A Little Culinary Mishap

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Summary

When Emma and the girls try their hand at baking and Neal and the boys try and make homemade meatballs and sauce, it's another round of fun and excitement and little culinary mishaps! Swanfire AU. Mishap verse.

Notes

this one shot was done from a prompt by delia cerrano, who was the 500th reviewer on our story A Second Little Mishap on ff.net. Hope you all like! Please note, the sauce and meatballs and chocolate chips are from family recipes from GoldsJRZGirl's mom.

Emma was eager to brush up on her cooking skills so that the kids had more of a variety to their meals other than quick and easy ones that were mostly fast food or junk food. She also wanted to start learning how to make them some treats when they were good which was most of the time. Still, even with their little mishaps now and then, they were her pride and joy.

So she decided to try her hand at making basic chocolate chip cookies, from a recipe given to her by Granny, who made them every morning to sell at the diner.

After all, how hard could it be?

She had also found a rather battered Italian cookbook that must have belonged to Gold, and saw a dogeared page in it. When she turned to it, she found it was marked for Italian meatballs and sauce,
with spaghetti.

It would make the perfect dinner, she thought.

Neal and Henry came inside from working on the clubhouse and saw her reading the cookbook. "What's that, Emma?" her boyfriend asked.

"A cookbook, looks like one of your dad's," she explained, handing it to him.

Neal examined it. "Yeah, I remember seeing this. He used it and made spaghetti and meatballs for me one day when I came over while he was working on the memory restorative potion for Belle. He even brought her some at the hospital. They were really good. But then, Papa always was a good cook, even back in the Enchanted Forest."

"I'd like to have it for dinner tonight...but I doubt I'd be able to make it as good as he does."

"I can try. I watched him do the meatballs, and he said the sauce wasn't hard, you just followed what they said for the ingredients and tasted it," Neal remarked.

"I wanna help too, Dad!" Henry said excitedly.

Emma smiled. "Here's the deal: if you boys can make dinner, we girls will make the desserts."

Regina and Belle who walked into the kitchen to ask for drinks overheard the tail end of the conversation and were excited.

"What are we gonna make?" Belle asked.

"Chocolate chip cookies."

"Ooohh goodie!" Regina rubbed her hands together.

"Mmm! My favorite kind!" cheered Belle.

"You gonna get em in a box or are we gonna do em from scratch?" Regina asked Emma.

"I have this recipe from Granny I'd like to try," the sheriff answered.

"Granny's cookies! Yay!" Belle clapped her hands.

"Can we start now? Please..." begged Regina.

"Uh...yeah I guess so..." Emma said, pulling the recipe card out of her purse. "We've got everything we need here."

"While you girls make cookies, I'm gonna take the boys and Henry with me to the store to get the stuff we need for the meatballs and sauce," Neal said, and went outside to call Killian and Rumple.

They were taking turns going down the sliding board.

"Ha! Beat that! Two seconds faster!" Rumple challenged.

Killian frowned. "You grease up your butt or something?"

Rumple rolled his eyes. "No! Don't be gross! If you sit a certain way, you go down faster."

"Oh yeah? How? Huh?"
Before Rumple could explain the principles of mass and acceleration, Neal appeared and called, "Hey, guys! C'mere! You wanna go to the store with me?"

"What're we gettin?" Killian asked him.

"Stuff for dinner tonight. We're gonna try and make spaghetti with homemade sauce and meatballs from my papa's cookbook. And you two can help me."

"An' can we try that new soda they've got out?" begged Rumple. "Mountain Dew Arctic Ice?"

"Sketti is awesome!" Killian exclaimed.

"We need Parmesan cheese too," Rumple reminded Neal. "Giada says so."

"Okay, we'll get some," Neal agreed. "And we can try that soda too . . . as a treat since you're almost recovered from being sick. And the clubhouse is almost done."

"I can't wait to go in...so's we can start having meetings and talk about our ventures," Killian winked at his friend.

"Me neither!" Rumple smiled his sunny smile. Then he grabbed Neal's hand. "C'mon, Bae! Let's go to the store!" He was so excited he left his cane lying in the grass by the foot of the slide while he clung to Neal's arm.

"Hey, you forgot this!" Killian picked up the cane and ran after them.

"Oh yeah," Rumple sighed. Sometimes he wished he didn't need it. He took the cane from Killian. "An' we need to get some Italian bread to dip in the sauce too."

"Garlic!" Killian loved garlic bread.

"I think they sell some in the freezer section," Neal mused. "And we can get a small loaf of regular Italian bread too."

"Can't we make garlic bread from regular bread?" asked Hook.

"Uh . . . yeah . . . but I'm not sure how," Neal admitted. "Unless my papa's cookbook tells me."

"Your papa's cookbook probably has everything in it!" boasted Killian.

"I wouldn't doubt it," Neal chuckled. "Here, Rumple. You see if you can find a recipe for garlic bread. He handed Rumple the Italian cookbook, wanting to see if the little boy's former memories were still able to be accessed while he wasn't dreaming.

"Yeah cause I like homemade bread the best." Killian told him.

Rumple took the book and opened it. He was going to just read the contents, but some odd memory made him flip through the book till he came to the page after the meatballs and sauce. "Here, Bae! I found one! You need a loaf of Italian bread, butter, chopped garlic, parsley . . . " he read the recipe out of the cookbook.

"I'm gonna have garlic bread!" Killian could barely contain his excitement. The garlic bread his father's cook made always tasted awful. He was certain it would be much better if they followed the book Neal's father had.

Neal smiled. So it seemed his hunch was right, and Rumple still could access some of his memories.
as an adult when he was awake. It wasn't such a big deal, but it meant that perhaps when his curse was broken, Rumple would be able to be returned to normal without much of a hassle.

"Okay. Henry!" Neal called. "Get in the car, we're ready to go!" He picked up his small father and the former captain and went to put them in the back of the car.

"Can we jam while we drive Neal?" Killian asked. "I wanna listen to Journey."

"Yeah. I can hook up my iPod," he answered, as Henry ran out of the front door and hopped into the car.

"We need to write a list," Rumple said, and took out a small notepad and a pen he had started carrying and began to write down everything they needed to buy. He hardly needed to look at the recipes at all. And his printing, while slightly sloppy, was very very good for a child's.

"Cook never wrote down a list, just told us what he needed an' stole it half the time." Killian was saying. "An' his stuff tasted like crap."

"S'why you do this," Rumple said, writing. "So you know zactly what you need n'stuff."

Neal put on Journey singing "Faithfully" while he drove down the street.

"He was real mean 'n gross too. One time I saw him spit in the soup!" Killian said to Rumple.

Rumple's lip curled. "Dearie, that's totally 'sgusting! An' unsanitary! You're lucky ya didn't get a bad virus or something!"

"I didn't eat it but my brother n papa did and when I told them he spit in it, they tied him to a post an gave him the cat."

Rumple shivered. He knew what that was. "My papa usta say he was gonna whip me with one. But then he said he'd rather use his belt n' not waste time findin' one."

"You're lucky, mate. It would took the skin right off ya."

Rumple flinched. "My papa's belt did that just fine."

"Dickhead. Hope Lucifie ate him and picked his teeth with his bones." He was glad that jerk was gone and now they were all in a better home.

Rumple nodded. "I hope the demons beat him with fire whips so's he knew what it felt like before they let him get eaten." His hand shook and he whispered, "Once he whipped me so bad I couldn't sit for a week. An' he told everybody I was clumsy and fell down and bruised my butt."

"My papa usta do that to 'sp lain when Liam 'n I got smacked. It was mostly me but Liam sometimes said he did it so Papa wouldn't hit me."

Rumple smiled sadly. "You had a good brother then. I think . . . I think even if I'd had one, it wouldn't have mattered . . . Papa would have just beat both of us anyhow."

"I really miss him sometimes..." Killian said wistfully."He woulda loved us being the Nevengers n stuff."

Rumple nodded. "He coulda been one too . . .like Henry." He continued writing down ingredients.

"How we gonna fit all that stuff into lil meatballs?" asked Killian.
"You gotta mix it up in a bowl," Rumple explained. "You can start out with a spoon doin' it, but then ya gotta use your hands with some olive oil on 'em so's the meatball mix doesn't stick to it."

Killian grinned. "I got an idea...why can't we make a really big one...you know like this size," He made a large circle shape with his hands.

Rumple shook his head. "Nope. Won't work. It'll be tough then... and it won't cook right. Gross! It's like if you tried to do that with cookie dough. Cookie doesn't cook right in the middle."

"Aww, it'd be fun...we could freeze it an' throw it like a bowling ball...call it dead meat like that game Zombie Bowl O Rama."

"Eeeww!" Rumple grimaced. "No way! I ain't playin' with raw meat! Yuck!"

"Henry plays with it in that bowling game...knocks over zombies with it an' gets a strike every time."

"That's a game. Not real. You'd get salmonella or somthin'," Rumple said.

"He's right Killian," Henry said.

"Aww crap!" groaned the pirate."Then how we gonna get rid of zombies if they attack?"

"We go into water. They drown." Rumple replied.

"They do? They won't eat my brain underwater?" asked Hook nervously.

"No," Henry chuckled. "Cause zombies aren't real."

"Yuh huh! Didn'cha watch The Walkin Dead?" asked Killian. "If they come I'm gonna make myself a huge meatball and knock 'em into the ocean!"

"It's a TV show," Henry told him. "They're actors and it's fake."

"And a certain little boy shouldn't be watching it," Neal scolded.

"I can't now but I did 'fore you locked the TV." Killian admitted.

"And that's WHY I locked the TV," Neal said. 'Because you don't need to watch that. You can watch Goosebumps instead."

"Yeah that's kinda scary an' has some zombies and ghosts in it."

"And werewolves, a creepy dummy named Slappy, and a haunted mask," Rumple added.

"Yeah but we can't watch it with Belle around, she gets scared 'n hangs on Rumple."

"I don't mind. I like it," Rumple said.

Page~*~*~*~*~Break

While the boys discussed scary things in the car, the girls helped Emma get together all the things they needed to make cookies.

"Will these work, Emma?" Belle held up a bag of Hershey's chocolate chips.

"Yeah, that's good, Belle. Regina, you got the flour?" Emma called, after preheating the oven to 350 degrees. She had gotten out a mixing bowl and some fancy Kitchen Aid hand beaters. The mixing
bowl was stainless steel and heavy. Emma felt like she was cooking on Food Network in Gold's kitchen.

"Got it!" Regina set the flour bowl on the table.

"Okay. Now I need sugar, salt, butter and some baking powder," Emma said."Oh, and some vanilla."

She would get the eggs herself.

The two girls raced around the kitchen, each of them picking up items they would need.

Once they had everything, Emma put the sugar and softened butter into the mixing bowl and began to beat them together.

"When do we add the chips?" Belle asked.

When they were creamed well, she cracked two eggs, added them, and the vanilla.

"They go last," Emma explained. "After you make the dough. You fold them in."

She mixed all the dry ingredients except for the chips into a bowl and then began adding them slowly to wet ones. She had just started to get a sticky dough forming when the phone rang.

"That looks good," Belle said. "Wanna try it?"

"I gotta get this call," Emma sighed. The caller ID said it was one of her deputies. "Here, one of you girls can beat the dough and the other one add a quarter cup of the flour mixture to the bowl. Make sure you beat it well after you do that." She turned off the mixer and went to get the phone.

"Kay."

"I wanna stir it," Regina said, and took the mixer. It was kind of heavy for her small hands.

"Careful..."

"I gots it. Don't worry. Put the flour in, Belle!"

"How much...?"

"That orange cup there," Regina waved a hand.

Belle grabbed the cup, filled it with flour and dumped it into the bowl.

Regina put the beaters in and turned the mixer on . . . to the highest setting. Flour spattered all over!

"Regina...turn it down...we're making a mess!"

"I'm tryin'!" the little queen cried, finally pushing the button down to the slower speed. Flour was all over the counter, the floor, and the two children.

"Emma's gonna be really mad...we gotta try an' clean this up!"

"Uh . . . wait . . . we needs to add the rest first," Regina pointed to the rest of the flour in the bowl and the chips. "I'll just stir it with this spoon here." She picked up a big wooden spoon.

"Okay...but we gotta hurry up...she'll be back any minute."
Regina stirred as fast as she could. Dough now splattered all over. She licked some off her fingers. "Mmmm! This is sooo good!"

"Can I have some?"

"Yeah," Regina gave Belle a teaspoon.

"Ooh it is good!"

"Yup! Cuz we're good cooks!" sang Regina and then she ate some more by getting another teaspoon with some.

The girls were so busy eating the dough they nearly forgot about the big mess. Until they heard Emma on the phone saying, "I'd better get going. I'm baking cookies . . ."

"Oh crap!" groaned the former mayor.

Belle stood on the stepstool by the sink to get a wet sponge to wipe the flour on the floor. Water dripped all over as she went to do that.

"Uh oh..it's gonna get sticky now."

Belle scrubbed like she'd seen Rumple doing, trying to get the flour cleaned up.

Regina started wiping at the mess on the counter with a dishcloth.

"What do you mean, I can't bake to save my life?" Emma was saying into the phone. "Just for that- you aren't getting any of my cookies!"

"Wonder who tole her that?" Regina mused. "Gonna get fired."

"Nah. Emma won't fire somebody over that," Belle said, frowning. Now the floor was kind of sticky. "Think I need a mop."

Emma hung up the phone. Then she went to see how the girls were doing. "Okay and how . . .oh my God! What'd you two do, have a flour war?"

"Ummm...no...we . . . ahhh..." stammered Regina.

"Had a problem with the mixer," Belle said. "We didn't mean to make a mess."

Emma laughed. "I think this is how my kitchen looked whenever I tried to cook before my mom gave me some lessons." She moved to wipe up the flour and slipped on the wet floor. "Oops!" she cried as she landed on her butt.

"Sorry, Emma!" Regina felt horrible for turning the mixer up too high and causing the mess.

"It's okay, kid. I'm fine," Emma reassured her, getting up. "I'll live. I got hurt worse falling off my bike when I was little." She could always use a hot soak in Gold's jacuzzi later . . . with a certain former car thief, she thought wickedly.

"Do you need an ice pack?" Belle asked. "I didn't mean to get the floor all sticky."

"No. I'm good. But this dough looks delicious." The sheriff grabbed another spoon and ate some from the bowl. "Mmm!"
"Can we bake 'em now?" pleaded Regina.

Emma looked and realized that they'd eaten almost half the dough between the three of them. "Uh . . . yeah, we'd better." she said, and began showing the girls how to put spoonfuls of dough on the cookie sheets. She put the first one into the over and set the timer. "Okay . . . now I have to clean this floor. Before the boys get back and Rumple has heart failure."

Belle suspected he would if he found out they ate some of the cookie dough before they baked it too but it was good!

Emma got a mop and some cleaner while the cookies baked and mopped the floor. She gave Regina and Belle antibacterial wipes to do the counter.

Emma was so busy cleaning she didn't hear the timer go off while she was in the laundry room emptying the dirty water down the sink.

"We gotta get the cookies out 'fore they burn! Where's the oven mitts?"

"Uh . . . here!" Belle ran and got some from the drawer. "Careful, Regina!"

"You get the door," ordered Regina.

Belle pulled the door open. A blast of heat emerged from the oven. "Whoa!"

Regina put on the oven mitts, not sure how she remembered how to do it. She grasped the cookie tray and pulled it out of the oven, setting it on the stove.

"Now let's get 'em off!" she said, and reached for a spatula. But the cookies were soft and slippery . . . they fell onto the floor!

"Awww!"

"Oh no!" Belle yelped.

She went to pick up a cookie that looked okay and burnt her hand on the melted chocolate. "Owww!"

Then Gwen trotted into the kitchen and began eating the dropped cookies off the floor.

"No! Bad doggie. Chocolate's bad for you!" cried Regina.

"Yeah, you're gonna die!" Belle cried, with her burnt finger in her mouth. She tried to drag Gwen away from the cookies.

"C'mon Gwen, we don't want you to get sick."

Gwen whined and wagged her tail, but wanted to eat the rest of them. She drooled on the floor and refused to move. "Help! Emma!" yelled Belle. "Gwen's eating chocolate!"

"What? Where'd she get chocolate?" Emma said, and came running into the kitchen just in time to see the dog eat a cookie on the floor . . . and the oven door was open!

"Whoa! Why didn't you call me?" Emma cried, shutting the door and then pulling the dog away from the last cookie. "Hey, you want to get sick all over?" she scolded the dog. "As it is, I think you'd better stay outside for awhile in case the chocolate bothers your tummy." She put the dog out in the yard and then turned to the two kids and said, "Okay. Now why didn't you come get me
before trying to get those cookies out? You could have burnt yourselves."

"We was 'fraid the cookies would burn," Regina said.

"I did burn my finger a little on one," Belle admitted, and showed Emma her finger.

Emma took it and healed it. "Okay, now next time you call me. No touching the oven!" she helped them put the cookies on a rack to cool and then put a new batch in.

Soon the smell of baking cookies filled the whole house.

Emma swept the remains of the fallen cookie into a dustpan and threw it out.

When the new batch came out of the oven, all three women had one hot out of the oven with some milk.

"These are the best!" Belle said.

"Yeah. I like 'em better than Granny's!" Regina said.

"Because they were baked with love," Emma laughed. And now she wanted another one.

The third batch was a bit overdone, but Emma figured they were still edible and put them all on a plate and wrapped them with foil. She left four out so the boys could all have one, and then turned off the oven.

"Phew! Baking cookies is hard work!" she said, wiping her brow.

"I can't wait to see what the boys are gonna say," Belle said. The kitchen smelled heavenly.

"Me neither." Regina said.

Five minutes later, Neal came home carrying two big bags of groceries. Henry had two others and Killian and Rumple each had small ones. "Honey, I'm home!"

Emma laughed thinking how he sounded like a 50s sit com father.

"What?" he asked, setting the bags on the table and then getting the two from the little kids.

Then he sniffed the air. "Uh . . . never mind. Where's the cookies?"

"Right here," Emma said. "There's one for each of you. The rest are for dessert."

"One? I could eat all four," Henry objected, taking one.

"Hey! Hands off my cookie, you bottomless pit!" Neal said, and snatched one.

Emma swatted their hands.

"No fighting, boys, or no cookies for any of you."

Henry smirked. "Didn't hurt, Ma."

"Want to be turned over my knee? That will hurt."

"Um . . . no . . . kidding!" Henry said, and put a hand back to cover his behind.
Rumple went and summoned the milk from the fridge and poured some for himself and Killian. "Henry better watch it," he hissed to his friend. "B'fore Bae smacks his butt for bein' disrespectful."

Killian carried their cookies to the table in a napkin. "Here, Rumple."

"Thanks."

Belle climbed on the chair next to him. "How do ya like it?"

"They're real good." Killian dipped one in his milk.

"Delicious, dearie," Rumple bit into his and chewed blissfully.

"And we all made 'em with love!" Regina said.

The boys were determined to do the same with dinner.

Neal had Henry open the cans of tomato puree and chopped tomatoes and had Rumple and Killian pour that into a very large pot on the stove. He added some water and some tomato paste. Then he said, "Okay, boys, get me the seasonings, when I call for them."

He consulted the cookbook. "Garlic powder."

The girls relaxed in the living room watching a movie.

"Got it!" Killian ran up and handed him the garlic powder.

Because there was no exact measurements, Neal just eyeballed it and shook some into the pot. "Okay. Onion salt! Oregano! Basil! Parsley!"

"I'll get the 'regano and basil...you get the onion salt an' parsley!" Rumple said to Killian.

"Okay!" the little pirate went and got the other two spices, which Henry handed him.

"And I got the black pepper!" he said, coming up with it.

Neal stirred them into the pot and then took another pan and sauteed some chopped fresh onion and garlic in some olive oil. He added it to the pot. Then he tasted it. "Hmm . . . needs more basil. And salt."

Killian jumped up onto the stepstool and dumped more salt into the pot.

Rumple added more basil.

"Whoa! Easy!" Neal said, and then tasted it after they had been stirred in. "Good. Now we have to bring it to a boil and then simmer it for three hours, with a lid partially on it, stirring it every so often."

Once the sauce was simmering, Neal had Henry fill up another large pot with water, salt and a bit of oil and put it on the stove. That was for the pasta, but wouldn't be put on till later.

"Can we make the meatballs now?" asked Rumple.

"First let's prepare the bread. It's quicker," he said, and consulted the cookbook again. "This time I need the Italian bread, a stick of butter, the chopped garlic, and parsley."
Killian was more than happy to fetch the ingredients he needed knowing they were for his garlic bread.

Rumple and Henry watched as Neal cut the loaf of bread in half lengthwise, melted butter in the microwave and stirred the rest of the ingredients into it. Then he began to brush the mixture over the bread. "Wanna help, Killian?"

"Sure. What do I do?"

"We need to brush this garlic mixture all over the bread, like this," he indicated the loaves of bread. He handed Killian a small pastry brush.

"Kinda like paintin?"

"Yup. Just try not to get it all over."

"Kay."

The little pirate picked up the brush, taking special care not to spill the mixture all over the table. He was using his prosthetic hand and still getting used to it.

"Awww crap...I spilled some!"

"It's okay," Neal said.

"I'll get it!" Rumple grabbed an antibacterial wipe just as Neal came with a paper towel. They both went to wipe the spilled butter at the same time and bumped heads.

"Ouch. Careful, mates."

"Rumple, you okay?" Neal asked, rubbing his head.

"Yeah. I think so."

"Okay." Neal said. "You want to put some Parmesan cheese on one loaf?"

"Uh-huh."

Neal sprinkled one half of the bread with some cheese. Then he set them aside on a cookie sheet on the counter next to the stove.

"Okay, now we wash our hands and get ready to make the meatballs."

"Yay!"

While the boys scrubbed their hands at the kitchen sink, Neal got a large plastic bowl and the packages of ground beef and pork as well as the eggs. He cubed a second loaf of Italian bread and put it in a bowl with water covering it to soak. Then he took out all the seasonings he'd used for the sauce and lined them up on the counter, including the grated Parmesan cheese. "Boys, I need you to sprinkle the seasonings into the meat when I tell you." he said and crumbled the ground meat up with his hands into the bowl. Then he went to stir the sauce.

"We're ready!"

"Hang on," Neal tasted the sauce again, added some more garlic powder and replaced the lid. Then he washed his hands again, and cracked the eggs and put them into the bowl. "All right. First put in
the basil."

Rumple grabbed the basil and shook some into the bowl.

"Good job, buddy!" Neal praised. "Killian, you're the garlic powder!"

Killian added the garlic powder.

"Excellent!" They continued adding spices, with Henry adding the cheese and the soaked bread last. "All right. Now here's the fun part. Now we mix it. I'll start."

Neal put his hands into the meatball mix and began to mix it with his hands, squishing and turning it.

"Looks like mashed brains," Killian stuck out his tongue.

"Gross!" Rumple stuck his tongue back at him.

When the meatball mix was well done, Neal had Henry bring him the olive oil and some large foil pans. Henry poured some oil onto Neal's hands. "Okay, now you boys can help. Grease your hands with the oil and then roll a meatball like this." He picked up some meat and rolled it in his hand till it was the size of a small golf ball.

Then he set it in the foil pan, explaining, "We could fry these, but it's healthier to bake them in the oven."

"How'm I gonna do that with this hand?" Killian inquired.

"You can roll it in that hand," Neal said. "Like this." he demonstrated how in his other hand. "See?"

Rumple rolled a meatball and cried, "Look, Bae! I did it!"

"Wonderful!" Neal praised. He put Rumple's meatball beside his own.

Killian gave it a try, pleased when he was able to do it. "Lookit...I did it!"

"That's great! See, you're like Mario Batalie," Neal said, and picked up some more meat to roll.

"Dad, how's that?" Henry asked, showing him his meatball.

Killian grinned and started shaping the meat he had in his hand like a brain.

"Hey Rumple, check it out."

"What's that?"

"A brain."

"Yuck! I ain't eatin' that!" Rumple made a face. He put a perfectly shaped meatball down into the pan.

Killian laughed.

Henry smirked and pretended to eat the brain, growling, "GRRR! I'm a zombie!"

"Ahhh...throw him in water!" shrieked Killian.

"Here's some water, dearie!" Rumple grabbed a paper cup off the counter. It was half filled with
water and threw it at Henry, screaming, "Die, zombie!"

"I'm melting!" Then Henry took some meat from the bowl and flicked it at Killian.

"Guys, what are you doing?" Neal began.

"Eat your heart out!" Killian cried, and threw meat back at Henry. And then he flicked some at Rumple too.

"It's the brain wars!" Henry hooted.

Rumple grabbed some meat and threw it at Killian. It landed in his hair. "Take that!"

Then he brushed the meat off himself. "Yuck!"

Henry threw some meat at his father, yelling, "Think fast, Dad!"

Meat hit Neal in the forehead.

"Gotcha!" Killian was chuckling.

"Brat!" Acting on impulse, Neal grabbed a handful of meat and threw it at Henry and Killian and Rumple.

Rumple ducked and the meat flew past him and ended up on the floor.

Then he picked up a small spoon and put some meatball mix on it and flung it at his son. "Catapult! I win!"

"You suck!" Neal snapped.

Killian grabbed another spoon and tossed some back. "Ha ha!"

Soon the counter and the floor were slippery with meatball mix and olive oil, and then the pot lid blew off the sauce and sauce splattered all over the stove.

"Uh oh! It ploded!" yelped Hook.

"How'd that happen?" Rumple wondered.

"Ummm...we forgot to turn the heat down." Henry said.

Rumple looked around, his OCD suddenly rearing it head. "Uh oh! Bae, this kitchen's a mess! All this stuff on the floor! Germs!"

"Okay, easy mate, we'll clean it up."

Rumple grabbed the entire container of antibacterial wipes and started trying to clean everything in sight. He jumped off the chair he'd been sitting on at the counter and landed on the floor, slipping on some olive oil and skidding right across the floor.

Henry went to grab him and they both skidded into the wall.

"Whoops! It's like the Italian roller derby!" Henry giggled, holding his grandfather.

Wipes scattered all over the floor. "Coo! Lemme try!" Killian jumped down and landed on the wipes and skated across the floor."Whooh hooooo!"
"What is going on in there?" Emma asked.

"Ummmm...nothing!" Killian called.

The four boys were in a panic.

Neal was kneeling down trying to wipe up a patch of sauce on the floor and muttering. "Aww hell!"

"We're gonna get it...Emma'll put us all in time out!" Rumple groaned. He could just imagine what Emma would say if she saw the state of the kitchen.

"That doesn't sound like nothing to me!" Emma called out.

"Maybe she'll even put Bae in time out," Rumple muttered, frantically scrubbing sauce off the wall.

"I've got it under control," Neal called back. He wiped some oil off the floor.

They heard footsteps. "OH my GOD! Did a bomb go off in here or what?"

"This is a worse mess n' the one we made, Regina," Belle was saying.

Neal looked up and gave her a sheepish grin. "Uh . . .sort of . . . the lid exploded off the pot of sauce . . . ."

"You made a mess too!?" Rumple cried.

"Yeah, but it didn't look like this!" Belle pointed at him. "Here you make us be all nice n' neat and you made a big mess."

"Henry started it!" Rumple accused. "He threw meatball mix at Killian."

"Uh-huh. Sure." Belle gave him a Look.

Regina looked at Killian and they both started laughing.

Emma put her hands on her hips and wagged a finger at Neal. "Cassidy, you're in such trouble. I know who started this!"

Neal pasted a who-me look on his face. "Emma, swear to God, it was Henry!"

"Uh huh, throw your son under the bus. Real slick, Cassidy."

"C'mon, guys! Back me up here!" Neal called to his sons and father. "Who started this?"

All fingers pointed at Henry.

Henry gave Emma a little boy grin. "Umm . . .it was an accident."

"Riiiiighhhht." Emma rolled her eyes.

Regina smirked. "You oughta get time out n' a swat, boy!"

She ran over to him and smacked his backside hard.

"Oww! Mom-I mean Regina!" he yelped.

"It's not your Mom but if I was, I woulda smacked you that hard."
"Now you get in the corner!" Belle ordered pointing at the wall. "You too, Rumple... get goin!"

"What? But Belle . . . I didn't start this . . ."

"And you, Mister Jones," Regina pointed at Killian.

Killian pouted. "You gotta be kidding!"

"Cassidy . . . you know how you always say we need to set an example for our kids?" Emma drawled.

Neal stared at her. "No way, Swan!"

"Yeah way, if she says you gotta go to the corner, you gotta go!" the little queen said. "Cause she's the boss!"

"Emma . . . this is crazy . . ."

"You want to sleep on the sofa?" she demanded.

"You wouldn't dare!"

She gave him her patented sheriff's glare. "Now GIT!"

Rumple came up and took Neal's hand. "C'mon, dearie! 'Fore you end up sleepin' in Gwen's doghouse."

"And with no cookies!" Regina added.

"I don't believe this," he muttered, then followed his father to a corner of the kitchen.

"Five minutes!" Regina yelled. "An no' talkin' or movin'!"

"Or else we add more time," Belle said.

The girls watched, smirking, as all their men faced the wall.

"This kitchen's a disaster," Emma muttered.

"We were cleaning it," Neal reported.

"Not good 'nough." Belle scolded. Regina nodded in agreement.

"We just started, dearie," Rumple sighed.

"No more talking, boys, unless you want to spend all night facing those walls." Emma said.

Neal rolled his eyes. He nearly turned around and mock saluted her and said, "Aye aye, Captain Swan!"

But he didn't want to push his luck.

So he put his hands on Rumple's shoulders and thought I never thought I'd see the day BOTH of us got in trouble, Papa.

And his father was probably loving every minute of it.
Emma thought about taking out her phone and snapping a picture. And titling it, "A Culinary Mishap."

Even after the unholy mess made in the kitchen they did manage to have a delicious dinner.

And everyone enjoyed the cookies too.

Later on when all their kids were sleeping, tucked into bed after Neal had read to them, doing voices as requested, Emma arched her eyebrow and said, "You know, Cassidy, I think I need a long hot bath in the jacuzzi."

"Mind if I join you?" he smirked.

Page~*~*~*~*~Break

About twenty minutes later, Regina woke up. Her tummy was aching. "Oooh! I think I ate too many cookies!"

Rumple woke up too, from a nightmare where a zombie was trying to eat his brains.

"Me too!" Belle felt nauseated.

Rumple went and healed her. "There! Feel better now?"

Belle yawned. "Uh huh. Thanks!" and she fell back to sleep.

"How about me?" Regina sniffled.

"Umm . . . too tired to heal you too. We can get some Pepto Bismol in Bae's bathroom," he said. "I know where it is."

"Kay...let's go."

They slipped from the room and down the hall. Suddenly they met Henry going the same way. "Hey, I think I drank too much soda."

Rumple eyed him knowingly. "You were drinking in your room again, huh, dearie?"

Henry snickered. "Umm . . . yeah I hid a can of Mountain Dew up there. And boy, do I regret it now. I need some pink stuff."

"That's bad, Henry!" Regina scolded.

"Yeah, come on, I know Mom's got some in the bathroom. But we gotta be quiet, we don't wanna wake them up."

They crept into the master bedroom. The curtains were drawn and the room was dark so they didn't notice anything except a faint light coming from beneath the bathroom door. Henry figured Emma left it on just in case they needed to use the bathroom.

Regina couldn't wait to get the medicine in her so her tummy wouldn't hurt so much.

She dragged Rumple over to the door with her and opened it, followed by Henry.

"Ahhhh!" Regina screamed.
"What?!" Rumple gasped.

Emma looked up from where she was massaging Neal's shoulders. "Oh my . . . God!"

She pushed Neal under the water.

"You's NAKED!" Regina blurted.

"Ummm Bae, why you taking a bath with Emma?"

"Mom! My virgin eyes!" Henry gasped, and reached out and covered the toddlers' eyes. Then he yelped, "And you're drowning Dad!"

Neal emerged from the water, having held his breath.

"Boys n girls aren't 'llowed to bathe together," Rumple scolded them. "You both gotta go in time out now!"

"Aww, Papa don't preach!" Neal groaned, turning redder than a sunset. "Henry, get 'em outta here!"

At the same time Emma said, "Err . . . I needed him to wash my back . . ."

"You coulda used a brush!" Rumple scowled.

"It fell," Emma coughed. It was true . . . it was now on the bottom of the jacuzzi.

"So where is it?" Regina wanted to know.

Henry went and grabbed the bottle of medicine from the cabinet. "Let's go guys! We don't need to know." He turned Rumple and Regina around and herded them out the door. "Night, Mom and Dad! Sweet dreams!"

Emma groaned.

"You know, Swan, this could only happen to us," Neal sighed. "I hope to God they go back to sleep and just think it's a dream when they wake up tomorrow."

"I doubt that...sharp as they are."

"Yeah . . . wishful thinking. But it was good while it lasted, huh?" Then he kissed her.

"Maybe some other time...when the kids are away from home..."

He smiled lazily. "Yeah. You know, for a moment there, when my papa walked in . . . I thought we were in trouble."

Emma giggled. "I think you were born in trouble, Cassidy."

"You're a riot, Swan."

"You talkin' to me?" she demanded in her best Mafia voice.

"Yeah, doll, I'm talkin' to you," he smirked, and got out of the tub.

When they returned to the bedroom, Rumple stood there, in his Batman pajamas with the little cape, frowning.
"Uh . . . Rumple . . . what are you doing up?" Emma asked, blushing.

"You havta go to the corners." The child declared stubbornly.

"No . . . really . . ." she protested weakly.

"Uh huh. Five minutes!" He pointed to the corners. "C'mon. Longer you take to get there the longer you gotta be in there."

Neal looked at her. "YOU started this." He growled at Emma. "Rumple, go back to sleep."

"You gotta go in the corner first."

"Let's humor him...okay," Emma pleaded.

"Okay . . ." Neal muttered. Then he hissed, "I swear, Emma, he's laughing his ass off at us in that devious little mind of his!"

"No talking!"

"Yes, sir," muttered his son. Papa, you wicked little imp, he thought facing the wall.

His father timed them using a watch Neal bought for him a week ago.

"You can come out now," he told them after five minutes was up.

"We're sorry," Emma said, putting in her best poker face. But inside she was cracking up.

"Yeah," Neal said, thinking sorry I didn't lock the door!

Rumple yawned. "Goin' to bed now. 'Member next time no boys 'n girls in the tub together."

"We'll remember," Neal sighed. Then he bent and hugged Rumple. "Get to bed, imp."

"M'goin."

Neal turned and got into bed. Just as Rumple stuck his head around the door frame and said, "G'night, Bae!" Then he winked at his son before slipping away down the hall.

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