Thank God It's BDSM Friday

by CarrotLucky13

Summary

TGIBDSMF - Regina and Emma have been sleeping together for several months. With Henry on a field trip for the weekend, they decide to play with a little more with BDSM. As a result, they decided to enter into a 24/7 BDSM lifestyle. This story follows that journey.

Notes

Regina and Emma have been sleeping together for several months. With Henry on a field trip for the weekend, they decide to play with a little more with BDSM. As a result, they decided to enter into a 24/7 BDSM lifestyle. This story follows that journey.
This fic will be updated every Friday

A massive shout out to Imperfectionisunderrated for agreeing to beta this for me also to my lovely faeries Vix & Broken for their continued support and inspiration mwah!

Obvious warnings, its a fic about lesbian BDSM. I will provide further warnings if and when I think it's needed.

Thank God It's BDSM Friday! (TGIBDSMF)
Friday

It was nine o'clock Friday evening, Emma stood on the steps of number 108 Mifflin Street, as the sound of the bell rang out through the night, cutting through the cold winters silence. Her palms were clammy, and a cold sweat ran down her back. She had stood on those very steps a thousand times before; she had waited for Regina to answer a thousand times, this time was no different she reminded herself. Time seemed to stand still, or to at they very least, slow down. She was sure Regina was deliberately taking her time to answer, deliberately feeding her anxiety.

After what seemed like an eternity Regina finally answered the door, dressed as impeccably as ever, a figure fitting black knee length dress and black stilettos. She let her eyes drag over Emma's body, hungrily taking in her usual attire. Without saying a word she turned on her heel and walked to her den, leaving the door open for Emma to follow. The slam of the door followed by the scurry of footsteps behind indicating she had done just that.

Once in the den, Regina handed Emma a glass of whiskey on the rocks, and sat back down in the large black leather chair behind her desk, leaving Emma to stand awkwardly in front of it. She watched as the blonde caressed the glass with nervous fingers, her gaze low as the tension began to build in the room. She continued to watch as Emma licked her dry lips. "We don't have to do this Emma." She said softly, smiling up at her as Emma raised her gaze to meet hers.

Slowly Emma smiled back and nodded, she wanted this. They both did. They had been sleeping together in secret for six months, and had recently talked about heating things up a little. After much discussion they had agreed that they were both ready.

Regina broke the silence; placing her glass down she knotted her fingers together placing them atop the desk in front of her. "Rule number one, discretion. You do not discuss what we do with anyone Miss Swan, not your best friend, your mother, your diary or your therapist."

"You mean Dr Hopper?" Emma laughed. "Or one of the many other therapists in town?"

"Just don't Emma, I mean it. We are not to speak of what we're doing, or that we are indeed doing anything."

"I know, I get it Regina." Emma nodded softly, giving a soft smile. "We both have jobs, lives, a son. I get it."

Regina nodded back, taking another sip of her drink. "Rule number two, honesty, about everything, neither of us are mind readers. If after this, you never want to do it again, then tell me so, if you do, tell me. Just be honest and open about everything and anything you're thinking and feeling. You won't be judged here Emma, as long as you're honest."

Walking around the desk Emma sat on the edge looking down at the brunette. "You have to agree to that too."

"I do." She smiled back at her, giving another gentle nod. "Rule number three, no lasting harm or damage, physically or emotionally."

"Agreed."

"Finally, the safe word… Is 'Snow White'" She smirked as Emma shot her a un-amused glare. "Well I figured you wouldn't be crying it out in ecstasy. That is, unless you harboured hidden desires for your roommate when she was just Mary Margaret to you…."
"Regina!" Emma rolled her eyes and gagged at the thought whilst Regina just laughed, earning her a swat to her arm with the back of Emma's hand as she laughed with her. She liked how relaxed they were around each other now, how in tune they were.

Still chuckling Regina asked, "Is there anything you want to say?"

"Yes." Emma said placing her glass down on the desk. "I don't want you to go easy, I want you to be as hard as you want." Taking Regina's hand in her own she caressed her thumb over it. "I want you to be rough, I need you to be rough… And so do you."

Nodding softly she smiled back, before it grew into a wicked smirk. "You remember our deal?" Standing up so that she towered over Emma she leant forward, pressing herself against the blonde's frame, her hot breath caressing against her ear. "I can do anything I want to you for the entire weekend, but I will not fuck your pretty little cunt until you beg me for it." Emma shuddered against her, unable to fight the flash of heat, which rushed to her core. She'd made a comment that she'd never beg for it, and they were going to have fun finding out just how long she could hold out for. "Now take off that red monstrosity, it is not making its way into my basement, that I can promise."

Shrugging the jacket off Emma watched with amusement as Regina's lip curled in disgust and her brow furrowed as she held it between her thumb and forefinger as far from her body as possible as she walked to hang it up. "There was me thinking you'd have a fetish for leather." Emma teased.

"Oh I do dear, but your abominations don't 'do it for me!'" Regina said punctuating the air. "I prefer you out of them." Once more she turned on her heels, walking out the den and down the hallway.

"Oh yeah?" Emma called, as she jumped down and raced after her. She stopped when she saw Regina leaning against the frame of a door she had never before seen. "What the hell?" She asked her mouth dropping open as she looked around her. She had stood in this hallway a thousand times; she'd had sex many a time against the wall and never before had there been a door.

"You don't think I leave my dungeon accessible by anyone do you?" Smiling she took Emma's hand, leading her down the steps into her secret basement. With a flick of Regina's wrist literally hundreds of candles flickered to life, from simple tea lights to the gothic candelabras, which sat atop an austere fireplace at one end of the room.

Emma couldn't help but gasp aloud, her mouth hanging open as they stepped into the grand and ornate room. The walls were decorated in dark purple satin wallpaper embossed with black velvet damask print. The colour scheme followed throughout highlighted with accents of silver. Next to the fireplace stood an ebony Queen bed, Emma suspected from its over-elaborate carving to have been one of the items Regina had brought with her from the Enchanted Forest. She let her fingers glide over the rich aubergine satin sheets, which seemed to ripple under her touch in the light of the candles. Finally she thumbed a silver tassel belonging to one of the many cushions scattering the head of the bed, before upon hearing a sound, turning around to watch Regina.

Regina's heels clicked loudly against the striking black marble floor as she crossed to the opposite side of the room to Emma. A black leather chest roughly one-meter square and decorated with silver filigree embellishments to each corner sat atop a black glass table. Resting both hands on the lid for a moment she pondered her next action a moment before turning back to face Emma who was waiting expectantly. "Strip." She commanded, her voice clear and as regal as ever.

Swallowing hard Emma paused, before bringing her hands to the hem of her white tank top, swiftly pulling it up and over her head, before letting it drop onto the bed. Sitting on the edge of the mattress, she kicked off her leather boots, praising herself for the foresight of foregoing her lace up ones. Shimmying her jeans down her legs, she threw them onto the bed, before standing up locking her
gaze with the chocolate eyes across the room. Slowly she brought her hand behind her back, unhooking the clasp of her black t-shirt bra and discarding it. Finally, she dragged her dark blue boy shorts down her legs, never once breaking her gaze with Regina's. Placing a hand on her hip she gave a cocky twirl, all the while her heart pounding in her chest.

Regina's eyes raked lascivious over Emma's pale toned body. It wasn't the first time she had seen the younger woman naked, far from it. However it was the first time she had studied her so intently. Emma's naked form never failed to surprise her. She was more feminine than she would have imagined under her tomboyish clothing. The subtle dip of her waist, and the swell of her hips were something she usually kept well hidden, but naked and under Regina's inquisitive eye, Emma could hide nothing.

Feeling more than seeing Regina's eyes on her, Emma felt awash with a nervousness she wasn't used to. Regina had seen her naked many a time, so why was this time different? Why did she feel more exposed this time?

"This is your last chance to back out Emma, I won't think any differently of you."

She shook her head quickly. "No." her voice came out broken, her mouth dry in anticipation.

Clicking her way to the centre of the room, she motioned for Emma to join her. Reaching up, she took a hold of a metal cuff, hung from the ceiling by a chain. Taking Emma's wrist she snapped it shut in place, before doing the same with the other. Dropping to her knees she clasped each ankle into the cuff of a silver spreader bar, forcing her legs apart. Standing back she smiled at the sight, of Emma spread-eagled and restrained, allowing for unimpeded access. Regina flashed her a quick soft smile, before walking behind her to the bed, folding her scattered clothes and taking them with her as she left both the basement and Emma behind.

Upstairs in her own bedroom, Regina took her time applying her dark dramatic make up, much like she had done a lifetime ago in the Enchanted Forest. Finally satisfied she placed the cap back on her blood red lipstick before setting it down on her vanity.

Emma's arms were already beginning to grow tired as they hung above her head. Had she got herself into more than she could handle? Her heart continued to pound in her chest. She was excited, nervous, more aroused than she had ever been in her entire life, her core throbbing, aching for Regina's touch, something she knew she couldn't have, and that just made everything all the more exciting.

As Regina sauntered back down to the basement the open black transparent floor length robe billowed behind her with every stride and click of her heels. Underneath she wore nothing but a black lace bra and matching thong, a favourite of a certain blonde.

The door to the basement was behind Emma, so as Regina entered all she could do was imagine what she was wearing. She assumed, that she had changed that was why she had left her so long. Right? Or had she just left her for her own amusement. The not knowing was killing her.

From behind Regina ran her hands over Emma's frame, down her muscular shoulders and back, over the swell of her hips, and up over her toned stomach, before tweaking at Emma's already impossibly hard nipples, smiling at the beautiful gasp that filled the air. Moving around her to stand in front, she smirked as Emma's eyes glassed over and her mouth dropped open at the sight. "See something you like?" She purred.

Emma gave a small nod, not trusting her voice to speak.
"I asked you a question." Regina growled, closing the gap between them, pressing herself against Emma's naked frame, her eyes dark and threatening.

"Yes Mistress!" She choked out, desire growing between her legs; she loved it when Regina used 'the voice'.

With a nod of approval Regina reached around Emma's body, digging her nails deep into the flesh of her arse, her voice sultry silk against Emma's ear. "Are you ready for pain?"

Emma's hips involuntarily pressed themselves forward into Regina's, her knees already growing weak as her brain swam with the thoughts of what she was going to do to her. "Yes please Mistress." She pleaded.

Turning her back to Emma she made her way over to the chest, flicking open the clasp, she drew back the lid, resting her hands on either side of it, her thumbs caressing the lip as she smiled at the content. This is going to be a fun weekend, she mused as she reached into the trunk. Slowly she set some of the contents down onto the obsidian, turning each item in her hands before placing them down.

As Emma watched on, a lump grew in her throat and her eyes grew wide as she watched Regina set down the cat-o-nine-tails, the paddle and the riding crop. Her heart began to beat so loud she was sure Regina could hear it. With her legs spread apart, she could do nothing to release the pressure that was growing, aching for release, as her clit began to throb with the sudden rush of blood.

Turning back to face the blonde, Regina smirked, holding the whip up in one hand, absent-mindedly playing with the tails as she watched Emma's eyes grow darker. "How many cracks of the whip do you think you can take?"

Her voice sent another wave of desire to Emma's core causing her to shudder against her restraints. She tried her best to deliberate her response quickly. She didn't want to disappoint Regina, or embarrass herself by giving a number too low, yet she didn't want to suggest a number too large, which she would undoubtedly regret. She decided the number would have to be greater than ten, any less and Regina would laugh, and maybe even punish her. Twenty on the other hand, was much too high. "Fifteen Mistress?"

"Are you asking me, or telling me?" Regina couldn't help but smile, Emma it seemed was either much more adventurous or submissive than she had expected, she wasn't yet sure which. Maybe both. She seemed eager to please, and to believe she had decent pain threshold.

Her chin raised in confidence, Emma replied without missing a beat. "Telling Mistress."

Closing the gap between them once more, she looked down into sparkling green eyes. "Fifteen is a lot. You know it's going to hurt, I won't go gentle on you." She stated as she tried her best to read the calm expression on Emma's face. "You have one chance to change your number, I won't think any less of you for it, there is no point to be proven here. However once I start, you will receive the full amount asked for, do you understand?"

"I understand Mistress. I would like to stick with fifteen, if it pleases you." Emma said with a nod, much to Regina's amusement and delight.

Placing the tails over Emma's shoulder she let them slide down over her breasts and stomach before walking around to do the same between her shoulder blades, over her rump and thighs. "You must count every crack, do you understand."
"Yes."

"Yes what?" Regina asked with growl as she wrapped a hand around Emma's throat from behind.

"Mistress, yes Mistress!" She choked.

Smiling, she released her grip, dragging her nails across her throat, up over her shoulder and down to her hip. "If you miss a count, I start over, do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good girl." Standing there in silence, she watched as Emma tensed her arse cheeks for the impending impact. The way her fists balled up around the chains as she clutched them tightly, the way her muscles flexed delicious as she did so.

Finally, after what seemed to Emma like an eternity, Regina brought the whip down with a deafening crack against Emma's back, a red diagonal line running from her shoulder blade down to her hip. "One." Emma gasped as her body flinched.

With a flick of her wrist, Regina brought the cat tails down again, mirroring the first red mark on the other side.

"Two." She swallowed hard, before the whip swiped across the small of her back. "Three."

Regina cracked the whip again over Emma's shoulder, the tails flicking around the toned muscles of her arms.

Pulling at the chains, Emma bit down a whimper she refused to let out. "Four." Without a moments pause Emma's left shoulder received the same treatment. "Five." Only a third of the way through, she wondered whether maybe fifteen wasn't such a good idea after all.

Cracking the whip against Emma's thigh, she smiled at the way she tried to move against the spreader bar, which chained her ankles firmly in place.

"Six."

Bringing the whip up high, Regina brought it down hard against Emma's other thigh, once again mirroring her own actions.

"Seven." Emma choked, as soon as the word passed her lips the whip hit back against her right thigh. "Eight."

"You've toppled over the half way mark." Regina purred against Emma's ear, smirking as she shuddered.

The thought of doing it all over again made Emma feel physically sick.

"Do you remember the safe word?" Regina asked, receiving a nod in response. "Do you want to use it?"

"No Mistress."

"Very well then." With a flick of her wrist another angry red mark stained the younger woman's thigh.

"Nine." Again her fingers tensed over the metal chains, her arms ached, and her body felt like its on
fire, but all she could think about was the ache between her legs, and the wetness she knew Regina would find there.

Regina paused for a moment, standing back to admire her unfurling masterpiece. She didn't pause long, before cracking the whip hard against one of Emma's arse cheeks.

"Ten." She whimpered. Home stretch, you can do it.

Again mirroring her actions, she cracked the cat-o-nine tails against Emma's arse.

"Eleven." The whip returned to her already glowing red thighs. "Twelve."

"Only three left to go." She was going to make sure they counted. Bringing the leather tails down hard once more against her thigh.

Tears began to prick at Emma's eyes. "Thirteen." Another loud crack caused her to cry out as the whip came into contact with her arse again. "Fourteen." She choked, swallowing the lump that had grown in her throat. The final blow fell against her arse. "Fifteen." Her voice barely audible as her body slumped in relief, the chains holding her suspended as her knees buckled slightly as she desperately fought back the tears that threatened to spill over.

Pressing her front into Emma's back, Regina placed a soft kiss to the nape of her neck. "Fifteen." She repeated. "Such a good girl." Stepping back she traced a finger delicately against the angry red marks littering Emma's body. "You look so beautiful."

At Regina's kind words and soft touch against her smarting skin, the tears began to fall.

Walking around, to stand in front of her, Regina kissed away the tears, her hand caressing her cheeks softly. "We can stop this at any time Emma." She whispered as she rested their foreheads together. They had played before, but never so intensely. Emma had never given herself over completely to Regina for more than a few hours, now they had until Sunday evening, when Henry returned from his field trip. She had said she'd go easy on her, but looking at Emma now, she decided the paddle and crop could wait until another day. This was a game of trust, and Regina wanted Emma to enjoy it as much, if not more than she did.

"No, I want this." Emma whispered back. "Please Mistress."

With a soft smile and a nod, Regina traced her thumb over Emma's cheek one last time before walking away.

Emma could hear Regina doing something, but she was too far from her peripheral vision to see what she was doing, despite craning her neck in her best attempt. She soon found out, as she felt the shock of an ice cube being pressed against her glowing hot back. The sensation was instantly painful, oddly soothing and extremely erotic. She couldn't help but moan and push her back towards the ice.

Regina trailed the cube slowly over every red mark on her back, the cool melt water trickling down causing Emma to shudder in delight. As the ice melted, Regina picked up more, caressing them over Emma's crimson cheeks and thighs, before working them up her inside leg. Reaching around she teased one in the palm of each hand over Emma's toned abdomen, loving the way her muscles quivered at the sensations. Dragging them up in beautiful symmetry she ran them over hard nipples until Emma's breathy moans grew steadier and more audible.

Pulling away she picked up two new ice cubes and without warned pushed them between Emma's hot folds into her molten core. "Hold them inside." She commanded.
"Yes Mistress." Emma shuddered as she clenched her muscles around the rapidly melting ice, the freezing water mingling with her own arousal as it began to trickle down her thighs. Her body felt electric. Her back, arse and thighs still smarted, but the stinging sensation coupled with the cool soothing drips that were running over her skin and down her legs, just made her wetter. With her eyes closed, her head lolled to one side she didn't even notice as Regina once again busied herself.

Taking an anal dildo strap-on out of the chest, she closed the lid, before walking over to the bed. The dildo was fixed and with a smirk, Regina flipped the harness inside out, placing it down on a table next to the bed. Returning to Emma, she began by untying her ankles from the spreader bar, making sure she was steady on her feet before undoing the shackles from around her wrists.

Rubbing her wrists, Emma turned to Regina expectantly, awaiting further instruction.

"On the bed, face down."

"Yes Mistress." She complied obediently, scampering over to the bed. When lying down as instructed, Regina sat next to her on the bed, her feet resting on the floor. Picking up a cooling and healing salve, she tenderly rubbed it into Emma's sensitive skin. Her touch gentle and caring as she took the time to tend to her. When finally finished, she gave a quick slap to Emma's arse causing her to yelp in surprise. "On your hands and knees like a good little slut."

Again Emma obeyed without question. She felt a cool liquid running down between her arse cheeks, letting out a gasp, both at the sensation and the thought of what was about to happen as her eyes fell to the strap-on on the nightstand.

Slowly Regina began to work one finger into Emma's tight arsehole, until her muscles began to relax. As they did, she worked deeper and faster before adding a second finger, filling Emma as she slowly began to work her digits into her. Emma whimpered and moaned, before slowly beginning to rock her hips back to meet Regina's slow thrusts, triggering the brunette to pick up speed until she was burying her fingers into Emma.

Emma groaned at the absence as Regina removed her fingers, however her loss was short lived as Regina squirted more lube onto her arse, as well as onto the head of the dildo.

Slipping the harness over Emma's feet, with her assistance, she worked it up her legs and over her hips. When the dildo sat behind Emma, Regina leant forward, biting down hard on Emma's still glowing cheek, resting her head against her arse she pushed the royal blue dildo into the blonde.

Emma groaned deeply as the plastic filled her.

When satisfied that the dildo was inserted to the hilt, Regina fixed the buckles on the straps, securing it inside of her. "Lie down on your back."

In confusion Emma did as she was told, a frown on her face as she rolled over onto her back.

Taking Emma's hand in her own, she tied a thick black ribbon around her wrist.

Looking up, Emma saw it was attached to a large metal ring bolted to the headboard, something she hadn't previously noticed. Whilst she was thinking over it, Regina did the same to the other hand and her legs, spreading them once more as they were tied to ribbons attached to hooks at either side of the foot of the bed.

Sitting back Regina smiled down at her, before placing a black satin sheet over her, tucking her in. "This is where you will sleep tonight little pet. The ribbons are lax enough that you can move enough to prevent cramp, however they'll prevent you from reliving any pressure build up, or from
removing your butt plug. She smirked at the look of horror that swept over Emma's face.

"Regina-"

"Mistress." She corrected. "Tomorrow you will be punished for that mistake, but for now, now we go to sleep." Leaning forward she kissed Emma softly and deeply, letting her tongue slip in her mouth the brush against Emma's. Chuckling as Emma pulled at the restraints in an effort to deepen the kiss. "I'll see you in the morning." With one last affectionate peck she stood back smirking before walking out, leaving Emma bound and incredibly horny.

"Fuck!" Emma mumbled to herself, what had she gotten herself into?

So what did you think? Let me know :) I love all your wonderful feedback

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Chapter Two Sneak Peak: The one with a wooden horse, a paddle and a bedtime snack

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Saturday

Emma awoke to Regina kneeling over her on the bed, already fully dressed.

Untying the ribbons binding her down, Regina caressed a hand over Emma's cheek. "Did you sleep okay?" Her voice soft and full of genuine concern and tenderness.

Blinking a few times to dispel the sleep from her eyes she nodded. "Yes Mistress." Sitting up, she adjusted the pillow before leaning back against it. She smiled back at Regina; she'd never get over how beautiful she was.

Reaching out, Regina brushed a tousled blonde lock behind Emma's ear. "I've ran a bath for you upstairs, it'll help soothe your muscles." She smiled softly, and Emma couldn't help but grin back, causing Regina's smile to grow wider. She kissed her softly and tenderly, before asking Emma to stand so she could remove the anal harness from her hips. "Does it hurt?"

"No Mistress." Emma replied honestly, her cheeks blushing slightly. "It feels good, I like feeling full."

"Oh kitten, you haven't begun to feel full yet."

Emma couldn't help but smile, before accepting the kiss that Regina placed upon her lips. Feeling Regina's fingers working the buckles free from the leather straps, and then the emptiness as the dildo was removed from her now gaping arse.

"I'll clean this up, you run upstairs for your bath, breakfast will be waiting for you when you come back down."

In Regina's en suite Emma smiled as she slid into the perfectly warmed water, she could smell the essential oils Regina had poured into the water in order to help relax her muscles. Letting her eyes flicker closed she let the warm water caress her as she soaked herself. She wanted so bad to touch herself, to relieve the ache between her legs, but she knew Regina would know, and she'd be in trouble then, real trouble. After a while she pulled the plug and climbed out, drying herself off on one of Regina's impossibly fluffy towels. The bottom of her hair was damp, sticking to her shoulders as she padded naked down the stairs to the kitchen.

Her smile grew as she entered to find Regina sat at the counter reading the paper, a coffee in hand with breakfast in front of her. On Emma's plate there was an extra large portion of pancakes, bacon, scrambled eggs and syrup. In front sat a large coffee and a carafe of freshly squeezed apple juice. Hungrily digging in she joked that she now understood why Henry would rather have breakfast at Regina's on the weekend than with Emma at Granny's diner.

Looking up from her paper Regina smiled before joking back with a wink, "you haven't seen anything yet."

After breakfast Regina went to her den, "I have some work to get done, you will sit quietly, and not interrupt me." She sat at her desk reading through files, circling things with angry red pen.

After a while Emma grew restless and began to fidget.

Looking up from her work Regina watched her for a moment. "If you need something to amuse yourself you can get a comic from Henry's room, but no electronics… you might try and use the vibrations…" She joked with a smirk.
Sighing loudly Emma flopped back onto the couch, she was bored.

"Emma if you interrupt me again, you will be punished for it, do you understand?" Regina warned.

"Yes Mistress." She grumbled.

"I haven't forgotten you are still owed a punishment from last night's insubordination either." With a last warning glare, she returned to her paperwork.

After a further twenty minutes of mentally counting the volumes on Regina's bookshelf, listening to the tick-tock of the mantelpiece clock, and playing with her own hair, as boredom got the better of her. "I thought we were going to have the entire weekend to play." She winged childishly.

Closing her eyes momentarily Regina sat her pen down atop her files. "Come here." Emma obediently scampered excitedly around to stand between her and the desk. "If we played non-stop, you'd pass out. And I have this work to do, or we'll both be up the proverbial creek regarding your dear mother." She smirked. "Hands flat on the desk."

Turning around, Emma placed her palms face down on the wooden top, careful not to touch or mess the papers.

"Move them further forwards" Regina commanded, humming in approval as Emma's new position caused her to bend further forwards over the desk. Sitting forward in her chair she ran her index finger down between Emma's toned shoulder blades, down the bumps of her spine to her coccyx bone. Letting her hand run over her arse. "Still sore?"

"No Mistress."

"You're going to receive ten spanks for your latest act of defiance." Running her palm in a circle for a moment, she then spanked Emma ten times until she whimpered, her arse cheeks once more glowing. Running her nails over each cheek in turn, watching as the white lines disappeared into the red glow.

Her eyes flickered over Emma's frame; she was such a beautiful sight like that, bent over her desk, naked, marked. Slipping a finger between Emma's parted thighs she slid it against her folds, smirking at the wetness she found. "Will you behave now?"

"Yes Mistress." Emma promised.

"Turn around." When she did so, Regina slipped her fingers between her own plump lips, closing them around her digits as she licked them clean of Emma.

Emma's eyes grew wide as she watched, fighting back a groan, her heart racing as she pressed her thighs together to relieve some of the building pressure. Did everything Regina did have to be so damn erotic?

"Go back to the sofa, and do not make another sound until lunch time, or you will seriously live to regret it." Her voice was firm, her gaze hard and unwavering. She was deadly serious.

When a further hour and a half had passed Regina set down her pen, before walking over to Emma who was staring blankly at the ceiling. Leaning over her, placing a hand on the back of the sofa to support herself she purred. "I'm famished." Before standing up straight and leaving the room, calling for Emma to heel.

Emma excitedly scrambled after her into the kitchen. Was it finally playtime?
"Sit." Regina instructed, as she began to prepare lunch for them both.

Emma watched intently, a small smile gracing her lips. Whilst Regina made a simple salad, griddled bread and some freshly made dressing, they talked about random every day things, relaxed in each others company. She loved it when Regina let her guard down, when she was free to be herself. She did this most when she was free to cook in her own kitchen.

They ate their lunch in the dining room, their conversation moving to the work Regina had brought home, and recent business at the Sheriff's station. When lunch was finished, they took their plates to the kitchen. Upon setting them down in the sink, Regina pressed Emma against the counter, as she kissed her hungrily and deeply, her hands roamed over Emma as she did so, before breaking the kiss abruptly and standing back. "If you can be good until after dinner, then we will resume our games later." She smiled as Emma pouted, before leaving to continue her work.

Groaning, Emma turned back to the dishes, she would have to find ways to distract herself for the next six hours, at least the washing up could kill an entire twenty minutes. She groaned again stamping her foot in a strop, even though Regina couldn't see.

Three hours later Emma lay on her front on the sofa by the roaring fire thumbing through one of Henry's comics. Unbeknownst to her, Regina had stopped working and was watching her affectionately. "Like mother like son." She finally said.

Looking up from the pages with a mock scowl on her face "I'm not a child!"

"Says the woman devouring the pages of Sensational She-Hulk."

"And you'd know which comic it was because…?" Emma giggled sitting up crossed legged.

"Because for eleven years I read Henry one of his comics every night before bed." Her voice rang with sadness at the memories now past. "What can I say, our son has always loves a good hero vs. villain story."

Hiding the comic behind her back, Emma grinned playfully. "But do you know which issues?" She challenged.

For a moment Regina did nothing but smile at her, even when she was stressed with work Emma could relax her with her mischievous nature. "Number forty-three, 'What's Xemnu With You?'" She said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

Shaking her head in disbelief, Emma pulled the comic from behind her back, to see it was indeed issue #43. Staring at the cover she smiled before tossing it onto the coffee table. "Admit it, you only bought these so you could perv over the pictures of the half naked women inside."

"Dear, we both know green has never been my colour." Regina's gaze flickered from the comic tossed haphazardly over to Emma's exposed body, slowing raking its way over her.

Emma was unsure when she had become so comfortable in Regina's presence, she realised that rationally she should be embarrassed, but she wasn't. In fact, with Regina fully dressed whilst she was naked only worked to make her feel more submissive, which in turn, aroused her more.

…

After the dinner things have been cleared away, they both headed back down to the dungeon. In the centre of the room, Regina stood behind her, hands holding Emma's hips as her voice husked against her ear. "How did it feel to be denied all day? To be ignored?"
"It was torture Mistress," Emma murmured. "I missed your hands on me."

Regina hummed quietly to herself. "How does your body feel? Are you aching? Are you sore?"

"I'm aching so much, I want you so badly Mistress." Emma would have chastised herself for speaking with such desperation in her voice, had she indeed not been desperate. "But I'm not sore anymore, not really."

"Good, and how does your arse feel?" Walking away from her, she opened the black leather chest, taking out a bottle of lube before returning to stand behind her once more.

"Empty Mistress." She admitted.

Applying lube to her finger and slipping it into Emma's arse making her shudder and gasp as she worked it slowly before pushing it deeper then adding a second, until she was fucking her arse with her fingers, just like she had the night before. Smiling softly, she feathered kisses on Emma's shoulder, she was much looser today she noted, and it wasn't long before she was pushing back to greet her fingers.

Pulling out she ordered Emma to stay where she was before going to clean her fingers and change out of her skirt. She returned wearing leather pants, and the same silk blouse as before, one half business the other half most definitely pleasure. Against her crotch rested the strap on from the night before. "On your knees, you know what to do."

Dropping to the floor, Emma flicked her tongue out over the end of the blue plastic phallus, before taking the entire length into her open mouth. Looking up, she could see Regina's eyes hooded and dark with desire, never breaking her gaze she began to bob her head back and forth as she worked the dildo with her mouth.

Regina revelled in the erotic display before her, the way Emma's eyes shone with such intensity, submission and desire, the way she deep throated the toy without instruction, the way she rested the palms of her hands on her own thighs as she sat on her knees in the perfect submissive pose. "That's enough." She patted Emma's head to signal her to stop. "Go and position yourself over the wooden pony."

"Yes Mistress." Straddling the plank, which stood to the right of the fireplace, the rounded edge resting between her breasts running down through her navel and the centre of her pubis. Her legs and arms hung on either side of the wooden frame; her feet just reaching the floor, on tip toes. Regina watched her admiringly; she'd had Emma bent over twice in the same day, and it was quickly becoming one of her favourite things.

She cuffed Emma's wrists to the legs of the pony, before reattaching the spreader bar to her ankles just as she had the night before. Standing back, she let her hands tease up the inside of Emma's thighs, before brushing them over her slick folds, smiling as Emma twitched at the welcome touch. "You know all you have to do is beg." She purred.

Emma shook her head. "No, I can do this Mistress."

"Good girl."

Squirting cold lube against Emma's puckered arsehole and a little to the head of the strap on, she slowly began to ease the head into her, shallow and slow at first, before easing it in deeper.

"Ready?" She asked, when she had the dildo pressed to the hilt.
Emma merely nodded, swallowing the large lump in her throat as Regina immediately began to thrust into her hard and fast. Emma's screams reverberate off the cold marble floor as she was stretched and filled.

Regina's nails dug half moons into Emma's pale thighs as she ploughed the dildo harder and faster, as Emma's moans became more incoherent. The force of Regina's thrusts causing her clit to grind into the polished wood, drawing her painfully close to climax. Suddenly the brunette stilled her motions, remaining buried deep inside of her as she leant forward to kiss against the small of Emma's back. For a moment she just listened to her heavy breathing as it started to slow.

Pulling out slowly, she smiled as Emma whined at the loss. "You still need punishing for calling me 'Regina' last night." With the younger woman still bound over the horse, Regina slipped off the strap, placing it on the table, before taking a wooden paddle from the chest. "You will receive ten blows with a paddle as your punishment."

Emma let out a low groan, soaked with desire and only a flicker of fear before she could bite it back.

Regina brought the paddle down hard and fast over her arse until they glowed once more. "Your skin goes such a pretty shade of red." she mused aloud. Releasing Emma's wrists and ankles, she helped her off the horse, before turning her to face her.

Emma winced as her arse came into contact with the wood, but she soon forgot the pain as lips came crashing down against her own, as Regina kissed her deeply. As a tongue brushed against her lips, Emma immediately granted it access as she pressed herself wantonly against the brunette, desperate for the contact.

Pulling back Regina smiled. "Come." She held her hand out for Emma to take, leading her out of the basement and upstairs to her bedroom.

"I can stay here tonight?" Emma asked her voice filled with joy as she fought back the tears. She didn't know why she was being so emotional about it, but she had assumed she would be made to sleep alone in the basement again, and the simple gesture was overwhelming her. The look in her eyes wasn't lost on Regina, who smiled as she turned her back to Emma.

She didn't answer her question, instead telling her to "lie on your front."

Doing as asked, Emma felt the bed shift under Regina's weight as she then settled, straddling the back of her legs. She couldn't help but flinch and gasp as Regina like the night before applied the cooling salve against her warm skin, her touch soft and tender after such severity. When finished she set the salve down, "turn over."

Emma did so, settling herself back against the pillows as she looked up expectantly at her lover.

"Yes you will sleep here, however." She watched as Emma's brows furrowed as she waited for her to continue. "We are not finished yet."

She cocked her eyebrow as Regina smirked devilishly.

Standing up, she slowly began to unbutton her silk blouse, Emma's eyes hungrily devouring each inch of skin as it was revealed. Discarding her blouse, she unhooked her bra letting her perfect breasts fall free.

Unzipping the two silver zips of her leather pants, which went from her hips down to her ankles, something which Emma hadn't realised before, and which she made a mental not to ask Regina to wear again. Her eyes glued to her as she let her mulberry lace panties slide down her legs.
Still wearing her heels, Regina clicked her way over to the wooden floorboards to the hamper, dropping the clothes inside she turned smirking at Emma. "Like what you see?" She asked.

"You know I do!" Emma growled back.

Smiling in response, Regina opened one of her drawers, taking out a silvery silk nightdress and slipping it over her head. Turning back to a pouting Emma, she smiled again.

She thought back to before Emma was in her life, other than Henry nothing much had made her smile, but now, in one form or another, it barely left her lips.

Climbing back on the bed she straddled Emma's stomach, her smile growing wider as Emma's eyes flickered closed with a moan, as she felt Regina's wetness against her skin. "You're going to be a good little slut, and eat me out whilst I straddle your face."

"God!" Emma breathed as her eyes snapping open, dark with desire.

"If you do it well enough you can sleep here, if not, you'll sleep downstairs tied up like last night… Exactly like last night."

She swallowed hard and nodded. "Yes Mistress."

Regina moved to straddle Emma's face, lowering herself slowly to eager lips. She rested the palms of her hands against the wall to steady herself as Emma's tongue licked up her length. Letting her eyes close she couldn't help but moan quietly, after all, Emma really was good and her deft tongue between her legs was one of her favourite things.

Emma's hands gripped at her thighs, pulling her in deeper as her tongue thrust inside of her. The moan against her core caused Regina's own to echo.

Emma curled her tongue inside of her, before sucking at her clit, harder than usual.

Regina began to rock her hips against her face as she moaned louder, unrestrained by the usual presence of their son sleeping down the hallway.

Caressing the flat of her tongue, Regina ground her hips down against her, her wetness covering Emma's face as expletives filled the room.

Her teeth grazed over her clit sending Regina over the edge, as she continued to suck at her clit, causing Regina to scream her name as she came hard over her face.

Collapsing against the wall they stayed in the same position for a while whilst Regina steadied herself, her breathing and heart rate slowly returning to normal. Rolling off of the blonde she slid down next to her, pulling the sheets over them both. "You did good." She murmured exhaustedly, smiling softly as Emma immediately nuzzled into her side. She slipped an arm around her and kissed her deeply, tasting herself on Emma's tongue. Pulling back her smile grew, her orgasm still lingering over half of Emma's face. "Sleep like that, you can clean up in the morning."

Emma moaned in both gratitude and desire before nuzzling back down against her shoulder and instantly falling asleep.

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Let me know your thoughts fairies
Chapter Three Sneak Peak: The one with nipple clamps, a riding crop, and a show.
Sunday

Emma awoke with a smile upon her lips, as Regina placed a sweet kiss to her cheek. "Morning." She murmured sleepily as she gave a small yawn, stretching her limbs out before wrapping all four around Regina's body.

Closing her eyes, Regina relaxed into the embrace for a few moments before attempting to pull away. She was prevented from doing so by Emma's tightening grip, and she eventually abandoned her efforts. "I need to get up Koala."

Chuckling into the nape of Regina's neck she shook her head. "No, you have to stay with me today, all day."

Tempted by the notion, Regina sighed, breathing in the relaxing fruity sweet scent as she buried her face into her loose curls. Letting out a hum of annoyance she pulled back to look deep into Emma's emerald eyes. "Come on."

"No." Emma pouted crossing her arms like a petulant child.

"No Mistress." Regina reminded her, giving a quick sharp tweak to one of Emma's exposed nipples. "Your loss, I was going to suggest we showered together." Slipping out of her grasp she disappeared into the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

"Damn."

"Damn." Emma grumbled to herself, at the sound of the shower being turned on she closed her eyes trying to remember what Regina looked like with steaming water running down her naked body. She groaned again as she balled her hands into fists, if she hadn't been so stubborn she could be slick and naked with Regina under the spray.

Dry, and dressed, Regina returned to the bedroom, to find Emma in even more of a sulk than when she had left much to her amusement. "Are you going to mope all day?"

"Yes." She grumbled, before adding "Mistress" just in time.

"Fine, but I'm making kedgeree for brunch."

"Really?" Emma beamed at the news. Regina had made it once before when she had been too sick to have Henry for the weekend. Emma had decided it was one of the best inventions ever.

"Yes really, I thought we could use our strength this morning." She said with a wink.

Kneeling on the bed Emma smile grew wider. "Why do we need our strength Mistress?"

"You'll see." Leaning down she placed a kiss on Emma's lips her thumb caressing over her cheek. "Now go and get cleaned up, you still have my dried come on your face."

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As the warm smoky spicy smell began to fill the house Emma padded naked into the kitchen, just in time as Regina began to dish up their brunch.

Looking up from the stove she flashed a smile. "All clean now."

"Yes Mistress."
"Good girl, now come and eat." Sitting at the island in the kitchen they ate breakfast in silence, Emma shovelling like she hadn't been fed in a week, and Regina flicking through the morning's paper.

When she had finished Regina set her cutlery down, before drinking the last of her coffee. "You will store the leftovers in the fridge and wash up the pans and crockery. When you have finished to my standards, you will meet me downstairs in the basement. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress." Jumping down from the stool she cleared the plates away as Regina left for the basement.

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Twenty minutes later Regina hummed in amusement at the sound of Emma thundering down the basement steps. "No running in my house."

With a roll of her eyes Emma took the last two steps at an exaggerated slow pace. "Yes Mistress." She sing-sunged.

Failing to hide her amusement, Regina pointed to the bed. "Kneel now, facing away from the headboard."

Dutifully Emma took her position on the bed, watching curiously as Regina walked around the foot of the bed before sitting in front of her.

Brushing blonde curls over Emma's shoulder, leaving her front completely bare. "Kiss me."

Emma didn't need to be told twice, her mouth immediately crashing down on Regina's, her tongue hungrily parting her lips in a desperate attempt to taste her. Her fingers lacing into her hair as she pulled Regina deeper into the kiss.

Regina kissed her way down Emma's jaw line and down her long neck, to her breasts. Flicking her tongue out over a stiff nipple, before capturing it between her lips, letting her teeth graze against it. Letting out a moan, Emma's eyes flickered closed as she revelled in Regina's touch, the way she bit down hard, before letting her hot tongue soothe the pain, only to then bite down harder. And then it stopped. "On your hands and knees, eyes down."

Climbing off of the bed, Regina went to the black leather toy chest on the far side of the room. Unlocking the clasp she reached in, her hands finding their prize, a lascivious smile gracing her lips as her fingers grasped at the cool thin metal chains. Lacing them between her fingers she also picked up a black leather-riding crop, before returning to Emma, whose head was still bent, unable to see what it was she had brought back.

Placing the crop and one of the chains on the sheets behind her. She took the other chain in both hands, tugging at its strength. At one end sat a silver nipple clamp, which she opened.

Running her hand up over Emma's arse, over the small of her back and around to cup one of her breasts, rolling her nipple hard between her thumb and forefinger. Slipping the clamp over her hardened nipple, she tightened it until Emma let out a loud moan. Letting go of the chain it fell to the bed, pulling at the clamp as it did so, eliciting another moan from the blonde. Walking around the other side of the bed, Regina did the same with the other clamp, giving the chain a quick tug, smiling in satisfaction.

Climbing onto the bed, she sat back on her knees, taking both of the chains in her hand, snaking
them between her fingers before wrapping them around her hand and giving a gentle tug until they were pulled taught between her hand and Emma's nipples. Taking the riding crop in her other hand, she gave a controlled flick of her wrist, the leather tongue smacking against Emma's arse.

As the crop came into contact with her rear, Emma jolted forwards, causing the clamps to tug at her nipples. She barely let out a moan before crop hit back down, again causing her to flinch forwards, tugging against the chains.

Smirking, Regina pulled a little harder on the chains before letting the rod whistle through the air repeatedly, littering the backs of her arse and thighs with little pink welts.

Emma tried her best to lean back to lax the chain connected to her nipples, yet without fail every time the crop came into contact with her skin she flinched forwards. Her mind was beginning to grow foggy as the sensations began to consume her. The delicious pain of the metal clamps pulling at her hard and sensitive nipples, the welcome stings left by each kiss of the crop. Her body was on fire, her core painfully aching for release, as she grew wetter and wetter.

As if reading her mind, Regina teased the tongue of the crop against her slick folds provoking another desperate moan from the blonde's lips.

Emma knew what was coming, and her entire body shuddered in anticipation.

With a flick Regina brought the tongue of the crop against her core, closing her eyes momentarily and humming at the delicious sound to erupt from Emma. Opening her eyes, she watched as Emma jolted again as she repeated her action, again and again until Emma began to whimper.

Walking to stand at the foot of the bed, she gave a sharp tug of the chains "Come, kneel in front of me." Within seconds, Emma was in front of her adopting her position on the cold marble floor. She pressed the crop against Emma's lips silently instructing her.

Parting her lips, Emma allowed access to the crop. Flicking out her tongue she licked at her own come soaking the leather. She couldn't help but gag slightly as Regina pressed it deep into her mouth, working it back and forth against her tongue. With a tug of the chains she moaned desperately as she looked up in the Regina's sparkling eyes.

"That's enough for now." With another sharp jerk of the chains, she pulled the crop from between Emma's lips with a wet 'pop'. Letting the chain fall to the floor, she leant down, unfastening the clamps. When the nipples were free, Regina gave them a both a quick pinch before standing back up. "Return these to the chest, you'll find cleaning wipes in there for the crop."

"Yes Mistress." Taking the nipple clamps and crop over to the chest she flipped back the lid, her mouth falling agape as she eyed the content. Setting the clamp and chain in the small velvet pouch she assumed they belonged in, she took out the pack of wipes and cleaned the tongue of the crop before setting them back into the chest and closing the lid.

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Back in the kitchen Regina passed Emma a steaming mug of coffee, as they leant back against opposite counters facing one another. "Henry will be back in time for dinner, would you care to join us?"

"I'd like that, yes." Emma smiled. "What are we having?"

"Henry's favourite Sunday dinner-" Regina began before being interrupted.
"Lamb shank in a red wine reduction, honeyed carrots and mash." Emma finished for her.

Cocking her brow she smiled. "Do you two talk about anything other than food?"

"Yeah, sometimes we talk about video games." She laughed. "But seriously, this is allegedly even better than your crispy Asian pork belly.

"Allegedly?" Regina chuckled.

"Even Granny's bear claws aren't as good as you pork belly, and I used to think they were the best thing on the planet."

"Well that is high praise indeed." Setting her coffee down, she bent over looking through one of her kitchen drawers, as Emma stared appreciatively at her arse. "You can't cook naked, it's dangerous-"

Turning around she caught Emma's gaze and chuckled before tossing a white apron at her, slipping another over her own neck and tying it behind herself.

"Yeah 'cus this is sure going to help!" Emma deadpanned as she held the apron up in front of herself.

"I said put it on, no questions."

"Yes Mistress."

...

Two hours later with dinner prepped and the lamb cooking slowly, and the lunch things cleared away, Regina took Emma's hand, leading up the stairs to her bedroom. "Get comfortable on the bed please."

Propping the pillows against the headboard, Emma lied back against them, curious as to what Regina had planned next.

Leaning against her vanity facing the bed, she stared at Emma for several minutes, without saying a word, before finally, just as Emma was beginning to think she was expected to speak, she reached around to drag the zip of her dress down, letting the royal blue garment fall to the floor. Unhooking the front fastening of her coffee coloured satin bra, before tossing it uncharacteristically to the floor. Her eyes were dark as she watched Emma settled down in anticipation as she began to pull her matching panties down her toned legs.

Perching on the edge of the table, the heels of her stilettos resting against the lip of a drawer. Chocolate locked with emerald, she slowly began to run her fingers through her hair, and down her sides. She sensually cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples. Her lips parted, she bit softly into her lower lip as she pinched and twisted harder.

Emma let out a low moan as Regina spread her legs wide, one hand still on her breast as the other dragged its way up her thigh. Her breathing grew shallow, and she hardly dared blink for fear of missing even a single second.

Regina let out a moan of her own as she slipped two fingers easily into her burning core. Her eyes hooded with desire as she began to thrust into herself, as she continued to paw at her breast. Adding a third finger she began to rock her hips to meet her digits.

Removing her hand from her breast she placed it on the vanity top for support as she lifted her self up to rise and fall against her fingers, her eyes falling closed as her moans fell free.
Emma was transfixed, watching the most erotic performance of her life. Unsure where to look, her eyes darting from her fingers to her face and back again. She loved the way Regina's slick fingers disappeared into her, and the pained pleasure etched into her face as her brow furrowed, lips parted.

Feeling herself grow closer, she opened her eyes, locking them once more with Emma's from across the room. She caressed her thumb hard against her clit as she picked up her pace, so close to release.

Digging her nails into the wooden top of her vanity she bucks against her fingers, grinding her thumb harder into her clit as her body convulsed. "Emma" she breathed out as her chest and cheeks flush pink, come soaking her hand as she climaxed.

She continued to move her fingers inside of herself as her body relaxed. When the shudders of delight ceased she quelled her motion, letting her breathing return to normal. Removing her fingers, she brought them up to her lips, moaning erotically as she sucked her own come from each digit.

Emma groaned at the sight "fuck me" she growled.

Smirking Regina removed her fingers from her mouth, letting her tongue flick over her lips, cleaning the remnants of her climax. "Happily." Pushing herself off of the vanity she walked over to the bed, crawling up, straddling the blonde. "You know what you have to do."

"Fuck!" Emma groused. She never backed down from a bet, not ever. But she couldn't stand it any longer. "Please, fuck me!"

Sitting back on her haunches Regina feigned consideration.

"Please! I beg you! Pl-" She was cut off as Regina's lips came crashing down on her own, hungrily kissing her as her hands roamed over her breasts, pinching at her still sore nipples.

Without wasting any more time, Regina slid two fingers between Emma's hot wet folds. She was so hot and tight with her arousal as she curled her fingers caressing against her G-Spot.

Arching her back off of the bed Emma moaned, she had been denied for three days and was already embarrassingly close to climaxing.

Pinching and pulling at a taut nipple, she began to draw rough circles over her clit with her thumb as she continued to tease Emma's against G-Spot with her fingers.

Emma let out a strangled cry as her hips bucked involuntarily against Regina's touch as she came hard, her inner muscles clenching repeatedly around her fingers.

Before Emma has recovered from her climax, Regina has slipped a large red strap-on over her hips. Straddling over one of Emma's legs, she lined the phallus against her sex, slowly easing it in inch by inch, stretching her as she did so. When she reached the hilt she pulled her hips back until the dildo was pulled out all bar the tip, before, without warning slamming back down.

Moaning loudly, Emma reaches up pulling Regina down into a hot desperate kiss.

Pulling back from the kiss, she propped herself above the blonde's body, setting a relentless pace pounding into her. As she buried the dildo into her, the base grinding into her own clit causing her to moan in unison, a choir of debauchery.

Thrashing her head in ecstasy eyes screwed tightly shut, her moans incoherent and her breaths laboured. Perspiration beading in the valley of her breasts Emma rolled her hips against her thrusts.
Regina could sense her own climax rising, and could tell from the look on Emma's face, that she was just as close. Thrusting harder and faster, their breasts brushing against each other, stimulating sensitive nipples. Plunging her tongue into Emma's hot mouth they wrestled, as they swallowed their lover's moans.

With a final thrust Emma's orgasm began to take her, her back arching, pressing herself against Regina as her body shook.

On cue Regina shuddered against Emma, her thrusts grinding to a halt as she came hard, collapsing against the younger woman. Recovering quicker, Regina began to kiss her way down Emma's salty sweet perspiration covered chest as it rose and fell with heavy breaths.

Her heart thundered against her chest as she tried her best to calm her breathing.

Nestling between Emma's legs, Regina dipped her head low, giving one long lick to Emma's soaked centre, tasting the fruits of her labour.

Letting out another shudder and a low moan Emma shook her head. "Can't. Too sensitive." She breathed.

Ignoring her, Regina probed her tongue deep into her as her hands held her squirming hips still. Emma bucked against her ministrations, coating her chin in her nectar as she sucked on her clit hard.

Balling her fists into the sheets Emma thrashed her head against the pillow, lilting one of leg up over Regina's shoulder, holding her in place. Her body stiffening, she let out a scream as she reached her hardest climax yet.

Smirking in satisfaction Regina kissed her way up the quivering blonde, wrapping her arms around her as she pulled the blanket over them both. Pulling her back into her by her hips, she adopted the big spoon position, holding her close as they both drifted off to sleep, the strap on still around her hips, pressed between Emma's parted legs.

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"What're you doing here?" Henry asked as he stepped through the front door to see Emma stood waiting for him.

"It's nice to see you too kid." Emma joked.

"You know what I mean." He said rolling his eyes in the signature 'Mills' way.

"Yeah well your Mom and I thought it would be nice if we all had Sunday dinner together, so you could tell us both all about this awesome field trip."

"Cool."

"Cool?" She questioned.

"Yeah, I like when you both get along, and it definitely makes things easier for me when I only have to tell stories once."

"Well maybe we'll try and do more things as a family then." Emma said smiling back "It turns out your mom's not as bad as we originally thought."

"No, she's pretty awesome." Henry agreed.
"Yeah kid, she is."

So Emma FINALLY gave in!

So what are your thoughts? Let me know, espesh if you follow

Chapter Four Sneak Peak: The one with Regina up against a wall.
Regina sighed as a hammering sounded at her front door. She hadn't long been home from work and she wasn't ready to deal with anymore town drama. Her entire day had been a stressful, frustrating disaster. She couldn't shake the memories of her weekend with Emma out her mind, and it had proven very distracting during her meetings. Images of Emma bent over the wooden pony as she drove the anal dildo into her had flashed through her mind as Snow filed yet another noise complaint against the Dirty Robber. She she had tried her best to concentrate on Ashley's request for a town funded crèche as visions of Emma on all fours as she beat her arse with the riding crop filled her mind. She still had no idea what Mr Clark had wanted, she'd been too distracted as her sex throbbed as she remembered the feel of the blonde's deft tongue against her clit as she'd rode her face. 

With a loud sigh Regina slowly clicked her way up her hallway, pulling open the door ready to tell the caller to save it for another day. As her eyes settled upon a familiar blonde her frown relaxed, a smirk flickering over her dark lips. "Henry's at a session with Dr Hopper." She said matter-of-factly, as she placed a hand on her hip, the other resting against the door handle. 

"I know." Emma growled hotly. Stepping inside, Emma threw the door closed behind her with a bang. Usually Regina would chastise her for slamming doors, but she didn't have a chance. Grabbing Regina by the hips she threw her hard against the foyer wall, knocking the wind from her. Crushing her body against Regina's frame, her lips were immediately upon hers, her tongue demanding entrance as she placed a hand on her hip, the other resting against the door handle. 

Without warning Emma reached up under Regina's skirt tearing her panties from her legs, tossing the remnants to the floor before bunching her skirt up around her waist. Placing two hands on Regina's hips she lifted her with ease up against the wall, hooking both long caramel legs over her own strong shoulders. 

Regina let out a gasp of surprise, the palms of her hands pressing against the wall in an effort to steady herself. Emma's fingers dug painfully into her rib cage, just below her breasts as she held her up. 

Confident they could hold the position, Emma dipped her head forwards, not wanting to wait a second longer. Ever since she had left the Mills residence the night before her body had been electric and her mind abuzz with visions of Regina; the way she had rode her own fingers whilst she had watched. She'd craved the taste of Regina all day as she struggled to stay concentrated at work. Claiming her prize she licked long and slow against Regina's sex, moaning in appreciation at the delicious hot sweet wetness she found. 

Regina dropped one hand to the back of Emma's head, holding her in place. She moaned loudly, as her brain began to lose the ability to process sensory input. Her entire body flooded with sensations, as she moaned, already embarrassingly close. The images that had consumed her mind all day had driven her insane, and now, having Emma take her up against wall was proving to be too much, she was unravelling quickly. Regina gritted her teeth in a futile attempt to regain control of her body's reactions, desperate to hold out. 

Emma sucked hard on Regina's clit, smirking into her as the brunette bucked involuntarily against her face in response. Probing her tongue deep into her hot core, she teased slow, knowing just how much it drove Regina wild. 

"Emma!" She groaned, her voice soaked in a needy desperation, she wasn't strong enough to withstand Emma's torturous pace, not today. She needed her rough. But her request fell onto deaf
ears as Emma continued her slow teases. "Emma!"

Hearing her pleas Emma sucked her clit back into her mouth, before she gently grazed her teeth over her clit, causing Regina to scream her name as the waves crashed down, washing over her, and running down Emma’s chin.

Making sure Regina was steady against the wall she removed one hand from her side, teasing it up her thigh before running three fingers over her dripping slit. Sliding them inside of her with unsurprising ease, she filled her, feeling Regina clench around her as a strangled moan filled her ears.

Thudding her head back against the wall she screwed her eyes tight shut as Emma began to pound into her. "Emma." She moaned, cursing her damn talented fingers. Her body still shuddered in the wake of her first orgasm, and she knew a second wasn't far behind.

Fucking her hard and fast she couldn't help but smirk at the look of desperation etched deep into Regina's face as she fought the wildfire of sensations building inside of her.

Three fingers knuckle deep Emma continued to pound hard, each thrust forcing Regina further up against the wall as her nails dug deeper into her ribs. Teasing against her sensitive clit with her thumb, she curled her three fingers inside, caressing against her G-Spot.

Regina let out a cry, as Emma teased against her hypersensitive clit, her climax ripping through her, more intense than the first. Her entire body alight as her legs jerked against Emma's shoulders and her clit throbbed.

Emma let the Mayor down onto unsteady legs, where she continued to lean back against the wall in an effort to support herself, both hands resting on Emma's shoulders. Regina let out a soft chuckle as she leant her head back, eyes still closed. "If I'd known our little weekend would have such an effect on you, I'd have suggested it months ago." She joked breathlessly.

Placing chaste kisses on Regina's lips until her eyes fluttered open, she smiled. "I figured I hadn't yet given you a proper thank you."

Regina hummed contently, "Dear, you can thank me like that anytime you want."

"I'm so taking you up on that."

Chuckling again Regina smiled back down at the blonde. Smoothing down her skirt, she pushed away from the wall, her legs still a little shaky. Bending down she picked up the ruined fabric. "You owe me new underwear." Tossing them at the blonde with a smile. "Would you like to stay for dinner?"

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Okay so what did you think? BDSM will return, but as I said before, not for a few chapters

Chapter Five Sneak Peak: The one where they nearly get caught.
Regina Apartment NOW! That was all the text message had said. Grabbing her keys she's ran out of her office, calling for her secretary to take any messages in her absence. Her mind raced at the possibilities. Had something happened? Was Henry hurt? She felt sick as a cold sweat ran down her back. She fumbled with the key in the lock, her hands shaking. Abandoning them with a clink as they hit the ground she gave a wave of her hand, unlocking the car and starting the engine with magic. As she raced through town, jumping two red lights her heart pounded in her chest, a lump in her throat. Her palms were clammy against the steering wheel as she screeched to a halt, slamming the car door and racing up the steps of the un-Charming family apartment. Opening the door with another wave of her hand she entered, "What's happened?"

"Nothing." Emma said with a smile as she hopped off the bar stall, walking over to stand in front of the Mayor. Slipping her arms around her waist she leant forwards, her hot breath tickling against Regina's ear as she whispered, "I can't stop thinking about you, more than usual." Flicking her tongue out to lick sensually against her ear lobe. "I need you."

Snapping her head back, Regina looked into Emma's eyes, a black expression on her face. "That's why you called me over?"

"Yeah… Why what did you think?" She asked as an exasperated and annoyed Regina pulled from her grasp, turning her back on her.

Running her fingers through her hair, Regina sighed as relief washed over her. "I thought something had happened. I thought Henry or-" Turning back to Emma she narrowed her eyes, before stepping closer to her, backing Emma up against the one of the support beams.

As she bumped into the post, flecks of crumbling white paint fell from the wood like snow, one speck drifting onto her dark lashes. With a soft blow Regina sent it spiralling across the apartment, with a soft smile she kissed up Emma's jawline to just under her ear, smirking as Emma let out a tiny moan of satisfaction. Lacing fingers with Emma she walked around the post to stand behind her, fingers still linked. With her free hand she brushed Emma's long blonde hair over her shoulder, exposing her neck. Feathering kisses she reached down slowly and carefully slipping Emma's cuffs free from her pocket, quickly snapped one shut over her wrist, before securing the other around the hand she was holding. She smirked with satisfaction as Emma tugged at the restraints in annoyance.

"I knew it was too good to be true-" Emma huffed, still pulling at the cuffs, willing them to break free.

Moving around to stand in front of the blonde she crossed her arms in front of herself, her smirk growing wider.

"-You pretending to be sweet." She continued, finally abandoning her efforts, she relaxed back against the pillar.

"Yesterday you stormed into my house, where I let you 'ravage' me against the wall, today you demand me over to your parents'… Place…" She said looking around herself, with a slight sneer of distaste. "Because you, and I quote, 'need me'. Well dear, you should know by now, that that is not how this happens." With a wicked grin, she gave a gentle flick of her wrist, Emma's clothes vanishing in a whirl of purple smoke.

Naked and tied to the post in her own apartment, Emma had never felt more exposed or more at risk
of being caught, and that excited her. Her skin patterned with goose bumps and her nipples hardened as soon as she became exposed, and she wasn't sure if they were more from the chill of the apartment or the delightful fear of what was in store for her. She let out a groan as Regina raked sharp nails down her sides, before digging them into her hips as she pressed her fully clothed body against Emma's bare frame.

Her mouth dipped to capture a hardened nipple, teeth grazing harshly as she sucked and pulled against each one in turn. Bringing her lips up, mere inches from Emma's she spoke low and husky "Do you miss the way I used you over the weekend? The way I punished you? The way I fucked your tight arse?"

"Oh God! Emma groaned letting her head fall back against the post and she closed her eyes. "Yes, I can't stop thinking about it." She admitted. With her eyes still closed she didn't see as Regina dropped to her knees, not until teeth sunk into her hipbone causing her eyes to snap open.

"Mine." Regina growled, "and don't you forget it."

"Oh God!" She repeated, her eyes wide at the sight of Regina kneeling before her.

As if reading her mind the brunette shot her devilish smirk, "well sometimes even a Queen needs to kneel."

A guttural sound grew in her throat. Deliberately freaking the Mayor out had definitely been her best idea of the day.

Regina peppered kisses up the inside of her thigh as the flat palms of her hands ran up the back of her legs. Roughly pulling her forwards with a jolt, she let her hands cup Emma's arse, kneading and pinching. Bringing one hand down to Emma's core, she parted her lips, breathing in the musky scent of her arousal. She let her hot tongue run up the entire length of her, her own eyes fluttering closed at the heavenly taste.

Sucking one of Emma's folds into her mouth, as one hand held her hip tight, whilst the other clawed at her arse. Probing her tongue deep into molten core, this was going to get messy.

Hooking one of Emma's legs over her shoulder, changing the angle, she replaced her tongue with two fingers, whist continuing to lick her swollen lips. Fingers inserted to the knuckle, she barely moved them, as she drew tiny circular motions.

Licking the inside of Emma's thigh, she sucked hard, staining her skin with purple affection before kissing her way back up to her eager clit, teasing against the hood with the tip of her tongue as she continued to rock her digits.

Emma thrashed her head wildly against the post as the sensations became too much to bear. She could feel herself building up to the crescendo moment. Her moans incoherent and desperate as she begged, not wanting to come yet, complaining that it was unfair to make her come so quickly. She felt like her body was no longer her own, as it became unresponsive to her own demands as she began to involuntarily gyrate and convulse against Regina's ministrations, as if it was its only function. She continued to mumble incomprehensibly, asking for it to stop and for more all at the same time, until she couldn't help but scream with pleasure as she pressed herself down, grinding hard into Regina's face.

Regina continued to milk her orgasms, as soon as she began to recover from the peak of one earth shattering climax, another took over until her body was so exhausted she collapsed, her legs giving way under her, literally only being held up by Regina's firm grip on her thighs and her mouth at her
Emma's ears rang whilst every joint and tendon in her body ached, her fingertips numb from clutching into the wooden beam and her gums tender from trying to bite down her incessant moans.

They both remained still as they recovered from their efforts, basking in the moment. However this was short lived as they were dragged back to the present by the sound of Mary Margaret and David laughing in the corridor outside the apartment.

Standing up abruptly Regina fumbled with the key in the lock of the cuffs, her heart pounding in her ears as she struggled, the lock jammed.

"Regina quit playing around!" Emma hissed tugging at her restraints in fear and frustration. She was stood directly front facing the door, and her parents walking in on her tied up naked with another woman was the last thing she needed. Especially when said woman had persecuted her family for decades.

"I'm not!" Regina hissed as she fought with the cuffs. The door to the apartment creaked open and for a second Regina paused holding her breath. David stood with his back to them, his arms around his wife whilst they kissed passionately. Fighting the urge to gag, Regina gave a wave of her hand, restoring Emma's clothes and unbinding her wrists in one motion. Turning to the kitchen she grabbed a square of kitchen towel wiping the remnants of their activities from her face. Looking to Emma to confirm she was presentable, she received a nod of agreement.

"Oh what are you doing here?" Mary Margaret asked them both as they stepped into the flat, paper bags in their arms.

Emma shot a glance at Regina before turning back to her parents. "We were discussing Henry ... over lunch." As soon as the words were out of her mouth she cursed herself. Their apartment was void of almost all food, hence the Charming trip to the grocery store.

"You went shopping?"

"No... We had... Cereal..." She said as she eyed the box on the counter.

"But we ran out of milk."

"Dry cereal...?" Emma offered. She could feel Regina roll her eyes at her from behind her; her lie was beyond weak, she knew that, she just hoped David and Mary Margaret didn't notice.

Mary Margaret looked past Emma at Regina in surprise. "You had dry cereal for lunch?!"

"No, I just had coffee." She had standards even when it came to imaginary lunch.

"Black coffee... no sugar..." Emma added, as she eyed the bag of sugar in the grocery bag.

"Would you like to join us for lunch?" Mary Margaret asked with a smile.

"No thank you." They said in unison, desperate to get out of the apartment and the situation.

"I have to be getting back to work," Regina said apologetically as she walked across the room to the door.

"Me to, this town won't sheriff itself." Rushing out of the door, leaving the awkwardness behind.

Regina tossed Emma her cuffs, "you need to order new handcuffs sheriff, these are not adequate, for
work or pleasure."

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Setting the groceries on the counter Mary Margaret said sadly, "is my cooking really that bad?"

"No of course not." David said massaging her shoulders gently. "But how about after we unpacked
the shopping we go and have lunch at Granny's...?"

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When Emma arrived back at the station her phone beeped Start work before 7am tomorrow. R With
a groan she flicked back her conformation.

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Chapter Six Sneak Peak: The one with whipped cream and cinnamon.
Wednesday

Lunch at mine, 12.45 Let yourself in; lunch will be waiting for you on the dining room table. Don't be late, R

Sure enough the door to 108 Mifflin Street was unlocked, letting herself in, Emma walked through the downstairs to the dining room. Coming to an abrupt stop her eyes grew wide as her mouth hung agape.

Regina was atop the dining table, naked, whipped cream covering her breasts and crotch. In one hand sat a pale blue box with a white ribbon and in the other she held a white porcelain jug.

Emma blinked several time before taking another step closer, a Cheshire grin spreading across her face. "Did I forget my birthday?" She laughed, as she licked her tongue out over her dry lips.

"No." Regina laughed back. "But as we both started work early, I figured we could take a long lunch…"

"That does sound acceptable." Stopping in front of the table. "Chocolate?" She asked looking at the warm hot chocolate in the jug. Regina merely nodded with a smile, as she held the gift box out for Emma to take. Untying the ribbon she opened the box, her grin only growing wider as she took out a cinnamon shaker.

"I thought about a waldorf salad, but then I thought you'd prefer this."

Emma let out a guttural moan of appreciation. "Definitely better than salad." she agreed.

"Good, now go upstairs and strip, and place your clothes in a neat pile on the ottoman, don't just fling them anywhere."

"As if I'd dare." Emma said. With a last look at Regina she reluctantly fled, walking as fast as she could without breaking into a run. She was not going to risk missing out on her 'lunch' for the cardinal sin that was 'running in the house'. Stripping she grumbled as she roughly folded her clothes piling them on the bed before walking with speed downstairs and back to Regina.

Staring at the delectable sight again she felt her wetness pool between her legs. The pale cream against Regina's caramel skin. "Are you hungry?"

"God yes!" Her eyes sparked with predatory lust as she roughly pushed Regina back against the mahogany surface, before climbing to kneel next to her.

Dipping a finger into the warm thick yet creamy chocolate sauce, she brought it to Regina's lips, which parted instantly allowing her access. Lowering her head she brought her mouth crashing down, her tongue tasting at the chocolate as they swirled against one other.

Pulling back she smirked devilishly before lifting the jug above Regina's body, tipping it to let the chocolate pool in the valley, before letting it run down over her toned stomach. Setting the jug back down she took the silver shaker from the box, sprinkling a dusting of cinnamon over her cream covered breasts and crotch.

Leaning forward she flicked out her tongue to lick between Regina's cleavage and up over her breast, taking her nipple in her mouth.
They both moaned loudly, Regina at the sensation of Emma's hot tongue the chocolate mingled with the cool cream and the way she bit roughly at her nipple. Emma at the combinations of her favourite flavours, Regina's skin, chocolate and cinnamon.

"Better than Granny's?" Regina asked huskily.

Emma hummed appreciatively against her breast, "so much better." She attacked with vigour, swirling her tongue over her breasts. She teased her nipples, grinding the flat of her down over them as she sucked at her entire areola.

Regina's back arched off the dining table as she forced more of her breast into Emma's eager mouth.

Licking the chocolate clean from the underside of her breast Emma noticed the small bruises staining her rips. She kissed each one softly, thinking back to how she'd dug her fingers into Regina's side as she'd taken her against the wall in the foyer just a couple of days before. She should have felt bad, but instead she smirked against her skin. Regina never let her mark, but whenever she did accidently it filled her with triumphant pride.

Descending down Regina's abdomen she slathered her tongue over her skin, drinking down the chocolate. Nestling between Regina's spread legs her mouth grew dry at the sight of the cream covering her otherwise bare mound.

Glossing over the cream, savouring the spicy, bitter sweet of the cinnamon. She brushed her tongue lower, teasing down Regina's explicity wet centre. Soon her tongue was slithered around inside the moist heated walls. Her tongue surged forward as deep as it could reach.

Emma's sense of smell exploded with the tingling sensation of stimulating aromas emanating from the Regina's core, mingled with the sweet scent of the chocolaty cream. She lost all measure of control and began to fuck her tongue in and out of the Regina, slurping up as much of her as as she could find.

Regina's hands grabbed the back of Emma's head, forcing her to stay, not that Emma had any intention of ever leaving the heavenly buffet. Wrapping her fingers in the soft locks of Emma's hair she pressed her hips up and out, pushing her heated, wet core against the younger woman's lips and that wonderful, wonderful tongue.

Wrapping her legs over toned shoulders she dug her heels into Emma's back as she moaned into her mouth, her lips pursed together in blissful anguish. Pushing herself further up against the Sheriffs mouth, her actions pressing her clit hard against the other woman's lips as she continued to tongue her deeply. Her entire body began to shudder as electricity soared through her as she came hard into Emma's eager mouth.

Smirking with satisfaction Emma kissed her way back up to hover over Regina's mouth. Her breath sweet from all the whipped cream and chocolate.

Fingers still laced in Emma's hair, Regina pulled her down into a deep and slow kiss, moaning at the taste of Emma's tongue as she sucked on it.

"That was so worth starting work at 7am," Emma giggled as she pulled back, resting on one arm as she looked down at the brunette.

"Well." Regina said sitting up. "I suggested we started work early so we could take a long lunch." She gave a wink before hopping down off the table. "I reckon we should go and shower before returning to work, don't you?"
Emma gave a growl of desire before she too jumped down and chased after her.

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Turning on the shower faucets Regina reached in feeling the warm water run over her hands. When it was the perfect temperature, she pulled Emma under the spray with her, exalting in the feel of the hot water running over her skin, down her back, into the crack of her ass, onto her dark hair, and over her breasts.

Their tongues passionately explored each other's mouths, and wasn't long before their hands were also fondling and groping the rest of their bodies. Hands pulled and played with breasts, palms rubbed against hot lips whilst pinching at arse globes.

Before long, Regina had broken off the kiss, and was sucking each of Emma's hard nipples in turn, while running her fingers between her lover's cheeks, occasionally poking a stray fingertip slightly into her arse hole.

She slid her other hand up and down the sides of Emma's smooth, wet thighs causing her to shudder. She slid her hand between Emma's legs and ran her finger across her lips. Regina could easily distinguish between the moisture of the water and the thicker, hotter moisture she was dripping. With the other hand she separated Emma's lips with two fingers, letting the tip of her middle finger tease against her length, before plunging two fingers easily into the sheriff's hot core.

Emma's inner muscles shuddered around Regina's fingers causing them both to groan. She was so wet Regina easily slipped a third and then a forth digit inside of her, quickly picking up her pace.

Emma moaned loudly as Regina continued to thrust into both her entrances, so slick she could almost have fit her entire fist inside of her.

Regina smirked to herself as she shelved the idea for another time. Then, as swifts as her actions had begun, she ended them, withdrawing her fingers. Kissing her way down her body, she paid close attention to her as she went. She nipped at the soft skin of her neck, placed reverent kisses over the underside of her breasts and her tongued at her navel.

Emma swallowed; more like a gulp, as Regina sank to her knees, her face upturned, as she looked through dark lashes sparkling with sweet droplets of water.

Emma's head was hanging downward, her lips parted slightly, eyes fluttered closed in anticipation, the water running down her torso filling Regina's mouth whenever she opened it. Her legs were parted as she felt the familiar warm breath on her wet skin. Naturally, spreading her hips wider, she hooked one leg over Regina's shoulder allowing for easier access.

On her knees for the second time in as many days, Regina started lapping away at the gaping orifice in front of her. Her tongue ran all around Emma's crotch to begin with, and then began concentrating just on her hardened clit. As she licked and sucked on her clit, she carried on fingering her arse.

Emma clutched at her own breasts, roughly pulling at them as she writhed at the mouth below her. She could feel the impending mind-blowing orgasm growing deep inside of her.

As Regina reinserted a finger and massaged against her g-spot, she almost screamed as she dug her fingernails into glistening shoulders.

Looking up into her emerald eyes as she continuously sucked on her clit smiled, her chest heaving. "You like that?" She asked as she broke away.
"Ugh...Yes...Oh God!" She managed between moans. She grasped tighter against Regina's shoulder head to keep herself standing. Her legs were shaking tremendously and as Regina brought her mouth back onto her she moaned loudly again and gyrated her hips into Regina's mouth.

The sensation was so incredibly intense that Emma's legs almost gave way, as her entire body, starting inside her center, was wracked with the wonderful feeling she knew so well, of having Regina bringing her off, because only Regina ever made her feel this way. She shook violently, and Regina gripped the free fingers resting behind her into her arse to stop her falling over. Emma completely gave in to the sensation, cursing loudly.

Regina began sucking intently while fingering her slowly, the unmatched rhythm of my fingers and my mouth kept her coming and coming. Emma couldn't deter her pace and it was driving her crazy. She was almost screaming Regina's name and still climaxing.

"Oh, God! Regina!" She yelled, as she came hard into her lover's mouth. Her hips bucking against Regina's face and fingers in turn, to keep it going as long as she could.

Spent, her body still twitching as the sensations, she couldn't bring herself to move.

Withdrawing her finger from Emma's arse, with a short sharp shock she brought Emma back to reality with a jolt.

"Oh," Emma complained at the loss.

When Regina stood, Emma practically fell into her arms. She was exhausted so Regina held her there against the cold shower wall kissing her neck and face, the water still running over their naked bodies. She smiled knowing she probably wanted to curse her for making her come and jerk so violently, but she just couldn't resist her.

"God you're good! I definitely prefer fucking each other to trying to kill one another."

Regina hummed against her skin in both amusement and agreement. Shutting the water off she stepped out of the shower, wrapping a fluffy white towel around herself, before holding one up for Emma to step into. She dried them both of, with Emma's arms wrapped around her neck, still needing stability for weakened knees.

Back in the bedroom Regina redressed herself, reapplied her make up and blow-dried her hair as Emma watched, naked from across the room as she dried her hair with the towel. When she was office presentable once more, she straddled Emma's legs and opened the drawer next to the bed, pulling out a cardboard box. "Lunch was my way for saying 'thank you' for last weekend." She smiled softly down at the blonde.

Opening the box Emma looked up and smiled back at her. "I got to lick chocolate and cream from your naked body, got the best shower sex of my life and a bear claw! I think maybe you were right, and we should have stepped things up a level a long time ago."

With a hum of amusement Regina climbed off and turned to the mirror as she checked her appearance once more. If she didn't put some distance between her and the blonde, they wouldn't be going back to work.

Taking a bite of the pastry, Emma grabbed her clothes to pull them back on. "Erm, where's my underwear?" She asked, leafing through her items as she checked they definitely weren't there.

"You won't be needing them this afternoon." Looking up into the mirror her dark eyes sparkled as they locked with the perplexed green behind her. "You also won't be wearing any to work
tomorrow, understood!" It wasn't a question/

"Yes." Emma nodded as a jolt of electricity shot to her core. Both the way Regina demanded it of her, and how readily she was to obey the order. The thought of working without underwear was making her grow wet again. Pulling on her clothes back on sans underwear, she laced her boots up her legs. As she stood up the tight denim of her jeans caressed against her crotch and she let out a groan, her eyes fluttering closed momentarily before meeting smiling chocolate eyes staring back at her.

Well the rest of her shift was going to be fun.

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Emma was doing her best not to move, because every time she did her jeans rubbed against her bare sex sending waves of pleasure through her body. She could feel her core throbbing with desire and she dared not know how hot and wet the crotch of the denim was becoming. She pressed her legs together desperate to release some of the growing pressure.

Shaking her head she tried for the third time to write up her latest report. Her attention was pulled from her work as David returned to the station.

"So I eventually caught Pongo on the beach, he's reunited with Dr. Hopper now. Another exciting day as deputy sheriff." He laughed setting down a polystyrene cup in front of Emma.

"I'm grateful for every mind numbingly dull day we have." Emma admitted sitting back in her chair. "It's another day without a real threat to this town."

Nodding in agreement, David perched at the edge of her desk. "I thought you might still be going over that report, I brought you a hot chocolate, complete with whipped cream and cinnamon, just the way you like it." He said gesturing to the cup he had just set in front of her.

Emma groaned and thudded her head onto the desk, would she ever be able to drink her favorite innocent drink again without envisioning Regina's naked body writing beneath her.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah." She mumbled, sitting back with a sigh. "You know how much I love writing reports."

Pushing the cup back towards David she shot him an apologetic look. "I had the most delicious one earlier, and you know when it won't be as good the second time around, sometimes its better to just forego it...?" She wasn't surprised when David merely looked at her in confusion. She was grateful though when he picked up the cup, dropping it into the waste paper basket and returned to his desk. "Thank you though." She added with a smile. Closing her eyes she rubbed her temple, Regina really was going to be the death of her, but what a way to go she thought.

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So what did you think? Let me know

Chapter Seven Sneak Peak: The one with the double ended dildo...
Thursday

Regina awoke to find Emma asleep against her, her toned arms and legs wrapped tightly around her frame. She held the younger woman close, just lying there enjoying the bliss of holding someone in her arms as they slept. Listening to Emma's steady breathing, she closed her eyes, inhaling the soft sweet scent of her hair as she nuzzled close into her loose golden curls.

Looking at the clock she noticed the time, 23:07. They had a rule, Emma never stayed over on a night Henry was home, which most certainly was tonight. Clearly they had both drifted to sleep post orgasm. Sighing, Regina gave a wave of her hand to confirm the silencing spell still covered her bedroom. As she looked back down at the blonde a wicked thought crept into her mind, a small smirk playing on her lips as she thought it over.

After a further twenty minutes of watching and listening to Emma sleep, she decided it was time to have a little fun. Sliding out from Emma, who rolled easily onto her back in her sleep, Regina climbed out of bed, opening the ottoman at the foot of her bed where she kept a few of her toys. Grabbing a double ended glass dildo, she turned back to find a naked Emma in a most openly inviting position, with one leg bent at the knee, her legs apart offering easy access.

Emma was beautiful as she slept; the pale moonlight that fell through the window shone over her body, adding another aura of sensuality. Her blonde hair spilling against the pillow and her soft lips slightly parted as she slept.

Crawling up to position herself between Emma's legs, resting the toy on the bed. Bringing her fingers to Emma's inviting folds, she was not at all surprised to find her already extremely wet, and with her other hand she began to tease her own clit as she did the same to Emma.

Still fast asleep, Emma was wet enough to edge the head of the glass dildo into her. Removing the come-coated tip, she slid it against Emma's clit before moving it up and around core. Surely there was no way she could sleep through that.

Looking up, Regina's met Emma's gaze as she blinked the sleep away, an amused and naughty smile on her lips. Pushing the head in further as Emma spread her legs wider to allow for their toy to penetrate her more. When Regina had about four inches inside of her, she began to thrust into her rhythmically.

Picking up speed, she pounded faster into her, before Regina decided that it was time to mount herself onto her lover and the double-headed dildo. She slid on it easily, gasping as the cold glass came into contact with her own molten hot core.

The action of Regina pushing down on the toy caused more to enter Emma, not that she was complaining, on the contrary as she sounded her pleasure at the full feeling.

Regina moved into a position where she could easily move the cock head in and out of herself while Emma did the same. It was a little awkward at first, but once the two of them got into a rhythm, it was sexual bliss. They both fucked each other for hours, or at least for what felt like hours. Not to an orgasm but just enjoying the very satisfying sensual feelings it created. Each of them moaned and panted to the pleasure pumping in between their legs.

Regina was wearing down and needed release. Looking at Emma she nodded too. It was time to bring themselves to a well deserved climax. Hands holding on to each other's hips they started to buck furiously. Regina slamming into her hard as Emma reciprocated just as strong. The flood of
pleasure was already eclipsing their sexual limits and then the rush of come erupted unto the tool of their gratification.

They both came hard and intensely, so intense that the head of the dildo popped out of Emma's core, hot come spilling onto the sheets.

They collapsed onto the bed completely exhausted. The smell of sex permeated the entire room. Regina's bed now housed a wet pool the size of Lake Nostos and their bodies were covered in a light film of sweat. After a minute to catch her breath, her heart still racing, Regina sat up before she fell back to sleep, "Come on, get up, there's no way we can sleep in these wet sheets."

With a groan Emma rolled out of bed, she was spent, and wanted nothing more than to just curl up and sleep.

With a wave of Regina's hand the sheets uncurled from the bed, flying over to the hamper, as new sheets flew from a draw, setting themselves onto the mattress and tucking themselves in.

Emma stood agape as she watched. "Damn that's a neat trick."

"It's not a trick Emma, it's magic. Now get into the bathroom, we need to get cleaned up."

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They sat in the bath together in silence; Emma leant back against Regina's breasts. They were lit by the silvery light of the moon in the otherwise dark room. The water was warm and clear, and occasionally Regina would lift a sponge from below the surface, letting the soothing water run down over Emma's body as she moved it absent-mindedly over her pale skin.

"Regina." Emma whispered breaking the silence.

She hummed softly for Emma to continue.

"I can't get last weekend out of my head. It was so hot, so intense. I've never felt so...so... I don't even know how to explain it..."

"I know." Regina whispered, as they laced their fingers together. Closing her eyes she pressed a small kiss to the top of Emma's head. "I know."

"I was so turned on all day today at work. The fabric of my jeans teased and drove me wild, but, but it was more than that. Knowing I wasn't wearing any underwear... That I was doing so because you asked, no, told me to..." She ran her thumb over Regina's softly as she smiled into the darkness. "...I really like submitting to you."

"I like it when you do dear, you do it so well."

"I do?" Emma asked eagerly her heart leaping into her throat as she waited for Regina's answer.

Regina smiled, and kissed against her blonde hair again. "Yes, so well."

"I think I'd like us to do it more, a lot more."

"I'm sure we can arrange that." Regina said as she gave a soft chuckle.

Sitting up, Emma turned around quickly, her motions causing water to slosh over the top of the bath. "Can we? Arrange it, I mean. Like could we do it all the time?..." Her words hung in the air. It wasn't the first time she'd thought about it. She'd dabbled with BDSM at different points in her adult
life, even in the year Henry and her had spent in Boston. It was all about trust, and she had never trusted someone as deeply as she trusted Regina.

After a beat Regina asked, "you'd like that?"

"If it was like last weekend and today, rough, hot, submissive…tender, equal, us, family… Then yes, I'd like nothing more than that." Emma admitted.

Regina just smiled back at her, pulling her down into her embrace, where they stayed until the waters began to cool.

Climbing back into bed naked, they spooned into one shape, the sands of sleep taking them both fast.

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Chapter Eight Sneak Peak: The one with the contract
Contract Friday

Emma woke to the shrill ring of the alarm and the harsh light of day burning her eyes, yet she still smiled, because around her waist strong arms held her close, her back pressed against naked breasts. "Morning." She croaked as she felt a soft kiss being placed on her shoulder.

"Morning." Regina smiled against her skin before reluctantly pulling away. "Get dressed quickly." She said as she slipped her robe around herself, tying the satin string in bow at the front. "You have to go home and change before work, and you need to do so before Henry wakes up and realises you stayed the night."

Groaning Emma rolled out of bed, grabbing her clothes from where they had been discarded the night before amidst their passions. Buttoning her blouse up, she looked over to see Regina rubbing lotion into her long toned legs as she sat perched on the edge of the ottoman. "I swear to God woman, are you trying to kill me?" She asked as she pulled up her jeans, which she was embarrassed to find were still a little damp in the crotch.

"Not at all." She said with a smile. "Did you mean what you said last night, about wanting to try and … try and…" Regina gestured with her hands as she tried to find the words.

"Enter a 24/7 BDSM relationship?" Emma offered with a laugh. "And yes, but I don't want to try, I want to do this. I want to belong to you." As she said the words she felt her core muscles throb and ache with desire.

"You're sure?"

"Yes."

She moved to stand in front of the now dressed blonde, sliding hand into the waist of Emma's tight jeans, palm flat against her skin as her fingers found her uncovered sex. Teasing at her she smiled wickedly. "When you change, I expect you to again forgo underwear."

Emma nodded, unable to speak as her throat grew as dry as a desert and a small boulder settled in her throat.

"Oh and Emma," pulling her hand out she walked to the door, turning back before she opened it, "I will be checking."

Closing her eyes for a second Emma fought back a groan of desire, and the urge to throw Regina down against the bed and ravish her. It would have to wait until later, because now they had more important things to worry about, operation 'sneak Emma out without waking Henry'.

"Wait here, until I signal." Regina whispered, as she turned to leave Emma pulled her back, pressing their lips together for a quick chaste kiss. Smiling Regina walked down the landing to Henry's room, knocking before opening the door to wake him. As she stood in the doorway speaking to their son, she gestured a hand behind her, signalling for Emma to leave.

Carefully Emma crept down the staircase and out of the front door, silently closing the door behind her before racing to her car and speeding home. She had a little over thirty minutes before she had to be at the station, and if she sacrificed breakfast she'd have just enough time to get herself off before work.

....
Regina was pleased to find her schedule for the day was virtually empty when she arrived at her office. Settling down at her laptop she opened a blank word document and began to type.

Slave Contract

Slaves Responsibilities

I Emma Swan the slave hereby agrees to submit completely to my Mistress Regina Mills in all ways. There are no boundaries of place, time or situation in which the slave may willingly refuse to obey the directive of the Mistress without risking punishment, except in situations where the slave's veto (see section 1.0.1) applies. The slave also agrees, once entered into the Slavery Contract, their body belongs to their Mistress, to be used as seen fit, within the guidelines defined herein. All of the slave's possessions likewise belong to the Mistress, including all assets, finances and material goods, to do with as they see fit. The slave agrees to please the Mistress to the best of their ability, in that they now exist solely for the pleasure of said Mistress.

Pausing she let her fingers hover over the keys for a second, before running them through her short hair. She hadn't calculated how much typing a contract out would turn her on, but she could already feel her skin growing warm, and she suspected her cheeks were a more than a little flush. She let out an exhale of air before continuing.

Slaves Veto

The slave, where appropriate, holds veto power over any command given by the Mistress, at which time they may rightfully refuse to obey that command. This power may only be invoked under the following circumstances, or where agreed by both the Mistress and the slave.

Where said command conflicts with any existing laws and may lead to fines, arrest, or prosecution of the slave.

Where said command may cause extreme damage to slave's life such as losing their job, causing family stress, et cetera.

Where said command may cause permanent bodily harm (see 4.0.0) to the slave.

Where said command may cause psychological trauma to the slave.

2.0.0 Mistress's Role

The Mistress accepts the responsibility of the slaves body and worldly possessions, to do with as they see fit, under the provisions determined in this contract. The Mistress agrees to care for the slave, to arrange for the safety and well being of the slave, as long as they own the slave. The Mistress also accepts the commitment to treat the slave properly, to train the slave, punish the slave, love the slave, and use the slave as they see fit.

Standing up from her desk she moved to the window, throwing it open. The crisp winter air a welcome sensation against her burning face. Digging her nails into the wooden frame of the window as her eyes closed she tried her best to steady her erratic breathing. "Get a grip." She muttered to herself. It's just a damn contract, she thought; think of it as the same as any other contract you'd write. Returning back to her laptop she continued to type, her smirk once more gracing her blood red lips.

3.0.0 Titles

Slave agrees to address Mistress as 'Queen', 'Majesty', 'Highness' or 'Mistress' when alone, unless otherwise directed. Slave agrees to speak respectfully to Mistress at all times, including times not set
in a scene. Mistress may address slave in any way she so deems fit.

4.0.0 Collar

Mistress agrees to furnish slave with a symbolic token of ownership. Slave agrees to wear this symbol at all times, except with Mistress express permission.

With a whack the temperamental computer in Emma's office groaned to life. Taking out her phone she reread her last text from Regina for the fourth time wondering what it meant. Take a late lunch; you'll know when, R. What did she mean 'she'd know when'? How would she know?

Her day hadn't gotten off to a good start; she'd been called out twice already, once on a hoax and once to recover Pongo again. She had a horrible feeling it was the tone for the day. All she wanted to do was sit at her desk and finish the reports that were multiplying on her desk. "I swear they're breeding." She muttered to herself.

A shrill ring of the office phone brought her from her thoughts. After a short conversation she threw down the receiver and grabbed her jacket. "Come on, we gotta go, Jack and Jill are having a physical altercation in the woods near the well." She called to David.

An hour later she returned with Jill in handcuffs, whilst David took Jack to the hospital with a suspected head injury. Once the prisoner was safely secured behind Emma returned to her office, flopping into her chair with a sigh. Clicking open her emails she groaned, "fourteen unopened messages." She grumbled.

Her eyes fell on a familiar name in the recipient column 'Regina Mills'. As she looked over to the subject field her heart began to pound in her chest "contract" she read aloud. Her hand was shaking as she double clicked to open the message. Was the email what she thought it was? Her palms clammed over as her eyes skimmed desperately over the opening message.

Sheriff Swan,

Attached is the contract we discussed for your approval. Please let me know if you have any questions, thoughts or problems with anything. If/when you're ready to sign, bring it to my office. Take your time; this doesn't need to be agreed today, this week, or even this month.

P.S. I hope it has the same effect on you when you read it, as it did on me when I wrote it.

Mayor Mills

Clicking open the as promised attachment her eyes grew wide 'Slave Contract' It was exactly what she had hoped it was. Licking her lips, she began to read through the document.

3.0.0 Titles

Slave agrees to address Mistress as 'Queen', 'Majesty', 'Highness' or 'Mistress' when alone, unless otherwise directed. Slave agrees to speak respectfully to Mistress at all times, including times not set in a scene. Mistress may address slave in any way she so deems fit.

4.0.0 Collar

Mistress agrees to furnish slave with a symbolic token of ownership. Slave agrees to wear this symbol at all times, except with Mistress express permission.
Pressing her legs together she let out a groan. Reading was definitely having an effect on her. She looked at the stack of paperwork she knew she should be doing before her eyes skirted back to the screen. She was just about to close the file, to do at least an hour of reports before she continued when the title of the next section caught her attention and all good intentions were lost.

5.0.0 Punishment

The slave agrees and understands that any infractions of this agreement, or any act slave commits which displeases Mistress, will result in punishment. Slave will gracefully accept punishment and try to learn from it.

5.0.1 Slaves Responsibilities

The slave agrees to accept any punishment the Mistress decides to inflict, whether earned or not. Slave agrees to assemble the punishment materials as ordered by Mistress and assume any position needed to accept the punishment. The slave understands that failure to comply with Mistress's orders will result in a more severe punishment.

5.0.2 Mistress's Responsibilities

Mistress will inform slave that she is punished when punishment occurs. Mistress will explain the reason for punishment before, during or following the punishment. Mistress agrees to discipline only out of desire to better the slave, and further agrees to never punish out of, or during, feelings of anger.

5.0.3 Rules of Punishment

Punishment of the slave is subject to certain rules designed to protect the slave from intentional abuse or permanent bodily harm (see 7.0.0). Punishment must not incur permanent bodily harm, or the following forms of abuse:

Blood must not be drawn at any time during punishment. Punishment must stop immediately if blood is drawn.

Burning the body.

Drastic loss of circulation.

Causing internal bleeding.

Loss of consciousness.

Withholding of any necessary materials such as food, water or sunlight for extended periods of time.

"Oh God!" She groaned, her imagination running wild, her mind swimming with visions of the ways in which Regina would punish her. She could feel the heat radiating from her core and her bare stiffening nipples grazing against her shirt.

Safety

Mistress agrees to abide by the principles of safe, sane and consensual at all times including but not limited to:

1. Keeping a pair of scissors and at least two spare keys for any handcuffs or chastity devices within reach at all times
2. When using multiple padlocks Mistress shall arrange to use locks with identical keys.

3. Researching and buying the correct equipment taking into consideration correct sizing.

4. Ceasing all activity immediately upon the slave using the safe word (see 7.0.1).

Permanent Bodily Harm

Since the body of the slave now belongs to the Mistress, it is Mistress's responsibility to protect that body from permanent bodily harm. Should the slave ever come to permanent bodily harm during the course of punishment or in any other slavery-related activity, whether by intention or accident, it will be grounds for immediate termination of this contract, should the slave so desire. Permanent bodily harm shall be determined as:

Death

She was kidding, right?

Any damage that involves loss of mobility or function, including broken bones.

Any permanent marks on the skin, including scars, burns, or tattoos, unless accepted by the slave.

Any loss of hair, unless accepted by the slave.

Any piercing of the flesh, which leaves a permanent hole, unless, accepted by the slave.

Any disease that could result in any of the above results, including sexually transmitted diseases.

8.0.0 Equipment

In accordance to the terms set out herein the submissive is open to the following equipment being used on her: hands, ropes, clamps, clips, floggers, whips, canes, dildos, butt plugs, vibrators, ice, wax, cuffs, chains, restraints.

If the Dominant wishes to use other equipment, she agrees to discuss such use before hand with the submissive.

8.0.1 Mistress's Responsibilities

Mistress shall provide and prepare all tools, toys and safety equipment for every scene including but not exclusively ropes, leather, metal, spandex, latex, PVC, rubber, duct tape. Bondage materials may be combined with the use of a leash, spreader bar, furniture, mouth gag, earplugs, blindfold and/or other accessories as mutually agreed by the parties.

8.0.2 Slaves Responsibilities

Slave agrees to clean and maintain all toys, have them available for Mistress's use at all times, and inform Mistress of any needed repairs or replacements.

Emma hummed to herself, "well that all sounds reasonable enough." She muttered under her breath as she continued to read.

9.0.0 Limits

The submissive shall have ultimate say through the use of a safe word in matters of pain. The parties will not engage in the following acts unless mutually agreed upon otherwise: abrasion play, anal
torture, needle play, edge play, genitorture, golden showers and scat play.

Mistress agrees to never violate these limits without prior negotiation and consent by, slave.

Safe word

Slave agrees to accept responsibility of using a safe word when necessary. Slave acknowledges the safe word is 'Snow White'. Mistress accepts the responsibility of ceasing all activities immediately upon the slave calling the safe word. Mistress agrees not to punish the slave for use of the safe word.

If the sub has apprehensions but still wishes to continue, she shall raise her concerns by addressing Mistress by her real name first. During all other times she shall address Her as agreed in Section 3.0.0

Picking up her phone she flicked Regina a text Are we really sticking with Snow White? After a minute her phone beeped with Regina's reply. As I said before, unless you think you're at risk of calling it out in the throws of passion… Are you? Rolling her eyes, she text obviously not back to her. Several minutes passed before I phone beeped again. Then I fail to see your problem, the safe word stays.

Damn that woman, she thought as she through her phone back on her desk before resuming her reading.

8.0.0 Aftercare

Following a bondage scene the parties agree to provide each other with appropriate aftercare including: talking about the scene/being quiet, cuddling/time together/alone time, leaving clean up for later/putting away tools immediately, refreshments/treats.

9.0.0 Other

The slave may not seek any other Master/Mistress or lover or relate to any others in any sexual or submissive way without their Mistress's permission. To do so will be considered a breach of contract, and will result in extreme punishment. The Mistress may accept other slaves as lovers, but must consider the slave's emotional response to such actions and act accordingly. Under no circumstances should the Mistress allow such actions to unbalance the slave emotionally, or allow such actions to result in ignoring the slave.

The Mistress may give the slave to other Mistresses provided the rules of this contact are upheld. In such a situation, the Mistress will inform the new Mistress of the provisions stated herein, and any breach by the new Mistress will be considered a breach by the Mistress as well, subject to all rules stated in the contract.

Desire and trepidation coursed through her at the thought of Regina taking on other slaves and giving her to someone else.

Privacy and Confidentiality

All physical evidence of the slavery will be kept in total secrecy, except where both Mistress and slave agree. Any violation of this clause shall be cause to terminate this contract, should the injured party wish it. The materials and physical evidence shall be kept under lock and key in a place acceptable to both parties.

11.0.0 Alteration of Contract

This contract may not be altered, except when both Mistress and slave agree. If the contract is
altered, the new contract shall be printed and signed, and then the old contract must be destroyed.

Emma was so absorbed in the email to notice David's return to the station. Amused at her obvious distraction, he crept into her office sneaking around the desk before clapping his hands down on her shoulders causing her to jump in shock.

Quickly clicking the email to minimise she turned back her heart pounding, her breath laboured at both the surprise, and the fear he'd seen what she was reading.

"Aha! I caught you!" He said pointing at the computer.

Her heart faltered as she swallowed hard, racking her head for something to say to him.

"Playing computer games on hard earned tax payers dollars instead of doing your paperwork!"

Picking up the stack of files he dropped them in front of her with a smile. "They haven't even moved since last night."

"Errrr.. Yeah you caught me." Emma shook her head a little to clear her mind as relief washed over her.

"Are you okay?" He asked concerned, "your cheeks are a little pink."

"Yeah, I just need some fresh air. I'm going to take a walk in a minute, and grab a bite to eat. I didn't stop for lunch."

"Emma!" David reprimanded. "It's nearly three o'clock."

"I know, I know!" Holding her hands up in front of herself in her defence. "I have an email I need to read, but then I'll go. Anyway, how's Jack faring?"

"He's in surgery, he has a scull fracture and some brain swelling."

As he retold the news from the hospital, all Emma could think was can't they just use vinegar and brown paper? When his tale was done, David left the office to resume his own paperwork, leaving Emma to continue reading the contract.

12.0.0 Termination of Contract

This contract may be terminated at any time by the Mistress, but never by the slave, except under special considerations explained within the contract. Upon termination, all physical evidence of the slavery, including this contract will be destroyed, and all materials and belongings shall belong to the Mistress, to be shared or kept as they see fit. The slave, owning nothing and having agreed to give up all worldly possessions and body to the Mistress shall once again own their body, but nothing else, unless the Mistress decides to give back their possessions.

She spent a further ten minutes reading the rest before grabbing her keys and practically running out of the station and racing to City Hall.

Ignoring Regina's secretary she barged into the Mayors office, coming to a halt in front of her desk. On top of the desk, facing Emma was a bound copy of the contract, looking up from it she met Regina's sparkly gaze her arms crossed in front of herself as a smug grin adorned her lips. Why did she have to look so hot when she was so self-satisfied.

Standing up Regina walked around her desk, standing directly in front of the Sheriff. "Is this what you want, what you really want?" She asked. "I won't think any less of you if you don't sign this
"No, this is what I want." Emma said adamantly, with a nod for added confirmation. "I want this Regina."

"You know we can still explore BDSM without committing to it twenty-four seven?"

"I want this." She repeated. Closing the gap they kissed, hard and deep. Pulling apart, Emma flicked to the last page of the contract, picking up a black fountain pen she signed her name

13.0.0 Slave's Signature

I have read and fully understand this contract in its entirety. I agree to give everything I own to my Mistress, and further accept their claim to ownership over my physical body. I understand that I will be commanded, trained and punished as a slave, and I promise to be true and to fulfil the pleasures and desires of my Mistress to the best of my abilities. I understand that I cannot withdraw from this contract except as stated in this contract.

Signature: _Emma Swan_

Turning back to Regina she handed the pen over smiling as she too signed her name.

14.0.1 Mistress's Signature

I have read and fully understand this contract in its entirety. I agree to accept this slave as my property, body and possessions, and to care for them to the best of my ability. I shall provide for their security and well being and command them, train them, and punish them as a slave. I understand the responsibility implicit in this arrangement, and agree that no harm shall come to the slave as long as they are mine. I further understand that I can withdraw from this contract at any time.

Signature: _Regina Mills_

Placing the pen down, Regina pulled Emma to her by her hips. "You're now mine, my property, you belong to me in every way."

Emma let out a small moan as her eyes fluttered closed at the words, wetness flooding between her legs.

"I'll buy you a collar, which you will wear at all times, but until then I want you to wear something of mine." Regina said. "Take off your necklace."

Reaching around Emma unhooked the clasp of the gold necklace she always wore. It had been a gift to herself when she had gotten out of prison, a promise to herself, to trust her gut. She was.

"Hand out." Regina slowly lowered the gold chain she was holding into Emma's open palm.

Emma ran her thumb over the small gold tree, "it's beautiful." She breathed.

"Thank you, it was mine." Regina smiled softly. "You will wear it until we get you a collar, do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

Her voice was stern, and it immediately made Emma tremble with desire. "Yes Mistress." She
whispered as she clasped the necklace closed, smiling as she continued to caress the pendant.

Walking back around her desk, Regina slid her underwear down her legs before sitting back down in her chair, opening her top drawer to hide the garment from sight. "Now that you're mine, be a good little slut and get on your knees and eat me out, slow. I want you to use your both your considerable skills and your poor restraint. I don't want to climax for at least twenty minutes, but that doesn't mean I want a drop in pleasure, do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress." She quickly made her way around to the far side of the desk to stand in front of Regina.

"Wait, turn around." Regina reached for the Sheriffs cuffs; she slipped them over her wrists, tightening them until the metal cut into her skin. "I hope you purchased new handcuffs, because I'm not using magic to release you this time."

"I did Mistress."

"Good." Spinning her around she roughly forced Emma to her knees before moving her skirt up her own hips and her chair forward. As Emma enthusiastically began her efforts to please her new Mistress, Regina picked up her phone to speak to her secretary. "Please make sure we are not disturbed, that it all."

Sitting back in her chair Regina smiled as she looked down. The door to her office was unlocked, and her desk didn't have a back to it. Meaning that if anyone did walk in, Emma's actions would be totally exposed. After all what was life without a little danger?

Arms bound behind her, Emma was learning how to balance as she leans forward, her tongue dancing over Regina's abundant wetness.

Regina sighed in annoyance as the phone rang; picking it up she smirked at the sound of the voice on the line. "David what a pleasant surprise." She gave a soft slap to the back of Emma's head, signalling for her to continue as she had stopped upon hearing her father's name. "Actually I'm a little busy right, maybe tomorrow afternoon?" She bit back a moan as Emma probed her tongue deep inside of her. "Your sources were not mistaken, Sheriff Swan is indeed here.... No need, she's eating right now. Would you like me to put her on the phone?"

Emma froze in horror as she sat back a little, her nose and face covered with Regina's wetness.

With a glare of disappointment Regina grabbed a fistful of blonde hair, forcing her back between her legs. "I'll send her back to you soon, just as soon as I'm finished with her." Her hips jolted involuntarily against Emma's tongue as she flicked her clit. "I'll tell her." She said before placing the receiver back in the cradle. Stroking the back of Emma's head, Regina let her head fall back into the chair. "Your father wanted me to tell you that he and Henry have decided to go finishing tomorrow." Lacing her fingers through Emma's hair once more, she pulled harshly so that dark emerald eyes met her own. "Would you like to come over for a play date?"

"Yes Mistress."

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So what did my little faeries think? Let me know, good or bad. I don't bite... Much ;)

Chapter 9 Sneak Peak: The one where her dignity isn't all Emma loses
Straightening the lapel of her red leather jacket, Emma tried to shake the smug grin from her face as she waited for Regina to answer the door. It was Saturday morning, their arranged 'play-date' and Emma was fifteen minutes early for their 'appointment', and was rather proud of herself, as she was nearly always late for everything. This was their first time together since signing the contract the day before, and Emma wanted to make a good impression, and try to go at least five minutes without being punished. She would have arrived at Regina's manor even earlier, but she had waved Henry and her father off that morning, as they left for their first fishing expedition together, and had then had to white-lie to Mary Margaret when she had asked why they couldn't spend mother-daughter bonding time together. She had in part felt guilty, she did want to spend more time with Mary Margaret, but not only had she already agreed to a play date with Regina, with unknown consequences if she called to cancel, but she also really really wanted to be there, more than she wanted to gossip over coffee and magazines.

"You're early, I'm not ready for you. I suppose you will need a little training to keep you from making my schedule completely haphazard." Regina snapped, her forehead was creased in annoyance and her arms were crossed in front of herself as she glared at the blonde.

Emma's smug look evaporated under Regina's hot gaze, her heart pounding with fear of punishment, however this feeling was vastly overshadowed by her fear that she had disappointed her new Mistress, that she would regret taking her on as her submissive, that she wasn't good enough, and that Regina would soon realize it and toss her to one side.

Taking Emma's hand she pulled her into her house, magicing the door closed behind them as she dragged Emma down the hallway and into her den to a straight backed chair. "Jeans and panties off and get over my lap!" She demanded as she took her seat.

Kicking her shoes off, Emma slid her jeans down, followed by her underwear. It was the first time in days Regina hadn't ordered her to go without underwear in advance, but she suspected that the previous 3 hours was all the use she'd get out of them that day. Lying over Regina's lap she couldn't help but tense her arse cheeks in her anticipation of the impending assault. "Mistress I'm sorry," she
whispered in defense. "I thought you'd be pleased I was early, instead of late."

Ignoring her pleas Regina began administering fifteen hard smacks as befitting the transgression of arriving fifteen minutes early. She spanked both cheeks repeatedly, in the same spot, the blonde's cries of discomfort escalating into screams as the spanking proceeded until Emma's arse was burning hot and glowing.

"Put your panties in your mouth before you alert the entire town with your childish fussing. I've never seen a grown woman carry on so. What will we do when you really need some discipline? I guess I'll have to take you out to the stables or something."

Emma couldn't suppress the moan that escaped her lips at the thought of Regina taking her to the stables. A lone tear ran down her cheek, in sympathy of the smarting of her rear cheeks. Reaching out she obediently took her discarded underwear, closing her eyes softly as she placed the fabric in her mouth, a make shift gag. But it was more than that; it was a symbol, a symbol of her degradation.

When Regina's punishment came to an end, Emma stayed still, biting down on the fabric of her panties, forcing herself not to cry. She jolted in surprise as she felt a finger run against her core, seconds later that finger was pressed against her lips. Taking her finger in her mouth she groaned again at the taste of her own wetness as she moved it between her tongue and her panties. Regina's finger was soaked and Emma couldn't deny how turned on she was, how the harder Regina was with her the more aroused she became.

"Straddle me." Not one to mince her words, as usual Regina was straight to the point.

Climbing off, Emma gingerly straddled Regina's lap, wincing as her arse came into contact with Regina's legs. She closed her eyes to again fight back tears, as Regina parted her legs, so that Emma's cheeks were no longer resting against her legs, but instead suspended midair, as she wrapped her arms tightly around her waist to hold her up.

"Look at me."

Reluctantly Emma let her gaze meet her Mistresses, her eyes were glassy and her face pale.

"I expect you to be on time when I ask you to be, not early, and certainly not late, but on time. Is that too much to ask of my slut? Do you not want to please your Mistress? Isn't that what you signed up for?"

"No mistress! Yes Mistress! I..." The tears of shame began to fall freely; the disappointment on Regina's face and in her tone of voice was too much to bear. "I'm so sorry," her voice cracked "it won't ever happen again. I promise you mistress, I promise!"

"Hush!" Brushing away a stray tear with the pad of her thumb she smiled softly. "I will always be fair. Firm, but fair."

Emma nodded; it was more than she had ever hoped for. Regina was indeed as sweet and soft at times as she had been before they had signed the contract, more so even. When Emma had dabbled with BDSM in the past, she had found it to just be about control and dominance. She had never felt an equal, or as though she mattered, but Regina was different; She made her feel safe, respected, desired, and dare she say... loved. No... No she dared not think of such things.

Sighing softly Regina leant her forehead against Emma's, her eyes closed as she basked in the moment's silence. Swallowing hard she forced herself not to think, not to think about Emma, about them, about what they were or what they could be. "I'd like to take something from you Emma, a
symbol. You signed the contract giving yourself to me, but I don't know if you fully comprehend what that means." Her voice was soft and calm as she spoke, her fingers gently caressing over the back of Emma's hands, comforting her, relaxing her. "I want to take something from you" she repeated.

Pulling back Emma looked into Regina's now opened eyes, her own watery and red, her lashes stuck together by the remnants of her tears. She gave a gentle nod as she swallowed to clear her throat. Sitting up straighter, ignoring the pain it caused she nodded again, "yes Mistress." Perhaps she should have felt fear, or trepidation. Perhaps she should have been curious. She wasn't. All she felt was an overwhelming desire to please her Mistress, her Regina. An overwhelming yearning to give Regina everything she desired, which in turn would give herself everything she desired.

"Good girl." Holding Emma's weight with her hands, she helped her swing her legs over to stand, ensuring she didn't cause her anymore pain than necessary. She'd been punished, and she'd learnt from it. The slight sting would be a reminder, and that was all Emma needed right now.

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Regina placed a fluffy towel down onto the seat of the black leather gynecology chair that stood in the center of her basement. If Emma hadn't been blindfolded, she would have wondered where the chair had come from, as she hadn't seen it on her previous visits. However Emma was blindfolded. She was knelt on the ground naked except for the black satin, which covered her eyes. She waited patiently as Regina set up the room, something Regina had informed her, and she wouldn't have had to do had she arrived at the instructed time. The dark marble floor was cold, hard and very uncomfortable, and was serving as a strong lesson. Emma was quickly realising she didn't want to spend any more time than necessary in this position, and vowed in silence to herself to do everything in her power to prevent further punishment.

If Emma hadn't have been blindfolded, she might also have wondered what it was exactly Regina planned to do to her. She grimaced at the sound the sound of metal on marble as Regina wheeled a surgical instrument tray next to the chair. This was followed by the sound of Regina's heels clicking further away, followed by silence. Deafening silence. Emma hated to be abandoned when she was blindfolded. She felt the darkness surround her, engulfing her. For the first time that day her heart began to pound as she suffocated in the sweet desolation.

Emma jumped as a hand was gently placed on her shoulder, "Mistress?" She whispered, unsure if she was permitted to speak or not. Her heart threatened to rupture from her chest. She hadn't heard the click of Regina's heels as she had walked back across the room, so who was this stranger who stood over her naked submissive form?

"Stand pet."

Her heart leapt from her chest, it was her Mistress. Why had she removed her heels? Was she barefoot? Was she naked? The not knowing set her imagination wild, running free at the many possibilities. Blindfolded, her imagination was all she had. Rising to her feet, she held her hands out in front of herself as Regina guided her to the chair. Once sat down, her hands were soon bound. They weren't handcuffs this time, she couldn't feel the cold metal against her skin, instead she felt the tight binding of wide leather cuffs. The soft towel under her didn't go unnoticed, and once more she felt overwhelming gratitude prick at her eyes. She felt her legs spread wide as they were secured, unbeknownst to her in the stirrups of the chair. Her ankles were then also strapped down with cuffs matching those around her wrists.

Sitting down on a small stool, Regina sat between Emma's legs. Wheeling the surgical tray closer, she let her hand rest for a moment against the cold steel edge as she watched Emma's expression.
Passive and calm, there wasn't so much a flicker of fear. Placing a hand on Emma's knee she slowly moved her fingers up the inside of her submissives thigh, to the dip of her groin. Lacing her fingers through the downy curls scattering Emma's pubis she gave a harsh yank, causing her to cry out in pain and surprise.

Realisation dawned on Emma like the first light of a new day, flooding her with excitement and a pinch of fear. She had never been bare before, just well maintained, and the thought caused her heart to race once more at the image.

Regina turned to the shaving kit atop the table aside a towel and hot water. Taking a small pair of silver scissors, she began to trim, her free hand gently caressing Emma's inner thigh, subtly assuring her. Taking the small brush she foamed up the shaving cream and began to gently apply it to Emma's groin, ensuring she was evenly covered. Picking up the safety razor she smiled softly as she looked at Emma's face, still as calm as before, so full of trust she thought. It made her heart swell to have Emma's genuine trust. With a small flourish she brought the blade slowly across her mound, taking care not to cut her as she worked deftly.

The only sound to fill the room was Emma's soft breathing and the crackle of the hairs as they were cut. Regina rinsed the razor in the water between each stroke, shaving until all trace of hair was gone. Taking a damp flannel she wiped away the left over foam until Emma was clean and completely bare.

Taking a small bottle of post treatment oil she poured a little in her hands before tenderly massaging it into Emma's freshly exposed skin.

With a flick of Regina's wrists Emma's blindfold vanished into a cloud of smoke. Her arms and legs still bound, all Emma could do was lean her head forward to see her 'new do'. A small gasp escaped her lips as she looked down.

Regina had dipped her head, her hot tongue licking up the full length of Emma's wet slit. The restrained blonde couldn't help but let out a moan at the delectable sight, she always loved Regina between her legs, but somehow this was the most erotic it had ever seemed. As Regina lifted her gaze to meet Emma's, her tongue running against her top lip before taking her bottom lip between her teeth as she smirked her signature smirk. Emma shuddered; she shuddered in delight, excitement, trepidation and desire.

With a painfully slow motion, Regina eased a finger between swollen folds, then two.

Bound to the chair, all Emma could do was rock her hips against Regina's steady rhythm, swaying from side to side. She groaned as Regina added a third finger as she teased the flat of her tongue against the blonde's swollen clit. The blood had surged, and it was erect and exposed from its hood, blossoming.

Sucking Emma's clit into her mouth, she let her teeth gently graze against it as she ground her fingers deep inside of her, denying her sub the pace she craved, the intensity she needed. Without warning she pulled back, standing up, and with a wave of her hand Emma's blindfold was restored.

The pounding of her heart once more returned, as Emma tried to steady her breathing, concentrating on the sounds, hoping for any clue as to what Regina would do next. She couldn't just leave her like that, could she?

The sound of metal rattling as Regina wheeled the table away from the foot of the chair was replaced by silence. Barefoot, she could move like a panther in the night. Emma's senses were heightened by her lack of sight, and she strained to hear the smallest of sounds, but all she could hear was silence. A
match being struck close to her right side caused her to start, the subtle smell of burning and the soft warmth against her cheek surprisingly soothing. This feeling was short lived as she let out a gasp of pain and shock.

Regina smirked to herself as she watched Emma as she pulled against the restraints, a long thin purple trail of wax running between the blonde's breasts and down to her navel. The wax cooled on impact and its dark glossy opaque iridescence was stark contrasts to Emma's pale skin. She was mesmerised as she dropped more wax over soft breasts, tight abs and toned thighs, at the way in which Emma arched her back, moaning wantonly with every delicious sting.

And then they heard it, the loud knock of Regina's front door echoing through the house and down to the basement. Sighing slightly, Regina closed her eyes for a moment in annoyance before giving a quick blow to the candle and setting it between Emma's parted legs, gently touching against her aching core, subtly teasing her.

"Don't go anywhere slut, I'll be back." And with that Regina left Emma tied up alone and naked in the basement. The only proof Emma had that she had indeed left was the sound of the basement door closing and the heavy brass latch being slid shut followed by the distant muffled sound of Regina's voice at the front door. Don't go anywhere she thought, where was it exactly she thought she might go?

So this chapter isn't a fantasy/experience of my own, however I hope this doesn't show too much, and that you still enjoyed it.

So there you are little faeries, what do you think? Check out my Tumblr. for your chance to win my TGIBDSMF competition x

Chapter 10 Sneak Peak: The one with the egg
Dinner Date Saturday

Chapter Notes

Once again my lovely beta was given very little time to turn this around, I’m a bad bad writer ☹
This chapter is dedicated to all those who leave comments, especially to those faeries who leave comments every week, it means so much to me to have such wonderful readers. Mwah, I love you!
Warning: This chapter has smut, angst and fluff (an entirely new combo for me, I know. Usually I write smut, smut with a little more smut and sometimes I even put a helping of smut on the top). So I hope you enjoy a different side. It is important to me to show the many sides of a developing BDSM relationship, and not just the sex, its more than that. So much more than that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They sat in the diner, the five of them, David, Mary Margaret, Henry, Emma and Regina. It was Saturday evening and the boys had returned from their fishing expedition empty handed and crestfallen. Snow had decided that as they had no fish for supper, they should all go out for dinner, Regina too. At one point in time Regina would have shuddered at the thought of an awkward family meal in the cheap diner, but times had changed. Too much of the Charmings’ over positive ‘half full’ attitude still gave her a migraine and the urge to incinerate small rodents, but in small doses she found herself not entirely irritated.

She found herself enjoying evenings like this even more when she knew that Emma was trying her best not to squirm every time the brunette turned dial of the wireless remote up, a remote, which was linked to the egg that was, buried deep inside of Emma. Once Regina almost choked on a sip of her wine, after cranking the dial up another notch, causing Emma to yelp in surprise and pleasure, and almost jump out of the booth.

Emma’s grip was so tight around her cutlery her knuckles shone white as she grit her teeth desperately trying to suppress her moans. She sat opposite her son, and between her mother and father, it wasn’t the most ideal situation to be teased incessantly, but Regina had been playing with the remote for the better part of two hours, and by the look on her face, and the sparkle in her eyes, Emma guessed she was enjoying herself immensely.

Regina was indeed enjoying herself immensely. Her eyes sparkled as she watched Emma’s tortured struggle. The flush of her cheeks, the harsh set of her jaw biting down hard, the conscious steady breathing, as though she was coaching herself on how to inhale and exhale. Rocking the dial under her thumb she teased, a pendulum of sensations. As soon as she turned the vibrations up they once more dropped to a steady hum, and then back to a more persistent buzz and so on and so forth.

“So you boys had a good day?” Mary Margaret asked.
"It was awesome mum!" Henry, David and Regina were stood in the Mills kitchen as Henry relayed the tales of the day with delightful enthusiasm. “We caught this fish and it was huge and David was trying to reel it in but it was so strong and it just kept swimming deeper, and then SPLASH!” His exclamation was punctuated by his small hands hitting the kitchen counter top, "David fell overboard" at this he fell into an uncontrollable giggle fit, slumping down the counters to the floor.

Turning around with a smile Regina gestured at David's sopping wet clothes. "Well that explains the attire, I thought seaweed was a fashion statement."

Shaking his head, David laughed, "No." Reaching behind his ear he pulled free a stray strand of green kelp. "He won't get away from us again though, next time we'll be ready, right!"

Henry nodded with a grin, "but I'm bringing a video camera just in case."

Regina and David laughed as Henry skipped out of the kitchen and up the stairs to his room. Pouring two cups of coffee she smiled leaning back against the counter "I can dry those clothes for you if you'd like, I wouldn't want you to catch a cold."

"Would you?!" He knew if Mary Margaret found out about his little accident she’d prevent him from going again, or worse, she’d make him wear some hideous neon buoyancy aid.

"Of course." With a wave of her hand David's clothes were dry once more, with no evidence of his trip into the blue. "A knight in flannel is one thing, but a wet knight in flannel is something all together different." She teased with a laugh.

"Behave." He laughed back before adding, "if you know how."

Feigning offence she brought a hand to her chest "Moi?" She laughed.

“Can I ask a favour of you Regina?” David asked cautiously.

“You can ask, I might not agree, but you can ask.”
He couldn’t help but smile, he preferred Regina so much more when they weren’t trying to kill each other. “Mary Margaret –” He began.

Holding her hands up Regina smiled understanding exactly where the conversation was heading. “You don’t want her to know you were taking swimming lessons from a cod.”

“Yes.” He admitted, ashamed that he was asking her to lie.

“Consider it out little secret.” She winked before laughing and changing the subject. "So how was he?"

"As well behaved as always, though he did complain about wanting his-

"Muuuuuuuuum!" Henry's voice echoed through the house as he thundered down the stairs.

"No running and no shouting Henry Mills, you know the rules in this house." Regina rolled her eyes as David laughed.

Skidding to a halt in the kitchen Henry donned his puppy face, one Regina was fast realising was definitely a family trait passed down from his mother’s side. "Where's my games console?"

"I guess it's where you last had it, isn't it. If you put things away properly you wouldn't have this problem." They had this discussion daily and she wondered why she bothered.

"I was in your den when you were working the other day!" He exclaimed happily as he remembered where he had left his game.

"I'll get it!" Regina snapped before repeating a little softer. "I'll get it, why don't you find David a biscuit, I think it's the least he deserves."

In her den Regina picked up Emma's still discarded clothes, folding them and placing them in the bottom drawer of her desk. The last thing she needed was their son finding Emma's underwear in
her office; there was no good way she could think to explain that. Leaving the room she cursed, remembering Henry's game, it would arouse suspicion if she returned without it. Fetching it from the side, she smiled as she walked down the hallway, past her secret basement door leading to where Emma was still tied up at her mercy, her father feet away in the kitchen oblivious to his daughter’s current situation.

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“Emma are you okay, you’ve barely touched your ice cream sundae.” Mary Margaret asked worriedly.

Her gaze flickered from between her mother and her Mistress, her cheeks still flushed crimson. “I’m fine.”

“She looks like she needs to lie down in a dark room somewhere.” Ruby shot Regina a knowing smile, she was stood by their booth one hand cocked on her hip, the other behind Regina resting on the back of her seat.

Smirking back at Ruby, Regina nodded her head in agreement as her eyes raked over the younger brunettes appearance. “Yes, I think you're right.”

Emma felt jealously creep over her skin like a virus. She had never thought herself as a particularly envious individual, but watching the way the two brunettes looked at each other, made her want to jump over the table and kiss Regina in front of everyone. She didn’t.

"I'll get this, my treat" Regina said opening her purse.

"No, I invited you, I'm paying." Mary Margaret said placing bills onto the cheque that Ruby had just delivered.

"Then I'll cover the tip." Regina insisted.

Emma watched as she handed a more than generous tip to Ruby, she watched the way they touched, Regina's thumb caressing the back of her hand for a moment. She watched Ruby's uncharacteristic bashful yet gleeful smile as Regina complimented her on her attentiveness. She watched, all she could do was watch.
Grabbing her coat the blonde fled the diner; she felt sick, her head spinning, and her heart pounding. She leant back against the wall of Granny’s, her shaky breath clouding in the cold nights air as she wrapped her arms around herself for warmth, and comfort. She groaned inwardly at the sound of the bell chiming as Mary Margaret, David and Henry came out of the diner, she knew Regina was behind them, she could feel her eyes upon her, but she could not bring herself to look at her, she would not let Regina see her cry.

“Emma you look terrible!” Mary Margaret gasped as she rushed towards her, taking Emma’s pale face between her gloved hands.

“Gee thanks!” Emma breathed, pulling free from her mothers grip. “I think I just want to go home, I just need to be alone.”

Reaching into her jacket pocket for the remote, Regina turned the egg off. Emma gasped at the void, she felt like her world had just been unplugged, and everything she had come to know. 24hours, it was 24hours since she had signed the contract, how had she gotten so deep so quickly. Was Regina bored now she had her? Was Ruby her replacement or her predecessor? “I just want to be alone.” Pushing past her parents she fled, tears burning down cold cheeks. She tried to tell herself it was from the wind stinging at her eyes and not the emotions bubbling inside of her.

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Emma felt her heart skip a beat at the welcome sound of Regina’s heels clicking down the steps of the basement, turning her head she beamed as the brunette came into view. “I thought you’d forgotten about me.” She said, her smile turning sad.

“Never.” Regina smiled back reassuringly. In her hands were Emma’s clothes, which she set down on the bed. Coming to stand at the foot of the chair, she caressed her hands up Emma’s calves as she spoke to her. “I’m sorry for leaving you, it wasn’t a punishment.” She explained. “Your father brought Henry home, and he’s invited us all to Grannies for dinner, Henry is just in the shower now.” Taking the candle from between Emma’s legs she returned it to its rightful home in her ‘chest of desires’. Reaching into the box she took out a remote control egg, a personal favorite of hers, she slipped it into her pocket with a smile.

She returned to Emma with a bowl of fresh water and clean cloths, placing them back down onto the silver table. Sat at Emma’s side she placed a large sponge in the warm soapy water, before running it over Emma’s torso, cleaning off the spirograph of dried purple wax.

Emma watched Regina’s face as she worked, the tender look in her eyes, the softness of her features. This was not the Evil Queen she had been told so much about, or even the cold Mayor or dominating Mistress she had born witness to. This was the caring mother and affectionate lover that few were lucky to see, but she saw.
The warmth of the water against the cool of the basement made Emma’s fine hairs stand on end, as a shiver ran through her. Without a word Regina gave a wave, the warm glow of the fire flickering to life was seen.

When Emma was clean, at least externally, Regina deftly untied her restraints, freeing Emma from her bonds. “Sit up.”

Emma sat imminently, smiling down at the brunette, something Regina couldn’t allow. Standing in her heels, Regina once more towered over her pet. “I have a present for you.” She said taking the egg out of her pocket. “I want you to insert this, and then get dressed.”

Emma laughed at the realisation of what her Mistress had planned for her. “Yes Mistress.” She said taking the egg from her outstretched hand. She was still insanely wet, and the black egg slid inside without resistance and her internal muscles automatically clenched around the velvety plastic. Swinging her legs over the side of the chair, she hopped down to get dressed, as her Mistress had commanded of her.

Watching in silence, Regina smiled in amusement as she occasionally turned the egg on, delighting the way Emma would jolt in surprise every time. “You’re not allowed to come slut, do you understand.”

“Yes Mistress.” She replied as she returned to stand in front of Regina ready for inspection.

“No matter how close you get, you will not come.”

“I understand Mistress.”

“Good girl.” Pulling Emma in by the nape of her neck, Regina kissed her passionately, her tongue forcing entrance as she pressed their bodies together. “You’re mine.”

Emma’s phone rang out in the dark silence of her room. She ignored it listening to the persistent ring, as she stared into space. Finally as the caller seemed to show no sign of hanging up she answered. “What?!” she snapped. She knew she shouldn’t, even if she hadn’t read the caller ID she’d have known whose voice she’d have heard on the other end of the line.
“Hush kitten!”

Regina's soft calming voice almost broke her to tears. Bringing her knees to her chest “please” her voice cracked.

Regina sighed; she was sat on the foot of her bed in a floor length silver satin nightgown. To anyone else one word alone would mean nothing, but to Regina that ‘please’ said a thousand words. It conveyed every tangled emotion and thought Emma was enduring. With her phone still pressed to her ear she walked down the corridor to Henry’s room, silently opening the door, she watched their son sleeping blissfully, her heart swelling with love. Closing the door she checked the protection spell she had cast, encompassing his room before disappearing into a cloud of purple smoke.

Placing a hand on Emma's shoulder she sat behind her on the bed, gently pulling her into her strong embrace, her fingers running through her long blonde hair as she gently rocked her.

“You and Ruby.” Emma whispered.

“Yes.” She said softly, “Ruby and I have a past.”

“How could you not tell me this?”

“Hush.” She would never lie to Emma, and she hadn’t intentionally deceived her. She had had every intention of telling her when the time was right. Though she in part knew the time would never be right, and that these things always had a way of revealing themselves at inopportune moments.

“Are you still…” Her voice choked as she forced back the tears, sinking deeper into Regina's embrace.

“Emma, I made a vow to you.” Regina said softly as she continued to comfort her. “I signed that contract just the same as you did, I am bound to it in just the same way you are.”

“But you can have other pets.” Emma cried.
“Yes, I can. But I also stated I would never do anything to cause you harm, physically or emotionally.” The thought of hurting Emma made her stomach churn, and she closed her eyes, resting her forehead against Emma's hair. “Also, I have been a little preoccupied since we signed the contract, when do you think I found the time for Ruby, hmm?” She laughed softly.

“I don’t know.”

“Ruby and I have tried things in the past, but she does not belong to me, and I do not belong to her. Do you understand that? She isn’t you, and she will never replace you. I won’t tell you that I won’t sleep with her again, because I don’t want to break a promise, but I won’t if I think you can’t handle it. YOU are my priority, not her and certainly not anyone else. I chose you Emma, I am yours just as much as you are mine, please don’t forget that.”

“You’re mine.” She whispered into the darkness. She didn’t know how two words could fill her with so much comfort, washing the fear and paranoia away.

“Until such a time as you don’t want me to be, on one condition.”

“Anything.”

“You don’t shut me out, we agreed to be open and honest. I know you nearly hung up my call, I know, because I would too. We are so similar Emma, one day you’ll understand that.”

“I promise Mistress.”

Silence settled like the first fall of snow, calm and welcoming. Regina could feel Emma's heartbeat steady as she leant against her and she could feel her breathing slow. Kissing her on the forehead she whispered softly “I can’t stay here Emma.”

“I know” how could five words tear her in two? She had called her Emma, her voice soft and sweet yet full of tortured regret. She couldn’t stay.

Pulling Emma back onto the bed, Regina covered them both with a blanket as she spooned the fragile blonde. “I’m here now, just close your eyes my perfect little kitten.”
When Emma had finally drifted off to sleep Regina pulled out from behind her. Standing over her sleeping form, Emma looked so small, so vulnerable. Gently Regina stroked the back of her hand over her cheek and with a flourish a small white rose appeared in her hand, which she placed on the pillow next to Emma's head. Sighing, she changed her mind. She was getting in too deep, and it was only going to cause heartache.

In the palm of her hand she created a small ball of fire, dropping the flower into it. The rose shriveled in contorted agony as its pure petals blackened and died, if there ever was a metaphor for her life, and how she felt, this was it.

Chapter End Notes

So what did my little faeries think?
To fluff or not to fluff?
Chapter Eleven Sneak Peak: The one with the photo shoot
A week had passed since the evening at Granny’s, and things between Emma and Regina had returned to a state similar to how things had been between them prior to the contract. Commands had not been uttered, punishments had not been issued and knees had not been knelt on. They had again spoken about their feelings towards the contract and their current lifestyle, but neither seemed willing or confident enough to push the topic any further.

When Henry had assured Regina all his homework was completed she had agreed he could go to the arcade with friends. She already had a perfect plan for how to spend her Saturday alone anyway. The many dull and drab meetings she endured provided her with the perfect opportunity to enjoy one of her favourite pastimes, online shopping, and after the week she’d had she’d made many, many additional purchases.

“What are these?” Emma asked gesturing at the dining table, which was adorned with five glossy black boxes, each tied with a crimson satin ribbon.

“Well why don’t you open them and find out dear?” Smiling, Regina placed her hands on Emma's hips as she guided her closer to the table.

Emma slowly pulled at one of the ribbons. She wasn’t used to presents, growing up as a friendless orphan she hadn’t received many in her lifetime. A lump stuck in her throat and her heart pounded, something it hardly seemed to stop doing when she was in Regina's presence. “Lingerie?” She giggled, turning to face the brunette with a navy bra dangling from her extended forefinger.
“I want you to model them for me.”

“Model?” She asked slowly, as the nerves crept in.

“Yes, there are a selection of outfits which I want you to pose in-” In a small cloud of purple smoke a camera appeared in Regina's outstretched hand. “I want you to pose for the camera.” She watched as Emma's mouth dropped open and smiled at the novel silence. “No one will ever see these photos but you and I.”

Emma nodded slowly as she tried to process what it was Regina wanted from her. She'd never posed for a photo-shoot before, and certainly not one where she was so scantily clad.

"Are you ready for this?” Regina asked.

“Um... I guess… Yes Mistress.”

Regina smiled; Emma's offer of submission cemented her own opinions that they were back on track, and once more in a good place. "Okay, take the lingerie upstairs in my bedroom and change, we’ll do the shoot there.”

"In your bedroom?” Emma asked in surprise, it wasn’t often their time together took place in Regina's bedroom. She understood why, firstly they weren’t often patient enough to make it to a bedroom, instead opting for counter tops, desks, cells and staircases to name but a few, secondly their ‘activities’ often required non transferable equipment located in Regina's basement, finally to be in Regina's bedroom made it more intimate and neither of them were completely ready for that.

"Well, I thought a lingerie shoot would look more natural in a bedroom, but if you’d rather shoot it in my back garden -“ Regina was smirking as per usual as she teased the blonde. She loved to make Emma smile, nearly as much as she liked to see the look on her face as she rolled her eyes.

“That’s not the dumbest question I’ve ever asked.” Trying her best to carry the stack of five boxes, Emma made quite a sight. With the boxes blocking her vision, her steps were slow and exaggerated as she felt her way across the dining room to the staircase in the hallway.

Watching with amusement, Regina offered no assistance. “Yes dear, but you do have a larger repertoire of “dumb questions” than most.” She said punctuating the air with her fingers. "That being
said—“Her voice more serious now as she followed Emma, taking two of the boxes from her and then leading the way, “we’ve all done and said things we regret, but we learn, and we grow as a result."

Emma couldn’t help but smile to herself, firstly because of Regina's profound words and the joy it brought her to hear the way she was beginning to embrace her past and improve because of it, but mostly because from her current vantage point she got a fantastic view of Regina's arse as it sashayed up the stairs.

In her large master bedroom Regina placed her two boxes behind a screen on the far side.

"Is there any particular outfit you want me start with?" Emma asked gesturing to the boxes.

"No, you get to choose."

As Emma looked through the outfits a plan began to form in her mind. Unfolding a white ensemble with blue embellishments from its tissue paper, she stripped discarding her clothes in her usual manner, a heap on the ground. Pulling on the white satin panties and bra she draped the sheer frilly camisole over the top, tying the bow at the front, before stepping out from behind the screen.

As she came into view, Regina felt her heart skip. Emma was truly breathtaking.

“So?” Emma asked as she gave a quick spin.

"Uh, you look...Wow!” Turning her back to Emma for a second to grab the camera Regina tried her hardest to reduce the colour she knew had just flared up in her cheeks. "Umm, just get on the bed and just lounge."

Crawling onto the bed, Emma leaned on one arm as Regina began to shoot. She moved languidly atop the pale silky sheets.

After shooting several angles and positions, Regina told Emma to lose the camisole. Regina hadn’t been prepared for the effect that the young blonde would have on her as she modeled. She tried unsuccessfully to slow down her racing pulse as she continued to photograph.
With very little prompting, Emma ran through a gamut of poses; sitting, reclining, lying down, kneeling and more. Like a professional, she shot Regina a range of expressions from smiling innocently to sultry seductress.

Back behind the screen Emma quickly changed, she was enjoying herself far more than she’d anticipated. She loved to have Regina's eyes on her, to have her undivided attention. Crawling back onto the bed smirking internally as she watched Regina's eyes darken as she took in her appearance. She wore pale silvery gray satin high waisted panties which reached her navel embellished with pale ducky pink lace around the leg. The matching bra pushed her breasts high, the cups covered in the pink lace.

Regina continued to shoot frame after frame, ignoring the desire to throw Emma down on the bed as she ignored the ache between her legs. Emma's act was driving her insane. The coy smile on her lips as she crawled up towards the camera on her hands and knees, wiggling her arse in the air as she did so. Neither spoke as they continued to take pictures, words weren’t needed, and if she was honest, Regina didn’t trust the strength of her voice. Giving a light cough she broke the silence.

“Next?” Emma asked innocently to which Regina just nodded.

As late morning turned to early afternoon, Regina felt herself becoming more and more flustered and had resorted to dousing herself with mental buckets of ice cold water. She had planned this day to orient around Emma, so the young woman could see herself how she saw her, stunning in every way. She had not prepared for how aroused seeing Emma like this would make her, lounging in lingerie with seductive confidence.

Emma wasn’t sure if she was having the desired effect on Regina, who mostly remained quiet as she shot picture after picture. She had seen the older woman’s eyes occasionally glaze over which she hoped meant Regina was turned on. Emma had deliberately picked the order of outfits, ensuring she saved the hottest, a little red number, for last.

The latest, an emerald green teddy, was the sheerest yet. Regina could see Emma's hard nipples as they pushed against the thin lace. Emma moved kneeling atop the sheets, she brought one finger innocently to her lip as the other snaked down her toned abdomen to tease herself through the thin fabric of her panties; all the while her eyes were locked with the camera. As she continued to take pictures she felt her mouth dry and her palms grow clammy.

She’d always believed Emma to be the sexiest woman she’d ever encountered, but she’d never
before seen her in this light. She was very pleasantly surprised to find out how willing and eager Emma was to show that side of her when provided with some dimmed lights and expensive lingerie. She’d expected to have to provide constant encouragement, to arrange stray locks of hair or position Emma in the right way, but she didn’t. As Emma changed into her fourth outfit she tried her best to compose herself in preparation, but nothing could have prepared her for the vision before her.

Emma walked past her to lean against the doorframe, the black patent heels she was wearing clicking on the wooden floor as she crossed the room. The navy blue satin bra barely covered her nipples and a triangle ribbon extended from the cups, encapsulating her breasts. The panties were cut in a low v at the front barely covering her and over the top she wore a matching navy ribbon suspender belt, slung low over her hips, connected to navy stockings.

With her arms above her head as she ran her fingers through her hair, she jutted her hips forward as her eyes bore into Regina's. It was becoming apparent to Emma that her plan was indeed working as the brunette’s mouth opened and closed wordlessly taking photos once again. Turning the heat up a notch on her poses and facial expressions she worked for the camera.

Regina finally muttered, "Okay, Emma, I, uhm, think we're done with that one. Why don't you go...

Um, how many are left?"

Sliding off the bed Emma smiled to herself at Regina's uncharacteristic inarticulateness. Behind the screen she removed her outfit, laying it back in its box. She noticed that with every outfit she wore the gusset of the panties seemed to grow damper. “Just the one,” Emma called back. And what an outfit it was, bright red in colour, the fine lace triangles of the shelf bra barely covered her hardened nipples and the panties covered even less with their crotchless design embellished with a string of pearls running from between her arse cheeks and against her core. Sliding her feet into black patent heels she stepped out into view.

With her back turned, Regina saw movement in the mirror of her vanity, lifting her head her eyes grew wide and her mouth dry as she took in Emma's appearance. She smiled at the bright almost garish red against Emma’s pale skin “I used to think I hated you in red, maybe it’s just that hideous jacket I hate.”

“Oh admit it you love that jacket.” Emma purred as she reclined into a large leather chair. Her arms draped over the armrest she shot Regina a sultry look. As Regina snapped away with the camera Emma began to spread her legs, a look of sexual hunger boiling in her eyes, a look that wasn’t lost on Regina.

The brunette’s heart was now beating at an incredible pace and she was doing everything in her power to maintain her poise and decorum. However taking photos was becoming ever more difficult as her hands began to shake as the once proud and strong Queen was reduced to little more than a
sexually hungry woman.

She had stopped offering Emma assistance as she modeled, partly because Emma seemed such a natural, as though she anticipated what she wanted before Regina could even say anything, but in truth, it was mostly because she was scared of physical contact with Emma. It had an arousing effect on her that seemed to increase with each touch and she was afraid that one of these times she might find herself doing more than simply touching. Today was about making Emma feel special and wanted, and the last thing Regina wanted was to push her for sex, to make her feel like an object.

Emma hooked her legs over one of the armrests, and her leant her head against the other as Regina continued to shoot her slow, seductive motions.

Inspired Regina had an idea. “Arch your back, push you breasts forward. Great!” She took several more photos but there was still something missing. This time, Regina decided she could control herself and she moved to stand over Emma, leaning towards the young blonde as she slid the bra strap off her shoulder, inadvertently exposing a taut nipple. Emma's nipples were so dark and almost mulberry in colour against her pale skin. As her fingers grazed the soft skin she felt electricity shoot through her, and she looked up into Emma's eyes to see the desire reflected in pools of emerald.

Smiling, she leant forwards, her thumb caressing at Emma's cheek as their lips met. Emma's lips were soft and warm, and as they kissed softly she ran her fingers through Emma's silky hair.

Emma's fingers were soon in Regina's hair pulling her in deeper in a desperate effort to drown in her kisses.

Regina reciprocated, her fingers tightening their grip on blonde curls as her tongue parted Emma's lips. She felt a thrill run up her spine as their soft sweet contact became a strong sexual charge as their tongues danced. They were both growing more aroused and Regina felt the wetness between her legs increase sevenfold, and she knew Emma was just as excited as she breathed in her scent.

Emma shivered as Regina's tongue caressed against hers, the desire and need consuming her. Rising she dragged Regina with her to the bed, falling back against the soft cushions, their lips and tongues never parting. Rolling them over she straddled the brunette as she kissed hungrily. They had been softer and more gentle all week, and she needed more.

Regina could feel Emma's rock hard nipples pressed against her blouse and as she pressed her bare thigh against crotch she could feel the hot dampness.
Grinding her pelvis down against the thigh repeatedly, the string of pearls running between her center only causing to increase the sensation as she panted into Regina's mouth until the brunette began to trail kisses across her cheek and down her throat. As Regina sucked hard at her pulse point, she gripped her shoulders hard as she felt herself near orgasm. Emma was blessed with the ability to achieve orgasm with relative ease and speed, but this was bordering on ridiculous. Regina was indeed a skilled lover, but not that skilled, no one was that skilled. Yet here Emma was teetering at the edge of climax from little more than heavy petting and some well placed kisses. Her core felt practically molten as she coated the bare thigh she was riding.

“You’re flawless.” Regina breathed softly, her nose tracing against Emma's ear as she rocked her leg in unison with the blonde above her.

As Regina's soft words filled her ears a pearl hit against her clit and she was tumbling, calling out Regina's name loudly as she climaxed, come soaking the bedding as well as the leg she had been riding.

Rolling them over to straddle the blonde, Regina smiled down at her as she recovered. Running her fingers over her damp thigh she brought them to her lips, tasting her young lover.

Fluttering her eyes open Emma chuckled softly when she saw Regina straddling her and smiling down. “My turn.” She growled.

Regina's smile turned to a smirk as she gave a gentle nod. Her fingers pulled at the satin fabric of her blouse as she pulled it from skirt, unbuttoning it slowly her eyes locked with Emma's, watching them darken and her gaze intensify as she gradually exposed more and more soft skin. With the garment tossed haphazardly to the floor, Regina slowly began to slide the full-length zip of her skirt down her side until it fell away from her body.

Clad in a black lace bra, matching panties and hold up stockings she was stunning and Emma was once again convinced she had never set eyes on a more beautiful or sexy woman. As the blonde reached for her bra, Regina pulled back. “Wait, I want to finish the film.”

“Ahhh c’mon.” Emma whined childishly, she was impatient and she wasn’t sure she could withstand another round of Regina holding out on her.

“Don’t whine, it’s not attractive,” Regina smiled, though she knew in its own way it kind of was attractive, one of the many small things Emma did that made her heart melt. Retrieving the camera she held it up ready to shoot. “You know I’m worth the wait.”
Emma almost purred at her words as Regina began to take pictures as she resumed her sensuous moves across the bed.

Regina found herself hurrying through the last film, she had enough photos already and she was far too impatient to wait any longer. As she shot the last picture Regina was almost quivering with need; her panties were soaked through and she practically tore them down her legs before ripping off her bra.

Meanwhile Emma kicked off her heels, and dropped her own panties and bra. Lying back, she held out her arms and Regina moved to lie atop her.

Looking down at the younger woman she smiled whispering “you're so beautiful.”

Pulling Regina closer she kissed her deep and slow as she ran her hands up and down the bare back of the woman in her arms, occasionally cupping and squeezing Regina’s supple yet firm arse.

Regina reached between them and gently held one of Emma's breasts as she began to run her fingers across the taut nipple, barely teasing her.

Breaking the kiss Emma said “I want to taste you, I want to feel you in my mouth.” Without waiting for permission, her actions matched her words as she began to kiss down Regina's throat, smirking into her skin as she watched her eyes close and her lips part as she moaned softly. She grasped around Regina's waist urging her higher until her breasts were hanging over Emma's face. Lightly she kissed each nipple, before opening her mouth and wrapping her lips around one breast. She flicked the tip of her tongue up and down over the hard nub before laving her tongue around Regina's ripple as she sucked it into her mouth, feasting on one breast as she gently kneaded the other, tweaking the nipple between her thumb and forefinger.

Regina was moaning softly and holding Emma’s head to her chest as she sat on the girl's stomach. She began to move her hips as her already aroused body reacted to the wonderful feelings coming from the blonde worshipping at her bosom. She could feel her wetness spread across the toned flat plane of Emma’s stomach.

Emma felt Regina’s sex spread its warm moisture across her tummy and moaned into the breast in her mouth. Pulling back she pulled Regina back down their mouths finding each other as they kissed passionately. While they were lip-locked, she wrapped her legs around Regina and rolled both of them over. Once Regina was lying on her back, Emma moved her lips to the brunette's ear and
began to nibble her ear lobe and run her tongue along the sensitive flesh. Feeling playful, Emma began kissing her way down the woman’s flat stomach, spiraling her tongue in Regina's navel causing her to writhe and squeal in protest.

“Emma! What’re you… Oh, whatever you’re doing…” She gasped as Emma drew patterns over her skin with her fingers and tongue. It felt as though Emma was everywhere at once, drawing in invisible ink on the parchment of her body.

Nestled between Regina's legs, Emma ran her finger along one of her outer folds, causing the older woman to shiver in anticipation. Resting her head on Regina's thigh she continued to trace her outer swollen lips, spreading them she brought her mouth to the woman’s core thrusting her tongue deep inside of her. Thoroughly exploring she licked and thrust with her tongue, sucking folds into her mouth and gently nibbling and teasing orchestrating a cacophony of sounds from deep moans to excited squeaks to throaty sighs.

Regina was in heaven, the alternating hard and soft tongue was delicious torture and she wanted it to both never stop and to climax immediately. “Oh God Emma!” She moaned as her head thrashed against the pillows.

Emma continued to tease her lover until finally her tongue began to tire, and Regina's threats began to grow more violent if she didn’t give her her release. Moving up slightly she took Regina's clit between her lips, applying suction to the sensitive head.

The young woman's actions between her legs soon had Regina rocking her hips back and forth. She was so close, biting the back of her hand she whimpered. Emma's nails dug into her hips hard, she knew they’d leave marks and that excited her, Emma never marked her, no one ever marked her, they weren’t allowed. She said nothing. As Emma sucked her clit hard one last time, she felt her orgasm explode, ripping through her as her entire body shook, her come flowing over Emma’s chin as her consciousness faded into a bright light of sexual rapture.

As Regina came Emma released her clit, moving down to lap up the honey flowing from her. She quickly found Regina to be more sensitive post orgasm than usual, for with every lap of her tongue, Regina squeaked until she felt a hand reach down and pull her up.

Regina kissed her young lover deeply, drinking herself in from Emma’s hot tongue. Breaking the kiss she smiled wickedly, “your turn.” She growled as she tore the rest of the scarlet lingerie from Emma's body, kissing her newly exposed white skin. As she began her oral journey down, licking and nipping at dark swollen nipples Emma sighed. Moving between Emma's legs she breathed in the scent of the excited savior. “You smell delicious!” Regina declared before lowering her head, lightly
kissing her clit then proceeding to lick her entire length. Sliding her tongue into Emma she groaned at how hot she was, practically molten. Experience taught her that after one climax Emma would come quickly and often with the right attention, and she intended to give it to her.

Emma bit down from the moment Regina's mouth touched her core as she felt the fluttering of a mini-orgasm almost instantly. As a lover Regina was maddeningly wonderful, Emma mused much like she was in most aspects of her life. Looking down at the dark hair between her legs she let out a desperate moan, she knew Regina was deliberately teasing her, deliberately avoiding the things she knew got Emma off. She wasn’t sure if she wanted to kiss the brunette or scream at her, but she could do neither as she wordlessly groaned, her hips grinding at Regina’s face.

Looking up without removing her mouth Regina flashed her a look of sadistic joy.

Emma whispered, “Please make me come, please.”

Regina shook her head, her soft hair brushing the inside of Emma's thighs as she did so. She was going to enjoy this for as long as they both could. After a further twenty minutes of exquisite torture, Regina relented and swiped her tongue across Emma's rock hard clit. Emma screamed loudly as her body was wracked by the waves of pleasure.

Crawling up beside Emma, she kissed her body often along the way, before cradling the young woman in her arms as Emma slowly recovered.

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The two lovers spent the rest of the afternoon teasing and pleasuring each other over and over again. Emma's head rested over Regina's breast, her breath occasionally tickling her still hard nipple. Her eyes followed her own pale arm to where it lay across Regina's darker torso until they rested on their entwined fingers. She smiled softly to herself, so calm and content. She was disturbed from her thoughts as Regina's phone beeped signaling a text message. As Regina pulled away she couldn’t help but feel saddened at the loss, their small moment of intimacy clearly over.

“Henry’s staying at a friend’s tonight, he wants me to collect him in the morning before breakfast.” Regina said as she placed her phone back on her drawers. Sliding back under the sheets she opened her arms for Emma to fall back into her embrace, something she did eagerly. She gently played with the blonde hair as she listened to her steady breathing a small smile playing on her lips. “Stay.” She whispered, she wasn’t sure if she was asking or telling, or even where the request had come from. It
seemed to have slipped from her lips without thought and she felt her heart still in the seconds that followed as she waited for Emma's response.

Lifting her head Emma's eyes flickered over Regina's expression for a moment before leaning forwards to place a sweet kiss on her lips. She pulled back with a smile as she watched the perplexed look on Regina's face.

“Is that a yes?” She asked.

“It’s a definitely.” Nestling back in the crook of Regina's neck she heard the sigh of relief as Regina pulled she sheet over her once more. “Regina… I, uh… I think I… I think I lo-” Her words were stilled by a finger pressing against her lips.

“Hush darling. Not now. Please not yet.”

Nestling further into the sweet perfume of apple and home Emma shone. Maybe she should be scared or angry or even upset that Regina had stopped her words, but she wasn’t. Regina had said not yet.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think, worth the wait?
So on the bad side, you had to wait longer to read this
On the good side, its only 4 days until the next chapter 😊

Chapter 12 Sneak Peak: The one where they get frisky at the school.
School Play Friday

Chapter Notes

So once again I didn’t get this sent to my beta in time, in fact, I nearly didn’t have it written for you in time, but it’s been such a crazy-arse day.

I hope all my little faeries have been having a wonderful thanksgiving wherever you’re

Here is my present for you

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In a very uncharacteristic manner Regina was nervously pacing her hallway. She had been doing and feeling a lot of uncharacteristic things lately. It was 5.43 Friday evening and Emma was due to arrive in 17 minutes time.

"Mom you're making me dizzy!" Henry complained. He was sat at the bottom of the steps watching his mother walk back and forth.

"Huh?" Regina frowned as she was pulled from her thoughts. "Oh, I'm sorry." She said placing a hand on her sons’ cheek. Sitting next to him on the steps she patted his knee as they both stared at the door, waiting for it to knock.

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Regina listened to the ring of the phone as she cradled it to her ear, she hated how nervous she felt, how vulnerable she was, she hated how off balance Emma made her feel. She let out a slow shaky breath at the sound of the click of the receiver being lifted.

“Emma Swan –“ she began before Regina cut her off.

“It’s me.” She was used to the little speech Emma recited whenever she answered the phone, she wasn’t entirely sure if she said it to everyone or just her, either way, what had started off as eye-rollingly worthy was now just plain irritating.

“Ahh come on let me finish, I added something to the end!” She didn’t care she was whining, in fact half the time she did it just to annoy Regina or to make her smile, even though she’d never admit it.
She could almost hear the eye roll as Regina agreed and she smiled as she leant back in her office chair. “Emma Swan; Sheriff, Saviour, mother and kitten. To report a crime ring David, if Pongo's escaped call Archie, if you need saving look in the mirror and save yourself, if you want a new video game and your other mother won't buy it because it's too violent text me the name and we'll play at mine in secret and if you're looking for an arse to spank I'll be at your office in fifteen minutes. What do think?” Spinning around in her chair she smirked to herself, with her back now turned she was free from David's questioning gaze.

David knew something was up, every so often she got a call direct to her office phone or her cell and she’d light up like Diwali, this was usually followed by the closing of the door and the blinds.

“You missed something.” Regina said with a smile. How did Emma's childish side make her heart swell? Was it because it reminded her of her stolen youth and innocence? Or because it reminded her of Henry? Or...

“Oh yeah?” Emma practically purred as arousal coursed through her body in anticipation of Regina's sadistic words.

“Amend the first line to ‘Emma Swan; Sheriff, Saviour, mother, kitten and idiot!’”

She bit back the ‘yours’ she most desperately wanted to say and just smiled. ”So Madam Mayor to what do I owe the pleasure? I'm assuming you didn't call to hear the new draft of my voicemail message!”

”Indeed I did not.” She paused, once more her stomach turned in knots as she tried her best to form a coherent sentence in her head. ”You know it's Henry's school play Friday evening...”

”Of course.”

”Are you going?” Regina asked mentally chiding herself at the long-winded way she was going about what it was she really wanted to ask.

”Of course.”
"I was erm... I was wondering if you'd erm..." Regina shook her head, trying her best to get a grip as she stuttered over her words. Over the years she had addressed courts of royals, villages of peasants, city councils and more with no problem, yet here she was struggling to articulate a single conversation with the town's sheriff.

Emma smiled to herself; she couldn't help it. Since finding out who her parents were she had struggled to find any similarities between her and them, to find anything they had in common. But now she'd found it. Since her last night with Regina, when she'd asked her to stay, when she'd told her 'not yet', and now. Listening to the educated and eloquent former Queen and current Mayor of the small town of Storybrooke she smiled, she finally had something in common with her parents, hope.

"Did you want to come with me?" She rushed out. "I don't mean as a date I just... I thought it would be nice for Henry. This is his first performance, and for us to show our support united, I just thought..." Regina trailed off, it sounded stupid and desperate out loud. She knew she should have practiced in the mirror, but she had decided against it, it sounded too much like something Mary Margaret would do.

"That sounds great!" Emma wanted to squeal, she wanted to run around her office punching the air with excitement, she didn't. She knew Regina too well; she would have to act like this is merely a practical solution, anything more and she ran the risk of frightening her off. To anyone else the brunette had barely given an inch, but in Regina language she'd given a mile, and then some.

"We could drive together, or we could meet you there, it's up to you." She could hear how nauseatingly like a nervous schoolgirl she sounded. She cringed, glad there were no eyes on her to see her embarrassment.

"I'll meet you at yours for six?"

"Perfect."

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"Have you got your lines in your bag?" Regina asked her son as they sat waiting for Emma.

"No..."
Sighing to herself Regina's eyes fluttered closed, “well don’t you think you should fetch them just in case?”

With a grumble in response Henry stomped to his room to fetch the script from next to his bed. As he zipped his bag closed he noticed Emma's yellow bug parked beyond the hedges at the end of their drive. He ran down the stairs taking two at a time in his excitement for his biggest family milestone to date. Once his mom’s would have done anything to kill each other, now they were choosing to spend time together, even if it was only for his benefit, or so he thought.

“Henry no running, how many times!” Regina chided. She was growing ever more anxious as she waited for the blonde to arrive and as a result more frustrated with herself for being so anxious.

“Sorry, but mom’s cars outside, can we go?”

As Henry’s went to grab the handle of the door, Regina somehow appeared, holding his hand still, stopping him. “No.” She whispered softly. Her brain worked in overdrive as she moved to the window of the sitting room. Her hand still holding Henry’s, he was dragged too, though deep in her thoughts she didn’t even notice, because there on the steps of her house was Emma Swan. She looked nervous as she hopped from one foot to the other, her left wrist raised as she stood staring at her watch.

“What’s she doing?” Henry asked as he watched Emma in amusement, wondering why both his moms were both acting so strangely.

His words once again brought Regina back to the present and she looked at him, dropping his hand as she saw how tight she was gripping it. “I don’t know.” She answered honestly, looking from Henry to Emma and back to Henry again. “I stopped trying to understand Emma's actions a long time ago.”

Henry’s eyed his mother for half a second, before seeing the twinkle in her eyes and the soft smile on her lips, he laughed and soon she did too. At six pm precisely the clock above the fireplace chimed, at six pm precisely Emma rang the bell.

So that was what she was waiting for. Trying as she might to repress her smile, Regina failed, as she walked to open the door. “Miss Swan.” She greeted the very smug blonde. “Right on time I see.” She raised her eyebrow as her lip curled, with their son stood behind them there was little more she could say or do.
“I know how much you appreciate punctuality.” Inwardly high-fiving herself she knew she’d earned some brownie points before they’d even started. She had planned on doing everything in her power to make this non-date-date better than Regina could have imagined.

She held out her hand, hanging from her fingers were the handles to a gift bag. “For you.” She said to Regina before smiling at Henry. “Hey kid, excited?”

Confused he thought, but he just shrugged as he looked between his two mothers, watching the scene unfold.

“What is it?” The brunette asked as she took the gift.

“I don’t know about the Enchanted Forest, but in America the gift giving custom, is usually a surprise to the receiver. The receiver opens the present and is overcome by gratitude and says ‘oh how wonderful I always wanted that’.” Emma teased receiving a customary eye roll.

Opening the bag Regina smiled at the contents, “Oh! How wonderful, I always wanted that.” Two could play the sarcasm game. “Coffee?” She asked curiously, as Henry snatched the bag from her, desperate to see what Emma had bought his mom.

“Yes, it’s a symbol of my appreciation, dedication and determination.”

“Have you been reading the thesaurus at work again, this wasn’t entirely a jest, she had walked into the station two week ago to find Emma thumbing through the tattered pages of a combined dictionary-thesaurus whilst she drank her morning coffee.

“Maybe, but that’s not the point. I appreciate you asking me to join you to attend Henry’s show, I know it’s the first time we’ve united as parents to support Henry academically, so thank you.” She smiled at the grin on Henry’s face before looking back at his mother. “I am dedicated to not f-luffing.”

Both Henry and Regina rolled their eyes at Emma's attempt to not swear in front of him.

“-this evening up, or in fact any of the progress we have made to overcome our differences and to
put Henry and his needs first. I am determined to make sure you have a good time, I can’t express how much it means to me that you asked me today, but I want you to see I’m not just here for Henry, hanging out with you is not all that bad.” She teased. “Finally this is a symbol of hope, that you’ll invite me back for coffee at the end of the night.”

“I don’t ‘hang’ Miss Swan.” She smiled, her gaze dropped as she took the bag back from Henry, she couldn’t look at either of them right now. “Thank you for the gift, and the sentiment Emma, we shall see. Now why don’t you both get in the car whilst I put this away and lock up.”

Alone in the kitchen she rested her hands against the sink as a solitary tear rolled down her cheek, the softest of smiles upon her dark pink lips. She looked at the bag of coffee on the side, running her thumb absent-mindedly over it. It was such a small gesture, but it was the most perfect gift she had ever been given, hope.

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“Thank you Emma.” Regina whispered as she stared forwards at the stage waiting for the curtain to rise. They were in the school auditorium waiting for Henry’s first play to start.

“You already said that.” Emma couldn’t help but smile as she watched Regina’s expression, the room was crowded and between the car ride with Henry and the hall they hadn’t had an opportunity to talk candidly.

Turning to face the blonde she smiled. “I thanked you then as Henry’s mother, I am thanking you now as more.” Her voice was soft, barely audible so as no one else should overhear, but Emma heard every word. In fact Emma continued to hear every word in her head over and over again during the opening of the show.

During the interval Regina, Emma and Doctor Hopper were deep in conversation about the first act, Henry, they all agreed, had triumphed. Though they of course were all biased. An out of breath and frantic Mary Margaret interrupted them as she begged Regina to come backstage to help. “I’m sorry I wouldn’t ask, but there really is no one else who can help.” She pleaded, desperate for Regina to work her magic, literally.

“Now?” Regina sighed, placing her mulled wine down in annoyance. She had been enjoying Emma’s company, pleasantly surprised at how well they got along in public.
Backstage Regina did a little fairy-godmothering as she turned jeans into riding britches and a hello kitty skirt into a pink ball gown resulting in two little beaming faces of the children she had just made over. “Now wipe your eyes and go and practice your lines.” She said softly as the children thanked her. She turned to Mary Margret who was offering her own profuse gratitude. “When they said they’d forgotten their costumes I just didn’t know who to turn to, Regina thank you!”

“It’s no trouble, really!” She said stressing the last word as she held up a hand to stop Mary Margaret’s open armed approach. Appreciation was one thing, bodily contact was something altogether entirely different, and though she no longer wanted to stab the schoolteacher in the eye every time she opened her mouth, she certainly wasn’t ready to become soul sisters.

Straightening her skirt she smiled “I should probably get back the second half is about to start, you should return to your seat.”

As she left Regina just smiled, small doses she mused to herself, small doses.

“Finally we’re alone.” Stepping out of the shadows Emma stalked across the room to where Regina was standing. “I thought she’d never leave.” With her hand on Regina's waist she slammed her hard against the wall, jarring the wind out of the brunette before her lips descended on those open in shock, tasting her gasp of surprise. Her hands cupped her lovers’ cheeks as their tongues slid against one another.

“Emma?” Regina whispered when they parted, she felt light headed and her heart was racing. She let out a soft groan as the blonde ground her hips into her as a hand slipped into the top of her dress under her satin bra to pull her breast free. Hot lips clamped down around her nipple as she let her head loll back against the wall. “Oh Emma.” She repeated with a sigh.

Smirking Emma kissed her way back up to Regina's mouth, pulling at her lip with her teeth till she moaned. “Yes?” She purred as her hands inched the bottom of the brunette’s skirt up over her hips, exposing her black panties, stockings and suspenders.

“Not here.” She whispered as adrenalin and desire coursing through her body, her senses alight and heightened.

“Yes here.” She slid her hand into the front of Regina's panties, two fingers easily sliding into her hot wet center.
Letting out a moan Regina's head fell back against. “Our son is performing.” She argued as her body betrayed her, her hips riding Emma's thrusts.

“I practiced lines with Henry for three weeks.” She argued as she flicked her tongue against Regina's ear, her hot breath sending cool shivers through the Mayor. “He was in most of the first half, but he isn’t in the second half until the final three scenes, we have time yet.”

“We could get caught!” Her breathing was heavy and rational was quickly abandoning her, as she was lost to the throes of passion. “Your mother, Henry, anyone…” She jumped as Emma's thumb grazed over her clit, a jolt of electricity shooting through her.

“I know.” Was the blonde’s only response, which received a whimper in response as Regina gave in. She returned her attentions to Regina's hard exposed nipple; smothering it in tortured affection as she bit, kissed and licked. As Regina's breathing grew more erratic and as she began to ride her fingers Emma smirked, teasing her clit as she thrust harder into her.

Leaning her head forwards she rested it against Emma's shoulder as she bit back her cries of pleasure as she felt herself grow closer to the edge. She wasn’t sure when Emma had suddenly taken charge, how she had let her or why, but she didn’t want it to stop.

Sucking hard Emma marked Regina's breast next to her nipple until it shone purple. She pressed a soft kiss against the mark, looking before looking up into Regina's dark eyes. “I am yours and you’re mine.” She whispered as Regina tumbled over the edge into oblivion

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“Thank you again for a lovely evening, kid, you did great!” Emma smiled as closed the door to Regina's car as she stepped onto the drive. Regina had been avoiding her gaze after their little tryst backstage of the auditorium and she didn’t want to push her luck any further. Their return journey hadn’t been awkward due only to Henry being the center of the conversation. The older woman reminded her of a cat, cornered she would lash out, though some would see it as aggression Emma knew better, mostly it was out of fear, or because she was wounded. “See you tomorrow?”

“Wait Miss Swan, aren’t you going to stay for that coffee?” Regina asked.

Emma smiled and nodded, “I’d love too.”
Chapter End Notes

Thanksgiving will not feature in the fic directly, however I can promise Regina has been making a few Black Friday purchases.

Chapter Thirteen Sneak Peak : The one with the collar’s
Collar Monday

Chapter Notes

This chapter is dedicated to Anne the Fire, Abberdabbers, diana. , ValkuVauseQueen and WickedPirate79 for their continued support week-in-week-out! Thank you so much, your kind words and messages mean the world to me and provide fuel for my writing fire.

The hugest of shout outs to imperfectionisunderrated my beta, for putting up with me, I'm surprised she hasn't got stab happy with me yet :P love you chick x

So once again this chap is unbeta'd cus once again I sent it to her far too late.

I apologise for the delay in posting it, I went to an LGTB Xmas party yesterday and lets just say I was in no state to update this when I got home, and have spent saturday morning feeling God awful! I have no one to blame but myself and Candi my new trans bff!

This chapter is relatively short because I have decided to split it into 2 - so actually a lot less happens here than I had planned, but I just felt it was better this way

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Strip.”

The door had barely closed behind the blonde as the words reached her ears. She had received a text summoning her to the Mayors’office ten minutes previous and the anticipation caused her body to throb with need. Unbuttoning her shirt she slid it from her shoulders, letting it fall to a heap at her feet.

Regina's back was turned, facing her desk, which was littered with plans of the town. One hand rested against the frame as she brought her thumb and forefinger to the bridge of her nose applying pressure as she closed her eyes. Her head was pounding, and she was in desperate need of a distraction. At the time Emma had seemed like such a logical choice, but now she wasn’t so sure. She didn’t have the time or energy for the clouding of her mind, for more confusing thoughts and feelings that threatened to drown her. “Please fold your clothes.”She sighed, just as Emma went to drop her shirt, she hated how well she knew the sheriff, she didn’t want to think about that, and she certainly didn’t want the whirlwind of destruction and chaos that the blonde brought with her.

Emma smiled softly to herself; she loved how well Regina knew her. Alone, Emma couldn’t help but remember how the brunette made her stomach flip, the soft warm glow she felt in her presence. All she wanted was to be absorbed by Regina’s thunderstorm of passion and love. “Yes Mistress.”
A smile tugged at dark lips at the words as Regina inhaled deeply, as her fingers gripped at the desk a little tighter. They hadn’t truly revisited their D/s agreement since their fateful evening at the diner, and she had hoped to resume their ‘relationship’. Sighing she shook her head, ‘relationship’ was too strong a word.

With her clothes and shoes folded in a pile, she placed them neatly on the table by the door, before walking to stand in the center of the room, ready for inspection.

Turning around, Regina leant back against her desk, her ankles crossed, as her legs lay extended in front of herself. Her eyes skated from green eyes, over rosy cheeks, down to pink lips, which were curled in a smile. Her gaze moved lower over Emma’s pale collarbone to her supple breasts and the dark and hardened nipples they housed. Further down her toned abdomen to her navel and the freckle that sat just below, her freckle. Lower still, to the young woman’s bare mound, which Regina was pleased to see she had maintained. As her own dark eyes met Emma’s once more she finally smiled. Walking to the drawer of her desk she pulled out a black gift bag, before coming to stand directly in front of the sheriff.

With Regina in her heels and still fully clothed, as Emma stood naked and barefoot, the blonde had never felt so small as the brunette towered over her. Not daring to raise her gaze to meet that of her lover, she shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, as she waited not so patiently.

“My gifts to you.” Regina said, her voice clear and calm as usual.

Emma struggled to remember how to respond, let alone ensure it was either clear or calm. “For me, Mistress?!” Her breath was shaky and full of excitement and trepidation as she took the bag. Inside she found two boxes, a small jewellery box and one much larger. Taking out the smaller of the two boxes, she cursed at how much her hands were shaking. Slowly she opened the lid, unsure what it was she would find. Emma didn’t realise she was holding her breath until a shaky gasp threatened to choke her. “It’s…” She breathed as her finger traced against the gold necklace inside. Her lip quivered as her eyes glassed over, a lump forming in her throat as she bit back the tears that threatened to spill. “It’s…” She repeated.

Regina smiled, taking the box in her own hand, removing the necklace from inside and walking to stand behind the blonde, pleased she had worn her hair up, as it made her job easier.

The necklace was the gold one Regina had taken from Emma, but it had been customised. The gold O-ring was only attached to the gold chain at one end, at the other end there was a dark pink-red stone, smaller than the center of the circle, but not by much, she wondered what type of stone it was.
“Garnet” Regina said as if reading her mind. “It symbolises commitment, honesty – placing the chain around Emma's neck she let the O rest on one side of her décolletage and the gem on the other. – hope and faith.” She continued as she turned the blonde to face her. Her smile was small and coy yet warm. “It is also said to enhance sensuality, sexuality and intimacy.”

“It’s perfect.” Emma beamed as she brushed her fingers against the sparkling red, and it really was. Somehow Regina had known the importance of her necklace, or so she hoped. Or maybe it was just a symbol of how her past, and dare she think, her future, how they could combine.

“Emma this is your collar, I want you to wear this always.” She took Emma's hands in her own, caressing her thumbs over the back of them. “If you still want this.” Her brow knotted together as Emma pulled her hands free, her heart pounding in her ears as she waited for the rejection. She could only watch as Emma's fingers came to rest on the two halves of the necklace. Swallowing hard she prepared for blonde to rip it from her neck, maybe even throwing it back in her face.

It never came. Slowly and deliberately, Emma inserted the pendant through the O-ring, her eyes fluttering closed as she did so. She was owned, she was Regina's. She felt strong hands around her neck, thumbs pressed against her cheeks as she was pulled into a hard and demanding kiss, and she melted. She could feel the thud of Regina's heart beating in time with her own, she could hear her shaky breaths but louder than both she could hear Regina's relief and she could hear her own hope. “I am committed to you, I promise you honesty, hope and my unwavering faith.” She whispered as their foreheads rested together, their lips but a breath apart. “And as for the others…” She purred with a devilish smirk. “Those I promise too.”

“Good girl.” Regina couldn’t help but laugh as she pulled back. “You haven’t opened you other gift.”

Her eyes narrowed as she reached into the bag, as she pulled out the other box, black like usual it was tied with a ribbon the same colour as the stone of her new collar. She let out a guttural moan as her eyes fell onto the leather collar with sturdy silver O-ring sitting inside the box.

This time it was Regina’s eyes that danced with a wicked glint. “For when we are in private.”

“Like now Mistress?”

“Exactly like now.” Taking the collar she held it to Emma's neck as she moved to stand behind her, fastening the buckle in place. Circling her again she came to a stop in front of the blonde, eyeing her new attire, the thick leather a harsh contrast to the delicate metal of the day collar. Hooking a finger into the thick silver O of Emma's new play collar she pulled hard until her pet was pressed against her, her arms snaked around her bare waist she pulled her flush against herself.
Regina gave a click of her fingers, clearing her desk. “Now, I’m sure my little kitten was going to remind me she needed punishment.”

Emma could only moan in response.

“Wait Miss Swan, aren’t you going to stay for that coffee?” Regina asked.

Emma smiled and nodded, “I’d love too.”

Unlocking the door, Regina stepped into her home, her arm wrapped around her son as they walked to the kitchen chatting away, with Emma following behind with a huge grin on her face.

With Henry’s hot chocolate made, Regina turned her attention to the coffee, grinding the beans as she tried her best not to smile or look at the two faces watching her. Henry and Emma both sat on bar stools their chins resting on their hands as their elbows propped them up. Daring a look, she shot them both a smile as she tamped the beans, they were so alike, the look in their eyes melted her. She quickly turned her back to them as she felt the tears prick at her eyes. The look in their eyes was so intense, and so …

The smell of freshly ground coffee permeated the air, dancing with the sound of sweet laughter.

As it grew late Henry gave a yawn. “I think it’s bed for you little man don’t you.” Regina said eying the clock. “Actually it’s past your bedtime already, you need your rest if you’re going to get up early.” He had asked to spend the day with Emma, and the blonde had readily agreed, eager to spend time with her son.

“Aww come on mom!” He wined; he loved spending time with his two moms, especially as they both seemed to be getting on so well. It was weird, so very weird, but he wasn’t going to question it right now.

“No, Regina’s right.” Emma interjected, “bedtime for you kid, if you go now, I’ll tuck you in.”
That was all it took for the smile to reappear on their son’s face. “But you need to go home now then too Emma.”

Regina choked a little on her second mug of coffee. “Why does Emma need to leave?” She asked avoiding Emma’s hot gaze. Both adults had known that Emma wasn’t being invited in for a caffeinated beverage, and though loving their time with their son, they were both independently waiting for him to go to bed so they could continue what Emma had started backstage.”

“Cus she has to get up early too.” He said, logically. He watched as his mom’s exchanged glances, trying his hardest and failing to read the looks they were sharing.

Emma sighed, “Yeah kid, you’re right.” They were beat she knew it. Henry always watched her leave out of his window, and having finished her second coffee she didn’t have an excuse to stay any later, she was after all only there for Henry and coffee…

Regina smiled and Henry wrapped his arms around her waist nestling his head in the crook of her neck. “I’ll be up to check on you in a bit darling. You performed wonderfully this evening, I am so proud of you.”

“Thanks mom…” He mumbled his cheeks flush with embarrassment. He ran as far as the door, then as Regina opened her mouth to chastise him, he remembered the cardinal rule of no. 108, no running, so he stopped and walked the rest of the way to his room.

Placing the mugs in the sink she shot a smile at the blonde who stood, leaning against the counter as she washed up. “You should probably go up to him before he wakes the neighbourhood with his shouting.”

“You have no neighbours,” Emma smirked as she backed away to door. “And from experience I know no matter how loud you scream, no one will hear….”

Regina just shook her head and laughed.

Upstairs Henry was in bed with Emma sat on the edge, having tucked him in. “What’s going on with you and my mom?” He asked, watching the blonde’s expression intently.
“I um ... I don’t know.” She replied honestly. “But, I think it’s a good thing.”

“Me too...” The young boy yawned as he settled down under his covers. “I like it when you get along.”

“Yeah kid, me too.” Emma whispered pressing a kiss to the top of his forehead.

She found Regina waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs when she descended. “He okay?” She asked.

“Yeah, tired, but okay.” They stood by the door an awkward silence washing over them.

That was until Regina closed the gap, her mouth capturing Emma’s ear lobe, releasing it through her teeth, she purred hot words “Don’t think you got away without being punished for your insurrection.”

A moan passed through parted lips as a shot of electricity shot through her.

“Next time, next time you’ll be punished.” Pulling back she opened the front door in one quick motion. “Goodnight Miss Swan.” She said this time with her voice a little raised, her eyebrow cocked in amusement as she watched Emma’s eyes flutter closed for a second before she walked past her, out into the winter’s night.

“Goodnight Madam Mayor.”

“Bend over.” She barked, pleased when Emma lied over her desk, her arse exposed and inviting. In a cloud of purple smoke a riding crop materialised in one hand. The shaft of the crop was brilliant bright red to match the collar, sturdy but with satisfying flexibility and the tongue made of soft leather, but it was the handlers the crop, which was the most impressive. Atop the crop sat a black horses head, approximately three inches tall, and carved out of ebony with such detail. Regina had always loved crops, but this had been a new addition just for Emma and she couldn't wait to try it out.
She drew her free hand down Emma's bare back and down over the swell of her arse cheeks before administering a hard slap. “Have you missed this?” She asked.

“Yes Mistress.”

Regina smiled at the perfection of its delivery as she feathered the crop against pale skin. “How many do you want?”

“Twenty.” Emma's voice was thick with desire and laced with her desperate need.

A moan of appreciation escaped Regina's lips which quirked into a smirk as she brought the crop down to kiss against Emma's arse. As Emma let out a loud moan Regina laughed. “Don’t make too much fuss dear, my receptionist is only outside, and this is a public building.”

“You haven’t silenced your office?” Emma asked in horror.

“No, so I suggest you keep that pretty mouth of yours closed before I add to your punishment.”

When Emma's arse was littered with the twenty red welts of her submission Regina stopped. “Kneel.” She commanded. As her pet knelt on the cold floor in front of her desk, Regina sat in the spot Emma had just vacated, leaning forwards to press the shaft of the crop against pink lips.

Obediently Emma opened her mouth, taking the crop between her teeth and gently holding it in place. Looking up through her dark lashes her heart fluttering in her chest as she looked at the beautiful woman standing over her. Maybe she should feel embarrassment or shame, maybe she should feel anger or fear, all she felt was pride, pride and lo….

“Hmm.” Regina hummed as she looked over Emma; there was something wrong about the sight. “On your hands and knees.” Watching Emma reposition herself she smiled to herself, perfect she thought to herself. “You still have thirty-seven minutes left of your lunch break, I want you to practice your obedience… Do not move.” Picking up her coat, Regina walked towards the door, taking one more look before she left her office. Her eyes hungrily devouring the sight of Emma's arse being displayed to the door as she knelt the crop still in her mouth. Stepping outside she closed the door, without locking it as she left for her lunch.
I read all your wonderful reviews so thank you

Sneak Peak Chapter Fourteen: …. (it’s a secret) …

For those of you who don't know, there is accompanying chapter art on Tumblr at carrotlucky13 and I also have more OUAT fanfic on fanfiction.net at the same name
Chapter Notes

Apology no. 1 This is (not surprisingly) unbetad (again) I seriously need to sort my act out.

Apology no. 2 Another short chapter, but it just felt its natural length

Regina pulled her coat closed tight, protecting herself from the bitter cold wind that stung her skin like ice. In her hands she held a flask of hot soup, the comforting smell filling her nostrils as she sat on the park bench watching a vortex of leaves, long since fallen. She used to sit here in the park a lot, before Emma had arrived in Storybrooke. Soon after she had cast the curse, she had found the bench she was currently occupying, tucked away under a majestic maple tree, its old gnarly branches shielding the bench from onlookers, the perfect hideaway and secret people watching spot, the perfect place to think and to grieve in solitude. She found the shade of the tree somewhat comforting, the privacy it provided made her feel safe, yet still in touch with the gentility certainty of nature. She had never schemed or plotted there, it was a place she reserved only for the pain, the hope, the fear and the love in her life. When Henry was very small she had brought him here, rocking him to sleep in his carrycot as she had hummed him the songs of Snow’s childhood, a childhood she had not shared, for she had no frivolous or gay memories. Henry had loved to watch the seeds as they twirled and danced their way through the autumnal breeze, his contagious laughter melting the barriers of his mother’s heart. The bittersweet memory clutched at her chest as she pressed her lips together, her eyes closed as she concentrated on her breathing.

She had come here to think, and to clear her head. She had left the sheriff naked, on her hands and knees with the riding crop in her mouth, at least that thought made the corners of her mouth twitch into a smile. She wondered if Emma would still be in the same position when she returned, or if she’d have grown tired and impatient. Emma was obedient and willing to please, but she was also strong willed and impatient, something Regina couldn’t help but enjoy. If she was honest with herself, it was something she had always enjoyed.

Emma was the first person, in a long time, to challenge her, to stand up to her and treat her like an equal. Regina sighed to herself in realisation, Emma wasn’t the first person in a long time to do that; she was the first person to do that ever.

Closing her eyes once more, she thought back, to times long since past, to before she had been Queen, just an innocent young girl. She had always been a disappointment to her mother, and a project, the vessel of which she lived her life, the vicarious extension to her legend; and she had treated her just as such. Her father had always treated her like his little girl, a broken bird for him to protect. She had tried to make friends, but the only people of a similar age in her home were the servants, who just bowed their heads and mumbled in her presence, their fear of Cora’s wrath and their pity for Regina clear on their faces. Daniel had been no better, though their love had been pure
and sweet, he had put her on a pedestal, one she had been terrified she would fall from, when he realised she wasn’t special. Then she had married the King and become his property, the property of the entire realm. She had been admired and envied, but still had no true friends or equals. And then she had become the ‘Evil Queen’, and her life of only solitude continued, employees and enemies she had had an abundance of, but equals was something she still lacked. Right up until Emma Swan had rolled into town in her yellow automotive-crisis.

Emma had never backed down from a fight, if anything she had always revelled and excelled in their shared moments of heated aggression. Regina smiled softly as she remembered the way Emma made her feel when she fought back, determined and powerful. The electricity that had shot through her system, as she felt alive for the first time in her life. Even when Emma had found out the truth, she hadn’t backed down; she hadn’t flinched in her presence. Even after everything she knew, she never once saw the flicker of fear in Emma’s eyes, just the emerald shimmer of determination, and of course more recently of desire.

The cold was doing little to clear her piercing headache like she’d hoped. It had started as a dull ache over the weekend and had steadily grown in intensity. She had tried medicinal, herbal and magical remedies, but to no effect. She knew the cause, Emma Swan, once again the blonde was becoming a problem, one Regina didn’t know how to fix. Things were becoming complicated, and complicated was something she hated.

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Emma was surprisingly glad to be naked; the warmth from the fire filled the room, burning against her skin as the flame licked high around the logs in the fireplace. She found herself being lulled into sleepy comfort as she knelt. She suspected that Regina had cast a spell on the floor, because what she had expected to be cold, hard and uncomfortable against her knees wasn’t. Emma had always kept herself busy, hating nothing more to stop and stand still, when the thoughts and feelings would creep back in, so it was a novel feeling to appreciate the silence, to be alone with her own mind. She felt more at peace with herself than at any point in her life, somehow kneeling naked in the Mayor’s office provided her with a clarity she hadn’t realised she had been lacking. She finally belonged, she had found her home, here in Storybrooke, and she had finally found her family. She had her parents, something she had given up hope of ever finding, and with her parents came the explanation. Though no harder to swallow, she now understood why her parents had given up their baby, why she had grown up alone. Now she had Henry, the son she had given up for adoption so that he, and she could have their best chance. At eighteen she hadn’t been ready to become a mother, but now she was ready, and now she had a second chance. She also had a job she genuinely loved, and was good at, a job which she was excited to get out of bed for in a town she had unashamedly fallen in love with. When she had arrived, Storybrooke had seemed like some quaint greetings card nightmare of a town, but now its charms shone bright and its people even brighter. She had never lived in a small town, where everyone new everyone, and somehow it all felt like home.

But their was one other thing in her life, one other person; Regina.
The sound of the door opening was followed by the click of the Mayor’s heels as she entered her office, with the door behind her, Emma couldn’t see if she was alone, something she hoped for her modesty she was, or if she had brought anything with her.

Regina was alone, and holding nothing but her handbag. She smiled as her gaze fell on Emma, exactly as she had left her. “Come here and kneel.” Her voice was soft, with no hint of the dominating Mistress, just the tender lover.

Emma eyes flickered side to side as she thought of her next move, she wanted more than anything to please her Mistress, to meet and exceed her expectations at all times. Slowly she turned on all fours, the crop still held between her teeth as she crawled across the office stopping just in front of Regina, and positioning herself on her knees, resting back against her legs.

The brunette felt her core clench with desire as a low growl formed in her throat at the sight of Emma crawling to her, it wasn’t exactly what she had expected Emma to do, but she certainly wasn’t complaining. She loved the way Emma's strong shoulders rolled as she crept, exposing her muscles. She loved the way her green gaze was kept low, submissively avoiding eye contact. She loved the way the crop bounced with every movement, the red shaft almost the only colour in the monochrome room, the rod matching the standard bowl of red apples in the center of her table.

Placing her two fingers under Emma’s chin, she raised her gaze to meet her own. “Come, we don’t have long now before you have to leave, I need you to come at least once for me.”

Emma's eyes sparkled in devilish delight and desire at the words. By a finger hooked into the silver O of her play collar she was pulled to her feet and lead to the desk. With Regina sat down in her chair she stood awkwardly awaiting further instruction, the crop still between her lips, not sure if she should stay standing, or resume her position on her knees.

“Crop.” Regina asked suddenly, her hand outstretched it as Emma handed it to her. With a wave of her free hand a dusky pink strap on materialised around her own hips over her tailored trousers.

“You know what to do.”

Emma nodded, her cheeks flushed at the sight of the huge strap-on, much larger than anything they had used before. Placing her hands on either of Regina's satin covered shoulders, she moved to straddle her legs on either side of the chair.

Their eyes locked, Regina gave a final nod for Emma to continue. She couldn’t help but hold her breath as she watched the blonde slowly lowering herself onto the phallus, the way she closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as she was stretched, for Regina's own pleasure.
With a flick of Regina’s wrist the window behind them flew open, the cold winters breeze whistling through the room, battling with the heat of the open flames. The temperatures heightening Emma’s sensations as she began to ride the strap-on, the cold making her nipples stand hard as the fire caressed at her thighs, a thin sheen of perspiration beginning to form over her skin from her steadily building exertion. This perspiration in turn, when touched by the cool wind gave birth to a million tiny goose bumps as her body became alight with sensitivity.

Her hands rested on the back of the chair for support, with Regina’s hands on her waist as she rode the strap-on harder and faster, moans of desperation falling from her lips. Pulling back so only the head of the strap on remained inside, she ground down hard and fast, her eyes screwed shut in ecstasy as her brain began to grow fuzzy as the sensations became too much, and the exhaustion began to catch up with her.

Sensing the change in speed, Regina placed her hands on either side of Emma's hips, lifting her until she sat on the edge of the desk. She might not have been able to carry the taller woman up a flight of stairs, but just a short distance, it would seem she could. An exhausted Emma didn’t take much encouragement as the brunette pushed her to lie back against the desk. One hand on Emma's hip, the other pinching hard at one of her taught nipple as she began to thrust the strap-on into her submissive, slow and shallow at first before picking up the pace, burying deep to the hilt hard and fast as Emma writhed atop her desk.

“Oh God.” Emma groaned, the first coherent sound to break from her strangled voice.

“He can’t help you now dear, you’re mine.” Regina purred as she placed her thumb against Emma's hypersensitive clit.

Regina's words and actions caused Emma to climax, coming harder than she had in a long time, maybe than she had ever, as her limbs grew as heavy as lead as jolts of electricity shot through them as hey entire body shook, causing her to cry out.

Her breaths weren’t the only ones labored and shaky, as Regina slumped against the desk, the toy still buried inside the blonde as they both recovered. The once thin sheen of perspiration had increased, with drops running down the valley between Emma's breasts to rest in her navel. Laughing softly Regina pulled out, her own hair damp and sticking to her flushed face.

With a wave her appearance was restored and the strap on and long forgotten crop vanished along with Emma's play collar. “Come.” Regina said, taking Emma's hand, helping her onto shaky legs. “You need to get dressed, you’re due back in work in five.”
Fancy Dress Friday

Chapter Notes

Only one week till Santa arrives, I hope all my little faeries are being naughty…..
whoops I mean nice…..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Christmas lights hung from all corners of the Charmings' apartment, in the corner of the room stood a small tree covered in mismatched and garish decorations. Most of the regular Storybrookers were socialising with glasses of fresh mulled wine and warm mince pies in their hands. Cheesy Christmas music played quietly in the background almost lost in the merry chatter and cheery laughter filling the room.

Regina couldn't help but enjoy herself, despite the fact she was talking to Mary Margaret and Granny. Occasionally she looked over at Emma, Henry and Doctor Hopper who were laughing about something, which she couldn't make out. Their smiles and sounds of joyous laughter were beginning to make her heart glow so much she had to look down to check that her chest wasn't actually shining externally.

With a bang Ruby entered the apartment as she carelessly let the door swing back to hit against the wall. "Sorry I'm late." She said greeting her best friend, the hostess with a hug. "I had to close the diner by myself." She shot a jokey glare to Granny before smiling sheepishly at Regina; the two of them had had 'words' recently regarding their behaviour and casual flirtations.

Her look went unnoticed as Regina's eyes studied Emma from across the room. She immediately noticed as the blondes body posture changed, visibly tensing at the younger woman's presence and proximity. "A word in the hallway." Though Regina's eyes sparkled with the subtle hint of their private joke and a subtle flirtation, there was seriousness in her voice.

Everyone turned to look as Regina snapped, stepping away from the other women she stalked towards the door, as Emma stood dumbstruck and unmoving. Glaring, Regina stopped right in front of her, well into her personal space. "Now." She growled impatiently, she could feel everyone's eyes on the two of them, but for once she didn't care.

Emma agreed with the smallest of nods, flicking a small smile to Henry and then her mother to signal that everything was okay.

As the door to the apartment closed with a click behind them Regina pushed Emma up against the wall hard, the palms of her hands flat with the hallway on either side of Emma's head as she glared at her, her eyes dark with anger and something else.

Emma's heart was beating so hard she was genuinely surprised when it didn't leap from her chest. Regina was so close to her face, and her gaze was so intense, so fierce, so intimidating.

"You are mine, and I am yours Emma, that I promised, that we promised" She said exasperated desperation soaking her voice as her eyes darted across Emma's, trying desperately to read her
expression. "I'm yours Emma." She repeated with a whisper.

Slowly Emma's hand came to rest on Regina's shoulder as she pressed their foreheads together, the tips of their noses brushing together as she revelled in their proximity and in Regina's words.

Closing the gap Regina pressed their lips together, their kiss tender yet with a subtle hint of their underlying passion, which bubbled perpetually just below the surface.

"We could get caught." Emma breathed, she didn't want to stop, but she'd rather stop now than get caught and end up losing Regina when she ran, shutting herself off. She knew Regina would run, it was something she was terrified of, but she knew one day she'd run. She didn't know how to open herself up, and she'd rather live a life of solitude than one where someone could hurt her.

"I don't care." Regina insisted as she brought her lips back to Emma's. "Are you okay?" She asked pulling back, her earlier frustration lost and replaced by her concern.

Emma nodded "Yes, you're mine." The smile once more returning to her lips. She thought she was over the Ruby thing, but seeing her enter the party dressed in her usual attire she had felt both the jealousy and the inadequacy, how was she meant to compete with someone like Ruby, who oozed confidence and sexuality. But it was her who Regina had pulled from the room publicly, it was her who Regina had against the wall, somewhere they could get caught.

"Then come on, we should get back to the party, or your mother will send out a search party."

As they re-entered the flat smiling and laughing softly together all eyes were not-so-subtly on them. Just as Regina picked up a glass of mulled wine Henry appeared next to her donned in his inquisitive face. "Were you and Emma talking about my Christmas presents?" He asked hopefully.

"I heard Christmas was cancelled this year, Santa's on strike."

"No he's not!" Henry and Emma both chimed at once causing Regina to nearly choke on a sip of her wine, she turned around to face Emma who had her hands on her hips and an amused David. "Santa is so coming this year!" Emma said with a smile. "Because I've been a very good girl." She cocked her eyebrow a smirk on her lips as she watched Regina's eyes darken.

For a second Regina just opened and closed her mouth, momentarily speechless. "What about that time you flooded my kitchen? Are you sure you've made up for that yet? I hear Santa gives good girls presents and that bad girls get punished." 

Emma's cheeks flushed crimson both at the memory of the havoc she had wrecked and why, and at the thought of being punished.

"Yes! Doesn't Santa leave coal in naughty children's stockings?!" David said as he remembered something David Nolan had heard.

"David, there are many ways to punish someone over Christmas." Regina laughed softly, as she saw Emma's cheeks flush even darker out of the corner of her eye. The blonde had started this; Regina was damn well going to finish it.

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"Regina seriously you always look stunning, I don't know why you need my opinion, and anyway you're always telling me 'my tastes are questionable'." Emma whined.
Regina had asked Emma over of the pretence of deciding if her outfit was suitable for Mary Margaret's upcoming Christmas Party, and was now taking her 'sweet-arsed time' in getting changed, or so Emma grumbled. Stood in the kitchen she decided to pour herself a glass of water, because at the rate she was going she'd die of dehydration before Regina re-surfaced. However just as she turned on the kitchen tap the brunette stepped into the room, and all thoughts of hydration were lost.

She was wearing a long ankle length rich red cloak, fastened with a wide black leather belt, set just under her breasts, pushing them high and inviting. The cloak was edged with soft fluffy white fur along each of the edges and around the hood, which sat atop her dark blow-dried hair, framing her face. The knee high black stiletto boots she wore were detailed with matching fur trim and laced with satin ribbon. The only other item of clothing worn by Regina was the small satin thong, which did little to cover her modesty.

Emma's jaw agape, she stepped away from the sink as her eyes glazed over at the sight of Regina, with her hip cocked, her hands behind her head as she leant back against the doorframe, pushing her breasts further forwards.

"My elves tell me you've been a bad girl this year?" She purred, revelling in Emma's moans of desire and the obvious and sudden darkening of her irises as they turned dark green in a flash. With Emma unable to articulate a response, her mouth hanging open languidly, Regina moved to close the gap, grabbing the blonde by the wrist and pulling her into the dining room. Siting down on one of the straight-backed dining chairs she pulled Emma onto her lap. "So, are you going to tell me how you're going to deserve to be on my nice list?"

"Oh God." Emma groaned as she wriggled atop Regina's lap in an attempt to dispel some of the building pressure.

"Not God Dear, Santa." She said with a smirk. "Strip and get over my lap."

Emma quickly did as she was told, undressing and lying over Regina's lap, she could already feel the wetness pool between her thighs.

Running her hands over Emma's supple cheeks, letting her nails scratch at the tender skin revelling in the way in which the blonde squirmed against her touch. "Do you want to be punished for being a bad girl? Do you want to earn a space on my nice girl list in time for Christmas?"

"Yes Mistress!" Emma moaned desperately, her hips lifting off of Regina's lap in a desperate attempt to find her hand, to find her punishment.

Smirking she just watched, deliberately denying her pet what she wanted most, if only for a short while. Eventually she couldn't resist any longer, denying Emma what she wanted most was also denying herself what she wanted most. Raising her hand high, she brought it down hard and fast against Emma's arse repeatedly until they were littered with the marks of her affection and the sound of Emma's pleasure and pain filled the air like a choir of submission and desire.

With Emma's come coating her thighs and her arse glowing she stilled her motions. "Get on your knees little slut, show me how good a whore you can be."

Sinking to her knees Emma worked Regina's sopping wet panties down her legs, so pleased to be the cause of such desires. Eagerly she dipped her head forwards, her tongue immediately lapping at Regina's wetness with eager abandon as her hands came to rest against her Mistress' thighs.

Moaning contently, she let her fingers not through Emma's blonde tresses pulling hard as she held
her in position, pressing herself to her willing mouth.

With deft ability, Emma soon had Regina bucking against her tongue as fingers tightened in her hair, holding her impossibly close as she came hard into her mouth, moaning her name again and again.

As Regina recovered slowly, her fingers loosened their grip from Emma's hair, until she let go completely, leaving the blonde free to move back. With her lover's come running down her chin she let out a small laugh as she looked up at a dishevelled Regina. "So, have I proved I can be good?"

Smiling down exhausted Regina couldn't help but laugh back. "The best." She said. "So, what was your verdict on the outfit? Do you think your mother would approve?"

"Are we talking Christmas plans?" Mary Margaret asked as she joined the group.

"Actually yes." Regina said with a genuine smile, turning to face the younger brunette. "I have been thinking why don't you, all of you-" she said gesturing to Emma and David. "-Join Henry and I for Christmas dinner, I think it's high time we moved on from the past. I can't take it back, or even make amends." She dropped her gaze, sadness in her eyes, until they found Henry's smile. "But, that being said I can try and build something out of what we have here now." She gestured between the group, her small smile returning. She felt oddly nervous, and a desperate need to gain the Charmings' approval, this both confused and worried her.

Henry's smile grew until it rivalled even that of the Cheshire cat, and his wasn't the only one, whilst Regina shuffled nervously as she played with the stem of her wineglass, Emma, David and Mary Margaret all exchanged happy and excited smiles. "We'd love that." Mary Margaret exclaimed honestly.

Nodding in agreement Emma took the glass from Regina's hands, setting it down onto the side, smiling at the flicker of confusion as it crossed her face, as she took her hands in her own. "Yes, thank you Regina, you have no idea how much this means… To us." She added as she looked back at her parents. She knew how much this meant, on every level. She knew almost all the reasons as to why Regina had made this decision, and they filled her with pride, they filled her with hope, they filled her with joy and best of all, they filled her with love.

"Thanks Mom." Henry said as he buried his head in her side, his arms tight around her as he smiled up at his two mothers. He didn't know what it was that was helping his mom change, but he was so glad she had something or someone in her life, which made her believe in herself and her future.

"Can Emma stay at our house Christmas eve? I want to wake up with you both there, I want her to see my presents."

Regina and Emma exchanged glances before smiling. "Yes, I think that sounds like a wonderful idea dear."

"This is so not my fault!" Emma defended with a laugh as she waded through the kitchen to the sink. There was water everywhere, which was funny enough, but with Regina scowling whilst she still wore her sexy Santa suit was hilarious.

"In what realm is this not your fault Miss Swan?"

"If you hadn't distracted me in your damn fancy-dress, I never would have left the tap running." She
laughed. "Anyway I have to go now, Mary Margret wanted me home to help with decorations, and you have magic so you can fix this no problem, right?!

"That is not the point." She crossed her arms glaring at the blonde. "You will regret this Miss Swan, I promise you that."

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Sneak Peak: A Special Surprise
Okay so I know it's not yet Friday, but it's Christmas Eve, so here is an extra special present to all my little faeires.

I hope wherever you're that you're warm, safe and happy this Christmas time. I send you all love, cheer and the best of wishes.

Thanks to my wonderful beta for being a super babe! 3 you chick! x

'Twas the night before Christmas, on Mifflin Street,
There was writhing and moaning from under the sheets.
The stockings and suspenders were tossed without care,
For Mistress and sub were lost in their affair.

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Young Henry was nestled all snug in his bed,
Down the hall Emma's legs, wide were spread.
Both collars around her neck, her wrists tied in shackles,
The candle burnt bright smelling of cinnamon apple.

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Her nipples encased in clamps with chains,
The good little kitten so easily trained.
Biting down hard she stifled a moan,
As Regina bit and sucked, marking her hipbone.

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The purple stain dark against skin white as snow,
Regina kissed and she licked and she gave it a blow.
Smiling up into eyes of wondrous green,
She felt more power and responsibility than when she'd been Queen.

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Emma was her sub, her kitten, her whore,
A lover, a friend, co-parent and more.
With a thrust and a pinch, Emma soon came,
Screaming and moaning and shouting her name:

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"Oh Mistress! My Queen! Your Highness! Your Majesty!
Oh Regina! Oh God!" As she spiraled into insanity.
The Christmas lights shone her eyes all a glaze,
Her body aching and shaking, as she was lost to the haze.

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The tingle from her fingers to her toes as she began to fly,
Her muscles so heavy as she mounted the sky,
Her breath lost to Jack Frost or goblin of dark,
her ears rang with carols and the sound of a lark.

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And then, she was falling back to earth like a feather,
Soon wrapped in a blanket to protect from the weather.
The shackles and day collar lost in purple smoke,
Her back Regina caressed, her hair she began to stroke.

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Holding her close she kissed her forehead,
And after a pause she quietly said.
"All I want this year, this Christmas is you,
Here in my home with our son Henry too."

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Pink lips smiling, her cheeks all a glow,
The twinkling sparkle eyes of peridot.
The words unsaid hung in the air,
Like paper chains, mistletoe and a sweet Christmas prayer.

The snow swirled outside framing the windows like lace of white,
The streets stood empty, the moon shining bright.
All of Storybrooke slept awaiting the Christmas cheer,
To celebrate love, family and a wonderful year.

The tree was covered in decorations and lights,
Presents underneath filled with extraordinary delights.
The food in the fridge, in the cellar the wine,
The table all set, the centerpiece divine.

The blonde in her bed, her naughty little elf,
Made her feel feelings, in spite of herself.
It wasn't just the season, the magic and joy,
Emma meant more than a Christmas day toy.

Thick lashes fell closed, eyes too heavy to stay,
The dreams of hope and love pulling her away.
Regina smiled at the blonde, a heartwarming sight,
"Happy Christmas Emma dear, sweet dreams and good night!"

Chapter End Notes

So I guess you weren't expecting a chapter in the form of a poem, well it's Christmas, and at Christmas anything goes

I hope you enjoyed this, I know it's a little different, but I hoped you followed and it made sense

Chapter Seventeen Sneak Peak: More secrets
Christmas Day

Chapter Notes

So I gave you a surprise Christmas Eve present, I couldn’t not give you a Christmas present too.
I hope you have a wonderful day, that you’re safe, warm and with those you love.
This Christmas has been incredibly hard, your feedback, comments and reviews have literally been the best gifts I could ever have wished for, and have truly truly made my day, so thank you all so much little faeries
Thinking of you all

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the first cold light of dawn hit the sleeping blonde she awoke with a smile, it was Christmas Day.
For the first time in her life she felt a childhood excitement about the festivities and traditions. Christmas had always been a lonely time, reminding her how she had no family and no friends. She’d celebrated Christmas before with the Charmings’ and that had been nice, but somehow this year was different. In part, because her and her parents were much closer, because she knew this year wouldn’t carry with it its usual awkwardness and guilt between them, of years lost and memories missed.

She finally felt at home in the small town of Storybrooke, Maine, it was her home, and she couldn’t imagine a life anywhere else. She loved to wake up to the bell of the clock tower, to see Doctor Hopper and Pongo on her drive into work. She loved to pop into the diner for her cinnamon hot chocolate, to chat with Granny and Leroy. Sometimes she was reminded of who these people were in their past lives, she’d smile to herself as she remembered their Disney adaptations.

Spending Christmas with her parents, Regina and their son was pure perfection for so many reasons. As friends, as two women who had vowed to put their son first, to spend Christmas as a crazy family was a huge leap forward on previous years. But as lovers, Emma couldn’t help but read more.

Turning her head her smile only grew as her eyes came to rest on the sleeping brunette lying next to her. In her dream like state Regina was so peaceful, so content, but Emma knew only too well this was not always the case.

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The darkness shrouded the room, it was late, well past midnight and the night was so still and silent, too silent, until a whimper broke through the darkness. As nightmares mounted Regina’s dreams she tossed and turned in tortured agony.
Opening her eyes Emma frowned as she heard and saw Regina's fearful state. Gently she pulled her close, softly stroking her hair as she whispered quietly. “Hush, its just a dream.” She said as Regina's dark eyes flickered open. She could see the pain and the fear clearly on her face, and it broke her heart. “It’s just a dream.” She repeated.

Swallowing hard Regina realised what was happening, immediately seizing up to protect herself. She tried to pull herself free from Emma's grasp, but her grip was too strong as she held her close, keeping her safe. Eventually she stopped fighting, instead accepting the silent offer of help and support.

The sat in silence for a long while, like that, Emma holding her as she stroked her hair. With her head against the blonde's chest she could hear the steady sound of her heartbeat, a surprisingly comforting sensation.

“I’m living in a hell of regret and remorse.” She finally whispered. “I can never truly atone for the atrocities I’ve committed. I have ruined and ended countless lives; I have destroyed the happiness of so many… How can I now, after all that expect or hope for a happiness of my own?” Her voice was hushed and sad as she absentmindedly caressed her fingers over the back of Emma's hand.

“I think the fact it bothers you this much, that you regret your actions, deeply…” She sighed softly before pressing a kiss to the top of Regina's head. “I think it is your duty to find happiness, for those who can no longer find it.”

Tilting her head Regina looked up into the green eyes she sought out so often, but this time there was no flirtatious sparkle, or danger, there was no challenge or humor there was just sincerity. Tears pricked at her own eyes as she swallowed hard, hearing the words that were said.

“I think happiness is up to you now.”

Smiling wickedly, Emma shuffled down under the covers, between the legs of her sleeping lover. Brushing her fingers against Regina’s black satin nightdress she moved it to rest against her toned abdomen. Dipping her head forwards Emma gave a slow lick against her folds, teasing her tongue inside to taste her. Sliding two fingers inside Regina's hot core she slowly began to work back and
forth as her tongue teased against the brunette’s swollen clit. Fingers knotted into her hair under the covers as hips bucked against her mouth.

“Faster.” Came Regina's husky response, her voice laced in lust and sleep.

Emma was only too happy to oblige, thrusting faster and harder. Curling her digits she caressed against Regina's G-Spot as she sucked at her clit, tipping her over the edge. She would have heard the moans of delight, had Regina's legs not clamped shut around her ears, her thighs holding her close as she came hard over Emma's fingers.

As she drifted back to Earth Regina let out a small laugh, it was definitely a pleasant way to be awoken on Christmas morning. As Emma moved back up the bed to lie in her arms, she pulled her into a deep kiss “Good morning, happy Christmas.”

“You liked your first Christmas present?”

“I loved it.” She smiled, before kissing the blonde again, this time with more passion. “Your turn.” She purred.

Emma let out a moan of desire as Regina began to kiss down her collarbone. Suddenly the sound of excited feet thundering down the landing was heard. Pulling back Regina lied back against her pillow just in time as Henry flew through the door and into her bedroom.

“IT’S CHRISTMAS!!!” He exclaimed excitedly as he jumped onto the bed, landing first on Regina, then on Emma before settling between the two of them.

“Ouch kid! Have you already been eating the Christmas pud? You don’t half weigh a lot.” She teased, earning her an elbow in the side.

“You’re the one who kept poking the dessert last night.” He said smugly.

“Lies!” She said in mock horror as Regina raised her brow disapprovingly.

As realisation finally dawned on him he looked from one mother to the other in confusion. “Why are you both in mom’s bed?” He asked.
“Emma came in, so we’d both be here to wish you a happy Christmas.” Regina explained, it wasn’t exactly a lie; she knew how much Emma was looking forward to Christmas with their son.

“So come on kid, let’s see if Santa left you any presents in your stocking last night.” Emma shot the brunette a smile as she hopped out of bed. “And maybe we could make your mom breakfast in bed.”

“No thank you Emma!” She said holding her hands up. “I still haven’t recovered from the last time you tried to cook for us.” Emma had decided to make popcorn for a movie night with her, Regina and Henry, several bottles of air freshener, potions, spells and a month later, she was sure she could still sometimes smell the burnt kernels. “I’ll make breakfast if you organise the presents.”

“I’m old enough to know Santa doesn’t really exist.” Henry said, he wasn’t a child anymore, and he didn’t need his parents to pretend anymore for him.

“Henry Mills, I am surprised at you!” Regina said as she wrapped her robe around herself. “After all you know about my land, and all the others, that you could dismiss the possibility that Saint Nicolas is real!?”

Emma nodded, standing next to Regina with her arms crossed. “He’s real all right, now get down stairs and see if he paid you a visit.” She couldn’t wait to start their Christmas celebrations, to open the presents and eat and drink, but she also couldn’t wait to have some alone time with Regina, to finish what they started.

Grabbing Emma's hand in one, and Regina's in the other he pulled them both to the door. “Let’s go together.”

Emma guessed their alone time would have to wait till later.

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The sound of the doorbell ringing chimed throughout the house, it was midmorning and the three of them were up and dressed. Regina was in the kitchen beginning on dinner, whilst Henry and Emma tried to assemble one of the presents ‘Santa’ had brought him. As the doorbell rang for a second time Regina sighed, placing the spoon down, clearly no one else was going to get the door. Smoothing down her apron nervously she made her way to the front door, pulling it open she smiled politely as she greeted Mary Margaret and David. Taking their coats, she led them into the front room to Emma and Henry who were delighted to see them.
Taking a step back Regina crept upstairs under the pretence of hanging the coats up in the spare room. She needed just a moment. She wasn’t sure when it had happened, but downstairs was her family.

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Regina could feel Emma's eyes burning against her skin; the feeling between them was electric. She wanted more than anything to drag the blonde to her bedroom and fuck her until she screamed, not caring if the Charmings heard them, but she couldn’t, she knew she couldn’t, could she? With Emma’s eyes on her the feeling wasn’t leaving anytime soon.

Henry had just opened a new handheld games console and desperately wanted to put some batteries in to start playing, the only problem was they needed a tiny screwdriver to open the battery pack. “I think I have one upstairs, Emma, come help me look.” Regina said, shooting the blonde a look of urgency.

Nodding enthusiastically, Emma jumped to her feet, practically running up the stairs. As soon as she stepped into the master bedroom Regina was upon her, pushing her hard against the wall as she kissed her hungrily, her hands roaming, pushing the skirt of her dress up as she tore her panties down. With her teeth grazing as the side of her neck and at her earlobe, her hot breath caressing against her skin. “I want you.” She growled.

Emma gasped as she let her head fall back against the wall, her skin was on fire, and she needed Regina to put it out. She hadn’t been able to stop thinking about Regina, even whilst she was sat talking to her parents.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard.”

“Regina! Emma! David found one in his truck.” Mary Margaret’s voice called up the stairs, interrupting them.

Growling impatiently Regina rested her head on Emma’s shoulder, unwilling to pull herself away, at least not yet.

“Regina?!” Mary Margaret repeated as she took the first and second stair.
“Fuck, we’ve got to go back down.” Emma sighed, knowing her mother too well.

“Fine.” Bending down she picked up Emma's damp panties, which she had tossed to the floor. “But I’m pocketing these for the day. You’re my slut, and I don’t want you wearing panties.” With that she turned on her heel and left an even more sexually frustrated Emma behind.

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An hour later Regina was growing impatient, she needed to have Emma and the Charmings seemed to be doing everything possible to keep them from being alone together. They were now even struggling to find moments to kiss, as someone was always hovering nearby threatening to catch them.

“Oh no!” Regina exclaimed. She was in the kitchen, having just basted the turkey, Mary Margaret was stood stirring vegetables which Regina had assured her didn’t need any attention and Emma was sat on the counter watching the two brunettes with amusement.

“What?” Mary Margaret asked worriedly, she wanted this Christmas to run smoothly, that meant no mishaps of any kind.

“Cranberry sauce, I didn’t buy cranberry sauce.” She lied.

“What?” Mary Margaret repeated with a gasp. “We have to have cranberry sauce.”

“I’ll have to go out and get some, are you okay to supervise the cooking?” She asked. She assumed Snow would be delighted at being trusted to run the kitchen, and she was right as she enthusiastically promised that everything would be perfect under her care.

Emma quickly cottoned on to Regina's plan, she knew for a fact that she had cranberry sauce in her cupboard; she had found it whilst snooping. “Regina you’ve had wine, you can’t drive, I’ll go and get the cranberry sauce, you stay here.”

“And end up with some budget range sauce or a jar of jam, I don’t think so. You can drive, but I’m coming with you.”
Wrapping their coats tight around themselves Regina whispered. “Well done, I was trying to think of a reason why we both needed to fetch sauce.”

“Where are we going?”

“My office, we should be able to get away with being gone for a full half an hour before they grow suspicious.” Opening the front door, Regina stepped out onto the porch just as Mary Margaret came running down the hallway, jar in hand.

“I found some cranberry, you don’t have to go out after all.” She said so pleased with herself.

Shooting a fake smile Regina took the jar from her. “Well look at that, it must have slipped my mind.”

“I’ve saved you a trip.”

“Indeed you have.”

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With the dinner things cleared away Regina returned to the living room, standing in the doorway she rested against the frame, a smile on her lips as tears pricked at her eyes. David was trying to dad-dance with Emma whilst Henry and Mary Margaret played with one of his new toys. She stood in silence and watched the four happy faces, listening to the chorus of laughter. She wasn’t quiet sure when it had happened, but this was her family.

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“Thank you so much for having us.” David said honestly. “We had a wonderful time.”

“Thank you for coming, yeah, it was a great day.” Regina smiled warmly as they said goodbye to their guests.
“We’ll have to do something for New Year.” Mary Margaret said happily.

“I’d like that.” Once again her answer was genuine, she really would like to bring the New Year in with the Charmings, if anyone had told her that thirty years ago, she’d have laughed in their face, and then turned them into a snail. Closing the door behind them she turned back to Emma with a smile. “I suppose we should get him to bed.” She said gesturing to the sleeping boy on the sofa.

“I got it.” Scooping up their not-so-little son into her arms she began to carry him upstairs as Regina followed. Tucking him in they sat on either side of his bed, both placing a kiss on his forehead. “Sweet dreams Henry.”

Back downstairs Regina placed the last of the washing in the dishwasher before turning back to the blonde. “So, now maybe I can give you your Christmas Present.” She smirked as she took the blonde’s hand, leading her down to the basement. With candlelight filling the room she closed the gap between them, running her thumb over Emma’s cheek as she stared into her eyes a soft smile playing on her lips. “Merry Christmas Emma.” She said before kissing her softly, just as the clock in her hallway chimed midnight. “Are you ready for your Boxing Day present?”

Chapter End Notes

Ooooh what’s Emma's present going to be?

Chapter Eighteen Sneak Peak: The one you’ve all been waiting for (well some of you)
Back downstairs Regina placed the last of the washing in the dishwasher before turning back to the blonde. "So, now maybe I can give you your Christmas Present." She smirked as she took the blonde's hand, leading her down to the basement. With candlelight filling the room she closed the gap between them, running her thumb over Emma's cheek as she stared into her eyes a soft smile playing on her lips. "Merry Christmas Emma." She said before kissing her softly, just as the clock in her hallway chimed midnight. "Are you ready for your Boxing Day present?"

"So ready Mistress!" Emma moaned, her voice whiney and desperate but she didn't care as she kissed Regina hard.

Pulling back the brunette frowned as she looked at the blonde, something felt wrong, she could feel the knot in her stomach. "No." She whispered.

"No?" Emma asked quietly in confusion, she watched as Regina stepped back, this was it, this was Regina pulling away from her.

"No." She repeated as her gaze dropped. "Not here." Suddenly she was upon Emma once more kissing her passionately as the purple smoke shrouded around them. They were now in her bedroom, and she pushed Emma until she fell back against the bed. With a wave of her hand they were both naked, and without a word she climbed onto the bed over the blonde.

Green eyes questioned everything. She had been sure Regina was about to shut her out, and here they now were, in her bedroom.

She kissed Emma slowly but deeply, trying her best to convey the whirlwind of emotions, which were tearing through her. Resting on one side, she stared down into pools of green, giving another soft smile, before she slid three fingers easily inside of her. She began to thrust into her so slowly, her eyes never leaving Emma's.

Soon soft pants and moans began to fill the room; Emma placed a hand on Regina's shoulder as she rocked her hips against her thrusts. The feeling was so intense as the air grew thick around them. She felt strangled; no words would escape her mouth as she bit her lips, her brow knotted in tortured pleasure.

Grazing her thumb over Emma's clit she couldn't hold back anymore, "I love you Emma!" She whispered soft, but clear.

As Emma looked up at the sincerity in Regina's face, as the words that fell from her lips reached her
ears she came, quaking against Regina's touch as her eyes fell closed, the blissful realisation washing over her.

"I'm in love with you." She repeated as Emma finally stopped shaking. Tears ran down her face, falling onto Emma's cheek.

Reaching up she cupped Regina's face, brushing away the tears. "I love you too." She whispered, before pulling her into a long sweet kiss.

Collapsing into Emma's arms they laid in silence for a while as happiness and love surrounded them. She listened to the sound of the blonde's heartbeat, feeling content and at peace. She absent-mindedly played with the pendant of Emma's day collar. "You know Garnets also symbolise intimacy and love."

"I know." Emma whispered happily. She had researched the stone when she had got home the night she had been collared. But even in her most optimistic of dreams she hadn't hoped for Regina to ever say those three little words she so longed to hear.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you guys think? Regina finally said it, and allowed Emma to say it in return. Oh such a HUGE turning point for our little couple.
It was late afternoon New Years Eve. Henry was playing on his new games console in his bedroom whilst downstairs in the den Regina and Emma were deep in conversation. The door was locked and the fire was roaring, the room cosy and intimate.

"New years typically mean new beginnings." Regina said as she played absent-mindedly with the bracelet on her wrist.
"They do." Emma responded. She stood up from her spot on the sofa, crossing the room to where Regina was sat against her desk, taking her hands in her own she smiled encouragingly. "We're on the same page Regina, we both want the same thing and neither of us can voice it yet, but that's okay." Placing her finger under the elder woman's chin she tilted her head to meet her own gaze. "This is going to be our year Regina, you, me and Henry. This is going to be our year." She repeated.

Regina smiled, tears welling in her eyes, before she coughed and stood, breaking eye contact, physical contact and the moment. She couldn't linger too long on such thoughts; the fear and hope threatened to suffocate her whenever she did. "Tonight there are rules."

"Of course Mistress."

Stronger once more, with more self-control she turned back to the blonde, "If you're with me you will make you're lower than me at all times; if I am stood you will sit, if I am sat you will kneel, is this understood?"

"Yes Mistress." Emma nodded.

"You will ensure my needs are met, that I am always with a drink if I want one, and that I always have someone to talk to." She continued.

"Yes Mistress."

"You will of course wear your day collar for all to see, and under your dress you will wear nipple clamps weighted by a chain and no underwear to remind you of who you belong to as the clock strikes twelve."

"Hmm yes Mistress." Emma hummed.

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Regina awoke to the sound of a loud bang from downstairs; sitting up abruptly she blinked away the sleep from her eyes. To her side lay a mass of blonde curls as Emma slept soundly in her bed. It was the second of January and Emma had spent every night with her since Christmas Eve. She felt a surreal sense of blissful contentment at the simplicity of their perfection. So understated was their divine happiness. More than she had ever hoped or dreamed of, who would have guessed her key to happiness would be the savior. She laughed softly to herself, for the first time she felt Emma deserved her elected title; she was a saviour, her saviour, and Henry's too. Somehow the blonde hurricane completed their lives, the altogether surprising missing piece in their family jigsaw. Maybe there was such a thing as fate after all. She had always firmly believed that one made their own destiny in life; that was what Rumpelstiltskin and her mother had always taught her, but when she looked down at the sleeping blonde she couldn't help but feel as though she and Emma were always destined to be together, that all the events that had come to pass to bring them to their current situation had to happen in order to bring about their 'happy ending'.

Placing a soft kiss against Emma's forehead she slipped quietly out of bed, wrapping her robe around herself before padding downstairs to investigate the early morning clamour coming from the kitchen.

Smiling softly she reached up over the stove to detach the frying pan from the hook, the frying pan that Henry had just been jumping in a vain attempt to reach. The loud bang which had awoken her she surmised was the sound of the other pans falling to the floor as Henry knocked them off. "Henry, what have I told you about cooking without adult supervision?!" She placed her hands on her hips as she looked down at him, only just, he was growing taller every day, and very soon they'd be at eye
level if she wasn't careful, or worse, he'd grow taller than her.

"I wanted to make you and Emma breakfast before you went to work." He explained. It was Emma and Regina's first day back at work after the excitement of Christmas and New Year. David had agreed to work for the past few days whilst Emma took a few days off, and now he would look after Henry with Mary Margaret as the school term didn't start back for a couple of weeks.

"It was a lovely thought Henry, but I'm up, and you aren't old enough to cook us breakfast just yet. Why don't you go upstairs and get your bag packed for the day." She placed a pack of bacon onto the counter top before setting the eggs down next to it. The simplicity of their morning routine was indeed perfection.

"Can I wake Emma up first?" He asked hopefully. He had always loved waking his moms up by jumping on their beds in the morning, and waking Emma in such a way was a joy he'd not experienced since he had stayed at the apartment, for some reason his mom always had an excuse as to why he couldn't, either Emma needed her rest, or she was already in the shower or up, sometimes Regina said he shouldn't disturb her because she had a headache. But then again there was that time Christmas Eve. when he had got to jump on both his moms at the same time when Emma was waiting in his moms room for him…. 

"No, just go and get your things ready, we don't want your grandmother blaming your upbringing for your disorganisation." The last time Henry had been late to meet Mary Margaret she had blamed Regina's approach as a mother for his tardiness. "Anyway if I know Emma, the smell of bacon will have her down quicker than you can say 'good morning'". Two things ruled Emma: her iron stomach and her sapphic desires, neither of which remained sated for very long.

Sure enough, twenty minutes later the tousled blonde shuffled into the kitchen wearing a pair of pyjama shorts which Regina had insisted she bring and a blue grey satin shirt, her shirt. It was the shirt Henry had once loaned to Emma behind Regina's back and the sheriff's devilish smirk was not lost on the brunette. "Morning."

"I see your sense of smell wasn't impaired during your sleep." She turned back to the stove, letting out a satisfied sigh as she felt strong arms wrap around her waist.

"Hmm." She hummed as she breathed in Regina's musky sweet scent. "Neither has my sense of taste." Emma kissed the nape of her neck, letting her tongue flick out against her skin. "You taste as divine as always."

"Get off." Regina laughed softly as she shrugged against Emma's embrace. "Henry will be down any moment."

Emma hummed again before reluctantly pulling away, it was getting harder and harder to end things. As she settled down in a chair opposite Regina she watched as she began to serve up, just as their son entered the room.

Regina looked up with a smile as she pushed two plates of French toast at them before setting down with a coffee and half a grapefruit.

"I thought I smelt bacon." Emma said as she tucked in hungrily to her breakfast.

"Nothing gets past you does it Sherlock." She jested. "I made us both BLT's for lunch."

Emma's smile grew, Regina was making her packed lunch, they might not officially be dating but she had spent the past nine nights at her house, they had officially exchanged the 'the three little
words' and now Regina was making her a packed lunch. Maybe they weren't dating, but for now this was close enough. "Thanks."

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The morning was slow and the early afternoon was even slower at the sheriff's station. Emma was bored of playing minesweeper on her office PC, she was bored of tossing balls of paper into the waste paper basket and she was bored of reorganising the filing system. When the station's phone rang shrill from her office she nearly fell from the desk chair she was balanced atop during her latest game of 'floor is lava'. "Good afternoon Sheriffs' station please be calling with need of help!"

"Slow day?" Regina's asked through the receiver.

"You have no idea!" Emma sighed, so relieved and happy to hear her voice. "Second best thing to happen to me today."

"Only the second?" Regina asked, if Emma could see her now she'd have seen the scowl on her face as she swung her chair around so she could stare angrily out of the window.

"Before you get defensive, you currently hold the top three positions." She smiled as she sensed Regina's instant relaxation. "Thirdly the most amazing sandwiches ever, carful or I'll ask you to make me lunch every day." She joked.

"Careful, with compliments like that I will make you them every day." Her words hung in the air, she hadn't exactly meant them as a proposal, but once they had past her lips there was no way for her to get them back.

Clearing her throat Emma continued "secondly, as I said, this lovely surprise phone call." She paused momentarily before continuing. "Finally, my favourite moment of the day so far, was you kissing me when you thought I was asleep...

Silence. Regina said nothing for several minutes as she processed the words Emma had said. "You were awake." She said bluntly, her voice showing no trace of her inner emotions.

"Yes, it was the most perfect start to the day, even better than your French toast, which is saying something."

Regina smiled, if nothing else Emma knew how to flatter. "Good," she whispered. "Now, can you do as you're told for me kitten."

Emma moaned in surprise and desire nodding her head, before remembering Regina couldn't see her actions and mumbling "yes Mistress."

"Good slut." Regina commended. "In the bottom drawer of your desk you will find a box, take it out but do not open it."

With a mixture of curiosity and obedience Emma pulled open her drawer to find one of Regina's black gift boxes this time tied with a pink ribbon. Setting it down on the desk she resisted the urge to tear open the ribbon and look inside.

"Take off your clothes." Came Regina's next command, calm and clear.

"What?" Emma gasped in shock.

"What Mistress." She corrected her. "You heard me, take off your clothes."
"Yes Mistress." She stuttered as her fingers began to fumble with the buttons of her blouse, Regina's blouse. She draped the blouse over the back of her chair, not willing to risk the brunette's wrath if she creased it.

"Tell me what you're doing"

Were they really going to have phone sex? At work? Clicking the phone onto hands free, she then jumped up to lock the door to her office and roll down the blinds. "I'm taking off my bra Mistress," she said as she unhooked it before placing it on her desk atop her paperwork.

"Go on." Regina husked in encouragement.

Unzipping her boots she then stood up, unbuttoning her jeans and shimmying them down her legs and kicking them off. "I've just taken off my jeans for you Mistress."

"Go on." Regina repeated.

Swallowing hard Emma hooked her thumbs into her boy shorts, so Regina had meant it when she'd told her to get naked. Her heart was racing at the risk of getting caught, but the excitement coupled with her desire to please her mistress was overwhelming. "I'm taking them off now." She said as she pulled her briefs down her legs, letting them fall onto the pile of boots and denim on the floor.

"Good girl, now tell me how wet you are for me." Regina had wanted Emma all day, ever since she had seen her wearing her blue satin shirt. She had wanted to take Emma hard against the counter, but she couldn't, not with Henry in the house.

Emma groaned as her fingers slid against her abundant wetness, she hadn't realised how aroused she was, though she should have done, lately it seemed as though she was perpetually soaking wet. "God I'm so wet for you Mistress."

"Mmmm" Regina hummed in appreciation. "Good girl, now lick your fingers clean for me."

Bringing her sticky fingers to her lips, Emma licked them clean of her own residue. "All clean Mistress."

"You're such a good little slut." She purred into the phone. "So eager to please your Mistress aren't you?!"

"Yes Mistress, of course Mistress."

"Good, open the box, you will find three things inside." She could sense the smile on Emma's lips as she heard her tear her way into the gift. "Take the lube and the butt plug, you know what to do."

"Yes Mistress." Her voice was thick with desire as she obediently applied lubricant to the blue plug. After a beat Regina's irritated voice was heard down the phone "I'm waiting."

Nodding again Emma slowly began to insert the plug, letting out a gasp and a moan as she did so.

"Such a good girl." Regina let her head fall back against her chair as she imagined Emma so obediently with the butt plug in her arse. "Now take out the rabbit." The last gift in the box was a white and pink Rampant Rabbit, 13cm in circumference and 14cm in length, it was a formidable toy. "Sit back in your chair and fuck your pretty little cunt with your new toy."

"Oh God." Emma groaned before falling back into her chair, only to moan again as the plug was
forced deeper into her arse by the contact. She didn't even need to lube the rabbit as her own lubricant dripped down the inside of her thighs, pushing the head in she once more moaned as she felt it stretch her as she took it deep inside of herself. When entered to the hilt she turned both of the controls to max, her body shuddering as the shaft and ears vibrated to life.

"Pinch your nipples hard." Regina commanded as she hitched her own skirt up over her hips, pulling her soaked black lace panties down her legs before slipping two fingers inside of herself, her breathing hitched.

Pinching and pulling against her nipples each in turn, Emma continued to thrust the rabbit deep inside of herself.

"Describe it for me slut." Regina husked as her thumb danced over her own clit. "Tell me how it feels."

"It feels good, so good Mistress." Emma breathed, barely able to string a sentence together as she began to grow heady. "I love to feel full for you, to be stretched for you." The vibrations from the shaft of the rabbit we're bringing her dangerously close, and with one touch of the ears against her clit she was lost to the sensations. "Oh God I'm close." Her voice was shaky as the world began to slip away. "Can I come? Please let me come for you." She begged.

"No!" Came Regina's response, calm and clear. She wasn't close enough yet, and she wanted to come together, there was no was she was letting Emma climax first. "Don't you dare come without my permission."

Emma's whimper was desperate and needy, she didn't know if she could hold off until commanded. She wanted so desperately to please her Mistress, but her need to climax was compelling. Biting down hard on her lower lip she screwed her eyes tight shut as she tried with all her might to control her body.

Regina teased her thumb against her clit, adding a third finger as she began to thrust harder inside of herself, the beads of perspiration decorating her cleavage, shining in the firelight like small diamonds of desire as she grew ever closer. She too bit down on her lip in unbeknownst symmetry. With her eyes closed all she could imagine was the image of Emma doing as she directed before her, the sound of her laboured breaths turning her on even more, tipping her over the edge. "Come for me whore." She commanded as the shockwaves rolled over her, gritting her teeth desperate not to moan out loud, desperate not to give Emma the added satisfaction.

Emma's entire body shook with the force of her climax as her great reward was bestowed upon her, tearing through her frame in a kaleidoscope of earth shattering wonder.

As her shaky breaths finally settled to normal Emma let out a small laugh, her legs had spasmed so hard they cramped and her mouth was so dry she couldn't even swallow. Slowly she slid the rabbit from inside of herself, turning it off and placing the dripping toy on the desk and picking up her mug, downing her cold coffee in one desperate gulp.

"Thirsty?" Regina giggled as she licked her own fingers clean, hearing Emma's hum in response she smiled, before pulling her knickers back up her legs. "You're such a good girl Emma."

"Always, for you."

It was twenty minutes to midnight in square of Storybrooke. Lights were hung from every tree and
music played through the green, everyone was joyous and full of spirit as they counted down to 2015.

"Miss Swan, can I borrow you?" Regina asked as she approached the blonde her son and Doctor Hopper.

"Sure." Emma smiled. "Will you be okay with Archie kid?" She asked looking between them as they both gave a nod of agreement.

As Emma and Regina walked off away from the party Henry turned to Archie with a smile. "Archie."

"Yes?" He asked as he too watched the two women walking away, he was curious and pleased to see how the relationship between the two women had changed over the years to something he couldn't quite put his finger on.

"I need a partner for a new operation, can you help me?"

"What's your operation?" Archie turned back to Henry with a frown.

"I think my mom's are up to something."

"I think you might be right."

Away from the party Regina led Emma to her car. "Get in." She said as she slid into the drivers seat, buckling up her belt before they sped off. After a while Regina stopped the car and got out, walking a steep walk up a hill with Emma running behind to keep up.

"Where are we going?" She asked breathlessly as she caught up with the brunette.

"Do you trust me."

"With my life... With my heart." She whispered as they reached the top of the hill.

"And I with yours." Regina replied sincerely. "Look." She said gesturing ahead. They were stood at the top of a hill in the forest overlooking all of Storybrooke; the sky was clear with a thousand stars twinkling overhead, down below they could see the lights of the party behind the clock tower. "It's nearly midnight." She said frankly.

"It is." Emma replied as she looked down, it was a truly beautiful and moving sight, her entire home, New Year, and here she was alone, in a clearing with Regina.

"Emma..." She said quietly as she turned back to face her. She felt nervous, vulnerable even, but alive.

"Yes Mistress."

"Regina." She corrected.

"Regina." Emma whispered, as the brunette leant in, green eyes fluttering close as soft lips pressed against her own. She brought her own gloved hands up to rest against Regina's cheeks as she kissed her back, so much emotion and unsaid words conveyed in their kiss. Just then the clock chimed midnight.

Pulling back Regina smiled bright, her eyes once again pricked with tears. "Happy New Year Emma." She breathed."
"Happy New Year."

Chapter End Notes

This was already a long chapter and late, and I felt it best finished here, but chapter 20 will continue on the same day

Happy New Year to all my lovely little faeries, I hope this year is kind to you all, wherever you may be xoxoxo

Sneak Peak Chap 20: Phone Sex Friday Continued
First off I want to thank you all my little faeries for their kind words after the other week, it really meant more than I can even say. This chapter is dedicated to each of you, and to all those awful bridge trolls out there I refuse to let you affect me for a second longer. I had a hellish week without you adding to it.

There is no one more disappointed when I am late updating than myself. I have no bigger critic on my writing than myself. I care about all your opinions, positive and negative. I am not here to have my ego rubbed et cetera. I write because I WANT TO, it’s one of my biggest hobbies along with art and reading and cooking et cetera. WHEN I am late it’s because I haven’t even had a chance to do one of my favourite down time past times. Writing is the easiest hobby I have, as in I can pick it up and put it down wherever I am, whichever country I am in. It doesn’t matter if I’m on a train or on a lunch break, if I’m waiting for a meeting or eating my breakfast, I can find snippits of time to write, whether it be half a chapter or nine words. For me to not have updated means one thing, in a week I haven’t even had that time. TGIBDSMF is my No.1 priority. If I don’t write this I don’t write anything, or paint or bake.

I’d like to put this all to rest now, as sweet and special all your messages were last time, it’s done now. I have said everything I wish to say on the matter.

I know I haven’t gotten back to a lot of you regarding your comments, please be reassured I will do, I’m not sure how long it will take me to find the time, but it is on my priority list (literally it’s on my whiteboard).

Unbeta’d cus it was already late, will update soon with a beta’d version

I hope to write the next chapter in time, but there is every chance it could be late/short.

Though this chapter is late, its also incredibly long, I hope this somewhat makes up for it x

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You ’re such a good girl Emma. ”
“Always, for you.”

The words rang in Regina's ears as the afternoon progressed, burning deep through her heart and soul. The hours drudged on, painfully slowly. The week held little work for her, but she knew the next would bring about stress and late nights, the loss of her lunch breaks and any form of a social life. Budgets would need writing and approving, finances for the previous year would need analysing, and targets would assessing and updating. She sighed as she placed her pen down atop the open file on her desk, there was little she could do to prepare in advance for the impending work load, just relax and make the most of the free time she had prior to the onslaught.

Opening a blank email she wrote a message to the blonde Sheriff.

Sheriff Swan

Business at City Hall is still slow and quiet, did things pick up at the Station?

Your concerned Mayor

Emma rolled her eyes at the sound of the email; as if she didn’t have enough work to do she now had emails to reply to. Opening the message a smile soon graced her lips, she had to admit there was a heightened level of excitement in talking in code with Regina over their work emails.

Madam Mayor

I think Storybrooke might be hibernating, or did you cast a sleeping spell?! I haven’t even been receiving my hourly calls to tell me Pongo is out!!

Bored Sheriff

As soon as Regina heard the ‘bing’ indicating that Emma had replied her pen was once more dropped as she quickly clicked open the email with childlike excitement. She couldn’t help but laugh at blonde’s response, they may not be able to outright flirt over email, but they could tease and jest. Regina appreciated Emma's understanding of their vulnerability to exposure, they both knew the real jeopardy of either of their emails being hacked, and the risk they ran if things got out, at least before they wanted them too…
She shook her head; once again she was getting ahead of herself.

**Bored Sheriff?!**

*I hope you’re bored because you’re utilising your spare time by catching up with the VAST amount of LATE paperwork which should be FILED in my office, instead of STACKED in yours.*

**Disappointed and frustrated Mayor**

If Mah-jong counted as paperwork then Emma was well and truly working through the stack, she was on level twenty-five without having to reset the board once, not a small feat and something she was immensely proud of.

*To the disappointed Mayor, it saddens me that my work ethic doesn’t please you, after all, its what I live for ......*

*To the frustrated Mayor, perhaps you need to find a way to relax and let out your frustration … I hear yoga helps!*

*P.S. Caps lock? Really? And the paperwork isn’t stacked, don’t over exaggerate, it’s a bad habit.*

**Well-behaved Sheriff**

Regina gasped aloud as she read Emma's words, understanding the double-entendre of her words. She felt the loss of blood to her head as it rushed south.

*(Sometimes) very well-behaved Sheriff*

*I’m pleased to hear of your dedication to your position*
I’m about to wrap up here; maybe you would like a hand at the station before I head home? Maybe you can teach me some yoga positions? Downward dog?

You’re right; your paperwork isn’t stacked, more strewn in a haphazard manner.

Intending-to-be-relaxed-Mayor

Regina never received Emma’s reply, as soon as she hit the send button she slipped on her coat, dismissed her secretary, packed away and left her office, heading straight to the station. Town was eerily quiet, it seemed that when Storybrooke partied, it partied and as a result it was still recovering two days later from the bringing in of the New Year.

Entering the station she smirked as Emma's eyes visibly darkened in the split second as she looked up to notice Regina's presence. It reminded the brunette of the vampire and werewolf characters she watched with Henry whose eyes glowed and changed due to certain situations and stimuli; Sex was their situation, and she was Emma's stimuli.

The young woman was upon her within a heartbeat, immediately dropping to her knees, clawing at Regina's skirt in a desperate attempt to raise it, too eager for pleasure, both of her own and that of her Mistress, so desperate to make Regina come in her mouth, so desperate to show her, her dedication to her position.

Knotting her fist into blonde curls Regina pulled her roughly to her feet; she needed to be taught patience and discipline first. Holding her against the wall by her throat a dark wild look in her eyes she stepped closer whispering to her “I know you crave to be my dirty whore, but you must earn the right to my body first, my beautiful slut”. Taking Emma's hand she lead her to the office, closing the door and locking it behind them.

“Can we go home Mistress?” Emma asked softly, her gaze dropped for fear of reprimand for speaking out of line.

“No, you’re still on duty, you are required to be in the station until the end of your shift, in case a call should come through.” Regina explained as she slipped her coat off her shoulders, hanging it on the hook on the back of the door, the blinds were still drawn she assumed from Emma's earlier activities.

“Yes Mistress.”
“Strip.” Regina commanded.

There was something about the way she delivered the single words, which sent shivers coursing through Emma’s entire body and made her core ache with want. Regina’s regal voice as it purred over the single syllable was enough to turn anyone into a puddle of desire, and Emma was no exception. Obediently she began to strip, first kicking off her boots and jeans before Regina stopped her.

“How about this?” Regina asked, her eyes flickering to the crimson braces in the bag she held.

Emma blushed. “Yes, your highness.”

“How about this?” Regina asked, her eyes flickering to the crimson braces in the bag she held. Emma blushed. “Yes, your highness.”

“Stop.” She stared deep into her eyes before continuing. “Stand with your legs apart.”

Doing as instructed, her legs wide, her lips gaping open and glistening wet; Emma blushed as she felt Regina’s hot gaze upon her.

“Turn around.” As Emma did as she was told, Regina reached into her bag taking out a roll of red bondage tape. Grabbing the Sheriff by her elbows, she roughly forced them behind her back, weaving the tape tight around them, before taking another strip and tying her wrists together in a similar fashion. When she was suitably bound, Regina turned Emma to face her, smiling at the way her chest was pushed forward ready for inspection, practically bursting though *her* blouse due to the binding.

Regina brought a hand to gently caress against one of Emma’s breasts, watching as her nipples instantly sprung to life through the satin material. Taking both nipples between her fingers, she began to roll them slowly until a quiet moan was elicited from Emma’s open mouth. She watched as green eyes darkened as she began unbuttoning the top buttons of *her* blouse, letting Emma’s breasts burst forth from the constricting material.

In a cloud of purple smoke, a black vibrator appeared in her hand, raising it to eye level she turned it on, smirking at the way Emma whimpered in anticipation as it buzzed to life before her. Gently Regina pushed the younger woman with one firm hand placed on her abdomen until her arse pressed against the cold filing cabinet against the wall causing a gasp of surprise to be uttered. “Open your legs wider for me slut.” She said, her tone firm. She slid the vibrator down between Emma’s legs until she pressed it firmly against her clit, watching as her expression turned to sheer pleasure as the Sheriff began to gyrate her hips against the vibrator.

Regina watched as Emma’s body began to tense as her eyes rolled back into her head, the pent up sexual desire coupled with the earlier fun and games bringing her close to a quick climax already. Raising her hand, Regina slapped hard against Emma’s bare breast.

Peridot eyes snapped open in shock, her breathing laboured and erratic. The sudden jolt of pain
snatching her away from the brink of ecstasy, whilst still keeping her highly aroused as the vibrator continued to dance against her swollen clit.

Leaning forwards Regina kissed her passionately, moaning into Emma's mouth as she felt her tongue and lips plead for her to be merciful with her intense craving for sexual release. Emma's surrender fuel to her desires, her own lust fanned by Emma's submission.

Once again Emma began to gyrate her hips against the vibrator, until she was once more on the brink of climax. She’d been aroused all afternoon, all day if she was honest, but more so since her phone call with the brunette.

Regina decided to see how close she could bring her pet to ecstasy before again she suddenly slapped hard at her other breast, watching as Emma's eyes grew wide, pleading. Leaning forward her voice low and gravelly against her ear as she said, “I’ve only just begun toying with you kitten.”

She kissed her way along Emma's jaw to her mouth, slow and tender, calming her nerves before pulling back, a devilish glint in her eyes. She spanked each breast in turn, without stopping.

With every slap Emma's nipples grew harder as her breasts grew redder, marked by her small handprints. The physical tension caused by the intense pleasure against her clit offset by the sharp pain to her breasts. Her eyes were wide as she gasped desperately for air.

With her beautiful breasts bright red and sensitive from loving abuse, Regina reached into her bag for something she had slipped in there before work; a nipple suction pump and nipple rings. Placing a ring to the outside of the suction pump tube, she placed the pump over Emma's already firm nipple, before squeezing the pump forcefully, watching as her nipples engorged due to the suction. When her nipple was stiff and erect Regina slid the rings down and onto it, the ring gripping the base of Emma's nipple tight, forcing it to remain erect. Removing the pump, she repeated the procedure on the other nipple.

Standing back Regina studied the stunning vision of her pet; breasts thrust forward, her nipples standing fully erect and inviting. Reaching into her bag one last time she pulled out her finishing decoration, a set of Japanese clover nipple clamps connected by a heavy metal chain.

Emma's eyes grew wide, really wide; she had heard Japanese clover clamps were painful, the memory sending trepidation fluttering through her.
Again Regina kissed her softly, affectionately, to calm her nerves.

Emma didn’t want the kiss to end, as she pleaded passionately with her tongue and lips for Regina to have mercy on her delicate nipples, trying to distract her Mistress from her evil plans.

Breaking their delicious kiss, Regina stared deep into Emma's eyes before slowly attaching each clamp to her erect nipples.

Her audible gasps so loud Emma was sure they could be heard from the street. Her chest heaved, her breathing shallow and erratic as she gasped for air as pain shot through her body from her nipples.

Dropping the pump back in her bag she brought the vibrator to Emma's lips. “Lick it clean.”Emma's tongue obediently flicked out against the head, tasting herself with a moan. Once clean, Regina dropped it into her bag, followed by the roll of bondage tape. “Turn around.”She commanded. As the blonde did so she took a pair of scissors from her desk, cutting the tape that bound Emma's arms and wrists together, too impatient to just peel it free. “Get dressed, and finish your shift.”

“Yes Mistress.”Emma whimpered as she picked up her clothes, the weight of the chain swinging between her breasts pulling heavy against her nipples.

Reaching out Regina took Emma's wet panties from her hands. “You won’t be needing these.”She said slipping them into her bag before putting her coat on. “I'm trusting you to behave slut, don’t let me down.”

“Of course Mistress.”Emma said as she re-buttoned the blouse over her clamped nipples.

“Good girl.”

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At five thirty, just as she was locking the door to the station Emma's mobile rang in her pocket, pulling it out she smiled at the caller ID before answering. “Yes Mistress?”She said, her voice hushed in case there was someone about.
“You shouldn’t call me that unless you know for a fact its me calling, what if our son had dialed your number from my phone?!” Regina chastised down the phone. “Lucky for you it is your Mistress.”

Emma couldn’t help but moan a little into the phone at the words as she walked to her bug, sliding inside and putting the key into the ignition.

“Henry’s staying at your mothers, he just called to ask.” She continued, “how do your nipples feel slut?”

Emma couldn’t help but whimper before responding. “Aching, but okay.” She admitted honestly. The pain was delicious and reminded her every second of who she belonged to.

“Pull the chain slut.” Regina commanded.

Once again the blonde whimpered before looking around to ensure the car park was clear before snaking her hand up under the shirt to pull hard against the chains. As her nipples were tweaked harshly she felt herself grow wet for her Mistress. “I want you Mistress.”

“Beg me.”

“Please Mistress, let me come over! Please use your whore.” Emma begged. She dreaded Regina’s rejection, she wanted more than anything to prove herself to her Mistress.

“I suggest you get here ASAP then little slut, don’t let me down.” Regina smiled as she put down the phone to prepare for her houseguest.

“Yes Mistress.” Emma said into the silence, she didn’t need telling twice as she sped to the Mayoral mansion, it wasn’t like she needed to worry about getting a speeding ticket; she was the Sheriff after all and she was sure the Mayor could find a better way to pay her penalty than monetarily. As her bug screeched to a halt, she jumped out the car, practically running up the driveway, at least the first two steps before realising how much it made the heavy chains of her nipple clamps swing and taking the last steps much slower as a result, before hammering on the door with her fist.

“Someone’s an eager kitten tonight.” Regina smirked as she opened the door. “Downstairs, strip, and assume your position for inspection on the bed.” As Emma walked past her her smile grew upon her lips, this was going to be a good evening.
Walking down the steps to her basement Regina could feel butterfly's flutter in her stomach; it still amazed her the ways her body, mind and soul reacted to Emma. She was still terrified to her core of being hurt, of abandonment, humiliation and betrayal, but somehow Emma touched a part of her who was willing to open, if just a little, at the chance of happiness. Reaching the foot of the stairs she paused, pausing for a moment as she collected her thoughts.

Stepping into the room her eyes grew darker and her mouth dry at the sight of Emma on the bed in the doggie position, her head low and her arse high in the air, her arms extended behind her in the bed. Her knees were set wide apart leaving herself gaping ready for inspection.

Kneeling behind her on the bed, she reached out between Emma's open legs, her palm faced upwards against her wet lips, gently pressing upwards until she was splayed open against her hand. Gradually and gently Regina began to slide her hand towards Emma's abdomen, so her entire palm caressed over Emma's swollen lips and exposed clit.

Emma shuddered against Regina's touch as her hand traced against her erect clit. The weight of the chains pulling against her nipples teasing her further.

Regina smirked, as Emma grew wetter against the palm of her hand, unable to hide her arousal. In a customary cloud of purple smoke a stainless steel bejewelled butt plug appeared on the bed. The jewel embedded into the base of the plug was dark garnet red to match that of Emma's day collar, a perfect matching pair. Drizzling lube onto the cold metal plug, Regina placed it at Emma's puckered entrance, gently and easily pushing it into place.

Biting down on her lip in desire Regina admired the erotic sight of her girls arse with her glimmering gift on display. Leaning forward she gently kissed her peachy soft arse cheek before reaching for Emma's silk scarf, a Christmas present from Mary Margaret, Regina found great enjoyment in using it in ways Emma's mother probably didn't suspect, as a result, the scarf was yet to leave the basement of Mifflin Street. She used it to cover Emma's eyes, before tying it in a neat bow behind her head.

Leaning forwards once again she whispered in Emma's ear, her voice low yet soft, "it's time for you to count for me kitten." A leather paddle materialised in her hand. "I want you to count to twenty."

There was a moments silence as Emma's mind worked through Regina's statement. Her mind in so much overdrive she was sure Regina could hear it's inner workings. "But Mistress, I've only ever counter to fifteen before."
Regina could hear the hesitation in the young woman's voice, she could hear the internal turmoil between letting down her Mistress and guaranteed pain. "I know you have never been paddled for so long, but I believe you can embrace your new challenge." She dragged her teeth over Emma's earlobe, before letting her tongue flick out to soothe against it. "I want you stretched and always ready to receive a satisfactory number of counts for me. You have your safe word, now count for me slut."

Taking her blonde ponytail in her hand Regina roughly yanked until Emma's back was raised, with her now on all fours. The chains pulling at her erect nipples as the heavy chain swung between her breasts at the sudden movement.

Slowly Emma began to count each spank of the paddle out loud. With each number said Regina applied another stinging hot strike with the leather paddle against her pale arse, sending severe pain and trembling excitement throughout her body.

Emma's heart began to pound in her chest as her brain buzzed with the rush of endorphins trying to suppress the intense and delicious pain. Every nerve in her body felt alive as the tingling sensation coursed through her. Her mind awash with the contrasting emotions as they walked the fine line of pain and pleasure together.

When Emma reached the count of ten, Regina stopped to give her a mental break. Leaning forwards Regina kissed her way up the side of Emma's neck, feeling her shiver under her touch. "You're so hot." She purred as she ran her hand down the length of the Sheriff's spine from her neck to her coccyx, loving the way her skin goose bumped as she teased her. Flicking Emma's ponytail over her shoulder she placed a kiss to the back of her neck, slowly licking around to her ear and capturing it again between her teeth, her shivers growing more uncontrollable under Regina's touch.

At the sound of Emma's whimper of desperation Regina tugged hard at blonde hair. “It’s time to finish your counting whore.” The brunette decided that she wanted to overwhelm the young woman emotionally and with intense sensations; the final ten blows of the paddle were going to come hard and fast. Placing a pillow under Emma's hips she waved her hands again a cordless Lelo wand appearing in her hand. Placing the vibrator on the base of the pillow she commanded her pet to lower herself onto it as she turned the device on.

Immediately losing control of her body, Emma instinctively began to rock her hips against the vibrator in a rhythmic motion, the chain of her nipple clamps swaying with her movement.

“Start counting again slut.” Regina commanded, feeling herself grow wetter upon hearing Emma's voice, now more timid. The paddle hits so hard against the tender flesh of her arse the force made Emma's entire body jump, leaving an angry red mark across both arse cheeks.
Emma let out a wail of pain, gasping for air as tears pricked against her eyes as come began to coat the wand.

Pulling her hair back forcing Emma’s head high Regina commended encouragingly, “You’re such a good little whore.”

Moaning in relief Emma whimpered “twelve” as she was brought closer to the brink of tears, her senses becoming overwhelmed as Regina showered her with pleasure, pain and praise all at the same time. When she reached the count of twenty, her entire body shook as tears of submission and relief rolled down her cheeks.

Usually Regina would slow the session down at this point, giving Emma the chance to calm herself, but not tonight. This time Regina wanted to overwhelm Emma’s mind and body, to strip her bare and push her further in a safe and controlled environment. Rolling the blonde over onto her back she pulled her leg tying one of the thick black satin ribbons to it, she moved to do the same to the her other ankle and then her wrists. When Emma was sufficiently spread-eagled and bound to the bed Regina sat back to view her handiwork, admiring her work and the neatness of her bows. She loved the sight of her pet on full display; spread wide for easy access, the jeweled anal plug stretching her arse, her nipples forced to remain erect with their nipple rings and clamps, writhing and quivering and beautiful mess.

Taking the wand vibe from the pillow, Regina placed it against Emma's clit as she slid two fingers into her. With the vibrator on low she began to draw slow circular movements, teasing every nerve ending of her entrance as her wetness grew bountifully. “Tonight will begin your ‘come-on-command’ training. The first step will be for you to correctly identify your own state of arousal.” Regina began explaining as she continued to tease the blonde. “We will be using a three-two-one system, where ‘three’ means aroused, ‘two’ means close and ‘one’ means your climax is imminent. I want you to tell me as you status of arousal changes during the evening, do you understand kitten?”

“Yes Mistress.” Emma nodded breathlessly; her fists were balled into her hands, her toes curled in pleasure before adding. “Three Mistress.”

“Good girl.” Turning the intensity of the vibrator higher Regina watched as Emma's sensitive body jolted instantly. Adding a third finger she caressed against her soft G-spot feeling it engorge and push back down against her fingers.

Soon Emma moaned, “two Mistress,” her breathing beginning to grow ragged as she struggled to remain in control of her body.
Turning the wand up high Regina increased her pace, Emma's wetness soaking her fingers as she thrust harder and faster into her pet.

Involuntarily Emma's toes began to curl as her legs tensed, Regina's thrusts so violent they almost forced her pelvis to lift off of the bed. “Oh God, oh God! One! One! One!!” She pleaded.

Removing the vibrator and her fingers from Emma, Regina laid a hard slap to Emma's swollen hypersensitive cliterous, again and again until her entire frame began to spasm, the sudden jolt of pain at the brink of climax overwhelming her. “How about now slut?”

“Two Mistress.” She replied just as the vibrator was placed back against her clit, and digits inserted, pressing up against her swollen G-spot. The vibrator is once again turned on and Emma immediately moaned “One! Oh God Mistress One!” Her head thrashed against the pillow as she arched her back the best she could against her restraints. “One Mistress, I’m at one!”

Regina continued to caress against Emma's G-spot whilst she rotated the vibrator against her clit until her body was writhing and shaking against her relentless assault, come pouring over her fingers as her entire body spasmed and jolted repeatedly as Regina continued her ministrations.

After several minutes passed, Emma's entire body finally went limp, except for the occasional shiver and twitch.

Lighting a massage oil candle with a wave of her hand, Regina let the wax warm and liquefy. Blowing the small flickering flame out she let it cool for a moment, before lifting it high above Emma's bound body, letting it drizzle over her, pooling in the valley between her breasts and her navel. Setting the candle down, Regina began to slowly massage the scented oil into her lovers’ skin. Starting at her ankles and calf muscles, higher, kneading Emma's thighs and her abdomen. Her dexterous fingers working against her arms and breast, massaging them in her hands, occasionally pulling against the chain. “You’ve been such a good girl tonight, do you still want your reward?”

“God yes!” Emma moaned huskily, her throat so dry she struggled to swallow.

Straddling the young Sheriff, Regina crawled up her frame until she hovered over Emma's eager mouth, lowering herself onto willing awaiting lips. She let out a gasp of her own as Emma's tongue showered her with sweet devoted affection until her world grew heavy. Pulling at the chains attached to Emma's nipples, she jolted as the blonde mewled against her. Rocking her hips in slow circular movements, she brought a hand to her forehead as her eyes foggy; Emma really was an incredible
oral slut and it wasn’t long until Regina rode her way to a blissful climax.

Utterly exhausted, Regina collapses, spent next to Emma, nuzzling next to her as she places a soft kiss against her cheek. “You’re perfect.” She whispered. After a few minutes pause in which to regain her strength Regina sat up, untying the ribbons and removing the butt plug. She couldn’t help but smirk at the gasp of pain as she unclasped the nipple clamps. Taking each nipple in turn in her mouth, she soothed it with her tongue, until Emma purred against her touch.

In a cloud of smoke, they were nestled in her bedroom, pulling the sheets over them both as Emma shuffled back against her. Smiling, Regina wrapped her arms around the blonde, spooning her tight as she pressed her lips against her shoulders.

“I love you Mistress.” Emma whispered as she drifted off into a blissful dreamless sleep.

“I love you too Emma.”

Chapter End Notes

So thoughts?
Just as Regina had predicted the following weeks were busy and stressful. Most days she didn't even see daylight, only the meek attempt of the midday sun through her office window, which rarely broke through the clouds. It was dark when she left in the morning for work and it was dark when she returned home for the night.

She awoke early after a restless sleep, dressed quickly, leaving straight for work, taking a coffee and muesli with her which she sometimes found time to eat and drink around four in the afternoon if she was lucky. Regina had worked for eleven days straight, without a day off, and in that time the luxury of a lunch break had eluded her.

Henry, who was staying with Emma and the Charmings', had been in to see her a couple of times after school, but he could never stay long, as urgent meetings and conference calls plagued her office, preventing her from spending the time she wanted with those she loved.

Stressed and exhausted, the Mayor had long since zoned out of the meeting she was currently forced to endure. Outside the wind was howling, as rain thrashed against the window, trees creaked and groaned as Storybrooker's hid inside their home. It was not a day to be outdoors, and that meant this meeting would probably drag even longer, with no one in a hurry to get on the road.

"Madom Mayor?"

"Hmmm?!" Regina hummed turning to a dozen expectant faces that were waiting on her for an answer. By the looks on their faces they had called her more than once whilst she had been lost in her thoughts. "I'm sorry gentlemen, but this meeting is adjourned." Standing abruptly she left room as angry and disgruntled voices called after her, stopping only to pick up her coat and bag as she nearly ran from City Hall, jumping into her car and speeding off towards the Sherriff's station.

The rain lashed down against the window screen, branches waved in the wind as debris whipped through the street. The town stood in eerie abandonment, the school and many businesses had been closed due to the violence of weather and Regina was jealous of all those safe, in the warmth of their homes. She sighed to herself, more paperwork and requests would arrive on her desk in the wake of storm; huge clean up operation would be required and an assessment of the damage would need to be undertaken, as if she didn't have enough work to do.

As she turned the corner in her Mercedes Benz a loud creak overhead was the only forewarning as a large branch crashed to the ground in front of her vehicle, swerving quickly to narrowly avoid collision. Finally arriving at the safety of the station Regina pulled her collar high to shield herself from the rain as she ran to the protection of the building.

Her dark wet hair clung to her face, raindrops falling from her lashes onto her cheeks, flushed in the cold and the wind. Tearing her jacket from her shoulders she flung it onto the coat stand before running her fingers through her sodden locks.

"Regina?" David said as he got up from his chair to walk to her, quickly followed by Emma we practically jogged from her office upon seeing the brunette for the first time in a long time.

Regina smiled as she resisted the urge to roll her eyes as she wiped her wet hands on her skirt. "A branch has fallen on Second, near Lexington, Deputy, maybe you should drive out to take a look." Turning her attention to the blonde in the background she continued, "I need to have a word with Sheriff Swan."
"Sure…” He said reaching for his coat, looking between the two women unable to read the strange tension between them.

"And David," Regina turned to face him, with a genuine look of concern etched onto her face. "Be careful."

"I erm… I will."

"And if you need anything, call me or the station and we'll be right there." She felt guilty sending him out in the storm, which she knew was irrational because it was his job, he did need to attend the site and clear the debris, that was after all his duty and what he was paid for. She hated to admit that she cared somewhat for the charming idiot.

"Thanks Regina." Shooting a smile to his daughter and ex-nemesis he left.

"Being cooped up for days on end changes you." Emma teased as she stepped closer to the brunette. "You just showed concern for David Nolan… Prince Charming… You know that right?"

"Oh shut up!" Grabbing the blonde by the collar of her shirt she pushed her roughly until her back hit hard against the cell doors, her lips kissing her hungrily. Her sexual abstinence of late had only increased her libido and desires.

The bars sang as they vibrated against the brute force of which Emma was thrown against them, pressing cold and firm against her back. She let out a gasp as Regina's lips fell to her neck, biting, licking and sucking at her pulse point as her fingers worked the buttons of her shirt free.

Emma had also been affected by their distance, kissing back hungrily when her Mistress' lips were once more on hers. A deep hunger had grown inside of herself since the last time they had been together; Regina had instructed her not to touch herself sexually for the past eleven days, the sexual tension almost growing almost unbearable.

"I need you." Regina growled, her smile growing as Emma nodded in agreement and submission.

With a wave of her hand and a cloud of aubergine smoke Emma was bound to the cell; her arms and legs spread wide in the shape of an 'x', naked except for her day collar, her play collar, her wrist and ankle restraints. "Miss me?" Regina purred her eyes dark her hands hungry as they roamed over toned skin, before leaning back in, her dark lips met pale pink ones, as they kissed passionately.

With a soft moan Emma's eyes fluttered close as she was lost to the intensity of the kiss. When the kiss came to an end she opened her eyes to darkness, Regina had placed a blindfold on her concealing her vision.

She wanted every sensation Emma felt to be amplified, every nerve of her body tingling, hypersensitive and desperate for release. Slowly she spent the time to kiss and lick over every inch of her pets exposed body, deliberately avoiding her erogenous areas, forcing her to yearn for sexual stimulation. She massaged Emma's full breasts until her nipples were hard, her legs trembling and she squirmed and moaned desperate for the hands to move down.

Taking the belt from the jeans, which had vanished from Emma and materialised onto the back of a chair, she wrapped it around the blonde's waist and the rods of the cell, tying it tight, securing her from moving even an inch.

Standing inside the cell Regina admired the sight of Emma's arse cheeks being pressed against the metal bars. Softly she feathered her fingers over the exposed skin causing Emma to flinch in surprise. She smirked; Emma would be doing more than flinching soon. A cream mock-croc paddle appeared
which she turned over and over in her hands; "Emma I'm going to spank you now" her voice was clear and calm as she tried to assess her own emotions. The last thing she wanted to do was take her stresses out on Emma, to use her pet as a way to vent. Finally she smiled, she wasn't stressed here; somehow upon entering the station, seeing Emma she had relaxed instantly, this was nothing more than an exploration of their sexual desires.

Raising the paddle she let it crack back against Emma's arse without further warning. At first the blonde jumped at the sudden change of pace, but Regina continued to spank her arse until it glowed red, legs trembling. The bars of the cell provided some protection, the paddle only able to hit against the tender flesh that was exposed.

Slowly she caressed against Emma's sensitive arse, feeling the heat that radiated and the way in which she shivered against her touch.

She wanted to deny her kitten the climax she craved, to bring her excruciatingly close only to leave her wanting, but she couldn't. She wanted Emma's pleasure as much as she wanted her own. Leaving the cell she walked back to stand in front of the bound and blindfolded blonde.

Taking an ice-cold glass dildo, she slowly began to tease it against the lips below Emma's clit until it was generously lubricated, before sliding it easily into Emma's molten core.

The surprise sensation of the cold hard glass sent shivers coursing through her body, with her vision blinded and her limbs bound, she could do nothing but relax and let Regina take her body on an intense and erotic journey. With a moan she began to gyrate her hips against Regina's thrusts whilst skilful fingers danced over her clit.

Due to her standing position, every time Regina thrust the dildo deep inside of her it consistently caressed against her G-spot and in no time Emma was moaning loudly as she began to shake uncontrollably.

Sensing Emma's proximity to climax, Regina ground her thumb harder against her clit, "don't you dare come without my permission," she growled, her pace increased as she teased the blonde closer and closer.

Emma dug half moons into the palms of her hands with her nails, her toes were curled tight, her teeth grit down hard as the sensations began to overwhelm her. She didn't realise she had stopped breathing until she inhaled deeply, breathlessly, desperate for oxygen. "Please Mistress, oh please let me come." She begged.

After a long pause, in which Emma begged again and again, Regina finally conceded. "Yes, come for me slut." She did not cease her assault, but instead continued to milk every orgasm the younger woman could give her until Emma's body shook uncontrollably, before falling limp, being held up only by her restraints; whimpering with a solitary tear rolling down her cheek, a tear of joy, relief and exhaustion.

Removing her saturated fingers, Regina waved away Emma's blindfold. Staring into pools of emerald she brought her fingers to ruby red lips, her tongue flicking out to clean her digits.

Moaning at the sight, Emma's body still quaked in the wake of her climax, utterly spent.

Releasing Emma's limp body from her restraints she guided her to the Deputy Sheriff's desk, setting her down carefully, gently stroking her skin and kissing her softly as she trembled in her arms, "such a good girl."
Finally Emma's breathing returned to normal as she regained the sensation in her body. "God that was..." She whispered into the crook of Regina's neck.

"Good." She brushed a lock of blonde hair behind Emma's ear. "I've missed you." Her voice was sad and so full of sincerity.

Unable and unwilling to resist the smile that grew from deep inside her Emma nodded in agreement. "Me too." The smell of Regina's perfume filled her nostrils, bringing with it the sense of security and safety. "Let me please you."

Regina hummed in agreement. "Yes kitten, but you're tired, and you have a job to do," she said, "I don't want you exerting yourself, so lie back."

Puzzled but obedient, Emma lied back against her father's desk, glad he kept it clearer than her own. Her perplexity was replaced by desire as she looked down to see the strap-on that had appeared around her own still naked hips. Her mouth dried instantly, her eyes darkening as she watched Regina straddle her atop the desk.

Lifting her skirt up to bunch around her waist, Regina gave Emma a glimpse of the black lace crotchless panties and hold up stockings that were concealed underneath, delighting in the gasp it elicited.

Suddenly Emma found her wrists and ankles bound to the legs of the desk by lengths of rope, which snaked tightly from Regina's gesture.

Slowly Regina lowered herself onto Emma's phallus, beginning slow, rocking her hips, biting against her lip. Leaning back on her hands that rested against Emma's thighs as she jutted her breasts forward as she increased her speed. Riding the strap-on she brought a hand to her breast, rolling her nipple between her thumb and forefinger, causing herself to mewl in pleasure as she was filled and stretched. Feeling herself growing close she brought her other hand to her clit, her eyes finally leaving Emma's as they fell closed, the pleasure becoming too much as the ripples washed out from her core.

As Emma's bonds evaporated she sat up, bringing her arms around Regina, holding her close atop her lap, the strap-on still buried inside of her Mistress as it rested against herself. "I missed you."

"I missed you too." Resting their foreheads gently together, why is this getting so hard? Regina mused with a sigh. Climbing down she straightened her outfit, before restoring Emma's clothing with a wave of her hand.

"How is Henry?" Regina asked, sadness washing over her as she turned away from the blonde, wrapping her arms around herself in a vain attempt to provide some comfort.

Stepping close behind, Emma covered Regina's arms with her own as she embraced her tightly. "He's fine, he just misses you. But he understands."

The sound of the station door closing at the end of the corridor caused the two to part hastily. Retrieving her coat from the stand Regina gave one last unobserved smile to the Sheriff. "Good timing David."

"Are you still here." He said as he entered the room, considerably more saturated than when he had left.

"It would appear so, that or you're hallucinating again, and I don't think Mary Margaret would appreciate you fantasising about me." Regina said as she left smiling to herself, if only the un-
Charmings knew who really did fantasise about her, and that those fantasies frequently came true.

David rolled his eyes at her comment, unsure of when she had become tolerable even in her sarcasm.
Emma punched the air in successful excitement as she hung up the phone. Regina had just called to ask to share their lunch break and Emma's stomach flipped at the possibilities; was it a date? Were they going to get their kink on? Her mind ran through all the scenarios, those based on prior shared experiences and hopeful fantasies. As much as she wanted to skip nutrition and jump straight to dessert, if she was honest with herself, she would actually rather an official and intimate date. Sure they had dined together, Regina had even cooked for her on several occasions, but they had yet to go on an official date.

She knew she couldn't push the brunette, if she did they'd lose all the progress they had made, but that didn't stop her feelings.

Looking at the clock her excitement waned, four hours, she had four hours until her lunch break, until she would find out what Regina had in store for her.

An hour later she returned to work from once again rescuing Pongo from Old Mother Hubbard's garden, tossing her jacket over the back of her chair before slumping down into it, exhausted, that dog could run damn fast! Clicking open her emails her eyes grew wide as she scooted closer to her computer, suddenly interested, she had received an email from one Mayor Mills.

Miss Swan

When I text you, I expect a timely response, your tardiness has been noted!

M.M

'M.M'; Madam Mayor to any onlooker, Mistress Mills to Emma. Hands shaking she pulled her phone from her pocket, almost dropping it as she fumbled to open her messages.

I see the town hero is wearing a skirt today, a rare and pleasant surprise.

So Regina had seen her on her mad morning marathon around town. She periodically wore both skirts and dresses, though she had done this a lot more before moving to Storybrooke. She realised this the other day when cleaning out her closet (apparently a fun mother-daughter bonding exercise according to Mary Margaret) that she had stopped in a lame attempt to manipulate some dominance over Regina, or to shield the weakness held by her femininity. Now she no longer needed to puff up her feathers or don her battle gear, she was free once again to occasionally wear a dress or like today, a skirt.

She smiled at the message, Regina took notice of even the smallest details, things which she was sure no one else even noticed, except of course her mother, who had practically thrown a ball upon seeing her at breakfast time sans 'dykey jeans' as she so put it (if only she knew!)

Well aren't you eagle eyed, if ever you fail to get re-elected, maybe I could take you on as a detective,
your powers of observation are without opposition.

Rolling her eyes, Regina flicked back her response.

Sarcasm this early in the day is not appreciated, save it till late afternoon at the earliest, if you must.

Also there is no way I'd be working under you! You forget I'm a Queen!

Ps. Take off your panties and tights, there are hold ups in the bottom draw of the filing cabinet, put them on instead.

Emma gasped at the words, she should know better than to get into a challenge with Regina, but alas she couldn't help herself. Swallowing a little she moved over to the metal filing cabinet, sliding the squeaky drawer open, inside sure enough were several packs of hold ups and stockings in both black and nude; quite an extensive collection. Taking out a pair of black hold ups she tossed them onto her desk before closing and locking her door and dropping the blinds.

Working her tights down in haste she snagged at the fabric, pulling a ladder, "great!" she grumbled dropping them in the waste paper basket under her desk. Looking around, just to make sure she was alone, in her sealed and concealed office...

She pulled her underwear down around her ankles, quickly shoving them into her coat pocket. She was careful when opening the new hosiery so as not to damage them, heaven only knew what wrath she would unleash if she did. When the hold up stockings were in place she gave a small smile at the knowledge of what was, and wasn't, under her skirt.

Raising the blinds and opening the door again, as if nothing had happened, she flopped back into her chair; phone in hand as she replied.

Done.

Ps. How did stockings get into my office?

Regina didn't exactly know how to reply, so she didn't, at least she didn't for half an hour. She had work to do anyway, as much fun as it was teasing the young Sheriff, work had to come first, at least during office hours it did. Picking her phone back up she sighed, they had vowed honesty to each other above all else, and she wasn't going to go back on that vow now.

Done what? :@ You're in trouble Miss Swan!

It wasn't your office when I put them there...

Pressing send she was about to set her phone down, before sending another message to clarify.

:@ - Henry said that meant angry.. Was he telling the truth?

Emma snorted so hard she almost choked as she read the latest message, whilst her heart simultaneously swelled at the adorable cuteness, vulnerability and pure hilarity. However as the emotions began to fade, thoughts went back to the first message, It wasn't your office when I put them there... Burning into her mind.

Graham

She simply texted, feeling a sickness grow inside of her. It wasn't like she could really be jealous of Regina's sexual relationship with Graham, it happened long before anything had ever developed
between the two women, but that knowledge did nothing to quell the green eyed monster growing deep inside her stomach.

Yes, Graham.

Emma if this is a problem, don't wear the stockings, I don't ever want to do anything which makes you feel uncomfortable or uneasy!

Emma couldn't help but smile, she always knew Regina cared, but when she voiced that concern her doubts were quelled, her hopes restored and her dreams came alive.

Stockings are fine

Regina let out a sigh of relief, an exhale she hadn't realised she was holding, she had work to do, and as much as she would love to spend the day messaging the Sheriff, she knew that alas, they couldn't.

See you at one x

Regina had left a kiss, she'd actually left a kiss! Emma nearly exploded with overwhelming joy. She didn't know if the kiss had been deliberate or accidental, she presumed the latter, but somehow it didn't matter. Regina's subconscious had spoken, and there was no way for her to unsay the kiss.

Emma considered time to move so slowly it must be cursed, but one did eventually tick around. As soon as the town clocktower struck she was out of her seat and at the door grabbing her coat from the nearby hook. "I'll be back in an hour." She called to her deputy as she left.

David just shook his head, Emma's insatiable appetite never failed to amaze him, however if only he knew that his little daughter's insatiable appetite wasn't limited to her stomach but also to Mayor Mills, the woman who until recently been his arch nemesis.

As Emma ran out into the car park she practically fell onto the dark Mercedes that was parked in the usually vacant spot.

With the window rolled down the brunette called to her "try the door Miss Swan not the windshield, if you've dented my bumper you can pay for the damage." Though jovial her voice rang with seriousness.

Rolling her eyes Emma slid into the passenger seat, so Regina had come to collect her from work, this definitely seemed like a date. "So..." She said somewhat nervous, "where are you taking me?"

"You shall see." Regina smirked before hitting the pedals and speeding off.

After twenty minutes of driving through an area of town Emma had never before visited they pulled up outside what she assumed to be a shop from the sign that said 'open' on the door.

The side street was deserted, an air of abandonment hung in the air, tainted by a stale scent of sea salt and regret. The cobbles were unkempt, crooked, more moss than stone and littered with, well, litter; the odd band flyer, crisp wrapper, newspaper and long forgotten dignity.

The windows of the store were completely blacked out and the sign above the premises left blank, unnamed and unassuming, an air of mystery and excitement laced with fear and trepidation. Emma had to run to catch up with the brunette, just catching the door, as it nearly swung closed.

A loud and playful bell chimed to signify their entrance into the dark vaccine. Emma's eyes took a moment to adjust to the darkness,
"Back so soon your Majesty?!" A sultry voice called from the darkest shadow. "I see you've brought a friend with you this time, you know you're always welcome to use the facilities."

"Thank you, that won't be necessary, we're just here to browse today my friend." Regina replied to the shadow.

Emma strained in a vain attempt to see who the voice belonged to, but to no avail.

"Come." Regina commanded emphasised by her becoming gesture as she walked through an archway into another darkened room.

Emma's eyes grew ever wider until they were like saucers as she took in the sights as she followed Regina. "So I suppose this answers my question of where you get everything." She said as she looked at the array of sex toys on display.

Turning back to face her, Regina smiled. "Where did you think they came from? My 'dungeon of horrors' back in my land?" With her hands on her hips in mock disappointment she shook her head. "Storybrooke is the same as any other town at its core, the Enchanted Forrest was the same as any other. Yes we had magic and mischief, but we also had a legal system, drug abuse, and debauchery in both the best and worst of ways. We had fishmongers and landlords, pimps and men of the cloth, child-minders and money launderers. Every world, every town, every kingdom in its essence, stripped back and raw is fundamentally the same."

Emma nodded, Regina was right; of course she was right, she was always right.

Regina stepped forwards, closing the gap as she brought the back of her hand to caress over Emma's cheek. "If you want to leave here at any time, if you feel uncomfortable at any moment, just tell me, just let me know and we will leave. I won't be mad or disappointed, I promise. I'll only be hurt if you aren't honest with me."

She nodded again, unable to speak, overwhelmed by emotions.

"Now come." With a wave of her hand lights flickered in the darkness, illuminating the shelves, taking Emma's hand she led her around the store.

The store was surprisingly sophisticated and classy; silver mannequins stood around the room, dressed in erotic wear, the toys displayed in glass cabinets and on mirrored shelves.

"Are we looking for anything in particular?" Emma asked as she eyed a display of ball gags.

"Yes, we are going to make two purchases, unless you see something else you would like…"

Emma's eyes lit up, two purchases, plus anything she wanted herself. She wasn't usually one to enjoy a shopping trip, but there was always an exception to the rule, and what an exception.

As they continued to look around the store Emma could feel herself growing wetter and wetter, her lack of underwear in the public domain wasn't helping, neither was Regina casually resting her hand on her arse as she guided her around the room.

"That one." Regina said pointing to a box of ben wa balls on the middle shelf. As Emma went to lean forwards to reach the box, Regina held her fast by the loop on the back of her jacket. "Bend at the waist." She commanded.

"But-"
"No 'buts', do as you're told, bend at the waist."

There was a long pause before Emma moved, long enough to be noticed, but not too long it warranted punishment. They were the only customers in the dark store and the presumed proprietor was nowhere to be seen. Slowly she bent forward so as to retrieve the toys, as she did so, the back of her skirt rode up, exposing herself.

Standing abruptly, toys in hand, Emma kept her eyes low, her cheeks flushed in embarrassment, yet at the same time she felt her arousal grow.

"Good girl." She said taking the toy from her grasp, and leading the way around the corner.

"What do they do?" Emma asked as they stopped by a display of 'We-vibes'.

"I'm glad you asked dear!" Regina smirked. "That is our second purchase of the day."

"That?!" Emma asked unimpressed as she turned to face the brunette.

"Yes, that." Kissing the younger woman hotly, she then spun her back around, holding her close as she spoke into her ear. "Now bend over little slut, and pick up the pink four plus."

Goosebumps decorated her arms and legs as she shuddered slightly, from both the cold air but mostly from the words. This time the toy was on the lowest shelf, and as she bent she pushed her arse high in the air. Emma gasped aloud as she felt fingers tease against her wet folds.

Standing and turning around she watched as glistening digits slid between ruby red lips, causing her mouth to dry and her eyes to darken, 'you know you're always welcome to use the facilities', the words of the shop owner reverberating around her skull, she wasn't exactly sure what the 'facilities' were, but she wanted to use them.

"Come." Regina said taking both toys in her arms as she walked back to the shop, Emma groaned wishing she could come, before following her to the till.

"I still don't know what either of these are." Emma grumbled as she reached her Mistress at the till point.

"Oh… You will." Regina shot her a wicked look, her eyes aflame before she scribbled a note and left it on the deserted countertop and turned to leave, holding the door open for Emma. As the blonde left the shop Regina turned to look over her shoulder at the shadow in the corner of the room, she gave a subtle nod in its direction before letting the door fall closed and making her way back to her car.

Opening her boot, she placed the toys inside before sliding into the drivers seat. "So…"

"So…" Emma repeated in a whisper, the cogs of her mind going a thousand turns a second. She had a million questions; who was the person in the shadows? Had Regina just stolen the items, or what did she owe for them? What had she written on that paper? Was she seriously expected to go back to work now, unsatisfied and confused?

Regina looked down at her silver watch, probably worth more than the sheriff’s monthly salary, "we don't have time to go back to mine, we can't risk being seen going to yours, the station and my office is completely out of the question." She sighed.

"So, we go back to work?!" Emma tried, and failed to hide her disappointment. Though their excursion had been fun, it wasn't the date she had been hoping, and now there wasn't even going to
be hot sex to make up for the lack of romantics.

"You want to go back to work?"

"No."

That was the end of their conversation as Regina sped off. They hadn't spent too long at the store, but that still didn't allow much time before they were both due back at work. They screeched to a halt outside her family mausoleum, slamming the car door behind her.

"Here?!" Emma asked looking around.

"You have a better idea? It's not like we can book a room at Granny's! Do you want to fuck or not?!!"

"Yes!" Emma grumbled, she did. However weird the thought of having sex in a crypt, she still wanted it more than she wanted to leave, so Emma followed as the brunette led her through the doors into their second dark dusty room of the day.

As the heavy doors closed with a bang Emma and Regina were upon each other, their actions desperate, needy and unrefined as they tore clothing from their bodies. Their tongues wrestled messily, teeth clashed as fingers roamed, nails scratching into skin.

Emma gave a grunt as her back found the cold rough wall of the mausoleum oddly gratifying in upturned symmetry to the soft warm skin pressed against her bare front.

Their nipples stood to attention, brushing against the skin of the other as their hips gyrated to silent music. Regina's hands found Emma's and held them fast against the wall as she attacked the sheriff's neck with her mouth, her teeth grazing at the skin as she fought to resist the urge to mark her pet. As she let go to bring her hands to Emma's hips she felt fingers in her own hair, pulling her up.

Once again their tongues battled before Regina pulled back "we don't have long." She reminded them both as she slid two fingers between Emma's legs.

She moaned against the intrusion before bringing her own fingers to Regina's clit, teasing her before sliding them inside of her.

They kept their thrusts in time with that of the only light in the darkness, the pulsing glow from the boxes of beating hearts, the rows upon rows of lives kept locked away. Emma's green eyes couldn't tear themselves from them as she began to ride the fingers of her Mistress, her own digits deep inside the brunette. She tried to remind herself of all the reasons she shouldn't be there, in the darkness, with the Evil Queen, she stood staring at all the reasons, but she couldn't will herself away. The woman, who had boxed dozens upon dozens of hearts in the past, was not the woman whose arms she had fallen asleep in, who had said she loved her. If Regina could change, then maybe so could she.

And with that thought Emma increased her speed as euphoria ran through her, this was her home, she didn't need to run, commitment was no longer to be feared. She had found her parents, her son, her home, and someone she loved; she had everything.

At that moment Regina slammed Emma harder into the wall, her own eyes black with desire as she felt them both grow closer to climax. As emotions and sensations grew too much Emma's eyes fluttered closed as she bit her lip, so close to the end.

With her free hand Regina gripped around Emma's pale throat as she thrust three fingers inside of her, her thumb caressing against her clit. Green eyes shot open to meet her smirk, darkening, as
Regina's grip grew tighter. "Come for me." She purred as she felt Emma shudder underneath her.

She did, hard; her hips bucking against Regina's fingers as she cried out, her voice stifled by the pressure to her larynx, as she grabbed ahold of Regina's shoulders to steady herself.

The Mayor laughed as she waited for Emma's breathing to steady, her hands holding the sides of her face, their lips brushing in the softest of kisses.

Emma smiled before nestling her head in the crook of Regina's shoulders, too exhausted to finish off her Mistress.

"Come." Regina whispered. "We have to get back to work."

"But you didn't-"

"No," Regina interrupted, "but you did, now get dressed."

"You're the best." Emma smiled at the brunette as she buttoned her shirt back up.

"I know."

It might not have been a date, but it was one hell of a lunch break.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts, this was a weird one.
It was early Friday morning when Henry knocked on the apartment; he was dressed ready for school, with his overnight bag slung over his shoulder.

Emma frowned as she opened the door, it wasn't that she wasn't happy to see him, she loved to spend time with her son, it was just that she hadn't expected to see him this morning, and she certainly hadn't expected him to bring his overnight gear. The thought crossed her mind, that maybe she'd forgotten something, but when it came to Henry she never did. "Hey kid." She said as he walked past her without a word, "kid?" She called as he said nothing but slumped on the breakfast bar.

She exchanged glances with Mary Margaret, who was in the process of process of pouring her cereals, but the brunette shook her head and Emma just sighed. She knew her mother was right, their non-verbal conversation was crystal clear; her bull-in-a-china-store tact was not going to be helpful right now. "Kid I gotta finish getting ready for work, you okay for a second down here?"

Henry just shrugged as he rested his chin against his hands in his position slumped on the breakfast bar.

Mary Margaret smiled weekly at her daughter before giving a nod of her head signaling that she had the situation for the time being.

Running up the metal stairs two at a time, Emma threw the rest of her stuff together before settling at the top of the stairs, almost out of sight, to hear the conversation between her mother and her son.

"Would you like some?" Snow asked as she poured herself a bowl of cereals. From Emma's vantage point she could see most of the countertop and although silent, judging by the bowl pushed towards the boy he had nodded.

She sat like that, watching, listening for fifteen minutes before anxiety got the better of her. "Right, Henry come on!" She said as she jumped down the stairs.

"School doesn't start for another hour!"

Emma's face was black with anger, now was not a time for sass. Something was wrong, she knew it, Henry knew it and was lying about it even Mary Margaret wasn't oblivious for once. Something bad had happened to Henry or Regina or both, and she couldn't breathe until she knew what. "Henry coat now, I'm your mother, I am not asking, move!" she snapped as she threw the door open, pointedly ignoring the disapproving looks from Mary Margaret in the corner, the last thing she needed right now was a lecture on child rearing from a woman commissioned a stylised magic wardrobe over a functional magic wardrobe a detail which had cost her a mother. But now wasn't the
time to argue over such details. "Henry NOW!"

Like a deer caught in the headlights Henry jumped up and grabbed his jacket. Emma was his cool mom, the one without rules and consequences, the one who bent all the rules as far as they could go rather just because she could. Emma had never shouted at him.

They drove to the park, almost deserted this early in the morning. "Out." Emma snapped as she slammed the door closed, walking off so briskly Henry had to run to catch up. "Well?"

Henry looked down, his eyes full of sadness as he fiddled with his hat in his hands.

Emma sighed before taking his hands in hers and leading him to a bench where they sat down. "Henry…" She pleaded. "I can't help if you don't let me in. I wont judge, not you… and not your mother…. If she needs help I'm here Henry." She tried her best to explain honestly. "I'm on her side Henry, even if she's done something wrong, I'll help her out."

"It's not that, she's not done anything wrong, it's me." Tears started to fall down his little cheeks. "I can't fix her, I thought this year would be different… but I still can't fix her."

"Fix her? This year? Henry what's going on, please explain, and let me help." Emma's heart broke as she watched her son fall apart, the blood beginning to boil inside of her, Regina did this, Regina made their son feel helpless.

Wiping his eyes he turned back to Emma looking deep into her face, desperate for the confirmation that what she said was true, that she would help his mother, that he would fix her.

"Henry what's wrong with Regina?"

"I don't know!" He broke into a sob and fell into her lap, shaking uncontrollably as she held him close. He felt so small for his age, so vulnerable. Her chest panged at the thought of all the times she had not been there when he had been alone, upset and frightened; but she was here now, now she'd help fix things.

So they sat like that the cold winter morning fog thick around them, the frost like snow atop the grass, lost and alone.

Sniffling he finally pulled back, his eyes red from tears. "Please help her Emma, I don't know what to do."

"Start at the beginning Henry, tell me everything."

He sighed before nodding. "She'll kill me for telling you."

"Yeah probably, then me for knowing, but then she'll forgive us, her heart's too big to hate us for too long." She smiled, it was true, she had watched her reactions lately with people of the town, her parents especially, she had changed.

"It's this day." Henry began.

"This day?"

"Yes, every year, on this day mom's… heartbroken." He explained. "I don't know why and I don't know how to fix it. She just lies there and cries."

Emma's stomach fell, Regina was alone. "Henry go to school, I'll fix Regina!" She said as she stood
"Operation eagle".

"Now?" He asked in surprise.

"Yes now, or would you rather she cried all day? Would you prefer I tried to help at 6pm? Would that be more convenient?"

Henry rolled his eyes causing Emma to laugh, they were such a family. "Go back to yours tonight unless I say otherwise, okay?"

He nodded in agreement before tossing her his keys. "Emma…" He called after her as she began to walk away. "Thank you."

She smiled, though inside she was breaking, "thank me later."

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She rang the bell for the third time waiting for the silence that she knew would come after it. Regina wouldn't answer, there was no way she would let anyone be a witness to her vulnerability. Part of her wanted to turn away, to respect Regina's right to privacy, but the other part knew she could not.

Taking the keys Henry had given her she opened the door carefully. "Regina." She called out, making her presence known.

The house was in eerie darkness, all the shutters and curtains were drawn and silence was deafening as she padded across the foyer to the foot of the stairs. Slowly she began to ascend the stairs, being careful not to trip up in the gloom.

"Where do you think you're going Miss Swan." A voice croaked from the doorway to the sitting room.

"Jesus!" Emma cried as she clutched a hand her chest as she fell against the wall in fright.

"Not Jesus, just me." She quipped in amusement as she watched the blonde descend to stand in front of her. "Breaking and entering is a crime."

"I have a key." Emma said smugly holding it up as evidence.

"So you have my son aiding and abetting your criminal activities? How responsible of you." Turning on her heels she clicked her way to the drinks stand where she poured herself a glass of whisky on the rocks. "Want one?"

"It's not even nine o'clock." So Regina was drinking, not exactly a good start, at least she was up and dressed; she had expected to find her in her nightwear in bed, but she was dressed immaculately with heels of course, because everyone drinking scotch before breakfast in the privacy of their own home needs to don six inch heels.

"What are you the drinks police? I think you'll find prohibition ended in 1933."

"Regina!" Emma whined, small talk would only prolong the inevitable; she would get to the root of the problem, however long it took.

"Emma!" Regina mock whined back.

Great so she's drunk and being childish, Emma thought, things were going to be tougher than she'd envisaged. "I'm not leaving here until you tell me why our son came to me distraught because he
thinks you're broken!" She snapped.

Regina sighed, placing her glass down against the metal tray rather harder than needed, the sound reverberating against the room. "Today's my father's birthday, at least it would be, but he's dead. I ripped his heart out! Are you thirsty?" With that she walked off towards the kitchen effectively leaving Emma speechless.

Running after her, she found the brunette in the kitchen pulling a jug out of the fridge. Emma thought back on the words, making sure she hadn't imagined what Regina had just said, she seemed so separate from the words, so unaffected. "Regina…?"

"I have strawberry water which has been steeped overnight, lemonade, wine, a beer called idiocy because I thought it might make you laugh-"

"Regina!" Emma interrupted, but she just ignored her as she continued.

"I can make you apple juice, I picked some fresh yesterday, I just need to put them into the juicer-"

"Regina!"

"I could make you-"

Emma touched her back, feeling Regina stiffen against her, but she moved closer still, wrapping her arms around her waist until she began to breathe in short gasps. Emma turned her around, hugging her close, wrapping her arms around her shoulders.

Slowly Regina began to hug back, tightening her arms until almost painful, but Emma wasn't going to let her go.

Rubbing Regina's back, she made soft shushing noises as her breathing once again calmed down.

They stood there like that for several minutes, silent and unmoving until Emma pulled back, looking up into dark sad eyes, they looked so tired and sore; Regina had clearly been up all night crying to herself. She touched her face, before framing it with her hands and reaching up to kiss her, soft and sweet, their lips barely touching.

Emma knew Regina, she knew what she wanted, and she knew what she needed. "I didn't come here for a drink Regina." She kissed her again, until she slowly began to respond, then she pulled back.

Regina's eyes opened once again, too many emotions swam in them she couldn't make sense of them all. Stepping back she led her towards the stairs instead; up to Regina's bedroom.

She didn't resist.

Emma led the way into the room, stopping only when the back of her knees hit the bed.

Regina lowered her head, pressing her lips to Emma's which soon parted for her tongue as she pulled the blonde close to her, humming in her mouth as hands roamed over her body.

Breaking the kiss she tugged off Emma's jacket, dropping it to the floor followed by her shirt. Her hands ran up over her muscular abdomen then around the back, her fingers making quick work of Emma's bra. Her fingers coming back to graze over her newly exposed breasts.

Emma gasped, grasping at Regina's silken blouse with her fist as deft fingers teased her nipples. Her
eyelids fell closed as she was pushed back on the bed. Emma crawled back as lips chased hers until she was on her back against the pillows, with Regina stretched over her.

Regina kissed down Emma's neck, her throat; pulling the soft skin into her mouth just the way she knew she liked, teasing right below her ear causing long legs to be wrapped tightly around her waist.

Emma's hand slid down Regina's back, sneaking up beneath her blouse, no bra… but she had known that upon first seeing her, her nipples hard and straining against the material of the shirt that was most definitely too tight and low cut, not that Emma was complaining.

She slipped her hands down the back of Regina's black trousers, sighing as she felt the firm muscles; so soft, firm, and perfect.

Regina kissed her softly, then more intensely, like she was trying to burn the memory of Emma's mouth into her memory.

Emma wanted Regina to feel her, every second; she didn't want it to be a hot wild fuck, not this time. So she slowed.

At first she was met with resistance, Regina tried to speed up their touch, but when hands were placed over her own, she was guided to the rhythm Emma wanted. Looking up into pools of green her breathing hitched in fear and acceptance as she nodded her head.

"Slow." Emma whispered, guiding Regina's hands to her breasts. She watched as the older woman squeezed softly, each time the pressure increased between her legs. She could feel her desires growing, soaking through her underwear, and soon her hips were pushing up in an attempt to find Regina's.

Pulling down Regina's trousers, Emma's own knees were tugged apart as she felt the brunette settle between her thighs. She was still wearing her jeans but she could feel Regina push into her as if nothing separated them.

Regina failed to stifle the moan as one hand grasped at her arse, the other teasing her through her already wet underwear. She rocked her hips in time causing her to gasp between their heated kisses.

Emma pulled away, her fingers clumsily trying to unfasten her jeans.

"Off, get them off Emma!" Regina impatiently helped tug them down, eyeing up the Superman 'S' printed over them. "Tut-tut-tut, DC, our son won't be pleased… We're a Marvel family."

Emma gasped at the words, was Regina including her in 'family'? Her heart always raced when she called Henry their son, and now maybe she was included in the Mills family. "They weren't purchased with the Henry in mind."

"Oh?"

"Nope." Emma giggled, she could try and hide it, but Regina was a huge nerd.

"Well, we'd both appreciate if you'd join 'team Marvel' and leave your misdirected youth behind." She smiled, and as Emma lifted her hips she pulled the boxer shorts down her legs, making sure that the tips of her fingers traced against her skin all the way.

As she settled back down Emma shook her head, pointing at Regina's panties. Rolling her eyes she tore them from herself before glaring back at the blonde. "Can we fuck now?!" Her body moving up over Emma's, leaning forward but not close enough, her body a mere fraction from the one below,
her lips so close, yet torturously far apart.

"No." Emma said pointedly at the face, which blackened above her. "I don't want to fuck Regina." The scowl darkened in anger and confusion, before the indifference began to grow, settling over her features as she went to get up. Reaching out Emma pulled her back to her. "You don't want to either."

Regina's lips turned to a thin line, the space between them growing thick with tension; yet still Emma kept her close. "Well that's a pity." Regina growled bitterly as she tried to rise again.

"Don't Regina."

The Mayor pushed her thigh hard against Emma's core, grinding into her determinedly.

"NO! Don't do it!" Emma pleaded.

Regina's face hardened, then all at once something fell away. It was like watching someone take of a mask at Halloween, when you had no idea who was underneath. She didn't know this Regina; she looked as if she were in physical pain. Emma pulled her closer, her arms wrapping around her tightly. "You don't want to fuck Regina." She said, rolling them over until she was straddling the older woman's hips.

If Emma hadn't been watching she would have missed the small nod, before she turned her face away a moment later.

Unbuttoning her shirt, she set it aside on the bed, careful to not let it crease. Outside the first taps of rain began, gentle and slow like the beat of her heart. Leaning forwards Emma placed a kiss on her nose, watching as her eyes fluttered closed, her hand moving to small circles on the tops of her thighs and then around to Emma's arse.

Stretching out over the brunette she first kissed her eyes, then her cheeks, then down to her mouth as she finally began to relax underneath her. Parting Regina's lips with her tongue just for a second. She pulled back as Regina began to move underneath her, holding back, until Regina lifted her head to meet her lips.

Emma's hips began to press down, her hands snaked beneath her until they grasped at Regina's shoulders, once again pulling away, as she pressed kisses down her jaw, her neck and throat, down further; her lips touching her nipples, without hesitation, taking them into her mouth. Her eyes closed as she focused on the taste of her skin, memorising it, memorising what made Regina moan and press up into her touch. Moving to the other breast, she felt a hand hold her neck, keeping her in place, and then perfection, as Regina finally gave in, wrapping her legs around her hips.

The only sounds were Emma's murmurs, Regina's groans, and the rain. It was falling hard now, like a monsoon, like a veil separating them from the rest of the world.

Kissing her way up Regina's body again, she sucked at the skin covering her pulse into her mouth, biting it until she hissed and moaned, writhing beneath her. Lifting her head she admired her handiwork, she didn't care if she was punished, if Regina didn't want it she could remove it with magic, but for now, now Regina was marked for her.

Eyes heavy, Regina licked her lips as she looked up at Emma's, "I've missed your lips." She murmured as she reached up to reconnect with them once more.

Smiling Emma continued to tease her hand over her, slowly reaching down until her fingers touched against her clit, smirking as Regina gasped into her mouth and mumbled something against her lips.
"What did you say?" Emma asked as she continued to tease her.

"I said..." Her words broken as fingers slid through her folds, teasing her. "I said..." Lips kissed their way up the line of her jaw until they reached her earlobe. "I said don't stop!" Teeth grazed at her earlobe making her shudder as she wrapped her legs tighter, one arm following suit, as the other moved to hold the back of Emma's neck, keeping her in place.

As Emma teased Regina's clit and folds, the wetness mirroring her own, she pressed herself down against the back of her own hand, trying to take the edge off her own arousal.

Sensing Emma's own tension Regina moved her thigh to nestle against the blonde, moaning as the warm wetness began to move against her.

Sliding her fingers against her Mistress again, she teased her again, searching for the spot that would keep her at the edge, trying to find the right amount of pressure to keep her under her control, at least for a short while.

Regina was near whimpering, desperate for more, so close to begging. She ground her teeth down as she tossed her head, fighting the words that threatened to spill. Lifting her hips in an attempt to gain more from Emma's frugal fingers, "Eugh..." She groaned, unable to take the pace any longer. "Emma!" She wasn't going to beg, she refused.

Smirking, Emma continued to tease her, nearing her but never demanding entrance. Moving the tips of her fingers over the flesh beneath her clit, delighting in the moans that turned guttural. It wasn't that she wanted to tease Regina, it was that she looked so damn sexy when she was being teased, writhing beneath her, it was hard not to watch and prolong it.

Beginning to move in rhythm, Emma rode against the firmness of her thigh as she continued to tease against Regina's clit. She knew how much Regina hated to climax from external stimulation alone; she never came as hard, and was left less satisfied than if she had no orgasm at all.

Emma moved her fingers faster, applying more pressure drawing her closer and closer.

Regina came with a groan, her eyes screwed tight shut, her face grimacing as if in pain as she tossed her head against the pillow, her mouth opening and closing in protest.

Emma smiled as she watched the beautiful rosy hue move over her face and the way as she finally stilled, her eyes flickered wide open. The sight so erotic that as she continued to move against Regina's thigh as she felt her own orgasm growing inside of herself, biting her lower lip hard as she somehow managed to keep her gaze locked with Regina's as she came.

Taking Emma's face in one hand, and guiding her hips over her thigh with the other, as she came against her leg with short gasps.

Eyes drifting closed, Emma felt arms wrap around her as she lowered herself until their foreheads touched. Breathing against each other's lips as they exchanged soft kisses. She hadn't been expecting that, she'd only wanted to take the edge off her own arousal; climax hadn't been her intention, but a pleasant result nonetheless.

Somehow Emma found the strength to push back onto her arms, looking down at the beautiful brunette; her hair spread out against the pillow, her cheeks flushed, her lips swollen and moist. Softly she caressed the pad of her finger against red lips, tracing the dips absentmindedly, "you're so beautiful Regina."

Dark eyes looked hard at Emma as though she was searching for something, slowly a small shy
smile appeared on her lips. The smile threw Emma for a moment, Regina and 'shy' still seemed strange in the same sentence, even to her.

"Thanks…"

Regina's voice was quiet and she realised that she had her at a very vulnerable moment. Every other time they had slept together, Regina had always had some kind of control over the situation, or it had been nothing but carnal desires. Now after being slower, softer, she felt as though Regina had no idea what to do with her self, luckily Emma did have a few ideas. "You are." She said, running her hands down her sides, then over the muscles of her stomach. She watched as they flexed under her touch, before they wandered south again. "Do you trust me?" Emma asked as she changed her motions, ascending up over the swell of Regina's breasts and then back down, following the line created by the definition of her stomach.

"Do you trust me?" Emma's hands once again held Regina's breasts as her body forced her knees apart, still no answer, but also no resistance. Nestling between her legs, she smirked as Regina pushed her hips forward in search of greater release. Emma moved her hands from Regina's knee, drawing them up to her inner thigh, up to where her legs joined her pubic bone. "Do you trust me Regina?"

Watching Regina was like watching a flower slowly opening in the spring sunlight, equal parts beauty and caution. Running her hands up and down her thighs, until she grasped Regina's arse, shoving her shoulders beneath her things. "Do you?" She asked again, looking up once again between parted thighs, Regina's eyes closed as she nodded softly.

Letting her own eyes closed she concentrated hard, opening them upon hearing a gasp of surprise above her. Emma smiled at the sight of Regina with her wrists tied to the headboard in soft satin ties, finished in neat bows; so her secret magic practice was paying off.

She could see the fear in Regina's eyes as she bit her lip nervously. Slowly Emma drew small calming circles against her hips as she dipped her head, letting her tongue flick out in soft easy strokes, slowly applying more pressure as she ran the flat of her tongue against her.

Regina's hips began to grind against Emma's face; small mewls escaping her mouth as she gripped onto the sash with each hand.

As Emma failed to maintain control over Regina's hips, she moved instead to hold down her stomach, as she continued to tease her lover. She listened to the sounds Regina was making, taking cues from them and the way her body reacted to every touch. Once again she went slower than she knew Regina wanted, her tongue knowing when to dart over her swollen clit, and when to stop. Knowing how long to tease her before entering her.

Sliding two fingers inside slowly, she stilled her motions as Regina's muscles held them tight, before moving them again inside of her, matching the rhythm of her mouth, curving her fingers inside like Regina often did to her.

Regina moaned again, letting her head loll back against the pillow as her thighs tightened around Emma and relaxed. Her moans louder now, her fingers running through Emma's hair in earnest as she pushed her hips closer to the sensations, silently demanding more. Her hips jolted as Emma moaned against her core, her walls closing around talented digits as the pressure against her clit was increased.

Moving her fingers with purpose, Emma clamped her lips around her clit.
Regina's body seemed to lock, her back arching. Her hips began to buck against the ministrations, and it took all of Emma's concentration not to slop as Regina came loudly without control, her legs wrapped like a vice around Emma's head.

For a moment the sounds of the rain and her shouts were muted and all Emma heard was her own heartbeat drumming in her ears, all she could feel was Regina's pulse pumping against her lips as she continued to lick her. Her lover was locked onto her fingers, but her mouth never stopped, and eventually her thighs loosened their death grip around her head.

As the sounds filtered back into her brain, she slowed her touch, her motions more soothing. Kissing the inside of Regina's thighs she looked up, but chocolate eyes were still closed. Smiling against sweet perspiration covered skin, she kissed her way up Regina's body until she was level with her face again; dipping her head so their lips met, allowing Regina to taste herself against her lips.

Regina opened her eyes; so dark they seemed to go on forever. In a cloud of purple she removed her own restraints, wrapping her arms around Emma's neck she pulled her close, entwining their legs together. As she buried her head in Emma's neck her shoulders began to shake.

Emma didn't say a word, she just held her, and let her cry. Details of Regina's past were still a mystery to her, but she knew how hard it was to stay strong, especially when you felt nothing but.

"I trust you." Her words broken and muffled through her sobs as she shook against Emma, but she heard them anyway, and held her closer.

The rain continued outside, and Emma closed her eyes. After a while Regina quieted, until her breathing was deep and steady. Pulling the sheets up, she covered them both, before following her into sleep.

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Emma awoke disorientated at first. The room wasn't hers, and outside was dark, she had no idea of the time. Around her was a thick blanket, wrapped tight like a second skin. She tried to move, then realised that the blanket was a person, Regina, and she didn't want her to move an inch, mumbling something and pulling her closer.

The smile that sneaked its way up inside found Emma's lips, as the last few hours rushed back to her. Trying not to wake her, she propped herself up. Though darker, there was still enough light to make out her sleeping face. There was no trace of her tears, asleep she looked innocent, open. Emma noticed for the first time the bags under her eyes, something she hadn't noticed earlier, but Regina was still beautiful, more so, human.

Leaning in she kissed her lips again, loving that she could steal one from her. Regina's lips puckered against her own in her sleep and then relaxed again. It took her a while, but she eventually gently untangled their limbs, so not to wake her. Grabbing her jeans and shirt she tossed them on before creeping out of the bedroom and pulling the door closed. Pulling out her phone she realised it was gone five, she'd definitely missed too many meal times and her stomach growled in agreement. She dialed the station first as she padded down the staircase to the kitchen.

After apologising to David for not being in work, or warning him of the 'situation', which had, arose she dialed home to tell Henry that 'operation eagle' was in progress and may take all night, and not to worry.

The house was intimidating in the evening, long shadows and dark corners. Rooms that looked so welcoming in the daytime were now scary looking.
"How does she sleep here alone?" She muttered to herself thinking of the nights Henry stayed with herself leaving Regina isolated. Turning on every light she could find she opened the fridge, disappointed not to find last night's take out or boxes of ready meals, now what was she supposed to do?!

Pulling out eggs and bacon she smiled, you could never go wrong with breakfast for dinner.

"Hey sleepy head." Emma smiled as Regina stepped into the kitchen, wrapped in her silver satin robe. She had just plated up two breakfasts when she felt warm lips against her neck, and fingers reaching around her waist to unfasten her jeans. "The food."

"Is fine." Regina said as she removed the belt.

"You need to eat."

"I plan on doing that right now." Pulling down Emma's jeans quickly followed by her shirt, pleased she hadn't bothered to put her underwear back on; it was after all just a waste of time.

"Regina I promised Henry I'd make you eat!"

Her hands stopped their descent to Emma's breast as she pulled away, wrapping her arms around herself as she stared out of the kitchen window into the darkness. "I just wanted to forget."

"I know." Moving behind her, she placed her hands on Regina's shoulder, not moving them even when she tensed against her touch. "I'm here for you."

"No you're not."

It hurt to hear her say it, even though she knew where the words were coming from; fear. "I am!" Emma insisted.

"I don't believe that, I can't believe that." The deadness in her voice ran out.

"Regina, I'm here whether you believe me or want me here or not."

"Well I don't want you here!" She shoved Emma's hands before stepping away.

"Why?!"

Regina said nothing just continued to stare.

"Why don't you want me here?" Emma didn't want her voice to crack, she didn't want to break in front of Regina, not when she was meant to be the strong one. But the combination of Regina shutting her out, and seeing her so broken was killing her.

"Because everyone leaves me Emma! Everyone dies."

"Henry's not dead… I'm not dead." She wanted to scream, she wanted to shake her, but she didn't, instead she inched closer, and when she didn't move away, she placed her hand on Regina's hip.

"Why are you so nice to me?" She whispered. "Why do you even care?"

"If you have to ask that..." She decided that Regina needed a bear hug and if she didn't want one, then too bad. Moving up behind her Emma wrapped her arms around her stomach, smiling as she felt
the warmth of Regina's hand being placed atop her own. "Come on, you need to eat."

Turning around Regina smiled wickedly as she walked them back until Emma had nowhere to go as her back hit the island in the center of the kitchen.

"What are you doing?" Emma asked, before letting out a squeal as she was lifted up, lowered back down onto the countertop.

"You're the one who said I needed to eat…"

Chapter End Notes

OMG TWO UPDATES IN TWO DAYYYYYYS!!!

So this was a long one, nearly longer because I nearly finished the final scene, but I actually liked leaving it with your imagination for a change

Anyway angsty fluffy smut, do we like?
D.N.W.E.S Friday

Chapter Notes

My original thoughts for this chapter were somewhat different; it was due to air and be set on Valentine's Day, dedicated to all those who are spending this Valentine's alone, to those who are single, in long distance relationships or 'it's complicated'. However upon reflection, I thought that might add insult to injury. That wasn't my only rational, or even the main reason if I'm honest with you (something I vow always to be), it didn't feel right or real. Regina and Emma celebrating Valentine's openly soon after their fragile 'relationship' of sorts. Regina most certainly wasn't ready to do that, and to write it as such just because it was Valentine's Day would have been detrimental to the story and their character.

Apologies for the delays, first I was hella busy, I mean seriously you have no idea how hard/long hours I had to work around the big VDay! Also how annoyingly busy 50shades of shite made me job! EUGH

Also I got a new job (yay) which means I'll now be working 11+hour days as a minimum (don't you just love 5am starts when you wont get home till like 7.30pm at the very optimistic earliest. I also thought it would be a fantastic idea to start my new job whilst working my notice (yes I am clinically insane - But still yay for new job!)

This was clearly a terrible idea as I had to take two days off work (this is unheard of, the last time I took time off work it was because I was in a hit and run, and even then.. I went into work the very next day until my boss literally drove me home and banned me from work .. I think I had like 2 days off before I went stir crazy and refused anymore time off. So yeah me and days off sick just don't happen, like ever… I literally have to be dying! And I kinda felt I was. Unfortunately my brain decided to combine a severe migraine with a bout of Alice In Wonderland Syndrome AWS WHICH WAS ONE OF THE WORST EXPERIENCES OF MY LIFE! Alone they're bad enough, but together?? SERIOUSLY NOT FUN! -.-

I mean I have no sympathy for myself, I literally brought it on by being such a work crazed weirdo. But have I learnt from my mistakes?! Nooo… Don't be silly, this week I'm still working out my notice AND doing a shift in my new job on my day off. Who needs days off?! Not I!

WARNING! The 'C' word is used.. Because well.. It was damned well called for! I do apologise and I tried for ages with other cuss words but all the reasons why I shouldn't use the 'C' word were actually all the reasons I HAD to use it in this context. It is only used the once and I hope it doesn't offend or put off too many of you little faeries. I do apologise again, but I hope when you see it's placement you'll understand that no other word carried the same weight.

I also use the 'F' word a few times, but mhh… Shit happens :P

Final apology, I know I have neglected your comments, I do read them and I promise I will be getting around to answering them all. I did start trying to input your comments into a spread sheet (yes I am really that anal) but it began to confuse even me, and then I was worried I'd miss some off… so… I shall reply to all messages separately (I was going to club all messages/comments by the same reader together and reply in one go)
Also to those who sent me messages on Tumblr. I am so sorry, but I didn't even realise I had messages there, usually I get little emails saying you have sent me mail, I clicked on the other day and noticed TWENTY FOUR poor neglected baby mails, poor things were near starved of affection!

I'm going to shut up now, this brief note is now nearly 800 words long.. Its nearly a baby fic all by itself.. I hereby call it 'The Life and Crimes of an Over Caffeinated Fairie'.

This chapter continues where the last one left off.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Whose that?" Regina sat up with a fright as the front door banged, it was around seven and her and Emma were curled up on the sofa. It had been a difficult day, and the last thing she wanted was to deal with a burglar stupid enough to not only hit her home, but to do so when she was in it.

"Hush." Emma said pulling her back into her warm embrace; she'd sent their son a message to come home just before they settled down by the roaring fire. She smiled as Regina tried futilely to pull herself up, the day of frantic sex and tears had drained her energy leaving her weak.

"Hey mom." Henry said as he stepped into the living room, he dropped his bag and coat in a pile in the doorway, cardinal sin number two, but he didn't care, he ran and jumped onto the couch, snuggle up against the brunette. "Are you okay now? He asked hopefully.

Holding her son close she let her eyes flutter closed, as she smelt the soft familiar smell of his hair tickling against her nose, such a comforting smell. "Now you're home, yes." Her heart felt like it was about to explode, and it made her want to hit Emma repeatedly with the pillow, she hated not being in control of her emotions. She blamed the firelight and her emotional state as her heart raced contently between the blonde and their son.

An hour later she awoke in pain as Emma turned, elbowing her in the side. "Ow!" She glared at the blonde.

"Sorry." She blushed sheepishly, "I was getting a dead arm."

"So what, you thought you'd revive it by hitting me?" She stretched before smiling down at their son, fast asleep on her lap. "Did you sleep?"

"No, I just watched you two sleep."

"I don't know if that's sweet or creepy."

"Shall we go with sweet?" Emma said with a laugh,

Regina just rolled her eyes, though she was unable to hide the small smile on her lips. With a wave of her hand Henry's sleeping form began to rise in the air and glide towards the foot of the staircase.

"Shit man!" Emma said as she watched impressed.

"Language!" Regina reprimanded, glaring at her once again. "And careful you'll wake him." They both followed their floating son up the stairs to his room. When he was tucked in, kisses placed on his head, they returned downstairs.
"Thank you for today Emma." Regina said softly as she played with one of the rings of her finger, avoiding eye contact with the blonde. "I trust I don't need to inform you that discretion would be greatly appreciated."

"You don't even have to ask Regina."

Suddenly Regina looked up, this time her face set firm and serious. "If you ever tie me up again without my permission we are done, is that understood?!"

Completely taken aback Emma just nodded speechless.

"Good." The harshness fell as quickly as it was born. "Tomorrow's valentines day." She said simply.

"Yes, it is." She didn't exactly know where things stood between them, were gifts expected or even allowed?

"Well… Don't expect anything, I don't think it would be appropriate."

Happy V Day x

Regina stared at the message on her phone, she had sent it nearly three weeks ago and she was still waiting for a reply. Three weeks of radio silence from the stubborn detective. Looking at the message she scowled at the two blue 'ticks' signifying that the message had not only been delivered, but also read, and that Emma was just too damned ignorant to reply. Emma was pissed, she knew she was pissed, and she knew why, she'd royally F***** up!

Looking down at her diary she ran a finger over the initials 'D.N.W.E.S' written in purple and underlined for added emphasis; Date night with Emma Swan. She had booked the table weeks ago in preparation and yet hadn't gotten around to asking said Miss Swan to join her. Valentines Day was cliché at its best, commercial and predictable. She hadn't wanted Emma to think the only reason she had taken her on a date was because it was Valentines Day; she wanted Emma to know it was real, that her decision to avoid Valentines Day was because she cared.

But now it all seemed so pointless, the Sheriff would just see the invitation as an lame apology, or a desperate attempt to regain control over their 'relationship'. Emma would just accuse her of not wanting people to know they were on a date, and in part, that was true, but only in part. Regina had booked a table in a nice restaurant in town; classy, but not so swanky so as to put off the dorky Sheriff or to make her feel uncomfortable or out of place. If she'd have wanted to keep it a secret she'd have invited her over for an intimate dinner, or driven to a secluded spot on the hill overlooking the town for a romantic picnic, there were so many ways she could have made a romantic gesture whilst still keeping their romance a secret, but that wasn't what she was trying to do.

She didn't care if anyone asked about their status (once they'd figured it out, with Emma's permission and after they had spoken to their son). But there was a significant difference between keeping a low profile but being willing to be open and honest, and advertising their intimacy by going out on a romantic date ON Valentines Day.

She should have gone after her, she should have explained, she should have told Emma about the booking straight away, but she hadn't. She sighed, why hadn't she asked Emma out officially?! She knew why, she was scared; of rejection, but also that Emma would actually say yes.
"Well we wouldn't want to do anything inappropriate would we?!” Emma snapped before storming off out of the house, she strode down the path, her mind was fuzzy with anger, her heart racing. Her head spun and she felt sick, her heart was beating so loudly in her ears, drowning out Regina’s desperate pleas behind her, pleas for her to stay, to explain.

As far as Emma was concerned Regina had explained enough.

She drove off around the corner before harshly slamming on the breaks at the roadside. Throwing open the door to her bug she was sick. "Great." She grumbled, just what she needed, she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand before driving home, forcing herself to grow calmer, not wanting to give Regina the satisfaction of affecting her.

She slammed the door of the apartment rather louder than she had meant too, wincing at the sound as she waited for two concerned and disapproving faces to appear.

Though Mary Margaret's face showed traces of displeasure at the mistreatment of her apartment she let it slide, for the time being. "How is she?" She asked concerned, it had taken all her will power, and David's control to keep her from calling around herself to see how her once step mother was faring.

"Oh fine! Queen bitch is back once again.”

"Emma!” Mary Margaret reprimanded. "Don't call her that.”

"You're right, she'd no longer a Queen, just a selfish cunt faced bitch!”

"Emma!” This time it was David who cut in, stepping forward. "Don't you dare use that language in front of your mother.’ As Emma rolled her eyes he glared at her, she may be all grown up, but clearly his daughter could be a petulant child. "Outside, now!”

As the two blondes left Mary Margaret wrapped her arms around to comfort herself in her confusion, her family was mad! After a beat she smiled to herself, not for the first time noticing the similarity between her husband and their daughter, for just hours earlier Emma had shared a similar moment with Henry.

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Regina stood up from her desk abruptly in sudden determination, though upon doing so she did feel a trifle silly at the unseen dramatics. She had lived in fear all her life; fear of her mother, the King, Rumplestiltskin, loosing her son, loosing her power, fear of being alone, fear of abandonment. She remembered back, to a time long before, a fairy had once taken her to a man whom the fairy had fated she belonged too, but she had fled, abandoning her chance to find out if the so called prophesy was indeed true, abandoning a chance of happiness. She had run. When Daniel was taken from her locked herself away in her own glass tower of isolation and emotions. She had hid. When she was released, she fought behind fear and depression, not this time.

She didn't remember the journey to the station, the next thing she knew she was stepping out of her Merc into the car park; just grateful she lived in a town small enough to avoid traffic. Inhaling hard she drew her courage from somewhere deep inside of herself, this was make or break. Flexing her fists she walked briskly into the station building not stopping before she reached the room on the far right. Emma was perched on the edge of David's desk and by the looks of things the two of them were having a light-hearted conversation, before she interrupted. "A word in the hallway!"

Emma's face physically darkened, she hadn't seen or heard anything from Regina since her pathetic
Valentines attempt, and now she had the nerve to command in her usually pissy way. "Anything you have to say you can say here." She stood up, crossing her arms in front of herself, there was no way Regina was using subtle psychological tactics to dominate her or the situation.

"David If you wouldn't mind, I'd like to talk to your daughter in private."

"No you'll stay." Emma glared warning daggers at her deputy before returning them to the brunette.

Looking between the two angry and determined women, David stood up, deciding he feared Regina's wrath more than Emma's, and he could tell it was a conversation that should probably be happening. "I'll leave you two too it." He said before sneaking out, ignoring Emma's hot gaze.

They sat in silence as David drove them into a secluded spot in the woods. Stopping the car, he turned to his daughter, his previous anger gone as his voice echoed concern and understanding. "Spill."

"There's nothing to say --" Emma began as she fiddled with her fingers in her lap, looking down to avoid eye contact.

"Don't treat me like a fool Emma, I may be your father, and I might not have been there when you were growing up, but I'm here now."

She looked up at his kind face, part of her wanted to throw her arms around him and cry, another part wanted to sulk and not say a word, but there was another part too..

"So, who is he?"

Crap, Emma thought. How wrong could someone who was right be?! "It's not-" She went to tell him, that it wasn't a he, but actually a she.

"Yes it is, don't think I don't know young love when I see it."

"But-"

"No buts Emma, what have they done?"

Emma sighed, maybe now wasn't the time to come out to her 28year-estranged father. "Not much to say, met someone, thought they were... perfect..." She failed to find a better word, she had thought Regina was perfect. "But they turned out not to be, whatever, no biggy."

"Clearly it is."

Emma glared at him until she smiled, how could he possibly know her so well. "I was jerked around, I don't think we wanted the same thing, or that were in the same place..."

"Were you perfect."

"Yes." She said stubbornly, scowling as she pulled her knees close, her arms tight around them.

"Really?"

"No." She sulked. "I left."

"Do you think maybe they deserve a second chance?"
"I don't want to hear it Regina!"

"Tough! You're going to anyway." She watched as Emma clammed up, her defensive walls falling hard and unbreakable around her, it was something she knew only too well. It was like watching a mirror, and for the first time she realised perhaps how annoying it was to try and converse with someone so closed off."

"I fucked up Emma-"

Emma looked up from the floor; prissy Regina swearing was one way to get her attention.

"Royally." She continued. "I wanted to take you on a date-"

"Of course you did."

"Yes, I did!" Regina insisted.

"What stopped you?"

"Nothing, I should have told you about it before, and I'm sorry I didn't… I was scared!" Her voice was desperate, but she didn't care. She took a long thin box from out of her pocket, handing it to the blonde. She waited for her to take it, before it became clear she wasn't going to. With a sigh she placed the box atop David's desk.

"Sure."

She knew she was wrong to have kept Emma at arms length, but here she was trying to make amends, trying to apologise, and the blonde was doing nothing but throw it back in her face. At least she had sent a Valentines message, Emma had sent her nothing in return, not even an acknowledgement, nothing. "Oh grow up! I already have one adolescent in my life, I don't need another!"

Emma saw red, "you don't have Henry, and you'll never have me!" She snapped before storming out past the brunette, out into the street, past her father who was leaning against the wall, into her bug, slamming the doors she drove off, she knew not to where.

Perplexed and concerned, David made his way back inside the station, only to find Regina looking lost and forlorn. The moment only lasted a second, as she flicked her hair away from her face and donned her mask of confidence and lies, but he'd seen beneath the mask, and he couldn't un-see the look, the look of heartbreak. "So…" He began as he shoved his hands awkwardly into his pockets.

"You and Emma."

"A fight between your petulant toddler of a daughter and myself is far from unheard of, it should hardly come as a surprise to you."

"No it doesn't surprise me, but that you're in love with her does."

Slowly Regina opened her mouth to object, but she had no idea what to say, instead she closed it. She reopened it again but no words came out, until she realised she probably looked like a fish, so closed it once again. "How did you-" She wasn't going to deny it, there was something about the way he said it with such certainty that made her realise that denial was futile.

"The look on your face when I walked back in here." He explained. "I've seen that look on you once
Regina scoffed, for as long as the clearly not-so-Charming Prince and the not-so-Evil Queen had known each other, he certainly hadn't been privy to her emotions, well, those other than anger, hurt and hatred, or so she thought.

"The stables, the day Whale resurrected Daniel." He ignored the hurt he saw in her eyes, continuing even as she turned away, her arms wrapping around herself in comfort and defence. "I watched as your heart tore in two, I watched as love and loss painted across your face. Deny it all you like but I saw it too just now, the exact same look, and from the way Emma stormed out confident and pissed, I'd gather she told you she doesn't feel the same way, that that is the reason for the look of pained devastation –"

"All right enough!" Regina snapped turning back around, as if she wasn't vulnerable enough, to have her past wrenched up before her, to have Emma's oh so perfectly happy father describe her own misery in vivid Technicolor for what she could only assume was his own amusement was pure torture. "Yes I love your daughter, and yes she told me in no uncertain terms where to 'shove it', and yes it's over. I'm not going to tear up the town, wage a war, or curse a kingdom. As irrelevant as it all is now, because I now no longer need your approval or your forgiveness, I HAVE changed. I love your daughter, which is amazing and beautiful and insane, and the biggest 'curve ball' I've ever been hit, but she helped me, Merlin knows how, she helped me learn to love myself! And that might not seem important to you, and yes it may be selfish, but I love her enough to let her make her own decisions and to leave, and I love myself enough not to jeopardise the life I have built and the person I am, and want to be, the person I always have been deep inside!" And suddenly her words fell silent, as though finally out of steam, exhausted from everything, from the secrets, the lies, the emotions, the past and the hope of the future.

David stepped forwards, looking her squarely in the face as he placed a hand on her shoulder. "You have it."

Screwing her face up in confusion as it built into frustrated anger she snapped back. "What?!"

"My forgiveness." He spoke slow and soft, full of sincerity. "And my approval."

"What?" She repeated, so soft the words were barely audible as her eyes darted across blue.

"You and Emma have my approval." He repeated.

Pulling back in anger Regina clenched her fists. "Were you not listening?" She snapped. "There is nothing to approve of, she left, I screwed it up, like I screw everything up. I love her, but she does not love me!"

"Yes she does."

"David!" Regina pleaded, the words so painful to hear.

"Regina, she loves you. I didn't know it was you, to be honest I didn't know it was a woman… but now –" he gestured around them. "It makes so much sense." Taking her hands in his own he smiled, both in genuine support and also amusement at the face Regina was pulling at the gesture. "I couldn't think of a better match… But don't tell Mary Margaret, you know she wants to be the ultimate couple on the block."

Regina laughed in spite of herself, before a tear rolled down her cheek. "Why?"

"She's not as humble as she leads people to believe."
Regina laughed harder. "No, why do you support it, us, after everything-"

Seeing Regina laugh was a beautiful thing, watching her open up, the mask slipping was mesmerising, and in that second he realised what it was his daughter saw in the Mayor.

Dinner? As in a date? Was this like an official thing? In public? Emma's mind ran through a thousand questions. She had only invited her because she felt guilty!... Hadn't she?...

Emma growled in frustration at herself. She wanted to remain pissed at the brunette, to make her suffer, but hadn't she done that enough? And even if she wanted too, her heart wouldn't let her. It ached in longing for the mother of her son, she missed her, more than she'd ever missed anyone. "Damn that woman." She muttered to herself. "Damn her."

"I'll speak to her." David said.

"Do you think that's wise?" They were both leant back on David's desk, talking frankly, open and honest for the first time... well.. ever.

"I think you seeking her fathers permission and assistance will do you no end of favours."

"I didn't exactly seek..." She said with a small smile

"Emma is more traditional than she likes us to think, she's also more romantic, I'm guessing you are aware that you crushed her on Valentines Day." Regina's face fell and he quickly continued. "I'm not judging or criticising Regina. I will help you, and I will support this, but you hurt my baby girl, and I will kill you... Metaphorically."

"Sit." David commanded as Emma returned to the station sheepishly, Regina had left half an hour earlier and he had been waiting not-so-patiently.

Without a word she did as she was told, pulling the chair out which David had set opposite his desk. "I can explain-"

"No need, I know everything."

"I doubt that." She said.

"Okay, how about you let me explain what I think I know, and then you can correct me anywhere I went wrong and fill in any blanks?"

Emma shrugged. "Sure."

"You and Regina have been engaged in a secret relationship, you both love each other more than you've ever loved another, except for the love you have for the son you share, she hurt you by not conforming to a false day of commercial romance, and instead trying to show the sincerity in her feelings, and you in turn hurt Regina by ignoring both the day and her entirely. You're both as bad as each other and need your heads banging together. So, did I miss anything?" He asked smugly as he watched Emma pull a face similar Regina's blowfish earlier.

"Err.. No I think that's pretty much everything..."
"She left this for you, and I promised I would make sure you opened it." He said handing over the box Regina had left to a still bemused and shocked Emma.

Still unable to speak she took the box, untying the sky blue ribbon from the white box, letting it and the lid fall into her lap. A small gasp caught in her throat as she stared down at the most beautiful red rose, under which sat a small note.

Maybe some clichés aren't too bad.

We have a table booked for 8.30 tonight at the palatium autem stellarum,

I hope to see you there.

Yours, Regina x

She rolled her eyes forcefully, though the small smile playing on her lips gave away her true feelings.

"Please don't be a twat!"

"Dad!" Emma exclaimed in amused surprise.

"Then don't, she has apologised, and she has made this gesture, don't spoil it Emma."

Looking down at her watch Regina chewed her lip nervously, it was 9.02, and she'd been stood up. With a disappointed and heartbroken sigh she downed the rest of her expensive pinot noir in one less than lady like gulp. "Time to call it a night" she said to herself under her breath as soon as the words were past her lips she heard a familiar voice from the other side of the room.

"It's okay I can see her." Emma had the ability to turn every head in the diner, for two reasons; one she was stunning, her long blonde curls falling loose down her back, a black dress cut so low it was barely legal, yet resting conservatively on the knee and a pair of matching black stilettoes, secondly, from the way she ran through the restaurant like a bull in a china store, jostling tables and patrons as she did so. She arrived at their secluded table flustered and shy as she gave a small "hi."

"Hey." Regina replied, nervousness creeping up on her as she looked up at Emma's beautiful face.

"I'm really sorry, I can explain –" Emma began as she pulled out the chair, talked so quickly in a desperate attempt to get her story out before Regina changed her mind and walked out on her, not that she'd have blamed her for doing so.

"It's fine." Regina said as she gave a soft shy smile.

"I need to Regina!"

"It really fine Emma, you're here, nothing else matters." And it didn't.

Okay so I didn't warn you that this chapter was smutless.. So sue me! I know that's what you all hoped for and expected, but sometimes smut is out of place, and right now, during their timeline it would have been. Sorry, not sorry!

Was/is all the flashing back and forth between scenes and time et cetera confusing as hell?! Let me know on a scale of watching OUAT on caffeine to watching Tarantino with a hangover how easy is
It to follow?

This week I'd like you all to do something for me in your comments/emails/pms et cetera.

60% of my messages currently assume I am either a Domme or a sub, and I'd like you all to cast your aspersions ;P

I open messages, which make me smile so much when they make assumptions both rightly and wrongly.

So poll time, I'm intrigued to tally up your answers from all around the web and find out what your first thoughts are of your dedicated writer.

So am I vanilla, switch, Domme or sub, or are you unsure or frankly don't care.

Until next time, abraços e beijos

Chapter End Notes

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Until next time, abraços e beijos
D.N.W.E.S Part 2

Chapter Notes

She lives! Sorry sorry sorry! I know I have neglected you all of late.

I went away on holiday with my S/O which was amazing, and then work just turned 2011 Sucker Punch level crazy! It took me WEEKS to even get a chance to watch Once (I still haven’t caught up completely) Seriously getting up at 5am and not getting home from work till 10pm 6/7 days a week is getting old… FAST! -.- I’m a workaholic and this is even a bit much… That being said, I never say no, take every extra shift, stay late and go in early… Can’t really blame anyone but myself…

I literally got Regina/Lana’s face/arms/legs/cleavage withdrawals (I’m still having withdrawals, in the last ep I watched she was all covered up.. what’s that all about!?) So anyone with amazing gif/HQ photos of any of the above action it would be greatly appreciated if you could send it my way. Please donate arm porn et cetera to the needy… I NEED my Lana porn in times of crisis to get through the longggg arse days.

On the note of arms… Are her amazing arms a new thing? Did I just not appreciate them in previous seasons? Were they not visible? Are my pervings just expanding?! Cus I have had ‘fetishes’ or idk what to call them… Things I generally like in most women.. I’ve never particularly been an arse girl.. But lately… and arms… when did that happen?! Am I the only one here?! (Probably… I usually am.. But I’m having a pervy party in the basement and all are free to join)

Talking of perving at Lana and her armbandits, omfg it’s not long until me and my S/O go on holiday to Paris and to the con!! Any of my little faeries attending the con?! If so, drop a line. I am literally so excited I might explode. I have travelled far and wide, but have still never been to Paris (unless you count Disneyland – which I don’t) Literally Paris has been my dream for SO LONGGGGGGGGGGGG it’s insane and S/O + Lana + Paris I think is heaven… I mean if my S/O changes her mind I’m sure I could make do with just Lana + Paris :P (Joking… Obviously…. *shifty look around*…) ← I wrote these notes when I wrote the chapter a few weeks back, and I can’t believe in just a few days I’ll be in Paris – I’d def better find the time to catch up with OUaT before the con!

So, this chapter is for you one and all, enjoy the fluts fest ← this is now a thing, why? Because I’m making it a thing; its when fluff and full on smuttery join in loving matchemony If you want to get seriously technical a flants fest is when angst, fluff and smut have an epic threesome in the basement. (Disclaimer Angst, smut and even little fluff are all consenting adults and were not hurt (except in the ways as laid out by the contract) in the making of this fic.) …

I’m pretty sure these notes explain more about my state of mind than anything else could ever…

Warning contains erotic asphyxiation, do not read if it’s a trigger or you do not like.
Warning no.2 – this is currently unbetad
The evening moved slow, and more relaxed than either of them had anticipated or even dared hope for. The two women had surprisingly more in common than they had realised and things were going well. Blushing slightly as she sipped her drink, Regina smiled, she felt as though they were alone in their own little bubble of seclusion, impervious from the outside, just the two of them. The wine flowed freely, and so did the conversation, so engrossed in one another, they didn’t notice the stares in their direction of the other patrons, or the titters of gossips as Emma's hand came to rest atop Regina's. They sat opposite each other on a small intimate square table, in a secluded but not hidden corner of the restaurant, and for once, nothing else in the world mattered.

It grew late, well after closing, until they were the only customers left. Staff had been clearing and tidying the restaurant for some time, and were growing ever less subtle in their hopes that the two women would leave without further prompting. But engrossed in one another, Emma and Regina were oblivious to all around them, a tremendous earthquake could have ripped through the small town, and Regina wouldn’t have noticed a thing, except for the hypnotising emerald eyes, the soft smile and pink lips.

The maître d' approached the table with caution, his fingers knotted together as he chewed nervously on his bottom lip. By the door stood the last remaining members of staff waiting to lock up and go home. “Erm.. I’m sorry to interrupt you, Madam Mayor, Sheriff.” He said, turning to each woman in turn. “It’s just its quite late and well…” Turning back to his colleagues for assistance they gesture for him to continue. “We, were wondering if you would like to go some place else…. I mean if you want to stay then we can by all means accommodate that, if that’s what you want…” He babbled.

Regina turned to the shaking man, her eyes taking in his body language as her stomach tuned. “You want to close?!”

“Well erm.. No, its just… It's late and … Well… What else can I get you Madam?”

Regina sighed to herself, she wasn’t going to say another word, enough had been said; He was too scared of her reputation to ask them to vacate the premises. Standing she grabbed her blazer from the back of the chair and threw far more money than required onto the table. “Thank you for a very pleasant evening, and compliments to the chef.” She added with a nod to the gentleman by the door. “Emma…” She swallowed hard, not daring to look at the blonde or the maître d', she was ashamed and saddened; she’d never escape her past, even on a night like this it had a way of creeping up and reminding her who she was, of what she had done. She smiled politely as she left the restaurant, though inside she was breaking.

Emma followed happily and oblivious, prattling away as Regina quietly hummed in occasional absentminded agreement. It didn’t take her long to realise that the brunette wasn’t listening, but instead submersed in her own melancholic thoughts. Reaching out, she grabbed ahold of the crook of Regina's arm, causing her to spin on the spot, the look of annoyance and confusion etched onto her face.

“Emma!” She snapped she was irritable and emotionally drained. Running her hands though her hair she sighed, it wasn’t Emma's fault. “I just wanted tonight to be perfect.” She offered in some way of an explanation.

“It was, it is!” Emma exclaimed adamantly, her heart crumbled at the sight of Regina so broken, yet somehow still so beautiful. The orange glow of the streetlight shone like a halo above the brunette. “Perfection…” Emma said taking her hand. “Is being okay with all the little imperfections, and anyway – “ She shook her head with a smile, brushing a loose lock behind Regina's ear. “you were
perfect; people tittered and pointed, that man sneered and the others cowered in the corner, and you, you did nothing, you weren’t even snide, I’d have been snide.” She laughed in honesty. “They may judge you and not think that you’ve changed, but even since I’ve known you, you have!” Placing a finger under Regina's chin she gently tilted her head until she was looking back into her eyes. “…And why should their opinion matter? Henry loves you, I… Surely our opinions are all that matter.”

Slowly Regina smiled back softly, it mattered more than Emma would never know. Regina shivered as a chill ran through her, the temperature was beginning to drop, a cool breeze rolling in from the sea. “It’s late.” Her voice rang sad, she wanted the night to last forever.

“Do you have a curfew Madam Mayor?” Emma teased.

“No.”

“They offered out her arm, and the two woman walked down to the docks, arm in arm, where they sat down on a bench looking out at the harbour. In silence they watched the waves roll in, crashing against the dock, the spray rising high, sparkling in the moonlight like a thousand glow worms flying over the sea. Cautiously Regina rested her head against Emma's shoulder as they sat close.

Screwing her eyes up tighter Regina tried her best to block out the rays of the morning sun, which were flooding through her window. She had been having the most perfect dream before daylight had rudely awoken her, dispelling such thoughts. Sliding out of bed she smiled softly to herself as she padded over to her dresser, last nights clothes still laid out on the chair. Wrapping her robe around herself she descended the stairs to make breakfast, humming happily to herself as she made pancake batter.

Awaking to the smell of pancakes and the sound of his mothers jovial humming Henry jumped out of bed quicker than he had in months, he could have a lie in tomorrow. Watching Regina suspiciously he didn’t say a word, worried it would mean the loss of his pancakes. Traditionally pancakes were a treat breakfast, reserved for birthdays and test days. As he tucked in, with the appetite of a small bear after hibernation, and about as much grace, he mused on the reasons for her high spirits.

“So, were you good for Ruby last night?” Regina asked as she sipped her dark unsweetened coffee.

“Oomgff!” Henry muffled in agreement as he shovelled pancakes into his already full mouth.

“Henry you’re not a hamster, slow down or you’ll choke!” She pursed her lips in annoyance at the sight of her son’s pancake stuffed cheeks. “Chew, and swallow, or I won’t make you pancakes again.” She warned.

Henry’s eyes grew wide in horror at the thought, causing him to swallow hard, which in turn caused him to choke.

With a wave of purple smoke, much the same colour Henry was turning the pancake disappeared from his throat along with the plate, which was replaced by ‘Raisin All Bran’.

“Ahh man!” Henry grumbled.

“I did warn you, this isn’t a zoo Henry. I trust you won’t bobble this down like Oliver Twist?!”

Henry just scowled as he looked down at the disappointing cereal. On the bright side, at least she still seemed to be in a good mood.
The doorbell rang, and Regina stood to answer it, before pausing, she turned back to her son and waved her hand over the bowl, smiling as it shimmered with magic. “I’ll know if you don’t eat it all.”

Unlocking the front door she smiled at a familiar blonde.

“Nice of you to get dressed up in anticipation of my arrival.” Emma teased eying up the fair amount of leg and cleavage on display from Regina’s satin robe.

“My pleasure Sheriff.” She smirked, stepping aside to let Emma into the foyer.

“Where is he?”

“Kitchen, scowling because I replaced his pancakes with ‘All Bran’.”

“Blugh!” Emma exclaimed before pretending to vomit. “Food of Satan.”

Regina laughed, she couldn’t help it. “Well maybe if you didn’t teach him to eat like a savage…”

“You’ve never complained about the way I use my mouth before…”

“Emma!” Regina hissed, grabbing her by the arm and pulling her into the adjacent room.

“What?!” She said laughing as she pulled her arm free, still smiling. “Last night… I had a really good time.”

“Me too.” Regina replied honestly, she really had, perhaps the best night of her night, perhaps.

“You erm…” Humour lost to nerves as Emma began to fiddle with the zip of her jacket, her gaze low as she chewed on her lip. “You wanna do it again?”

“Are you asking me on a second date Miss Swan?”

“Yes –“ lifting her gaze, suddenly filled with more confidence. “So, what do you say Madam Mayor?”

Smiling shyly, she nodded. “I’d love to.” Her eyes sparkled almost glassy as she blinked back the tears of emotion. The moment was broken as Henry walked in.

“I ate it all.”

“Good, you all ready?”

“Yuuup!” He agreed slinging his bag over his shoulder.

“Okay, be good for Emma.” She smiled to herself as she watched Emma and their son walk down her driveway.

“Go Sora, get him with your stupid key sword! Damn Goofy out of the way!!” Emma cursed as her and Henry battled their way through another level of Kingdom Hearts. “So… Henry… What’s your mom’s favourite food?”

“Huh? Little preoccupied defeating Ursula here!”
Glancing over at her son she sighed, before pausing the game. “Come on kid I need your help here.”

“Ahh man!” Tossing down the controller he turned to her, she had to choose now to start being ultra weird, when they were so close to levelling up. “I don’t know.” He said with a shrug.

“Think Henry, does she like Italian, Chinese, Sushi… Buffalo wings?”

Laughing he rolled his eyes before jumping off the couch to get a drink, “why?” He asked curiously

“Because I’m your mother, and I asked you a question.” It was a lame answer, but she still didn’t have anything better to offer.

“I don’t know, she likes fish and Italian, there’s this new restaurant in town she keeps saying she wants to go to.” He said smiling to himself, knowing full well it was also the most expensive restaurant in town, if Emma wanted his help and wasn’t going to tell her why, she could find out the hard way.

“Thanks kid, do you know what its called?” She asked, she was sat on her knees on the sofa, resting her arms against the back as she spoke.

“Bella Notte”

“Are you fucking kidding me?!” Emma rolled her eyes so hard, “can this town get anymore cliché?! No way am I sharing a plate of spaghetti meatballs in an alleyway.”

“I don’t think you’re allowed to swear in front of me, and I’m pretty sure the restaurant is inside mom…”

“Our secret!” She held her index finger against her lips, gesturing silence before continuing “anyway it’s still definitely not happening.” Emma said adamantly.

“Why are you taking mom to a restaurant?” Henry asked, his eyes narrowing as he scrutinised the way Emma became more flustered,

“Erm.. To discuss you, and erm.. Well.. We’ve come a long way since you know.. We wanted to kill each other.. So we said we’d try and see if we could… Go out as adults…” Her answers were getting more and more pathetic as the conversation continued, she could see the orange flashing lights and warning siren blaring ‘abandon’!

“Like a date?!”

“NO not like a date! Like.. Friends!” Emma’s internal monologue was repeating one word on loop like a panicked mantra; SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT!!!! And then it added.. REGINA IS GOING TO KILL ME!!

“All right.” Henry shrugged pouring himself his orange juice before slumping back on the couch. “If that’s the story you are going with.”

“It’s not a story it’s-“

“Are you talking about asking mom out as a distraction so I don’t beat you at Kingdom Hearts?”
“Atlantis…” Regina said with a smile as they pulled up outside the harbour side restaurant, she was rather impressed at Emma’s choice, and very surprised, she’d half expected to pull up outside Granny’s Diner.

“I have it on good authority that you like shellfish.”

“You know they say oysters are an aphrodisiac.” Regina said flirtatiously.

“Shall we find out?!”

“So…This authority..?” Regina asked as they sat down at their table.

“Henry.” Emma admitted, scrunching her nose in preparation for the lecture.

Raising her eyebrow in surprise, Regina looked up from her menu, the cute expression on her companions face did not go unnoticed. “He knows we are on a date?”

“Erm about that… He seems to erm…” She couldn’t exactly find the words to describe their son. “He’s quite intuitive.”

“I suppose that’s an example of nature over nurture?” Smiling at the blonde she took a sip of her dark wine.

“You’re not mad?” Her brow wrinkled as she waited for her response, Regina was by nature a private woman, so was she, and she wasn’t sure what this latest development would mean for them.

“Does this..” she gestured between them “mean anything to you.”

“Yes of course.” The lines in her forehead deepened with her sincerity, was Regina really going to doubt her commitment.

“Then Henry is going to need to know at some point, I won’t lie to him… not again…” her face fell a little as she said it, the memory of lying to Henry and the rift it brought between them, still too fresh a wound to linger on.

“And if…”

“We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it…. But for now… Let’s just enjoy the evening.”

“You look gorgeous by the way, so hot…” Emma said with a smirk as she began to rub her foot against Regina’s leg under the table. “I want you.”

Taking a large gulp of her wine, dark eyes darkened as her lips drew up into a smile, so this was the way their evening was going to go, then so be it. Reaching for her purse she pulled out a large padded envelope, which she had left inside ready for the right moment; this was that moment. Taking a pen she made a couple of alterations to the letter inside before she was satisfied. “Go to the bathroom and follow the instructions.” She said with a wicked smile as she passed the envelope over to the confused but intrigued blonde.

Regina firmly believed that as intimate as play could be behind closed doors, one of the most delicious types of Domination play was that done in public and in plain sight; especially when utilized as extended foreplay, which was exactly what she had in mind. Play done in public had the potential to make everyone around them voyeurs or participants in the scene. It brought with it an entirely new set of challenges, forcing them to maintain composure not through the use of gags or restraints but through the physical and mental restraint of being caught, with consequences more far-
reaching than physical punishment. The danger of being discovered an aphrodisiac, intensely arousing the mind and increasing the sexual response.

Sliding the lock of the cubicle shut, Emma hastily dropped the lid of the toilet seat before sitting down. The envelope was heavy and bulky and her fingers trembled in anticipated as they opened the seal. Taking out the letter her eyes hurriedly scanned over the words, smiling at Regina's hand written alterations to the typed document. Peering back into the top of the envelope she smiled at the objects inside. Standing up she set the letter and envelope onto the seat before following out the instructions.

As she returned to the restaurant, her cheeks flushed a little more than before as she made her way back to their table, even more head turned and waiters stopped to look at her than her previous entrance.

Swirling her glass of wine Regina slowly raked her eyes over the vision before her, from the black five inch 'come fuck me' heels, and a cute and simple blue-gray tie sided button up dress, with; as requested, the top few buttons un-popped. Her beautiful long blonde hair was straight for a change, voluminous and striking, completely breathtaking; all legs, sashaying hips and heaving cleavage.

“Did you follow my instructions?” Regina asked as Emma sat back down at their table.

Emma blushed hard and nodded slowly, unable to speak.

“All of my instructions?” Regina asked, her smirk growing ever more devilish.

“Yes… Mistress.” Her voice much to the brunette’s approval.

Raising her brow, Regina dragged her lower lip between her teeth in desire as her eyes floated down the front of Emma’s dress, to the obvious hard nipples pressing hard against the confines of the dress, a low moan sounded in her throat at the thought of the small elastic nipple rings sat at the base of her nipples; forcing them to stay erect for the duration of their evening. “How do you feel?” Their eyes met again, their air between them electric.

“Full.” Emma laughed light heartedly before taking a sip of her wine and leaning closer, her voice lower ensuring only Regina could hear her words as she absentmindedly played with her necklace, her day collar, “owned.”

“Good.” She was satisfied that Emma had indeed followed her instructions and was not only wearing the nipple rings, but also the cold heavy metal jeweled anal plug and ‘we-vibe’ that they had purchased several weeks before. Reaching back into her bag, she pulled out the cell, opening an app, smirking as Emma jumped; startled as the we-vibe began to work its magic, teasing both her clit and her G-spot simultaneously. “How does it feel to know I have complete control of your mind, your breasts, your arse, and your cunt in public?” Regina asked quietly, her eyes only looking up from her phone as she finished speaking, her smirk grew ever wider as Emma failed to answer with words as her entire body quivered. With a small laugh she turned off the vibe so that the younger woman could catch her breath. She began to read down the menu as she spoke, as if their conversation was the most normal in the world; “every time the waiter returns to the table, I will turn on the vibrator, it is your job to answer all questions promptly and clearly, you are to maintain composure throughout and he is to have no idea, is that clear?”

“Yes Mistress.” Emma breathed, her voice shaky before taking a quick sip of cold water.

Right on queue, the young waiter arrives at the table and awkwardly asked, “Is everything to your liking Miss Mills?”
Looking up Regina smiled, out of the corner of her eye she could see Emma’s cheeks flush, the balls of her fists clenched tight as Regina turned the vibe on. “Could you tell us the specials today please.”

Emma concentrated on trying to breath normally, whilst fighting back any and all sounds, she ground her teeth down hard as she watched Regina pick up her phone again, dreading the inevitable increase of sensations, and sure enough; the vibrator increased its speed, whilst fluttering and pulsing. Remaining composed was becoming an issue as her vision blurred; her eyes fixed ahead of herself until she realized her name had been called, several times.

“Emma… Emma… MISS SWAN could we have your attention please?” amusement danced over Regina's face, whilst the waiter just grew ever more uncomfortable, completely unsure of what was going on, but sure that he wanted to be far away from it. It was only his third week at Atlantis and serving the Evil Queen was proving too daunting for him; he feared being turned into a roach, receiving a fireball to the face or having his heart ripped from his chest. “The mixed seafood platter? Thoughts?”

“Erm…” Her voice was high pitched and forced as her frown etched deeper. “Mhmm.” She nodded, words completely failing her.

“And if you could keep the Chardonnay topped up, that would be wonderful.”

Their server did as he was bid, before bowing his head and leaving, providing Regina just enough time to tease Emma a little more, turning the vibe on higher, she relished in every flinch of her body; the way her hands gripped at the edge of the table, the way here breathing grew heavier, ragged yet controlled; each breath forcibly taken, it had to be, the minute she stopped remembering to breathe she would pass out.

Neither women say a word, as they sat in their silent stalemate of sensuality and submission. Eyes bore deep into souls, silent words sang as motionless hearts entwined with the chains of trust.

As their server returned with their food, Regina broke her gaze, only to change the mode of the toy, the rhythm of its vibrations fluttering and dancing to a new tune. She watched the Sheriffs grip visibly whiten as she clutched at the table ever tighter.

“Can I get you anything else Ma’am?”

“Madam Mayor!” Regina corrected, her eyes shooting daggers without even thinking, she hated being called ‘Ma’am’, especially with Emma, it reminded her how old she really was, and that made her cringe, she didn’t feel it, she certainly didn’t look it, there was no one in town who was stupid enough to even allude to such a thing. Few who called her ‘Ma’am’ lived to tell the tale, and those who did were not stupid enough to do so. “That is everything for now.”

Emma let out a sigh of relief as the waiter turned to leave; wanting as much distance as possible between himself and the strange set up, but her relief was short lived.

“Before you leave…” Regina said in annoyance, she hated sloppy service, and she had wanted to tease Emma a little more anyway.

Stopping, the waiter turned back to face them, the look of horror on his face a perfect match to that Emma was sporting. “Ma’am – I mean Madam Mayor?” He asked shakily.

Narrowing her eyes at the young boy, she stared him down with eyes of flame as he shrank in fear, wishing the carpet would swallow him up. Sighing, Regina did her best to ignore his ineptitude and concentrated on pushing all of Emma's buttons to the best of her ability within the parameters of their
current environment. “There are two of us at this table, could you please ask my date if everything is
to her liking.”

Their duologue was interrupted as Emma let out a gasp, before biting down hard onto her own lip,
Regina had referred to her as her ‘date’, and the notion had sent spasms to her core, causing her to
nearly jump from her seat.

Raising her brow in question, Regina didn’t say a word.

“Ma’am… Uhh… Miss… I mean… Sheriff Swan… Is everything okay?!” The young man stuttered,
desperate not to foot his foot further in things.

Emma nodded, hard, “Yup.. Fantastic… Please leave us!” There was more than a hint of a tremor in
her voice, a quiver in her lips as she struggled to maintain her composure.

As he looked at Regina to confirm his orders, he almost saw his life flash before his eyes, as she
glared ever harder at him.

“She said leave us, are you deaf?!”

“Yes, I mean no, Madam Mayor, Sheriff..” He bowed repeated and low, until Emma was sure his
chin would hit the floor.

“Must… You… Be… So… Cruel…” She breathed hard, a smile on her lips.

“If you wanted to date a Prince of compassion you should have asked your mother, I’m sure she
could find you no end of suitors-”

“I don’t want suitors.” Emma interrupted. “I just want you.”

“Even when I’m cruel?” She asked leaning closer, her brow arched in question.

“Sometimes… Especially when you’re cruel.”

Her words were met with a growl of appreciation. Leaning in closer, she let her voice drop once
again to a mere whisper, “I am very curious to find out exactly how mentally, and sexually aroused
you are already, shall we find out my pet?”

Emma whimpered like a trapped and unsure animal.

“Remember, you can not come without my express permission.”

Green eyes grew large with fear; fear of succeeding, thus failing climax, and fear of failure, and what
that would bring forthwith.

With the vibe turned up to max, Regina set about to assemble their food at a leisurely pace, placing a
varied selection on each place. As she looked up, the corners of her mouth upturned at the sight of
Emma, her body completely tense, her mouth open wide, her breathing heavy as her breasts visibly
heaved. Slowly, Regina placed the plate in front of the blonde.

“Please, Mistress, may I come?!” Emma breathlessly begged as loud as she dared in public.

“No.” Taking a sip of her wine, Regina relished the taste on her tongue before continuing. “Not yet
little slut, you’re not ready yet…”

The beads of sweat were forming on Emma’s top lip as she clawed at the varnished surface of the
“Please dear, eat something.” Regina gestured playfully at Emma's plate, though her own remained untouched. She was enjoying her fine wine and the show far too much for the distraction of food. She continued to watch with great pleasure as Emma's eyes; resolute determination was overcome with desperation to maintain control. She swilled her wine, savoring the subtle notes of apples, cinnamon and vanilla with a fondness she had never before, maybe she would drink Chablis more often. The table was jostled as Emma's legs began to shake uncontrollably, her body lurching and quivering.

“Please, please, please!” Emma pleaded breathlessly. “Please Mistress may I come?”

“No.” She responded simple as she took another sip from her wine, holding the cool refreshing liquid in her mouth momentarily before swallowing it down, her eyes never once breaking with those opposite her. Sensing Emma was at the very edge of her control, Regina moved like a panther, completely without warning. Moving to sit directly next to the blonde, her hand on her throat as she quickly pinned her to the back of the booth, looking deep into her eyes as her grip tightened.

The sudden aggression startled Emma, breaking her mental concentration, causing her to lose complete control of her body. The beautiful and strangled sound of her climax was heard only by Regina. Speechless, Emma's hand reached up to hold Regina's in place around her throat, silently begging her not to release her grip as wave after wave of orgasm flows over her.

Regina just watched, her eyes black with lust at the beautiful sight she had created. Turning the vibe off, she kept her hand on Emma's throat as the blonde fell limp, like a ragdoll. Leaning closer she pressed a small kiss on her cheek right by her ear before whispering. “A lovely performance little kitten, but you failed to behave, you know you’ll be punished for it later?!”

Emma just shook in response as the last waves rocked her.

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed then pleaseeeeeee send me Lana face/arm porn!! I’m dying here!!!

Ps random, and SQers out there who can sing and would like to collab on a project with me? If so contact me and let me know (:  

Ps I hope 4.5 THOUSAND words makes up (somewhat) for my tardiness…

P.P.S It took me 3.5hrs to reply to all your wonderful messages! :) Thank you beautiful faeries xoxo
Swing Sex Saturday

Chapter Notes

Bonjour from Paris!

Oh my gosh it's such lovely weather here! We are having such a lovely time.

For my S/O I promised you this chapter a longgggggggg time ago, and I always hold true to my promises, I hope you enjoy reading it darling as much as I enjoyed writing it! (well, me reading it to you in bed)

As promised, content warnings!

Use of erotic asphyxiation (again)

Use of the C*** word (again)

A baby Flantsy scene but mostly just fluttsy

If any of this content upset/disturbs or is a trigger please do not read.

Again unbeta'd - apologies

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was late, or technically very early Saturday morning; taking Emma by the hand, Regina led her nude pet down from the hallway down to the dimly lit playroom. Her clothes had been discarded immediately upon entering the mansion, no time wasted, which could be better spent in other ways. Calling Emma nude is actually a lie; she still wore her anal plug, nipple rings, we-vibe, which she had been wearing since the restaurant, now with the addition of her play collar.

The taxi home had been torturously slow, with the women a far as possible from each other in the back seat in the car, as if their driver could read their minds or might suspect something if they sat closer. If only he knew the reason to the blonde's consistent fidgeting; Regina continuing to play with the app on her phone, alternating the vibrations and speed of the toy, teasing Emma relentlessly without end.

As soon as the front door had shut behind them, they had been upon each other, tearing at Emma's clothes until her bare back was pressed against the cold wall, with hot kisses being laboured against her neck.

As their eyes grew accustomed to the difference in lighting in the basement, Emma noticed for the first time a new addition to the room; a large sex swing taking centre stage. Hung from a large bolt affixed to the ceiling, the swing was composed of a series of leather straps and padded supports for the back, arse, thighs, feet and calves as well as a torque bar for added support and options.

"I hoped our second date might end this way..." Regina purred into her ear. In her heels, she had to lean slightly down as she stood behind the blonde, pressing her fully clothed body flush with Emma's
naked frame. "With this we can achieve the deepest of penetrations with the minimal exertion. Also with a few adjustments to height and angle, we can save you from contorting your body into uncomfortable position which will interfere with the sensations I administer."

Leaning her head back against the brunette, Emma let out a soft moan as her eyes fluttered closed momentarily. "So, how do you get into it?" She asked, taking a wary step forward. It wasn't that she was scared or in any way apprehensive, it was that she was unsure her body would support her, without the use of a support. Her mind was swimming, she had fantasised about a sex swing for so long, and now the time was finally here. Of course the person to introduce her to it would be Miss Mills.

"It's easy, come." Placing a hand on the plug, Regina forced it further into Emma, eliciting a groan of pleasure, as she applied more pressure she guided the blonde to the swing. "First, you need to be punished for disobeying my orders."

Letting out a small whimper, Emma turned to face her Mistress, her eyes wide and pleading. "Please Mistress, I tried-"

"Clearly not hard enough." Regina interrupted.

"But-" The words died on her lips as she realised what she was doing. Her gaze was low as she chewed on her lips; she was in for it now. A hand clutched at her throat like a vice, trapping oxygen and speech.

"Look at me!" Regina growled, insolence was one thing she would not tolerate. "LOOK AT ME!" She barked, frightened eyes shooting up to meet her own gaze of steel. "What your Mistress says is fact, I said you did not try hard enough, that means you did not try hard enough; no 'buts', do you understand slut?!"

"Yes Mistress." Her voice was broken and barely a whisper as the words struggled past the clutches to her throat. The world grew fainter as oxygen grew scarcer and blood pumped louder.

Regina let Emma go with a push, the younger woman stumbling against the cold floor, grabbing at the swing to stop herself from falling.

"Did I ask too much of you, to ask you to come on my command?" Her tone was filled with disappointment and exasperation.

"No Mistress." She felt such a failure, the brunette was right, what she had asked of her was a simple enough command, and she had failed.

"Should I find another pet, one who can do better?" Turning her back she clicked her way across the stone tiles to the obsidian chest, a small smile playing on her lips as she waited for Emma's pleas of remorse.

She didn't have to wait long. "Please Mistress, please I can be better! I will be better. Oh please Mistress!" Emma begged, dropping to her knees she held her hands out in front of herself in prayer, her eyes kept low as tears kissed her lashes. "Please, please!"

After a long pause Regina picked up the cream leather mock-croc paddle, and slowly made her way back to stand in front of the blonde. Without a word she dropped to a crouching position, placing the paddle under Emma's chin until her gaze was raised to meet her own. She eyed the dark mascara rivers that ran down Emma's pale cheeks. "You need to prove it, you need to earn it."

Tears fell freer, "yes Mistress, oh thank you Mistress!" She choked happily.
"Good, now stand little pet." Once again her tone was softer, her gestures more tender as she held out her hand to help Emma to her feet. Assisting her she got Emma to lay in the swing on her front, a harness supporting her hips. Lowering the swing, she let Emma's hands and feet rest on the floor, so she was effectively positioned in a 'downward dog' pose.

Emma giggled as the Regina let go of her and she gently swung back and forth, in the contraption. Although the swing and chain appeared to hold her with no difficulty, she was still nervous; her fear was that the thing would suddenly let go of her in midair, mid-activity, however Regina reassured her it would easily hold many times her weight. She relaxed somewhat, but was still visibly tense as she maneuvered her hands until she was comfortable.

"For your inability to follow instructions you will receive sixty blows with the paddle, with varying intensity." She was not about to brutalise her lover, or beat her half to death, but she did need to receive a severe punishment to act as an effective deterrent and lesson. By prolonging the punishment, Regina would be able to administer this, and as such she would lessen the severity of most of the blows. Pain through punishment could be utilized in two ways, in her opinion; short and sharp, or long and subtler, both had different purposes and provided different outcomes. She would never use harsh punishment for an extended period of time; it proved only to inflict pain and no pleasure. "For your wilful disregard, while I use the paddle, I will also turn the we-vibe back on high, this time, I expect you to control your cunt, understood?"

"Yes Mistress." Emma's voice was quiet, her heart racing both in anticipation for the delicious punishment she was about to receive and the fear of failing her Mistress a second time.

"I didn't hear you!" Regina pulled harshly at Emma's curls, forcing her head back. "Do you want to be punished harder?"

"Yes Mistress." She giggled.

She smiled back, she couldn't help it. Then with a wave of her hand Emma let out a small shriek as her nipples were encased in nipple clamps attached with a chain, with weights, pulling against them. "Little sluts should be careful what they wish for! Now, are you ready?"

"Yes Mistress" She said louder and clearer this time.

"Good girl." Sliding her blazer from her shoulders she laid it gracefully onto the ottoman, taking her phone from the pocket, she turned the vibrator back on, setting it to high, smiling at the moan of delighted surprise coming from Emma's lips. Setting the phone down she returned to her position behind the blonde, paddle in hand. "How does it feel?"

"Good.. So good!" She half whimpered, half moaned, unsure how she was going to endure her punishment without climaxing. With the we-vibe stimulating her clit and g-spot, the pinch of the clamps on her nipples, and the promise of the pain from the paddle, she knew it would take all her internal strength to maintain control and composure as the perfection of pain and pleasure pushed her limits to breaking point.

"Remember, you will receive sixty whacks of the paddle, stop counting and we start again, climax and we start again, do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress." She was determined, she could do this.

As the paddle rained down onto supple flesh the room Emma moaned her counts loudly, her core clenching tightly around the vibrator and the plug as she breathed through the sensations. She grew so dizzy and light headed, glad for the harness supporting her weight. "fifty-seven… fifty–eight!"
She cried out, so close to success it was almost palpable, her entire body was shaking in anticipation, though she knew that there was no certainty that when she reached sixty, she would be allowed to climax, in fact she knew the chances were very slim indeed. Her body jolted in the swing every time Regina hit the paddle against her skin, which caused the clamps to pull at her hard nipples, the delicious pain making her grow heady.

"Fifty-nine… Sixty…." Her voice cracked as tears ran once more down her cheeks, tears of joy and relief and pride; she had succeeded, against all odds, she had proved she could be good for her Mistress, she had impressed even herself, and now she waited, to see if her Mistress was impressed too.

She was, so proud. "Such a good girl." She purred, as she caressed her fingers over the red expanse of skin of Emma's buttocks and thighs. "Such a good girl."

Placing a hand under Emma stomach, she helped her to stand, smiling as she struggled on weak knees. "Maybe you should kneel little slut…" Placing a hand on Emma's shoulder she gently eased her to her knees. With a wave of her hand a leash materialised from the ring at the centre of Emma's play collar. Looping it under the chain of the nipple clamps, she gave a gentle tug to test; sure enough not only did it cause her pet to be pulled closer, but it pulled the chain taut, tugging at her nipples.

Within a further cloud of purple smoke, Regina's clothes disapparated. Stepping back leisurely, she lowered herself into the swing as Emma watched wide-eyed and so aroused. Slipping her ankles into the restraints, in a position, which left nothing to the imagination, she pulled at the lead, pulling Emma close to her. "Be a good slut, and taste how wet you've made me."

Emma groaned in desire and appreciation before obediently dipping her head, letting her tongue savour her reward. Regina wasn't wet, she was soaking wet; clearly oysters were an aphrodisiac. Sucking sick folds into her mouth, she sucked hard before plunging her tongue deep inside of her Mistress, her hands grasping at toned hips, pulling her ever closer, mirroring the tugs Regina gave of the leash.

Regina closed her eyes, enjoying the tongue inside of her as she allowed the swing to support her entire body.

As her tongue slid back and forth over her, Emma could taste her growing excitement. She could feel Regina's muscles clutch at the tip of her tongue as she dipped it inside her. She began to rock her gently back and forth, teasing with her tongue.

Regina felt her hips start to rock in the swing; in an attempt to trap access more of Emma's teasing tongue.

Taking that as a queue, Emma flicked her tongue hard at her clit, before plunging her tongue quickly inside heated flesh.

It wasn't long before Regina was bucking against Emma's talented mouth, her head lolling back against the support as she tossed and turned.

As the sensations subsided Regina let out a breathy laugh. "Good girl." Her fingers loosened their grip from blonde curls, her hand moving to tenderly cup Emma's cheek as she looked down at her with tear filled eyes.

Easing herself from the supports, Regina rose to stand confident and domineering, leash still in hand; pulling hard until Emma stood in front of her, her mouth immediately claiming her pets in a heated
She groaned into the mouth, which feverishly worked on hers. It wasn't that she willfully submitted to Regina's touch, or that she chose to. It was less about a conscious decision, and more about the internal pull she felt. Her body reacted without her say so, her mind obeying without her permission. It was all so natural, as though every fiber in her body, every cell united in one thing.

Even though, barefoot, Emma stood taller than Regina, it was the brunette who held her standing, as her knees buckled at the intensity of their kiss. The snake around her head, holding at the nape of her neck; the handle of the collar linked around Regina's palm, pressing gently into the tender flesh at the apex of Emma's skull.

Reaching out, Regina cupped one of her breasts, tasting Emma's moans of approval as she tweaked at the chain clipped to her nipple. Swallowing her gasp, she kissed harder with greater fervor.

"Your turn." Regina purred as she pulled back from sweet lips, gesturing over to the swing. Her eyes darkened as she watched Emma's grow wider. She had wanted Emma in the swing for so long, and finally her wish would come true.

Easing herself into the harness, Emma couldn't help but grin, biting down on her bottom lip as her eye locked with Regina's.

Softly, Regina tied Emma's wrists and ankles to the swing, before brushing her hair away from her face. Leaning forwards she placed a soft kiss against her lips before moving away into the shadows of the basement to prepare, leaving the blonde suspended, helpless to anything Regina might want to do to her, yet somehow Emma felt safer than ever.

Chapter End Notes

So how many of you are in Paris for the con? I know a few are, let me know – maybe we can meet up! - Thats if you ever made it out of the queue today!

Right I'm off to snuggle up and watch the OUAT finale… No I have still not seen it, and I think I kinda need to before tomorrow.
Warning I am very very vary drunk
Only a short one this week, it’s been crazyyyyyyy.
I kinda got stranded in Paris (no bad thing) because of strikes, fires and illegal
immigrants trying to cross from France to England meaning they closed the tunnel, ferry
and Eurostar, but hey it meant my s/o and I got an extra day in Paris so yay! (and I got
another day off work)
I have been back at work for a couple of days and eugh already my vacation seems like
a lifetime away.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Regina's hand slowly trailed its touch up Emma's stomach, to cup and squeeze at her breast.
Dropping down she kissed her way up her body, smiling as chills ran through Emma, Goosebumps
marking her skin, her lips soon replaced the hand covering Emma's nipple.

Emma always looked so beautiful in candlelight, her skin radiant as shadows flickered, her blonde
hair looked almost like gold as it shimmered and glowed.

Emma opened her eyes as she felt a warm breath against her cheek, before lips found her own. She
moaned softly into the mouth as a tongue slipped inside, only briefly, before lips kissed their way
across her cheek and to her ear; Regina's tongue dragging its way salaciously around it, teasing her.

"I'm going to fuck you hard, I'm going to stretch you." She growled against her as she gave a sharp
tweak to her nipple.

Emma's entire body shuddered in reaction, before she let out a small gasp of surprise as a black satin
blindfold appeared over her eyes, preventing her from seeing what had at the same moment
materialised around Regina's hips, resting against her crotch.

Smirking, Regina wrapped her fingers around the base of the thick purple strap-on, to help guide it,
as she placed a hand on Emma's hip. The swing held her pelvis at the perfect height for Regina to
slide the hard strap-on into her.

Emma's flat stomach stiffened as she inhaled with a gasp, deeply and suddenly when she felt the
head of the toy penetrate her. Biting into her lower lip she prepared for the assault she expected from
her Mistress, the one she craved more than oxygen.

Regina held perfectly still, gently holding the other woman by the hips. She began pulling Emma
tighter against her; slow at first, rocking the swing back and forth, causing the toy to slip in and out
of her pet as she did so.

Emma moaned incessantly, the sensation strangely and deliciously different to her in that position;
the angle at which she was penetrated felt like nothing she had experienced before.

Regina picked up her pace as the blonde began to become unglued. Leaning forward to capture her
mouth against her own; preventing her from screaming.
Instead Emma moaned and groaned into her mouth as she was overcome as the brunette increased the tempo. Her hands balled into fists as they fought against their bindings as her first orgasm crashed through her body, her inner muscles clenching again and again around the toy as she came hard and expectantly, there was something about the way Regina fucked her which took away her control.

Regina smiled to herself as she continued to slide in and out of her pet as she continued to spasm below her; if she was coming already, then Emma had an exhaustive, yet satisfying night ahead of her. As her orgasm subsided, she stopped rocking the swing; it was her turn to have complete control of the pace.

Emma's mind still reeled as she relaxed from her first orgasm. The rocking motions of the swing soon stopped and she felt Regina's hands reposition themselves around her waist. Her breathing had just begun to return to normal when she felt Regina's body tense up in preparation for the real fucking that was yet to come.

With the blindfold still restricting her vision, Emma did not see as the phallace of Regina's strap on began to swell and grow. She did however feel the soft lips against hers, demanding entry as they kissed passionately, a gentle hand cupping her cheek.

Without warning, Regina plunged the toy into the blonde. The sudden movement broke their kiss as Emma cried out in ecstasy. As Regina thrust into her, using the swing's leverage to pull her suspended body backward into her.

Moving down she took a hard nipple between her teeth, biting down sharply.

Emma's eyes flew open to see nothing but the darkness shrouded by the mask, only to screw them shut as she felt another orgasm rip through her. Her body convulsed as a mouth withdrew from her erect nipple.

A hand covered the trembling breasts as Regina pulled back to watch the thrashing blonde as unintelligible noises issued forth from her mouth. Gripping Emma's hips tightly against hers, she ground into her as she dragging out the last spasms of her climax.

Emma could do nothing but hold on tight to the straps that secured her in the swing. She felt the tension in her Mistress's toy slowly fade as she pulled away, causing her to sigh heavily. Come dripped slowly out of her as it ran down over arse as she finally withdrew. Her hips undulated in a desperate request as Regina left her vacant and walked slowly around to her head.

"Now the real party can start." she purred as she leaned down to kiss her panting lover.

Emma moaned unashamedly into Regina's mouth, before the brunette pulled away and clicked her way across to the other side of the room, bound and blindfolded Emma could only imagine what was in store for her next. A whimper sounded in her throat as she felt the anal plug vanish, she presumed in a cloud of purple smoke, leaving her feeling empty and craving fulfillment.

Retuning to her lover, Regina aligned herself with the blonde, this time with a much bigger strap-on. She teased at the blondes entrance, just long enough for her to groan at the realization before slowly entering her, stretching her wider.

As she picked up speed Emma moaned loudly, shuddering as the dildo touched against her cervix as she was pounded into repeatedly. Regina's own gratification was clearly not foremost in her mind, as she roughly fucked the blonde in just the way she knew she loved it. She wasn't concerned, Regina knew she would orgasm many more times in the days and weeks to come, and was content to make this night about Emma's pleasure.
She thrust into her with deliberate, measured strokes, intending to pleasure her, and Emma was in another world.

A finger found her clitoris, and gently, but firmly teased her until she was thrashing as another orgasm ripped through her, her hips bouncing in the swing as the come ran down between her legs onto the hard floor below.

Whilst Emma was still shaking, Regina reached up, gently holding her buttocks as they swayed back and forth below them; slowly and deliberately she slid a finger through the trail of come flowing from her lover, and teased her tight arse.

Emma groaned when she felt the digit touch her anus; Regina was driving her insane as she felt another orgasm approaching and she began to wonder if there was a way to achieve double penetration in the swing. Her thoughts were broken as she suddenly inhaled deeply and came hard as the finger wormed its way into her arse up to the first knuckle.

The combination of the finger slipping into her arse, and her inner muscles clenching around the toy proved to be too much and she spasmed through her orgasms, babbling incoherently,

Regina withdrew from the sweating blonde, leaving only the finger inside her tortured body as she caught her own breath, fucking Emma so enthusiastically was quiet a work out.

Emma's hips moved downward of their own will, attempting to get more of the exploring digit inside her, but the swing prevented any downward movement, and she was left frustrated in her attempt.

Finally Regina withdrew, and just as exhausted as her lover, she transported them to her bed in a plume of purple smoke. Emma, completely spent, just nuzzled into her, murmuring incoherently as she drifted to sleep a huge smile on her face. Kissing her softly, Regina wrapped her arms around her, joining her in dreams.

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The alarm sounded loudly, breaking Regina's peaceful sleep; opening her eyes she smiled at the blonde asleep in her arms. It was only just starting to get light out as she hit the snooze button atop the clock, and rubbed her tired eyes. Reluctantly she pulled away from Emma, slipping out of bed into her robe, her stomach fluttering as she watched Emma subconsciously nuzzle into her now vacant pillow, taking a large inhale of her scent. Leaning down Regina placed a kiss on her head before slipping into the bathroom to get ready for the day.

Emerging she left a note on top of Emma's clothes should she wake to find her gone, before she silently slipped out of the house.

Abandoning her car, for a brisk walk into town, she headed to Granny's to grab some breakfast. Twenty minutes later she returned home, arms laden with treats, which she balanced unsteadily in her arms as she quietly let herself in. Kicking off her heels leaving them uncharacteristically strewn at the bottom of the stairs she padded up to her room, hoping beyond hope that Emma would still be as she had left her.

Sure enough as she pushed back the door the blonde lay spread eagled across the bed; one arm on the pillows, the other at the foot of the bed as her head and feet lay across the wrong ends. Smiling she crossed the room, perching cautiously on a corner, trying her best not to wake her as she laid the brown paper bags on top of the duvet.

Placing her hand on Emma's shoulder she gave a gentle shake to wake her. "Morning goldilocks,
time to wake up. Nothing, not even a grumble in response. "I brought breakfast…" She prompted, and like magic Emma's eyes flickered open, her mouth open wide in a goofy toothy grin. "So you'd rather eat breakfast than me hmm?!" Regina mock sulked.

"Can't I have both?" Emma asked as she sat up, yawning as she gave a huge stretch.

"How are you not fat?" She asked in amusement and genuine question, Emma ate like she'd never seen food and yet she was still so lithe.

Moving in close she let her breath tickle against Regina's ears as she said, "I get a really good work out!" Her barely awake voice deep and gravelly.

With a moan Regina kissed her hungrily, before pulling away, if they started now they'd never stop. "Breakfast." She said gesturing at the bags.

"Regina even I don't eat this much!" She said as she looked at all the food in amazement.

"I thought you'd give it a good attempt." Regina joked, watching Emma mentally weigh up the challenge before continuing with a small laugh. "I brought us breakfast, the rest if for your parents and Henry…" With a wave of her hand Emma was dressed, and not in the clothing she had worn last night on their date.

Emma nodded in understanding of what Regina was getting at. "I take breakfast back as cover for staying out.. Hopefully no one will realise that I never came home last night."

"Exactly."

"You know… It would be easier if people knew about us… I mean not people… Just them…"

"I know." Regina sighed, it wasn't that she didn't want to; it's just that the thought terrified her.

Sensing the Brunette's uneasiness Emma changed the subject. "So, did you buy me waffles?"

Chapter End Notes

Final requests/reminders for anyone wanting to 'audition' to collab with me on a sq/ouat parody song project, please contact me if you are interested and I am going to make a decision sometime over the next weekend/week.
Chapter Notes

Sorry I didn't publish this last week, I have had some personal difficulties/problems and I really just didn't feel like finishing it.

Also in the past 15 days I have worked 257hrs ... so yeah.. I'm sorry but no... I didn't exactly have time for FF

I also probably won't have time for SQWeek, which is a shame cus I didn't take part in last times cus it was AU and I personally don't enjoy reading or writing AU at all

Anyways.. Onto the Fluts

Regina's secretary had handed in her notice, for selfish reasons, something like she was having a baby, Regina wasn't quiet sure, she hadn't been listening to the when's and why's, instead pondering fearfully of how she was supposed to get a replacement. She was still hated and feared, but not enough that she had still die hard minions, now she lacked any one of support that could be relied upon or trusted to be her secretary, no one who would be willing, without threat, to take the job.

As much as she would like to admit that she could run her office single handedly, she couldn't, she needed a Personal Assistant, if for nothing other than the menial tasks, and for taking messages when she couldn't be bothered to speak to anyone.

So with her meetings adjourned, Regina carried out interviews in a vain attempt to find a suitable replacement. By four in the afternoon she had lost all the will to live as each hopelessly unsuitable candidate came and left with the roll of her eyes. "Next." She called, her tone half hearted as she sat back in her chair with a sigh.

Pushing the door to the Mayor's office open Emma stepped inside, at least Regina thought it was Emma; she wasn't wearing clothing she had grown accustomed to seeing the blonde wearing. Her hair was tied in a high ponytail, not unusual, but the black-rimmed glasses framing her face were. Dressed in a short gray pencil skirt and tight white blouse and black stilettoes, it looked less like an outfit the Sheriff would wear and more one suitable for a librarian, a hot librarian.

"As welcome as this is, I'm actually rather busy right now, taking interviews for a new secretary."

"I know; I'm here to apply." Emma said with a small smile as she came to stop in front of Regina's desk.

"You're applying for my secretarial position?" Regina asked doubtfully, her brows arched in question.

"Yes.. Well no not really." She laughed, before placing her hands on the desk, leaning forwards, her cleavage on full show. "But I thought we could pretend…"

Regina's gaze dragged slowly from Emma's chest up to her dark playful eyes. "As much as I'd like to play that game." She said reluctantly, "I have someone due in now, and before you say it no, I can
"You didn't read the scheduled names…" Emma pointed out as she stood up straight, crossing her arms.

"No…" Regina picked up the list of names her secretary had provided her; she hadn't read it for fear of whose names she would find, putting her off the process before it had even begun. Sure enough, there in black and white at four pm was Miss Emma Swan. "Well Miss Swan," Her eyes shone with delight as she looked up from the paper. "Why don't you take a seat." She gestured to the chair, pressing her lips together as she suppressed a smile.

"So… Miss Swan, do you have a CV with you?"

"Sure thing." Handing the document over, Emma sat back, her smile growing ever wider as she waited for Regina to read.

"I see you have attached a covering letter, how useful."

Covering Letter

Hard working, dedicated and obedient, I can follow orders to the letter, no matter what.

I strongly believe that if you are going to do something, then do it well, and I aspire to be the best at everything I do; call it competitiveness or call it perfectionism, I'm sure you won't be disappointed in my attention to detail, determination to prove myself, and my drive to improve.

Discretion is my middle name, well it would be if I had one, and I am loyal to a fault, something you need in a candidate. I would never betray your trust by revealing inside information to the press, public or you competitors.

I can be trusted and relied upon, and no amount of pressure fazes me. I can work long hours at a moments notice (I have a vast support network who are only too happy to babysit).

I think I would make a valued addition to your team, and look forward to working with you in the future.

Curriculum Vitae

Education

I can spell 'spell', drive (carefully) at great speed, shoot a moving target, make the meanest cinnamon hot chocolate, run a department, track people and information down, and wield magic from my oh so talented fingers…

Experience

Sheriff (2011 – present)

I am currently in the position as the town Sheriff, protecting the innocent and the frail, rescuing cats from trees, Dalmatians from cats, and Leroy from himself, after too many ales. My day-to-day duties include paperwork, which I absolutely love; red tape really gets me excited in the mornings, answering the switchboard and explaining to the idiots townsfolk that we don't do takeout deliveries, house calls for the lonely, or phone sex for the desperate.

Bail Bonds Person (2007 – 2011)
I was a badass, gun toting bail bonds person, and I was amazing at my job, and that's all I have to say on that matter.

"Your experience only dates back as far as…2007 " Regina noted as she looked up from the document.

"That's as far back as it needs to go." Her tone indicated the end of that particular conversation.

Regina nodded her understanding, before rereading parts of the document. "I have it on good authority that you actually do do phone sex, and by all accounts rather well." She said with a playful smile.

"Ahh, but not with those who are desperate, small but significant detail."

Good answer, Regina thought to herself. "I need someone who can anticipate my every need, and fulfill them completely..." Cocking her brow playfully teased the tip of her pen against dark lips.

Rising from her seat, Emma walked around the desk to the windows of the office, slowly drawing each of the blinds closed in turn; she could have used magic, but she chose not to, to instead keep her motions slow and deliberate.

Her fingers reached for the buttons of her blouse, fingering them open one by one as she seductively made her way back to the desk to stand next to Regina before bending slowly over it. Her skirt rode up, exposing the top of her stockings and bare thighs on display, for Regina's inspection.

"Remove your skirt." Regina growled, her mouth suddenly dry, at the sight before her.

Slowly, Emma pulled the side zip down, until her skirt dropped to the floor; displaying her beautiful arse through her sheer panties; beautifully framed by the tops of her sheer black stockings. "I need firm direction from my employer… How would you discipline me if I failed to be a good employee?" Emma asked; her legs set wide apart, arse high in the air as her face practically rested against the desk.

Without warning, Regina brought her open palm down against Emma's arse, ushering a sharp yelp as shivers ran through them both. She could see Emma's body heave, as she took deep breaths, the bright red handprint visible on her arse cheek, the rest of her body littered in Goosebumps.

"How do I know you're the right candidate for the job?"

Turning around to face the brunette, Emma smiled, before leaning in to kiss her softly on the cheek, her breath tickling against Regina's ear as she spoke in a breathy voice, "Let me remove all doubt from your mind…"

Pushing her chair away from the desk, Emma gently manoeuvred her Mistress, so her hips were at the very edge of her seat, her shoulders and head leaning back against the headrest; arched, her breasts pressed to the ceiling, struggling against the confines of their satiny housing.

Sinking slowly to her knees, Emma looked up at Regina with the most wickedly, naughty look in her eyes.

The Mayor couldn't help but be intensely aroused by Emma's blatant eagerness and boldness. Biting down on her lower lip as the blonde teased her; tantalisingly close, yet not giving her what she wanted, what she craved even more than a Chianti and a foot rub. "Get on with it!" She growled impatiently. "I thought you were proving something to me."
With a small giggle, Emma dipped her head lower, extending her tongue to taste Regina, dragging slowly up her swollen folds to her clit, which she placed a small kiss against.

The Mayor feared her inability to control herself, and hastily cast a spell to soundproof her office amidst their activities. There were times when silence was golden, but she loved to be able to hear Emma's pleasure, the pleasure she inflicted, and she loved to be able to express her own emotions and desires. She then attempted a barrier spell, to keep out unwanted disruptions, the last thing they wanted was a disgruntled nearly ex-employee walking in on them.

However Emma wasn't making her job easier, and she tried her best to distract her, as she skillfully coaxed Regina closer; her fingers teasing as her tongue worked against her clit for what seemed like forever.

Resting her head against the back of her chair, Regina tried to keep her eyes open, watching the erotic sight of Emma on her knees, however the sensations where overwhelming her, and she had to fight her lids from closing tight. A guttural sound came forth from her throat as she felt the sheriff's fingers curl inside of her, and her body began to shudder wildly as she came against Emma's fingers and tongue.

The blonde didn't relent until she felt her Mistress' body convulse for a second time. Pulling back she licked her fingers and her lips clean, before wiping her chin.

Once Regina had composed herself, which didn't take long, she looked down at Emma with hunger in her eyes "What kind of boss would I be if I didn't reward my staff? Lie back on the table for me" she said gesturing to the large conference table.

As Emma scampered over to the table, clambering onto of the glass top; laying back with her legs spread wide apart, draped over the edge.

Finally confident that the strength had returned to her legs, at least enough to get her a few feet across the room; Regina padded her way over to her, dropping to her knees she tossed long legs over her shoulders; Emma's heels resting against her back, she knew they'd mark her skin, but she didn't care.

Pulling Emma's panties aside she then pulled back the hood of her clit with her finger before she sucked it into her mouth. Her tongue dancing over it; side-to-side and up-down to draw out deep moan from Emma's throat. Sliding two fingers deep inside of her, she gently stroked against her G-spot, reveling in how wet she was already for her.

Closing her eyes as Regina's tongue slid relentlessly over her clitoris, she began to breath hurriedly as moans left her mouth as fingers stroked furiously inside of her.

Without warning she was gone; pulling her mouth and fingers from the blonde, she returned to her desk for her purse, retrieving a small bottle of lube and a strap on.

Propping herself up on her elbows Emma eyed the brunette with a smile. "Ever prepared I see."

"Honorary girl scout." Regina shot back with a small smirk as she began to lube up the toy.

Emma gave an undignified snort, "that, I find hard to believe."

Gasping in feigned surprise and hurt, Regina made her way back to the table, toy in hand. "I think I'd have made an amazing girl scout."

"I'm pretty sure two of the roles of a girl scout are to be 'friendly and helpful'…” Winding Regina up was a dangerous, but incredibly fun game.
"I am friendly!" Regina said defensively. "And very helpful!" She waggled the toy in front of her as though she was shaking her finger at a small child. "Now 'dearest', would you like me to 'help' you to come?"

Hopping off of the table, Emma leant over the side, gripping the edge as she bent at the waist, looking over her shoulder at Regina; her eyes sparkling playfully. "This is my 'come-fuck-me look', do you like?"

Regina didn't need to be told twice, as the toy affixed itself around her hips in a plume of purple haze, she grabbed Emma's hips firmly as she slid the strap easily and deeply into her in one thrust, met by no resistance.

With the toy deep inside of her, Regina stilled her motions, her chest pressed flush to Emma's back, her lips against the nape of her neck. Placing a soft sweet kiss against her, she whispered so softly "I love."

Emma's heart faltered at the word, a gasp of surprise and emotion catching in her throat, however she didn't have long to think on the moment as Regina began to thrust into her from behind, and she began to meet each thrust of her hips as she ground back against her. Regina's nails dug into her shoulders as she gripped tight for leverage, and she loved it, her eyes nearly rolling into the back of her head.

She practically screamed for Regina to fuck her harder, as she pistoned the strap into her as fast and hard as she could muster. Reaching back between Regina's legs, she began to stroke her clit furiously and in no time they were moaning and screaming like wild animals as they came hard together.

They collapsed sweaty, disheveled and in varying states of undress onto the table.

Between ragged breaths Emma asked jokingly, "so... Did I... Get the job".

"Was there any real doubt?" Regina laughed before she kissed the blonde slowly, pulling her into a loving embrace. "We should get up, my next interviewee is due.

Collecting all of their props and clothes they dressed and with a little magic made themselves look presentable once more.

Standing close Emma placed her hands on Regina's hips she leant forwards, kissing her softly, not moving as they pulled back, keeping them close.

"Henry's parent-teacher evening is next Friday night..." Regina said quietly, it was something she had thought a lot about lately. "I thought it would be good if we went together, show that we are united in his education, upbringing and happiness..."

Emma beamed; she felt like her heart would explode, they had come so far from when Emma had first come to Storybrooke. "I'd love that." She gave dark lips a quick kiss. "Now, I should leave you on your hunt to find a new P.A."

"Eugh." Regina groaned as she screwed her face up in the most adorably annoyed way. "Must you?!

"Yup, absence makes the heart grow fonder, gotta make you miss me." She gave a wink, before moving to place a sweet kiss on Regina's cheek, however the moment was interrupted by the doors to the office flying open and Mary Margaret storming in.

Jumping apart Regina mentally scolded herself for not completing the spell to keep unwanted visitors
out, she scowled at Emma before turning back to the other brunette, after all if Emma hadn't been so distracting she'd have completed the spell. "By all means step into my office uninvited…" She snapped sarcastically as she crossed her arms.

Ignoring her, Mary Margaret turned her attentions to Emma, "Where have you been? David sent you on a 5 minute errand an hour ago and you haven't answered any of our calls!"

"Regina and I were discussing Henry, I didn't realise I needed a note from my mother!"

"You don't, we just want to know where you are."

"I'm not a teenager, you don't get to keep tabs on me! I have my own life!" She snapped angrily.

Placing a reassuring hand on Emma's shoulder she gave a gentle squeeze. "Emma."

"I'm sorry." She offered honestly to her mother before continuing. "I get you care, and I love that, but I am an adult now, and this constant badgering is just going to push me away."

"I know." Mary Margaret sighed sadly. "But I know that you're keeping something from me, and I don't know what it is, and I'm worried."

Emma sighed, she hated lying to her mother, she hated concealing her feelings for Regina in public. "You wanna take a drive?" She offered by way apology, hopefully some 'mother-daughter time' would help ease both their consciences.

And so they left arm in, leaving Regina a little confused, staring at the spot where Emma had left, before bringing her fingers to touch her cheek absent mindedly as she smiled to herself, before returning back the menial task of finding a replacement secretary.

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On the other side of town, Henry lay across the sofa in the Dr. Hoppers office staring at the ceiling deep in thought. They were trying to devise a way to get to the bottom of Regina and Emma's strange behaviour of late. Archie firmly believed that he should just speak to his mothers, however Henry was less fond of that idea.

He wanted to bug their cars, offices and homes, until Archie pointed out that this was both illegal and immoral and probably wouldn't go down to well when they found out.

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After a long day Emma was back at home, relaxing in bed when her cell rang, she smiled at the caller ID; Regina, before answering.

"I do." Came a quiet voice from down the line.

"You do what?" Emma asked puzzled as she sat up in bed.

"Miss you… When you're gone…"

"Was that really so hard to admit?"

"No…" Regina lied. "Yes…"

"I miss you too…" They sat in silence for a moment, three words biting on the tip of Emma's tongue, but she wasn't sure if she dared voice them. "… I love you…" She admitted.
"I love you too…"

Chapter End Notes

Nawww aint they so cute >.
Role Play Friday Redo

Okay so first off a long time ago I asked my little faeries if you thought I was Domme/sub/switch or none of the above. I was sooo surprised how much (detailed) feedback I got, and though there was a variety of feelings there was one which dominated (excuse the pun) the poll; that I was a Domme.

So as promised I will reveal that, actually no… I am a sub! I would like to think that with the right person I have the potential to be a switch, but I never have.

So for those who thought I got into the subs psyche, that would be because I am one.

I think the main reason I may have misled you is because I emotionally connect with Regina's character, I empathies a lot and see a lot of myself in her. Tbh I see Regina as more of a sub than a Domme (something I am working on ;) fyi)

I also stress the importance of the Domme to look after a sub, so yeah there's that.

But as I'm not a Domme I perhaps don't idk get into her thoughts as I get into her emotions.

Likewise I perhaps get into Emma's thoughts more than I get into her emotions.

I'd be interested to know if knowledge of my tendencies alters the way you interpret the fic?

I am beyond sorry it took me so long to reply, but my world kinda fell apart and then the sky fell in too. When I eventually sorted stuff out, I decided to write and not post; so now you'll be pleased to hear I have a backlog of posts ready to go which will at least see us till the New Year

Apology accepted?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Did you swallow a dictionary this morning with your ridiculous multi-coloured diabetes inducing cereal?" Regina's voice rang with her typical jovial sass.

"I don't know what your problem with lucky charms is, it's a staple of the true all-American." Emma scowled as she fingered the spiral cable of the phone. "Anyway I know lots of big words." They had been on the phone for nearly an hour talking about not a lot, but neither seemed to want to hang up the phone. Her feet rested lazily over her desk, and not for the first time she was glad to have a job, which for the most part, required very little work, that was until the next storybook villain rolled into town requiring some action.

Regina shook her head with a smile, she could visual the adorable pout she knew the blonde was undoubtedly pulling, a look she wished she could kiss away. She thought about answering Emma's musings, but she didn't have time to list the many reasons why she disapproved of Emma's dietary choices, it could take days. "Go on then, impress me with your repertoire."
Emma's scowl darkened, just because she preferred to use her fist rather than her tongue as a defense didn't make her any less educated, she at least went to school which was probably more than Regina ever had. "I thought you were already suitably impressed."

Regina might not have been able to see the look on Emma's face; she could however hear the sulky tone of voice. "I am." She promised. "Come around at five? Dr. Hopper has agreed to take Henry for dinner after his session, and we don't have to be at his teachers' parents evening until six."

"Why Miss Mills what ever do you have in mind for us to occupy an hour?"

"I thought you could remind me how impressive you are."

"Shit woman you should come with a warning!" The wall took Emma's weight as her legs weakened beneath her, her eyes bulging out of her head at the sight of the Mayor posing against the doorframe; dressed in a fitted black skirt, white blouse, glasses and killer heels. The blonde had only just stepped into the mansion, and she hadn't quite expected to see the vision before her. As her heart's palpitations refused to subside, she swallowed hard, the lump in her throat making it near impossible.

"Put your tongue away you'll dehydrate." Regina said matter-of-factly as she turned on her heels and clicked her way into the kitchen, giving Emma a perfect view of the zip running from the bottom of her skirt all the way up to the waistband, it was currently unzipped around halfway, revealing a tempting glimpse of her calves and the base of her thighs as she sashayed away from her, wiggling her hips, knowing full well that Emma's eyes would be burning into her arse.

"You really will be the death of me one of these days you know woman!" Emma said as she followed, her legs finally returning their strength to her, "and you'll have to explain to our son why he has to grow up with only one mother." She casually leant back against the refrigerator, mirroring the brunette who faced her.

Closing the gap, she placed her hands either side of the Sheriff's face, her eyes already dark and hungry, her voice a low husk. "Maybe this was my evil plan all along to get you out of the picture."

Emma mock pondered for a moment before beaming. "I think I'm fine with that."

"I think I am fine with that Mistress." Regina corrected as she brought the ruler Emma hadn't noticed down against her denim-clad thigh.

Growling Emma's eyes darkened as the lump reformed in her throat. "I'm definitely fine with that Mistress." The words had barely passed her lips, before Regina's were crashing down against them, forceful, dominant, hungry. Her hands roamed under her shirt, her touch impatient as nails scratched into Emma's torso and fingers raking deep into the flesh of her shoulders.

As quickly as she had started she pulled back, stepping away until she rested against the counter, facing the blonde. "So, does this..." she asked gesturing at her outfit. "Fulfill your teacher fantasy?" Her eyes sparkled playfully. After Emma had instigated their role-play session in her office, the blonde had admitted to having a few fantasies she had not before mentioned, one of which being the teacher/student fantasy Regina was hoping they would act out before leaving for Henry's parent-teacher evening.

Emma growled low and deep as her eye once again hungrily took in the Mayor's appearance. Closing the gap between them, her teeth nibbling the soft shell of her ear before whispering, "It's perfect Miss..." Deliberately dropping the suffix.
It was Regina's turn to growl in response. "Tell me what you want, tell me what you fantasise." She wanted to give her lover everything she had ever dreamed of.

"Mhmm." Emma groaned as she began to grind herself into the older woman. "Maybe I've misbehaved, maybe you caught me staring at you…" Pulling back she drowns in rich coffee coloured eyes. "…Maybe I need to be punished…"

"Oh I'm sure that's something we can work with dear."

Regina clicked her way down the hallway to her den; Emma assumed she was expected to follow. When she entered the room, she felt the heat rise at the sight of the Mayor sat atop her desk, one long caramel leg crossed over the other, forcing her skirt higher up silky toned thighs.

"Like something you see?" She asked cocking her head to one side. "This isn't the first time I've caught you looking."

Emma's cheeks flushed crimson, unsurprised at how easy she fell into character. She didn't doubt Regina had noticed her ogling long before their relationship had moved on from platonic. The view now reminded her of the many times she would enter the station to find Regina atop of on the desks waiting for her, she'd had to learn how to steady her breathing and contain the many thoughts and emotions running around her body and her brain. Knowing where they were now, she thought back wondering whether something could have started between them earlier than they had.

"I asked you a question!" Regina snapped, her eyes narrowing as she stared the blonde down. She could tell Emma had got lost in thought, a dangerous place.

"I erm…uhh" She stuttered completely forgetting what it was that Regina had asked her.

"Eloquently put dear…” Sliding off the desk she stalked to the blonde, her heels a good deal higher than usual, she more than looked down into orbs of green. "Easily distracted I see."

"I'm really sorry, I will be better Miss."

"I think you need to be punished for your insubordination." Taking a seat on the cool leather sofa she beckoned for her lover to lie across her lap. With a wave of magic Emma's jeans vanished, leaving her in nothing but her underwear from the waist down. "Stop smirking." She gave a warning spank to Emma's arse cheek.

That just made her grin more, being spanked over Regina's lap was one of her favorite things of all time, especially as she nearly always got to lick her Mistress out afterwards, she hoped that the same would be true this time, because it was one of the few things she preferred even to being spanked. She gave a startled yelp as she was brought back to the present by a sharp spank to her rear.

Regina brought her hand down hard, again and again, her own hand stinging at the contact. When Emma's arse was an acceptable shade of rhubarb Regina stopped her assault, continuing to let the palm of her hand caress over warm cheeks.

Emma's heart raced, the blood pounding in her ears, drowning out Regina's words as she continued to caress Emma's abused arse. It stung, it burned, it tingled, and she loved it.

Regina's hand slid down to the gusset of her panties, causing Emma to bite her lower lip to avoid making any sounds, fearful of further punishment or reproach.

"I do believe you enjoyed it." Regina teased.
Emma could feel deft fingers through the thin and heavily saturated material, a small sigh of pleasure escaping her as the fingers continued to tease.

The hand withdrew momentarily, before she felt it on the bare skin of her thigh, sliding up under the elastic band of her underwear. She moaned aloud, no longer able to contain herself as fingers explored her folds, delving quickly between, stirring the gathering fluids, and then it was gone. Emma managed to stifle a disappointed whine.

"Mmm delicious", Regina said, as she tasted her fingers, licking them clean. One again her hand was on the back of Emma's thighs, sliding up to her glowing cheeks, tearing the fabric of her panties down. Sliding her pet off of her lap and onto the sofa, she repositioned herself behind her.

Emma could feel her lovers' hot breath on her lips as Regina leant in, her tongue lightly sliding over her. She knew she was wet, more than wet.

Regina's mouth got more aggressive and she leant farther into her. Her mouth was fully planted on her and Emma could feel her nose bumping her puckered arsehole.

It wasn't long before her hips started to move of their own volition. Emma cried out, the pain sensation combined the pleasure from her mouth was too much as her Mistress ran her nails over the inflamed and sensitive area of her arse. "Do you have anything to say to me?"

"I'm sorry Miss, I promise I'll be a good girl now, I promise." Emma gasped and panted.

"Hmm." Regina hummed. "I think a little more show and a little less tell is in order."

Emma felt Regina lean forward and reach around her grasping her shirt at the button line, tugging hard. The buttons gave only token resistance and then began to pop off in sequence. They fell to the hard wood floor and rolled away like the secrets and lies they kept; hidden from all, yet always threatening to be discovered by an observant witness.

Her bra gave a little more resistance, but soon yielded with the help of a blade which materialised in Regina's hand, cutting between the cups, providing her with easy access.

Her hand reaching into Emma's shirt, fingers pinched her nipples and pulled, teasing her as she continued to tease her with her tongue. She could feel the way her thighs were beginning to shudder, drawing her close to the edge.

"You like being your teacher's pet? You like getting your punishment?" She growled, before giving a small nip to a slick fold.

That drove Emma over the edge, she came and came hard, her come running down her thighs which Regina greedily licked clean.

Pulling back with a smirk, Regina leant back against the arm of the sofa admiring the view, of Emma's reddened arse and her glistening sex on full display in front of her. "Such a good girl."

Turning around with a happy and blissful smile, Emma hoped that her dreams would come true, and that she would be able to return the favour.

Sure enough, her eyes darkened as she watched Regina inch up her own skirt at a torturously slow pace, eventually exposing the tops of her stockings and garter and... no underwear she was delighted to discover. Fingers wrapped in long blonde hair and pulled her down. "Lick Emma, clean me!"

Shrugging off her ruined shirt and bra, Emma leant forward, tentatively extended her tongue and slid
into hot folds. Quickly licking deeper smirking against her as she heard her announce her pleasure. She loved how wet Regina was for her, how wet she had made her. She knew this was for her, because of her, and that both filled her with pride and immense desire.

She found her face ground into Regina as she commanded her to satisfy her, something she was only too happy to oblige in.

She loved the way Regina started to whine. It escalated in pitch and intensity as she rocked her hips, against her mouth, her fists clenching hard at her hair keeping her exactly where they both wanted her to be.

Emma doubled her efforts and knowing her orgasm would soon be pulsing through Regina's body and into her eager mouth; the thought made her moan against her lover.

The vibrations against her core were all she needed, and Regina peaked, back arching, nearly pulling Emma's hair out as she gripped ever tighter, chest heaving as animalistic sounds erupted from parted lips.

Moving to lie on the sofa, Emma rested her head on Regina's lap, happy and content and more than a little exhausted. Her eyes fluttered closed as she enjoyed the moment as the brunette played affectionately with her hair.

"Shit, we're going to be late." Emma groaned as she looked up at the clock; they should be there already and they weren't even dressed.

"You know language like that won't be tolerated in my classroom." Regina joked as she tossed Emma her shirt. "Do I have to punish you again?!"

Growling Emma pulled the shirt over her head, sans bra, she didn't have time to find it. "Don't start Regina, or we'll never leave this house.

Regina smirked to herself as she gave a small wave of her hand, as the purple smoke cleared all traces of their lovemaking from their appearances, she herself once again immaculately dressed in the outfit of Emma's desires, sans glasses. She often wondered how they ever managed to get dressed or leave the house, as all she wanted to do was lie naked with the blonde, that and other far more energetic things.

"So this teacher kink, was this formed before or after your found out your mother was one?"

Emma rolled her eyes and let out a laugh. "Let's assume before shall we."

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"How nice for you to finally grace us with your presence." Mary Margaret sassed at them as they hastily made their way to the seats in front of her desk.

Rolling her eyes in amusement, Regina chose to ignore the comment, this was about her son, and as much as she would enjoy getting into a quipping match with her ex-nemesis, it wouldn't help Henry, so it would have to wait for a more opportune moment. Taking their seats they waited for Mary Margaret to begin.

"Henry, as you know is a great boy, but lately his attention has been lacking, that's when he's actually in class."

"Henry's been truanting?" She didn't hide the surprise in her voice, this was the first she had heard of
"Yes"

"And you didn't think that as his parents we should be informed of this?" Anger began to boil just below her skin.

Holding her hands up defensively Mary Margaret's eyes grew wider in a desperate plea to keep the peace. "We had the situation under control."

Regina scoffed. "Quite clearly you did not!" "This is our son's education, our sons, we had a right to be informed!?!"

"Regina." Emma put a tentative hand on Regina's knee giving it a small squeeze; a gesture that did not go unnoticed her mother. "So, that being said; how are his grades?"

"Well erm..." Mary Margaret's face went a deep shade of beetroot as she fiddled with the pen in her hand. "The principle thinks he will have to retake the year."

"You want to hold him back!?" Now it was Emma's turn to get angry, as she slammed her hands on the table as she rose from her chair, glaring down at her mother. "Our son is failing and you didn't tell us. What the hell is your problem?!"

"Emma." Placing her hand on the small of the blondes back she ran it around to her waist, spinning her slightly to face her "He will pass the year, he has time, tomorrow we'll talk to him and get to the bottom of this, and then we will help him study. Our son is not failing, not unless those around fail him." She said shooting a look at Mary Margaret.

"Well maybe you should look closer to home when it comes to Henry's failings. I teach him the same as I teach every other child and they're all passing the year. Anyway its not just my classes he's failing, its all of them, so what, were all on a vendetta to make a child fail. Maybe you should look at how he is raised." Her face was black with anger as she glared over the table at the two women, and the hand that was still holding onto her daughter's waist. "Obviously he doesn't get the support he needs at home, he clearly doesn't get enough time devoted to him, and you evidently have higher priorities than your son Regina!" The bile in her throat made her want to wretch.

There was a moment's silence before Regina spoke, much calmer than any of them had expected, but her words were dripping in bitter sarcasm. "Well thank you Miss Blanchard." She said, stressing her singular title. "Thank you kindly for the unsolicited advice. You obviously know so much more about my life that I do, I didn't realise you were such an expert of my life and how I should live it please, please continue while I take notes."

"Are all his teachers going to say the same thing as you?" Emma asked her mother, her eyes never leaving Regina as she gave a squeeze of support to her arm.

"Erm.. Well.."

"It's a simple enough question for even you, yes or no." Regina snapped

"Yes."

Ignoring the other woman's presence, she placed a finger under Regina's chin, tilting it until her eyes found dark bitter chocolate. "You want to go home?" Emma asked softly.

Regina nodded without saying a word; she didn't trust her voice or her words anymore.
"I think you owe us both an apology, and Henry for that matter." Emma said slowly as she looked disappointed at her mother.

Sighing, Mary Margaret couldn't help but agree. "Regina, maybe you and Henry would like to come to ours for Sunday breakfast?"

Grabbing her coat Regina haughtily stalked across the room to the door. "I no longer do things that make me want to kill myself." She said pointedly before leaving.

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"We need to talk about tonight, about the things that were said."

"I know, I know." Regina sighed exhaustedly as she gave a large and unladylike swig of her brandy before snapping bitterly. "I stood up for myself, for our family, I'm such a bitch!"

"No!" Emma exclaimed, coming to stand behind the still brunette. "No." She added much softer, placing a soft kiss against the skin at the base of Regina's neck, nuzzling against her as her strong embrace wrapped around her small waist. "You were perfect."

"I snapped at your mother." Pulling away from the blonde she walked a few passes around her den. "I don't know what it is about her that just riles me up so much, but when she questioned my priorities… I ALWAYS put Henry first." She tried desperately to explain.

"Hush." She whispered, stepping closer to the anxious woman. "I know, I know you do, and Henry knows… She knows too." Emma said softly.

"What are we going to do about Henry?" She asked with a worried sigh as she collapsed into the sofa with little grace. She felt so weary, why was life so hard?

"I don't know, but I do know that whatever we do it will be together." Taking Regina's drink from her hand she set it down before kneeling before her, lacing her fingers with her own as she looked up into her favorite eyes. "You called us your family." She said gently. She felt Regina tense and try and pull her fingers away, but she tightened her grip, keeping her in place. "I wanted to tell you that this is my family. You and Henry are my family first, David and Snow come second; this is where I belong, this is where I want to be, if you'll have me…" She didn't miss the sharp intake of breath, or the way her eyes shimmered as they glassed over. She didn't miss the way Regina swallowed hard at the words.

"We should go to bed –"

Upstairs Regina and Emma smiled softly to themselves as they peeked a look into the room of the sleeping son, atop him lay a book which Regina carefully closed setting down on the side. Tucking him in, they smiled at one another.

Back in Regina's room, they dressed for bed in silence. Sliding under the satin sheets Emma pulled Regina into her arms, placing soft kisses on her shoulder as she held her waist tight, her legs entwining with caramel before drifting off to sleep.

Brown eyes stared out at the darkness of the night, Regina chewed her lower lip in silence as she listened to the steady breathing of the blonde, as she felt her soft breaths against her neck, her heart beating steadily against her back. She let out the shaky breath she had been holding as silent tears ran down her cheek.
Soooo flantsy! Does this make up for the drought?
It had been ages since Emma and Regina had spent any quality time together, between work, family and their obligations to the town it seemed impossible for the two women to find time for themselves.

For two weeks Emma had been working nights, and exasperated she had finally decided that to spend time with the woman she loved, she would have to ask Regina on a working date. And that's how the two of them found themselves driving down the poorly lit road towards the edge of town. The fog creeping in from the depths of the forest and the shoreline impaired their vision, as it slowly encompassed the town within its misty clutches.

They sat in silence as they drove, Emma's eyes on the road as she patrolled the town whilst Regina looked out the passenger window watching staring into the depths of the murky vapor. She was glad she was with Emma on a night like this, as much as she hated to admit it, she knew if she'd spent the night at home knowing the young Sherriff was patrolling alone, she wouldn't have gotten any sleep, that she'd have been up all the night. She knew it was stupid to worry, and she kicked herself for it, Emma was the strongest person she knew, and for the most part Storybrooke was a sleepy backwards town where very little happened (if you ignored all the magic battles, memory wipes and forces of evil trying to impregnate and destroy everyone's happiness).

She was brought back to earth as she felt Emma's hand move to rest on her thigh, turning to look into mischievous malachite eyes she bit lightly into her lower lip as she tried to suppress a smile as the hand began to run upward until it rested on her lap.

Regina let out a breathy moan as she felt moisture begin to stir under the Sheriff's gentle teasing. "Do you think that this is a good time for this sort of behavior?" As much as she wanted Emma to continue her ministrations, she would rather it didn't end in a car accident, exposure of their secret relationship or resulting in the loss of Emma's job for failing the town she was bound to serve.

"Any time is good when you are with me." The blonde responded with an impish grin before leaning over and placing kisses along Regina's jawline.

"Will you please keep your eyes on the road!" She exclaimed exasperatedly.

Emma quickly looked for a place to park the vehicle to address, or rather undress the issue at hand. Spotting a deserted looking dirt road she turned onto it and drove for a while to be sure they would not be disturbed.

"Where the hell are we going?" Regina asked in mild confusion, she had thought they'd perhaps sit somewhere on Main for a while and enjoy the coffee and doughnuts she had brought with her, or maybe that they would take a drive around the business and residential areas a bit, but now Emma had taken them right out into the sticks, into an area she didn't know at all.

Ignoring the question Emma brought the car to a rather abrupt halt on a lonely stretch of track far from prying eyes. In seconds she took Regina in her arms and their mouths in a wet embrace as their
tongues danced with one another's. Her hand quickly resumed its position on Regina's thigh, once again moving higher; this time under the tan skirt of Regina's two-piece suit.

The Mayor almost felt an electric shock as she felt Emma's fingers caress brazenly against silken underwear.

"So…" Emma said between heated kisses. "I have a surprise for you." Without waiting for a response, she took one of Regina's hands in her own, guiding it to her denim clad crotch, and the bulge of the strap on underneath.

Gasping into her lover's mouth, Regina instinctively kissed harder, and more hungrily as her fingers quickly worked at the Sheriff's belt and jeans, hastily pulling the phallus free. Pulling back she eyed the item with delight and surprise. "So this is less of a date, and more of a booty call!?"

Shrugging nonchalantly Emma just smirked "I'd like to think of it as both, are you complaining?"

"Of course not." Licking her lips subconsciously as she stared at the toy protruding from tight denim, Regina cocked her head in thought. "You know there is a spell I've always wanted to do whilst you're wearing that…" Shuffling in her seat she linked her fingers with Emma's. "Do you trust me?"

She asked softly.

"You know I do."

"May I?" Again her voice so soft it was barely a whisper as she leant in for a sweet kiss. When Emma nodded, she pulled back and with a wave of her hand the strap on sparkled with magic.

Before the blonde had a chance to wonder what the spell had done, Regina dipped her head, her hot lips and wet mouth closing around the head of the toy.

Emma let out a surprised and delighted gasp at the sensation, she could feel everything, the flick of Regina's tongue, the way her fingers wrapped around the base of the toy, she could feel it all as though the member was truly a part of her body. "Oh." She whimpered.

Chocolate eyes met Emma's own, silently asking for permission to continue, asking for reassurance that it was okay.

With a nod, she leant her head back, her fingers brushing Regina's hair to one side; she wanted to watch every beautiful second.

Slowly, Regina took the toy completely into her mouth, before pulling back, only to repeat the action again.

As Regina totally lost herself in pleasing her lover in a way she had never before, Emma reached around Regina and began to inch up her skirt until Emma could feel damp silk panties against her hand.

With an unreserved moan Regina spread her thighs, allowing Emma easier access to the ultimate goal of her searching fingers.

With a smirk she slipped under Regina's panties with ease, sliding her fingers along warm wet lips. Reveling as Regina moaned louder as she slid two digits into her, before beginning a rhythmic fucking motion.

Despite Emma's talented assault, Regina didn't relent her efforts; swirling her tongue around the head of the plastic phallus as her hands expertly worked the length of the shaft.
Before Emma could moan that she was close, she was tumbling over the edge, whimpering and groaning as she came hard against the toy, her hot come saturating the leather harness pressed against her crotch.

When her legs returned to her, Emma yanked Regina's hair hard, pulling her gaze to meet her own. "Outside now." Her voice a primal growl as she threw open the door to the car, tearing off her jacket before tossing it onto the seat and slamming the door closed. "I said NOW!"

Surprised and aroused by Emma's unexpected display of dominance, Regina stepped out of the car, walking around to stand in front of the bonnet. The mist that shrouded them obscured her vision, but through the pond of gray murk she could make out the dark eyes raking over her and the ravenous look on Emma's face. She nervously and subconsciously bit her lower lip, her legs going weak at the turn of events, she hadn't expected the role reversal, and she felt vulnerable, exposed and so turned on.

Stepping closer, Emma tore at the front of Regina's blouse, sending buttons scattering into the air, bouncing off the bonnet of the car and skulking off into the long dew-damp grass underfoot. Tearing off the shirt, she tossed it aside, before unsnapping the Mayor's bra, exposing her wonderful breasts. Her mouth moved to Regina's cold hard nipples, sucking them into her mouth and gently biting on them. Kissing her way back up her body, their lips found each other again in a fevered battle to devour each other.

The sheriff's hands wrapped around her lover's tiny waist, and she easily lifted her onto the bonnet of the car, the rain began, falling hard, but they hardly noticed, too lost in the passions of the night.

Emma kissed her way back down Regina's body to the top of her skirt where she slowly lifted the hem, her hands moved up her thighs to the edge of the silk panties she so desperately wanted to tear from Regina's body, they were already soaking wet, no doubt in reaction to her own climax, and that just turned her on even more; to know that she made Regina that wet, that it was all for her.

Unzipping Regina's skirt she pulled it from her body so that the only thing between her and the object of her intense arousal was the pair of very thin, very wet panties.

Regina looked like a Goddess in the moonlight, the rain pouring down on her, and running across her naked goose bumped body.

Emma kissed her way up Regina's beautiful thighs to the edge of her panties. Sticking out her tongue she licked the gusset of her panties, tasting sweet cocktail of rain and come.

Regina wrapped her legs around her head, as Emma put her whole mouth on her mound, letting her feel her hot breath through the fabric of her panties.

Sliding her fingers to the waistband of Regina's panties she slowly peeled them down, exposing her beautiful sexy body. She stared for only a moment in the rain studded moonlight before she used her fingers to part the wet folds of lover, adding her flattened tongue, tasting her sweetness before dragging her tongue up to Regina's swollen clit.

As Emma flickered her tongue across her clit in rapid movements she brought deep moans from the beautiful naked Mayor. She massaged it with her tongue slowly at first and then in rapid flicks of her tongue bringing deep moans from her lover's throat she knew it wouldn't be long before she was in the throes of orgasm, exactly where she wanted her.

Regina began to moan and squirm with the extreme sexual pleasure that coursed through her body.
Screaming Emma's name over and over as her hips bucked involuntarily against the blonde's mouth. "Emma I need you inside of me now!" She half demanded, and half begged.

Her words fell on deaf ears, as Emma began to alternate between sucking, flicking and massaging Regina's clit, driving her wild.

Placing her palm on the back of Emma's head, Regina pressed her face further against her core as her back arched as another orgasm washed over her body.

Emma continued sucking on her hard clit, even as Regina began to push her head away from her because the pleasure grew so intense. Emma knew what she was doing to Regina, so slipped her hands under her arse and pulled Regina roughly closer to the edge of the bonnet, and closer to her hungry mouth,. , sucking and licking her clit faster and harder, coaxing another climax from her exhausted body.

"Emma please", Regina whimpered totally out of control and out-of-breath.

Pulling back with a smirk, Emma wiped the come off her chin with the back of her hand.

Regina quickly slid down off the car and dropped to her knees in front of Emma, part in desperate desire and in part due to her legs having lost all ability to hold her weight. With the sheriff's jeans already unbuckled, she pulled them down in one easy motion. Her hands grasped at the thick hard shaft of the toy once more, giving her a chance to smirk as Emma jumped at the still surreal sensation.

Her hands moved around to hold Emma's toned arse, pulling her entire body towards her mouth until her strap-on slipped in between her lips once more and down her throat.

Fearing a premature climax, Emma pulled back, stepping out of her jeans, and tearing off her shit so they were both totally naked except for the thin sheen of sweat and rain which laced their bodies so they shimmered against the cool blue light.

Regina lowered herself back onto the body of the car, posing seductively.

No words were spoken as the blonde stepped closer, She took Regina by her ankles and spread her legs in a "V", and they both looked down to watch as her strap-on sank slowly into her.

Raising her legs high, Regina placed them on Emma's strong shoulders.

They could see and feel the rain coming down on their bodies as Emma plunged her shaft deep inside before slowly pulling it out almost to the head and then back in again.

Their rhythm began to increase as Regina lay back and enjoyed her thick strap-on pounding into without hesitation. She couldn't remember the last time she had been fucked like that, and the loss of control coupled with their exposed surroundings were making her loose what little composure she had left.

Bending forward Emma took a nipple into her mouth and bit it, before licking the sweat and rain from Regina breast. Standing up straight, she held the Mayor's legs apart as she began to steadily pound with relentless strokes.

Regina dug her heels into Emma's waist as the younger woman drove the toy as deep as she could, plunging the strap-on into to the hilt.

Emma watched her in fascination; as Regina's body arched, her breasts become tighter and her
nipples firmer as she drew closer to achieving her greatest climax yet. Reaching down she grabbed the brunette's thighs, pulling her pelvis up tight against her, the strap-on now deep inside hitting her G-spot.

All of a sudden a scream of pleasure erupted from darkened lips as Emma continued to drive her strap-on harder inside, as her orgasm washes over Regina. Pulling out, Emma quickly dropped to her knees in the wet grass, sucking against Regina's hypersensitive clit as she was wracked by another orgasm hitting her body.

Regina's body moved in all directions at once, as Emma sucked hard on her clitoris. For a moment her fingers gripping into blonde locks, trying to push her face deeper into the folds, until, with a sudden a change of direction, Regina tried to wriggle away from Emma's assault as the sucking mouth and flickering tongue became too much.

The rain began to let up as they both gasped for air. Regina slowly slid from the car hood and down onto the wet ground, with a wave of her hand the toy disappeared. Placing a hand on Emma's abdomen she gave a gentle push until she was lying on her back staring at the sky, at dawn's fog lamp as it began to shine.

Parting Emma's thighs, she dropped between her legs, her tongue hungrily lapping at her wetness, probing her; and it wasn't long before the blonde erupted into a flood of come into her mouth.

Pulling the brunette up into her arms, she kissed her deep and long; their bodies naked, exhausted, wet and yet more satisfied than ever before.

Completely spent, Regina tried to fight, as her eyes grew heavy pulling her to a blissful sleep.

Emma smiled as her lover failed, lifting her into her arms and carrying her to the passenger seat. With magic of her own, they were both redressed and presentable.

Driving Regina back to Mifflin Street, she carried her back into the Manor, slowly and carefully creeping up the stairs to tuck her into bed. The brunette hadn't once stirred, so exhausted from their midnight activities. Emma smiled to herself, she had always wanted to make her Mistress come to oblivion, and now she had achieved that dream; now she'd just have to work on beating her personal best.

With Regina safely tucked into bed, and a note left on her dresser, Emma sneaked out of the master bedroom and downstairs. The memories of the night replaying through her head as she snuck out the house, so distracted she didn't notice the pair of hazel eyes that watched her as she got into her car to finish her shift. She had been so distracted that the once observant Sheriff hadn't noticed the eyes watching her every move from the moment she had pulled up in the Mills driveway ten minutes previous.
Shower Friday

Chapter Notes

Sorry again I feel pretty rough so not much of an a/n going on today, I hope you enjoy
Unbeta'd so probably full of mistakes

Regina smiled to herself as she made breakfast for herself and her son. Her legs still felt weak from last night's midnight tryst with the Sheriff, and she rested her weight against the countertop. "Morning dear." She greeted Henry as he slunk into the kitchen.

"Hmm." He mumbled pouring himself a drink before taking the plate of food from his mother.

They ate their food in silence, Regina deep in thought staring absentmindedly at the newspaper, whilst Henry studied her intently. "Did you go out last night Mum?"

"No... Why would you ask that?" She asked defensively as she fidgeted uncomfortably.

"No reason." Henry shrugged. "I've got school." He said by way of explanation as he grabbed his backpack and left the kitchen and the house.

Regina sighed, massaging her temples before picking up her phone and calling her office. "Morning Ruby, I have something to attend to this morning, I won't be in till ten-thirty, can you get me a coffee for when I arrive please." She had a feeling she was going to need one, or three. Now she had two things to discuss with the Sheriff, and she wasn't particular looking forward to either of them.

Twenty minutes later she was parking her Mercedes outside of Mary Margaret's apartment she quickly made her way up the stairs, knocking loudly on the door. After several attempts and no answer she opened it with magic, stepping into the apartment she smiled to herself at the sound of the shower running.

Emma stood naked under the hot spray of the shower humming contently to herself. She had just finished her nightshift, and with her eyes closed she stood there feeling the heat soak into her tired and aching muscles, which she reveled in. The memory of why her muscles ached making her smile.

She was broken from her thoughts by the sound of the shower door opening behind her. Turning she was pleasantly surprised to see Regina, naked before her.

Stepping closer so there was barely an inch of space between them, Regina reached around to pump soap into her hand, her eyes locked with Emma's as she began to lather her own body.

Mint and chocolate never broke as Regina worked the soap into her breasts. Without heels she was shorter than the blonde, yet her confidence towered over Emma.

"You're quiet." Regina finally said.

"Hmm." Emma hummed with a smile. "I was just thinking how nice it would be to be joined in the shower, and as if by magic here you are."
"There might have been a little magic involved." She admitted. "Forgive me?"

"Hmmm!" Emma mock pondered before closing the gap between them, kissing the older woman, softly; gentle and sweet. "Yes." She said as she withdrew an inch, her eyes searching coffee brown.

Regina kissed her back, just as gentle, just as lightly. She parted her lips and began to probe Emma's with her tongue, following their curves until she slipped between them.

Her hands began to slowly caress over Emma's wet body, deliberately avoiding her breasts until they were aching for her touch.

Their kisses became longer, and deeper, as they drank the other's sensuality in. Their bodies moved against one another, excitement charging through them every time their nipples touched.

For at least ten minutes, they kissed and caressed like eager and nervous young lovers; they couldn't get enough of one another.

Finally, Regina stepped back a devilish look in her eyes as she grabbed ahold of the shower hose. Holding it above the blonde with one hand, she began to lather up Emma's body, this time paying special attention to her aching nipples.

Emma leaned her head back against the cool shower wall, as she concentrated on the sensations of Regina's touch, which soon had her gyrating her hips a little.

Dipping her head Regina took one erect nipple into her mouth as her hands caressed her stomach and back as her lips kissed over her breast and her teeth grazed against her nipples.

Emma arched her back, her entire body seemed alive with sensations; electric sparks shooting from her breasts down between her legs.

Regina began to move down her body, rinsing her soapy body off as she did so.

Emma felt her legs spreading themselves in anticipation of she wanted Regina to do, her hips still moving around, trying to increase her sensations with her squirming.

She groaned deeply as she watched the Mayor kneel down before her, her hair damp and mist speckled from the rebound spray of the shower. She bit into her lip as she waited impatiently.

Regina savored the moment, knowing that it might well be the last time she would get to worship her lover, knowing she may never get another opportunity to make Emma come in her mouth.

Unaware of Regina's inner turmoil Emma whimpered, desperate for her touch. She could feel her liquid desire mixing with the water running down her thighs.

Without warning, Regina grabbed her about her waist, her hands resting on her buttocks as she dove into her with a relish, her tongue lapping between Emma's wet lips, her nose rubbing against her clit.

After a few minutes Emma was moaning brazenly, and she started moving her hips, rubbing myself against Regina's face.

All thoughts were gone except the intense desire to climax, to find release for the pressure Regina had built inside of her. Forcing her eyes open, Emma looked down and watched as her lover lapped at her. She groaned happily, one hand resting tenderly atop brunette hair, the other clutching tightly to the shower bracket. She was hopelessly devoted, hopelessly in love.
Within seconds, her core started clenching in the spasms of an orgasm, so intense that Emma moaned louder and bit her lower lip as her head thrashed against the wall. Regina truly was the best lover she had ever had.

Just as Emma began to unclench and relax from the release of the pressure, Regina started again, though now she was more forceful with her tongue, as her teeth began to nip at her swollen clitoris.

It didn't take long for the tension to return to her pelvis, the hardness to her nipples. Soon, Emma felt her stomach start to shudder in anticipation of her second orgasm.

As Emma began to moan again, Regina slid a hand down her back, sliding a finger into her arse, pushing over the edge into an even better orgasm than the first.

As her body finally stopped quaking against Regina's touch Emma let out a shaky laugh; her entire body tingled and her head felt light.

Standing up, Regina kissed Emma deeply, their tongues swirling as they shared her taste.

"You are more than welcome to join me in the shower anytime you like." Emma laughed.

"Emma I have to be honest, sharing the shower wasn't actually the reason for my visit." She pressed her lips together as she mulled over her wording. "We need to talk about a couple of things."

"Rightttt.." She said dragging out the words as she studied Regina's body language; the stiffness of her posture, the way she played with her fingers. If there was one thing about Regina it was that when she was uncomfortable or emotional her hands became more expressive, it was the best way to know if Regina was lying. If her hands didn't become vessels of awkwardness Regina didn't actually mean the words she said. But here she was, displaying her open honesty with a forlorn and frightened look on her face.

"I appointed my new secretary the other day, and I thought I should tell you who it is…" She began running her fingers through her hair, pausing before continuing. "I'm not really asking for your permission Emma, I'm more telling you of my decision." She could feel herself tensing up, becoming more defensive and she let out a shaky breath in an attempt to calm herself. She shook her head slightly before continuing. "That being said, if you are not comfortable with it-" stepping forward she took Emma's hands in her own, a sincere frown upon her face, "then I will have her dismissed, I don't ever want to make you uncomfortable."

Emma snatched her hands away. "It's Ruby isn't it."

Regina sighed and gave a small nod. "Yes." She said softly, licking her lips before continuing. "She's the best Emma, I trust her." She explained. "I know she would never do anything to betray me or my family, and she knows me."

"Biblically." Emma said through gritted teeth, walking off into the kitchen she rested the palms of her hands on the countertop as she tried to think.

"Emma, I get it, I get why you…" Her voice trailed off. "Say the word, and she's fired! But you should know that Ruby and I weren't what you think, we weren't anything and it no way impairs her ability to be my secretary or mine to be her boss… But… I get it…"
monster threatening to rear its ugly head, she could feel the bile bubbling deep inside of her.

"There's something else we need to talk about, and I don't know if it will help, but first I need to ask you a question…"

"Fire."

"How did I get home last night?" Regina asked, she had racked her brain all morning, especially since Henry's question, but she couldn't remember even remember the drive back to Mifflin Street.

Emma smiled to herself, her eyes sparkling as they met Regina's. "You passed out." She explained. "I carried you up the stairs."

"Don't look so smug." She mock-scolded at the woman who looked like the cat that got the cream. Her smile fell as she let out a sigh. "Henry saw us…"

"Oh."

"Yes, 'oh'." She sighed again, running her fingers through her hair. "Emma I need to know what you want, from me, from this…"

Emma quickly closed the gap between them, placing a supporting hand on Regina's arm. "I want you."

"But what does that mean?" She brought a hand to the bridge of her nose, pinching hard. "I need you to decide what you want, what it is you really want."

"I told you Regina I want this."

"But do you? That's not an accusation that's a question."

"We started this when, I didn't even much like you let alone…" She gave a broken laugh as she took a couple of paces from the blonde, turning back to face her. "I am in love with you Emma, and this between is a mess and that's fine… My heart you can break-" She shook her head frowning. "I don't mean because you'll do so deliberately, but… " She sighed, letting her eyes flutter closed. "I wont lie to my son again, I cant! I wont tell him there's nothing going on between us if there is… But I don't want to give him false hope, I don't want Henry to think we are going to be a family if we aren't."

She watched Emma tense up, her walls forming around her, and instinctively she stepped closer, taking her hand she lead her to the sofa where they sat, still hand in hand. "I am not asking you to make a decision for the rest of your life right now, I'm not saying if we really do this, and it doesn't work we wont end it… I'm just saying, if you think about this, and you don't want that kind of future… Please don't say you do… That's all I'm asking Emma. If we both, all," she corrected herself, "want this, work at it and it fails, then fine… But I don't want to pretend, I don't want it if its not real, It's not fair do that to Henry." She explained.

"Oh Regina!" Emma finally exclaimed her voice high as she fought back the tears. She stood up, breaking their bond once more as she turned her back to the brunette. Swallowing hard she tried her hardest to keep her tears at bay, failing. As salty rivers ran down her cheek she felt a gentle hand on her shoulder.

She turned back around to face Regina. "I want us to be a family more than anything."
Happy Christmas Eve my little faeries! I hope you have an amazing day tomorrow whether you'll be celebrating or not

If anyone is feeling lonely and needs someone to talk to my ask is always open on tumblr, my PMs are always open on ao3 and FF.net so feel free to reach out

Flantsy SQMills family - deal with it

"What time does Henry get back from Carol singing with my folks?"

"Do you listen to anything that is said Miss Swan?" Regina asked, only teasing.

"Okay that's not fair!" Emma sulked "You told me that when we were alone I could open a Christmas present early… in the basement, and I've been able to think of nothing else since."

"I don't know if you still deserve an early Christmas present, or indeed any presents for that matter…” Regina loved to wind her lover up; it was so easy and oh so enjoyable and amusing.

"I do, I do, oh please… Mistress."

Regina growled before kissing her hard, "well then my pet, lead the way."

Downstairs in the basement Emma walked over to the ornate gothic four-poster canopy bed, she could feel Regina's eyes on her as she reached out, parting the chiffon curtain that shrouded the bed. She smiled, the mattress was scattered with rose petals, and sat in the middle was a present, covered in a luxurious purple velvet throw.

Placing a hand on Emma's shoulder as she stood behind her, Regina leant around and placed a kiss on her cheek. "Merry Christmas dear."

Excitedly and undignified, Emma scrambled onto the bed, resting on her knees in front of the present, waiting for her Mistress to give her permission.

Joining Emma on the bed, Regina mirrored her, the gift sitting between them.

With the canopy drawn around them, and the only light emitted from the countless candles littered around room, the atmosphere was intimate and romantic.

"As promised kitten, why don't you open your early Christmas present."

Excitedly Emma pulled at the cloth, revealing her gift underneath, a Sybian.

Regina smiled, knowingly as she watched her lover.
Emma gasped aloud, her eyed flying open wide in trepidation and excitement.

"I…I." Emma stammered as she eyed the intimidating device.

"I assume from the look on your face you know what this is." Regina smirked as she cocked her head, studying Emma's face intently.

Emma bit her lip as her cheeks cycled through several shades of red before settling on one appropriate for the current level of humiliation. She knew what she was going to be asked to do, and her blood pumped and her mind raced at the image. Her chest tightened as her heart beat against her ribs, aching for the one she loved.

Regina was like black ice, and she could feel herself falling down the oh-so slippery slope of devotion, love and submission with no way to reach out and stop herself, but she didn't want to stop. She chose to throw herself headfirst down frozen tundra, knowing there was nothing better than the whisper of Regina's sweet words, or the warmth of her embrace.

She knew what Regina wanted her to do, it was something Emma would never have even considered in the past, but there was no hesitation in her mind now. It wasn't just her blind faith or her willingness to please her Mistress; it was more than that. She wanted to do this; she wanted to be that girl, to be that sensual.

She grew dizzy, just at the thought of it, of the way she knew Regina would look at her; an equal mix of desire and devotion of lust and love.

"I'll be right here with you." Regina said softly, before letting out a surprised and muffled yelp, as Emma pounced on her, pushing her back onto the bed as she kissed her repeatedly like a crazed lover until the brunette couldn't help but laugh. "Do I take it you like your present?"

"I love it." Emma said happily, she sat back with a smug look on her face as she used her magic to remove their clothing.

"Your lessons are certainly paying off dear." Regina was so proud of her little fledgling witch and how far she had come so quickly.

"I always have good incentives." She gave a wink. "Learning how to get you naked was definitely a good one."

Laughing Regina sat up, placing a hand on Emma's cheek as she kissed her slowly and deeply. "You know your present is as much for me as you."

"I figured." She beamed.

A purple phallic accessory topped the black leather saddle, and at the base a control box was attached where the intensity of the movements and vibrations could be increased or decreased.

The dildo attachment was about six inches long, and about two inches in diameter, their rich pearlescent purple shimmering in the candlelight.

Regina kissed down the column of Emma's neck, whilst her fingers found her breast, fondling gently as her other hand stroked down over her stomach, slowly inching lower and lower. Moving her attentions away from Emma's hardened nipples, she slipped her hand around her back; mirroring the motions of the other hand trained on her abdomen, moving south in unison.

As one hand reached her abundant wetness, the other reached the firm cheeks of her arse; both
stroking, massaging, teasing as they drew small circles around their target.

Her teeth nibbled and sucked at Emma's earlobe, reveling in the heavy panting and gasps of pleasure meeting her own ear.

Reaching down further both sets of digits met as they dipped into Emma's growing wetness, lubricating fingers easily. "I'm going to enter a finger into both your arse and your cunt." Regina purred, and then she did just that, at a torturously leisurely pace.

Emma whimpered, resting her head on her Mistress's shoulder as she slowly teased her. She wanted more, she *needed* more.

"Emma."

The blonde nodded knowing what it was she was being commanded. Again she whimpered this time at the loss as the fingers were removed.

She straddled the Sybian, carefully lowering herself onto the dildo.

Once fully inserted, Regina took the control in hand, turning up the vibration of the toy. Her mouth went dry at the beautiful sight of the woman she loved straddling the Sybian, inadvertently rocking her hips against the toy, moaning at the way it caressed against her g-spot. She could feel herself grow more aroused just at the sight.

Moving closer Regina kissed her passionately, tasting Emma's moans as she turned up the dial on the toy. "Ride it harder." She growled before kissing back harder, her free hand pinching a nipple.

Emma was growing closer, she had never felt anything like the Sybian and she didn't know if she could last much longer, the vibrations coupled with the stimulation to her hypersensitive G-spot.

Pulling back Regina laid back against the pillow, deciding she wanted to witness Emma's climax from a better vantage point; she wanted to see everything.

She didn't have to wait long, as Emma was embarrassingly close. Soon she was coming hard, experiencing one of her most powerful ever orgasms, nearly causing her to pass out. The internal convulsions didn't seem to end, and she wasn't sure if it was one continual climax or multiple small ones, not that she cared. As her body continued to shake, Emma nearly cried, she couldn't take anymore, she was exhausted and too sensitive, but so exhausted she couldn't move from off the toy; she didn't have the strength to pull herself up off of the phallus. "Regina." She pleaded as tears started to fall.

In a split second Emma was in Regina's strong embrace, being held so close they nearly became one. "Hush."

The cocktail of emotions and pleasures too much for her as she drifted to sleep.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Regina sat on the floor of the living room, wrapping the last of her presents for Mary Margaret and David, whilst Henry and Emma hung paper chains around the room.

"So kid, is there anything else you want for Christmas?" Emma asked.

"It's Christmas eve!" Regina pointed out with a frown then sighed. "I don't know why it surprises me you've left your shopping this late."
"Who said I had? I was just wondering what the kid wanted, so… Henry?"

"I want you two to tell the truth." He said bitterly.

Regina and Emma's panic stricken gaze met across the room, they had agreed to tell Henry everything after the holidays; they didn't want to risk spoiling the festive season with their bombshell of a news bulletin.

It was Emma who spoke first, playing dumb to what it was he wanted to know. "Truth about what? How the world began? Does the illuminati exist? Where babies come from?" She asked jokily, though her voice was nervous and her body language stiff.

"No the truth about you two, you've both been acting so weird lately."

"Oh well that-" Emma fake laughed. "I guess we have just been busy planning secret Christmas stuff, you'll see tomorrow kid!"

"That's not it." Throwing down the paper chain he stepped closer to Emma. "What's going on? Are you in trouble?"

"No one is in trouble, everything is fine!" Emma tried to calm her son, giving a warm smile.

"Don't lie to me, I know something is going on!" Henry snapped angrily, he was fed up of everyone lying to him and keeping secrets.

"Okay." Regina spoke for the first time since his question. "Okay Henry, you want to know the truth." She nodded at Emma and gave a small smile before turning back to their son. "Come, sit." She gestured, her smile growing as Emma moved to sit next to her, and Henry to sit in front of them both.

"You are right, there is something we need to tell you, something we want to tell you. It isn't that we wanted to keep it from you, we just had to understand what it meant first, so we would know exactly what to tell you, do you understand?"

"Yes." He said with a small nod as he chewed his bottom lip. Whatever the news is, it can't be good, he mused.

"We were going to tell you in the New Year, because we weren't sure how you'd react, and we didn't want to ruin your Christmas." She continued to explain. "Emma and I…" She sighed looking to the blonde for reassurance, and finding it in the teary wide eyes and huge smile. "What I'm trying to say is that for a while…" Regina swallowed hard looking down into her hands as she played with the fabric of her black trousers. "I'm in…"

"What your mother is trying to say rather inarticulately is that we are dating."

Regina's face shot up, tears streaming down her cheeks in a silent plea as she looked at their son. "I love Emma." Her voice cracked from her throat, she knew that any second now she could loose the woman she loved and the son she adored, and there was no way she could control it now.

"You're dating?" Henry asked confused.

"Yes." Emma replied with a nod, taking Regina's hand in her own and giving a tight squeeze of reassurance.

"Like… Together?"
"Yes Henry, your mother and I are together as a couple; We hope with your permission…"

Henry's eyes grew wider, both in shock and confusion. "My permission?"

"Oh Henry!") Tears fell freely as Regina crumbled. "This ends this very second if you don't give us your consent, then it ends now."

"No."

An audible sob broke from Regina as she curled almost fetal at the word, her heart breaking, her son had said no. She would loose the love of her life, and now possibly her son too.

"Mom!" Henry threw his arms around his mother, holding on tightly as she shook. "I meant no, don't end it."

"What?") Emma asked shocked, her hand resting on Regina's back whilst she eyed their son in surprise.

"All I have ever wanted was a family, both my mom's together is the best Christmas present I could ever have asked for."

Emma's tears began to fall, and soon Henry's followed until all three were crying and laughing together in a slumped heap on the floor.
Apologies this is a little late, Christmas has been surprisingly hectic. I will get around to replying to you MANY pm's and comments

I am glad to hear my fic is informative for so many of you.

I hope you all had a wonderful day, thank you for the many well wishing messages – they made my day!

This is only a small chapter – once again unbeta'd – all mistakes are my own – I was pretty sick when I started writing this the other week, so I apologize –

For those who have sent me messages about the errors/typos in my fics - I am dyslexic, (I'm also dyspraxic and Dyscalculia – not that its relevant in fic writing) so when I read things back I often read what it should say and not what it actually says – hence a lot of mistakes are missed. I put a lot of time and effort into proof reading my fics and always warn when chapters are un beta'd.

I appreciate that mistakes make for an un-pleasurable read but tough. If it bothers you that much go elsewhere to read. It's a disability and I didn't choose it, believe me. I am not going to stop writing, and I am constantly on the look out for people who can assist me in proof reading and editing my fic. Please stop bullying people who take the time and effort to write fics. Constrictive criticism is great, but nastiness for the sake of it is not cool!

Anyway – enjoy x

"Hmm, morning." Regina hummed in blissful happiness as a certain blonde nuzzled against the nape of her neck, as her grip tightened around her waist.

"Happy Christmas." Emma mumbled, her eyes still closed, but a happy smile on her lips. She breathed in her lover's comforting scent as she wrapped her legs over Regina's.

The sound of excited feet thundering down the hallway announced Henry's presence before burst into Regina's bedroom. "IT'S CHRISTMAS!" He exclaimed excitedly as he jumped onto the bed, landing first on Regina, then on Emma before wriggling till Emma reluctantly moved away, so he could settle between the two of them.

"Ouch kid! Have you already been eating the Christmas pud? You don't half weigh a lot." Emma teased, earning her an elbow in the side.

"You're the one who kept poking the dessert last night." He said smugly.

"Lies!" She said in mock horror as she raised her hands defensively looking over at Regina.
First the brunette chuckled softly, then she laughed hard, so hard, until tears rolled down her cheeks as Henry and Emma looked at her as though she'd gone insane.

"Regina?" "Mom?" They asked in unison.

Regina wiped away the tears as she smiled at her two favourite people. "We had this exact same conversation last year."

"I remember." Emma said softly as she stared at the woman she loved.

"Looks like I'm going to have to find a better place to hide my deserts from you." Regina tried to shoot Emma a disapproving glare, but the smile she couldn't hide ruined it.

"So…" Henry said as he looked between his two moms. "Last year when you two were in bed…"

"We woke up that way." Emma explained cautiously. Though Henry seemed to be on board with their relationship, she was well aware how fragile things could be, and that the realisation that they had kept it a secret from him for well over a year might cause problems.

"Cute." Henry said beaming

"Not exactly the reaction I was expecting."

"I really am happy mom's, this really is all I want for Christmas."

"Oh good." Regina said with a smile. "Because I took all your presents to the Nun's, to give out to those less fortunate."

"Very funny." Henry scowled.

"She's just joking… Aren't you?" Emma's fearful frown etched into her forehead, Regina wouldn't really get rid of the presents, some of Henry's presents she was really looking forward to playing with.

"Oh god I love you." Regina laughed looking at Emma's worried face.

Emma blushed smiling softly as she started at the woman she loved, if it wasn't for their son sat between them, she would kiss her so hard.

Henry sensed as much and laughed. "It's fine mom's if you want to kiss."

"Are you sure?" Regina asked cautiously, though inside her stomach flipped with excited nerves.

"Sure."

Emma didn't wait a beat, as she pulled her lover to her, their lips pressed together in the sweetest of kisses. "I love you Madam Mayor."

Regina laughed. "I love you too, Sheriff Swan."

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"That will be your parents." Regina said as the bell chimed, she straightened her already immaculate dress nervously as she pressed her lips together.

"It'll be fine, stop worrying." Emma tried her best to reassure her, giving her hand a gently squeeze
and placing a tender kiss on her cheek. "Come on."

Henry watched his two moms in fascination; it was true that now he knew they were far more open, yet at the same time, other than the obvious affections they were no different around each other. How had he not noticed they were a couple before?! It suddenly seemed so clear to him, and he was kicking himself for not noticing sooner.

They greeted their guests with smiles and hugs.

"I brought cranberry sauce." Mary Margaret said, holding the jar up as evidence with a smug look on her face. "I worried you might forget again like last year."

Last year Regina had tried in vain to manipulate the day to get some alone time with Emma, but alas all her plans fallen through thanks to the interference of Mary Margaret. Regina smiled gratefully as she took the jar, shooting Emma a knowing look, she had deliberately not bought any sauce hoping the two of them would have to take an emergency drive to get some, but once again Mary Margaret had a way of ensuring that didn't happen.

"Let me take your coat David." Regina said reaching out for the garment. "Emma maybe you could bring your mothers upstairs for me." She couldn't help but blush as Charming raised his brow knowingly at her.

"It's okay." Mary Margaret interrupted, "Henry can take them up for us."

"Sure gran."

David gave Regina's shoulder a comforting squeeze as he laughed softly to himself as he looked over at his daughter. "So you guys had a good morning?" He asked.

"Uneventful!" She grumbled childishly.

"Emma!" Regina exclaimed in embarrassment, were they really discussing their sex life with Emma's father cryptically in front of her mother?!

"Are you feeling okay Regina, you've gone very flush."

"Mary Margret I'm fine, maybe you could assist me in the kitchen whilst David and Emma make us some drinks?" She ignored the Snow's excited babbling as she made her way to the kitchen; she felt a very stressful day brewing.

Later that afternoon, the feast had been eaten and cleared away, games had been played, and merriment had been had, when Mary Margaret decided to raise a toast. "I would like to thank Regina for yet another wonderful Christmas day, I would like to say how grateful I am to have such a beautiful family around me. I would like to say how proud of my grandson and the wonderful young man he is turning in to – For which we really have to thank Regina for the way she raised him –"

Tears pricked in Regina's eyes at the words as they met Mary Margaret's, she could see the sincerity in her gaze, and soft smile.

"I would like to say thank you to my husband for always being by my side, but more importantly for the way he supports our daughter." She continued. "Finally, I would like to say how proud I am of my daughter, even without our help you have grown up into a beautiful strong, independent young woman, but more than that, you have compassion and a willingness to forgive, you can find love
where some people would never imagine it could be found. Your heart is so big, it's no wonder Regina fell in love with you; so finally, cheers to the best matched couple in Storybrooke, and may your love flow forever and keep you strong; to Emma and Regina!"

She raised her glass before taking a sip as the room fell into a surprised and awkward silence.

Henry was the first to break it, followed by David who both in turn raised their drinks and shouted, "cheers."

Regina and Emma said nothing as they both sat, cheeks aflame in stunned silence.

"So... that was an interesting dinner..." Emma laughed as she pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it into the laundry hamper. It was late Christmas Day and she was finally alone with Regina in the master suite.

Regina sighed as she rubbed a hand over her neck, trying to work at the tension knots. Her eyes fluttered closed as strong arms wrapped around her waist. "Emma." She murmured softly.

They stood there in a tender embrace for several minutes, slowly rocking to a silent beat. The mood instantly changed when Emma began to grind her hips against her lovers arse, her mouth settling on Regina's neck, sucking hard; most definitely marking her.

"Emma", Regina repeated, goose bumps covering her body.

'Yes.' Emma spun her around before kissing her lips.

Regina responded, deepening the kiss. There was nothing like those lips, nothing. It felt so good.

Things quickly became passionate, Emma walked them until Regina's frame crashed into her vanity table, perfume bottles rolling off the table and shattering with the force. Emma kissed hungrily as she lifted Regina onto the vanity, spreading her legs and stepping between them; pressing herself against her as her tongue forced its way into Regina's mouth.

Regina pulled back, catching her breath as she shook her head. "Your parents are just down the hall, as is our son."

Emma just shrugged. "They know, and anyway we always soundproof the room. It's Christmas and I haven't made you come in days." She smirked; knowing the words she said would turn Regina on.

"Oh god, I love you Emma Swan."

The other woman took her back into her arms, nibbling her ear: "Witch," she whispered playfully, "trying to immobilise me with your confession.'

Regina laughed. 'Hmmh..', she mumbled, laying her lips on Emma's again.

The chime of the bell signaled midnight, at the sound there was a flash in Regina's eyes before they darkened, a devilish look on her face. She gave a wave of her hand, magic creating a sound barrier to the room.
So obviously this is a little (lot) belated – but things have been CRAZY – Had to ENDURE an AWFUL family thing on Monday with people I really don't get along with and spend all year avoiding. Needless to say shit went down and stressed me the fuck out! I HATE ignorant bigots! Eughhhhhhh!

Reminder of how Chapter 33 ended: Things quickly became passionate, Emma walked them until Regina's frame crashed into her vanity table, perfume bottoms rolling off the table and shattering with the force. Emma kissed hungrily as she lifted Regina onto the vanity, spreading her legs and stepping between them; pressing herself against her as her tongue forced its way into Regina's mouth

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Emma slipped her hands over Regina's toned thighs and slowly down between her legs, she could feel the warmth and a hint of moisture that eradiated from her lover.

Regina lifted Emma's sweater over her head. As she had suspected all day, her blonde sweetheart was not wearing a bra. Leaning forwards, she bathed a hard nipple with her tongue.

Emma ran her fingers through dark hair; her own head thrown back in abandon. Her teeth biting gently into her lower lip as her eyes fluttered closed.

A smug expression graced Regina's face as she gazed up through dark lashes at the look on bliss on her lovers face. She slid her hand between the v between Emma's thighs, but her sly smile was soon lost as Emma pulled her up by the hair at the nape of her neck until she could push her tongue between dark lips, kissing hungrily as she pushed her further back against the mirror.

Pulling away Regina laughed, "Are you trying to break my vanity?"

Growling impatiently Emma pulled the brunette towards her, her strong arms holding onto Regina's
hips as she picked her up and carried her to bed. Throwing her down rather roughly, she quickly moved on top, attacking Regina's clothing, tearing them from her body, desperate to unwrap her true Christmas present.

Crawling down her body, Emma settled between the brunette's legs showering her inner thigh and bare mound with warm wet kisses. "I…want…to…taste…you…" She uttered between her loving gestures.

Regina sank back onto her bed, clinging to the throw cushions, in the knowledge of how crazy good Emma was between her legs.

"One thing…" Emma kneeling back on her haunches, she had been practicing her magic a lot lately, with Regina's help and the belief she held in her it was getting easier everyday, with a small flourish the mauve shimmer around the room dispelled, removing the silencing spell which Regina had only just put in place. She leant forward over Regina's body, holding herself up with one hand as the other caressed against her cheek. "You are going to have to control your moans, unless you want our son, or my parents to hear."

"Bitch!" Regina retorted, her eyes wide with panic; of all the things she was good at, being quiet in the bedroom was not one of them. "Stop smirking, there is still one spare room for you to sleep in if you don't behave yourself." She was smiling, but there was a firmness to her voice.

She felt Emma part her legs, push them up to her breasts, she knew what was going to happen, feared it, anticipated it.

Emma let her tongue slowly drag against the length of her wet folds, teasing her at a torturous pace until Regina whimpered beneath her.

"Emma!"

Emma loved her needy whine, it meant she must do something right.

"Oh Gods!" She cried as three fingers were inserted, before biting down on the back of her hand in an attempt to silence herself. *Why had Emma removed the damn spell?* Control had never been one of Regina's greatest skills, and with Emma's deft fingers and experienced tongue at work she had no chance in remaining composed. She soon began to unravel, tossing her head against the pillows as her toes curled.

Emma reveled in watching the woman she loved come undone, as she grew ever closer with every touch, every thrust, and every lick. The way Regina struggled beneath her only heightened her desires, driving her faster and harder, like a woman possessed. It wasn't too long before she was rewarded with borderline painful hushed grunts and whimpering as Regina arched her back as she grit down hard onto her teeth, her knuckles white as she gripped the pillows hard until her orgasm subsided.

Emma smiled, Regina never looked more beautiful that when beads of sweat ran down her temples and the valley of her breasts, her hair ruffled and her the expression of sheepish satisfaction gracing her face.

When she caught her breath she brought a shaky hand to rest against her forehead, "I hate you." Regina growled through gritted teeth.

"No…you…don't." Emma said as she kissed her way up Regina's sweat sparkled body.

"Do." She scowled now, scrunching her nose up as she narrowed her eyes.
Smiling Emma placed a sweet kiss on the tip of Regina's nose. "Don't."

Finally she smiled back, leaning up to press her lips against those of the woman she loved. "That was cruel, are you trying to kill me?!"

Emma laughed and shook her head, 'I just adore the way you look when you come, and I wanted to get my own back on the many times you were cruel to me." She giggled.

"Hey, you enjoy when I'm cruel to you!"

"Are you saying you didn't enjoy that." Emma asked lightly.

"No." Regina huffed, she hated being on the back foot, but if it made Emma happy then maybe it was something she could compromise on occasionally.

"I love you."

"I love you too." Regina smiled, kissing Emma deeply. "Want to sit on my lap?" Regina asked suddenly a glint in her eyes.

Emma flushed, even in the dark she knew Regina would be able to see. "Yes," she said in a tiny whisper.

Finally the strength had returned to her body, and the elder woman sat up waiting expectantly for her lover to position herself on her lap.

Emma lowered herself onto her lap, wrapping her legs loosely around Regina's waist as she faced her, looking deep into her eyes.

Regina hugged her tenderly. "You're such a good girl", she said. Slowly her hand went into Emma's underwear.

Emma's head leant against the brunette's shoulder; she was already breathing a little harder in anticipation. Purple magic began to sparkle around them and she pulled in surprise.

She had restored the silencing spell onto the room, and Regina knew what the blonde was going to ask without even uttering a word. "I want to hear you when I make you come." Though controlling Emma's climax was entertaining amongst other things, for now she didn't want her lover to be bound by restrictions, by anything. She wanted to make love, and she wanted her to be free to express herself however she wanted, as loud as she wanted.

"You're so wet." Her voice husked as she stared into dark green pools.

"Your fault." Emma laughed.

"Good, I don't ever want anyone else making you wet, you're mine."

"Please Mistress, please touch me." Emma had long ago stopped hating the desperation in her voice as she begged for things, she had learn to embrace it and now she loved it.

"Regina." Regina corrected. "Please, tonight I am Regina and you are Emma, please."

Emma nodded with a huge grin on her face. "Then please touch me Regina."

"I am touching you," barely, her fingers just ghosting over her lips. "You're so hot and wet, tell me, what do you want."
To drive Emma even crazier, she dipped her head, kissing her breast before licking and suckling on her nipple.

"Please, please put your fingers inside me, I want to sit on your fingers."

"Of course, that's what you always liked best, sitting on my fingers and letting me fuck you, whilst I tell you what a good little girl you are until you come all over my hand, shall we do that again?"

"Oh God, please!"

Emma was shaking all over with desire when Regina finally thrust into her, as she bit down on her pale neck.

"Ride them," she ordered and Emma obeyed, sobs of relief and emotion escaping her.

"Good girl." Regina purred as her lover rode her fingers. "Faster Emma."

Placing both hands on Regina's shoulders for leverage she picked up her pace. "I love you, I'd do... Anything for... You..." She just about managed to say.

"I know, I know, now just a little faster, I know you can do it for me." She moved her fingers inside of her as she rode them, whilst her thumb grazed against her swollen clit.

As Emma began to cry out in ecstasy, Regina held her around the waist, pressing her down onto her fingers as she watched the far away rapt look in Emma's face, whilst she soaked her hand profusely.

"I'm going to sleep for a week," Emma managed to say weakly, not yet able to lift herself off her lover. Both women were truly exhausted, both physically and emotionally from the events and revelations of the past few days.

"Come I need to shower, and so do you." Emma finally said as she climbed off Regina's lap, standing on shaky legs she held out her hand to help the brunette to her feet.

"Okay." Regina smiled as she took the offer, "but no funny business, it's late and we're both exhausted, just a quick shower to get freshened up."

"Promise," Emma lied, crossing her fingers behind her back, which didn't go unnoticed by Regina who caught her hand, bringing it round into view.

"Ha!" She exclaimed. "Caught!"

"What are you going to do?" Emma sounded eagerly interested.

Regina laughed, some things never changed. "Oh don't you worry, I'll think of an appropriate punishment."

"Good!"
New Years Day

Chapter Notes

Here's to 2016 my little faeries wherever you may be!

This is only a baby chapter, but then again - two chapters in one day!

Once again unbeta'd

It was late afternoon on New Years day, and both Emma and Regina were still feeling a little worse for wear in the wake of the towns New Year celebrations. They had slept in late, and then even upon waking had not left their bed for a long while, instead just basking in the warm embrace of the other. Finally they had agreed to get up and go for a walk, albeit with a little encouragement Regina, as Emma would have much rather spend the entire day in bed, spooning and other more energetic activities.

The air was chill and fresh but there was a little warmth coming from the winter sun, which shone bright in the sky. Linked arm in arm, they slowly climbed a hill in one of the towns' fields.

"Are we allowed to walk through these fields?" Emma asked curiously, she didn't particularly look forward to being greeted by an angry farmer brandishing a sawn of shotgun at the trespassers.

"You're worried about the owner?" Regina asked, stopping as they reached the top of the hill and turning to face the blonde, with an amused smile.

"A little." She admitted.

"I hear the owner requires only one thing to grant access." Her smile broadened as she surveyed the stunning view. They were high above the town now, and they could see for miles, it was truly beautiful. "A kiss."

"A-" Emma started before realisation dawned upon her, and she gave Regina's arm a playful punch. "You own it!" She laughed, before repeating in question. "You own it?"

"I like to ride out here sometimes." She looked wistfully into the distance. "I don't get much opportunity to do so now, between work, family and the sprinkling of 'end-of-the-world' problems we end up having to deal with." She looked down as she shuffled her feet, swallowing the lump in her throat. "But I used to a lot, before the curse was lifted."

"I'm sorry."

"Hey, it's not your fault." Regina squeezed Emma's arm comfortingly.

"Well it kind of is, I did break the curse." She smiled softly. "So the stables must be near here then."

"Yes, just at the bottom of the field over there." Regina pointed to the end of the field in the opposite way to the way they had come.
"It's really beautiful up here Regina, I can see why you spent so much time here." She smiled taking her lovers' hands in her own. "Thank you for bringing me here, I know it means a lot to you."

Regina smiled, tears pricking her eyes; she tried to tell herself that it was just the wind, but she knew it wasn't.

"Shall we go see the horses then?" Emma asked hopefully.

"Really?" She was surprised and she felt her stomach flip at the prospect. Horses were always something that made her feel safe, relaxed, they were always something she could control and something she could trust to keep her safe. They were kind creatures and they were understanding, and now to have the woman who had changed her life completely, the woman who made her love life again, the woman who had opened her heart, to have that woman want to visit the horses with her brought her so close to crying with happiness and relief.

"I'd be honored."

When they reached the stables Regina was pleased to see it was empty, after all it was New Years day, and much of the town hadn't left their homes or even their beds, and those that had had only made it as far as Granny's Diner.

Inside the animals snickered, turning their heads, as they heard Emma enter, they stranger was eyed curiously.

Regina introduced to the blonde to each horse in turn, explaining their history and their character.

Emma watched in fascination at how Regina lit up as she spoke about the creatures she loved. "I would love to take a ride." Emma said, knowing Regina would likely jump at the opportunity.

"Really?!" Regina beamed, looking rather like Henry when Emma suggested doing something he loved.

"Yes, but I don't know how."

Fifteen minutes later they were saddled and on their way. Both of them sat atop a chestnut steed, Regina at the front holding onto the reigns, and Emma behind her, holding onto the brunette much tighter than strictly necessary.

They took they took the track across Regina's field and up through the woods. Birds chirped overhead and the occasional squirrel raced up a tree, but other than that they were completely alone; it was just them the and nature.

They rode for quite a while, racing in fields, leaping over fallen trees and splashing through streams. Emma could feel the cool wind sting her cheeks, she could smell the sweet scent of Regina and she could hear beautiful sound of laughter coming from the woman she loved.

Finally they slowed down as they returned to Regina's field, stopping as they both looked out over the town.

Regina's hair blew in the wind, revealing the soft skin of her neck beneath, and Emma placed a sweet open-mouthed kiss against it. "Thank you." She whispered, smiling as she felt the brunette shudder beneath her.

Back at the stable they de-saddled, Emma watching in silence as Regina put the equipment away. The ride seemed to take years off her, not that she needed it; she was stunning, but somehow she had
a more youthful glow about her now, and Emma loved it. "Come here." She said as she grabbed her loved, kissing her hand. "You know, you look really hot in jodhpurs." She looked down at the garments, which Regina had changed into before their ride.

Her predatory stare wasn't lost on Regina and the older woman took a step back as her eyes widened. "Emma." She said warningly. "We're in public."

"And?" She growled stepping closer again. "I want you."

Regina laughed. "You always want me Miss Swan, you even more insatiable than I am!"

"Are you saying I'm too much for you to handle?" Emma teased.

"Oh the contrary." Reaching up she took a riding crop from its spot on the wall, and flexed it in her hands. "I think its you who can't handle it."

In that second they rushed towards each other, desperately tearing the clothing from one another until they were both naked and aching with desire.

They fell rather ungracefully into a huge pile of hay in the otherwise empty stall, the door left unclosed and forgotten about.

Emma lay on top of her lover kissing her passionately whilst hands roamed freely.

"Together." Regina moaned urgently. She needed Emma inside of her as much as she needed to be inside of her blonde. "Please."

Emma nodded with a smirk. "Tongues." She simply said.

Regina's cheeks flushed at the suggestion, sixty-nine wasn't something she did very often, but for Emma she would do anything. There was however going to be one condition. Quickly she rolled them over, kissing her lover hard, before repositioning herself so her legs were either side of Emma's head. If they were going to sixty-nine, then she was going to be on top!

Dipping her head, she let her tongue flick against Emma's clit before running down her length. She gasped aloud as a hand on her arse pulled her down, forcing her against Emma's eager mouth; the sensation sending electricity through her body, and for a second her own ministrations faltered.

It didn't take long before both woman were frantically licking and sucking whilst they moved against the others tongues, rocking against one another, as they grew ever closer to climax. Emma came first, and it was mere seconds before Regina joined her in bliss.

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Back at Mifflin Street they laughed together as Regina unlocked the door, they were surprised to be greeted by the not-quite-as-uncharming-as-they-used-to-be-Charming's and their son. "What are you doing here?" Emma asked.

"It's nice to see you too Emma." David joked. "We came over to see if you all wanted to go out for dinner tonight, Henry let us in."

"That sounds lovely dear, but we will need to shower and change first." Regina smiled sweetly, genuinely touched at the invite.

"Mom I'd brush the hay out of your hair first." At Henry's words David and Mary Margaret eyed the
two women suspiciously, whilst Emma sheepishly removed the offending material from where they had caught in dark tresses.

"We went horse riding." The blonde offered by way of explanation, "then I tried to instigate a hay fight – your mother wasn't having any of it." She screwed her nose up at her son in mock petulance.

Regina rolled her eyes and smiled, trying her best to avoid the awkward know-all smiles coming from Emma's parents. "So… I'd better go for that shower." She wanted to get out of the situation as quickly as possibly, if not sooner before her cheeks caught fire. She began to ascend the stairs, aware that Emma was following her.

"You know," Mary Margaret began, "you save water that saves the environment if you shower together."

"Fuck the environment, Emma you can use the guest shower!" She poofed herself into the safety of her master bathroom, leaning against the door praying for the ground to swallow her up. Her cheeks were ablaze and the pounding of her heart did very little to drown out her son's exclamation at her profanity or the two adults laughing downstairs. She smiled to herself; her heart felt like it was about to explode. She finally had all she had ever wanted.

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