

“Get on your knees.” Emma gruffly asserted, her hands impatiently ripping at her shirt like it were a second skin she had to shed. She left her jeans halfway down her thighs, her hands frantically grabbing at Regina’s hips to guide her into position faster. “I want you loud,” Emma insisted, rubbing the throbbing head of her cock against Regina’s slick pussy as she lined herself up. “I want you vocal.” She demanded, pushing her thick length into Regina’s ready cunt until her thighs
slammed against her backside. She needed this, needed Regina in ways she didn’t dare say, but thought all the same. *I want you to drown out every thought in my mind until there’s nothing but this, nothing but you.* Emma’s fingers curled around Regina’s waist, digging in to pull her back into every rutting thrust. She fucked Regina like she held an answer she was searching for, and she’d find it if she went deep enough.

Regina lowered her upper body and stretched her arms out in front of her. Tangling her fingers in the bedspread, she had no chance to prepare for the first jarring thrusts. It required no special effort on her part to fulfill Emma’s requests.

For the first time ever with Emma, Regina’s voice became hoarse from screaming, “Swan—*fuck*—fuck.” She never used profanity quite like this, but she also had never been reamed so thoroughly by Emma’s cock. Her long hair was ideal for yanking and Emma took advantage in a way that drew out Regina’s deep-seated masochism. “Pull harder,” she groaned. “Degrade me. Remind me that I’m your slut and I belong on my knees in front of you. I need it rough, *Daddy.*”

Emma wound Regina’s hair around her fist, growling animalistically as she tugged harshly until Regina’s head was craned back. Her nails bit into Regina’s hip as she pounded into her with a furious intensity. “Beg me to abuse your cunt.” Emma demanded, the force of her hips reddening Regina’s ass as surely as her hand would have. “Convince me you deserve all of my come inside you and not on you.”

Every ragged breath heightened the primal energy that seemed to grip them, and Emma leaned forward as her hand moved from Regina’s hip to wrap around her throat. Feeling the frenetic pulse under her palm only fueled her further, and she husked into Regina’s ear as she bottomed out inside her. “Tell me your pussy is *mine* to breed.”

Regina’s vagina clung wetly to Emma’s cock as they rutted so hard she could see its motion inside of her. Regina pushed herself onto all fours so that when she hung her head, she could watch Emma’s cock entering her lower belly. She watched it until Emma guided her neck back, gripped her forcefully to give her a more brutal pounding.

“Fill my pussy with your come, Swan,” Regina demanded, her voice scratchy and deep. “Lay claim to me. You want to give me a lasting reminder that I belong to you? Empty yourself in me until you’re absolutely sure I’m full of your seed. Hours from now, when I’m taking off my panties for the night, I’d like to see the evidence of how much pleasure I gave you. I want you to know that I’m yours in a way I’ll *never* belong to another.” Regina’s hand drifted down to her flat stomach and settled above her navel. “Get me pregnant,” she softly stated — a plea so quiet and genuine, no matter how impossible it would be to fulfill.

Every word Regina uttered set fire to Emma’s insides and the urgency that moved her hips. She
wanted it all, to leave Regina filled and messy the whole day, to claim her over and over again until neither of them could take any more, but it was the barely-there whisper that sparked something incredible within Emma. It awakened a potent need that left her groaning, and before Regina could grasp what was happening, Emma was pulling out to flip her onto her back. “Say that again.” She insisted huskily, plunging her stiff cock into Regina’s sopping hole so hard she pressed against her cervix, her eyes boring into Regina’s as she all but pinned her to the bed with her body and cock.

Emma’s hand clasped her throat once more, her thumb stroking the burnished chain as she brought her face to Regina’s. Every powerful buck became a necessity as Emma growled against Regina’s lips, “I’m gonna leave my come right where it belongs,” She vowed, ploughing Regina with such zeal that the bed creaked from it. “So deep inside you.” Emma’s thrusts were fast becoming erratic, her erection swelling until she felt the coiling pressure in her lower abdomen that left her breathless. “I want your eyes on me.” She demanded roughly, grabbing Regina’s jaw possessively until their gaze locked and her body trembled. “Look at me as I fill your womb with all of my seed.”

Snared in Emma’s grasp, Regina panted and searched her blazing eyes for the love that kindled all of this heat between them. When she found it unwavering and bright, Regina grabbed for Emma’s ass with both hands, encouraging the quick and reckless way their pelvises met. “I won’t look away,” she groaned. “Fuck me, Daddy. Make my pussy ache. I’m a slut for letting you use my body this way – for letting you come in me unprotected, but I need it — I need it.”

“My slut.” Emma corrected roughly, her hand tightening imperceptibly around Regina’s throat as she slammed every hard inch of herself into Regina’s scorching cunt with abandon. All the filthy things they uttered only drove Emma to say more. She tangled her fingers in the burnished chain, tugging it hard enough to make the metal bite into the nape of Regina’s neck as she husked, “My slut that needs her insatiable pussy fucked—that wants to be left dripping and desperate for more.”

The urges Regina experienced were exceeding all rational thought, and all that mattered was her instinct for sex and mating. She breathed Emma’s scent in, wild with her own desire and depraved longings. “Give me more,” she agreed. “Give it all to me.” Her pussy throbbed with so much cock lodged in its depths, spreading her tight slot until sore. “If you get me pregnant, it’ll be my own fault for allowing you to take me raw,” she husked. “For opening my legs to you and begging you to give me cock.”

A groan tore its way past Emma’s lips as she pistoned her hips forward. It was thrilling to hear Regina rationalize the hypothetical, and her hands moved to Regina’s slim waist, pulling her strongly against every rapid, merciless thrust that rammed the tip of her cock against Regina’s cervix. “You’d never be able to hide it. The whole town would know you belong to me, that I’ve been fucking you relentlessly.” Emma whispered, her breaths uneven and muscles tightening with every frantic rock into Regina.

Emma moved one hand to thumb Regina’s clit, her body jerking as she exploded in hot, pulsing
waves that left her tingling. “Fuck, Regina,” she groaned. “Prove you’re a dirty slut and take it all so everyone will know you’re mine. Milk every last drop so I can get you pregnant.”

Regina’s inner muscles reacted to the spurts of hot seed and the continual slippery grind of Emma’s cock. Her pussy closed around the broad head every time it stroked the exquisite curve inside of her. As her own body released more creamy arousal, Emma’s thick penis pumped faster through it and overwhelmed her with sensation. She clenched her jaw painfully tight and sweat formed on her forehead. Pleasurable shocks of climax hit her suddenly and confined Emma’s cock in the depths of her vagina. Surges of ropy fluid emptied inside of her and Regina locked her legs around Emma’s hips. She latched onto Emma as their merged bodies experienced a perfect consummation to their give-and-take and her cunt completely flooded out. “If I could get pregnant, it’s a risk I would take with you,” she softly confessed. “I’m not just saying that to keep you stimulated and on edge, either.”

Love swelled within Emma’s chest, filling her with unexpected hopes and desires that stole her breath. Her eyes shined from it, and in that fleeting moment she was only herself, the woman she’d always been, but she wasn’t alone anymore…

Rising back with a vengeance, the Darkness popped her happiness with a vicious intensity, sinking its teeth into the purest part of her joy. Regina’s willingness to carry the evidence of their act. Emma heaved a breath that stuck in her lungs and then hissed it out from between imperfect rows of teeth. Magic, the darkness encouraged. Just this one little compromise and she’ll be bound to you forever…

“On the other hand, it’s not the best timing for it.” Regina concluded with a head tilt and pause. “Even if the potion I took was somehow reversible, we would have to wait.” She tucked a loose curl behind Emma’s ear and reclined as she considered the energy she felt between them.

“I was thinking, there’s a secure spot with hallowed ground near the town line where we could hide the dagger,” Regina explained. “I don’t think we could hide it outside of Storybrooke, because there’s no telling what effect that could have on you, but the location I have in mind is very hard to stumble across. Some of my own terrible secrets have been concealed there for the last thirty years. We should go before it gets any later and we lose the daylight—“

The Darkness’ vampiric influence fed on Regina’s sudden reluctance and it wanted to see her forced — confined in ongoing punishment, naked and bound. It had been silent but it more than made up for its brief intermission with high-pitched and frantic demands. Emma’s skull almost cracked from the pressure of resisting it and she threw out her hand, grabbing the dagger in desperation and carelessness while her other pushed against her temple. Emma’s face contorted in agony, jaw clenched and eyes shut as she fought the onslaught.

As her fist wrapped around the dagger, the pressure lessened but the screaming amplified. “No,” Emma grit out, her voice an octave lower. “No, Regina.” The curse on the blade sang through her
with exhilarating enthusiasm. Her arm shook from the power of it and she snared Regina’s hair firmly with her free hand, bringing Regina’s face close as she informed her dangerously, “We’re not going anywhere right now.”

Chapter End Notes

**Thank you for reading!** If you enjoyed, please let us know your thoughts with a review and/or kudos. We’re really curious as to what our readers want for the future of the fic, and if you have any specific suggestions, we’re receptive to that — though of course we have particular ideas in mind and a direction we’re taking this.

If you wish to check out our social media or ko-fi, it’s listed in our profile. We love hearing from you! :)


Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Warnings for violence, including violent actions taken by Robin, and Regina in a state of undress. Sex between Emma and Regina is consensual, although there's some mutually inflicted violence.

In the face of the threat, Regina tingled with a newfound calm and alertness. “Okay,” she muttered as she stroked Emma’s hand in reassurance. “Okay, Emma. We’ll stay right here.” She braced herself, anticipating the worst and getting just what she expected.

Emma growled loudly, her lips twisting and teeth snapping shut as she pressed her forehead roughly against Regina’s to keep her pinned beneath the weight of her body. She dragged the dagger across the bed, its curved blade serpentined, tearing the sheets before she coiled it between them, its sharp edges glinting against her own pale skin threateningly.

“Shut up!” Emma spat vehemently, though in that moment it was difficult to tell whether she meant Regina or the voices screeching in her mind.

With inhuman speed and accuracy, Emma’s hand flew up to hold the blade at Regina’s throat, trembling a millimeter away from slicing into tender flesh.

“I won’t do it,” Emma snarled, her hand tightening in Regina’s hair to force her head back harder into the pillow, until her taut skin only skimmed the shimmering blade. ”You can’t make me!”

Emma’s entire body convulsed in spasm, and in a sudden volatile split second, she flung her arm out and sent the dagger flying with such velocity it embedded itself into the wall.

With her right hand suddenly free, it latched around Regina’s neck and tightened vindictively until a darkly disturbing laugh erupted thickly from her lips.

Emma’s pupils dilated, an inky spillage flooding her irises and transforming the whites along with it. No longer green, her demonic gaze locked maniacally with Regina’s and she grinned viciously.
“Let her go!” Emma screamed into Regina’s gasping face, her left hand clawing frantically at her right, blood seeping to the surface before she managed to wrench it off Regina’s throat with such roughness that she sent herself tumbling off the bed and into the nightstand.

It shattered with the force of impact, sending chunks of wood across the floor, and tore a strangled animalistic roar from Emma as she struggled to contain the explosion trying to rip her apart.

The Darkness wanted control, and if it had to go through her to get it, then it would.

Contorting until her bones buckled and her spine arched abnormally, Emma fought the Darkness with everything she was, but it wasn’t enough.

It flourished through her veins, polluting her movements and penetrating her mind. She twisted on the floor, one hand digging nails into the carpet to drag her towards the dagger while the other grabbed at the bed frame to stop her from getting to it.

“No.” Emma grunted, attempting to pull herself away from the dagger, but her right hand relinquished its grip on the carpet to strike her brutally in the face with a closed fist. The sickening noise resonated through the room and her lip split from the force.

Emma’s head lolled back against the floor, and her body moved as though possessed, crawling ever forward to the dagger.

Scrambling for dominance, Emma snared a broken chunk of wood and impulsively drove it through her right hand, impaling it into the floor with an agonized scream so raw it shred her throat.

Her hand ripped itself free, the splintered wood still skewered through it as she backhanded herself and tore open her cheek.

Reeling from the blow, Emma could do nothing but watch as her hand reached for the dagger. The moment she snared it changed everything.

No longer in control, Emma felt herself being pulled into the backseat of her mind as the darkness took over. Silencing her effectively as it sprang her onto her feet and, with a wave of her hand, healed the wounds she had suffered in her struggle.
A swirl of grey magic billowed from her and covered her completely, transforming her from Emma to The Dark One.

Draped in dark leather, with hair stark white and pulled back into a tight bun, The Dark One stepped forward with a slow, disdainful smile that barely curved her bright red lips. “Regina,” She lilited, blinking slowly as she approached the bed with Emma as a mask. “You dared to think you could contain me?”


If Regina’s first instinct had been to remain calm and unshakable in the presence of the Darkness, her second was to sneer as the danger stalked closer.

In a battle of physical strength and magic, Regina would always be outmatched: she knew any attempt to intervene with the Darkness’ tantrum might only be met with more devastation and more pain for Emma.

On the surface, Regina remained tranquil while inwardly she trembled at the violence she had witnessed. She held out her hand, poised to act at the opportune time, but she showed restraint and waited.

“Why did you get dressed, anyway?” Regina asked. “Aren’t you planning to do unspeakable things to me?” Her bold sarcasm might only invite trouble, but the Darkness had always appreciated her sharp tongue.

Regina reached out to run both of her hands over Dark Swan’s leather tunic. The way she blinked was the only clue to her unease, the only tell of just how much she dreaded the Darkness using Emma. “You should be careful,” Regina warned. “Emma won’t stay dormant for long if she’s in my arms—if she’s touching me—“

The Dark One smirked slyly and leaned into Regina’s touch to bask in the aroma of her fear. It was the most exquisite perfume, and clung to her alluringly just as it had all those years ago. “You think so?” she replied, her painted lips parting in a subtle smile that never reached the sharpness of her eyes. “Oh, Regina, you forget that it was you who wanted this.”
Swiftly, she latched onto Regina’s face and squeezed, bringing their mouths almost together as she husked dangerously, “You invited me in.”

“You would have come out to play eventually,” Regina scoffed with a tempestuous flutter of her eyelashes and a flare of her nostrils. “You showed me it was inevitable. So why not on my terms rather than yours?”

This could go only one way: the Darkness would brutalize Regina. She would encourage it, because that would either spur Emma to conquer the beast within, or at least challenge its cursed hold over Emma.

But Regina could still make this an act of love — nothing would spite the Darkness’ intentions more. She pursed her lips together saucily, taking on the airs of the Queen as she stared into the blackened depths of Emma’s eyes. “If you’re planning to fuck me, could you at least put in some more effort and do something about your hair?”

“My my, don’t you think highly of yourself.” The Dark One tutted, ridding herself of her leather jacket only to grab Regina’s hands painfully. She pushed them under her shirt, smoothing them along Emma’s abdomen as she considered. “Do you think she doesn’t want this?” The Darkness laughed, running her own hands over Regina’s shoulders in a mock display of affection. One hand latched around Regina’s throat suddenly, trapping her while the other cupped her bare sex.

Rubbing her cheek against Regina’s, The Dark One brushed her lips against the shell of her ear to whisper seductively, “You gave yourself to her completely, and we’re as one. That makes you just as much mine. She has no idea just how depraved you really are, Regina. Let’s show her.”

Regina set her jaw, grinding her teeth as she considered the Dark One’s manipulations. She should have refused outright, but she noticed Emma’s fingers twitching and she reached for them. “I’m ready and willing,” Regina asserted, ignoring the Darkness and addressing Emma directly. “No matter what, it’s still you and me right now, Emma—our bodies connecting. The Darkness is preying upon your greatest fears and my weaknesses, but it can’t change our love. Regardless of what we do sexually, it’s never selfish or motivated by evil. I know that you don’t want to harm me, so you won’t. Trust in yourself. I do.”

Even with distress swirling in the pit of her belly, Regina exuded complete confidence and absolute faith. She settled across the bed and teased apart her pussy lips for Emma’s benefit, though it was to the Darkness she now spoke.

“So what did you have in mind?” Regina asked, fixating on the voids where Emma’s eyes used to
be. “We both know I’m no stranger to your sadistic influence. I’ve watched you bring out the worst in people so many times while I was on the receiving end. At least in this case, you’re acting through Emma, someone I love. If you think she would enjoy any of my dirtier predilections, then have at it — show her.”

The Darkness must have wanted her to resist its machinations, and to have Regina offer herself up so willingly felt both victorious and far too easy. It paused for long moment, drinking in the sight of her, the expectations of what Regina thought would happen, and then decided to change the game.

The Dark One stood up with a curious quirk of her brow and agreed readily, “What a wonderful idea. Let’s show Emma what she really wants to know, what’s plagued her more than she’d ever tell you.”

Magic billowed out and ensnared them, swirling them across town to deposit them in a small room at Granny’s Bed and Breakfast. The curtains were drawn, the bed was unkempt, and piles of dirty clothes littered the floor. Books lay strewn around the room, and on one wall hung a portrait of a dashing man in a small feathered cap proudly holding a bow.

“Not much has changed here, has it?” The Darkness whispered, wandering from the windows to the bathroom, where it plucked up Robin’s toothbrush, and on a whim, traced the bristles along the inside of the toilet bowl before putting it back in the sad little cup next to the untouched one he had left for Regina. “All the nights Emma would lie awake imagining what you’d be doing with him. You should feel her jealousy.” The Darkness laughed, turning to run a hand over the dusty bedside cabinet.

Without warning, the Darkness brandished a dreamcatcher and before Regina could react, pulled her memories free and let them play out like a movie they could watch together. Bits and pieces all jumbled—such brief, insightful clips of her past with Robin.

“You want me to put my mouth down there?” Robin scoffed into Regina’s face, then looked upon her with pity and understanding. “That’s the evil inside you, Regina. You know that’s not proper. You don’t need that anymore. Lie back and let me make love to you.”

The image flashed, shifting from the two of them tangled up in bed together to a glimpse of Robin standing in the laundry room at the mansion. “It’s a woman’s place to take care of her man.” Robin stated, piling his laundry into the waiting arms of Regina. “And since I’m yours, that means it’s your duty to keep my clothes fresh. They need your womanly touch. We belong together. That makes us a team.”
A final glimmer of memory finished off the devastating trio: Regina, left awake and unsatisfied while Robin snored peacefully beside her.

The Darkness sighed, the show officially over as it discarded the dreamcatcher with a critical sneer, “Ever since you decided to play at hero you’ve become so undignified. You were The Queen. Look at how weak and pathetic you let yourself become without me.”

Regina sucked in a hissing breath and with an idle bat of her eyelashes, swung a murderous glare at the Dark One. “My choice to redeem myself had nothing to do with Robin. I did that for my family – for Henry and Emma, and Snow and Charming. For myself. After that, I opened my heart to the possibility of romantic love again, and so what if I had poor judgment? That doesn’t make me weak. I put my all into that relationship. Robin should have tried harder.” She closed in on the Dark One, and with a wounded look aimed at Emma, she prodded a finger into her chest. “I’m sorry if my behavior made you jealous and if you’re upset by what you just saw. But it’s not like you broke it off with Hook when you realized you had feelings for me, either. We were both pursuing the wrong people. I clung to what I had with Robin because I didn’t know I had other options. I thought we were destined for each other. I thought it was the right thing to do—”

“The right thing to do?” The Dark One mocked her mirthlessly, an edge to her voice that, under the surface, might have been Emma. It was gone with a clear of her throat, though a tremor began in the hand that clutched the dagger. “How noble to demean yourself because you felt like you owed him happiness that he had already found without you.”

The Dark One advanced with an accusatory malice, backing Regina against the bed with nothing more than her presence. The anger emanating from her resided somewhere within Emma and the Darkness used it to its advantage, pulling on the emotions that surfaced unwillingly. “You flung yourself into this pathetic role because you felt like it was all you deserved. You traded your self-respect for pixie dust and a tattoo.”

“And you? Where was your self-respect when Hook demanded kisses as rewards, and you let your parents dress you up in that heinous pink dress to go on a date with him?” Regina countered, too furious to recognize that this all was a ploy. Emma towered over her and Regina puffed herself up, crossing her arms and sticking her chin out in an agitative way. “As the savior, you could have picked anyone in town, and you go after a man who has all of the sophistication of an overgrown frat boy, whose liver is no doubt pickled in rum. Not to mention the way I’ve seen him use his hook to grab you, like you’re a piece of meat.” Her forehead vein came to the surface as she ranted, almost purple with anger.

“If it bothered you so much you could have said something, but you didn’t, did you?” The Dark One spat back, lips parting to show her crooked rows of teeth with every harsh word. “Hook might be a drunken, womanizing bastard but at least he’s honest about it. I knew exactly who he was and he made a great distraction.”
The fine line between Emma and The Darkness blurred as it fed off her negative emotions and heightened them with renewed vigor. It pitted Regina and Emma against one another instead of against itself with little more than slight manipulation. “I chose him because I knew it would never last, and when it finished, I wouldn’t give a damn,” Emma hissed. "You chose Robin because you wanted someone like me without having to ever admit it! A poor, blonde thief that managed to fool you into believing he was some kind of savior when the real one was standing in front of you the whole time.”

“You think I just didn’t want to admit how I felt about you?” Regina softened, her eyes big and hurt from the accusation. Her arms shifted to cradle her ribs. “Robin wasn’t a consolation prize. He could never compare to you. But with you — I always wanted to linger. I wanted to get right in your face. From day one, I was attracted to your light, your presence and I hated it. I fought tooth and nail against my feelings for you, even after we became friends. Because as much as we’re alike, Emma, we are also so different. There’s an ugliness in me, a cruelty you’ve never seen—that you would never be capable of understanding. It’s this decay on my heart, this worm that constantly eats at me, and what you’d never comprehend is that I put it there on purpose. You are everything that's wonderful to me, Emma: you are goodness and daylight. You are still whole, and filled with hope after all you’ve been through. You are life. And I... I just wanted to rot. I committed so many monstrous acts. I took the hearts of men and women and I forced them to be the puppets of my desire. How could I ever offer myself to you? How could you love such a disgusting, evil person? If not for the Darkness, I would have kept my feelings to myself.” She peered up at the empty, black gaze staring down at her. “I still don’t think I deserve you. The Darkness, on the other hand... perhaps this is the best form of justice for what I’ve done. It must be.” Bending her neck, she shrank back against the bed to beg. “Please, punish me for what I’ve done. Make me suffer. Be my judge, Emma — and let the Darkness be my executioner. Hold back nothing.”

Every word from Regina caused more disdain to surface over The Dark One’s features, repulsion expressed soundlessly until it finally burst free with an incredulous, “Are you fucking serious? Of all the things you’ve ever said and done this is by far the most insane.”

Beneath the mask of the Dark One, Emma began to erupt, spilling freely like a fountain of rage contained in the shell of herself. “You think I don’t know what you did, why you did it?” The absurdity of it all baffled the darkness, and Emma, fleetingly, took hold to say the only thing that truly mattered, “You’re being stupid.”

Not quite as touching as it could have been it was to the point, and Emma raised the dagger towards Regina to jab it angrily in her direction. “I don’t love you because you wallow in self-loathing and try to make up for the wrongs you’ve done. I love you because you never stop fighting for yourself and for the people you care about. The moment you let Robin into your home, into your bed, he leched that fire right out of you. Look at you.”
The Dark One loomed over her, tension making Emma’s face impossibly rigid, her soft features transformed to hard angles and her free hand shot out to latch around Regina’s throat. Pulling her back onto her feet and into her face to hiss fiercely, “The Regina I know wouldn’t bow to anyone or anything and here you sit so pathetically, begging for punishment as if that’s the answer to all of this. You think this is what you need to absolve you of all your guilt?” The Dark One asked rhetorically, tightening its grip to strangle Regina.

“You think hurting is going to make you stronger, happier, better?” Emma’s voice, her undiluted anguish and rage ripped out of her as she slammed Regina into the wall to scream in her face, “Is this what you want?” Her fingers bit roughly into Regina’s neck, bruising the skin and tingeing her lips blue, and yet even then there was no anger in Regina’s eyes, save the reflection of Emma’s as she bellowed, “Do you feel good now?”

The Darkness inside her wanted to push further, wanted to punish Regina for being so utterly spineless in a way she had never been before. It disturbed Emma to see how little Regina pushed back and she released her suddenly to fiercely assert, “You’re not evil, you were never evil, everything that exists needs balance and you’ve turned your back on yours! How many excuses are you going to make until you see that you can’t live without a little darkness? None of us can. Goodness doesn’t exist without anything to counter it. Giving up on yourself doesn’t make you a hero, and letting someone treat you like dirt doesn’t change your past! The only person you owe anything to is yourself and fighting for your happiness isn’t selfish. It’s a reason to live instead of existing to fulfill someone else’s desires. You’re more than this, more than he’ll ever know. Now get up and prove it!”

Regina stayed on her knees below Emma, pale-faced and hunched over in a struggle to breathe. “You know, I thought the Darkness wanted to corrupt me, but maybe it wanted you all along,” she gasped. “It truly is fitting. A long time ago, I thought I knew who I was, and then the Darkness took me under its wing and re-created me. I became the Evil Queen, and you – Emma Swan – you made me want to be different. You re-created me again. You talk about scales, but both of you overloaded that scale one way or another until it tipped. It’s like you’ve always been in my head, pushing and pulling me, and now we’re here. Now you’ve pushed me again.”

Regina’s fingers flew to her own throat and she coughed, thick and harshly as she scrambled back onto her feet. Screaming into the face of the Dark One, she grabbed ahold of her by the leathers and dragged her down onto the bed. Fire curled through her fingertips, extinguishing only when she grabbed for Emma’s face with a smoldering touch. “If it’s fire you want, it’s fire you’ll get. Fuck me,” she growled, clawing at Emma’s neck with nails that flamed and singed the blood hot from her veins. “Force me. Make me bad. Make this shameful and wrong. Twist me, tear me open, test my sanity. Break me any which way you want, and then do it again. This is what the Darkness knows about me: no matter how good I try to be, I’m a hedonist through and through. I want both passion and pain. I want it all. I want the extreme. I want everything, and I need you right now. I need both a rough hand and your gentle touch. Blend it together, as only you can, Emma. Show me the way.”

Regina pushed her scorching hand into Emma’s pants and began to jerk her off. In her palm, the
cock stretched and hardened until a warm drizzle of desire trickled down her wrist. “If I need a little more darkness in me, why don’t you oblige?” Regina whispered.

A tiny puff of magic left the nightstand covered in items Regina wanted: a bowl of ice and a small carafe of liquid wax, safe enough to pour on exposed skin.

Regina leaned in and tugged Emma’s trousers down over her ass, then she lit the wax with her own fire. She ripped open Emma’s top and then let the wax trickle over her abdomen.

As the wax caressed sensitive flesh, Regina awakened Emma’s body with sweltering kisses, then she pushed an ice chip into her own mouth and pressed her cool lips against the heat she created.

Regina nestled Emma’s massive length between her cunt lips, keeping it hard and ready with her own carnal warmth. She glided over it, until the head rubbed her clit and poked out between her legs, then she rocked backwards into it again.

If Emma had the ability to scream right then, she would have, but all that came out of her mouth was a dirty sounding laugh that the Darkness allowed. It craved the chaos it caused, fanned the flames of self-destruction and, in a sickening way, empowered Regina into action.

The purest part of Emma was seized in panic, frozen by her own tumultuous emotions, her own private darkness that had been set free by the primordial one residing within her. “There’s my Queen.” The Dark One rumbled in enthusiasm, baring Emma’s neck for every sharp, stinging scrape that tore at skin and left a blazing trail behind. “Do it, make her bleed, leave your mark, show her what you’re really made of.” It wildly encouraged, grinning maniacally at Regina’s delirium.

”Yessss.” The Dark One hissed delightedly, the scalding heat of Regina’s palm painfully exquisite. “Take what’s rightfully yours.” It seductively lilted, ravenously eating up the sight of Regina reclaiming herself.

Every drip of wax and biting kiss against Emma’s skin brought her further to the surface, the icy press of lips evoked moans that stuck in the back of her throat and the Darkness weaved around her until they acted as one, grabbing at Regina’s hips roughly to lift her up just enough to force her down onto the thick, rigid length of Emma’s cock. Bucking upwards, The Dark One plunged into Regina’s heated cunt, leaving nothing between them but fevered skin as they entwined in a beautifully twisted union. “This is who you’re meant to be. Not a remorse-filled, sparkless nobody. You’re too bright an ember to ever be snuffed out.”
Regina let out a moan, a noise that grew raspy as she became more and more swept up in the Darkness’ thrall. She shook with full body trembles every time she drove Emma deep inside of her, and still she went harder. Her psychotic energy showed in her face, her pupils blown wide with lust, and her full lips drawn in a vindicated but perverse smile. “Is that so?” she laughed richly. “Is that how you see me? Was I nothing but a speck of drifting ash to you?”

“You’ve always been so much more than that.” The Dark One voiced thickly, voracious in the way it clung to Regina, keeping their hips locked as she rode with strong, bouncing thrusts towards a freedom she never had before.

Regina clutched the Dark One by the jaw and seared her lips with a kiss, which simultaneously melted her down until love was all that came through in that act. “I want to burn again,” she groaned. “For Emma. All for Emma.”

The Darkness could feel Regina beginning to awaken, a barely there kernel of power hardening inside her heart, the smallest piece where it could reside once more, omnipresent and alive. “You can and you will.” The Dark One decreed, its hold on Emma almost slipping with every passionate meeting of their lips. “You need this.” It insisted viciously, “You’ve always needed this. Own it, take it.”

Regina pumped her hips recklessly, hastened by her excessive arousal as she filled her pussy up. She arched her back into each rough motion, all of the tendons in her body as tight as her insides, which still slapped wetly with Emma’s cock. Emma’s hands slid up her sides and encouraged this wild and hardcore streak in her. “Consume me,” Regina pleaded. “I don’t care if there’s nothing left of me when you’re through—if I burn too hot and too fast. Fuck me right here in Robin’s bed. Hard and messy. Think about how many times I spread my legs for him when it could have been for you.”

Emma snarled at the imperious way Regina sneered down at her, baiting her so effortlessly. “It should have been for me!” The words burst free with a helpful push from the Darkness, and Emma flipped them with dizzying speed so that Regina’s back pressed roughly into the cheap mattress, its springs creaking from the force as Emma slammed her cock into the slick depths of Regina’s bare cunt, burying herself in her with rapid, rutting thrusts.

“You’re going to come for every time he took from you without giving.” Emma vowed, her free hand snaking between them to cup Regina’s pussy, her fingers sliding between her drenched folds to rub her aroused clit expertly. “Right here, right now, in this filthy bed. You’re going to soak his sheets through to the mattress and I’m going to fuck you until you can’t remember lying here
disappointed.” Pressing her face into the crook of Regina’s neck, she licked and bit possessively until she reached her ear to husk, “How many times was it, Regina? Tell me.”

“Twelve,” Regina gutturally confessed, the wind knocked out of her from the sudden change of position. Emma grabbed at both of her legs and pulled them spread eagle above her head until her muscles cramped from the extreme contortion, but the deeper penetration made her unwilling to fight against it. “Every time I went out with you or we saved the town together, he always made sure I came back to him. Maybe he knew how much I wanted you, how wet I was around you.”

The number was far greater than anticipated and seemed to devastate Emma more than she would admit. The breath stuck in Emma’s lungs at the idea that every time they were together, Robin seized her afterwards.

Every dinner they shared, every special moment they had, he tried to erase. The Darkness inside ate up her pain, transforming the incredulous anger into carnal ferocity that served to both undo Robin’s neglect and teach Regina a lesson.

With a forceful push into her, Emma spanked her across the back of her ass, then returned to stimulating her clit while she held her legs aloft.

Regina gripped her own ankles and dutifully kept her knees from straying closed even as Emma pounded into her with savage intensity. Her pleasure reached a fast peak and her back bowed from it, curving in spite of the way she held herself out for Emma. Each ripple of orgasm began small and set off a more delicious reaction, which radiated through her clamping cunt and tense lower abdomen, leaving her with stronger shivers of release. “Please don’t stop,” she breathlessly begged. “Ruin me in this bed. Fuck me until I am utterly spent, Emma. All I want to feel is you.”

“Oh, you’re going to feel me,” Emma growled, never once slowing the tempo of her hips as Regina’s velvety muscles pulled her deeper with every delicious spasm. “How could you ever think he cared? You think I’d ever let you leave my bed without coming?”

The pad of Emma’s thumb rubbed faster against Regina’s clit, gliding from the arousal that gathered between her obscenely parted pussy lips, and evoking an exquisite tremble from within Regina’s core.

“How could he fail so many times, when you come so easily for me?” Emma husked, feeling herself stiffen in response to the way Regina’s warm cunt tried to milk her cock. She kept going, rocking deep against her cervix with a low groan. Clasping Regina’s jaw to make sure their eyes were locked, Emma rumbled darkly, “Your pleasure is my pleasure, and I demand it, Regina. I want it. It’s
mine. Now give it to me.” Strumming Regina’s clit harder, Emma pushed her over the edge and into her second orgasm before she had caught her breath from the first.

Regina bucked in an effort to keep up to Emma’s tireless pace, and in the end writhed as her pussy responded again and again. She raised her head and tried to look down at herself as Emma smacked her between her open legs, hard enough to both excite and ache.

“You’re not going to let up for even a second, are you?” Regina grunted, her labored breaths broken only by a hitch in her throat. “I can feel you, Emma. As much as it’s the Darkness compelling you, I can feel how much you want to come inside of me, too.” Her pelvis moved in languid repetition, then she latched onto Emma.

Digging her heels into the backs of Emma’s legs and embedding her nails wherever her hands landed, Regina entangled their bodies completely. Emma’s cock stuffed her to pleasant fullness and then pulsated in a deep and gushing release. Her inner muscles pulled at Emma, keeping her in the hot embrace just as much as her arms did. “Don’t let go and don’t stop. Take everything from me.”

They both knew Emma wasn’t about to slack off, and she chose that moment to speed up almost spitefully just because Regina had the audacity to ask for it.

Every brutal thrust plunged her thick shaft so deeply that the tip of her cock pushed relentlessly at Regina’s internal limits.

Emma commanded Regina’s pleasure and punishment with unapologetic authority, her eyes voraciously enjoying the sight of Regina splayed open and breathlessly uninhibited.

“You owe me another eight, Regina, and I’m not stopping until I get them.” Emma vowed darkly, her left arm coiling around Regina as though she required the skin contact just as much. Every inch apart was too much when she needed Regina on her like a second skin. “Harder.” She growled, “Grab me like you need me to breathe, like you’re starving for my attention.” With nimble fingers, Emma worked Regina’s clit just as hard as her cunt, drawing another orgasm out of her despite how sensitive and sore her swollen little bud had gotten from the constant manipulation.

Regina still revelled in the extreme arousal — pleasure on the brink of pain that made her hips undulate for Emma. Sweat covered her face and all of her strain showed in the way her jaw shook. She drove her nails into Emma’s skin almost vindictively, inflicting scratches as she used her lips to suck and leave a purplish bruise on her neck.
“Wait. Too much, Swan,” Regina rasped out desperately and quaked in another orgasm. “I don’t think I can come again—”

“We’ll see about that.” Emma husked in return, her hand cupping Regina’s sopping pussy while she drove her hips forward in unforgiving, defiant thrusts that demanded more. “You’ll stop when I say you stop.”

It was an ominous warning that spurred on the magic within Emma’s veins. The Darkness used it effectively, streaming it freely from her palm, sending warm tingles through Regina’s sensitive cunt, electric tendrils that stimulated every pleasurable nerve simultaneously.

Regina could not resist or stop her body from reacting, and she tensed, gasping harshly as her pussy muscles rippled around Emma’s thick girth desperately, uncontrollably, as another orgasm left her trembling.

“I knew you had more in you,” Emma bit out, grabbing Regina’s jaw to keep their eyes locked as she lilted. “I know exactly what kind of dirty slut you are and Daddy will fuck you until you’re a breathless mess—”

Magic continued to pulse from Emma’s palm, seizing Regina in overwhelming pleasure again and again, contorting her with every full body climax.

Emma piston in and out of Regina’s clenching cunt fast and hard through every one, and each orgasm picked up right at the back of the last with no time to rest.

By the time Emma had forced the twelfth out of Regina, she had come inside of her twice. Rock solid and ready for more, the Darkness was in full hold again as it rumbled thickly, “I wonder how much more you can take before you break? Let’s find out—”

Bathed in sweat and with eyes rimmed red from the relentless shocks of magic, Regina shook her head in refusal. “Can’t,” she pleaded. “No more. Yellow—”

In a delirium of bliss and pain, Regina tried to shove Emma off her, and tiny stars spiraled through her vision. Her libido still remained strong and she furiously rubbed herself, even as she tried to separate from Emma. She sobbed from it, from the sore warmth that radiated from her skin. “Red,” she choked out miserably. “Red! Emma, red, please—stop!”
It was that signal which broke through the hold of The Darkness, and it felt the resurgence of Emma with confusion and anger. “No!” It spat, rearing back with a sneer. “I will not be denied.” The words were hissed out as Emma’s hands grabbed for Regina’s waist, The Darkness trying in vain to anchor itself as the demonic glint of her eyes began to drain away.

“Let her go!” The yell was pure Emma, fighting to regain control, her body straining in place as if held by a forcefield. “Let her go, I love her—” Staggering back from Regina with purpose, Emma’s jaw clenched and her eyes rolled seconds before she collapsed heavily onto the floor.

“Emma!” Regina’s legs buckled when she sprang up to get to her. Wide eyed and filled with terror, she placed her cheek against Emma’s breast and jostled her shoulders to awaken her. “Look at me, open your eyes— Emma, please! This is my fault — I shouldn’t have engaged the Darkness – I shouldn’t have ever provoked it. But you did it – you pushed it back the minute it could have hurt me —”

Her magic reacted when she touched Emma and it flowed out in blinding expulsions of light. It spread through her as Regina clutched Emma close, rocking her limp body. “Emma?” Gut-wrenching panic made her chest heave, hyperventilating through tears until Emma groggily opened her eyes. “I failed you, Emma,” Regina cried. “I was supposed to protect you and instead, I couldn’t resist the Darkness.” Bottom lip quivering, she pressed soft kisses to Emma’s forehead and sniffled. “I love you and I won’t lose you. I will find some way to free you from the hold of this curse—”

“You didn’t fail me,” Emma muttered with pain radiating through her skull. She groaned, forcing herself onto her elbows to partially sit up. Every blink felt heavy, the splitting headache no match for the intensity of the way she grabbed Regina’s arm, gasping quickly, “Regina, are you alright?” Easing off the floor to wrap her arms around Regina, Emma clung to her as she caught her breath, unwilling to let her go as she whispered into her dark hair, “I’m so sorry, I was -- I felt out of control.” Pulling back just enough to search Regina’s eyes, Emma swallowed thickly and pressed her forehead against Regina’s, her voice trembling as she asked, “How badly did I hurt you?”

It wasn’t a question of if, Emma knew first hand she had, but to what extent? Her strong but gentle hands brushed Regina’s hair back and rubbed slow, soothing circles over her shoulders and back. “We need to get rid of the dagger.” She stated suddenly, her eyes narrowing as she caught sight of it on the bed, gleaming in the light. “We can’t have it anywhere near us. Its pull is too powerful, too dangerous. I won’t risk this happening again.”

Regina’s throat constricted and she peered distrustfully at the dagger, her fingers curling at the knuckles as she considered lifting it. “I’m a liability to you when I touch it,” she admitted. “I thought I would be able to help, that I would be the one you could entrust, but I attract the Darkness, and there’s a part of me that still loves the power it offers.” She saw Emma fixating on her body, on the bites covering their skin, and on her pussy, so sore and aching from sex.
“Don’t look at me that way and don’t feel guilty over what happened,” Regina urged. “I wanted it. I asked for it. If it makes it any better, I still experienced a connection with you. I wasn’t afraid, Emma. Even if The Darkness did get a piece of the action this time--”

Shamefaced, Regina rose from the floor and gathered her clothes, buttoned herself into a blouse and slipped on a skirt. Brilliant and bright magic radiated from Regina’s fingertips as she raised her hands, encasing the dagger in a box. “Let’s go and bury your dagger.”

Getting to her feet, Emma grimaced at her clothes and waved a hand to change them into something more familiar, more comfortable, more her. Skinny jeans and a thin, soft, flannel shirt that concealed every bruise and scratch she had, save the ones against her neck that stood out glaringly against her pale skin. Her hair returned to blonde, yet she kept it tied back and out of her face as she nodded towards Regina. Even in that small amount of magic, she could feel The Darkness under the surface, itching to be let loose. “Let’s take the squad car. The station isn’t far from here and I don’t want to use any more magic than I need to for now.” Not after everything they had just endured.

They left Robin’s room carefully, and Regina locked it behind them with a wave of her hand as they hurried out the back way and into the street. It was close to dusk already, and they fell into silence as they moved as one with determination to rid themselves of the burden of the blade. Emma opened the trunk of the squad car and set the box inside it, closing it with a rough push of finality.

“Emma?” The sound of David’s voice made Emma’s shoulders momentarily sag. “Regina, what’s going on?” With a paper cup clutched in one hand it was clear that he stepped out to Granny’s to grab a coffee, and his confusion was evident on his face.

“We’re in the middle of dealing with something right now but we’ll—” Emma cast a glance towards Regina. “We’ll catch you up later. How about dinner with you guys at Granny’s in about an hour?”

David’s face broke into a smile. “Sure. I’ll tell your mom and Henry that you’ll both be joining us.”

Emma smiled tightly and slid into the driver’s seat before he thought to ask anything else.

Regina refused to so much as glance in David’s direction after how she behaved. She ducked into the vehicle with a cursory wave, and then stared out the window while Emma drove to the edge of the town. “Henry would be so disappointed if he knew how easily I succumbed to the Darkness,” she muttered. Her voice grew shaky and she looked skyward, fending off tears as they reached their destination. “And Snow and David—they’ve all been counting on me to guide you, and after
everything, I messed up. I thought I could handle the Darkness—that if I reached out to it now, I’d be better equipped to safeguard you against it. It’s pretty clear I don’t know what I’m doing, at least not with the blade—”

“Stop it.” Emma quietly bit out, her hands tightening around the wheel until it creaked from the pressure. “Henry, my parents—none of them would judge you. You got in over your head but you didn’t fail me. It was our love, your love, that pulled me back, Regina. That’s a pretty big fucking deal.”

Regina nodded curtly, hollowing her cheeks as she squeezed Emma’s shoulder. “Thank you for saying that,” she stressed. “I do love you, Emma. I love you more than I do the raw power of the Darkness, and I also love you more than the principles I’ve been clinging to in an effort to redeem myself. I would do anything for you. Anything. I hope you know that. All you have to do is ask.”

Grabbing a shovel and the box containing Emma’s dagger, Regina started off into the forest and began to dig within a fairy circle. “The least I can do right now is handle this for you,” she insisted. “It would be easier to use magic of course, but more dangerous. The earth here is different. It holds a magic all its own.”

Regina’s arms strained as she prepared a deep burial ground for the dagger. She bent down to place the box within its new location, then packed it in with the loose dirt. Raising both of her hands, she finished off her work with a flourish of risky magic.

Grass sprouted up by her feet and she touched each one of the toadstools in the fairy circle. “I put an enchantment on the land. It’s not a very strong one. It won’t help if someone with a knowledge of magic attempts to retrieve the box, but anyone else will have a difficult time pulling it free of the ground. Unless we give someone else explicit verbal permission, you and I will be the only ones who are capable of removing the dagger—”

“Thank you.” Emma exhaled, reaching for Regina to pull her into an embrace.

Finally feeling like she could breathe now that the dagger posed no threat to them, Emma pressed her forehead against Regina’s and took a moment to just appreciate that they had done some good in getting rid of it. “How did you even find this place?” She asked after a long moment, as they began to walk back to the car. Emma paused at the hood, resting her hip against the cold metal to tip her head back and glance at the night sky, at the stars that twinkled above with promises of better things to come.

Regina let the honest answer to that question die on her tongue. She cast a meaningful, sidelong
glance in Emma’s direction and picked her words carefully. “I told you about that before,” she sighed. “This forest is filled with my regrets and secrets. Now that we’ve added another my collection, shouldn’t we head back into town and meet up with your parents?”

The earthy scents of the forest clung to the chilled air and Emma sucked them in greedily, before stating with a calm certainty, “About that… I want to tell my parents and Henry that we’re together. Loving you isn’t a secret I want to keep anymore. It’s a fact I want to share. They need to know that you’re the reason I can fight The Darkness, that it’s our feelings that keep it in line.”

“There is some evidence to the contrary,” Regina laughed cynically and stood beside Emma, leaning back into the car for physical support. “Our love is powerful and maybe you’re right, it did snap you out of your possessed state. But I was also the reason you were like that in the first place. If we’re going to tell them about us, I want to be totally honest. I want to tell them we love each other, but I’m also going to admit that I’m struggling because of my own darkness. It’s in your best interest for them to know the truth.”

“Then we’ll be totally honest—just not… explicit with it.” Emma stiffened and hooked her thumbs into her back pockets. She rocked on her heels and nodded, her gaze lingering on her boots as she spoke. “They don’t need all the details and I really don’t want to share that part of our relationship. Especially not with Henry. I think I’ve scarred him enough over the past few years.”

“Of course we’re not going to tell our son or your parents what we do in the privacy of the bedroom,” Regina scoffed, as if uncertain whether to be amused or offended by Emma’s assumption that she might discuss that part of their personal lives with anyone.

“Did you seriously think, even for a second, that I was going to tell them about the roles we’ve taken on?” Regina asked incredulously. “Or were you worried I’d mention your anatomical changes, and the language you like to use? Trust me, I’m not breathing a word of that to anyone, least of all your flesh and blood. What would I even say? How would that conversation go? Snow, your daughter’s language is more colorful than all of the ugly bird paintings you own combined. Or… no, Snow, that’s not a gun Emma’s packing these days, but she has been shooting something into me behind closed doors—”

Regina followed the line of Emma’s sight and peered up at the spangled evening sky. “Come here,” she whispered and wrapped her arms around Emma, finding a resting spot for her chin against Emma’s shoulder. “There are some secrets we will keep. Indefinitely.”

Enveloping Regina in her arms, Emma pressed her cheek against the top of her head and concentrated on the calmness that washed through her from their connection. She cracked a small smile as she mulled over Regina’s remarks, although her heart still felt heavy from the day.
Even if her family found fault with their relationship, Emma knew that it was time to let them know they were partners, in all sense of the word. The Darkness was too much for them to contain themselves, and it was stupid of them to even think they could handle it alone. Whether or not they wanted to admit it, they needed the support, now more than ever.

Brushing her fingers through Regina’s hair, Emma nuzzled lovingly at her jaw and brought their lips together in a soft kiss.

Gently, Emma coaxed Regina back, and hoisted her up to sit on the hood of the squad car, her lips tracing the bruises left behind by her fingers. Every featherlight kiss was a whispered apology that gradually healed the marks.

Tentatively, Emma’s hands slid up Regina’s legs, easing her skirt up as she pulled back just enough to look down at Regina’s very red and swollen pussy. She cupped it tenderly, the heat still palpable as Emma leaned down to press her lips delicately against the inside of Regina’s thigh with a stuttered breath.

Regina moved in reflex, avoiding even the most gentle caress of Emma’s mouth. She made a noise, halfway between a groan of encouragement and a whimper. “It’s okay,” she insisted. “It hurts a bit, but continue. I’m okay. Don’t stop.”

Emma ghosted her mouth over Regina’s sensitive sex, exhaling cool air before soothing it with light strokes of her tongue the moment Regina opened her legs further.

Tiny jitters went through Regina as she held her skirt in place for Emma. She sprawled back against the hood, ignoring the dust that got on her skin and the temperature of the metal, still warm from the motor. “This is spontaneous, and seems like something a couple of young idiots would do,” Regina breathed out. “Maybe it’s because of what happened with the Darkness, or because we’ve both been so vulnerable today in general, but I feel... different--”

Eager to meet Emma’s eyes, Regina glanced downward and threaded their fingers together.

“Different isn’t a bad thing...” Emma reasoned softly, her own guilt heavy on her shoulders as she gazed up at Regina. “I can’t undo all that I did, but I want you to feel how much I love you.”

Emma’s tongue glided lengthwise over Regina’s pussy and kissed her with cherishing care.
Regina followed the natural urge to roll her hips in small, precise motions. “My skirt’s in your way,” she muttered and stopped Emma with her hands. “One more act of magic.”

On the deserted edge of town, there was little risk of anyone stumbling upon them. Regina’s fingers twitched with tiny sizzles of power. To make this more comfortable, a blanket appeared beneath them and Regina’s clothes vanished, tucked away neatly in the passenger seat of Emma’s vehicle.

Naked and with goose bumps all over her skin, Regina stretched out on the hood and grabbed Emma’s face to pull her into a messy and loving kiss. “Make love to me,” Regina murmured. “I want you to make love to me, Emma.”

Dipping her head back down, Emma clasped their hands together and began to worship Regina with her mouth. Tender, open mouthed kisses pressed delicately to the heated folds that had been far too stimulated before with such roughness were now being shown the adoration they deserved.

The warmth of her tongue fluttered between Regina’s lips to almost but not quite graze her sore clit. There was no dark energy about her as she languidly soothed the ache she had caused, tasting and teasing Regina’s pussy with silken swipes of her tongue.

Drawing Regina into her mouth between puckered lips, Emma hummed low in her throat. Soft rumblings of contentment and passion that subtly vibrated against the swollen bud.

Regina hooked her feet behind Emma and raised her hips in beseeching undulations. She massaged Emma’s scalp with her fingertips and sighed in gratitude for this chance for to come together again and strengthen their emotional bond after such a difficult day. Breathlessly moaning, Regina’s back arched in pleasure, and she pressed her heels into Emma.

“Come here,” Regina hoarsely begged, and pulled Emma into another kiss, romantic and slow enough to lose themselves in the act.

Regina felt her own heat on Emma’s lips and their mutual desperation to reach one another. She stroked a curl away from Emma’s ear, ran a finger along her jawline and down to the dip in her chin. “I always imagined it would be like this with you,” Regina admitted. “That you’d be just as soft as you are rough.”

Nuzzling into Regina’s hand, Emma kissed her fingers and placed her head against her breast,
blanketing Regina with her arm as she confessed quietly. “In my dreams, this was how I always pictured it. Not on the squad car but… tender, filled with emotion that transcended words.” She exhaled through her nose, a derisive sound that alluded to how stupid she must have thought she sounded. She swirled delicate patterns across Regina’s lower abdomen, feathery, barely-there caresses as she fell into silence and wondered just what it could be like if they ever decided to have a child together, an expansion on the family they already had.

They laid there for a long while, at peace in each other’s arms, under the stars with nothing but nature around them for miles. The gentle sounds of the forest became a beautiful lullaby that pulled them deeper into the calmness until Emma let out a sigh, breaking their reverie. “They’ll be expecting us at the diner soon.” She whispered forlornly, peeling herself off of the car to help Regina as she dressed.

The ride back was silent as Emma lost herself in thought, though her hand remained clasped in Regina’s, drawing strength from their connection. Whatever happened, they were a united front, but she couldn’t allow herself to pretend that they weren’t together any longer. The Darkness might be bitter and twisted, but it had been right when it zeroed in on Emma’s desires to have a child with Regina, and they’d never have that opportunity if they kept their relationship hidden.

When they reached the diner, Emma strode in first, and held the door for Regina to join her. Snow, David, and Henry were already sitting in a booth, and they waved them over eagerly.

“Moms!” Henry called, already grinning as they settled into the seat beside him.

“Hey kid,” Emma lilted, ruffling his dark hair affectionately. “What’s up?”

He shrugged, as if school and everything else wasn’t interesting and he asked, “Have you found a way to break the curse yet?”

Emma smiled tightly, her elbows resting on the table as she spoke. “No, not yet but--”

“Henry,” Snow cut in, placing a gentle hand on his arm. “At least let them order first before you hound them with questions.”

Regina slid into the booth next to Henry and boldly reached out to take Emma’s hand. She focused only on Emma, even as her simple gesture drew everyone’s attention.
“The truth is that we haven’t just been working on breaking Emma’s curse,” Regina revealed. “Emma and I realized a few days ago that we love each other. It might have taken this crisis for us to come to terms with that, but it seems we’ve both been developing feelings for a long time—“

“Oh, thank god. Thank you both for finally acknowledging that there is something between you,” Snow gave a long suffering sigh and placed her hand on top of Emma’s with a smile.

Henry’s lips quirked in a tiny smirk and he rested his elbow on the table. “Yes, thank you for being honest with us,” he remarked. “Especially because it means that I’m about to be a very wealthy man.”

Regina glanced at Henry with a wrinking of her brow, questioning him in silence. “Did you just say man?” she blurted.

“I’m almost old enough to shave, mom,” Henry replied with a shrug. “And you just missed my entire point.”

“He placed bets on when you were going to tell all of us,” David gruffly admitted, although there was a touch of fondness in how he spoke about Henry. “All seven of the dwarves bet against him.”

Henry paused, fell into deep thought and then explained what he had been recalling. “Grumpy likened my mom to a cave filled with diamonds, because they’re difficult to break out of the rock. He claimed Emma had her work cut out for her—“

“Grumpy’s metaphor was inappropriate,” David interrupted, clapping Henry on the back before he could continue. “Go get our drinks from Ruby, kid. She’s understaffed tonight.”

“Fine, but only because I have a debt to collect,” Henry grumbled and hurried off to get his grandparents’ drinks from the counter.

Regina raised her chin in a menacing way. “Just what did Grumpy say?”

“Something about... hard swings, and gashes—“ David sheepishly confessed and held out both of his hands to receive his glass of coke from Henry as the kid returned.
Emma sat silently with a frown that seemed to deepen as Henry smugly counted the stack of notes in his hand.

Seeing her perplexed stare, Henry waved the money in front of her with a sly smirk. “Bet them forty bucks each. Easiest money I’ve ever made.”

“That’s $280 dollars!” Snow sputtered, aghast at the amount her dwarves had been ready to swindle from her grandson.

David hid his smile behind his glass, and tipped his head toward Henry in a subtle show of pride.

“This whole time…” Emma muttered quietly, her eyes dragging from Henry to her parents with an increasing squint. “You all knew?”

“Well, no,” Snow spoke softly, her kind eyes crinkling at the sides as she smiled. “But we suspected for a while that you both had feelings that would surface one day when you were both ready.”

“How long?” Emma pressed, tension causing her jaw to ache.

“Like about what... one, two?” Henry quipped, still smirking.

Emma scrunched her face up, side-eyeing Regina. “Days?” She asked, her voice slightly strained as she thought of all they had done.

“Years.” Henry laughed, shaking his head as if this was the funniest thing he’d ever heard.

“Years!” The surprise in Emma’s voice made it boom, and a few tables turned to look towards them as she sank down in her seat. “Are you serious?”

“Give or take a few months.” David helpfully chimed in, then caught a glare from his wife. He cleared his throat and reached out to pat Emma on the shoulder, his grin lopsided and eyes filled with adoration. “We know love when we see it, Emma, but it only counts when you see it yourself. If we’d said something at the time, it could have caused friction and we might have pushed you apart instead of together.”
“What your father is trying to say,” Snow cut in with a roll of her eyes, “is that you can’t force love. It has to happen naturally, and we’re happy that you’ve both opened your eyes to it.”

Emma clamped her lips together and turned to Regina to see her reaction. Yet she couldn’t bite her tongue for long as she blurted suddenly, “Listen, the other night you said some things and I wasn’t ready to hear them—”

“What things?” Henry piped up, looking at them all suspiciously as he finally tucked his money away.

“Henry, go help Ruby with our food.” Snow hurriedly stated, shooing him away from the table.

“But they haven’t ordered yet!” Henry protested, irritated that he was being left out of the loop again.

“So order for them.” Snow insisted. “On you go.”

Huffing dramatically, Henry slid out of the booth with a groan and slinked off towards the counter.

David waited until the kid was out of earshot before leaning towards his daughter. “All we meant was that we understand the lengths we’d go to, to protect our family, and we’re worried that The Darkness might push you to more… extremes.”

“I know.” Emma stated, her voice clipped as she squeezed Regina’s hand. “I’m going to tell you something, and I don’t want you to overreact. There’s been times where it felt like The Darkness was taking control, and it’s been Regina who’s pulled me out of it. Loving her helps to keep me from drowning in the power, but we can’t deal with this alone.”

Regina’s face remained neutral in spite of all the emotions that ate at her. She expressed no surprise, no fear, or hesitation—she hardly even blinked during the conversation.

Emma tightened her grip on Regina’s hand and that jolted her out of the distracted haze.
“I also have a history with the Darkness, as you well know,” Regina muttered in Snow’s direction. “I have been trying to guide Emma, but I’m still susceptible to it myself. I’m not proud to say that I slipped earlier today. I used the dagger to speak more intimately with the Darkness and I got caught up in what it said. I thought I might be able to question it and find out its true intentions for Emma. But my plan backfired. Fortunately neither of us are hurt and Emma and I hid the dagger in a safe location—”

David frowned severely and then nodded to show he understood. “It sounds like you took a risk and if it had worked, it might have been worthwhile,” he considered. “At least you’re here now, reaching out to us—”

“That just shows how far you’ve come, Regina,” Snow admitted with a weak smile, one of worry but also love. “And Emma, too. You’ve hardly ever confided in me since you found out that I’m your mother, but you’re doing that now. I appreciate that you decided to come us. I’m here for you, both of you. Let’s tackle all of these problems as a family.”

“We will.” Emma exhaled a shaky breath, and leaned into Regina as though a weight had been lifted from them. “Now that we’ve got that out the way, let’s eat. I’m starving.” Emma said, turning to crane her neck for any sign of Henry.

Ruby was plying him with two plates while she carried the other three, and she winked at Emma with a wide, wolfish grin as she set her meal down. “So, you’re finally together. I was getting worried we’d end up cursed again before it happened.”

Rolling her eyes, Emma grabbed her burger and bit into it, chewing as she murmured, “Why do I feel like Henry wasn’t the only one taking bets?”

Ruby snorted and nudged Regina playfully, “Oh please, half this town has been making wagers since you first arrived here. It’s kind of amazing you didn’t suffocate from all that sexual tension.”

“Ruby…” Emma’s dry tone had nothing on the unamused look she shot her way.

Henry half choked on his drink, and David slapped his back while Snow hummed far too loudly to be anything other than her attempt to erase that sentence from her mind.

“You’re my friends,” Ruby stressed, laughing as she walked off with a flippant wave, “of course I bet on you.”
Laughter erupted from Henry, and damn if it wasn’t infectious. Grinning as she tried to ignore him, Emma enjoyed the positive buzz that surrounded them all.

They fell into easy conversation as they ate, joking and chatting as they always had, and for the first time in days, Emma truly felt like everything was going to be okay.

Resting against Emma’s sturdy arm, Regina laughed louder than she in a long time as Henry continued to entertain them with his antics. “Now that you have all of that cash, I think it’s only fair that Emma and I give you one allowance,” she teased. “Especially because we’re together.”

“You can do that, but only until Emma moves in. Then I’m going to need that extra allowance for when she tries to cook for us,” Henry argued and bit into his burger as if to sell his point. “Look, here’s the truth. There’s a reason I’m extra hungry all of the time and it’s not just because I’m growing. It’s also because Emma burns a good percentage of the food she makes.”

“Don’t throw your mother under the bus that way,” Regina scolded and pulled an onion ring from Henry’s plate in retaliation. “Besides, she can conjure five course feasts now that she’s the Dark one.”

“And we ate at Granny’s tonight?” Henry complained, so loudly that Granny yelled out Hey! from the kitchen. “All jokes aside, I’m sure you can give Emma some cooking lessons, but don’t be surprised if they’re as successful as her magic lessons were—”

Regina squinted at Emma with a touch of a smirk curling at her lips. “I did have to throw you off a bridge that one time,” she considered. “What do you think I’ll need to do to teach how to bake a cake?”

“She made a cake two months ago with salt instead of sugar,” Henry disclosed with an apologetic glance towards Emma. “Grandpa ate it all like a champ just to be nice.”

David straightened up and nearly choked on his steak. “I didn’t—” he protested. “I mean, I didn’t eat it just to be nice. It was good.”

Snow suppressed a laugh and pulled a sympathetic look on her face for Emma’s benefit.
“Hey, I’m a fast learner!” Emma sputtered indignantly, giving Regina a wounded look much to the amusement of everyone else. “And have you all forgotten that I make the best tacos? C’mon, I’m not that bad.”

“I mean…” Henry raised his hand to wobble it in front of her. “Your tacos are okay but there’s a reason we heap sour cream and cheese onto them.”

“Because they’re delicious and you’re supposed to do that.” Emma argued back, her eyebrows forming a stubborn line as the corners of her mouth tugged downwards.

“Sure, go with that, I guess.” He smartly stated, barely able to contain his grin as he tucked into his meal.

Though she wouldn’t admit it, Emma had missed this—the relaxed atmosphere, the teasing about her inept cooking, the fondness of it all that brought them together as a family.

“Keep it up kid and you’ll have no allowance ever,” Emma fired back.

David whistled low at the false threat, and caught Snow’s gaze across the table. They shared a private smile before he turned to his grandson solemnly. “You better invest that $280 dollars, Henry. Emma sounds like a hard-ass.”

“Yeah yeah.” Henry laughed, finishing off his burger with a belch behind his hand. “The only thing hard about her is her baking. She could have killed someone with the cookies she tried to make on your birthday.”

Emma sniffed, avoiding David’s eyes as she informed her son coolly, “Those were cupcakes.”

“I thought they were dinner rolls.” Snow added thoughtfully and Emma groaned.

“I had forgotten all about that, probably because I blackmailed Ruby into eating my share,” Regina admitted and puckered her lips dramatically, as if she was sorry, although the taunting way she raised her eyebrows at Emma suggested otherwise. “Ruby said they tasted like dog treats, and I imagine she’d know.”
“Wait, you blackmailed Ruby?” Snow asked with an appalled rise in her voice. “What did she do?”

“She broke something ugly and useless of yours,” Regina admitted point blank, without so much as a bat of her eyelash. “One of your ridiculous bird trinkets—the one with green feathers. You didn’t need it, Snow. Your apartment is filled with plenty of dust collectors—”

“I blamed Emma for breaking that!” Snow exclaimed and then apologetically pushed some of her fries onto Emma’s plate. “But what happened to the others? What about the two little parakeet statues I also found shattered?”

“Oh, that was an accident,” Regina reasoned and chewed methodically at one of the french fries Snow had forked over. “If you remember, you invited Ashley to the party. Baby Alexandra wanted to see if your ‘birdies’ would fly and I indulged her with a little magic – however, they didn’t land well.”

“Betrayed by my own family.” Emma feigned hurt by clutching her heart, but she was far too amused. She snagged a piece of bacon off of David’s plate and stuffed it into her mouth before he could protest. “Just so we’re all clear, I’m the Dark One, and if I wanted to mess with you all I could totally do it.”

“You mean forcing us to eat all that wasn’t punishment enough?” Henry queried, far too innocently.

“I can make all your comics disappear with a snap of my fingers, you know.” Emma offhandedly remarked with a twinkle in her eyes.

“Big deal, I’ve read them all.” Henry shrugged back, staring her down almost challengingly.

Emma hummed thoughtfully, and slid her gaze towards Regina. “I’ll get your mom to ban sweets from the house.”

“She wouldn’t.” Henry retorted, though he swung his attention towards his mom just in case.

Snow half laughed, half snorted, “Henry, have you’ve forgotten how many times you lamented that you didn’t have candy in your lunchbox?” She lowered her voice conspiratorially and added for Emma’s benefit, “He came to school with these delicious lunches, and mini pastries Regina made just for him, but he was still upset that he didn’t have ding dongs or fritos like everyone else.
Meanwhile, the whole class was envious that he got homemade food, and not uncrustables—"

“I can honestly say I’m not surprised by any of that.” Emma sighed with a wry smile. “You’re spoiled, kid.”

“Honestly, who do think would be the most upset if I banned sweets?” Regina asked Henry with a roll of her eyes and a faint smirk over the topic of conversation. “You or Emma? Emma’s breakfast usually consists of bear claws, marshmallows and M&Ms. You needn’t worry, Henry.”

Regina shifted out from the booth and gestured towards the rest room. “I’ll be right back.”

Heading into the washroom, Regina closed the door behind her. She peed and then cleaned her hands, falling briefly into the trap of staring herself down in the mirror.

To her pleasant surprise, Emma stood waiting for her when Regina emerged. “You drank too much soda, didn’t you?” she asked and wandered over to kiss Emma. “I’ll wait for you out here.”

“Henry wants to know if you want a sundae?” Emma explained, using the question as an excuse to steal another soft and lingering kiss. “And I plead the fifth about the soda.”

As soon as Emma stepped inside the bathroom, Robin came out from the corner where he had been loitering and silently observing them together. He appeared distraught as he approached Regina, taking her hand so suddenly that all she did was flinch in surprise.

“Regina, what has she done to you?” Robin demanded. “I knew you were having doubts about us but allowing the Dark One to touch you like that—” He fumbled, overwhelmed by what he just witnessed. “Was it Emma you were waiting for in your office the other day?” His face contorted in disgust. *How could he have been so blind? Emma had been the one to steal Regina from him, and she used dark magic to turn Regina against him.*

Regina could see him coming to these conclusions, the fresh horror on his face.

“Whatever magic she used, we can reverse it, but we have to leave now,” Robin insisted. He held onto Regina, his large hand clamping around her wrist to tug her forward. When she didn’t budge he pulled harder, hissing under his breath, “Please Regina, it’s for your own good, come with me before she returns. Don’t you see this isn’t right? We must find someone who can break her spell.”
Regina wrenched her wrist free and then buried her hand in Robin’s chest. The impulsive act of self-defense came naturally to her, as did the way she squeezed at his heart. “I’m not under any spell and I’m not going anywhere with you,” she spat. “If you ever touch me again without my permission, I’m going to crush you, do you understand me?” She fumed at him, so threatening and on the verge of acting early on her threat. It took a lot to release his heart and step back, and by then she was trembling from the confrontation and her own brash actions.

“Oh, gods, how easily the Darkness has corrupted you,” Robin lamented, in awe of how she glared at him with hatred. “What have you been doing with Emma? Has she used sex to taint you this way? Your relationship can’t possibly be healthy—”

“You know nothing of our relationship,” Regina snapped, although it didn’t help that Robin’s words touched on all of her sensitivities. “There’s nothing tainted about what I feel for her and deep down you know that. I’m in love with Emma and I want you out of my life.”

Robin’s mouth grew tight and he stared at her silently for a moment. He puffed up his upper lip with an exhale that he refused to release. “It’s clear to me that you don’t understand love,” he finally breathed. “You might have spread your legs for the Dark One, but I think you’re terribly confused about what love is—”

“I am not confused!” Regina boomed and flexed her hand, ready to pulverize his heart if he continued to test her. “For the first time in my life, I finally understand love.” It seemed to be an epiphany to her, even though she had already told Emma how she felt. “You’re lucky that I do, or I would absolutely ruin you right now. Love is respect, Robin. It’s a dialogue between two people, not a one-sided discussion. Love is both tender touches and rough, pleasure-seeking sex. It’s bubble baths by candlelight, the most romantic first date I’ve ever been on, and it’s dinners with our family. It’s five years of trust and mutual understanding, and it’s waking up every day with my best friend at my side. Emma is the one I want to spend my life with, and she’s my soulmate, because I’ve decided it. I don’t need the validation of magic as proof. I don’t need any form of validation, except what I feel within me when I look into Emma’s eyes.”

“You’re sick, Regina. You’re not in your right mind. Can’t you see what she’s done to you?” Robin stepped back in fear and repulsion. His hand pressed against his chest as if half expecting to feel his shirt wet with blood. “You were better than this, and now I—” He shook his head, his mouth opening and closing as if he couldn’t find the words. “I can barely recognize you. She’s twisted you back into this, into someone who commits vile acts.”

Robin hurried away from Regina and out of the diner, shoving past Rumple and Belle as they walked up the steps.
Regina watched him run off with despairing, watery eyes and a deep furrow at the center of her forehead.

Wiping her still damp hands down her shirt, Emma faltered at the sight of Regina’s troubled expression and frowned. “Hey, you okay?”

“I’m tired,” Regina admitted dully and gestured down the hall. “Robin just saw us kissing and I told him about us. He wasn’t happy about it, but it seems he finally understands that he and I are over.” She turned and sighed, mustering a weak smile for Emma. “In spite of how chaotic today has been, I feel oddly better,” she chuckled morosely. “It might be selfish, but I feel like myself after what happened. I feel like I can stand my ground and fight back again. I needed that.”

The mention of Robin darkened Emma’s mood and she moved immediately to Regina’s side, her hands falling onto her hips reassuringly as she asserted, “It’s not selfish to stand up for yourself.”

Henry came around the corner to the bathrooms and interrupted them then. “Hey, you’ve been back here for a long time,” he complained. “Have you been making out? What’s the verdict on ordering sundaes?”

Regina’s smile brightened at Henry and she looped an arm over his shoulder. She smoothed out his hair with maternal affection. “You both go ahead and order the sundaes,” she insisted. “Everyone’s having a good time and I’m not about to cut back your sugar intake when we’re celebrating. But I think I want to go home and lie down for a little while. I want some time to think, too.”

“Regina, are you sure?” The frown on Emma’s face deepened with concern but Henry rolled his eyes at them both and snagged her arm. “One sundae, and then we’ll head straight home,” he pleaded. “Mom can just poof herself there and we can walk back to the mansion.”

The fact that Henry was making it clear that he was coming home appeared to melt both his moms’ hearts. Emma slung her arm around his shoulders and nodded, her voice thick with emotion as she agreed. “Sure kid, we can do that. Let’s go order and give your mom some time to herself. We’ll see you soon.” She added, turning to catch Regina’s hand in hers to squeeze affectionately.

“I promise I’ll text you when I get in. I actually think I want to walk home. The exercise will help me clear my head,” Regina stressed with finality, and then clutched at Emma’s hand in return. It was harder than she expected to pull her fingers back, and it seemed for a second like she might reconsider. “Don’t overdo it on the whipped cream or chocolate syrup,” she warned and pecked both Emma and Henry on the cheek. “Go on.”
Regina followed them both back to the table to bid David and Snow goodnight and then exited the diner to the familiar jingle of the bells.

Unbeknownst to anyone, Robin was in that moment forcing his elbow through the glass window on Gold’s shop door. It took little more effort to thrust his hand through the jagged remains to turn the knob. He hurried to the glass case and rummaged until he came across what he wanted: a cupid’s arrow nestled inside a velvet case.

Regina wandered down the street in the opposite direction, unaware of how Robin trailed after her. It wasn’t a long walk and she smiled to herself as a light, misty rain began to fall. She moved along with a laugh as her hair became damp. The street lamps blinked on when she made it to her gate.

Regina hesitated on the threshold and only turned around towards her front path when she heard a noise. “Emma?” she softly called. “Henry? I thought you were getting sundaes—"

Rain gleamed off the pavement and a thick scent hung in the air like freshly turned earth and cedar. She sensed movement just behind her hedge — a blurred and stalking shadow that encroached at top speed. Her instincts and reflexes kicked in then, and she frantically opened her door.

The shadow stopped several paces away, strung up his bow and released his arrow with precision.

Regina stood ready to fling it with magic, but against all of her expectations, the enchanted arrow still found its mark. She could only press her hand into the spot in her chest where the metal barb sank in deeply.

Regina crumpled, dropped to her knees on the porch steps and groaned as she fell on her back. The magical properties of the arrow took instant effect and she could scarcely lift her head. She spotted Robin, gaped at his boots and then up at him. “Why,” Regina whimpered. “Why did you do this?”

Robin bent down, lifted her weightlessly into his arms and cradled her close. “I’ve saved you,” he huffed out happily, and then kissed Regina’s full lips, mistaking her tears of anguish for tears of relief. “You are safe now. I promise to be a good man, the type of man who will always look after you and protect you.” He carried her into the mansion and locked the door behind them.

Regina weakly shook her head as tears streamed down her face so fast that they ended up in her mouth. She tasted the salt and hiccuped out a cry of protest as Robin brought her up the stairs.
Deep down she knew she wanted Emma, but the plea was stuck in her chest somewhere with the arrow.

Robin brought her into the bedroom and opened her blouse to wrench the metal head free, but she could still feel poison in her and almost fainted back against her pillow.

The wound seemed to heal over and yet the pain grew more acute as cupid’s magic festered inside of her. “Robin,” she gurgled. “Stop—”

Robin pulled off her heels and began rubbing her feet through her stockings, all while gazing up at her with a cherishing look on his face. “You needn’t worry,” he promised. “I’ve only used a cupid’s arrow on you. I’ve set you back on course -- to prevent the Dark One from taking advantage of you. There won’t be any lasting damage, because you love me. I know you do—”

“I don’t want you,” Regina whimpered, her voice scratchy and small as she sought the most effective words. “I don’t love you. Please. What you’ve done — it’s dangerous. Get Emma—“

Robin’s face twisted at that, filled with disbelief as he continued on with his plan. “You are confused right now,” he insisted. “It’s the dark magic, but it won’t have a hold on you for long. It’s best if you just let the cupid’s arrow do its work, Regina. I’ll be right here with you.”

She shut her eyes, losing some awareness as he breathed against her cheek, then pulled her blouse and bra completely open to get a better look at her injury.

Emma’s name was a whisper on her lips that he kissed away, and she pushed at his hands as they settled on her hips.

Her body strength and magic were affected by the poisoned arrow — cupid’s love that could never work on her when she was so committed to Emma.

As the magic coursed through her veins, it began to afflict her mind and shift her loyalties to Robin— yet it was simply not strong enough.

“You need to relax,” Robin insisted. “Let me do what I can to make you more comfortable.” His
warm hands drifted up her skirt, along tan thighs and then he opened her belt and zipper. Dragging down the short pencil skirt, he went for the stockings next. She gazed up at the stubble on his chin, searched his blue eyes for emotion.

Regina hoped to see either conviction and blind love, or else guilt and hesitation. Instead he smiled boyishly down at her, almost reproving as he stroked her hair and leaned down to kiss her. “You have to trust me,” he murmured. “I know what’s best for you.”

Regina moaned for him to let go, but he kissed her again until her voice weakened.

She faded in and out, watching their shadows against the wall, Robin above her, and the sliver of dark beneath him—a person who was not her, not her body, or mind or any part of her desire.

He asked her a straight forward question and her eyes swam with tears, which he rubbed away with his rough palm. ”Regina?” he repeated, sounding almost frightened as he shined a light into her dark eyes. “Something isn’t right. The dagger, Regina. Where is it?”

Regina had no idea how many times he asked the question, or how long she was in bed. Her skin soaked through the blankets with sweat in the matter of minutes, but it felt like she had been poisoned for an hour. When her parched lips formed all of the answers he wanted and Robin ran off, she collapsed against the mattress with her hand stretched towards her phone.

Henry and Emma were just leaving the diner to begin their stroll home to her.

“I’m not joking,” Henry rumbled, pushing Emma with his arm as he continued, “every time I stay over Snow tries to talk me into making bird houses.”

Laughing harder, Emma ruffled his hair as they walked down the damp street and confessed with a wheeze, “Well now I’m glad I didn’t grow up with them. Remind me to thank your mom when we get home for saving me from that fate.”

Henry snorted, his playful bumping settling down as he fell silent for a moment. “I’m happy you’re finally together.” He stated, his mouth twisting into a grimace as he added bitterly, “I never really liked Hook or Robin, but I love you guys so I tried to keep that to myself.”

“Henry…” Emma’s voice softened as she wrapped her arm around his shoulders and took advantage
of his height to press her cheek against the top of his head. “You’re such a good kid, and you’re going to be a good man, but you can always tell us anything. Even if you think it’ll hurt us.”

“For The Dark One you’re being way too sappy.” Henry teased, shoving her away as if someone might see them hugging. “Aren’t you meant to be a badass?”

“Pfft. I’ve always been a badass.” Emma smirked lightly. “And you’ve always been a smart ass, and your mom has a great a—”

“No!” Henry cut in, horrified at where this was going. “Nope, no way, you’re not finishing that sentence.”

Cackling, Emma fished her cell phone out of her back pocket and all of her mirth vanished with a crease of her brow. “Speaking of your mom, she never texted.”

“ Weird.” Henry admitted, then shrugged. “Maybe she forgot, or jumped in the shower or something.” He reasoned, and Emma nodded at his assumptions, yet they both silently sped up, their conversation over as an unsettling worry took hold of them.

Emma rushed up the path to the mansion, her key out as she grabbed the handle, but the door swung open as though it hadn’t been locked and she gave Henry a tense smile. “Looks like she left it open for us.” It didn’t feel right. And she made sure Henry was behind her when she entered the house. Nothing seemed out of place, and Henry made a beeline for the kitchen, unaware of the tension. “Hey, can we have a movie night?” he asked. “I’ll make the popcorn, you get mom?”

“Sure kid.” Emma absently replied. She didn’t stop to take her boots off as she headed up the stairs, her heart thundering in her chest as she called out, “Regina? We’re home. Are you up here?”

The bedroom door was open just a crack, and light spilled from it, a beacon calling to Emma. The closer she got, the slower her footsteps became as an overwhelming sense of unease gripped her lungs. “Regina?” She called again, pushing the door open to find her sprawled across the bed in a state of undress with deep purple veins spiderwebbed across her chest. “Regina!”

Rushing to her side, Emma’s eyes roamed Regina, her hands frantically clutching at her sweat slicked body as she tried to pull her shirt closed in panic. “Regina, Regina, open your eyes!” Emma brushed the sticky hair from Regina’s forehead as she cradled her close, rocking as her hands splayed over the angry looking veins.
Emma funneled her magic into the area, but to her dismay it did nothing. So she tried again, and again, before letting out a strangled cry and wrapping Regina in the blanket. “HENRY!” She shrieked. “Call David, get them here, something’s happened to your mom!”

In desperation, Emma leaned down to press her trembling lips against Regina’s, but there was no burst of magic, no rainbow, and she felt the Darkness inside herself swelling up with every passing second. “No.” She spat, tears burning her eyes as she kissed Regina again, longer, softer, with a wail sticking in the back of her throat. “No, I love you, this has to work!” She insisted, her lips pressing against Regina’s cheeks, her forehead, her chin. Thick tears splashed against Regina’s fevered skin as Emma clung to her, a high pitched keening noise erupting from her like a wounded animal.

“M-mom?” Henry appeared in the doorway, the phone clutched to his ear. He looked so small again, with wide eyes and a trembling chin at the sight before him. “Gramps is on his way, he’s bringing Belle and Rumple, someone broke into the pawn shop and…”

“Robin.” Emma snarled, her frantic breaths evening out as the Darkness wrapped around her in certainty.

“Hurry.” Henry hissed into the phone.

Summoning the vial that Rumple had given them days ago, Emma poured the potion over her necklace and felt Regina’s fear and pain as though it were her own. “I’m right here, Regina.” She whispered reassuringly, smoothing her hand over Regina’s hair as she rocked her gently. “I’m right here, it’s going to be okay.” Emma repeated quietly, her gaze darkening as she silently vowed, I’m going to kill him.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!