It Was Always You (Falling For Me)

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It Was Always You (Falling For Me)

by camphalfbloodprince

Summary

A collection of modern AU One Shots taken from random prompts on tumblr for your entertainment and mine to help us get through this beast of a hiatus!
To Bad Soups and Broken Showers

Chapter Summary

My shower isn't working can I use yours

Chapter Notes

OK QUICK NOTE BEFORE THE FANFIC SO THAT THERE IS NO CONFUSION AS TO THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE BATHROOM/SHOWER! The bathroom IS the shower, there is literally a shower head above of the toilet seat, and there is a sink right in front of it, which really makes moving around in it the most awkward thing ever due to lack of space.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Bloody hell .

Today was not his day.

First, he'd woken up twenty five minutes late to his class, which had gotten him a very distasteful look and a lecture on tardiness from the professor that made him feel like he was still none but a wee lad receiving a scolding in his young years, and he was calling bullshit on what people said about college professors not giving a fuck about their students' presence or not in their classes.

Then, an insufferable freshman had slipped and doused him with that infect soup they sometimes served right as he was directing himself towards the refectory, and, sure the kid didn't mean it, but it was wasting precious time from his already short lunch break, and why the hell did he have to choose classes that left him no time to nourish himself?!

And now, his shower was spitting out freezing murky water that kept on going darker and colder the longer it ran no matter what he did.

All in all, Killian Jones was having the worst possible day ever.

He got out of the shower and threw on a pair of grey sweatpants as well as a black shirt with the university crest on it, tucked on his slippers, throwing a towel over his shoulder and grabbing his key, and headed for the door before he could change his mind.

Killian Jones didn't know many people on his floor, having only seen most of them once at some party the RA had been throwing and never addressing them ever again.

Not that they didn't seem like nice people, he just hadn't clicked with any of them.

Well.
Except her.

*Emma Swan.*

He'd met her before the rest of the floor, as she was in his criminal psychology class, where they'd hit it off quite well if you'd ask him. And by "hit it off quite well" Killian meant that he'd made innuendoes under his breath during the entity of the class and each had elicited a small, quiet laugh from her that made him wish to hear what her laugh sounded like at its full audibility.

From then on, they'd hung out a few times after her best friend, a lass named Mary Margaret (he would never understand how some people could be so cruel to their child) started going out with his mate David.

No need to mention that during that period of time, he'd come to fancy Swan quite a bit.

He knocked twice on the door, and was greeted a few seconds later by Emma's scowling face, which seemed to relax a bit when she saw him.

"Jones, what are you doing here?"

"You reay shouldn't frown, love" he said, pointing to her bunched up brows "wouldn't want to ruin your lovely face with wrinkles now would we?"

"Did you come here to reprimand me on my frowning?" She asked, an eyebrow raised "Because if so I'm going to shut this door right in your face because I have more important things to do."

"Now now, Swan, no need for bad form" he said as he walked into the room.

"Again," she repeated, closing the door behind her before crossing her arms on her chest "what do you want?"

"Well love, since you seem fixated about the meaning of my presence in your room, I need your shower."

"What?" She still looked baffled at his request.

"Well love, since you seem fixated about the meaning of my presence in your room, I need your shower."

"Your shower, Swan, I need to use it" he answered, he said, a bit slower.

"Why?" She still looked baffled at his request.

"Well, some git sprayed me with soup so I'd quite like to feel clean again if you wouldn't mind"

She rolled her eyes and shook her head slightly "No you asshat, why do you need my shower? Why can't you shower in your own room?"

He raised an eyebrow at her creative curse word before answering "Ah well apparently my shower decided to spew bloody ice cold mud water at me and won't seem to filter out. To which I ask again, may I shower here please?"

"Ugh fine, sure," she said, pushing past him to lay on her bed and put her laptop back on her lap "but only because you look so pathetic and smell like over salted boiled vegetables" she smirked at her screen as she began typing furiously.

Killian entered the small bathroom and began taking off his clothes, bumping more than once into the textured glass separating the room from the tight bathroom and blocked it from outside view.
Emma chuckled at the curses spilling out of his mouth, and the sounds of him continuously hitting the small surface of the bathroom, until she heard the big thud of someone falling down on bathroom tiles, which made her burst out in laughter.

"Need any help in there?" She called out, only realising what she'd said too late, his smirking face already popping out of my the shower, an eyebrow raised higher than she'd ever seen before.

"Why, Swan, you know you're more than welcome to lend a helping hand, or join me as the matter a fact" 

She could feel her cheeks starting to heat up "I- I didn't- I mean- it just- it slipped out!" She stammered, blushing even harder under his heated gaze.

"Suit yourself, love, whatever helps you sleep at night" he said, popping back into the the shower. 

A minute or two later, she saw a neatly folded pile of clothes with a towel on top slide right outside the bathroom, heard the glass door slide shut, and the water stream begin to fall, finally realising what was going on.

Killian Jones was showering in her room.

Killian "sex god" Jones was naked in her room.

God Ruby was gonna kill her when she'd learn that the guy Emma had some deep ass feelings for was in the nude in her room and she hadn't done anything about it.

A good five minutes passed until she heard some more commotion coming from the bathroom, the noise of plastic bottles falling against each-other and on the ground, and a few more swears which made her smirk.

She slid the computer off her legs and placed herself near the door of the bathroom, the glass's partial opacity allowing her none but the view of Killian's well defined silhouette, which she allowed herself a moment to drool over.

"Everything fine in there?" She called out.

"Bloody hell Swan! Why on earth do you have so many bottles?" She could hear desperation in his tone, which made her laugh.

"Aww, the great Killian Jones is confused by hair and body products who would have known."

"Oi don't laugh at a man's misery, Swan! Anyway who has that many types of products? I swear to you I've already counted three shampoos and two shower gels, and what the bickering fuck is a body scrub?!"

This made her topple over with laughter, the simple though of Killian Jones, bad boy extraordinaire, confused by a body scrub bringing tears to her eyes that blurred her vision.

"Bad form love- " said Killian, opening the door to pick up the towel, not realising she'd been standing right in front of it, making her laugh die out in her throat and causing the both of them to freeze for a moment, taking in the situation.

Emma's eyes darted to his toned chest and abdomen, forcing herself to turn her head completely before her eyes dropped too low.
Killian did not miss the way her state had racked him over nearly completely, and settled in a relaxed pose, leaning on the doorframe of the shower, sticking his tongue out to lick his lower lip, a cheeky grin adorning his face and an eyebrow raised.

"See anything you like love?"

She didn't answer, but instead turned on her ground deciding which direction to go and what to do, avoiding his gaze at all cost, to which he chuckled deeply.

She walked back to her bed and settles on it again while he bent over to pick up his towel, giving her a perfect view of his backside, (and no, absolutely not, she did not stare at Killian Jones' ass), before he sent a wink her way and got back in the shower.

He then came out with the towel wrapped around his waist, picked up the rest of his clothes, and went back in, only coming out again later, fully dressed, rubbing his wet hair with the towel.

She got up from her bed and stood next to him, crossing her arms against her chest again.

"Look, I'm sorry about before I didn't mean to stare," she started rambling, moving her arms around to illustrate her point, her green eyes pointing anywhere but on his blue ones, intended on catching her stare "and I really didn't mean to see anything, and I swear I didn't see anything, not that there isn't anything to see! I'm sure there is! Not that I think about whether or not there's anything to see, because I don't! And I'm blabbering now god I'm sorry-"

She was cut by a set of lips capturing her own in a passionate kiss she didn't take long to reciprocate, her body leaning into his as his hands snaked around her waist, keeping her close to him, and hers made their way around his neck, her fingertips playing with his drying hair.

His lips were soft on hers, and there was only one though on her mind:

**HOLY SHIT I'M MAKING OUT WITH KILLIAN JONES.**

And her hands were warm on his neck, while his mind was filled with one though, and one thought only:

**HOLY SHIT I'M MAKING OUT WITH EMMA SWAN.**

When they finally broke apart, they stared into each-other's eyes, taking in what had just happened, a smile of the purest kind gracing both their faces.

"Well," started Emma "that was surely the best way I've ever been shut up."

"Aye, well I wouldn't mind having to shut you up again." said Killian "Mind you, love, not that I don't find what you have to say very interesting most of the time."

"Well how about you shut me up tonight at diner?" She asked, biting slightly her lower lip, and raising an eyebrow.

"Swan, shouldn't I be the one asking you out?" He asked, a playful tone in his voice.

"Well, you still hadn't asked me out since the beginning of the semester so I thought it necessary for me to take things into my own hands" she said, running a thumb down his cheek.

"Well who am I to go against a lady's order? So, until tonight, love?" He said, detaching himself from her, and heading for the door.

"Yeah," she nodded "Tonight."
And if he pumped a fist in the air as he walked back to his room, Killian would never admit, just as Emma would never be honest about the fact that she spent the next fifteen minutes doing some sort of happy dance while calling Ruby to tell her the news.

That night, Killian didn’t shut her up once, over diner, captivated by what she had to say, and later, he did the complete opposite of shutting her up.

And years later, at their wedding, they all raised their glasses and toasted, to bad soups and broken showers.

Chapter End Notes

AHHHH! Okay so I actually really love College AUs (you can probably tell, as my other fanfic is yet another CS College AU) but hey, what do you want from me :p
Alright well feel free to leave a comment or kudos or whatever to let me know what you think, and if you have any prompts you’d like to see, feel free to leave them in the comments!
I guess that’s all, so Camphalfbloodprince out!
Hey Stranger

Chapter Summary

My friend dragged me to this party and I just saw my ex please make out with me.

"Emma! Come on, we're gonna be late!"

Ruby's voice sounded out through the apartment while Emma was applying the finishing touch to her make up, a deep red lipstick the colour of the dress she was wearing under her black leather jacket.

"Alright, alright! Calm down Ruby I'm ready, no need to yell! Anyways it's just a party." She called back, slipping on her black heels and picking up her purse before stepping out into her living room.

"You know," she started again "I still can't believe I'm letting you drag me to one of Victor's parties. Plus, you know Saturday night is Doctor Who night!" she pouted at her friend.

"Oh shut your face Ems!" the brunette answered, grabbing Emma by the wrist and dragging her out the door "You look hot and you are gonna have fun tonight! Oh and you'll be able to meet Jones, Victor's friend!"

Emma let out a desperate whine before letting herself be pulled out of the apartment.

It was hell.

When Emma had asked Ruby who would be coming to the party, she'd said only a few friends.

She didn't believe her whole contact book qualified as "a few friends".

Sure, she was all for a fun party with friends to get drunk at and have a good time, but the music was too loud, the house was too full, and the air felt too thick, smelling of alcohol and smoke.

She had to get out.

She had to breath.

And maybe by the same occasion try not to get lungs cancer from second hand smoking.

She pushed through the mass of people, making her way through the door which lead to the garden, and took a deep breath, cleaning her lungs from the inside's smokey air, and giving her ears a well deserved break from the constant thumping of the noise she refused to call music.

She took a few steps and sat on the swing bench not far from the door, leaned her head back and
closed her eyes as she gave herself just a few moments to calm down before she headed back inside.

"I can't believe I'm missing Doctor Who for this..." She thought out loud.

"Ah, so I'm not the only one in need of a TARDIS right now" a deep lilted voice sounded next to her, making her head snap up and her eyes open to look at the intruder, and the face that looked back at her had her at lack of breath.

He was gorgeous.

A mass of dark hair and a five o'clock shadow to match, a smile to die for, and those eyes.

Even in the moonlight she could see their intense blue and the flickers of silver swimming through the sea of his gaze.

The man could easily be qualified as very attractive.

"Killian" he extended a hand for her to take and sat down next to her.

"Emma" she answered as she shook his hand lightly.

"So Emma," his tongue curled around her name in a way that made her stomach flutter "what is a lovely lass like yourself doing all alone here?"

"I just- I had to get out of there, too much..." She said, taking a deep breath.

"Aye," he nodded "these things tend to get quite overwhelming, don't you think, love?"

He looked at her nod, captivated by the blond goddess sitting next to him, whom he'd noticed the second she'd walked through Whale's front door, accompanied by Victor's girlfriend.

"Absolutely, yes." She answered "That's why I try to avoid these things as much as I possibly can." She laughed and he joined her in her laughter, a conversation about British television and whatnot falling over them before they settled in a comfortable silence, swinging softly together.

Some time later, she broke the silence.

"We should probably get back, Ruby will be looking for me." She said, getting up from the bench swing.

"Aye, I suppose Victor might be wondering where I've gone to as well." He said, getting up as well, and they walked back together to the house.

"Good luck getting back in there I guess, eh love?" He said with a smirk that made her knees go weak, but to which she rolled her eyes instead.

"See you around Killian" she responded before walking in, and away from him, feeling the tiniest pull from her heart at the thought of leaving the only source of comfort she'd found since getting here, letting him return to the party.

"EMMA!"
Ruby startled her as her friend turned up right behind her, pulling at her arm, clearly tipsy.

"Hey Ruby!" Emma said, letting herself be pulled through the crowd towards the kitchen. "What's going on?"

"Okay so remember when I told you there would only be a few people here?" She asked, slurring slightly.

"Yes Rubs, I distinctly remember" she answered, annoyance seeping through her tone, although she doubted her friend would notice, due to her state.

"Okay well I was kinda wrong and now Neal is kinda here and he kinda came with some girl." Ruby continued, avoiding Emma's gaze in shame.

"What?! Neal is here!? Fucking hell Ruby! What am I supposed to do now?" Emma baffled, in shock at her ex's presence here.

"Hey, hey, hey," Ruby extended a hand to pet Emma's arm "it's all good Ems" she slurred "I have a plan! Yaaaay plan!" She jumped up and down excitedly, and Emma could only but pinch the bridge of her nose for what was coming.

"Okay, okay" she said, looking extremely concentrated on her next words, her brows furrowed, and Emma could practically hear the gears turning slowly in her friend'd head, affected by the alcohol.

"Alright, what you have to do is to make him jealous" she said, poking her with one of her perfectly manicured blood red nails that matched her lipstick perfectly "easy as that, he'll see making out with someone else and realise what an asshole he'd been to have let you go The way he did!" She said, her voice going an octave higher as she resumed jumping up and down excitedly, this time clapping her hands as well.

Before Emma could say anything, Victor arrived behind Ruby and wrapped his arms around her waist, making her squeal and kick as he picked her up, both of them laughing as he carried her away, leaving Emma alone to process the news.

Neal was here.

No, wait.

Neal was here with someone else.

She began panicking, turning around on her ground, running her hands through her curls, trying to decide what her next step was gonna be.

She began walking around, scanning the sea of faces, until she saw the mop of brown hair she used to love running her fingers through.

Neal.

She noticed his face turning towards her, and the millisecond it took for him to recognise her through the crowd.

Shit!

Emma began looking around at the people next to her, noticing a familiar pair of blue eyes approaching her.
Ruby's words resonated in her head as she heard from afar Neal calling out to her, her name on his voice getting closer and closer, and she took a leap of faith, turning to Killian.

"Hey again! Hi, uhm okay this may sound kinda weird but I need you to make out with me? You see my asshole ex is here with someone else and he's coming this way so if you could please just kiss me it would mean a lot to me" she spewed out at his amused looking face, barely having time to take a breath before his soft hands were cupping her face, and his lips were pressed to hers, quickly slipping his tongue in her mouth as her arms wrapped around his waist and she could feel the muscles of his back through his shirt.

And with that kiss, she felt like every other person around them was disappearing, one by one, leaving them the only people in the world, their hearts beating in sync, breaking for air as if breathing every inch of each other, just the two of them, Emma and Killian, alone.

Emma flushed her body against his and moved her hands so they were joined at the back of Killian's neck while his hands traced the curves of her body, making her shiver along the way, before settling on her waist, his fingertips playing at the small of her back, igniting a fire she'd long since felt at the pit of her stomach.

They were only brought back to the real world by the loud sound of someone clearing their throat. Their lips broke apart and Emma's head turned to face a very uncomfortable looking Neal, his hand scratching his head.

"Uh," he started, clearly confused at the presence of the man at her side "Hey Emma, long time no see!" He mentioned towards Killian "Who's this?"

She and Killian turned to face him, as he kept one of his arms around her waist.

"Neal; hi," she answered, poison practically dripping from her tone, but instantly sweetening as she looked at Killian "This is my boyfriend, Killian." She answered, hoping silently Killian would be fine pretending to be dating her until Neal left her alone.

"And who might this be, darling?" Killian asked, pulling Emma against him and dropping a kiss on her head.

"This is Neal, honey, we dated for a while" she answered, making her response as nonchalant as possible.

Neal looked at a loss for words as his eyes shifted between Killian and her, taking a while before he spoke again.

"You're dating again?" was unfortunately for him all he could manage to come up with.

"Yes Neal," she nodded slowly, raising her eyebrows as if to prove her point "I am, and this time it's someone who won't go cheating on me at every turn!" Killian's arm around her seemed to tighten at her words.

Neal looked baffled by the entire situation, clearly trying to come up with something to say, his train of thoughts being cut by Killian.

"I think you should leave now, mate" Emma could hear Killian's disgust for the man standing in front of them through his words, and felt an odd sense of security watching Neal walk away while still in the Englishman's embrace, before turning to him.
"Thank you so much Killian, I don't think I could have gotten through that alone" she looked at him, exhaling deeply, as a relieved smile crept on her face, and she saw his features soften up again, his previous mischievous smirk finding it's way back onto his face.

"It was my utmost pleasure watching that twat squirm after what he did to you" he answered, his lips pursing for a second.

Before Emma began saying something, she was cut by Ruby, looking as excited as ever.

"Oh my god Emma you'll never believe what just happened! So Neal's date," she made quotation marks with her fingers at the word date "was totally flirting with Mulan back there, and was totally blown off when Aurora showed up and kissed her girlfriend on the cheek, and apparently, she was telling Mulan that Neal totally brought her to make you jealous to get you back!"

Emma's eyes widened at the news, and so did Ruby's when she saw Killian's arm still around her waist, her usual wolfish smile splitting her face.

"And what happened here?" She asked, wiggling her finger at the both of them.

"I just followed your advice Rubs and made him jealous" answered Emma proudly as Victor joined them.

"Hey Jones, I see you met Swan then!" He said, looking quite proud of his set up, the mention of both last names had Killian and Emma staring at each-other in surprise.

"Wait, you're Jones?!!" She asked, her tone of surprise being matched by Killian.

"Aye, and you're Swan?!!" His eyes lit up and a big smile appeared on his face "It seems we are meant to be, as these two keep telling me every time we go out! Do you realise they've been trying to set us up for months now?" He adds, pointing to Ruby and Victor, both of them walking away with knowing smiles on their faces.

They laugh whole heartedly, admiring the whole absurdity of the situation.

"Hey, I don't mean to sound too forward or anything, love," he starts, a finger going to rub the back of his ear "but if I'm not mistaken, if we leave now, we could still make it in time for the new Doctor Who; so what do you say, eh Swan?" He looks at her intensely as he offers her a hand, and she can see so many emotions swimming through the ocean of his cerulean eyes, admiration, amazement, and, hope?

"Allons-y!" She says, taking his hand, the spark running through her at the simple contact making her blush as they made their way out, hand in hand.
First Kisses and Big Productions

Chapter Summary

OTP as part of the First Kiss video, which you don't have to watch first to get but it doesn't hurt!

All characters belong to OUAT!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

First Kiss video

As she was ushered from hair and makeup to wardrobe, all she could think was this is the most elaborate and useless commercial ever.

She'd been bored when she'd filled out the application, thinking she could use the money, not that being a bails-bonds person didn't bring in a good pay, but the jobs seemed to become scarce, and she didn't know when her next manhunt would be taking place.

So why not, she'd thought, or more accurately, what those three glasses of wine had thought, and so she'd printed the fill out sheet, answered the questions and finished the form with a picture of herself before slipping it in an envelope and going out and walking the few meters between her building's door and the local mailbox, in which she slipped the sealed envelope. If she was being completely honest, she'd completely forgotten about the whole ordeal until a couple of weeks ago, when she'd received a phone call from the director, who'd made her promise not to cut her long hair after giving her the details of the shoot.

They had her in a high waisted black circle skirt, and a cropped, three quarters sleeves black and white striped shirt that dipped in the back, exposing most of it, and she had combat boot styled heels at her feet. Her hair was in some complicated braid crown that wrapped around her head the way a headband would, and that she couldn't recreate at home if she tried. All in all she felt ridiculous, a far stretch from her usual clothes, or even the occasional "date" dresses she'd wear on jobs sometimes.

When she stepped on the set, she was amazed at how big the production is for such a simple video and at all the unnecessary measures taken by the crew. Over 10 light sources, most of them unused in the back, on-set makeup artists and hair stylists for "last minute touch ups", and about 40 people in the filming crew alone.

At the sight, Emma could but only snort.

She was told she would only be meeting her "co-star" when they would begin filming, and was asked to keep her back turned to the set as the last few tweaks were made to get ready for filming, and, soon enough, she was told to get to the centre of the set and keep her eyes to the ground, and heard the same being said to someone called Killian, whom she assumed was her co-star.

Then they started filming and they were both told to look up.
During her conversation with the director, she was told that each couple was paired according to their compatibility, and she could barely remember what her drunk mind had written down, except for the words "dark and mysterious", which she remembered precisely.

The least that can be said is that she was taken aback by the man standing before her.

He was the walking definition of dark and mysterious, hair nearing a black hue and a stubble with slight hints of ginger, the dark hair continuing on his body as far as she could see from the patch of chest showing due to the few open buttons at the top of his royal blue button up, also allowing her a glimpse of what seemed to be tribal looking charms on a silver chain. The dark hair continued on his forearms, bared by his rolled up sleeves, and Emma could only imagine the rest of his seemingly well-toned body, the shirt and black pants fitting snugly on him and allowing her a peek at the muscles underneath, was covered as well.

As she looked into his blue, blue eyes, she saw the feeling of pleasant surprise growing in her reflected, a grin that made her grow warm all over depositing itself on his lovely face.

They were only a few steps away from one another, and he got closer to her, half an arm's length separating them, and extended his hand for her to shake.

"Killian"

"Oh great! And he had an accent too!"

"Emma" she answered, taking his hand in a soft grip and shaking it slightly. Normally she'd have been more forceful, but she'd been given specific orders to let the outfit's personality speak out, and they were practically screaming "soft woman that would probably not know how to tackle someone thrice her size and bring them to their knees", so she just went along with it.

They stood there in awkward silence, eyes moving all over the place in an attempt not to cross each other's gazes, making them laugh a bit, some of the weirdness of the situation before them fading away slightly.

"So, do we just kiss?" Killian asked the director, who was staring at them with the proudest smile ever, apparently quite happy with her set up.

"Yeah," she answered "whenever you guys are ready! We're rolling." She nodded at them with an encouraging stare and stars in her eyes in an anticipation Emma didn't understand. Hadn't the woman been filming people making out for the first time all day?

Emma was brought back from her thoughts as warm and strong hands slid to her waist, green meeting blue in an intensive combat as her own hands made their way to his shoulders.

"Don't hold back, love," Killian smirked at her "I can tell you don't want to." He added in a low husky voice, raising an eyebrow at her and running his tongue alongside his bottom lip, making a shiver run through her, and making his grin spread even wider as he took in her body's response to his words.

"You couldn't handle it" she reposted, rolling her eyes at him.

"Perhaps you're the one who couldn't handle it." His linger on that final "T" was what made her snap. She brought her hands to the back of his neck and pulled him down hard as for their lips to collide with immense power and passion, igniting a fire in both of them.

Killian's tongue slipped into Emma's mouth as he pulled her even closer to him, flushing her body to
his as she back began to arch into his pull, her arm going completely around his neck and crossing there, allowing him to deepen the kiss even more as his hands were running up and down her body.

Emma had to admit she was surprised when she felt one of her feet going up the slightest bit in a pin up pose.

After a few moments of complete and utter passion, their kisses slowed down to something almost sickeningly sweet, one of his hands stroking the bare skin at her back as one of hers caressed his neck and face, and the second one was running through his luscious dark hair, they tongues no longer forceful, but now settling into a lazy dance.

When they finally broke apart, they both looked in awe of each other, their kiss having quite clearly left both of them in amazement at how well they'd fitted together, and laughed at the weirdness of their situation, making out for the first time in front of a whole crew of cameras not being the standard way first kisses usually go.

Emma laughed at his disheveled appearance, noticing he had lipstick all over and around his mouth, and she brought up a thumb to clean the mess up, but Killian's hand caught hers as it was nearing his cheek, and he pressed a kiss inside the palm of it, making her blush to the roots and making him give her an almost bashful smile that made her heart melt a little more before turning his face to the cameras.

"Did you get it?" He asked, an arm curling around her waist, the director nodding wildly at them, tears in her eyes that she dabbed away with a tissue from a box she'd kept next to her, and Emma and Killian were both lead off the set.

Later, as Emma exited the studio in the darkness, the sun having set a while ago, she felt a hand curling around her wrist. Her self defence training kicking in, she turned quickly and threw a punch at the figure's face, quickly realising her mistake.

When she took a step back to have a look at her "attacker", while he moaned in pain, hands clutching at his nose, and recognised the dark head of hair as the one her fingers had been running through not an hour before.

"Killian?" She asked, chest still heaving from having been taken by surprise.

"Aye!" He nearly growled "Who else would it bloody be?" He pulled on hand away, inspecting his fingers, finding them covered in blood from his nose as Emma rushed to help him, spewing out apologies constantly.

She took him to the hospital to get his nose checked, to find out that he'd been extremely lucky, as there was no break or fracture.

"Better work on that punch eh lass?" He offered her a smirk in spite of his rapidly swelling nose, to which she rolled her eyes and a light smack to the chest.

After the hospital, she insisted on getting him a coffee to make up for the incident, and they sat and talked for hours, sharing stories and reflecting on the absurdities of the day, each contributing their own opinions, "Why would a video that's only gonna make it to YouTube need so much crew?" from her, to which he agreed, and "I understand your reasoning for punching me, Swan, but would it have killed you to simply check whom it was behind you?" from him as he itched his nose gently, the swelling having gone down, but turning him into a purple nosed Rudolf.

When he kissed her that night, although it was slow and sweet, she felt heat pooling at the pit of her
stomach, unknowing that the sensation was shared by Killian, who was doing all he could to keep himself under control.

Two weeks later, she invited him over to watch the video that’d come out on YouTube, and was gaining views at an incredible rate, and he ended up staying the night.

A couple of years later, the video was projected on a big screen on the day of their wedding, the happy couple laughing as they looked back to their beginnings, thanking the gods of YouTube and sneaky publicity for having brought them together.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I’m not completely happy with the end of this as I really wrote it in a hurry but yeah!
If anyone has any prompts feel free to leave them in the comments!
The art studio was near empty as he entered it, the sound of water running in the back where the sinks were situated alerting him of someone else's presence here.

He put his bags down next to a stool and easel, propped his canvas up and got his materials out, ranging from basic elements such as charcoal to trace his lines before beginning the actual painting, and different types of paints, ranging from acrylics to oils and gouaches, and his utensils, brushes, palettes, painting knife and whatnot.

His last touch on the preparations was clipping his reference picture to the edge of the easel, a picture he'd taken during the first week of snow, after a big snow fight has ensued in the oval between the students, and he'd been present with his camera to snap some pictures, the subject in the one he'd chosen, the beautiful Emma Swan, snowflakes stuck in her hair and a brilliant smile on her face as she stood in front of the sun looking as if she herself was the light source. The sun illuminated the silhouette of her unknowing profile, (he liked it better when his subjects didn't know they were being photographed, allowing him to capture the most naturally beautiful scenes).

He plugged his earbuds into his phone and pressed play, music blaring in his ears as he traced his sketch with his charcoal, fixing it with spray quickly before beginning to paint.

One of the things Killian loved most in art was getting lost in it, the colours filling his mind as his hands moved the brushes, their strokes possessing his body as his head bobbed along to whatever music he was into at the moment. This time, it was iconic soundtracks that filled his playlist, all those unforgettable symphonies that went along some of the biggest cinematographic pieces, such as The Godfather, Star Wars, Indiana Jones, or more recent stuff but still taken from wildly known films like Harry Potter.

Before he knew it, almost an hour had passed, and he was done with the background of his piece, all different hues of blues, and was getting started on the lovely Swan's face.

Taking a short break, Killian looked around the room, remembering someone was in the back when he'd gotten there, trying to see if his fellow artist was still present.

That's when he saw her.
Emma Swan in all her glory, blond hair spilling out of a messy bun held up by multiple paintbrushes, a large white apron coat all splotched with different types of paints, ranging from watercolours, to what seemed to be oil paints and gouaches.

He'd known he liked her from the moment he'd seen her in their painting class the previous semester, but, over the months they spent sitting side by side, he'd fallen so deeply in love with the woman he barely been able to control his joy when she'd asked to meet him at the oval the day of the snow fight, and had been running a bit late while getting his camera and photography gear ready and snow proof, getting there only to take that picture of her he was painting before witnessing her locking lips with Neal Cassidy, a stuck up prat whom Killian had seen eying Swan whenever she'd allow him to walk her to her next class, after which he'd gone back to his dorm, wishing it was him instead of that prick kissing the wonderful woman behind him.

Sitting at a table not too far in front of him, working on what appeared to be a watercolour, a thin brush in hand, she was working with extreme precision, her brows furrowed and her teeth clamping down on another brush.

She couldn't see him behind his canvas, or at least he hoped so, not wanting her to notice she was the subject of his painting.

Killian tried shaking the beautiful blond out of his mind in hopes of getting back to his own work, the arts taking over his senses again.

When he was finally done with the face, having matched every line in her smile and every shadow on her fair skin, he attacked the hair, soon realising his playlist had ended, and he was sitting in silence in the studio.

Confused at the lack of noise, he leaned to the side of his easel to see if Emma was still here, and found her materials still present on her table, neatly packed up, but she, herself, was nowhere to be seen.

"We're you gonna tell me you creeping took a picture of me while I wasn't looking and are now painting me?" A voice sounded behind him, making him jump in his seat, his knee hitting the table on which his mug of turpentine was set, making the contents of it spill on him, soaking both his sweater and T-shirt right through in a big muddy looking stain.

A flow of cusses started pouring out of both their mouths, him, in embarrassment at the situation and at the contact of the cold liquid with his skin, frantically trying to dab away the stain in vain, and her, apologising for being the cause of the stain on him.

"I am so sorry oh my god I did not mean for you to be so surprised I thought you knew I was standing there!" She blabbered, looking around chaotically for anything to help make the stain go away.

"What would make you think that Swan? I clearly had my earphones in and quite obviously checked if you were still at your seat!" His voice went a whole octave higher as his accent seemed to get thicker while he kept furiously rubbing at the stain with his cloth, an action that seemed to worsen the situation instead of improving it at all, as it made the alcohol in the liquid evaporate faster, sealing the brownish colour in his light blue sweater. Emma seemed not to realise this as she grabbed more tissues and started rubbing at the stain as well, muttering apologies to him, until he through his hands in defeat.

"It's no use, love!" He ran a hand through his hair, "It seems this jumper and shirt are done for." He gently pushed her hand away, bending over to reach within his bag, the position exposing a small
slice of his back that made Emma feel warm all over.

He reached back up, a long sleeved black shirt in hand, his face in a triumphant smirk as he got out of his seat and set the shirt on the stool.

"What are you do-" she started, getting cut by Killian's sweater and shirt being taken off simultaneously, leaving him with nothing on top, his chest bare to all.

Emma could not help but stare at the man's firm looking torso, the top of it covered by dark hairs matching the ones on his head, and that continues downwards to disappear beneath his pants, where her gaze seemed to be drifting before she was able to stop herself, bringing her eyes back to his gleaming stare, quite aware of her staring.

"See anything you like, love?" He grinned at her, his tongue daring out of his mouth to moisten his lips, making her blush all over.

Although she would never admit to it, Emma was completely and utterly in love with the artist standing shirtless in front of her, whom she'd met in a painting course the previous semester. And, while he'd done nothing but throw innuendos at her the entire class and she'd thought he was the single most annoying human being on the planet at first, they'd grown closer over time, making comments about all the stuck up people in their class while sitting in the back, and eventually, Emma began developing feelings for him.

A few days after the beginning of the new semester, it had snowed during the whole week, and, with encouragements from her friends, Emma had had the courage to text Killian to ask him if he wanted to meet her at the green oval where she'd heard students were gathering for a snow fight, but he hadn't showed up, or at least she thought he hadn't shown up, and was proved wrong by that photo of her she recognised from that day.

"You came, that day, at the oval..." She said, her voice small as she kept her eyes to the photo.

"Of course I bloody did, Swan!" He answered, "I wouldn't have you hanging now would I?" His voice was low, seemingly filled with emotion. "I was running late because I was getting my camera!"

"But, why didn't you come talk to me?" She turned to face him, her green eyes set on him with intensity.

"Well, love," he looked at her, "it seems you were too busy getting your face eaten by Cassidy to notice my mere presence." His tone was bitter as he gave a hard chuckle and pulled the forgotten black shirt over his head and ran a hand through his disheveled hair.

Cassidy. Neal. She remembered now. The idiot had come and kissed her after she'd laughed at a joke he'd told, and she'd pushed him back as soon as she'd had her mind wrapped around what was going on, slapping him hard and storming back to her room.

She just stared at him, at a loss for words, watching his jaw clench as she searched and searched for something to say, before finally breaking the silence.

"Would you maybe want to go grab a coffee sometime?"

His head snapped up to look at her, confusion written all over his features, soon being replaced by a dazzling smile that made her stomach flutter.

"I would absolutely love to, Swan, but on one condition." He looked sternly at her, making her
stomach drop and her eyebrows furrow.

"Don't bring Cassidy." He said, biting back a grin.

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The next week, Emma woke up with a knock on her door and a finished painting at her feet. And the next time it snowed, few years later, Killian was the one kissing her underneath the snowfall, before dropping on one knee and pulling out a velvet box.

He had his mate Robin capture the moment as she said yes and a huge painting of the proposal was present at their wedding, right next to a watercolour of the groom and an oil painting of the bride.

Chapter End Notes

OKAY I'M ACTUALLY REALLY HAPPY WITH HOW THIS TURNED OUT CONSIDERING THAT I WAS SO DONE WITH IT AT ONE POINT I JUST FELT LIKE GIVING IT UP BUT THEN IT JUST FLOWS OUT OF ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND just yeah.

So leave a comment, prompt, kudos, whatever you feel like and I'll see you guys next time! Bye!!
Chapter Summary

We share a class and you forgot your notebook under your desk but luckily your phone's written inside. Ps: your doodles are pretty cool.

Chapter Notes

Okay so I was really hating this one until right towards the end when it really flowed out easily.
Also they are really occ so forgive me please :p

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emma had noticed the dark haired man from the moment he'd walked in the classroom and settled opposite of her in that weird circular seating arrangement the professor had insisted upon.

He'd been a good half an hour late, so his arrival in the small room was noticed by everyone, and she swore she heard every girl's, and a few of the guys', breath hitch. Not that she could blame any of them.

The man was gorgeous.

Lean figure, dark hair covering his barren forearms and bit of chest uncovered by his unbuttoned henley, a jawline that could cut like a knife covered with a perfect five o'clock shadow tinted with ginger, a face that could make the angels sing, and eyes bluer than she'd ever seen.

Their professor had shot him an irritated glare before getting back to explaining the syllabus for their semester. The moment he had turned his back on the class to write something about the grading system on the board, Emma saw the late arrival take out a big black notebook and a pencil and begin to take notes, which she didn't understand, this only being the first class and all, and he didn't stop or took his eyes off of it except for the occasional glances at the professor until the end of the period, quickly packing his stuff and heading out the door.

His name was Jones and he had an accent, she learnt one day, when he picked up his phone while waiting for the class to begin and answered with "Jones speaking", having a quick conversation about some rough drafts of projects and whatnot, all the while scribbling on his notebook absentmindedly.
Sometimes, Emma would feel his eyes on her as she took notes, listened to the lecture being given, or on her phone, and would look at his cerulean eyes and give him a small smile, to which he would answer with a bashful one, the tip of his pointed ears reddening, quickly returning to his mysterious notebook.

Some days she really wondered what was in that thing.

Doctor Mills had kept them a good ten minutes extra at the end of class to finish up the chapter, something everyone seemed very annoyed at, especially Killian, his attention not on his notebook for once, the object forgotten on the small desk as his fingers drummed on it and his knee bounced underneath him, his jaw clenching every now and then. He obviously seemed to have a class directly after that one and wasn't keen on being late.

When they were dismissed, he nearly bolted out of the classroom and took off with a run in the hallway.

Emma noticed the, now familiar looking, black notebook still on the desk and she couldn't believe it. She went to pick it up, images of Killian's protectiveness of the object popping up in her mind as she couldn't wrap her head around the fact that he's forgotten in.

She slipped it in her book bag and left the classroom in direction of her next class, although her mind was set on going back to the privacy of her dorm, where she couldn't wait to have a look inside object of her curiosity for the past couple of months.

Once she stepped in her small room, she shrugged her leather jacket off quicker than ever before and kicked off her boots at monumental speed, pulling the notebook out of her bag and settling on her bed, cross legged, as she began her inspection.

The outside of it was relatively simple, a regular big sized black moleskin notebook with the thick cover so typical of the brand, and Emma had no idea what to expect of the object.

It could very well be nothing but a simple notebook filled with actual notes, but she couldn't help but let her mind wander to what the pages might contain, but nothing could prepare her to what awaited when she open it, her face splitting in a smile, in amazement at the work before her.

The pages were covered in beautiful drawings of all kinds, students waiting in line at the cafeteria, a scene of the central part of campus, caricatures of students and teachers, she recognised Mills' "Evil Queen" stare she'd thrown him when he's arrived late, her cheeks and lips accentuated and her stance stricter than ever fixing what seemed to be a caricature of himself, his cheekbones and forehead the prominent features of his drawing, making her laugh.

Of course, there were still notes on the pages, but most of the times, they were incorporated in the
There were also a lot of tattoo styled drawings, most of them nautically themed, clean strokes of ballpoint pen or different types of pencils adorning the thick paper creating beautiful pieces that looked perfect for body art, anchors with crosshatched shadowing, a sailor's tattoo of a blond mermaid, with her fingered tangled tantalisingly in her hair, her face in a tempting smirk, which she recognised as her own after further inspection.

Wait, what?

He'd drawn her?

As a mermaid?

Her brows furrowed in confusion as she kept flipping the pages, encountering more and more drawings of her in different styles and situations, realistic ones such as her in her usual "learning position", an elbow on the table and her chin settled on the palm of her hand and a leg underneath her as she looked intensely in direction of the professor, quick minimalistic drawings on her profile, details from different features of her face like her eyes, her nose, her mouth, oh god there were so many of her mouth! Her smiling, pursing her lips retaining a smile, laughing, biting her lower lip, running her tongue along them, a pencil between her teeth, the drawings of her went on and on. She saw herself in a princess gown riding a horse, fighting alongside a pirate version of him, both of them dresses in leather, on the deck of a ship, or even, fighting an Evil Queen that looked a whole lot like Professor Regina Mills with magic powers.

But it was the last drawing that truly floored her.

It was a drawing of her in what seemed to be a feather gown, elegant wings extending on her back.

He'd turned her into a swan princess.

Emma didn't know what to think, what to do. She closed the notebook with a slam and put it aside, thinking about all that she'd seen, only to pick it back up again a few minutes later to flip through it again, noticing a detail she hadn't paid attention to before, a neatly written message on the inside of the cover that read his name and phone number and a miniature cartoon illustration of himself underneath his information.

Emma bit her lip at the number, thinking about her next action. She couldn't keep it, that was certain, the man needed his notes.

She picked up her phone and dialled the number, suddenly feeling extremely self conscious at the idea of her first conversation with him to be over the phone, but her train of thought was shortly cut by a deep voice at the other end of the line.

"Jones speaking" she smiled and gave out a little huff at the greeting, quickly regaining her grip on the situation, remembering who it was she was on the phone with, the words suddenly leaving her.

"Hello? Anyone there?" His accent seemed thicker over the phone, she thought as she quickly regained her senses.

"Hello, yes, it's Emma!" She was met by silence "Emma Swan? From Design Culture? We sit opposite of each other?"

"Right! Yes! Swan!" He exclaimed "It's nice to finally put a first name on your lovely last name, and
even lovelier face!"

She blushed a bright shade of red and was suddenly very glad he could not actually see her right now.

"Now, not to be rude or anything, love," he continued "but did you need anything? And how did you get my number?"

"Ah, uhm, yes, turns out you forgot your notebook in class today and your number's written inside so I thought I'd give you a call, see if you wanted to arrange a meeting or anything to give it back to you" she gnawed at her thumbnail as she heard some rustling from his side of the line.

"Bloody hell..." She heard him mutter "Can't believe I forgot the bloody thing!"

"Oh don't worry it's not damaged or anything!" Emma quickly added, hearing the tone of anguish in his voice "I picked it up the second I realised you'd bolted out of class without it."

"Ah, well thank you about that, Swan." He gave a relieved huff "Don't know what I'd have done without the buggering thing."

"No problem at all Jones." She answered, smiling at his use of her last name.

A moment of awkward silence settled upon them as they both thought of things to say, the silence finally broken by Killian clearing his throat.

"So uhm, when are you free to meet up?" He asked, and she pursed her lips in a smile, practically seeing the tip of his ears blush through the phone.

"I'm done for the day if you wanna meet up for coffee or something?" She tried keeping her voice casual as she was nearly erupting with excitement.

"Erm, yeah, I can do today, four o'clock good with you?" He asked, and she glanced at her clock to see it was already three thirty.

"Yeah four is good with me," she nodded to herself "The Beanstalk good with you?"

"Yes absolutely, it's a date." He responded.

Emma froze at those words, the smile already on her face growing even larger as she heard him quickly trying to cover up for his mistake by babbling excuses, and was cut off in the middle of his apologies by Emma.

"It's a date then." She said, before hanging up.

Emma ran a hand through her hair one last time before entering The Beanstalk, the notebook pressed between her side and her elbow, scanning the room for her date (she still could not believe this was happening), before finally spotting the familiar dark hair towards the back, sitting on a comfortable looking chair with two mugs sitting on the coffee table in front of him as he looked outside the window.

As she made her way to him, he noticed her arrival, and his mouth formed a smile as he stood up to
greet her.

"Hi" he breathed out, as if the wind had been knocked out of his lungs.

"Hey" she answered, feeling the heat rush through her cheeks.

They stood there looking into each other's eyes until he broke his stare away, looking down as his forefinger went to scratch the back of his ear in a nervous tick she found endearing.

"Err, please," he motioned to the chair in front of him "have a seat."

They both sat down, and he pushed a mug towards her as he took a hold of the second one.

"I took the liberty of ordering us some coffee, I hope that's okay with you, Swan."

"Yeah, yes!" She took the cup "Coffee is great, thank you! And here," she held out the notebook "I believe this is yours."

She grinned as he took it back quickly, running a quick hand through his hair, looking embarrassed at the moleskin in her possession.

"They're really good, your drawings." She added, the statement making his head snap up so their states met, and she saw surprise in his beautiful blues, a shy smile setting on his features.

"Ah, thank you, love" he tilted his head to the side and scratched the top of it "But they're just doodles really."

"Are you kidding me?!" Her eyes widened as she gripped her mug tighter "They are incredible; you're incredible! Don't bring yourself down! You've got talent!" She looked at him with a big smile.

He raised an eyebrow at her, leaning in, resting his elbows on his knees "So I'm incredible, eh Swan?" Any trace of bashfulness he had shown earlier was completely gone, and his eyes roamed her body before looking straight back into hers, his sweet smile turning into a flirty grin.

Quickly feeling the change in mood, she crossed her legs and mirrored his posture, highlighting her bust in that wonderful low cut shirt she was wearing.

"Yeah, you're pretty incredible," she answered in the same tone he'd employed "well, at drawing at least. I don't know about the rest." She leaned back in her seat, watching his eyes glimmer and his smirk widen in response.

"Oh, I can assure you Swan I'm incredible at a whole lot of things." He ran his tongue along the corner of his lips.

"Oh, really?" She raised an eyebrow at him and smirked back "You'll have to prove that to me then, Jones."

"I'll be looking forward to doing just that, lass." His eyes darkened slightly "How does dinner Friday night sound with you?"

"Sounds perfect." She answered, getting up from her seat.

He got up as well, both their coffees sitting on the table, long forgotten.

"Guess I'll see you then, love."
"Guess you will." She paused "And maybe later you could practice your nudes." She turned her back to him and walked out before he could react.

(When Friday night came, you could say they both did as well.)

Chapter End Notes

As always leave your comments, kudos, anything you feel like leaving, and if you stumble upon any prompts just leave them there as well!!
Chapter Summary

Couple's Monopoly night and we're the only single people.

Chapter Notes

Alright okay first of all I want to apologise for how long this one took, I started it on Valentine's Day but it just would not come out until last night when most of it flowed out and I finished it tonight!

Alright hope you enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Of course they’d want to have board game Saturday on Friday 13th instead of Saturday, it being Valentine’s Day.

Emma sighed as she got her apartment ready for the evening, pulling out her Monopoly out of the closet and opening it on the dinner table, arranging the money and cards and taking the car out of the available pieces for her own use.

She didn’t want to spend Valentine’s eve sober and surrounded by her happy-go-lucky, lovey-dovey couple friends being all romantic around each other, reminding her of her all-too-single state. At least Jones will be in the same boat as me she thought with a snicker before setting out the snacks next to the board and grabbing the phone to order a couple of pizzas, before opening her liquor cabinet and grabbing a bottle of vodka and shot glasses, setting them on the table as well, before taking a glass and pouring a drink for herself. Better start now she thought, downing her drink as a knock on the door alerted her of the beginning of her torture.

She opened the door to find, to her surprise, Killian Jones standing there. She looked at him in confusion. “Jones. You’re early.” He was always one to arrive later than the rest of them.

“Am I?” He stepped inside the apartment and took off his leather jacket, placing it on the armrest of the couch before turning back to face Emma, “Well I guess that the idea of our game night being hosted by your lovely self was enough to motivate me to get here early.” An eyebrow shot up and he tilted his head.
“So, are you ready to endure an entire evening surrounded by couples being in love around us?” She asked him, sarcasm dripping from her words.

“Not sober I’m not!” he retorted, taking a shot glass from the table and pouring himself a shot before downing it. Noticing Emma’s leftover glass he looked to her and grinned “I see I’m not the only one in need of a drink this evening.”

She huffed a laugh and walked to the table next to him and refilled her small glass “Yeah I’m not one for people acting sappy around me.”

“Well how about a little drinking game to help us undergo this beast of an evening ahead of us, eh Swan?” he filled his glass again and held it up to her.

“You have caught my attention, Jones, what do you propose?” she picked her glass up, looking into his captivating blue eyes with interest.

“We take a shot every time our dearest friends sicken us with foolishly sentimental behaviour. How’s that with you, love?” He raised an eyebrow at her with a smirk on his lips, to which she responded with a tight-lipped smile, clinking her glass to his.

“You’re on.” She answered, before they both downed their drinks and a there was a knock at the door again.

Nearing end of the game, they were all clearly drunk, taking shots every now and then

“And another double! I am on a roll!”

Ruby moved her top hat four spaces and landed on a Chance space and picked up an orange card.

“Fuck yeah! Get out of jail card!” her excitement was answered by the groans of everyone else.
“You weren’t supposed to get that card!” whined a clearly drunk Mary Margret “You were only a double away from going to jail and doing us all a favour!” she crossed her arms on her chest and pouted, but not before sticking her tongue out at Ruby.

“It’s alright honey it’s just a game.” Said David, putting an arm around his girlfriend’s shoulder bringing her close to him before propping a sloppy kiss on the top of her head. At that, Killian and Emma looked at each other, grins on their faces as they poured themselves shots inconspicuously and downed them quickly.

“I know but it’s not fair!” she complained “She was supposed to go to jail we keep landing on her property! It’s not just me I’m angry for, but all of us! Look!” she pointed to Killian’s ship on Illinois Avenue “You made Killian pay twice already!”

“Oi!” He interjected “Don’t bring me into this! I’m perfectly fine with Lucas, knowing she’s already fallen on my B&O Railroad thrice.”

The tiny brunette huffed at went back to pouting, laughter going around the group.

“Alright,” said Victor, “It’s your turn again babe.” He picked up the dice and handed them to Ruby once more. She rolled them once more, getting a five and a four, landing her on Emma’s Pacific Avenue, getting the blond to pound a fist in the air.

“Yeah! Pay up Rubs!” she laughed manically, taking the money Ruby was handing her, a look of annoyance on her friend’s face before turning to Killian “See, I told you it would be a good investment, everyone’s fallen on it at least once.”

“I don’t doubt your logic for buying the property, Swan, but let’s just remind ourselves how many times you’ve fallen on my New York Avenue.” He answered with a smirk and a wiggle of eyebrows, which she rolled her eyes at.

At that, Ruby pulled out some shot glasses and a bottle of vodka and poured shots for the couples and her. “Alright guys, shots.”

Emma and Killian watched in confusion as Mary Margret, David, Victor, and Ruby downed their shots and grimaced at the liquid burning its way down their throats.
“What the bloody hell is going on?” asked Killian, an eyebrow shooting up and a huff of laughter coming out.

“Yeah I could ask the same thing.” Laughed Emma

“Well,” Slurred David “Ruby here made us all agree we’d take a shot every time you two would flirt.” He made quotation marks in the air at the word flirt.

“That’s not what we agreed upon,” interjected Ruby before turning back to Emma and Killian “We agreed on taking a shot every time the sexual tension between you two was so heavy we could cut it with a butter knife,” she gestured drunkenly between the two of them “or it made David uncomfortable. Don’t think we haven’t been noticing the two of you taking shots together and those heated stare you keep sending one another!”

Emma and Killian looked at each other for a moment before the both of them began laughing, turning to look at the rest of their friends, due more to the amount of alcohol in their system than to the actual situation.

“We’re actually taking shots every time you guys are being disgustingly cutesy with each other!” exclaimed Emma, tears of laughter welling up in her eyes.

At that, Ruby burst into laughter, soon joined by Mary Margret, David and Victor, the six of them clearly too drunk for their own good.

"Walk home safe!” Emma called out to the two couples wobbling away, grabbing onto the door for support barely standing upright, before closing it and turning back to her last guest.

"Seems like I should be going as well, love.” Killian said, seeming much more sober than anyone else from their group.

"How come you're not drunk?” Emma inquired as she hobbled forward to him, grabbing his forearm for support. "We drank the same amount!"
"I, Swan, seem to have a much higher tolerance for drinks than the rest of you lightweights." He steadied her, putting an arm around her "Also I had dinner before coming." He grinned.

"Well anyways," she poked his chest "there is absolutely no way I'm letting you drive, no matter how sober you seem to be."

"And what exactly do you propose, Swan?" He wiggled his eyebrows at her suggestively (knowing full well he would not touch her in her utterly pissed state, he was, after all, a gentleman).

"You sir," she began walking, pulling him with her to her room, opening a cupboard after a few failed trials at catching the handle, and pulling out a pillow and two blankets and pushing them to him "are gonna take this stuff and go sleep on the couch." She said, eyes half closed, head flailing around while she wagged a finger at him in warning. "And no funny business!"

He chuckled at her drunken state, leading her to the bed and sitting her down "I wouldn't dare, love, although I might dream about it, and I surely hope you do too."

He made sure she was sitting properly and would be falling over or such, and made his way to the kitchen to fill up a glass of water, bringing it back to Emma.

"Now, Swan, I know you don't like taking orders from anyone, but you should drink this, for tomorrow not to be that bad a nightmare."

She frowned and raised her voice, her words coming out severely distorted "Now listen here Mister-sexy-facial-hair-Jones! I don't like taking orders from anyone!"

He raised an eyebrow so high at the nickname she'd called him by he wasn't entirely sure it was still on his forehead, before rolling his eyes at her drunken antics "Just drink the bloody water Swan." He huffed.

"Fine." She pouted, holding the glass with both hands and bringing it to her lips, gulping it down slowly until the glass was empty. "Happy now?" She held the glass up to him.

"Very." He answered, taking the glass from her. "You should go to bed, love, it's getting quite late."
"Why though? I don't want to go to bed!" She whined "What time is it anyways?"

He glanced at the clock situated on her bedside table "Almost five to one, lass."

She gasped, bringing her hands to her mouth "You know what that means right?" He raised an eyebrow at her in question "It's Valentine's Day!" She leaped off the bed, hugging him tightly, the impact almost knocking the glass out of his hand. "Will you be my Valentine, Killian?" She murmured, her voice muffled out by his shoulder she had her face pressed against.

"Of course I'll be your Valentine, love, although, while you seem serious about your question in your current state, I do not believe your sober self would be interested in having me as her Valentine." His tone was tinted by hint of sorrow, partially covered by his usual humorous voice.

"That's because sober me has no balls and would never have the courage to ask you." Her voice was low, almost inaudible, but seemed less drunk than she'd been before. "Please Killian," she looked up to meet his gaze "be my Valentine."

Killian took a deep breath. "Fine, I'll be your Valentine, now go sleep, lass, you're exhausted."

He helped roll back the covers and helped her getting into bed, dropping a small kiss on her forehead as she fell into blissful sleep.

He walked back to the couch, where he'd left the stuff Emma'd given him, setting it on his soon-to-be mattress, stepping out of his pants and taking off his shirt and settings them aside as he laid on the couch, covering himself with the blankets, and raking his fingers through his hair, exhaling deeply. She would surely not remember a word that she'd spoken when the morning came. Perhaps that's for the best, he thought.

(although he wished it wasn't)

Emma woke up to the painful throbbing of her head, groaning at the sunlight seeping through her curtains. She rubbed her eyes, leaving her hands there as she reflected on the previous night. She couldn't remember anything after she and Killian had been called out by their friends for their "sexual tension", she gave a short, quiet laugh at the term, unfortunately worsening her headache.
After a while of resting and trying to recall the late night's events back to her memory (in vain), Emma heard rustling coming from her kitchen.

Brows furrowed, she got out of bed, and opened her room's door in order to have a peek at whatever was going on outside, and she had to say the sight she was met with causes both her extreme confusion and surprise.

Killian Jones was standing shirtless at to her stove, his back to her, varying ingredients set out on her countertop as he went through making what seemed to be breakfast (she couldn't tell what time of day it was, only that it was, in fact, daytime).

Realising what she must look like with stupor, Emma closed the door to her room slowly, hoping he would not be alerted by her creeping.

Oh god she thought as she tried piecing her thoughts together as to why he would be here, again, to no avail. Could we have... She thought in shock, before remembering she was still in yesterday's clothes, and her bed was unmade from her side only (and no, Emma would absolutely not admit to feeling a twinge of disappointment at finding out she hadn't slept with, by far, the most attractive man in her life).

She stood in front of her mirror, not looking up, apprehending for a second the state she might be in, and when she gave in, oh and what a state it was.

Her make up was smudged, mascara remains underneath her eyes, the bit of long lasting lipstick she still had left on her face had migrated from her lips to her cheek and chin. Her hair was a right mess, so much so she could barely run her hand through it, getting stuck on enormous tangles.

She thanked her lucky star for having the sense of checking her appearance before barging out into the rest of her apartment, quickly slipping into a nice pair of black leggings and a plum coloured oversized cable-knit sweater that hemmed right above her knees, and showed off a shoulder.

She walked into her bathroom from the door connected to her bedroom, thanking God again for the fact she wouldn't have to walk through the living room to go to the bathroom, wiping away any and all make up from her face, de-tangling her hair and pulling it up in a soft messy bun, and brushing her teeth (And if she put a dab of perfume on, it would be none's concern but hers).

She finally walked into the open space of her living room and open kitchen, following the delectable
sent coming from the stove, unable to stop her stomach from producing an incredibly loud gurgle, notifying the still shirtless cook of her presence.

"Well good morning to you too, love," He laughed, turning to face her, his mouth in a grin until his eyes landed on her and he took her in, features softening "May I say, Swan, you look radiant." The smile he gave her wasn't his usual flirty one, but instead was a genuine one, full of awe.

She would have usually made a remark at his compliment punctuated by one of her famous eye rolls if she wasn't too captivated by the sight of Killian Jones' uncovered torso.

His stomach was toned, but not overly muscular, just right and slender, and his chest was covered by a layer of dark hair matching the one on his head, that trailed down his abdomen and under his pants, at which she finally had the good sense to snap back into reality. Unfortunately for her, he hadn't missed her staring, and his signature mischievous grin was back, as he laid his hand on the countertop and shifted his weight on it, tilting forward towards her.

"See anything you like, love?" He asked, raising an eyebrow at her.

"You wish." She rolled her eyes at him, her usual self seemingly back.

"That, I do, lass. That, I do." He wet his bottom lip, never breaking eye contact, making heat rise in her body which she desperately tried to ignore.

She walked to sit on the opposite side of the kitchen isle, leaning forward on her forearms.

"So what's for breakfast, Jones? And please don't tell me it's haggis or some other one of your awful British inventions." She scrunched her nose in disgust at the thought of the blood sausage he'd once insisted on their group tasting.

"Not to worry, Swan, no haggis on today's menu. Just simple, greasy, American food for you lass." He said as he slid her a mug of coffee over the marble countertop.

She watched him work, sipping on her coffee, before she began setting out plate upon plate of different kinds of breakfast meals, for goodness' sake! She could probably count at least 4 different egg dishes, before helping setting out two plates, glasses, and sets of utensils, as well as taking out juice and milk from the fridge.
He settled next to her, a proud smile on his face, as he gestured to the "feast" in front of them.

"Bon appetite, love."

She looked at him incredulously, shaking her head in disbelief, before piling food on her plate and digging in, all but moaning when the food reached her mouth. She kept on eating, the sounds still spilling out of her mouth, only turning to the man next to her to find him staring at her intensely, pupils dilated, his usually cerulean eyes now a stormy blue as she saw his Adam's apple bob

"What?" She mumbled, her mouth still half filled with food, her eyebrows raised in question "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Love, you cannot blame a man for staring at you with envy while such sounds are spilling from your lovely lips."

Emma felt her face redden at his confession, swallowing the rest of the bite left in her mouth. She had no idea of how to answer his comment, so she simply mumbled a sorry and kept eating, this time, making sure no sound came out of her.

Killian cleared his throat, hoping it would also clear the mood, and began eating as well, making light conversation about every and anything, going from him ranting about his less than amicable new clients at the firm, to her telling him stories about her recent jobs as a bail bond person, as well as the both of them reminiscing about their college days when they were done eating and had moved to sit down on the couch, sharing stories about their friends the other had not heard, and before they knew it, they were both heaping messes of laughter, tears all but running down their faces.

"I can't believe you caught Mary Margret doing that!" She let out, trying to regain some composure (miserably), and wiping some tears out of her now watery eyes.

"Believe me Swan," he inhaled in deeply in hopes of getting his breathing in check "I was as, if not more, surprised as you to find our dear Blanchard tied up on Dave's bed while covered in red and white feathers whilst waiting for him!"

Emma doubled over in laughter again at the simple image of their friend, who was practically the embodiment of good in the world (their very own "Snow White" as Ruby called her), being remotely into anything considered kinky.
They laughed another good five minutes, then Emma found herself resting her head on Killian's (still bare!) shoulder, the both of them sitting in comfortable silence.

"It's dawned on me this may certainly be the first time the two of us have spent some time alone with each other, simply enjoying each other's companies." Killian said, ending their moment of quiet.

"Yeah..." Her answer trailed as she furrowed her brows in realisation, and straightened up, looking at him intently, "And, hey, I don't mean to sound rude, or to say that I'm not enjoying us hanging out or anything, but what are you doing here anyways?"

"Ah, I expected the topic of why a devilishly handsome man was parading around your apartment to come up at one time or another, and I would expect you were probably too drunk to remember anything from last night!" He turned to look into her green eyes "And the answer is quite simple actually, you asked me to stay, more like ordered really." He chuckled at that, but seeing the look of confusion still on her face, he continued.

"We all drank a good amount last night, so after everyone else had left to walk home, I decided it would be my turn to take my leave, but you had other plans for me. You went on about how I was too drunk to drive back home and insisted I took the couch, after which I helped you to your room; I mean bloody hell you could barely walk; and you asked me to stay with you today and be your Valentine." He said that last part averting his gaze from hers, giving her some space to process this information.

That's because sober me has no balls and would never have the courage to ask you.

Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god! She'd asked the man she'd secretly been fawning over to be her Valentine's while she was just dead ass drunk and he'd said yes! Wait. Had he said yes?

"Did you say yes?" She blurred out, bringing his attention back to her.

"Of course I did! You wouldn't go to sleep without me agreeing!" He rolled his eyes and flayed his hands at the sky. "You, Swan," he said, looking straight into her eyes and poking her gently "are one stubborn drunk."

"What if I asked you again now?" She blurted out again, the words spilling from her lips as her mind lost all controls on that usually so well tamed filter, courage filling up her body.
"What if you asked me what again, love?" It was his turn to look at her in confusion, and, was that hope she saw, gleaming in his eyes?

"What if I asked you to be my Valentine now, Jones?"

He looked at her in shock, and said nothing for a few moments, as he visibly searched for the right words and she gnawed on the inside of her cheek in anticipation.

"Do you remember the moment we met Emma?" He broke the silence, and she could literally feel a shiver go down her spine as she heard her name on his tongue, being enveloped in the best way possible by his rich accent.

"Yeah of course!" She answered, looking at him questioningly "You were with David in the library and we both needed the same book for our assignments and you spent a good half hour trying to convince me how yours was more important than mine!"

He huffed a laugh at the memory "That's because it was, love. I was compromising 40% of my grade by allowing you to use the book first!"

"Then why did you?" She asked, her voice raising in volume as she tried understanding how their meeting had to do with anything.

"Because from the moment I met you you'd taken my heart away, and I would have done anything for you! I still would!" He raised his voice as well, and as he looked at her so intensely, Emma could see nothing fun his eyes other than pure, unadulterated, and utter love and devotion.

Her mind went into overdrive as she made sense of the situation.

Killian Jones liked her.

Killian Jones had always liked her.
And she liked him back.

Deep down she knew she'd always liked him.

"Then do something for me now Killian."

His head snapped back to her when his name rolled off her lips.

"Anything."

She could see he meant it. She could see he would do anything she would ask for, even if it was to never bother her again. She could see his internal struggle as he beat himself up on the inside. The sadness in his eyes at the thought she might not reciprocate his feelings. She saw he would honour her decision, whatever it may be. She saw he would love her, and never leave her if he had the chance or choice. She saw all of that and more in his eyes, as he was hanging on to every word escaping her lips.

"Kiss me."

And with that, Emma could see joy lighting up his face for the brief moment before he captured her lips in his, his hands coming up to cradle her face, one of them getting lost in her hair, as her own hands slithered up his chest to land at his neck.

The kiss stared out full of raw passion that made her body burn up with need, their mouths nearly devouring each other with want, nearly making her see stars (that would be for next time), but ended in slow, languid movements, their tongues, no longer in what seemed to be a battle, in a dance, as their lips moved lazily against each other in perfect harmony.

A sound resembling a groan escaped from Killian, making him break the kiss, much to her dismay, but resting his forehead on hers.
"Swan- Emma, I think we should take things slow." He laced his fingers in hers, his thumbs stroking small circles on her hands as he looked down upon them. "I don't want you to make a decision you might regret."

Emma was about to retort, when he cut her off.

"Just- Listen to me for a minute love. I have dreamt about this for so long, I wish to do it properly. Allow me to court you. I don't want things to be too rushed and have that end up being the deal breaker. I don't want this- us to be a one-time thing. I want to be with you, Swan, for as long as you'll allow me to. I wish to shout you're mine from the rooftops, as you already have the confirmation that I am yours, and do not wish to be anyone else's for as long as you'll have me. And if you wish to stop all this, we will, and I will respect your choice, as what I want, most of all, beyond anything else," his repetition made her smile weakly "is to see you happy. So what do you say?" He moved his head back to be able to look at her properly.

"I say I don't think I'd ever want anything more than that- than you- than us! I want us!" The smile on his face was illuminating his face and she felt herself mirror his expression, feeling her eyes well up "I want us..."

With that, he leaned back down gently, kissing her softly, and it felt normal, familiar, as if they'd been kissing each other forever.

It felt right.

They spent the rest of the day cuddled on the couch watching Netflix, going from rom-com to rom-com (it was Valentine's Day after all), while arguing their way through each one, commenting and laughing about how ridiculous those situations were, sneaking in a few kisses here and there, and ending up ordering food and having a quiet day just enjoying the new joy they'd discovered in each other.
Their next Valentine's Day Killian surprised her with a weekend in a resort, which was spent mostly in bed ("Making up for last year Swan"), and the one after that, he surprised her again, but this time it was on one knee, with a simple ring ornamented by a diamond and two sapphires in his hand, surrounded by all of their friends and families, and she swore she saw some money being handed around between Mary Margret, David, Ruby and Victor, and a hushed "told you" from Ruby.

Chapter End Notes

Alright as you can probably tell, my drunk characters suck (that would probably be because I have never gotten drunk but yeah sorry 'bout that)

ONCE UPON A TIME IS BACK TOMORROW AND I DO NOT KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO DO IF I CAN'T WATCH IT LIVE.

As always, kudos, comments, and prompts are most welcome! :D
Seat of Honour

Chapter Summary

I've been sitting in this seat all semester why did you decide to sit in it today

Chapter Notes

I really have to work on posting regularly.
Anyways.
Here's the thing you're here for!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She'd seen him in class and around campus. He always sat at her right and never seemed to complain about his sitting arrangement.

So why was he sitting in her seat now?

She was both in a state of total indignation at his action and surprised as hell to see him there early for their shared "history of design" class, as he always seemed to be arriving on the brink of time before class started.

They'd never talked before, but they always ended up communicating via facial expressions, looking to each other in confusion when Doctor Hopper didn't make sense, or glancing to each other when their clueless professor used an expression that ended up sounding not quite right, an accidental innuendo if you may. They also mouthed answers to each other when in need of information during quizzes for example, or simply for further explanation on a subject one of them might not have understood as well as the other.

Yet, they'd never actually spoken aloud with each other, all communications happening through gazes and the occasional lip reading, times where she allowed herself to study the man next to her.

His blue blue eyes, reminding her of tropical seas, pools of captivating waters she drowned willingly in any time she had the chance to, and his sinful lips she always found her gaze drifting to, surrounded by his five o'clock shadow a few shades lighter than his dark hair that made his jawline look even sharper, and made her wish she could pepper it with kisses every now and then.

It was no secret the man was insanely good looking, but right now, she couldn't care less about his appearance, seeing him sitting at her desk with all the ease in the world, it would seem, his feet propped up on the table from the seat to his left, looking all too smug for his own good.

She was boiling with rage when she walked up to his smirking self.

"What do you think you're doing?" She blurted out.

"Well, well," he answered, grin spreading even wider on his face "she talks!"
She was taken aback for a moment at his lilted voice, British? She thought, No. Irish. Damn it. Even his voice matched his looks in attractiveness.

"This is my seat! Has been since the semester began!" She gesticulated wildly at the chair he was sitting in, with no apparent attention of getting out of it.

"Really?" He mocked surprise "Well what is there to do to rectify this situation I wonder..." The look he was giving her could probably be considered pure eye sex, making heat rise in her body not only because of her anger, and, to make things worst, he decided to lick his lower lip, trailing his tongue against it slowly, much slower than any normal human being, (not that she was complaining).

"Well you could get out of my seat for one." She uttered, crossing her arms against her chest.

He tapped his chin pretending to think about it, humming in "consideration". "Not gonna happen, love. It seems I quite like this seat." He leaned back, crossing his hands behind his head, aggravating her even more.

She opened her mouth to reply but was cut by Doctor Hopper waltzing into class, paper flying all around him, calling for everyone in the smallish classroom to take their seats, and Emma reluctantly obliged, plopping down to his right, in the seat he usually sat in.

Half an hour into the lecture, she turned to him, still in disbelief at his taking her seat.

"I still don't get why you sat in my seat." She whispered to him.

"Well, lass, I took a gamble and it payed off it seems" he whispered back, a genuine looking smile on his face as he looked at her.

"I don't get it" she said as her brows furrowed in confusion.

"It seems this was the only way you would talk to me." He looked down in embarrassment as his hand went to scratch behind his ear.

She just let this information wash over her for a minute, not knowing what to say back, running a hand through her long blond hair in search for the words she was at a loss of.

"But why not just talk to me?" She finally whispered back, and his head looked back up at her face, before he huffed in disbelief.

"I tried lass, post-its, notes, you wouldn't respond to any of them" he shook his head gently.

She thought back to the semester, hoping to understand what he was talking about, and it hit her. For about two months, she would come to class to find a small note on her table when she'd get there that would brighten her day. From a little "Hello beautiful :)" to a short anecdote where her secret admirer would tell her about an incident that had happened to him or that he witnessed to make her smile or laugh, which worked. She had thought about replying, but never had the courage or the words to.

But when she looked back at it, she could always see the blue eyed wonder besides her grin when she'd find herself smiling at one of the notes, or laughing at a silly drawing he'd left on a post-it.

She looked at him incredulously, mouth agape "That was you?"
"Afraid so love," He smiled brightly and hung his head, hand going back to cover his reddening neck, although the he could do nothing about his wildly blushing elf-like ears. Irish to the tips of his ears it seems, she thought "hope the reveal did not disappoint you too much."

She looked at him in complete and utter amazement, a wide smile splitting her face, before extending her hand for him to shake.

"Emma Swan"

"Killian Jones"

"Well Jones, it would seem I am here to ask you out" She whispered.

"Shouldn't I be the one doing the asking?" He tilted his head at her, the playful grin back in his eyes that made her feel warm all over.

She just rolled her eyes at the comment, scribbling her number on a piece of paper, ripping it and slowly handing it to him, just in time for Hopper to wrap up the lesson and dismiss them.

(And when she left the classroom before Killian she absolutely did NOT accentuate the swaying of her hips)

After that, Killian returned to sitting in his own seat, until the day when decided on hers again, and when she tried to get him to stand up by plopping herself in his lap, the both of them had to get the girl with brown hair streaked by red strands and the wolfish grin to give them the day's lecture notes, the both of them skipping class for more enjoyable activities.

Chapter End Notes

Welp. Hope you liked it guys!
As always, feel free to leave a comment, review, prompt you wish to see, a joke, (anything really)
I think that's all sooooo
Bye!
Walk of Shame(fully Good Looks)

Chapter Summary

We met each other on Sunday morning, both doing our walk of shame

Chapter Notes

Alright two for the price of one!
Idk I was feeling inspired

Shit, shit, shit shit.

She’d overslept.

She’d meant to leave as early as she could (she usually left as soon as she was sure the guy she’d chosen for the night was soundly sleeping, but she’d been so exhausted from her day she couldn’t even muster up the energy to get out of the bed), even setting an alarm on her phone to get her awake and kept her phone in her hand as she slept, but she, or the man next to her as the matter a fact, hadn’t heard, or felt, the alert go off, and had ended up sleeping yet another couple hours, and now she would be due for a certain walk of shame through the streets of New York.

Emma slipped one foot after the other gently out of the bed, careful not to make any noise that would wake the still sleeping mass and cause any extra awkwardness. That was why she insisted on going back to her one-night stand’s place; giving them no opportunity to cling onto her, or, god forbid, stay for breakfast.

She wiggled into her clothes quickly and directed herself to the bathroom, adjacent to the room, wincing as the door creaked when she opened it.

She looked back at the bed, still finding him deep asleep, and let out a breath she’d held in. She cleaned her face and did the best she could with her hair, getting it to return slightly to it’s faintly curled nature instead of the tangled mess it was in previously, and, eyeing the products on the guy’s counter, she took hold of the mouthwash and took a quick swig, gargling it around in her mouth, shifting it around her teeth, hoping to get the most morning breath off. She looked presentable, but just barely.

She then went back next to the bed, picked up her heels and purse, and headed out the door.

On her way back, Emma spotted the new coffee shop Ruby had been talking wonders about. What
the hell, she thought, I’m already out anyways and god knows I need coffee in me right now. She sat down at the bench outside the shop to put her shoes back on with a groan, when she noticed the man walking in front of her. He seemed to be in the same state of “walk of shame”-ing as her, clothes crumpled, collar of his unbuttoned Henley shirt stretched, clearly having been tugged, pulled and grabbed onto forcefully by his latest conquest. There were dark circles under his eyes, which she could see the bright blue colour of from her sitting place. His dark hair was tousled that looked unnaturally attractive on him, the scruff on his face only adding to the rugged sex-on-legs look he had going. He glanced at her, and she saw the corners of his mouth quirk up, taking in her state. He stopped, standing in front of her, raising an eyebrow as she stood up to face him, rolling her eyes at his expression.

“It seems, love, that we’ve both come back from a good time, am I wrong?” he asked, licking the corner of his lips in a manner that seemed to make her forget she’d just spent the night getting it on with some other guy.

“You could say that,” she replies, “although I am not sure it could technically qualify as good, well, for me at least.”

“Well that,” he walked with her to the entrance of the coffee place, opening the door for her “is a terrible, terrible mistake on his part, and he is a bloody git if he did not take the time to please a lady as beautiful as you properly, love.” An eyebrow bobbed up and down as his eyes darkened, a storm on the high seas taking place in his look.

She rolled her eyes at him, a flush slightly setting on her cheeks before walking in “Well a woman’s got to do what a woman’s got to do to take the edge off after a long week.” She shrugged, walking towards the counter and ordering a cup of coffee, feeling the gorgeous man’s body heat right besides her as he did the same, insisting on paying for her cup as well as his.

While waiting for their drinks the conversation just kept going, talking about everything and nothing at the same time, a flowy back and forth that she felt herself comfortable in, something not often in occurrence.

After they were given their coffee, they headed outside of the small shop, facing each other once more.

“So,” he broke the silence “would it be too forward for me to ask to see you again?” The hand that wasn’t holding the paper cup went to scratch the back of his ear in a nervous manner.

“It depends,” she answered, the air between them much sweeter and gentler than before, and, while the sexual tension remained, she could feel he was genuinely interested in seeing her again, which scared her slightly, making her feel obliged to bring the heat back in their conversation, “would you have more luck in my having a good time?” she took a step towards him, invading his personal space, making all traces of shyness he may have shown vanish into thin air as a grin split through his face.

“Oh it has nothing to do with luck, love,” he took a step forward as well, making her heartbeat go even faster, “maybe I’ll be able to show you after I take you out to diner first?” he tilted his head and raised an eyebrow, his tongue trailing alongside his lover lip, poking out of the corner of his mouth. God! She thought, Does he even realise he does that?

“I like the sound of that.” She answered, her voice coming out lower and much sultrier than she’d expected it to be (but then again, the man in front of her was perfect excuse to her erratic breathing and behaviour). She reached into her small purse, pulling a pen out of it, and grabbing the man’s
arm, rolling up it’s sleeve until his elbow, just now realising she still didn’t know his name.

“Emma, by the way.” She said as she scribbled her number down on the inside of his forearm, “Emma Swan”.

“Killian Jones” he replied as she finished adding the last digit down, letting her hand slide off of his arm, only to be caught by his hand, which brought her own up to his lips.

He laid a gentle kiss on her knuckles, never breaking her gaze, before finally letting it go.

“You’ll hear from me very soon Swan, count on that.”

“Good” she answered with a smile before turning around and walking away in direction of her apartment.

By next Sunday, she was in his bed, soundly sleeping in his arms, wishing she could simply stay in his embrace forever so she’d never have to do a walk of shame again (not that the last one had been so bad after all).

Her wish came true.

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