Summary

Emma is saved by a woman from the future who one day will be loved by Killian. Will she fight to keep him or flee?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

NOW

It was not looking good. A shitty end to a shitty week. Yet somehow, beyond reason, Emma hoped. Emma believed. She could feel the ice collapsing under her feet but simply stared across the gaping hole where the ice had already collapsed to where Killian and her parents stood, fear in their eyes as the ice sounded and cracked around them as well. She felt...light. At peace.

"Save yourself" one of them cried. "Emma your magic" screamed another, the wind and the snow distorting whose voices she heard. "I love you" She declared, at all of them. Without hesitation with the brief seconds she had remaining she used her magic to focus on stabilizing the ice around them, ushering them to safety as she felt the ice around herself break

She knew she could not save herself as well. Yet she was calm. She felt relaxed. And for the first time since she heard that Killian had three female big loves in his life, she felt happy for the third. And she waited for the fall.

THEN

Any one of the four of them on the journey would have saved the old women. None of them would have hesitated. However, it was Killian that prevented her murder, if only by proximity, the random chance that he had been the closest. That he had seen the attack first. He made quick work of the two
thieves that had been intent on murder before David, Emma or Snow could even reach them. It was all done with very little effort on his part. More like reflex than any big intentional show of gallantry. They had been travelling through this new land together for five days now, and all of them were tired, dirty and struggling to come to grips that the ice queen was far more dangerous, even if less intentionally than any other foe they had faced.

The woman Killian saved was clearly some type of witch. She had an air about her that Emma had enough magic in her to recognize instantly and know that it was more than prejudice because of her appearance. Emma was reminded of the old witch from Disney's version of Snow White that the Evil Queen turned into when she gave Snow White the poisoned apple. All hunched and worn. The witch reached out and grabbed Killian's arm and appeared to go into some type of trance.

"You face a dangerous journey" "And at least one of you will not survive unless we send for her..." the old woman vibrated as she focused on some unseen vision "You saved my life, and in return I have sent her a message into the future, and she will come, and she will change time."

"This has happened before and is fated to happen again." With that she let go of Killian, opened her eyes and stepped back. She smiled a ugly, blackened smile. "With her you will win..."

David, Snow and Hook regarded her with interest, but did not take this to heart. Emma however, knew. Knew this was more than just words. Knew this was important. Felt this old woman's power, her magic. "How will we know her when she comes?" Emma asked. The old woman turned and looked at Emma smiling. "His heart will know her instantly. He will know who she is at sight.

"That is my gift to him for saving me. She will be his third great love and he will know her on sight. He would die for her and her for him. She will come through time for him. For you. For all of you. She has much stronger magic and she will know how to save you." And suddenly with that the old woman, the strange old woman who could not save herself from two thieves just moments ago conveniently disappeared into a cloud of red smoke.

NOW:

It happened so fast. Suddenly a portal opened and a woman appeared, grabbing Emma from behind. The ice crumbled under Emma’s feet.

Emma was still staring and concentrating on where she had deposited Hook and her parents to safety.

All she saw was the terrified look on Killian's face, followed by an instant flood of relief, shock, deep recognition and then love at whoever was behind her before she was pulled into the portal behind her into safety.

THEN:

"You cannot seriously be mad at me love" Killian exclaimed following into step beside her.

It has been several hours since the run in with the older woman, and Emma had withdrawn from Killian since.

Her parents had said very little, other than provided a few reassuring pats on her shoulder, because really what was there to say. Emma had just opened up to him. It was only a few days ago that she had finally been able to tell him that she loved him. He had been sleeping of course, and totally
unaware of the words, but just saying them out loud has been a huge step to her. It at the time had felt, well liberating. She had promised herself that when they finished this little adventure she would say it out loud to him. When he was actually awake.

Emma was also angry. She knew it was irrational to be furious at him for loving someone he had not even met, and without any context of the circumstances. Maybe she was dead. Maybe she left him for someone else first. It could be after 20 happy years for all she knew.

But it was there now, crushing down on her heart. The doubt. The excuse to run. Killian sighed, clearly frustrated, peppering her with reassurance. "I love you Emma." "I will never leave you." "The women is wrong or mistaken." "There is no one else for me but you." Emma looked into his eyes and saw his truth there. She had no doubt HE believed this, that at this moment in time this was his truth, and he meant it. And for a brief moment Emma felt herself yield, melt.

... She leaned into him for support and opened up to his kiss, which was tender and loving. It whispered forever. Emma committed herself as much as she could to the kiss, but deep inside came the thought "but he hasn't met HER yet..."

NOW:

Emma and the portal woman went tumbling backwards flying into each other in a tangle of limbs. Emma struggled to her feet, slower than the other woman and turned to confront her rescuer. The woman was young, younger than even Emma by a few years, destroying the hope of 20 years of happiness first unless Killian simply never aged again after Neverland.

She was also beautiful, more so than even Emma, with long dark hair and bright blue eyes that would have almost remind her of her mother except for the underlying naughty twinkle in them. She was mischievous, with a confident, almost cocky air about her.

She dressed in leather pants and a small vest-like top and was fit, with strong arms and an active looking body. She had various weapons attached about her figure and an air indicating she knew full well how to use them.

But that was not the worst part. She radiated joy. Happiness. Light. There was a carefree, flirty manner about her that made Emma instantly jealous. She was almost...saucy. This is not a person used to being alone. This person was...loved. This person was secure. She wondered if Milah looked like this.

"Thank you" Emma snarled, unable the hide how upset she was at this woman's appearance in her life, even when she knew this woman had just saved her life. Maybe she was to have died and that explains this third woman in Killians life.

If that was the case, Emma thought, she was risking her own future to do this for her. Or she was just really confident of Killian's love. Grrrr. "My pleasure" She said extending a hand to Emma. "Matey" She introduced herself. "It's a moniker" she shrugged in explanation. "I can't explain who I am, but please trust me, I mean well..." she began.

" Oh I know who you are." Emma declared. Matey stared at her in surprise, blue eyes wide and expressive.

"That's why you are so angry with me! For interfering. Look I know you are mad but this is for the best." She looked well, sheepish. "I don't understand why it was you.... In the future, it was David that fell, you were on the other side and could only stabilize the ice for everyone else, including
yourself. Charming was the one that was to have died, and half of Snow's heart with him. At yet you were there instead?"

THEN

Emma never before had purposely walked into a storm, but in this case, the closer to the eye of the blizzard and ice, the closer to the Elsa.

Charming started ahead of the party across a large expanse of ice to scout, but at the last minute Emma stopped him. "Let me go ahead" she told her father gesturing back towards Killian "I want some time to think and be alone, let me do it".

Charming hesitated but glancing at Killian he reluctantly nodded his head. "You can't let this get to you Emma" he cautioned softly. "You need to focus on the good things and not worry about what the future will bring."

Emma was not in the mood for her father's optimism.

She just set out ahead, trudging through the snow and ice, hoping irrationally that the cold would numb the increasing pain in her heart.

NOW:

Emma watched as Matey nervously shifted her weight and waited for Emma to say more.

The silence stretched out between them. "So you know who I am?" Matey said awkwardly, looking embarrassed, almost shy. "Yeah." Emma stated feeling equally uncomfortable. "You are.. um,, Killian's future girl" She stated. Matey looked startled and surprised but then smiled. "Well yes" she laughed "I guess that is accurate but not entirely how I would define myself. What a strange way to put it. As if I only belong to him, or something and define myself that way". She paused. "Look I know this is super weird for you and I realize it is probably difficult to accept....and I don't expect you to suddenly accept me or something...."

"So how long until we umm...meet you?" Emma asked, breaking the silence.

"About a year" Matey says. Emma winces. Only a year.

"Kind of takes the surprise out of whether me and Hook will make it" Emma grumbles.

"Look on the brightside, you don't have to worry about if you are true love?" Matey added unhelpfully, adding another stake to Emma's heart. Emma felt very, well violent suddenly.

"We are both products of true love... " Of course she is, Emma thought, I could not even have that. This woman had her beat in every category, now even being her own savior. "And for a product of true love to find true love..."Matey cut off at the death glare Emma was giving her. "Okay" "So here's the plan...." Matey said, changing what was clearly an awkward topic for both of them. "My magic is white like yours Emma... but stronger.." She looked at Emma sheepishly "with the double true love thing and all and I am able to open portals and time travel with it but really limitedly"

"I got the message to come and help, like a year ago in my time and it took that long to prepare." She sighed. "I can get us back again but to be blunt, even without the much higher stress of time travel I need some rest and build back up my strength.... at least I need a night's sleep" Awesome, Emma thought to herself. I am stuck with this woman.
Emma ground her teeth together. She wanted to punch her in that perfect face of hers.

She and Hook would look good together, Emma thought reluctantly with their matching hair and eyes. One of those stupid couples that just look like they belong together and grrr.... "We are in the enchanted woods again close to the dwarves cabin." "Let's go there and rest." They set out through the woods together, and Matey started chattering cheerfully as they went, ignoring Emma's silence.

THEN

As Emma walked through the snow and ice, she thought about love, about Killian, about her future.

About this faceless interloper that apparently had even better magic then her. She wanted to just give up. To give up hope and slam up the walls. But even deeper than the doubt came an even softer whisper. TRUE LOVE... TRUE LOVE... TRUE LOVE.. FIGHT FOR IT... FIGHT FOR IT. An image of her parents danced through her mind. Would Snow just give up? Emma questioned. Of course not. Maybe that's what happened Emma thought. Did she just give up on it to soon? Was it her own fault?

Emma felt fear. Flight was sooo much easier than fight.

But Hook was worth it. He deserved it. He didn't run when confronted by the return of Neal, and Emma needed to do the same. Or she didn't deserve him.

She wondered if she was brave enough to fight and risk losing.

NOW:

Emma was pissed. They were now cosy in the cabin, having spent the night there, the fire roaring with a simple flick of the woman's wrist. Emma was pissed because against all reason she LIKED the damn woman.

She was friendly and warm, despite Emma's obvious hostility, and seemed almost hurt by it. But also accepting. Emma could not help but feel however things play out in the future for her to take Killian from Emma, Emma somehow was friends and close to this woman as well.

She felt, important. Emma didn't even know her true name, although apparently "Matey" somehow derived from being Hook's "First Mate" and being inseparable from him ("you should see us try to out captain each other on the open seas...its ridiculous" she had laughed last night while Emma wistfully thought that face punching should be appropriate in such circumstances. Which sucked. It would be so much easier to hate her.

How HAD Hook done it? She wondered. How had he dealt with Neal's return and still believed enough to try true loves kiss in New York? Since she was from the future, Matey also knew how to defeat Elsa. "Elsa is a good person" she explained, almost defensively.

"But she is under a curse...it is a long story but if the curse is powerful enough that only true loves
"kiss, between the parties for the first time will work." "Break the curse and she will be able to get her powers back under control. " "Get back, work true loves kiss magic and presto." She said.

"Are you that confident its true love?" Emma spat out without meaning too. Matey just smiled and laughed. "Like my life depended on it".

Deep inside again in Emma came the soft chant true love true love true love... Emma gritted her teeth in determination. I WILL get to Hook first. It WILL be me. "Let's go" Matey stated in a silly battle stance. Closing her eyes, she focused and a portal began to open. With a deep breath, they jumped through.

THEN:

She had made up her mind to fight for him and to try to suppress her fears when the ice under her feet suddenly began to crack.

She saw them behind her and Emma choose to believe. To believe against reason. Believing in true love is a powerful thing.

NOW:

When they stumbled through the portal together, Emma noticed Killian, Snow and David ahead of them, clearly having had camped out nearby waiting for them to return. Killian looked terrible, worse than she had even seen him.

When he suddenly saw them, it suddenly all faded away, and he well lit up, lit up at both of them. "Bloody hell" he cried out, almost trembling in relief. Emma started towards him as well, but Matey was faster, literally running into his arms. He laughed spinning her around with his good arm and hugging her in relief.

Emma stomach literally considered emptied itself of its meager contents. She started to hyperventilate. "No." "No. NO NO NO NO." She cried out, using her magic to toss the woman a safe distance from Killian. (Safely)

"MINE!" She declared.

Emma looked at Killian, really looked at him. She loved him. She believed in that love. She was ready. This was her last chance. To take the leap of faith. To trust him. To trust them. And against all reason she let go. Let go of the doubt, and just... and just... Emma grabbed Hook and kissed him, really kissed him... her heart screaming the love for him she felt... and Killian kissed her back with equal enthusiasm.

A wave vibrated out of them, breaking the curse and the snow and the ice disappeared with the wave around them. "I knew it love..." Killian said, holding Emma to him. He rested his forehead against hers.

"That was...well.." Emma suddenly remembered the woman and turned towards her apologetically.

As the victor, Emma felt sad for her suddenly. The woman had a tear streaking down her face, and at first Emma felt regret until she notice the strange smile on her face and her relaxed posture. "Don't
"worry about her love...." Killian said smiling "It not every day you get to see your parents fall in love" Raven "Matey" Jones said smiling.

the end

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End Notes

This is my first ever attempt at writing ANYTHING online and I am not a writer. But I love these characters. Welcome constructive criticism to improve.

Matey did not realize Emma did not understand she was their daughter, she thought she was weird about it because it would be weird to suddenly have an adult daughter. They meet in under a year re: birth and obviously Killian would really love his little girl :).

double true love as in her parents and grandparents

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