When Magic Collides

by BlueHoneyBee

Summary

It all started off as a simple dinner to keep Emma out of the rain, and before she knew it, Regina’s life had completely turned upside down.
Chapter 1

Regina moved through her kitchen expertly as she busied herself. With what had been going on lately, she decided to take a break today. Things seemed quiet, for once. And she wanted to relax. Between finding the author and dealing with the Queens of Darkness, and Rumple, she had found herself getting more and more stressed out. She never seemed to catch a break though did she? She sighed, at least they were laying low, everyone was informed with what was going on, her place with the group of villains was secure, so she didn’t have that to worry about, and everyone was safe for now. So, for at least one day, she could relax and take it easy.

Of course, that being said, Regina Mills had never been one to “take it easy.” Her methods of relaxation differed a bit from what one might consider usual. The one thing Regina adored was cooking, it relaxed her more than anything. Back in the Enchanted Forest, people had made her meals for her, and she never really got to experience the kitchen first hand. However when she fell into the routine of mixing potions for her schemes, she realized what fun it was. Mixing ingredients and creating something beautiful, not that her evil potions were any kind of beauty. But she appreciated them as her own work. To her it was her form of art, and when she had found herself devoid of magic in Storybrooke, she decided to take on new kinds of recipes. Her first was for her famous lasagna, which had been a hit immediately. The next, her, now slightly infamous, apple turnovers. Which she might add were amazing, when devoid of any kind of poison. Slowly but surely she moved on from one recipe to another, until she was confident enough to experiment with recipes in her own way, give them a bit of flare or some extra flavour. Not that it always worked well. There was that time she wanted to sweeten her pancakes a bit more but used salt instead of sugar, causing the flavour to be horrid. That was only one of many stories, but that didn’t deter her ever. She learned from her mistakes, and made note never to follow them again. What she loved most of all about cooking was how she always seemed to get a smile from Henry whenever she tried something new. It started when she was an infant and she attempted, on one of his quieter days, to make him some made home made baby food. It was mostly mushed up fruit. But he liked it enough that when she fed him a spoonful of it for the first time, he beamed a wide, toothless beam at her. She had burst into tears of joy and hugged him and nuzzled him for a half hour before she went back to feeding him. It continued even with solid food. She would try a new cake recipe, or pie, or tart, and he would love it and grin at her. “It’s amazing mom.” He’d usually say, and she’d just smile back at him, thank him or the compliment and kiss him on his head. She doubted he knew how much that little compliment actually meant to her. That night while he’d be asleep in his bed, she would write the recipe down in her special recipe notebook. To be kept there permanently should Henry ever ask for it again or should she ever decide to make it for him.

So today, on the very rare day of peace. She was cooking. She made Henry’s favourite fudge cake for dessert, and cookies to last them a while so that Henry would have a snack. Usually she wouldn’t allow him this much junk food. But she was feeling incredibly generous today in her good mood, and she wanted to make the boy happy. The smile on his face would make it all worth it. For dinner, she opted for a simple yet elegant roasted chicken and potatoes with her very own recipe for garlic dressing. Also a particular favourite of Henry’s.

It was only when she had stopped for a little bit for a sip of water that she realized how heavily it was raining. She was almost about to reach her phone and tell Henry not to be out too long in this storm when she heard the door unlock. She smiled, hoping the smell alone would tip the boy off to his surprise for the evening.

“Henry?” She called out. She could hear footsteps through the foyer, and then.
“Holy crap that smells amazing.” A voice which was decidedly not Her son’s rang out through the room. She lifted her eyebrows in surprise and walked out of the kitchen to confirm her suspicions.

“Hey mom.” Henry said with a smile as the brunette appeared to them both from the kitchen.

“Hello Henry, Emma.” She said, looking over from the fast growing boy to his biological mother. “I didn’t hear you come in with him.”

“It’s okay, I’m just dropping him off, just wanted to say hi.” Emma said to the brunette with a smile. Regina furrowed her eyebrows a little bit, but gave the blonde a small smile either way.

“Well see you guys later.” Emma said, stuffing her hands in her jacket pockets and beginning to turn around before Henry quickly turned and pulled her back.

“Emma, quit chickening out.” He said. The blonde sighed, seemingly unhappy with her failed attempt at escaping.

“Is everything alright?” Regina asked, slightly concerned, though more curious as to what the two were plotting this time.

“Mom, can Emma stay for dinner?” Henry asked blatantly and unabashedly. Regina lofted up an eyebrow at the sudden question. Emma rolled her eyes, leaning down to reach Henry’s shoulder.

“What did we say about laying it on her easy?” she said to him. Regina was surprised for a moment at that as well, Emma wasn’t always so…parental when it came to Henry. She would sooner let him eat his weight in candy then tell him that he’d had enough.

“Right.” Henry said with a nod and turned to face his brunette mother again. “Sorry. Mom, Emma’s car broke down.”

“Oh.” Regina said. “Well did you try calling the tow…”

“Truck? Yeah, I did, and apparently his truck broke down too.” Emma rolled her eyes. “And I tried calling David or Mary Margaret to come and pick me up, but they both took a camping trip for the weekend, and apparently have no reception, because my call isn’t going through.”

“I truly don’t mean to be rude, but I don’t understand how that ties in with dinner.” She said, looking to Henry as she finished her sentence.

“Well she was gonna walk home.” Henry said.

“Yeah I mean it’s only a few blocks.” Emma added.

“Right, but it’s raining like crazy out there. So I figured, she could stay for dinner until the rain let up.” Henry finished. Regina nodded with a small smile in understanding.

“Well in that case, of course you can stay. Lucky for you, I prepared a big meal.” Regina said proudly.

“Yeah I can smell that. It smells like a Betty Crocker sex dream in here.” Emma said without thinking and Regina’s eyes widened at her as Henry looked over at her with his usual scrunched up face that he got when someone said or did something gross.

“You’re so weird, how are we related?” He asked. Emma chuckled.

“Well your mom did a good enough job on you that all my weird didn’t affect you.” The blonde
said, again without thinking. She barely saw the smile creeping across Regina’s face at the compliment.

“Well come in and make yourself comfortable.” The former Evil Queen said instead of addressing the praise.”Would you like a glass of cider?”

“Ooh, love your cider.” Emma said, remembering just how sweet the drink was. Regina took a deep breath as she walked over to the drinks station, suddenly filled to the brim with flattery. She had to admit she was enjoying this newfound friendship with Emma. Ever since they stopped being on opposing sides and actually started working together, she found herself more at ease and, dare she say it, happier. Despite what had happened between her and Robin in the months previous. She found herself at peace, with no one to fight with constantly in the town, although they faced new threats. But Regina felt a sense of family, something she had never truly experienced. Not really.

She broke out of her internal monologue as she turned, glass of cider in hand, and her eyes met forest green ones. Emma smiled at her as she reached and they met halfway for the glass, their fingers brushing lightly against each other.

“Thanks.” Emma said before taking a sip and licking her lips free of the remnants of the drink.

“You’re welcome.” Regina responded. “So, what happened to your car?”

“I don’t know, it just wouldn’t start. That thing’s needed a tune up for a while. It’s been running fine but, a horse with a limp can only go so far before he has to stop right?” She said with a shrug.

“Yes and generally then he ends up shot.” Regina said, only slightly joking.

“If my car were in the room I’d cover it’s ears.” Emma said, faking offense at the comment. Regina rolled her eyes as she walked back towards the kitchen, Emma following her.

“You care far too much for that hunk of junk.” Regina said. This time it was Emma’s turn to roll her eyes.

“That hunk of junk has too many memories in it for me to let go.” The blonde said. “I’m sure you understand the importance of momentos.”

“I do. I just don’t put them out where they can endanger my son.” Regina said.

“Come on, you know I would never put Henry in any danger.” Emma scoffed.

“No I suppose not.” Regina said. “Despite our rocky past, I trust you that much.”

Emma smile and tilted her head slightly at the brunette.

“Thanks Regina.” She said.

“For what?” Regina asked, slightly confused.

“Trusting me.” Emma said with a shrug as she sipped her cider again.

“Well you did prove yourself, especially in Neverland.” Regina said.

“We were a team on that.” Emma said.

“Yes, quite the team if I recall correctly.” Regina said, a small smirk appearing on her face as she recalled the memory of when Emma defied her own mother to stand by the brunette’s decision in
how to handle retrieving their son.

As if being called, Henry appeared in the kitchen, happily sniffing the air like a dog on the hunt for food.

“I smell cookies.” He said blatantly, standing right in front of Regina. The brunette rolled her eyes.

“You’ll spoil your appetite.” She said sternly.

“Please.” He whined.

“Kid your mom’s cooking up something that, if it tastes as half as good as it smells, will knock the taste buds right out of your mouth.” Emma said. “You can survive without a cookie for a while.”

“I thought you were the cool mom.” Henry said, turning towards Emma. The blonde scoffed a laugh at him.

“And I am, but even my coolness can’t get over how amazing that smell is.” She said, messing up his hair affectionately.

“Just one! Come on, like, the smallest there is.” Henry said to Regina again.

“They’re made with the same sized cookie cutter.” Regina said in response.

“Didn’t at least one of them come out a little funky?” he asked.

“Doubt it.” Emma muttered. Regina was filled with that feeling of flattery again and she had to close her eyes and take a subtle deep breath for a moment to stop from breaking out into a wide grin at the blonde.

“Well, Henry. You can either have the cookie now or have the surprise that I have for you for after dinner.” Regina said with a smirk. Henry’s eyes went wide.

“You made fudge cake.” He stated, rather than asked.

“Wait hang on we get fudge cake?” Emma said, her eyes suddenly as wide as his. Regina rolled her eyes but chuckled.

“Okay yes you got me, I made fudge cake.” She said. “Worth the wait?”

“Totally. Thank mom.” He said, going over and hugging Regina. She smiled at him and kissed the top of his head before he pulled back. He walked back out of the room, high fiving Emma on the way out. She smiled over to Regina as he exited who smirked back curiously.

“What?” she asked.

“Can I be totally honest?” Emma asked back instead of answering. Regina raised her eyebrows a little.

“Please do.” She said. Emma looked at her for a moment before continuing.

“I know we’ve had our differences in the past, a lot of them, and a lot of them being about Henry.” She began, Regina wasn’t exactly sure where this was going but she didn’t interrupt. “But you really are a great mom Regina.”

“Well-”
“I’m not done. I said totally honest.” Emma cut her off, Regina stopped again to let the blonde continue.

“Giving up Henry when I was still a teenager was…the most difficult thing I have ever done in my life…And I fought a dragon.” She added the humor to ease off the tension she could suddenly feel within herself. “And I regretted it for years afterwards.”

“I thought I would never get over it. I thought I would go through life, always having that storm cloud hanging over my head, making me feel like crap every single day of my life.” She stopped to take a breath before continuing. “When I first got here, for a while, when I thought you to be the worst person on earth, no offense.”

“None taken.”

“For a while during that time, I regretted it even more. To see him going through all that torment, all that pain and confusion. It didn’t make me hate you more. It made me hate myself more. To be the one who put him in that position. It felt like I had thrown him into a fire or a pit of wolves, and it killed me inside every day. And the Neverland happened, and I saw you go crazy with worry for him and do everything in your power, literally, to save him. And I started thinking, hey, maybe she’s not as bad as I thought.”

“And now?” Regina asked. The timidness in her voice shocked Emma a little, but the blonde didn’t let it show, instead going on with her thought.

“Now?” Emma smiled at her softly. Regina thought it was possibly the warmest smile anyone had ever given her, and she could feel said warmth right in her heart. “Now, I’m almost glad I gave him up. Sure, the memories we had, the fake ones that is, that you gave us, they were amazing. And I still cherish them. But, knowing that they aren’t real, I truly am glad I gave him up. Not that I don’t love him, he’s basically my world.”

“But you love him so much, and so deeply, and you do so much for him. You dedicated your entire life to him once he came into your life.” She stopped and bit her lip for a moment, seemingly losing her train of thought. “I guess, Regina, what I’m saying is that…If anyone was going to raise Henry, then I’m glad it was you. I couldn’t have given him much. You gave him everything he ever needed or wanted. You were able to give him so much more than I ever could. So yes, I’m thankful Regina, that you were the one to raise him.”

Regina took a deep breath, trying to push down the small lump of emotion that had formed in her throat. She cleared it, to make sure she was speaking clearly, and smiled softly at the blonde.

“Thank you, Emma, coming from you, and with our past, that means a lot to me.” She said gently. Emma’s smile widened a little as she sipped her drink. They were silent for a few minutes, but it was a comfortable silence, where nothing else needed to be said. Regina felt at peace for the first time in ages and she had to admit that Emma’s little speech was part of the cause.

Soon though it was time to call Henry for dinner. As Regina busied herself with preparing everything, Henry set the table, with Emma’s help. The blonde sat across her brunette son, leaving the space in between them, the head of the table, for Regina. Soon the former queen was placing two dishes in the center and a bowl of her garlic dressing. She sat at her spot and smiled as her two dinner companions smelled the air around them happily.

“Hot damn Regina.” Emma said as she scooped up some chicken and potatoes into her plate, taking a healthy portion of dressing over everything because it smelled amazing. She scooped up some vegetables too, but not too many. Regina noticed she pulled the same trick of taking only one scoop
and, accidentally of course, dropped half of it back into the bowl. Now the former queen knew where the trick came from.

“Thank you dear.” Regina answered simply. Henry chuckled as he took the tongs from Emma to help himself.

“What’s with all the cooking mom?” he asked. “Not that I’m complaining.”

“Nothing special dear, I just felt the urge to cook up a big meal today.” Regina explained.

“Man my car picked the best time to break down.” Emma said as she took a piece of chicken into her mouth and moaned unabashedly at the flavour. “Okay, don’t ever tell her I said this, ever. But Mary Margaret has nothing on your cooking Regina.”

Regina chuckled and smiled proudly.

“Thank you, Emma, I’m flattered.” Regina admitted as she also took a bite of her food. They had just started eating, but she would bid this dinner another culinary success under her belt.

“Seriously though, you ever thought of giving up royalty and opening up a restaurant? I bet you could rule a lot more kingdoms if you hypnotized them with your amazing cooking.” Emma joked. “Could give Granny a run for her money.”

“Yes and then we’d have her to deal with besides everything else.” Regina joked along. Henry chuckled.

“Maybe she’d be the next evil queen huh?” he joked too.

The banter for the evening continued on mostly the same, with mild jokes and light conversation. Emma would send the occasional smile Regina’s way, and Regina would reciprocate quickly and then drop her eyes back to the table. But the brief moment their eyes met they had a telepathic understanding. This what both of them had craved for the longest time, and it should definitely happen again.

“I’m gonna cry.” Emma said blatantly. “Henry close your eyes I don’t think you should see me like this.”

“Quit being so dramatic dear.” Regina chastised lightly.

“Seriously this is the best thing that has ever been in my mouth.” Emma exclaimed.

“That’s what she said.” Henry muttered before taking another bite of cake. Both Emma and Regina’s eyes widened and shot over to him.

“Excuse me?” Regina said, her voice turning slightly stern.

“I’ll handle this.” Emma said with some authority in her voice as she reached over and took a chunk out of Henry’s slice of cake.

“Hey!” he exclaimed.

“Deserved it.” The blonde sang lightly as she placed the piece into her mouth and ate it. Regina rolled her eyes and shook her head.

“Really you two are…” she looked around for the words.
“Awesome?” Emma supplied.

“Adorable?” Henry said with his cute grin.

“Infuriating.” Regina finished. The blonde and her son burst into a fit of giggles as Regina sipped her wine, which they had switched to some time during the meal because she thought it would go well with the chicken.

“You love us, don’t even try to deny it.” Emma said, reaching over to playfully poke the mayor’s side. Her hand was quickly slapped away before she attempted again, to the same result.

“You know, you two are really cute together.” Henry said blatantly. They both stopped to look at him with similarly raised eyebrows.

“What do you mean kid?” Emma asked.

“I’m just saying, you know, you have that dynamic now. If you two were dating you’d be the cutest couple in the town.” The boy said with a smile.

“And possibly the most bizarre.” Regina shot back.

“Pretty sure Hook would have a heart attack.” Emma said jokingly.

“Yes because that is what’s putting his heart at risk.” Regina said sarcastically.

“Hey, I said heart, not liver.” Emma shot back. Regina scoffed a laugh as Henry chuckled.

They finished eating and helped Regina with the dishes. Henry peered out of the window once they were done.

“It’s still raining.” He said to Emma, who looked out the window over his shoulder.

“Yeah but it’s only a little drizzle, I think that’s how lucky I’m gonna get. I should get going.” She said with a smile to the two.

“Come, I’ll walk you out.” Regina said.

“Thanks. See you tomorrow?” She said, the latter question towards Henry.

“Yeah.” The boy said with a grin. She kissed the top of his head before walking out towards the front door with Regina.

“Hey thanks for having me over. I really enjoyed it.” Emma said to the brunette.

“Yes, so did I.” Regina said with a small smile. “Perhaps we should do this again some time.”

“I’d like that.” Emma said with a grin. “Well, goodnight Regina.”

“Goodnight dear. Have a safe walk.” Regina said, giving her a genuine smile as she opened the door for her. Emma reached over, giving Regina’s arm a gentle, friendly squeeze before walking out. Regina smiled at her retreating figure before closing the door. She sighed, it really was an enjoyable night.

As she started walking back towards the kitchen to finish clearing up, she heard the loudest thunder crack she’d ever heard and the sound of thousands of gallons of water dropping from the sky at once. Her eyes went wide and she went back to the door just as a loud knock was heard on it. She opened
it to find Emma Swan totally soaked from head to foot, her eyes wide and her body shivering. She was reminded of an abandoned puppy in the storm.

“Come in.” She said, taking her by the arm gently and leading her back inside. Without thinking, she started removing Emma’s soaked leather jacket as the other woman shivered.

“I made it like, three feet off your porch.” Emma said, her voice as shaky as her body. “I’m soaked to the skin, this storm is crazy.”

“Let’s get you warm before you catch a cold.” Regina said as she hung the blonde’s jacket on the coat rack. Her voice was nurturing and warm and Emma was calmed by it alone.

Regina sat in her office, the sound of rain hitting the window being the only sound that filled the room, besides the occasional shuffle of papers. A knock pulled her out of her rampant thoughts as she lifted her eyes to it.

“Come in.” She called. The door swung open gently and a blonde head of hair popped up.

“Hey, there you are.” Emma said. She now donned a light grew sweater and the only sweat pants Regina owned, and never wore. “Thanks again for the loan.”

“It’s no problem.” She said back. “I thought you were playing some kind of video game with Henry?”

“He got tired, so he went to bed.” Emma said, walking further into the office and shutting the door behind her. “You really gonna look through that book all night?”

“I’ve nothing else to do dear.” Regina said.

“Well why don’t we watch a movie?” Emma suggested. Regina looked up at her for a brief moment before turning her eyes back to the book. “Come on it’ll be fun.”

“Not as fun as you think, I don’t own many.” Regina said. “And the ones I do are all kids’ movies that I had gotten Henry when he was growing up.”

“You mean you’ve never seen a movie before?” Emma asked incredulously.

“I had better things to do.” Regina answered, not taking her eyes off the book.

“Did you at least watch them with him?” Emma asked. Regina remained silent and Emma scoffed a laugh. She walked over to the desk and shut the book that rested on it in front of Regina.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Regina said as the blonde put the book away.

“Come on, you’ll live a lot happier when you discover Disney.” Emma said, nodding her head towards the door. Regina took in her stance. The blonde’s arms were folded over her chest and she had a look in her eyes that, albeit light and slightly playful, told Regina that the other woman would not let up in her attempts to get the brunette into the living room. So the former queen rolled her eyes and stood up, exiting the office with Emma in tow.

“You go make yourself comfortable in the living room, I’ll get us some popcorn and wine.” Emma said, heading into the kitchen. Regina rolled her eyes again, but did as she was told. Soon enough, Emma was walking back in with two glasses, a bottle of wine and a bowl of popcorn. She set everything down on the coffee table and went over to the DVD shelf, tapping her chin for a second
as she scanned over the small collection of movies until her eyes fell on one and she smiled. Regina lifted an eyebrow towards her as she picked it up and went right to the DVD to place it in, not allowing Regina to see which one she had chosen. She sat down on the couch with a smile on her face as she poured wine out for the both of them, handing Regina her glass which the former queen accepted with a small smile in thanks.

“So which one did you choose?” Regina asked, still hesitant to have agreed to this.

“You’ll see.” Emma said with a smile as she hit play and the theme for The Lion King started playing. Regina rolled her eyes.

“Really? You picked the one with the talking animals?” she asked.

“You’ll thank me later.” Emma stated as she sipped her wine.

Later, Regina would bitterly deny crying in the scene where Mufasa dies and tapping her foot along to Hakuna Matata. But Emma knew better than to believe her. When the credits to the movie started rolling, she looked over to Emma, who’s head was tilted onto the couch with her eyes closed.

“Emma?” she spoke softly. The blonde didn’t answer and that’s when she realized Emma had fallen asleep. She looked over to the wine bottle. Empty. But Regina had only had one glass. She rolled her eyes and figured that Emma had drank herself to sleep. The rain had finally stopped, but she wouldn’t let Emma walk home this late at night with that much alcohol in her system. She stood up, walking over to the other side of the couch and taking Emma’s arm over her shoulder. The blonde only stirred slightly and Regina wondered just how strong her wine was.

“Emma, come on dear, let’s get you to bed.” She said, hopefully coaxing the blonde into cooperation. Emma’s legs moved, but only as an automatic response. The blonde mumbled and muttered incoherently as Regina walked her up the stairs carefully. They reached the guest room and Regina put her gently into bed before pulling the duvet over her.

“Goodnight Emma.” She said softly, standing up and walking out of the room. She barely heard the response as she clicked the door shut.

“G’night Gina.”
When Emma began to stir from her deep, alcohol induced slumber, she knew from the start that she wasn't in her own bed. For starters, the last thing she could remember was sitting in Regina's living room watching The Lion King while gulping down her…fifth? Glass of wine. She sighed softly, she should have known better than to drink that much red wine when she knows it would make her sleepy. And as evidenced by the light pounding in her head, it was too much.

The second thing that clued her in on the fact that she wasn't home was the fact that the bed she was lying in was way, way softer than the bed at home. And the duvet was much warmer and comzier and it all felt like a hug from the bed angels and she wished she never had to leave this bed at all. She sighed and began to open her eyes slowly, the light of the sun coming in through the window making her shut them again before giving it a second try. Eventually she was able to open them fully and sit up in the bed. She could smell the faint smells of food coming from downstairs and suddenly her stomach was growling, demanding she go downstairs and find out what that delightful smell was. But she took it easy, looking around the room and taking in her surroundings first. It was then that she spotted the clothes she was wearing when she got here, the ones that had gotten soaked, now dry and folded neatly, awaiting her on the dresser. She smiled to herself. Regina had been so nurturing and kind when she appeared at her door soaking wet. She'd only ever seen her act like that with Henry, it made her feel good to have some one treat her like that.

She sighed and shook away her thoughts before getting up and getting dressed. She made sure she had her phone and keys and wallet before heading downstairs. She walked into the kitchen, following the scent of food. She saw Henry at the table eating and Regina at the stove making more pancakes.

"Morning." She said to them. Henry grinned at her with a full mouth.

"Good morning, you're just in time, I was going to come wake you up for breakfast." Regina said. "Would you like some coffee?"

"You made me breakfast? Regina you didn't have to do that." Emma said with a tilt of her head.

"Don't say that! She makes the best pancakes ever!" Henry said. Emma chuckled.

"Yeah apparently she makes the best everything ever." She responded. Regina had to fight off a grin as she poured coffee into a cup and handed it to Emma, who thanked her with an appreciative smile and sat in the spot she had sat last night.
"I don't mind cooking extra, it's only polite when you have a guest, besides I figured you might need it to ward off any possible hangovers you might have." Regina said, plating three pancakes and placing some cut up fruit on the side of the plate before placing it in front of Emma who grinned up at her again.

"It's only a slight headache." She said.

"I can't believe you got drunk." Henry said with a giggle.

"I did not get drunk, wine just makes me sleepy." Emma defended.

"And yet you elected to have five glasses." Regina said.

"Yeah well it was really good wine." Emma shot back.

"Good wine is the only kind of wine I have in this house, thank you very much." Regina said, plating her own pancakes before she sat down, joining the other two for breakfast.

"Well then you can't blame me for getting dru-" she stopped herself. "Drinking until I fell asleep."

"You're just lucky mom didn't make you sleep on the couch…or worse, the lawn." Henry teased.

"Maybe if it were in our past I would have been so cruel, but I'd like to think we've gotten better in our relationship." Regina said.

"Of course we have, I mean look at us we're having movie nights and breakfast together." Emma said with a chuckle.

"You had a movie night?" Henry asked. "What did you watch?"

"Lion King." Emma said before Regina could stop her.

"No way!" Henry grinned.

"Your mom cried when Mufasa died." Emma said with a smile.

"I did not." Regina denied.

"Oh I'm sorry did you have a branch in your eye?" Emma teased. Regina rolled her eyes as she got up to top up her coffee.

"I heard her humming to hakuna matata." Emma whispered across the table and Henry covered his mouth to stifle a laugh. Regina contemplated telekinetically moving Emma's coffee cup to drop the hot liquid into her lap, but decided against it.

"You'll be happy to know," Regina said, changing the conversation. "That I called the mechanic for you, he said he fixed his truck last night, and should be here soon."

"Oh, thanks." Emma said with a smile over to her. Regina smiled back in response as she sipped her coffee. Suddenly the door bell rang and both women got up to go answer it.

"Psst." Henry called out to Emma, who turned back to him. "Did she really hum?"

"I don't think she even noticed, but yeah." Emma said with a smirk. Henry chuckled as his mother walked out of the room to the front door where Regina was talking to the mechanic.
"Hey Bob." Emma said to him as she grabbed her jacket.

"Mornin' Emma, the bug giving you trouble again?" the mechanic asked.

"Yeah she just wouldn't start last night." Emma said to him, not noticing Regina rolled her eyes at the use of the pronoun.

"Well pop open the hood let's give her a gander." He said, leading Emma back outside and to the car.

After a quick look in the hood and several attempts to start it again, the verdict was that the battery was dead and just needed a jump start, which was easily fixed by Bob hooking up jumper cables to Emma's battery and his truck. Soon the Bug roared back to life.

"Thank you so much, what do I owe you?" Emma asked the mechanic, who waved her off as he got into his truck. They said they're quick goodbyes and soon the tow truck was retreating into the distance.

"I hope you'll stay and finish breakfast." Regina said. Emma smiled at her.

"Of course I will, those pancakes are too good to resist." Emma said, walking back into the house. This time, Regina allowed herself to grin widely at the compliment, knowing no one was looking. The she turned on her heel and followed the savior into her mansion.

Emma ate happily, and took seconds when offered, more because they were too good not to rather than the fact that she was still hungry.

"Okay." She said, downing the last sip of her third cup of coffee. "I should get moving, I promised granny I'd pick up Neal, and I should probably talk to Hook at some point today."

Regina's face automatically turned into a sneer at the mention of the pirate and Emma raised an eyebrow at her.

"What?" she asked.

"Hmm?" Regina regarded her questioningly.

"That face. You make that face every time I mention Hook." She said, pointing to Regina's face. "See you just did it again, it's like you smelled something bad."

"The man lives on a ship with no plumbing I'm pretty sure you do smell something bad when he's about a mile away." Regina snarked.

"He does okay." Emma shrugged. "Why do you not like him?"

"It's…" Regina took a deep breath and sighed.

"What?" Emma prodded.

"It's not him I don't like, not that he's very likable." Regina said.

"Then what is it?" Emma asked again.

"I just…" She looked around on the table as if the right words were laid out before her and she just had to jigsaw them together. "He just isn't right for you."
"What do you mean by that?" Emma asked, more curious than anything.

"Well I mean look at him, look at the way he acts." Regina said. "He drinks too much, he's vulgar to
the point of disgust and he looks at you like he's only got one thing on his mind."

"Well…yeah." Emma admitted, thinking for a moment. "But he does love me, despite his flaws. Isn't
that what matters?"

Regina regarded the blonde for a moment, resting her chin on her hand as she took in the look in her
eyes, and then her next question came to her.

"But do you love him?"

Emma blinked, a little surprised at her question and the soft tone that it came with.

"W-what?" she asked, as if she didn't hear it.

"I'm just saying, true love is only true love if it goes both ways. Otherwise it's just two people fooling
themselves and eventually someone is going to get hurt." Regina said. "Now, if you do love him,
then so be it, put his, albeit many, flaws aside and be happy. But if you don't…"

The air hung thick as Regina trailed off, and Emma sat quietly for a moment, deep in thought.

"By all means you don't have to answer me, dear." Regina said as she took in the blonde's features
and the thick lines that now appeared on her forehead. "But you owe it to yourself to give
you and him an answer."

The lines on her forehead faded a little at that, she sighed and nodded quietly.

"I should get moving, Granny's waiting on me." She said, effectively closing off the subject, for
now, at least.

Regina, for the second time in less than 24 hours, walked Emma to the door. The savior turned
around on the stoop and smiled at the brunette.

"Thanks again Regina, for everything. I owe you." She said. Regina waved her off.

"Please, I'd like to think we're friends now, and that's what friends do." Regina answered simply.
Emma smiled at her and nodded.

"You're right." She said, giving Regina one last look. "I'll see you later."

And with that she was off in her yellow bug once again. Regina only retreated back into the house
when the bright little car was no longer visible.

Emma sat in the station, her feet up on her desk playing with her phone when she heard footsteps.
she looked up just as David came in to knock on the partition wall.

"Hey dad." she said with a smile. "What's up I thought you and mom were gonna be camping all
weekend?"

"Oh we were, but after that crazy storm last night coupled with your mother worrying about Neal,
we decided to pack up early." Her father said.

"That sucks." Emma scrunched up her face. David shrugged in response.
"To be honest I was worried about him too, first time out without your new baby will do that to you." He said.

"Yeah I guess." She said. "Well I had a pretty eventful night too."

"Oh yeah?" David said as he pulled up a chair in front of Emma's desk.

"My car broke down outside Regina's house, not only did we end up having dinner together, which was amazing by the way, but I also spent the night in her guest room." she said. David's eyes went a little wide in surprise.

"Wow. She let you stay in her guest room?" he asked.

"She carried me up there." Emma said with a smirk on her face. "I drank too much wine and fell asleep in the living room while we were watching The Lion King. Alone. No Henry."

"So you're telling me that you had dinner with Regina, and then watched The Lion King with her, and then she carried you up to her guest room where you spent the night." David said. She nodded.

"Oh and another thing, I got soaked in the rain, so she loaned me some of her clothes. And then she made me breakfast the next morning." Emma said as if she were bragging.

"Wow." was David's automatic response.

"Yeah, and she was really nice about everything too, she was really kind and caring." Emma said. "If you'd had told me a year ago that this would happen I would say you were crazy."

"Yeah, me too." David said. "Well did you at least thank her properly?"

"Of course I thanked her." Emma said. David nodded and studied her a bit as she bit her lip in thought.

"But?" he said. She looked at him for a moment and then looked at the time. Perfect.

"I gotta go, I'll see you later." She said, standing up from her desk, a plan set in mind as she exited the station building. David shook his head with a smirk on his face as she walked out.

Regina sat in her office at town hall, despite it being a Saturday. She flipped through the storybook for the umpteenth time, trying to find any possible clues leading to the author. She knew it was futile to look through this book again. But for once she was following the Charmings' advice and not giving up hope. She couldn't. She knew that giving up on this would be giving up on her happy ending and she would not do that. Not on her life.

A knock pulled her out of her thoughts. It was just then that she realized she'd been going for hours and she was starving and dying for a root beer which had been her guilty pleasure since discovering them and she needed to get rid of whoever this was so she could get some food in her.

"Come in." She called. The door swung open gently and a familiar blonde head of hair popped in, much like it had last night at her home office. "Emma, this is a surprise."

"Yeah I uhm..." The blonde cleared her throat as she came in, holding two Granny's paper bags and Regina resisted the urge to lunge at her. "I got you lunch."

"Lunch?" Regina asked. "Why?"

"Well you did kind of save me from that storm last night and take me in and everything." Emma said,
her eyes shifting around to try and avoid Regina's like she was a nervous teenager. "I just wanted to do something nice. To say thanks."

"Oh. Well thank you, that was very nice of you." The former queen said with a smile. The blonde smiled back happily as she walked towards the desk, dropping the bag gently in front of Regina. The brunette smiled at her before opening the bag and peering inside. Her favourite club sandwich and a root beer. She could have cried tears of joy. How the blonde had discovered her love for the drink was beyond her, though she suspected Henry had something to do with it.

"Well, enjoy, I'll see you later." Emma said as she starting making her way back out of the office. Regina sighed softly. It hit her that she'd been sick of sitting in that quiet office all alone. She stood up off her chair.

"Actually, Emma." she said with a smile towards the blonde who turned back around just before reaching the door handle. "Would you like to join me?"

"For lunch?" Emma asked.

"I've been sitting in this office alone all day and I swear I can feel the silence eating away at my brain." Regina said calmly. But Emma knew what she meant, she felt like that at the station when she was alone. So she shrugged and smiled at her and nodded as she made her way back to the brunette's desk. She sat on one of the chairs facing Regina and pulled out her own lunch. A grilled cheese sandwich with extra onion rings. The brunette rolled her eyes.

"You eat like a child." She said, repeating what she had said to the blonde many times.

"Well you eat like a health freak who needs to let loose every now and then." Emma shot back with a smug grin.

"If we were in my kingdom you'd be ashes halfway through that sentence." Regina snarked back. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Well we aren't. So there." Emma said. "Besides you love me don't even lie." 

"Love you? That's a bit presumptuous don't you think?" Regina pointed out.

"Okay maybe not love." Emma said, biting off a corner of her sandwich and thought for a moment. "Still, you enjoy my company, you know things wouldn't be the same if I wasn't here."

"I suppose you're right." Regina said, taking a bite out of her sandwich as she contemplated Emma's words. It was very clear to her that if Emma had never showed up, she'd still be living in the cursed version of the town, where everyone feared her and did what they were told. It would have saved a lot of complications. The trouble with her mother, Neverland and Pan, Zelena, the Snow Queen and now the Queens of Darkness. None of it would happen if it wasn't for Emma. But then again, she wouldn't have redeemed herself if it wasn't for the blonde. With everyone, but more importantly her son. Henry would have still considered her to be the Evil Queen if it wasn't for Emma. Sure the woman had uprooted her entire life in the beginning. But now everything seemed to be falling into place. And Regina had to admit that she was much happier now than she was before the curse broke.

"You are right you know?" she said to the blonde, who tilted her head in question. "Things wouldn't be the same if you weren't around."

Emma grinned at her happily before taking another bite of her grilled cheese, the cheese stretching and pulling as she attempted to follow it, causing it to stretch even more. Regina rolled her eyes at her.
"Really I don't understand how you stand those things, much less enjoy them," the brunette said as Emma finally succeeded in cutting off the string of cheese.

"Have you ever even tried a grilled cheese?" Emma asked her.

"No." Regina said.

"Then how can you be so sure you don't like them?" Emma said.

"Because I actually have some class." Regina said.

"Yeah you're so classy you hid the fact that you like root beer from everyone and was only caught when your son caught you sneaking one into your office." Emma said with a smirk. She turned over that sandwich in her hands to a fresh corner and held it out in front of Regina.

"What are you doing?" Regina asked, moving her head back a bit.

"Bite." Emma said, her tone slightly authoritative. Regina raised an eyebrow at her in response.

"You've got to be-"

"Bite. The. Sandwich." Emma said slowly. Regina sighed and rolled her eyes before taking a small bite of the toasted bread. She chewed slowly, the melted cheese bursting with flavor on her tongue. She was pleasantly surprised, so much so that she had to stop herself from moaning in pleasure. She didn't know why she'd never tried it.

Despite her internal reaction though, her external remained stoic and emotionless.

"What do you think?" Emma asked.

"Horrible." Regina said, taking a sip of her drink to emphasize how badly she wanted the taste out of her mouth. But she was saddened that it was actually gone.

"Mmmhmm." Emma said, not believing a word Regina said. "Well at least now you've tried it, so you'll never have to taste anything like that ever again in your whole life. Ever."

"I'm glad we agree." Regina said. She could practically feel the remnants of her lie stuck between her teeth. Emma smirked at her as she drank like she was in on some dirty secret and Regina resisted the urge to roll her eyes at her again.

"So tell me something." Emma began, making Regina glad of the change of subject. "Where did you learn to cook like that?"

"I taught myself." Regina said with a shrug.

"Seriously?" The blonde sheriff said with a raise of her eyebrow.

"Don't act too surprised." Regina said. "I mean when you consider that I was always making potions and enchantments in the Enchanted Forest, how hard could it be? I mean it's basically the same thing, you follow a recipe, mix a few ingredients, make sure it has the proper heating it requires and you're set."

"Is that why you enjoy it so much?" Emma asked again. "Because it reminds you of your potion making?"

"Well I wouldn't say that's why I enjoy it." Regina answered. "It just feels good, creating something,
building it together."

"Hmm" Emma hummed in thought.

"I wouldn't expect you to understand." Regina said without really thinking.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Emma said, slightly defensive.

"Well I mean, I can't imagine you doing much cooking." Regina said. "Henry always tells me it's your mother that does all the cooking at her house."

"Well yeah." Emma said. "But that doesn't mean I can't cook. I mean I have memories of cooking for Henry all the time when we were in Boston and New York."

"Memories that I put there in the first place." Regina teased. Emma's eyes widened slightly in realization.

"Hot damn. You're right...I never really cooked." she said, a frown forming on her lips. "Well that's a major bummer."

"Well I can teach you, if you like." Regina said as she took a sip of her drink.

"You'd really do that?" Emma asked with a smile.

"If you're willing to learn." Regina shrugged. "As long as you promise to listen to everything I say."

"Fine, I promise. I'll be a good student." Emma said teasingly. Regina rolled her eyes again.

"Well then we can start whenever you feel you're ready." Regina said.

"Maybe not this weekend, we don't wanna freak Henry out." Emma pointed out. Regina raised an eyebrow at her.

"Why would that freak him out?" She asked.

"I mean think about it, this is the third meal we've shared in less than a day." Emma said. "Kid's already talking about us dating. If we spend too much time around each other it's just gonna get his hopes up too much."

"You really think he wants us to date?" Regina asked.

"I think so." Emma said with a nod. "I think the idea of his two moms coming together to form one happy family? I think it sounds like his happy ending. God knows he's been hearing enough about them to form an idea of his own."

Regina frowned for a second, resting her chin on her hands as she contemplated something.

"What?" Emma asked.

"It's just...Do you really think that's what he wants to be his happy ending?" The former queen asked. Emma could see a slight fear in her eyes. Fear of disappointing her son again, of making him unhappy like he had been with her in the past.

"Hey, it's just what I'm thinking." Emma said softly, trying to reassure the brunette. "For all I know I could be dead wrong. For all I know his happy ending could be dating some model he saw on a magazine."
"Excuse me?" Regina said as if she were scandalized.

"Well think about it, kid's growing up." Emma shrugged. Regina gave her a warning look, but Emma waved her off. "Relax I'm just joking. God knows he's too smart for that stuff."

Regina sighed. If she rolled her eyes any more she'd have a headache. Still, she couldn't stop thinking about what Emma said. Was it possible that Henry's been trying to get them together all along? He was always asking if they could spend more time with Emma and the rest of the Charmings. Asking if they could plan dinners at Granny's and other activities. And she always found ways to dance around it to get out of it, not because of Emma really, but she hadn't bonded with the Charmings the way she had bonded with the savior, and it would make for an awkward situation.

It killed her to think that all that avoidance was actually breaking Henry's heart and making him lose hope in the possibility of a happy ending. She looked up at Emma, who was too distracted with her onion rings to notice the contemplative look on the former queen's face. She examined the woman who was too busy dipping her food in mayonnaise to notice her. Could the blonde really be so conducive to Henry's happy ending? Regina thought, and then, if that was so, what was to say she wasn't conducive to her own? What if Emma joining her in the search for the author, ultimately caused the search itself to become pointless? She'd blamed Emma for so long about anything that was wrong with her life, much like she'd done with the blonde's mother. Despite it all Emma never gave up on her. She never truly believed that Regina was evil. She always stuck by her, even once defying her own mother to follow through with Regina's plan while in Neverland. Her mother, who'd she'd wanted for so long through her life. Another thing struck Regina then. Emma's life, her lack of family and love throughout her childhood, it was all basically Regina's fault. She was the one to bring on the curse that caused Emma to become the savior, that caused Snow and Charming to put her through the wardrobe on her own. And yet Emma never pointed it out, never blamed her for it, and still helped her. She had been such a catalyst in her losing her family all of her life, and she never ever once blamed her for it. It dawned on her just then how pure of heart Emma truly was. She could have been malicious with her. She could have easily convinced Henry she was evil. Regina was sure that even at some point Emma had the power to actually kill her. But Emma never had, she never used any of her power against her. And now she sat here with her having lunch, simply because Regina said she was tired of being alone in the office.

Emma looked up at the brunette, tilting her head in question.

"Regina?" she asked, pulling the former queen out of her deep inner thoughts. "You okay?"

Regina didn't answer. She took in Emma's features, the way her lips seemed to curve upwards ever so slightly despite the raised eyebrow in question at her, green eyes so full of concern for the person she should hate the most in the world. It was only a second later that she realized the spot of white stuck to Emma's top lip. Emma herself didn't even notice, more occupied with why Regina was staring at her so much.

The brunette reached for a napkin and, without another word, walked around the desk to crouch in front of Emma, reaching up and wiping the blonde's lip gently. Emma was surprised by the move at first and didn't react. She kept her eyes fixed on Regina, who seemed to be thinking about something very very hard. The blonde wondered if she was okay as she gently took the napkin from Regina's hand.

"Thanks." she said softly in response. Regina still didn't speak as she stood slowly and walked back around the desk, standing in front of the window that overlooked the town. Emma looked at her, brows furrowed in confusion as she watched Regina hug herself for a moment.

"Regina..." she spoke softly, trying to pull the brunette back from whatever inner monologue she
seemed to be so stuck in. But Regina didn't answer her, didn't look back. She was so stuck in her thinking about everything.

What if that was the answer? The question was so dominant in her mind. What if Emma was the answer to everything after all? She was the savior after all. And like she had said back when she accidentally brought Marian back. She wasn't going to stop until everyone had their happy ending. Regina included.

The former queen closed her eyes and sighed. She felt a gentle hand on her shoulder and didn't even flinch. It wasn't intruding on her, it was comforting her.

"Hey." Emma spoke softly. "What's wrong?"

Regina looked at Emma and couldn't help the soft smile that came over her face.

"Nothing, I'm fine. I was just thinking." she said. Emma seemed to calm down at that answer.

"Well what's got you thinking so hard?" the savior asked.

"Henry." Regina answered. "And how...maybe, if we form a strong enough friendship, he won't be so disappointed."

"Yeah that sounds good." Emma said with a curious smile.

"So, in light of that." Regina continued. "I think we should try to spend more time together. Both with and without Henry. It would be good for all three of us."

Emma's smile widened and turned genuine. The thought of spending time with Regina, whether or not they also spent it with their son, seemed so damned appealing to her.

"I'd like that." She said. Regina smiled at her in response.

"Then we're agreed."
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

A/N: Hey guys! Another week has passed and with that comes another chapter of this fic, which if I do say so myself is pretty awesome.

So here's the thing: I like stability. I also understand that waiting A WEEK for a new chapter is a little maddening (especially since there are a few cliffhangers coming your way *wink wink.*). Also I have written ahead quite a bit from what you're actually currently reading. As you've read this I'm madly typing away at chapter 12 already. And I know for a fact that there will be plenty more chapters.

So in light of that I've decided that this will be my last post on Saturday. As of next Wednesday I will be posting every Wednesday and Sunday instead. It's a win/win in my eyes: You guys get two chapters a week and faster story progression, and I get to see you all react much quicker and it takes away from the anxiety of "will they like it?" which is very real and very annoying. So I will see you all next Wednesday!

I'd like to thank my friend Lexi again because she's been an amazing help, and some of the stuff you read is sometimes actually her ideas, just my words. So big props for her!

Okay, long note over. Enjoy the chapter, don't forget to review!

"Emma what the hell are you doing?" Was the first thing he heard when he walked into the house. He raised an eyebrow before walking towards the kitchen.

"I'm doing what you told me to!" Emma said defensively.

"I told you to grate the cheese for the macaroni, not play with it!" Regina said, clearly frustrated.

"Well I couldn't find the cheese grater..." Emma said, looking at the cheese in her hands. "...Or the cutlery drawer for a knife."

When Henry reached the kitchen, Emma was breaking cheese into small pieces with her hands while Regina slammed her head repeatedly against the over-top cabinet door.

"What's going on?" He chanced in asking.

"Your mom's teaching me how to cook!" Emma said with a smile.

"And regretting every second of it." Regina muttered as she opened the cabinet she was slamming her head against and pulled out the cheese grater. "Next time just ask me hmm?"

"Well I wanted you to think I knew what I was doing." Emma said with a nervous smile. Regina answered with a look that screamed you have got to be fucking kidding. But she wouldn't swear in front of Henry, or anyone for that matter, she was much too refined for that. Emma grinned up at her one more time before grabbing the cheese grater and actually doing what she was told.

"So I'm guessing it's mac and cheese for tonight?" Henry said to Regina. She smiled at him and
nodded.

"Provided your mother doesn't poison it." She said sarcastically.

"Hey. Hey." Emma said defensively. "Apple turnover, that's all I'm saying."

"She does have a point." Henry said with a small cringe. Regina looked over at him and waved him off.

"Go do your homework." she said. He nodded, reaching over the table and grabbed a few cheese pieces from the plate Emma worked on before disappearing to the foyer and going up the stairs. Regina sat at the table and watched Emma's hands work as she spoke.

"You know I would appreciate you not bringing up my past grievances to him." she said. Emma looked up at her, surprise and regret evident in her eyes.

"Regina I...I didn't mean it that way you know that." She said. "You know that right?"

"I'm a witch, not a mind reader dear." Regina said with a soft smile.

"Well I'm sorry." Emma said sincerely. "But if it's all the same, he's way over it. He stopped blaming you for that stuff ages ago."

"And how do you know this?" Regina asked.

"We talk about this stuff." Emma said. "He never really wants to mention the Evil Queen side of you, he's worried it would upset you. But truthfully? He's over it, he sees you as one of the good guys now he loves you."

"He said that?" Regina asked.

"Well yeah I mean look at all the good stuff you did. If course you're a good guy-"

"No, not that." Regina said. "The...the last bit."

Emma smiled up at her, her heart tugging a little at the look on Regina's face that was just begging her silently to tell her it was true. She wiped off her hands and reached over, placing her hands on Regina's and squeezing them in reassurance.

"Regina of course he loves you. You're his mother." She said, tilting her head to try and catch the brunette's eyes. "He adores you and he's so thankful for everything you've done for him."

"Even making him think he was crazy?" Regina said. Emma resisted the urge to pull her into a tight hug.

"Yes. Even that, he understands now even if he didn't at the time." Emma said softly. "You were afraid to lose him, to lose everything."

"I didn't realize how much I'd actually gain." Regina said with a small smile that made Emma's go wider.

"But now you do, and all is forgiven." Emma said. "And I'll say it again. Henry loves you."

"I always thought he preferred you." Regina said. Emma shrugged.

"A kid can love two parents." She said. "Just because he loves me doesn't mean he doesn't love
you."

Regina could have cried tears of joy. At that moment she was so thankful to have Emma there, to tell her all of this and push away her insecurities.

"Thank you." She said softly.

"What are friends for?" Emma said with a grin. Regina smiled back and nodded. Their eyes were locked for a moment and they sat in silence contemplating each other, until the pot of pasta started hissing and overflowing. Then they broke off their staring contest and both went back to what they were doing.

"Ow!" Emma yelped. There was clattering and panging from behind Regina as she turned around to see Emma waving her hand in pain and the dish that Regina had just asked her to bring out of the oven on the floor.

"Did you really just pick up a hot dish without oven mitts?" Regina asked.

"I didn't realize it was hot. Why is the oven on when there's no food in it?" Emma said, blowing cool air onto her burnt hand.

"It's pre-heating, it'll allow the food to take less time." Regina explained. Emma looked at her for a second before going back to her burnt hand. The former queen stepped up to her.

"Give me your hand." Regina said, Emma flinched away.

"No it hurts." she whined. Regina rolled her eyes.

"Will you stop being such a baby?" Regina said, holding her palm out expectantly. Emma sighed and tentatively placed her burnt hand on Regina's. "Keep your palm open."

Emma did as she was told, holding her palm open, despite the slight sting from doing so. Regina held her free hand over the open, bright red, blistering hand, bringing her own down as close to it as possible without actually touching it. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath as Emma watched her curiously. Suddenly, the blonde felt a warm, comforting sensation flow down from Regina's hand to her own. Faint purple smoke flowed from the former queen's hand as the painful sensation in Emma's hand seemed to slowly fade away, taking with it any redness or blisters or possible swelling. Within a few more seconds, Emma's hand was back to normal, as if she had never touched the dish.

"Woah." Emma said softly. Regina opened her eyes again as the purple smoke fluttered away, disappearing into the air. "What was that?"

"Healing." Regina said with a smile, handing the oven mitts to Emma before gesturing back to the dish as she turned around and went back to mixing the pasta and cheese sauce.

"I never knew you could heal." Emma said as she picked up the dish, using the mitts this time.

"I wasn't given many opportunities to show case the ability." Regina said.

"It's pretty cool though." Emma said with a smile. "Is it harder than other magic?"

"Depends on what you're healing. It does tend to take a lot more out of you than regular magic." Regina explained. "You're transferring your energy into another person, multiplying their own so that the healing process is sped up."
"So if you were to try and heal something big you'd probably end up-"

"Passing out at best." Regina said. "Worst case scenario you do so much damage to yourself you end up dead."

"Kind of like when you were going to turn off that self destruct spell?" Emma asked. "It took a lot of magic so it would have put your life at risk."

"Yes." Regina nodded. "Thankfully it didn't come to that."

Emma didn't miss the smile Regina sent her way as she poured the pasta and cheese sauce into the dish.

"Yeah well I couldn't let you go out like that." Emma said.

"Like what?" Regina asked.

"At all." Emma said like it was obvious.

"I didn't realize my death would have caused you so much distress." Regina said sarcastically. But Emma turned around to face her just in time for Regina to see a flash of pain before it ebbed away.

"Don't joke about that." Emma said. "You're...well you're important to me."

"I am?" Regina said, a smile forming on her lips.

"Yeah, and more than that you're important to Henry." She said. "We- he couldn't just lose you like that."

Regina didn't miss the 'we' that Emma tried to cover up. But she didn't acknowledge it, instead placing a hand on Emma's shoulder from behind and inspected the food the blonde was working on.

"That looks good." She said. "Can I trust you to put it in the oven without hurting yourself?"

"Yes." Emma said with a smirk, taking the dish back in her once again mitt covered hands and sliding it into the oven. "How long will it be?"

"Not long." Regina said. "It just needs to stick together a little, we don't want it too crunchy."

"Yeah Henry hates the crunchy bits." Emma said. "He always takes the top off his portion. Usually I trade him some of my soft stuff for his crunchy parts."

"I think that's my fault, I always made sure his food was soft as a child." Regina said. "I don't eat a lot of crunchy stuff myself."

"Really?" Emma said, a little surprised. "You strike me as the kind of girl who's not afraid to use her teeth."

Regina lofted and eyebrow at that with a challenging smirk on her lips.

"You have no idea." She said, her voice low and deep. Emma gulped a little as the brunettes voice sent soft chills down her spine. She locked eyes with Regina for a moment before they heard footsteps coming down the stairs and Henry appearing in the kitchen a moment later.

"Is dinner almost ready yet?" he asked, sitting down at the table and smiling at his two mothers. "It smells awesome, and I'm starving."
"Just a few minutes kid." Emma said with a smile, patting him on the shoulder. "Come on, let's set the table."

Henry got up again and he and Emma got to work as Regina kept her eye on the oven. Emma couldn't help the feeling she got as she made her way around the kitchen, picking things up and placing them on the table. She couldn't get past just how domestic this was, and just how long she'd been craving something like this. With David and Mary Margaret, as much as she loved the both of them, it always felt like they were trying a bit too hard to make her feel like it was a normal family. To the point where she would get frustrated. Here, it was a natural flow of things and she fell easily into it, like she belonged there from the start. The thought of that alone cause her to smile unknowingly, and her face to light up.

"What's so funny?" Regina asked her when she caught the sight of the bright smile on the savior's face.

"Huh?" Emma turned to her, only then realizing she was smiling. She shrugged at Regina, the smile never really leaving her face. "This just feels really nice you know?"

The former queen knew exactly what Emma was talking about. Even she could feel the bliss of domesticity hanging in the air, much brighter and clear to her. Like it was the way it should be all the time. The brunette smiled at her in agreement before turning around and inspecting the dish of pasta again. Dubbing the macaroni finished and baked to perfection, she grabbed the oven mitts and pulled the dish out, surprised to find Henry at her said, sniffing the dish like a starving dog.

"This he gets from you." Regina said over to Emma, who just rolled her eyes and pulled Henry away.

"Down boy." she said jokingly. Henry chuckled as he was pulled away from the dish.

"It does smell good though." Henry said with a smile.

"Well I don't get all the credit this time." Regina said, smiling towards Emma, who grinned back almost excitedly. "Come on, let's dig in."

She plated healthy portions for all of them and they settled in at the table. Emma couldn't help eyeing Henry as he lifted his first forkful into his mouth. He smiled up at her and gave her an approving nod.

"It's really good." He said. Emma grinned happily and Regina smiled at both of them. "You two should cook together more often."

"Well your mom is teaching me, so that's a big possibility." Emma said.

"Cool! We can start having family dinners!" Henry grinned at both of them. Emma and Regina shared an exchanged of thoughts just by a single look and then Regina smiled at their son.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea Henry." she said. She could see the happiness rise in the boy's eyes as they lit up.

After dinner, Henry mentioned having the last bit of homework to do, and being tired from his day, so he bid them goodnight and disappeared up the stairs. The two woman remained standing by the sink, as Regina washed and rinsed the dishes and Emma dried them.

"He seemed to like it." The blonde said with a proud smile.
"Well it did turn out good." Regina said with a thoughtful look. "Still I can't help but wonder..."

"What?" Emma asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I think he enjoyed the fact that we were together more than the actual dinner itself." Regina pointed out as she handed the savior the last plate. Emma smiled at her as she took it, their fingers brushing together slightly as their hands lingered for a moment, their eyes locked again. Emma was suddenly reminded of that moment before Henry appeared. How the other woman's eyes darkened slightly as she spoke and her voice was low and husky, and how Emma's body had reacted to it. The savior gulped as she forced herself to pry her eyes away from Regina's, going instead to the plate in her hands, as she focused on drying it rather thoroughly. The action was not lost on the former queen, who bit her lip and closed her eyes and took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down. She reached for the glass of wine she had resting on the table, taking a couple of gulps from it. Emma put the plates away into their designated cupboards before turning back to Regina. She gave her a timid smile, as if she were afraid she'd done something wrong, and the former queen was compelled to give her a friendly smile back, as if she had this internal need to quell any fears or worries the blonde might have. It seemed to work, as Emma's smile widened, reaching her eyes and making them sparkle in a way that took Regina's breath away for a moment.

Emma bit her lip tentatively, as if she were going to ask something when Regina beat her to it.

"Do you feel like watching another movie?" the brunette asked. Emma grinned at her.

"Sure." she said, following Regina's lead. The former queen grabbed her glass and bottle of wine off the table, and Emma did the same, taking her glass with her as she followed Regina to the living room. "Do you wanna pick this time?"

"I don't know much about Disney movies I'm afraid." Regina said.

"Come here." Emma said, gesturing for her to come next to her near the shelf where the DVDs rested. Regina was hesitant, but did so anyway, placing the bottle and glass on the coffee table before standing next to Emma. "Close your eyes and point at a movie, whichever one you pick, we'll watch."

Regina looked at Emma skeptically for a moment, and it took another encouraging nod from the blonde for her to close her eyes and hold out her arm, pointing over at a movie at random. She heard the sweeping sound of plastic on plastic as Emma pulled the box out of the shelf and read off the title.

"The Little Mermaid." Emma said with a grin and Regina sighed and rolled her eyes. "Good choice."

"I just hope fictional Ariel isn't as annoying as the real deal." Regina said, as she sat on the couch, watching Emma crouch down to place the DVD in the player slot. Her eyes wandered to an expanse of skin that had been exposed when her shirt rode up and she licked her lips mindlessly, only being pulled from her trance when Emma stood up fully again, that adorable smile still on her features.

"Well considering she doesn't talk for most of the movie." Emma said with a chuckle as she sat next to Regina. A bit closer this time, the brunette noticed, than the last time they shared this couch. To the point where if they laid their arms on the couch they would be touching and probably on top of each other. She didn't know what surprised her more, that Emma was okay with being this close to her, or that she yearned for her to be even closer.

She shook the thoughts out of her head as Emma hit play on the remote and the Disney logo and
accompanying music played. The movie started and the two women sat in silence as they watched, until...

"I'm sixteen years old, I'm not a child anymore!"

"I already don't like her." Regina muttered, causing Emma to chuckle. "Seriously when does she lose her voice?"

"Shh. Just watch." Emma said with an amused smile. The blonde reached over and took her wine glass, sipping some of it. Regina's eyes wandered to the savior's lips as she licked off some runaway wine droplets and the former queen had to bite her lip and force herself to focus on the movie. To say she was attracted to the blonde was a bit of an understatement, she had been for a while after all. The first time she truly noticed how attractive Emma was, it was when she'd brought a basket of apples to her room at Granny's and Emma opened the door in nothing but her tank top. Regina remembered how her eyes had grazed over the smooth skin on the savior's toned arms and had to steel herself to keep up her thinly veiled threats for the blonde to get out of her town.

The next time she'd seen the blonde's toned arms was in a haze of fury and, she only recently admitted to herself, sexual tension. Emma had come to her garden, chainsaw blazing and hacking away at her precious tree. Her muscles rippling under the weight of the heavy tool. Regina at that point didn't know whether to kill the blonde or take her on the grass in front of said tree, but she had never admitted that to herself, especially not at the time, when she was so furious and scared of losing everything she had worked towards. Though, as she had said to Emma earlier, she only gained more after the curse broke, she just took some time to realize it.

Looking back, she could see the many times she'd made small hints towards just how not attracted to the blonde she was.

"Enjoy my shirt, it's all you're getting." She made it sound like the blonde wouldn't get Henry. But underneath that, she meant she wouldn't get her. Because they were constantly challenging each other, ready to tear each other's heads off, and it charged Regina so much more than anything ever had in her life. If there was any reason she missed the time before the curse broke, it's the way Emma looked when she was angry. Her blazing eyes, her fierce tone. It was all like an aphrodisiac to the former queen, making her blood boil beneath her skin and heat to rise between them. She was pretty sure, in fact, that the time she had punched Emma had been more about that, rather than Graham.

She had to put these thoughts aside. Because the memories and the alcohol in her system were a bad mix, even if it was only a little wine, and the way the skin of Emma's pale arm brushed against hers sent shivers down her spine, and before she knew it she was trembling slightly.

Emma looked over to her in mild concern when she felt the brunette shaking near her.

"Hey you cold?" she asked, setting her glass down immediately and turning halfway around to pull the blanket off the back of the couch and wrap it around Regina's shoulder. The brunette didn't stop her, even when Emma wrapped an arm around her shoulders and rubbed her bicep with the other hand to inspire some heat to run through the brunette. Regina couldn't help but smile at the action, as hard as it made things for her to actually ignore the feelings running through her head. Emma smiled back at her, not moving away from her new position with her arm wrapped around the brunette.

They sat like that for the rest of the movie, and Regina couldn't deny that it was so damn nice to be held like that. She had to resist the urge to snuggle into Emma a little more. It felt good, but she didn't want things to get weird between them. Though that was hard when she seemed to be so focused on Emma's face and the way she licked her lips after each and every sip of wine she took. Regina had to steel herself to focus on the movie playing in front of them, which she was barely paying attention to.
How did they end up on a boat? Before she knew it a song was starting. What was it with Disney and musicals?

"I love this song." Emma sighed whimsically, her head tilting slightly to rest gently on Regina's shoulder.

*There you see her, sitting there across the way.*

*She don't got a lot to say, but there's something about her.*

*And you don't know why but you're dyin' to try you wanna,*

**kiss the girl.**

Regina resisted the urge to roll her eyes at the irony. Emma's eyes were closed, but the brunette knew she was awake because she was humming softly along with the music and Regina could feel her warm breath on her neck and she gulped as the weight of the words of the song hit her even harder.

*Yes you want her,*

*look at her you know you do.*

*Possible she want you too, there is one way to ask her.*

*It don't take a word, not a single word, go on and*

**Kiss the girl.**

The musical interlude, much to Regina's surprise, was heavier than the music. Because it gave leeway to Emma looking up at her and smiling at her with her eyes shining so brightly, like the song gave her so much hope and happiness and Regina's heart was breaking just looking at her.

*Sha la la la*

*Don't be scared, you've got the mood prepared*

*go on and, kiss the girl*

*Sha la la la*

*Don't stop now, don't try to hide it how*

*you wanna, kiss the girl.*

Regina couldn't tear her eyes off of Emma. Deep brown locked onto bright green and the former queen could feel her breathing get a little heavier as the mood of the room rested heavily on her heart.

*Sha la la la*

*Float along, and listen to the song*

*the song say, kiss the girl.*

*Sha la la la*

*Music play, do what the music say.*
They never tore their eyes off of each other, not daring to break the moment for even a second, for fear of losing what they had in exchange for the real world. But as the music softened, the encouraging words still playing out, Emma bit her lip slightly, and her eyes broke away from Regina's intense gaze to chance a glance at her lips.

At that Regina lost all sense of control, pushing forward suddenly to crash her lips onto Emma's. The blonde was still for a moment in shock, but then, as realization dawned on her, her lips went into action, returning the kiss with as much force as had been given. Regina shifted on the couch without breaking their lips apart, and wrapped her arms around the savior's neck, one hand getting lost in golden locks as she pulled the other woman as close to her as possible. Emma's immediate response was to pull Regina closer from her hips, as if any space between them was painful to her. Their lips moved together like they had done this a million times now, and as Ariel and Eric fell into the water on the ignored screen in front of them, they fell into each other on the couch, a small missing piece of the puzzle of their lives that fit perfectly together.
Chapter 4

A/N: We're back! I hope you guys enjoyed the last chapter, though I know a lot of you did thanks to the very sweet reviews I got. Today marks the first day of the new schedule for this fic! For those of you who don't know/remember: It'll be a new chapter every Wednesday and Sunday from now on!

Prepare for fluff and some sexiness in this one. Enjoy ;). Don't forget to review!

It had been a week since the day of the kiss, and Emma and Regina had yet to talk about it since. They still spent the week bonding and adding memories into their newfound friendship, that didn't change. They just both made a silent agreement to never talk about the kiss ever. Even though every time one looked at the other, be it a quick glance while they thought the other wasn't looking, or one of their long, lingering stares that they often shared in the middle of a conversation or across the table at Granny's while Henry wasn't paying attention, their eyes would quickly glance over the other woman's lips, remembering just how soft they felt pressed against each other, dancing together to the music of their own heavy breathing and sighs and soft moans. Even though they both knew that that was the best kiss either of them have ever had, they still didn't acknowledge it, though neither wanted to forget that it ever happened, They would never talk about it.

Emma moaned as Regina's tongue slipped gently into her mouth as they leaned back on the couch, sliding down until Regina was straddling Emma on the couch, their lips still attached. Their hands wandered, grasping at clothed skin and tangling into locks of hair as they lost themselves in each other. Emma pulled her head back, pushing it back into the arm rest as she tried to come up for air beneath a wild and frantic Regina, who moved her lips down her jawline onto her neck and was sucking and nipping at skin and driving the savior crazy.

"We shouldn't be doing this." Emma mumbled.

"No we shouldn't." Regina agreed, but didn't stop.

"Henry's right upstairs." Emma said again, Regina nodded, but still continued. Emma searched again for some kind of excuse that could get them to stop, but she couldn't find one. Her mind was too fogged up thanks to all the things Regina's mouth was doing to her and this was just on her neck. Her pale hands slid up the brunette's back and attempted to pull her closer. Regina moaned at the touch, her senses going crazy with the savior's hands on her. They both knew this was wrong, that it was dangerous territory. But neither could care for the moment, and soon their lips were back together and their tongues were batting viciously in between them.

This time it was Regina who pulled back for air. She looked into Emma's eyes as both women panted heavily, their breaths heating up the air around them. Before any of them could say anything, Emma buried her face into Regina's neck, sucking at the soft skin. Regina's back arched in response as a moan escaped her mouth before she had the mental power to stop it.

"Emma..."
"Emma?...EMMA!" Regina snapped her fingers in front of the blonde's face, pulling her out of her day dream. Emma jolted back into reality, literally, and blinked a couple of times.

"Huh? sorry what?" She said, clearly proving Regina's theory that Emma hadn't been paying attention.

"Were you listening to a word I was saying?" Regina asked and Emma sighed as she picked up her to go coffee cup off the desk.

"No, I'm sorry." She said as Regina rolled her eyes. "Neal's been hell lately, literally, he shrieks like a demon."

"Henry was the same." Regina nodded sympathetically.

"Not in my memory, Henry was a dream." Emma said with a raised eyebrow.

"The point of me giving you those memories was so that you had happy endings, dear." Regina pointed out. "So yes, it was, in fact, a dream. So very very different from reality."

"Wait so do you know the detail of each and every one of the memories you gave us"? Emma asked.

"Not all the details, and only to a certain point, but there are a few choice ones that I know very well." Regina explained.

"Huh...no wonder Henry was so good as a kid...Except...wait he was one hell of a pee shooter. Like...every time I ever changed his diaper I had to duck and cover, what was that about?" Emma asked curiously. Regina just shrugged and tried to fight off a smirk as she picked off a piece of donut. Emma gasped in realization. "Regina!"

"Well you didn't expect me to have no fun while giving you those memories did you?" She said with a grin. Emma scoffed and shook her head.

"I don't believe you! You were super emotional when you promised us those happy endings you were all teary eyed and shit..."

"Very eloquent dear." Regina jumped in.

"Whatever, you owe me so many sweaters." Emma said. Regina laughed and waved her off.

"They weren't real sweaters." she pointed out. "Just...memories of them."

Emma sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Whatever it was still really uncool." she said, crossing her arms over her chest as Regina snickered at her.

"Oh I'll buy you a bear claw to make it up to you." she waved her off.

"Five." Emma bantered.

"It is not up for negotiation, and you can't eat five bear claws at once that's just unhealthy." Regina said with a shake of her head.

"They don't have to be all at once, five bear claws is like a entire work week's breakfast, set." Emma shrugged. Regina rolled her eyes at her.
"Fine." she relented.

"YES!" Emma said, punching the air with both arms.

"You are a child." Regina said. "And the fact that you're not even offended at that only proves it."

"Just makes me the fun parent." Emma shrugged.

"Excuse me." Regina said as if she were scandalized. Emma raised her eyebrow at her challengingly. "I can be very fun, thank you very much."

Emma just laughed in response.

"Please, Regina, you're a great mom and everything, but you're 'eat your vegetables' and 'go do your homework' I'm 'Let's go play video games' and 'Sure you can drive the cruiser.'"

"You let my son drive the police cruiser?!!" Regina said, eyes blaring. Emma lifted her hands up in innocence.

"Relax, it was just an example." she said, which seemed to calm Regina down. "My dad did let him drive his truck once though."

"I'll kill him." Was Regina's automatic response.

"You will not." Emma waved her off. Regina huffed in annoyance, when had she gotten this soft?

"Anyway," She said, shaking the thought of her being soft off of her mind. "Just because I'm responsible, doesn't mean I can't be fun."

"Prove it." Emma shrugged. "Ashley, Ruby and I are having a girl's night tonight. Come with us."

"What does a girl's night have anything to do with being a fun parent?" Regina asked.

"You're only a fun parent if you're fun in general." Emma shrugged again. "Besides it might do you some good to cut loose a little."

"And who do you suppose will look after our son?" Regina asked. Emma rolled her eyes.

"He'll sleep over at my parents' place and teach Dad the wonders of Xbox, while you and I go out on the town and you can show me just how fun you can be." Emma said, challenging the brunette again. Regina sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Fine. Deal." She relented.

"Yes!" Emma punched the air again. "Ruby owes me a bear claw!"

"Excuse me?" Regina asked.

"Oh I made a bet with her, she said I'd never get you to agree to join us tonight, but I had a little more faith in you and my powers of persuasion." Emma said with a victorious grin. She stood up, downsing the last bit of coffee from her cup before shrugging on her jacket. "I'm off to collect, see you later Gina!"

"Don't call me that." Regina called after her as Emma tossed her cup into the bin by the door and walked out of the Mayor's office, leaving the echo of her laugh behind. The same laugh, Regina couldn't help but remember, that Emma laughed the night of the kiss.
"What's so funny?" Regina asked with a chuckle of her own, pulling her face away from the blonde's neck.

"That tickles." Emma said with another giggle.

"What, where?" Regina asked.

"Where your hands are." Emma said. Suddenly Regina had an evil grin spread across her face, and before she knew it, Emma was gasping for air and giggling wildly.

"Oh God, Regina!" Emma tried to get her to stop, pulling at her hands, but Regina fought her off and continued as she buried her face in her neck again and sucked on a spot she had just found to be quite sensitive. As the blonde was caught between gasping for air and moaning at what Regina's mouth was doing on her neck, the former queen couldn't help but imagine what it would sound like if she were gasping and moaning for another reason. The imagine alone cause her to moan herself. She hadn't realized that her hands had stopped tickling Emma as she lost herself in the blonde's neck. Emma's hands roamed around until they landed on Regina's ass, unable to resist squeezing a little. She'd always dreamed of that ass, it always looked so perfect in anything Regina wore.

Regina's body automatically responded to the grabbing by grinding her hips down into Emma. The savior moaned again and ground back a little before she was able to collect her thoughts.

"Regina...Regina we can't do this, we can't keep going..." Her voice was faint and held very little volition. The brunette wasn't paying attention, lost in soft pale skin and her body's reaction to what her hips were doing.

"Regina are you..."

"...Even listening to me?...MOM!" Henry's voice suddenly invaded her thoughts and pulled her violently back to reality.

"Henry!" She said in surprise, not even realizing the boy was there. "How long have you been here?"

"Seriously?" he asked. "Were you sleeping with your eyes open or something?"

She looked at the time, 3:30pm, which would explain why Henry wasn't at school. Her eyes widened. She'd spent her day dreaming about that faithful night.

"I must have." She said with a furrowed brow.

"That's cool." Henry said with a smirk.

"Anyway." She said, shaking her mind free of the remnants of her dream. "What were you saying?"

"I was asking you if it was true what Emma told me, that you were hanging out with her and the girls tonight?" He said. Regina rolled her eyes.

"Yes, it is, you're sleeping over at your grandparents' tonight." She informed him. He grinned at her.

"Awesome!" He said. "I'll get home and pack some stuff I need."

"You do that, I'll see you before I leave." She nodded. He went over and gave her a quick hug before leaving her office.
She sighed as soon as he was gone, suddenly registering the small rumbling in her stomach, she had been so busy sleeping in her office and dreaming about Emma that she hadn't even eaten lunch. She decided to leave her office, opting to get lunch at Granny's instead.

She walked into the diner a while later and sat at the counter.

"Hey Regina." Ruby greeted with a smile. "So, I heard you're joining us tonight."

"My God did she tell the whole town?" Regina asked. Ruby chuckled and shook her head.

"No, but she did walk into the diner proclaiming, and I quote 'pay up, bitch!'" Ruby quoted. "Which, by the way, I did not appreciate. We're called she-wolves. Not bitches."

Regina wasn't looking at Ruby as she rolled her eyes, so she didn't notice that the other brunette was talking to a figure behind her.

"Fair enough, I'll buy you a drink tonight to make it up to you." Emma's voice came from directly behind Regina, causing the brunette to jump a little. She glared at the Sheriff as she sat down beside her.

"Sorry did I startle you?" Emma asked with a smile.

"No." Regina lied. Emma rolled her eyes.

"I'm sorry." she apologized again. "Wanna grab a booth?"

"Excuse me?" Regina asked.

"Well you're here for lunch right?" Emma asked. Regina nodded. "So, join me."

"Shouldn't you be down at the Station, Sheriff?" Regina said, enunciating the title purposefully. The blonde rolled her eyes.

"Everything is quiet and David can handle it down there." she waved off.

"Ah, but the Sheriff is the one who has to sign all the budget reports." Regina said with a smirk. Emma leveled her with a smug grin of her own.

"All. Done." she said as if it was some great feat. Regina's eyes widened comically.

"You're kidding." She said immediately. Emma shook her head.

"It's been too quiet lately, paperwork wasn't half as bad as I thought, I'll bring them by your office Monday." Emma said with a proud grin. "So, how about that booth?"

"Well, I suppose you do deserve some kind of reward for such, good behavior." Regina teased before she got up off the stool and walked towards an empty booth. Ruby smiled at Emma, who smiled back at the waitress with an eye-roll before following the mayor. She slid in across from where Regina had sat and smiled at her with that goofy smile of hers. Regina furrowed her brow at her.

"What's with the smile?" Regina asked. Emma shrugged very ungracefully in response.

"Nothing, I'm just happy to be hanging out with you." Emma said. Regina hummed in response.

"Well if it were even a year ago I would have burned my tongue out for even saying this, but your
company is not as bad as I ever thought it would be." The brunette said. Emma chuckled.

"You know Regina you have this way of giving a person warm fuzzy feelings inside." she said sarcastically.

"You sure that's not just nausea?" Regina joked, even at her own expense, which was what made Emma laugh out loud. Regina chuckled along, mostly at Emma's reaction than anything else. Ruby eyed the two of them like they were crazy as she placed two plates in front of them. Emma was still laughing and didn't notice, but Regina simply smiled at Ruby.

"Oh could you bring her some mayo? She needs it for her-

"Onion rings. Right" Ruby said with a nod and a smile. She was so weirded out right now it was crazy. Emma looked down at her plate with a smile when she finally stopped laughing.

"Oh I need mayo." she said. Regina waved her off.

"I handled it while you were laughing." Regina said, her words being proved true as Ruby came back, handing Emma the bottle with a smile before walking away to answer the bell Granny was ringing.

"Aww, thanks Gina!" Emma said with a grin. Regina glared at her before flicking her hand suddenly, causing one of Emma's onion rings to disappear. "Hey!"

"I told you not to call me that." Regina said calmly.

"Come on, Gina, bring it back." Emma said, instead Regina flicked her hand again and took another one away. "Come on!"

"Stop calling me that." Regina said authoritatively.

"No." Emma said with finality before smiling at her challengingly. "Gina."

Flick, another one gone.

"Stop that."

"Stop calling me that horrid nickname." Regina said with a shrug.

"You do realize it's like 80% of your name, right?" Emma said as she took a bite out of her grilled cheese.

"Yes, and I expect you to make an effort and say the other 20% as well before I relinquish your onion rings." Regina said, raising an eyebrow in challenge. "Unless you think you can conjure them back yourself."

Emma narrowed her eyes at her for a moment and then put her sandwich back down on her plate. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath before opening the palm of her hand over her plate, moving it slowly over it as she concentrated as hard as she could. Regina wasn't paying attention, because she was sure the blonde would fail. But then.

"Holy crap." Emma's voice pulled her attention again. The blonde was looking amazed at her plate and Regina looked down as well to see not only the onion rings she had taken away returned to her, but double the original amount she had on the plate now. Regina choked on her sandwich and started coughing uncontrollably. Emma panicked and flicked her hand, conjuring up a glass of water in the
middle of the table. Regina barely noticed at that point, reaching for the glass and taking loud, long gulps, finally able to breathe again. That's when she looked at the glass in her hands and back at the blonde.

"You didn't even have to stop to concentrate that time." She pointed out. Emma shrugged.

"I just, panicked a little, you were choking and I was thinking of the best way I could help." She said.

"Your magic really is growing strong." Regina said. "You're learning faster than I did."

Emma shrugged with a smug grin. "Product of true love, what up."

Regina rolled her eyes.

"Just think, I could have magically castrated your father and solved all my problems." Regina joked. Emma snickered until she felt a presence near her and looked up to see David there with a very confused and disturbed look on his face.

"Dad!" She said with a grin. Suddenly Hook appeared right next to him.

"Everything alright mate?" The pirate asked when he saw the look on his friend's face.

"Uh...yeah..." David said, looking over at him. "I'm gonna go get that booth."

Hook nodded with a raised eyebrow at him, when David walked away, Hook grinned at Emma and slid in next to her at the booth.

"Afternoon Swan." He said. Emma smiled at him, very tightly, Regina noticed, and pressed her lips together even tighter as he leaned over to kiss her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Well I came by to the station to see you, but your father was there and hungry so he invited me to lunch." Hook explained. "Speaking of, I should get back to him, I'll see you later."

He was off the next second after offering Regina a nod in greeting. Emma sighed and rolled her eyes as he walked away and grabbed one of her magical onion rings and dipped it in mayo before stuffing it into her mouth.

"I don't mean to alarm you dear." Regina began. "But I think your boyfriend and your father are on a date."

Emma scoffed a laugh and nearly choked on her food.

"It's just lunch." She said.

"Whatever you say." Regina teased.

"Well by that logic we're on a date too so there." Emma said, sticking her tongue out at the brunette, slipping it back into her mouth before Regina had a chance to attempt to take that away like she had her onion rings.

"Why didn't you ask them to join us?" The former queen asked.

"Why didn't you?" Emma countered. Regina raised an eyebrow at her.
"Because they're your boyfriend and father, and frankly I have mild distaste for both of them." Regina said. "So I ask again, why didn't you tell them to join us?"

"Well I invited you to lunch before, it's not fair if I throw you into that." Emma explained. Regina nodded as if she was satisfied with the answer.

"Now tell me why you really didn't invite them." she said and Emma groaned at being caught.

"Because Hook is Hook and my dad is necessary to keep him occupied." She mumbled before she stuffed another onion ring into her mouth.

"Did you think on what I had told you?" Regina asked. Emma sighed again in response.

"I have..." Emma said in a tone that made Regina think the blonde had found her answer.

"And you haven't broken up with him yet because?" Regina asked.

"I tried." Emma said desperately. "Three times. But every time I tell him we need to talk he gets this look of a puppy on his face like he knows something's coming and I feel like a jerk every time!"

"I can understand that." Regina nodded.

"You can?" Emma said, a hopeful smile starting to appear on her face.

"Yes." Regina said, looking up at her seriously. "It was the first tactic my mother would use to coerce me into doing her bidding. When it stopped working she resorted to magic."

Emma slumped in her seat.

"Come on, Regina, you don't honestly think he'll turn violent." She said. Regina shrugged noncommittally.

"I don't know him like you do." She said. "And he's a pirate, I don't trust him."

"Are you..." Emma narrowed her eyes at her and smiled in contemplation at the brunette.

"What?" Regina asked.

"Are you worried about me?" Emma asked with a grin.

"No...I mean...well..." Regina stopped talking and sighed. "I can't really say I wouldn't feel bad if something were to happen to you."

"Aww Gina!" Emma gushed. Her onion ring count went back down to three, before it went back up to ten, before it disappeared completely, before Emma had another plate in front of her completely dedicated to a pile of onion rings.

"No magic in my diner." They heard Granny's voice chastising them from across the room, which was the only thing that made them stop messing around, and also caused both women to blush profusely and speak in unison like a couple of children.

"Sorry Granny."

That evening, Regina showed up at the Charmings' loft with Henry. They walked up to the door and knocked. Snow White's face appeared a moment later, tilting slightly in confusion when she saw
"Are you really the only person she hasn't told?" Was all Regina said in response.

"Guess so." Snow shrugged, stepping aside to let them both in. "What did she not tell us?"

"Oh..." They heard the blonde's voice from up the stairs. Everyone turned to her and Regina was shocked into speechlessness at the sight of Emma in a tight black leather dress that stopped mid way down her thighs. Emma gave the brunette a nervous smile. "Hi."

"Emma..." Snow said slowly, looking at the way the two were looking at each other. "What's going on?"

"Oh, nothing." Emma said, finally breaking out of her trance that the brunette had put her in just by looking at her like that and continuing her descent. "You ready to go Regina?"

"Hmm?" Regina said, having to pull herself out of her own mind as she took in the stunning scene in front of her. She smiled at the blonde. "Sorry I just...Is that a dress?"

Emma chuckled at her question.

"Yes, Regina, I actually own a few." She answered with a smile. Regina nodded.

"Well you look...very nice." Regina complimented. Emma quickly tried to hide her flushing face, almost forgetting that her mother was watching them intently while David helped Henry set up his Xbox.

"Thanks." She said, clearing her throat a little and brushing away a strand of her behind her ear. "You look pretty damn good yourself."

Emma wasn't exaggerating, though she was sure the brunette could make just about anything look sexy, but this really took the cake. Regina was dressed perfectly in a dark purple dress that stopped mid way down her thighs and was decorated with a wide black band around her middle, with two black bands leading up from the larger one, crossing just over her chest and forming a halter neck. There was just enough cleavage to tease any beholder, but not enough to satisfy them and it just screamed Regina.

"Well thank you, dear." Regina said. "Are you ready to go? I wouldn't want to be late."

"Oh don't worry about that, Ruby's always late." Emma waved her off with a grin as she grabbed her clutch.

"I'm not surprised." Regina said as she turned around to speak with her son. "Henry, you be good, don't tease your grandfather too much when he loses."

"You underestimate me." David said with a cocky grin.

"Dad he's gonna kick your ass, we all know this." Emma said, effectively shutting David up.

"Have fun mom, ma." He said, going over and giving both of them a quick hug.

"Have a good night dear." Regina said, giving him a kiss on the forehead.

"Kick his ass extra hard for me." Emma said, causing Henry to chuckle as she ruffled his hair and high-fived him. He ran back towards the TV to start the game as Emma and Regina bid everyone else a goodnight and left the loft.
They were the first to arrive at the Rabbit Hole of their little group, at which point Emma turned to Regina and said 'told you.' about Ruby being late. She sent the girl in question a quick text, to which Ruby responded saying Ashley was still caught up saying goodbye to her baby and a comment about how she's never going to have kids.

"Let's find a table while we wait. If we wait till they get here we'll never get one." Emma suggested as she lead them through the mildly crowded bar. They found a high table and managed to procure four stools for everyone. Emma offered to buy the two a round while they waited. Regina accepted, only to regret her decision a minute later when she felt the pang of nervousness at being left alone at the table in a bar full of people. But she held her composure.

Suddenly Ruby and Ashley showed up with matching grins on their faces, making their way to the table when they spotted the mayor.

"Hey Regina." Ruby said, pulling up a stool and sitting down, with Ashley following her lead. "Where's Emma?"

"Getting drinks." Regina answered.

"Oh, I'll go get us some." Ashley said to Ruby, who nodded as the other blonde offered a quick smile to both of them and hopped back off the stool to join Emma.

"So..." Ruby practically sang with her sly grin. "You and Emma."

"Me and Emma what?!" Regina asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh come on, I saw you two at the diner this afternoon." Ruby said. "What's going on, you trying to get with that?"

"Ruby, dear, I'm afraid you've misread things." Regina informed her. "Emma and I are just friends."

"Right." Ruby nodded. "And how did that happen in the first place?"

"Henry." Regina said with a shrug. "He enjoys having both of us around, so we decided to start spending more time together for his sake."

"And now?" Ruby said, as if she knew there was more to the story. Regina rolled her eyes and sighed at the other brunette.

"And now I..." She paused for a second and looked off in the direction of the blonde in question and sighed wistfully. "Now I'm just happy to have her around."

She turned to look at Ruby, who was giving her a knowing smile.

"Well, I think she's happy to have you around too." Ruby said with a smile. Regina smiled back questioningly, but didn't have time to voice her thoughts as suddenly a tray filled to the brim with shot glasses full of tequila showed up in front of them on the table.

"Drinks!" Ashley announced happily as she jumped up on the stool beside Ruby again.

"You can say that again." Ruby said with a giggle.

"Don't you think this is perhaps a little overboard?" Regina said, raising the question along with her eyebrow to Emma, who just shrugged and grinned.

"You said you wanted to have fun." She said.
"I didn't realize that involved destroying our livers." She answered. Emma shrugged again as she sat up on the stool.

"Come on, this will help you cut loose a little." Emma said. Regina gave her a skeptical look as the blonde handed her one of the small glasses. The former queen sighed and took it, Emma grinned and picked up one of her own along with the rest of the girls and they clinked the glasses together before downing their contents in one swift motion, each biting down on a slice of lemon immediately after.

"Ladies, the night has officially begun!" Ruby announced with a grin before picking up another shot.

Within the next half hour, they had taken down half of the shots on the tray, and Ashley was giggling wildly, Emma was smiling like a goof, Ruby was unfazed and Regina was staring at her wondering if the girl had some kind of super liver thanks to her werewolf powers.

"We can just tolerate a lot more." Ruby shrugged with a smile and that's when Regina had realized that she had actually spoken her thoughts out loud rather than thinking them in her head quietly.

"My fingers feel fuzzy." Emma said, wiggling her fingers in the air. Ashley seemed to find that the most hilarious thing on Earth as she had to be held by Ruby not to fall off her stool in laughter. Regina narrowed her eyes at the blonde and stayed quiet for the longest moment before she spoke.

"Didn't you have a baby at some point?" The brunette said, unsure at that point as everything in her head was mixing together like some strange concoction.

"Awwww baby." Ashley responded, resting her head on Ruby's shoulder. "Babies are so cute."

Regina took that as her answer and looked back to Emma, who was still looking at her fingers.

"Are you drunk already?" Regina asked.

"Please Regina, I can drink way more than that." she said. "You seem to be a lightweight though."

"What do you mean?" Regina said defensively.

"Well for one you're squinting at me pretty hard." Emma pointed out.

"That's because you keep moving." Regina said as if it were the blonde's fault. Emma chuckled goofily at her.

"Like I said, lightweight." Emma said, patting her on the shoulder.

"Oh please." The brunette scoffed, and then declared with a loud voice and a sweeping wave of her arm "I can drink all of you under this table."

"Is that a challenge Regina?" Emma said.

"Why yes, Ms. Swan. Yes it is." Regina said. Suddenly a shot glass was being placed in front of her.

"Challenge accepted." Emma said turning to look at Ruby and Ashley. "you guys in?"

"I think that would be unfair." Ruby said. "You two have your fun though."

"Wimps." Emma scoffed. Ruby rolled her eyes at her as she turned to Regina and picked up a shot glass of her own. They clinked the glasses together before downing the shots, and thus began the wildest night either of them had ever experienced.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

A/N: It's Sunday! So you know what that means :D.

I just wanna leave a quick shout out to the people who have been leaving me some of
the most amazing reviews I've ever read. I can't tell you how much they mean to me and
I'm not shitting you when I say some of them have brought me to tears! Your support
means the world to me, so thank you!

Once again big shout out to my friend Lexi, she helped me pick out the song for this
chapter. Love you girl xx

Now onto the chapter! Enjoy ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Regina didn't know why she had agreed to this. She had just downed her fifth shot and was sucking
on a lemon slice to remedy herself of the awful taste of the liquid. She considered for a moment
giving in and admitting to her mistake but she knew Emma would never let her live it down and she
was *not* about to let the blonde have the upper hand.

"I have a question." She said, turning slightly on her stool to face the blonde better and trying to
control the slight slurring of her words.

"Shh..shot-shoot-shh-pfft." Emma attempted to say before she giggled bubbly, her upper body
rocking in laughter. Regina giggled a little because the blonde looked adorable and the alcohol
wasn't allowing her to mask her feelings much right now and that slightly scared her.

"Why does tequila taste so awful?" she asked. "I mean if it's so popular why don't they make it taste
better?"

"R-Reg-gina." Emma giggled again slightly as she reached out for Regina's hands. The brunette
complied, partly because she though Emma was going to fall right off her stool if she didn't.
"Alcohol doesn't need to taste good."

"Why not?" Regina asked again. Emma just shrugged, hard enough for her body to rock back and
forth a little and Regina held her by her shoulders. "You're drunk."

"Pffffffftttttttttttttttt" Emma said, waving her off. "Jus...tipsy"

"Where's Ruby?" Regina asked, noticing that the werewolf and her blonde friend had left. Emma
pointed over at the middle of the bar where a few people were dancing. Regina squinted a little at the
blurry vision on people rocking against each other and could make out their company for the
evening.

"Wanna dance?" Emma asked with a grin.

"No." Regina answered grimly. Emma frowned and pouted at her as the song changed and a soft
piano tune took over the speakers. Regina groaned as she recognized the tune that had been joined
by a soft strumming of a guitar.

I set out on a narrow way many years ago

"Ugh, this song." she groaned again.

"Dance with me Regina." Emma said, pulling gently at her hand.

"No." The brunette said almost petulantly and shook the blonde's hand off.

"Come on, I thought Queens always danced at balls and stuff." Emma said.

"Not me." Regina said with a grim shake of her head.

"Why not?" Emma asked. Regina looked down at the table sadly.

"No one ever asked." she said.

"Bullshit, what about your wedding?" Emma asked with wide eyes.

"I don't really count that...he was kind of forced to with traditions and everything." Regina shrugged, barely missing the sad look Emma was giving her as the Sheriff's heart broke for the former queen. She stood up and held her hand out.

"Dance with me, your majesty?" she said with a soft smile. Regina looked up at her with a raised eyebrow with another refusal already at the tip of her tongue. But then she took in Emma's soft smile and her bright green eyes filled with hope and something tugged at Regina's heart. Before she knew it she was taking the blonde's hand and being lead to the dance floor. With their hands still joined, Emma placed a hand on Regina's hip, followed by the brunette who placed a hand on her shoulder. Emma held Regina close so that their bodies were flush together and they started moving gently to the music.

Every long lost dream led me to where you are

Others who broke my heart they were like Northern stars

Pointing me on my way into your loving arms

This much I know is true

That God blessed the broken road

That led me straight to you

"Why did no one ever ask you to dance?" Emma asked softly. Regina sighed sadly and Emma felt her breath on her lips, only then realizing that at some point during the song, they had pressed their foreheads together and stayed like that as they danced.

"I don't know." Regina answered softly, trying so badly to push away the memories of the countless balls her mother had made her attend in the hopes of finding an adequate suitor.

"You know what I think?" Emma asked.

"What?"

"That every man or woman who had the chance to ask you to dance but didn't? Those people are
idiots. Because you're a fucking fantastic dancer." Emma said, her words filled with passion. Whether that passion was alcohol induced or not was unknown to either of them, but they touched Regina's heart nevertheless and Regina smiled as she shifted her head slightly so that it rested on Emma's shoulder and sighed again, this time happily, because no one had ever made her feel the way she was feeling now and it was amazing.

"I'm lucky." Emma said again after a few seconds.

"Why?" Regina asked without missing a beat.

"I'm the first person to ever dance with you. Take that literally everyone else in the world ever." Emma said cockily with a smug grin on her face. Regina couldn't help but laugh a little at that because it was coming from Emma and despite how competitive and childish it sounded it meant the world to Regina.

Now I'm just rolling home

Into my lover's arms

This much I know is true

That God blessed the broken road

That led me straight to you.

As the song slowly started proceeding to it's close, Regina let the feeling of being surrounded in Emma take over her. Her mind, for the first time in a long time, was at peace. She knew it was thanks, in no small part, to the heavy alcohol she'd ingested. But she knew a part of it, however small, was due to Emma, and her sweet gesture and kind words, no matter how slurred they were. People were more honest when they were drunk, right?

Amidst her thoughts, which killed the point of her mind being peaceful, she barely noticed the feeling of lips being pressed to the side of her head. But the gesture calmed her, and she shifted again to bury her face in soft pale skin, pressing a kiss there before she could stop herself.

That God blessed the broken road

That led me straight to you.

"Umm guys, are you okay?" Ruby asked when she and Ashley returned to the table and found them, still drinking, with their heads rested against each other.

"We're fine." Regina answered with a grin.

"R'gina's pretty." Emma mumbled.

"Thank you dear." Regina said, turning and nuzzling her face into Emma's neck and placing a few kisses there. Ruby went wide eyed at the action.

"Ookay..." She nodded, then looked at the table and noticed the shots were all but gone. "Wow you guys drank all of them."

"We're not drunk." Regina said into Emma's neck.

"My head is fuzzy." Emma said, patting her head gently.
"Sure you're not." Ruby nodded, kind of glad she decided to stay out of that one, because this was just too entertaining. "More drinks?"

"Yes." Said both women. This time though, Ruby opted for vodka, and kept any of it away from Ashley because the girl hadn't drunk that much in a long time since the baby was born and she was worried it would be harmful. For some reason she didn't have that same concern about Emma and Regina, it had nothing to do with the fact that their drunkenness was entertaining to her, not at all.

Which is why she bought them another whole tray of shots and didn't have a single one.

"See..." Regina said as she drank down her second of those shots, before shaking it in Emma's face like some great accomplishment. "This tastes better than teck-tack-tuck...That other stuff."

"You know what tastes better?" Emma said with a giggle, turning so that her forehead was pressed to Regina's temple and her mouth was right over her ear and Regina could feel her warm breath on her neck and licked her lips as an automatic response.

"What?" she asked with a dazed smile.

"You." Emma whispered hotly. Shivers ran up Regina's spine and she had to suppress a moan. The former queen turned so that their foreheads were pressed together and the two women rubbed noses against each other's for a moment before their lips found each other and they started making out. Ruby was too focused on keeping Ashley on her stool to notice, but when she turned around her eyes went wide and she questioned literally every moment of her life up until that moment because Emma and Regina were kissing right in front of her.

"...Guys?" she asked tentatively, only to be chastised by both women at the same time in a loud duet of shushing sounds. Once that was done, their lips connected again like magnets attracted to one another and Ruby just accepted her fate with a shrug.

Her fate turned out to be being ignored for a whole hour as Regina and Emma ran their hands over each other and made out. She had to admit it was an improvement over when they were fighting, at least they kept quiet.

Emma dropped her head into Regina's shoulder before burying her face in tan skin, kissing and nipping at it, eliciting soft purrs from Regina in response.

"You're so beautiful." Emma whispered against warm skin. "You're like some kinda goddess."

Regina grinned happily and lifted Emma's face out of her neck so that they could crash their lips together in the most passionate kiss they shared that night. That was when Ruby rolled her eyes and downed a shot before she looked at the blonde resting on her shoulder.

"Ashley?" she asked, rocking the blonde gently. She was answered with a short snort followed by snoring. Ruby chuckled and shook her head, God what a night.

"Okay, guys, Ashley's' out. I'm taking her home. You need a ride?" Ruby asked, carefully getting off her stool without dropping Ashley and making sure she was strapped in well as Emma and Regina...
clambered into the back seat while somehow managing to fondle and grope each other. Ruby sighed and rolled her eyes as she made her way around the car and got into the driver's seat.

"Wait." Regina said as she turned the ignition and nearly climbed into the front of the car to talk to Ruby. "You're...runk...can' drive..."

Ruby looked at her and chuckled.

"Okay first off I am the least drunk of all of you, and secondly who's gonna stop me, the Sheriff? she asked, jabbing a thumb towards Emma, who was lying on her back in the back seat trying to pull Regina back over there with her. "Or the Mayor?"

Regina squinted at her, due to drunkenness more than contempt, before climbing back into the back seat on top of Emma and giggling wildly when the other woman smashed her face into her neck and tickled her with her hair.

"Thanks Ruby." Sean said with a grin as he wrapped an arm around his sleeping wife with a grin. "Did she have fun?"

"She only stopped laughing when she passed out." Ruby said with a smile.

"Good, she's been so stressed lately, had to practically kick her out of the house to get her to go out and have some fun." Sean said, smiling at Ashley and brushing the hair out of her face.

"You're a good guy Sean." Ruby said, patting him on his shoulder. He smile at her again, and then in a moment his facial expression change to one of confusion as an eyebrow raised on his face as his eyes trailed over to Ruby's car.

"Is that..." He squinted to make sure he wasn't seeing things. "...Is that Regina and Emma in your car...making out?!"

Ruby chuckled and nodded. "I should probably get them home."

Sean nodded at her with a confused and kind of scared look on his face. Ruby waved goodnight and went back to her car as he closed the door.

"Congrats guys you scarred Sean for life too." Ruby said as she got into the car.

"Who's Sean?" Regina slurred. Ruby rolled her eyes as she drove off in the direction of Emma's family's apartment.

"Wait." Emma's head popped up. "I can't go home."

"Why not?" Ruby asked, trying desperately to ignore Regina's face practically buried in the blonde's chest.

"Henry...I'm drunk..."

"Come to my place." Regina said with a dirty grin.

"Okay!" Emma said like a perky teenager. Ruby rolled her eyes as she changed course to Mifflin street, eager to get the two out of her car before she ended up with any permanent stains on the seats. She shuddered a little at the thought.

She finally dropped them both off at the mayoral mansion, saying goodnight before turning around
on the street and driving back home.

When she got into her and Granny's apartment, her shoes in her hands so she wouldn't wake her grandmother up, she heard a noise in the kitchen and went to investigate, only to find her grandmother there making tea.

"What are you still doing up?" Ruby asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Who's the parental unit here?" Granny asked in response. Ruby rolled her eyes and smile as she stepped over to give her grandmother a kiss on the cheek.

"You know what I mean." Ruby said.

"Well I was worried about you, I don't sleep right knowing you're still out and about." Granny said. Ruby pouted.

"Aww, I'm sorry." She said, only to be waved off by the older werewolf.

"How was your night?" She asked instead.

"It was...interesting." Ruby said with a hinting look and a smile.

"Oh? Did Regina go all evil queen again?" Granny asked. Ruby shook her head.

"No Granny, you should give her more credit, she's not that bad." The younger woman said.

"I don't doubt that." Granny said. "So what happened?"

"Well..." Ruby began. "Let's just say I drove both Emma and Regina to the same house."

Granny blinked at her for a moment before handing her her own cup of tea.

"C'moon Gina open the door." Emma whined, her arms around the brunette's waist and her face still in her neck.

"I'm trying." Regina said between giggles. "This. Damn. Key. Won't work"

Emma started giggling like that was the most hilarious thing ever.

"S'not funny!" Regina slurred as she attempted to open the door again.

"Here I'me try." Emma said, finally unwrapping her arms from around Regina's waist and taking the key, pulling it out of the lock and then dropping it. "shit."

She went down on her knees to grab the keys and tried to put them in the lock again. She stopped for a moment, squinting really hard at the door's lock.

"Regina stop moving the door." She complained. Regina just started laughing hysterically in response as Emma made several stabbing motions at the lock with the key in an attempt to place it in the lock again. She even tried holding one hand with the other so that she could aim better. Eventually, she was able to place the key in the lock and start turning it. A click was heard.
"A-HA!" Emma said in victory as she pushed the door open, before she lost balance on her heels and fell straight forward into the house.

"Are you okay?" Regina asked. Emma just responded in hysterically laughter. Regina started laughing along, trying to get into the house, and succeeding in tripping over Emma's legs and falling to her knees, catching herself on her hands that landed directly on Emma's butt. The blonde started laughing again immediately. Regina took her hands off of Emma's ass long enough to put them on either side of the blonde, not realizing that she was effectively straddling her. Once she felt that she was free, Emma turned over so that she was on her back looking up at Regina.

"Well hello there." Emma slurred with hooded eyes. Regina, having lost basically any sense of self control at that point, simply leaned down and attached their lips. Emma's arms came up around Regina's neck and pulled her closer, all her inhibitions lost, she just wanted to be surrounded by the brunette whom she found so endearing and sexy and adorable at times. They kissed deeply, passionately, with more meaning in their one drunken kiss than they had ever felt in any encounter with any else. Then, when Regina pulled away because the lack of air became an issue, Emma just looked up at her with a lustful grin as her hands started sneaking up Regina's dress. The brunette put her hands on Emma's to stop her motions and Emma looked up at her immediately to gauge what Regina mean by the action.

"If we're going to do this it needs to be upstairs, in my bed." Regina slurred. Emma nodded and dropped her hands as Regina tried to get up, eventually having to kick off her heels to be able to do so because she was drunk and wobbly enough as it is. Emma did the same, the heels had been killing her anyway. But she was pretty sure they were a size too small and were cutting off any blood circulation to her feet.

They leaned on each other and helped each other up before tangling themselves into a mess of hands and lips and touches and pulling at clothes.

"Upstairs." Regina gasped as Emma attacked her neck again at that very particular spot she had found the night Regina had made an attack for her lips. The brunette desperately tried to lead and coax Emma towards the stairs, but the blonde was far too entertained by Regina's neck and her lips being on it to actually stop and do as she was told. Eventually, Regina just gave in, actually pushing Emma off, grabbing her by the hand and pulling the stumbling, giggling blonde up the stairs.

"You're holding my hand again." Emma giggled. Regina chuckled back

"They're nice to hold." Regina said, finally throwing open the door to her bedroom and pushing Emma inside. The blonde stumbled backwards onto the bed and without missing a beat, Regina straddled her with a grin that Emma had a hard time discerning between playful and predatory. Either way, she didn't have enough time to actually ask, because before she knew it Regina's mouth was on hers, her tongue swiping gently and inviting over her lips and her hands roaming the leather clad Sheriff's body.

Emma wasted no time in slipping her hands up Regina's dress and grabbing and squeezing the back of her thighs, her hands moving up and up ever so slightly each time until there was no way of denying that Emma was groping Regina's ass. Regina responded with soft mewls and purrs of approval as she moved her lips from Emma's, allowing the blonde to breathe as she moved down her jawline and onto her neck, kissing, nipping, and biting at pale skin and then licking to soothe, spurred on by Emma's moans and whispers of her name. Emma's eager hands soon left Regina's backside and opted instead to find the zipper and attempt to rid the gorgeous brunette of her dress. She fiddles and searched across her back until her hands met the small piece of metal, then she
fiddled some more until it settled well enough between her fingers so that she could actually get a good grip on it long enough to pull it down, and then tugged at it several time before she was finally able to pull the whole thing down, all while Regina continued to work at her neck. When the brunette felt the dress loosen around her, she pushed herself up on her arms and Emma helped remove the halter neck strap from around her neck before pulling away at the dress, eventually pulling it down enough for Regina to kick it off and leave it lying in a heap on the floor beneath them while Emma gazed unabashedly at the sight of Regina's breasts clad in black silk and lace, licking her lips at them like a hungry dog to a meal.

"Like what you see?" Regina said with a giggle, shimmying a little to flaunt her natural assets too close to the blonde's face to not anticipate what happened next. Emma, her head filled with lust and alcohol, buried her face in Regina's breasts, covering the exposed skin with small pink marks where she nipped and sucked. Regina's hand tangled in blonde locks as she let herself enjoy the savior's ministrations as Emma's hands reached around her back, running gently across the bra's band which stretched across her back. She repeated this move five times before she voiced any complaints.

"The hell." She slurred out against warm, soft, skin.

"Wha-" Regina complained when Emma's mouth was removed.

"Where 's it?" Emma asked, her hand running across the band again.

"Front." Regina supplied.

"Hmm?"

It's a front clasp." Regina repeated.

"Naughty." Emma drawled out before her hands made their way to the front of Regina's chest. She almost forgot what her goal was as she got caught up in fondling and groping the globes which held all her interest at this point. But then her finger hit the clasp and she remembered about it long enough for her brain to command her to unfasten it. Once loose, Regina threw the garment off clear across the room, not realizing it landed smack dab in the middle of the hallway.

Emma dove right in, taking a stiff nipple into her mouth and sucking eagerly as Regina once again ran her hands through the sheriff's long tresses and held onto a handful just tightly enough so that she could hold her in place while she moaned and arched into the other woman. Shivers ran down her spine and hit her directly in her core as the blonde continued to suck on one hard bud and twist and tease the other.

Soon enough the former queen grew hungry to see Emma in all her glory as the blonde had seen her, so she pulled Emma away, fighting off her attempts at attaching her mouth back to her chest. Regina reached around the back of Emma's dress, undid the zipper quickly and helped Emma pull off the tight outfit, adding it to the growing pile of clothes scattered around the room. Her underwear soon followed, and the Regina's panties, and then Emma's. Soon they were losing themselves in a mess of skin and lips and hands, their throes of passion of inebriation making them blind to the clouds of white and dark purple that billowed around them as they came undone at each other's hands again and again, each begging the other for more.

Neither of them woke up on their own accord that morning, neither of them wanted to. If they had they would have heard the sound of a loud click coming from the front door, and footsteps coming up the stairs. A loud gasp was heard somewhere out in the hallway in front of the bedroom's still open door, and that's when Emma, who was sensitive to sounds even in her sleep, began to stir and
groan. She heard voices, that even in her groggy, severely hung over state, she could recognize.

"Emma?" Her mother's aghast voice traveled through the room and resonated loudly in her head like a gong.

"Mom...Please..." she groaned, throwing a pillow over her head as she snuggled further back into the body that was pressed so deliciously to her back.

"Emma!" Her father's voice joined in. And then a groan that wasn't hers was heard from behind her.

"Snow...David...shut up." Regina groaned. And then brown eyes shot open, ignoring the painful throb in them as she sat up, pulling the sheets over her still exposed chest tightly. "What in the hell."

"Oh my God why is everyone loud today?" Emma groaned and Regina's eyes went wide again as she saw the blonde laying, as naked as the day she was born, on her bed.

"Emma. Swan." She said almost dangerously.

"What?" Emma groaned as she slowly began to pull herself into an upright position on the bed. She blinked her surroundings into focus and then, slowly, her face began to pull and twist as realization dawned on her, when her face finally met the former queen's...

"Oh. My. God." She whispered.

"A-hem" A voice stole the savior's attention away from her alleged bed mate.

"Mom." she squeaked.

"Care to explain?" Snow said, holding up the bra she had found laying haphazardly in the middle of the hallway. David was still wide eyed and confused as to what the hell he was witnessing in front of him.

"Well...you see...I...We...Umm." Emma tried, only to be accompanied by a pained groan from Regina as the other woman dropped her face into her hands, defeated.

"I regret absolutely every decision I have ever made in my life right up to this very moment." She groaned out, not really thinking fully on what she was saying, because all she knew right now what that she was naked, in bed, with an equally naked Emma Swan, and Snow White and Prince Charming were standing at the foot of her bed while Snow White held up her bra accusingly. There was nothing in this world that could have made that moment any less embarrassing. Even if it was her own mother, who would have probably congratulated her on essentially bedding a princess. Oh god.

"Snow..." she said, still not looking up at the other brunette. "How did you even get in here?"

"Bandit." Was all the other woman said and Regina groaned as she threw herself back onto the pillows, praying that she could summon up some kind of portal to the underworld and just throw herself in it.

"Mom what are you doing here." Emma asked.

"Well, you didn't come home last night, everyone was worried including your son." she said, making Regina and Emma feel equally as horrible. "We promised him we'd come to find you. So I asked Ruby if she had any idea, and she said she dropped both of you off here."
"I'll skin that bitch." Regina muttered under her breath. Emma just rolled her eyes, and then slammed them shut because that was painful and why was there so much light in this room.

"You two should be ashamed of yourselves." Snow began. They both sighed painfully.

"Really the worst time for a lecture mom." Emma complained.

"I agree." Regina piped up.

"What if Henry was the one to walk in on you?" Snow continued anyway.

"Then we would have handled it mom, he's not a little kid anymore, and neither are we." Emma said, giving her a pointed look. Snow just rolled her eyes.

"Emma, get up, get dressed. We are going home." Snow said darkly, turning on her heel and exiting the room, followed a moment later by a still stunned-to-silence David.

Both women let out a sigh of mixed feelings once the savior's parents were gone. They didn't know it was possible to feel relief and regret at the same time.

"So..." Emma began, Regina groaned and glared at her.

"I swear to God if you try to speak right now I will incinerate you." she threatened. Emma lifted her hands up in surrender before throwing the sheets off of her and beginning the search for her clothes. Regina remained laying in bed, pressing the balls of her hands to her eyes tightly to try and relieve some pain and tension there.

When Emma succeeded in finding her clothes and putting them on, she made her way to the bedroom door, before chewing her lip nervously and turning back around.

"You gonna be okay?" She asked the brunette, who still hadn't looked up.

"Ms. Swan, go home." Regina said. Emma sighed, the formality of the name hitting her harder than she thought it should have. She just turned back around and made a step towards the door.

"And please. Don't tell Henry about this."

"You know I would never..." Emma said, not looking back at the brunette. she took one step again.

"Emma."

She turned this time, and bright green met deep brown in a mix of confusion, regret, and mutual understanding.

"Thank you."

Chapter End Notes

A/N: The song used was Bless The Broken Road by Rascal Flats.

Hope you guys enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. Please don't forget to review, see you next Wednesday!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

A/N: Happy Wednesday! And a big thank you again to all of you for the incredible comments. You guys keep me smiling!

Now just a heads up: This chapter is a little shorter, but it's okay because there's MAJOR content. Should I apologize in advance for the cliffhanger? Hmm...Nah I'm evil.

Enjoy ;)

Henry ran back down the stairs when he heard the door open and close again. He appeared in front of them and Emma sighed with relief because the minute he appeared Snow's mouth clamped shut and the blonde knew that no matter how much her mother wanted to scream and shout at her for being so recluse and irresponsible, she wouldn't do it in front of her grandson.

"Emma, you're okay!" The boy said as he ran over to his biological mother and hugged her.

"Yeah kid." She said, ruffling his hair a little. "Why were you so worried."

"Well I figured you'd be home in the morning, I thought maybe...Well a lot of crazy stuff happens in this town you know?" Henry said with a smile and Emma nodded.

"Yeah tell me about it." She said. "But I'm fine."

"Where were you though?" He asked.

"I...uhh..." Emma said, shooting a glance over to her mother who looked at her just as expectantly as Henry was, she wanted to see just how Emma would get herself out of this one. The savior glared at her a little before smiling and crouching down in front of Henry so that he was taller than her.

"Look, kid, I'm gonna level with you." She said with a sigh. "I got, super drunk last night."

"Emma..." Snow said warningly, and her daughter gave her a look that said she knew what she was doing.

"I...uhh..." Emma said, shooting a glance over to her mother who looked at her just as expectantly as Henry was, she wanted to see just how Emma would get herself out of this one. The savior glared at her a little before smiling and crouching down in front of Henry so that he was taller than her.

"Look, kid, I'm gonna level with you." She said with a sigh. "I got, super drunk last night."

"Emma..." Snow said waringly, and her daughter gave her a look that said she knew what she was doing.

"And well, your mom? She was so awesome, I didn't wanna come here and wake you up with how noisy I'd probably be you know stumbling around and stuff...So your mom took me to her place and let me sleep it off in the guest room."

"Really?" Henry asked, a small smile of pride for his mother forming on his lips. Emma smiled at him and nodded.

"Yeah, you know her she's always way more responsible." She said with a grin.

"Yeah, she is." Henry nodded with a matching grin of his own. "So she's back home?"

"Yeah." Emma nodded. "You'll see her soon when I drop you off."
"Actually, Emma maybe I should do that." David spoke up and she looked up at her dad. "You're probably really hungover."

"Yeah, gramps has a point." Henry said and she just chuckled at the boy and nodded.

"Never get drunk kid, not worth it." Emma said with a pat to his shoulder as she stood up straight and kissed the top of his head. Henry smiled at her and hugged her again.

"I'm just glad you're okay." He said, his voice muffled by her clothes, she smiled and hugged him back.

"I'm sorry I worried you to begin with." she said.

Later, after they'd had breakfast and David took Henry home. Emma, Snow, and David sat in the living room. Or rather, Emma sat, Snow and David stood up at her trying to be intimidating and Emma had to stop herself from rolling her eyes at them.

"What were you thinking?" Snow asked with a disappointed sigh. Emma opened her mouth to speak but was interrupted.

"No I'll tell you what she was thinking." David said, a finger pointed accusingly at Emma. "She wasn't thinking at all, because she was drunk."

"Wow...Henry took this way better than both of you did." Emma pointed out.

"That's because Henry didn't catch you and Regina Mills, of all people, naked in bed together." Snow said, her voice rising higher and higher as she spoke, until Emma couldn't help but compare her to a boiling kettle.

"Okay, mom, chill, it really isn't the end of the world." Emma said as she stood up. "I mean I woke up like that with tons of people-"

"What?!" Her parents' voices rang out in unison. Emma immediately regretted saying that.

"Pre-curse. You weren't even there." Emma waved off.

"That doesn't matter." Snow squealed again.

"Oh my God you have the highest voice ever when you're mad." Emma said again as she dropped back down on the couch and massaged the temples of her head to try and get rid of the remnants of her headache.

"Emma you can't just do something like that." Snow said. "There can be serious consequences."

"Like what?" Emma said with an exasperated and humorless chuckle. "It's not like either one of us could have gotten the other pregnant, for God's sake!"

Emma shot up off the couch and made her way to the stairs.

"Where are you going?" Snow demanded, "We are not done here."

"Yes, we are." Emma shot back.

"Young lady-"

"Oh please I'm pretty sure I'm older than the two of you." Emma sighed. Snow and David's eyes
went wide and they looked at each other before turning back to their daughter. "Mom, dad, I love you, and I'm so happy that we're a family. But really you found me a few years too late to try and actually parent me. Save that stuff for when Neal is 16 and doing stupid stuff."

And with another sigh she turned around and climbed up the stairs to sleep off the rest of her hangover. Leaving her parents to look at each other, each silently calculating whether or not they would technically be younger than their daughter.

---Six Weeks Later---

Regina sat in Dr. Whale's office, sighing for the fourth time as she waited for the doctor to come back with the results for the tests he'd insisted on her taking when she, after insisting for the fifth time that she was fine, had to run into the bathroom attached to his office to spew out her lunch, again.

She'd been frustrated all week. First, after a few weeks of dancing around excuses as to why she and Emma had been seeing less of each other than before, they finally had to agree to Henry's idea of a family dinner. Regina had no qualms with it, until he pointed out that he had meant dinner between her, Emma, him and the savior's parents. Regina had rolled her eyes so hard at that point she'd given herself a headache. But once she agreed, she couldn't go back on her word to her son. So she stuck by her promise. So that Friday evening she made her way back to the Blanchard loft, the place she hadn't been since the night she and Emma had made what she deemed the worst mistake of their life. Something they still hadn't talked about, despite Emma's attempts...

"Well I mean it happened, shouldn't we talk-"

"No. Ms. Swan, we shouldn't."

Emma had left with a huff, slamming the door to her office, and it had been awkward since then. That was three days after the whole thing happened, and it was also the last time they had a full conversation, and not about something mundane like the weather, she wished she was kidding about that part.

The night of the dinner, Emma had surprised Regina by being the one who cooked their meal. The brunette had to say she was pleasantly surprised, the food was delicious.

And she would have still thought so, had she not woken up the next morning, spewing said dinner and cursing up and down that Emma Swan had poisoned her to get back at her for their argument. She figured once she was done and stayed light for one day, she'd be fine. But when she was still sick 48 hours later, she decided to go visit Dr. Whale. She poked and prodded him to tell her it was just food poisoning, but then she pointed out that no one but her had been sick after the dinner, after mentioning it to Henry and having him tell her that everyone else was fine. And Dr. Whale had just shaken his head apologetically and said that if it were food poisoning, then everyone would be sick, and not just her. After that, he suggested running some quick tests to make sure she was alright, to which she argued, until she couldn't anymore and submitted herself to the tests. Now she sat in his office wondering just how quick these tests would be. She considered telling him to send them to her, or call her when the results came out. But she couldn't deny the fact that even she was worried now about just what was wrong with her. She despised being sick, and hadn't been so in quite a long time, and she didn't know how to handle it.

A moment later she heard the door click, and the footsteps of Dr. Whale walking back into his office, file in hand as he sat down at his desk opposite her again with a confused look on his face.
"Well, there's good news, and some...news." he said. She raised an eyebrow at him.

"Well then out with it." She said. He sighed and nodded.

"The good news is, you're not sick in any way. You're actually perfectly healthy." he said. She smiled a little at that.

"And the...other news?" She asked.

"Well..."

Emma sat in her office at the station, feet up on the desk as usual and bored out of her mind. David had asked if she minded if he took a lunch break because her mom wanted to have lunch together, and she had smiled and shrugged and said no problem and turned down his offer for her to join them because she didn't really feel like hanging out with her parents who, she was having a hard time ignoring lately, were so deeply and totally in love and her mother couldn't seem to stop touching him in those cute sweet innocent little ways. She didn't know when this envy for her parents' relationship had started, but it did, and it bothered her. She was happy that they were happy and in love, because really she is the product of true love. There was really no greater testament to their love than her and her baby brother. So why was she so grumpy?

She sighed as she dropped her head and looked up at the ceiling. She knew why, she just didn't want to admit it. But the fact that Regina hadn't spoken to her, properly spoken to her, in four and a half weeks was killing her. They'd met, seen each other, even had a couple of lunches here and there at Granny's. But they either sat in incredibly awkward silence or talked about something really mundane. Once Regina tried to carry on a conversation about the weather and Emma was going to stab her eyes out with a fork just to have something interesting for the brunette to talk about. Yes, she was being melodramatic, but she was also confused and annoyed and frustrated. So melodrama was to be expected. And what truly sucked, in Emma's mind, was that the only thing she regretted about that night was the fact that it cause Regina to close up on herself again. They had gone so far in their friendship, and everyone was happy. She was happy, for the first time in a long time she was totally, wholly and truly happy and it was amazing. And Regina had taken that away from her because she couldn't handle the awkward situation. Emma sighed again, stupid challenge, stupid alcohol, stupid, stupid, STUPID.

Her inner ramblings and curses were shut up when she heard the hurried, angry clicking of heels enter the station and she knew, without even looking, that it was Regina. Before she even had a chance to get up, vines were wrapping themselves around her ankles and wrists and pinning her to the wall.

"What in the hell." she demanded to the brunette, whose eyes were dangerously dark and her upper lip was twisted in a sneer the likes of which she hadn't seen since back when Regina hated her.

"I. Am going. To kill. you." she practically growled.

"Will you please tell me what the hell is going on, before you do that?" Emma said, not bothering to struggle against the vines, she knew that struggling would only make it worse.

Regina opened her mouth to speak but was interrupted when they heard the door opening and Snow White gasping and Regina rolled her eyes because really this woman had the worst timing ever.

"What is going on?!" Snow demanded when she saw her daughter tied up to the wall by magical vines that were obviously Regina's doing.
"Apparently Regina here is going to kill me for something." Emma explained. "I have yet to know what it is though, so, Regina?"

Regina fumed and gritted her teeth and stared daggers into Emma as her mouth produced the answer.

"I'm pregnant."
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

A/N: Happy Sunday, darlings! And for those of you who called me evil for making you wait till today for this update, I may have channeled my inner Cruella and laughed manically at you. I don't apologize, your pain is as delicious as the Evil Queen's forbidden fruit ;)

I'm not entirely heartless though, so here's your update, with a promise of a nice fluffy ending this time and no cliffhangers. You're welcome.

Enjoy the chapter, please don't forget to review :) 

"I'm pregnant."

Emma's jaw dropped, Snow's eyes went wide.

David's eyes rolled to the back of his head as he fell to the ground.

"David!" Snow cried as she knelt down beside her passed-out husband. Emma was still gapping at Regina.

"You're what?" She squeaked.

"Pregnant. As in carrying a baby." Regina angrily explained again.

"I know what it means I-" Emma cut herself off and shook her head to clear her rampaging thoughts.

"What does any of this have to do with me?"

"Well, Ms. Swan." Regina said, not calmed down in the least bit. "You are the only person I have...had sex with...in the past few months."

"You think I got you pregnant?" Emma chuckled and shook her head. "That's hilarious Regina, really."

Regina snarled at her again and a vine snapped up out of the wall around Emma's throat.

"Woah..okay...choking." Emma tried to cough out.

"Regina." Snow chastised. "Release my daughter."

"Oh relax, I'm not going to kill her." Regina waved off.

"You're not?" Emma coughed out.

"I just wanted to wipe that stupid smile off your face." Regina said. With a flick of her wrist the vines loosened and disappeared, letting Emma drop to the floor with a loud thud.

"Emma!" her mother cried again.
"I'm okay." Emma's muffled voice came from behind the desk before she got up and brushed herself off with a huff. "Man those hormones are kicking in early-"

Vines snapped and creaked again behind her as they reached for her, but Emma held up her hands in surrender.

"Kidding!" She said and, with an eye roll, the brunette waved the vines off again.

"This is no joking matter." Regina said.

"Regina..." Emma shook her head and scratched the back of her head. "You do realize why this is crazy right? I can't get you pregnant...Don't have the equipment for it."

"Well something must have happened." Regina insisted. "Because there is no other logical way I could have gotten pregnant."

"Have you ever read the bible?" Emma asked and Regina gave her a dangerous look. "Okay, bad joke, sorry."

A groan was heard behind them as David slowly lifted his head off the ground. Snow smiled gently at him as she held his head up.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Your darling daughter has gotten me pregnant." Regina answered without missing a beat. David huh'd and nodded for a moment, and then passed out again a moment later.

"Weakling." The former queen muttered under her breath as she made her way back towards the door.

"Woah, Regina wait!" Emma said, grabbing her jacket and stepping over her father's passed out body as she followed the brunette out. She had to run after her to the door, where she slowed to a jog and put a hand on Regina's shoulder, which was quickly shaken off.

"What?!" Regina demanded.

"You can't just walk away like that after accusing me of getting you pregnant." Emma said.

"Well you clearly don't believe it, you sure as hell aren't taking it seriously enough." Regina said, clearly frustrated. Emma shook her head.

"I joke about things I should be taking seriously, you know that, it's one of my flaws." She admitted with a sigh. "But you have to realize how crazy this sounds."

"There is no other explanation." Regina said with a shrug. "You are the last person I had sex with, and the only person I had sex with in the possible time frame."

"Well, how did you even find out?" Emma asked.

"I was feeling sick, I was throwing up for two days, I thought it was your cooking but-"

"Hey!" Emma cut her off, offended. "You said you loved my food."

"As I was saying." Regina said with a roll of her eyes. "I went to see Dr. Whale, because if it was lasting for as long as it was, it was obviously something bad, and he insisted I run tests. The results came back positive on only one category, pregnancy."
Emma sighed and scratched the back of her neck as she took in the information. She bit her lip in thought as she tried desperately hard to remember anything particular about that night.

"Look if you don't believe me I'll gladly take a paternity test." Regina said.

"Wouldn't it be dual maternity in this case?" Emma said thoughtfully.

"Oh. My. God." Regina whispered frustratingly and started walking away again.

"Regina come on!" Emma called out, running after her.

"No." Regina said, turning around angrily to face the blonde again. "You are an idiot. And I'm an even bigger idiot for ever sleeping with you. Really no amount of alcohol should have justified it and I regret it ever happening."

Emma frowned and looked down for a moment, trying to ignore how much Regina's words actually hurt. She shook her head and looked back up at the brunette.

"Look that isn't the point now, the point is that you're pregnant, and I want to be sure it's mine before you run around making accusations." Emma said.

"Fine, then we'll get Whale to run a paternity test." Regina said, crossing her arms.

"When do you want to do it?" Emma asked.

"As soon as possible." Regina said.

"Fine, come on, let's go." Emma said, nodding her head towards her car as she started to walk in that direction.

"What, now?" Regina asked.

"Well you said as soon as possible, is that not what you said?" Emma asked.

"Well, yes...but..."

"Then come on, the sooner we have an answer the better." Emma said before she continued walking. Regina stood still for a moment, and then with a sigh she started following the blonde to her car.

Regina tapped her foot on the white tile floor as they waited, not very patiently on her part, in Whale's office. He was very confused as they explained the situation, but after they finished and he had taken in what they had told him. He just sighed like he regretted his entire life and did as he was told, taking what he needed for the test from both of them and asking them to wait in his office while he worked on the results in the lab.

Emma rolled her eyes and gritted her teeth and then turned to Regina in a huff.

"Will you calm down?" She said, the foot tapping getting just a bit too annoying for her to tolerate.

"You calm down, this is the second time I've been in this office today, and frankly, it's a generally horrible experience." Regina said. Emma rolled her eyes again and crossed her arms as she slouched in her chair, very petulantly, Regina noted.

"What?" Emma asked, noticing the brunette's eyes fixed on her.
"I hope the baby doesn't come out like you." Regina remarked. Emma rolled her eyes.

"I hope it does just to piss you off." she shot back.

"My point exactly you are far too childish, it's just not healthy." Regina pointed out.

"Well at least I know how to have fun-

"Oh we know what good your fun does!" Regina snapped. "It's the whole reason we're in this mess to begin with."

"If you hadn't started a pissing contest with how much either of us can drink." Emma reminded her. "All I wanted to do was spend some time with you, you're the one who made it a fucking challenge."

They sat in silence for a moment, Emma gritting her teeth in frustration and Regina biting her lip in thought.

"Why?" Regina asked quietly.

"Why what?" Emma sighed.

"Why did you ask me to join you that night? Was it just to win a bet with Ruby?" Regina asked, almost saddened by the possibility that she was right.

"No." Emma shook her head, staring into the side of the desk instead of looking up. "I genuinely wanted to spend time with you."

"Why?" Regina asked again.

"Because." Emma shook her head, closed her eyes and sighed. "Because I was really enjoying hanging out with you. You're a really good friend, when you're not trying to kill someone that is."

Regina let out a small chuckle and shook her head.

"I find that hard to believe." she said, her voice so soft it broke Emma's heart, just like it did when the brunette admitted that no one ever asked her to dance.

"Why? Why do you think so badly of yourself?" Emma asked, finally sitting up straight and turning fully in her chair to face the brunette.

"I'm the Evil Queen, Emma, no one likes to spend time with me." Regina said as if it were obvious.

"Well, Henry doesn't see you that way." Emma pointed out, and then chewed on her lip before speaking again. "And...neither do I..."

"What-"

She was cut off mid-sentence and mid-turn towards Emma by the sound of the door clicking open and Dr. Whale sweeping in, making his lab coat flutter through the air rather dramatically.

"Okay." He began as he sat down, placing the file in front of them. "So...Emma is the...Fath...err...second mother?"

Regina rolled her eyes at him before turning back to Emma.

"Well there you go Ms. Swan." She said, getting up in an instant and leaving the office. Dr. Whale
leaned back in his chair as Emma sighed in frustration.

"So...how is she in the sack?" Whale asked. Emma glared over at him and he raised his hands in surrender as the savior got up and stormed out of the office after the mother of her child.

"You want to what?" Regina asked when Emma finally caught up with her and stopped her just outside the hospital doors.

"I wanna see how this was even possible." Emma said. "I mean come on you can't really tell me you're not the least bit curious."

"I can't say I'm not, no, still I do tend to let sleeping dogs lie." Regina said.

"Well this dog's still wide awake." Emma said, slipping her hands into her jean pockets as she tilted her head slightly. "Come on Regina, if we know how it happened we can know how to stop it next time."

"Next time?" Regina shrieked and Emma regretted her choice of words immediately. "I assure you Ms. Swan there will Never. Ever. Be a next time. There is not enough alcohol in the world to-"

"Oh my god, okay, chill out." Emma cut her off. "I didn't mean you, I meant if I maybe happen to want to do it with another girl."

Regina sighed and shook her head and then raised an eyebrow.

"Another girl?" she asked. Emma shrugged in response.

"You never know." she said. "But I would like to avoid getting her pregnant if it does happen."

Regina rolled her eyes.

"Fine, but just who do you suggest we go talk to about this?" she asked.

"Well, maybe Blue-"

"Absolutely not." Regina cut her off.

"Fine. God." Emma sighed and shook her head. "Well then let's go talk to Belle, she has all of Gold's books, maybe there's something there that can help."

"Frankly I don't think that's a good idea." Regina said, crossing her arms over her chest. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Why not?" She asked.

"Because...I don't feel like sharing my business with the rest of the town." Regina said.

"It's just Belle." Emma said. "She's like, the least likely person to gossip around here."

Regina sighed and stayed quiet for a moment before giving in.

"Okay, fine, let's get this over with." she relented, much to Emma's relief, and continued walking towards the car.

They drove to Gold's shop and entered the building, stopping in their tracks when they saw Belle
pinned to the counter, her back towards them, as Will attacked her neck.

"Whoa, okay..." Emma said, covering her eyes. Regina groaned and rolled her eyes and kept them closed until Belle, whose face was beet red, pushed Will off of her and he chuckled nervously.

"Sorry about that." he said in his thick British accent. "I'll be in the back if you need me."

Belle smiled at him as he disappeared behind the curtain and then regarded the two women in front of her.

"Sorry about that." She said sheepishly. "He's been...handsy...lately."

"I can see that." Emma remarked.

"Okay we are not here to talk about Belle's sex life...or lack of one." Regina said with a huff as she approached the counter. Belle already had her mouth open to respond but Emma gave her a pleading look as she began to talk.

"Belle, is there anything in one of Gold's books about how two people of the same gender can make a baby?" she asked. Belle raised an eyebrow at her like she was crazy.

"I think you'd best go talk to a doctor about that one." she responded.

"We don't want to make a baby...Though that part doesn't matter much anymore." Regina said with a roll of her eyes, only succeeding in confusing the redhead further.

"Okay, let's slow down here." Emma said with a sigh, realizing that they came in like a whirlwind and confused the hell out of Belle. "Regina and I got drunk and ended up having sex-"

"What?!"

"Let her finish, it gets worse." Regina deadpanned. Emma rolled her eyes at the brunette and then looked back to Belle.

"I...apparently...Got Regina pregnant." Emma said slowly. Belle nodded at her like she wasn't believing a single word. "It's true."

"Oh for God's sake." Regina said, opening her purse and pulling out the positive result from the doctor, as well as the paternity test. She handed them to Belle, who studied them and then scoffed a chuckle.

"That savior got the Evil Queen pregnant." she said with a nod.

"Ex-Evil Queen." Both woman corrected her at the same time. Regina and Belle both looked up at Emma when they realized she was just as quick to defend the brunette. She shrugged in response.

"Anyway." Regina continued. "We're obviously suspecting magic, as there is just no other logical explanation, unless Ms. Swan has elected to hide something from all of us."

Emma rolled her eyes at Regina

"It's gotta be magic." the blonde said again. Belle sighed and shrugged.

"I can have a look, wait here, I'll see what I can find." she said before turning and disappearing behind the curtain to the back of the shop.
"And maybe if she finds an answer to how it happened, we can find a way to get rid of it." Regina said. Thick silence filled the room for a moment as Emma looked up at the brunette in disbelief and pain.

"You...You want to get rid of it?" she asked.

"Well..." Regina was going to start, but then she took in the blonde's features and she could feel the pain she herself had caused and she instantly regretted it. "Maybe we should talk about this later."

Emma sighed and said nothing as she looked down and bit her lip. Belle returned a moment later, an old tome in her hands that looked heavier than she was. She dropped it with a thud on the counter and flipped it open.

"Okay, this is a book about rare magical phenomenons." she explained. "From what it says here, magical babies are possible, even between two people of the same gender if all requirements are met."

"Was one of them to be stone cold drunk?" Regina said. Emma rolled her eyes.

"The sooner we let that go the happier everyone will be." she said and then looked up at Belle. "Please, keep going."

"Right." Belle nodded, reading off the book which Emma noticed was written in some kind of ancient, foreign language and holy crap this chick was smart.

"It says here that the conditions required are: That the two people involved are highly powerful magical beings." Belle began listing off.

"Well I wouldn't say highly powerful I mean..." Emma gestured to herself and Regina sighed.

"You have been getting stronger, but that doesn't even matter. You're not visibly powerful because you're still in training, but the potential for magic within you is highly powerful, and I think that's the only thing that matters." the brunette explained. Emma's lips curved up in a small smile.

"Thanks." She said quietly to Regina, who had turned back to Belle and nodded for her to continue.

"The second is that the two people are in a state of peace." Belle said. Emma shrugged. "Things have been quiet." She pointed out.

"That they have." Regina agreed. "Are there more?"

"Yes." Belle said, reading off the book. "The two people involved must be soulmates."

A beat.

And then the two women burst into laughter.

"Soulmates?" Regina asked. Emma shook her head and held her gut as she laughed.

"Good one Belle." She nodded. "Come on what did it really say?"

"No...It's true." Belle said with a shrug.

"Well that can't be possible, Robin is my soulmate, Tinkerbell made that perfectly clear when she cast the enchantment." Regina explained, missing how Emma rolled her eyes when she mentioned
"Well I don't know what else to tell you." Belle shrugged again. "I can only tell you what the book says. And that's the only thing there is on magical babies so it must be it."

"Does it say anything about getting rid of the baby?" Regina asked without missing a beat and Emma looked down again. Belle eyed the blonde before looking at Regina. She sighed and looked down into the book again.

"The only thing it says here is that a baby borne of magic will grow to become a strong magical being themselves." Belle said, and then raised her eyebrow at the next paragraph. "And that, apparently, the souls of the parents are bound together through the baby."

"Oh. Perfect." Emma deadpanned and rolled her eyes. Regina sighed and smiled at the other brunette.

"Well thank you for your help." She said before turning around and walking out of the shop.

"Oh my God." Emma groaned as she ran after the brunette for the third time that day, it was getting annoying. "Regina!"

"What?" Regina groaned back outside the shop.

"You can't just keep walking away from this, we have to figure things out." Emma said.

"Like what?" Regina asked, exasperated. "Look. We found out that the universe clearly has some misunderstanding, or is playing some sick joke, and somehow thinks we're soulmates. And that I'm stuck with this baby. There's not much else we need to figure out."

Emma sighed as she slipped her hands into her back pockets. The brunette was right, as much as she hated to admit it.

"Okay well look, if you're stuck with it then so am I." She said.

"Excuse me?" Regina said.

"We both messed up. We both got drunk and we both ended up in that bed. It's not fair that you have to carry the whole burden all on your own." Emma said. "I'm gonna step up, that baby is mine as much as it's yours."

"Then why don't you carry it then?" Regina said. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Look I don't know why you were chosen to carry it...maybe it's because you're more nurturing." Emma shrugged.

"Nurturing?" Regina repeated. "You think I'm nurturing?"

"Well you did a pretty good job with Henry." Emma said. "And it's like you fall into this pattern of taking care of people when they need it. You took care of me pretty good when I showed up at your door soaked. That was the most nurturing thing I've ever experienced."

Regina shook her head and tried really hard to not be flattered by Emma's words because it was not the time.

"Look I'm serious about this Regina, first off, we need to find a way to tell Henry because he's gonna find out sooner or later anyway, we might as well let him be the first to know." Emma said.
"Secondly, you're not gonna go through this alone okay, I'll be there."

"Oh to do what?!!" Regina demanded, slightly frustrated now.

"Well the truth of the matter is that pregnancy, in all it's glory, sucks." Emma said bluntly. "You're gonna be sick, and emotional, and you're gonna have cravings for food you never even ate in your entire life. And you're gonna need someone there to help you through it because god knows a prison guard is not the right kind of help."

Regina looked up into Emma's eyes as the blonde panted as if she'd just run a mile. She could see the pain of the past in her eyes and realized that Emma was probably right, because she'd gone through this in one of the worst conditions imaginable. She bit her lip hard and then sighed.

"Okay." She said quietly. "Okay, fine, you're right, this baby is yours too, after all."

"Have you...have you thought about what we're going to do...after the pregnancy I mean...once it-he-she-they are born?" Emma asked. Regina shook her head solemnly.

"Frankly I haven't had the time, I did just find out today after all." Regina said. Emma nodded as she pinched the bridge of her nose.

"No, that's okay. You're right." She sighed. "Today has been crazy you don't need anything else to worry about. We've got nine months...give or take six weeks."

Regina resisted a smile at how Emma seemed to already be taking care of her. But she nodded in agreement. They stood in silence for a moment before Regina spoke up again.

"Should we go tell Henry now?" she asked.

"He should be the first to know." Emma said quietly. "And, you did kind of blurt it out in front of my parents, so I guess they deserve some kind of explanation."

"I suppose you're right." Regina said. They looked at each other and Regina couldn't help but see the sheer determination in Emma's eyes.

"You know it's gonna be alright, right?" The blonde said. "It seems crazy and it is crazy. But we'll get through this, we always got through everything life threw at us."

"Yes." Regina nodded, smiling up at her a little. "And if I recall correctly it always brought us closer. So maybe there's a bright side."

"Did you just admit that being closer to me is a good thing?" Emma said, a cheeky grin forming on her face. Regina rolled her eyes.

"Don't make me regret it." She threw over her shoulder as she walked towards Emma's car, the blonde following her only a second later.

"Wait..." Henry said, holding his hands up in the air and standing up from his seat at the table at his grandparent's apartment. "You're pregnant?"

"Yes, Henry." Regina nodded.

"Well...who's the dad? Did you fall in love with someone?" He said, a grin spreading across his face that broke both Emma and Regina's hearts because his eyes filled with so much hope and happiness and they had to slowly shatter it. "Why didn't you tell me? We were still looking for your happy
"Kid, calm down." Emma said, walking over to him and placing her hands on his shoulders. Regina bit her lip and looked at Emma, who gave her a nod, before she looked at Henry.

"Henry, sometimes...Things happen, that maybe we don't understand or we can't explain properly." Regina tried to start. Emma rolled her eyes, this was harder than she thought.

"You're not in love with the father are you?" Henry said. "So was it just like, a one night stand sort of thing?"

"Technically, yes." Regina nodded. "But technically, there is no father."

"What?" Henry said, his face scrunched up in confusion.

"The baby...is Emma's." Regina said, nodding towards the blonde behind him as if to clarify which Emma she was talking about. Henry blinked at her before he stepped out of Emma's reach so that he could look at both his mothers.

"Wait so you..." he pointed at Regina, and then at Emma. "...And you?"

Emma shrugged and nodded.

"Oh, gross!" He exclaimed, starting to walk away, but stopping mid storm out to turn on his heels and give them a confused look. "Wait, how the hell did you two make a baby?"

Regina and Emma sighed and gave each other a look, silently agreeing to overlook the fact that their son had basically swore, they didn't blame him. Instead they just looked at him and spoke in unison.

"Magic."

The door clicked open as David and Mary Margaret walked into the apartment.

"Well there you two are." Mary Margaret said as she hung up her coat. "We've been looking for you two ever since you ran off at the station."

"Mom, we're just explaining things to Henry." Emma said.

"What things?" David asked.

"You know about the pregnancy." Emma said. David huh'd and nodded before falling to the ground again like he had this morning and at this point Snow just rolled her eyes and stepped over him to go make some tea. He'd wake up in a few minutes.

"Is he okay?" Henry asked, pointing to his grandfather.

"He's fine, just having a hard time processing." Snow said as she brought out five mugs.

"Yeah he's not the only one." Henry said with a sigh as he went over to sit on the stool of the bar. Regina stepped over behind him and rubbed his shoulders while Emma sat next to him.

"We know this is crazy...and we're sorry we messed up so much." Emma said.

"And we're sorry we inadvertently put you into this mess, because it does affect you as much as it affects us." Regina continued on the blonde's thoughts. Henry sighed and turned on the stool to better regard his mothers.
"Well...We're a family right?" He asked the two women who he loved most in the world. They both looked at each other for a moment, before looking back at him and nodding. "Well a family sticks together, so I'm in this for the long haul."

Emma and Regina couldn't help but beam at their son in pride. He had grown up so much from that ten year old who was screaming at his adoptive mother about her being the Evil Queen. Henry smiled over to his grandmother and smiled at her.

"You're in too, right Grams?" He asked, that hopeful look in his eyes once again. That look could stop a war, Emma and Regina were sure of that.

Snow looked over at Henry, her mouth open to say something, but then she took in the look in his eyes, and she looked at Regina and Emma, and thought about how her daughter was stepping up and taking responsibility for her actions and that was all she could ask for in this situation and she grinned at them.

"Of course I'm in Henry." she said. "After all, this is my grandchild we're talking about."

They heard a groan from near the door as David began to stir back into consciousness.

"Ugh...what happened." he said, lifting his head and putting his hand on the back of it. Snow went over to him.

"You passed out again." she said, smiling at him and helping him up. "Come on, I made you tea."

"Well I'll leave you all to it then." Regina said, turning around to start walking out.

"You're not staying?" Emma and Henry asked at the same time. She looked over to them and raised her eyebrow and shrugged.

"Come on, Regina, we just said, we're family. Stay." Snow said with a smile, placing a gentle hand on her arm. Regina sighed softly as she saw the welcoming look in Snow's eyes, and the hopeful one in Henry's. And then she looked at Emma, who's look seemed to be a mix of both and she couldn't resist.

"Okay." she said, and the beam that Emma gave her broke her heart just a little. The blonde got up and helped her take off her coat dutifully and let her take her seat as Snow made her tea and she couldn't help but smile as she realized that this is what family felt like. And she only didn't realize that she missed it, because she never felt it before.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

A/N: Happy Wednesday! Today's chapter is short and mostly for filler. However it establishes a few things about the pregnancy and we have a small but defining moment for CS. I know you guys want that relationship to die and never be spoken of again, but I found to use it's demise to Swan Queen's advantage, so please do be patient :)

Enjoy this chapter! I'll see you all Sunday, don't forget to review :)

Regina sighed as she leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes and rubbing at her eyelids. She'd been feeling lousy all week and it was all thanks to the savior's spawn growing in her stomach. She was considering leaving the office early and getting some rest when her door swung open.

"Did you know..." Emma Swan's voice pulled her out of her thoughts as she opened her eyes to regard the woman. "...That fetus movement starts a little after 8 weeks? They'll be moving around in there soon."

Regina resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Emma had been making sure she learned every detail there was to know about pregnancy seen the day after Regina told her. Part of the former queen was glad that Emma was taking things seriously and responsibly, but part of her wished she would stop obsessing.

"I want to do things right this time" Emma had said as she dropped a pile of books from the library onto Regina's coffee table. "There's so much to know about pregnancy, and each one is different, I don't want to be blindsided by anything...though maybe I should get some updated material, all of these were published before 1983."

Regina was once again pulled out of her memories when, with a soft thump, a Granny's bag filled with food was placed in front of her on her desk.

"Lunch." Emma announced with a smile.

"I'm not-" she was going to say she wasn't hungry, but then a monstrous growl came from the very depths of her stomach. Emma raised her eyebrow and smirked at her.

"Well then excuse me while I go fight off the bear that seems to be attacking town." Emma teased as she pulled back a chair and sat down. Regina sighed and peeked into the bag.

"Where's my salad?" she asked. Emma rolled her eyes.

"You need real food, so I got you the chicken parm." She said, pulling out Regina's sandwich from the bag.

"How did you know I liked chicken parm?" the former queen asked with a raised eyebrow. Emma shrugged in response.

"I don't know I just...you know...felt it...in my soul." Emma teased. Regina dropped her eyebrow to glare at her unamusedly and Emma chuckled. "Henry told me."
"Mmhm." Regina said as she bit into her sandwich. "Well thank you."

"No problem, baby mama." Emma said with a grin before biting into her grilled cheese.

"Oh my God." Regina stopped and looked up at her. "If you ever call me that again I will make your tongue disappear."

"I could probably bring it back." Emma shrugged. Regina rolled her eyes.

"You can't bring something from somewhere magically without knowing exactly where it is first." she pointed out. "You may be the savior but even your magic has limitations."

"True. Still having magic is way more fun than I thought." Emma said with a shrug as she waved her hand, making a napkin appear in her hand before reaching over and wiping Regina's mouth free of some stray sauce. The brunette tried not to blush as she smiled at Emma before taking the napkin from her hand and clearing her throat.

"Thanks." she said quietly. Emma tilted her head and smiled at her.

"It's no problem." she answered easily. "So, how are you feeling today?"

"Lousy." Regina admitted with a sigh.

"Yeah, first trimester sucks." Emma said.

"And you just smell everything." Regina practically groaned. "I mean I can barely stand the smell of my own deodorant anymore, the minute I sprayed a little this morning I just went rushing right into the bathroom"

"You might have to get some of the unscented stuff." Emma advised. "Oh and, uh..."

Regina looked up at the blonde again and saw the way she bit her lip nervously and raised her eyebrow at her.

"What?" she asked.

"Umm..." Emma thought and then shrugged. "It's nothing, forget it."

"Emma..." Regina tried again.

"No, you're gonna be pissed, so I'm not gonna tell you.' Emma said, stuffing her mouth with an onion ring and a bite of grilled cheese as if that was any excuse for her not to speak.

"Emma Swan. You will tell me what it is you are hiding right now or so help me..." she left her threat hanging and Emma sighed.

"Fine." she said, her voice muffled by food. She chewed fast and swallowed before she continued. "I talked to Blue...about the baby..."

"What?!" Regina demanded. "Emma, I could kill you!"

"Oh please. " Emma waved off. "That threat stopped holding any meaning ages ago."

Regina glared at her and huffed again, for a moment Emma could swear she saw little flames coming out of the former queen's nostrils.
"Well what did you talk to her about?" Regina asked, still not happy with the concept of the Blue fairy knowing her business.

"I just asked her if there was any information she could give us on the baby, I mean a magical baby is a weird thing, even in the magical world it's rare. I figured maybe there were some things we should know, you know, if it would be any different from a regular pregnancy." Emma said. Regina couldn't help but agree, still she wished Emma would have talked to her instead of going behind her back.

"Well what did she have to say?" Regina asked.

"Well first she was a little shocked to hear that I got you pregnant-"

"Probably because it's me." Regina said with a roll of her eyes.

"Actually it's because of the soulmate thing." Emma said.

"Which I still think is some kind of mistake." Regina said. "I mean we hate each other."

"Regina." Emma stopped her. The brunette took in the hint of pain in her green eyes and immediately regretted her words. "We don't."

The brunette sighed and put down her sandwich, wiping her hands on a napkin before putting them to her forehead and messaging gently.

"I know...I don't know why I said that..." She spoke quietly, so much so that Emma had to strain her ears to know what she was actually saying. "I'm sorry."

That one was just barely audible, and Regina didn't look into her eyes, she didn't even look at her at all, she looked down at her desk. But Emma knew that was only because she actually meant it and that Regina was never even open enough with someone to apologize for anything. So she wiped at her mouth and hand and got up, walking around the desk and turning Regina in her chair. She knew she was pulling a bold move when she cupped the brunette's chin and lifted her head to look into her eyes. But at that moment Regina seemed so truthful, and her walls were down even just the slightest bit and Emma couldn't help but notice how young and vulnerable the woman looked and her heart broke just looking at her.

"I know you're stressed out." Emma spoke in a quiet voice, as if she were afraid to startle the other woman. "But I do not hate you, and I never will. And despite our past, I will always be by your side."

Regina gulped a little and just stared into Emma's eyes that were so deep and honest and determined and she got the same feeling in the pit of her stomach that she'd gotten the night they were watching The Little Mermaid and she licked at her lips and slowly leaned in. Emma's eyes glanced down at the brunette's lips and she knew what was coming, and she was more than ready, leaning in to meet the brunette halfway.

And then a loud ringtone filled the silence and made the two jump apart and Regina could have killed whoever was calling. Emma sighed and pulled out her phone, swiping her finger across the screen to answer and then pressing the phone to her ear.

"Sheriff." she answered, a hint of authority in her voice that made Regina bit her lip. Emma had to fight off the urge to throw the phone aside and slam their lips together. Especially with who was on the other end of the phone.
"Actually, Killian, I'm having lunch with Regina." she said. Regina immediately rolled her eyes and went back to her sandwich and Emma knew that their moment was gone, so she went back to her chair and sat down. "Yeah, I know."

She spent the next two minutes fighting off his questions before she sighed loudly enough for him to hear her through the phone and he got the message and made an excuse and hung up. She shoved the phone back into her pocket and rubbed at her eyes with a frustrated groan.

"Still pulling the puppy dog act I see." Regina answered, not looking up from her food.

"He's not a bad guy..." Emma said weakly.

"It sounds like you're not trying to convince just me of that, dear." Regina said. Emma sighed in response and Regina smirked a little. "It also sounds like you're not doing much of a good job."

"I just don't know what to do," Emma shook her head and bit into her sandwich. "I wanna let him off easy."

"But every time you try to be gentle, he gives you that look and basically twists your arm." Regina said like she knew exactly what she was saying. "I know how it feels."

"Well what did you do in that situation?" Emma asked, leaning her arms on the desk.

"I didn't have a choice. If I didn't give in I would have-" Regina clamped her mouth shut, gritting her teeth for a moment and pushing the memories that suddenly invaded her mind back into the darkness where they belonged. "...The point is that, despite how sweet and innocent he looks, he's just playing that card to get what he wants. If it doesn't work, well then he'll show his true colours."

Emma sighed and bit off another small piece of her sandwich to nibble on while she thought.

"Do you really think it could turn dangerous?" She asked after a few minutes of silence. Regina looked up at her and gave her her full attention as she spoke.

"I'm not saying it's a given, I'm just warning you that it could turn sour. So be careful." Regina said.

"There are a lot of people in this town that would be upset if something bad happened to you."

"Hmm." Emma said, looking at Regina and smirking.

"What?" Regina asked. Emma shrugged.

"Just thinking about all those people." she grinned at her knowingly and Regina rolled her eyes at her.

"Are you going to finish telling me what Blue told you?" She said instead to change the subject.

"Right." Emma sighed, pushing all thoughts of Hook to the back of her mind so she could focus on what Blue had said. "First off, the bound souls thing? Creepier than we thought."

"What do you mean?" Regina asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, apparently it takes some time to develop, but the baby can feel us...like our emotions? And we can feel each other." Emma tried to explain.

"I'm confused." Regina said after a moment of trying to make sense of it in her head.

"I can feel you and the baby, you can feel me and the baby, and the baby can feel both of us." Emma
said. "Of course, during the pregnancy there's not much to feel from the baby's end, but we'll still feel each other. And she pointed out that you might feel a lot more considering you're technically feeling for two."

"Wait." Regina said, holding up her hand to stop Emma talking. "So you're telling me I'm going to be running around feeling your emotions?"

"Not just emotions." Emma said quietly.

"What?!"

"Well okay, calm down." Emma said, trying to ease Regina into all of this information. "It takes time to grow, just like the baby and it's powers. But eventually, it will get strong enough that we can actually know where the other person without actually...like some sort of tracking ability."

"Perfect." Regina deadpanned. "Anything else I should know?"

"Yeah, magic can be a little tricky as the pregnancy progresses." Emma said. "It's a mix of hormones, plus your powers, plus the baby's powers. It's a whole mess, apparently."

Regina sighed and leaned back in her chair.

"Relax, okay? We'll get through this. And you don't have much to worry about, I usually have a pretty good check on my emotions." Emma said with a shrug.

"Said the woman who took a chainsaw to my apple tree just because I asked her to leave town." Regina deadpanned.

"Well I'm sorry. I still thought you were a raging bitch back then." Emma said with a small smirk.

"And now?" Regina asked, not expecting a serious answer. Emma's smirk grew into a smile.

"Now I'm going to give you the rest of my onion rings, because you've been eyeing them ever since I took the out of the bag." Emma said, pushing the take-out container forward on the desk so that the onion rings sat in front of Regina. Emma got up as she wiped her mouth with a napkin.

"I should go, I left David on his own at the station." She said. "I'll see you later."

Without thinking, Emma leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Regina's cheek. Both women froze for a moment and then Emma pulled away slowly and cleared her throat to ease the tension that suddenly thickened the air in the room.

"Bye." the blonde muttered and made her way out of the office door as quickly as she could without actually running out.

Once she was out of the main door to town hall she slapped the ball of her hand sharply onto her forehead.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid-"

"Ah, there you are." A familiar British accent pulled her out of her self-criticism. She had to resist the urge to groan and roll her eyes as she looked up with a smile that was so fake it hurt her face to keep it up.

"Killian!" she said in fake delight.
"Love," he said, stepping up to her and making a move to kiss her, she turned abruptly so that his lips hit her cheek and she resisted the urge to wipe it off.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Well I thought we could spend some time together before you had to rush back to work." he said. She sighed, and his smirk fell instantly. "Apparently I've missed my window."

"I'm sorry I just-"

"No, no." He said, holding his hand up. "I understand. Lunch with Regina is important."

"Killian-"

"It's quite alright Swan." He said. "I just don't really see why you insist on spending more time with her than you do with me. Didn't she try to kill you at some point?"

"Okay, first off, everyone has tried to kill me at some point, I'm not really surprised anymore."

"I haven't." Hook said, cutting her off again, which was pissing her off.

"Secondly. Regina and I are just trying to spend more time together for Henry's sake. It's good for him to see the only two parents he has left get along." Emma explained.

"I don't see the boy around here." The pirate said, opening his arms out as if to signify what he meant. "Is he up in Regina's office? Perhaps I should go say hello-"

"No." Emma said, putting a hand on his chest to stop him from going up the steps.

"So he's not in there." Hook said with a nod.

"Look, Regina needed food I thought-"

"And is she not able to get it herself?" Hook all but demanded.

"Hook, would you Just. Shut. Up." Emma almost screamed. She took a deep breath to try and calm herself down, not forgetting what Blue had told her about emotions and how the brunette upstairs could probably already see and maybe hear what was happening, she didn't need to feel it too. She looked back up at Killian with a look that just touched the precipice of a glare. "What I do in my spare time, who I spend that time with. That's none of your business."

"Isn't it?" Hook asked, that pained look in his eyes that Emma was beginning to trust less and less. "I thought, as your boyfriend...Maybe it would be."

"Just because you're my boyfriend doesn't mean I have to spend every single second with you." Emma sighed instead of saying what was really on her mind.

"I see." He nodded, stepping down from the steps they were still standing on. "Well then, I'll let you get back to work. Good day Swan."

Emma sighed as she looked at him, and then shook her head as she walked away and into her car, driving off to the station.

Hook looked from the retreating car to the highest window of town hall, recognizing the distant figure that stood behind it.
Up in her office, Regina smirked at the figure of the pirate below as she bit into one of Emma's onion rings. She didn't know what taste better, the food, the fact that it was Emma's, or the show she had just finished witnessing while she ate it.

As she sighed and turned back to sit at her desk, her pleasure from what she'd witnessed changed and morphed into slight worry, and the hope that she was terribly wrong.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

A/N: I'm so happy with how well you guys have responded to this fic and how much you love it. I realize some of you have some apprehensions about the way I write some things, but I promise there's an intention behind everything and that intention is to pull Swan Queen closer and closer. It will all make sense in the end.

Now the last chapter was mostly filler although it did involve a key point. This chapter is somewhat the same. The next chapter is when the ball drops and starts rolling.

Thank you again for your immense support, I love every single one of you and I don't exaggerate when I say that some of you have literally brought me to tears with how sweet your reviews are!

Just a quick note: This was all written way before the whole thing with the author and then that mess with Zelena. So for all intents and purposes Marian is still Marian. This will become important to note later on.

Enjoy this chapter!

Regina huffed angrily as she walked out of the bathroom for the umpteenth time that day. It was one o'clock in the afternoon and decidedly not morning. So why was she still sick?

"It doesn't just happen in the morning." Emma had told her on the fourth day since finding out she was pregnant. "Despite the name."

"That's ridiculous and misleading." Had been her answer.

She lay down on her bed to try and relax a little. The house was quiet, Henry was at school, Emma was at work and she had decided to take the day off because she felt like crap. The blonde had been spending more time at her house lately, between Henry wanting her around and her wanting to be around because of Regina, and Regina actually appreciating the fact that she was around because that meant she was at least taken care of if she needed it. Once, Emma had spent the night in her guest room, because the bond between their souls was getting stronger, and the blonde had realized something was wrong with Regina but couldn't put her finger on it, and when she called the brunette to check the only response was she had insane cravings. So Emma showed up, much to Regina's surprise as well as delight, and brought her the food she'd requested and stayed up with her while she ate and watched a Disney movie with her; Aladdin. When Regina looked over to Emma as the credits rolled up the blonde was fighting hard to keep her eyes open. So Regina offered her guest room

"I'm fine..." Emma said sleepily.

"You're falling asleep even as you deny being tired. You're sleeping in my guest room tonight, it's dangerous for you to drive while you're this sleepy." Regina had put her foot down.

She couldn't deny it anymore, not to herself anyway, that she had some kind of feelings towards
Emma. The fact that they had two sources and a magical baby calling them soul mates made it hard to deny that. But she still had so many questions swimming in her head. Were her feelings solely because of her baby and what she was being told? And what about Robin? He was meant to be her soulmate, at least that's what Tinkerbell had said when she cast the enchantment and took her to that tavern that night so many years ago. She closed her eyes tightly and sighed, wondering if maybe she should go talk to the fairy about her predicament.

Suddenly she heard something that sounded like twinkling. She wondered for a moment if she were hearing things. Until.

"Hello Regina." A familiar australian accent said. Regina jumped and sat up in the bed as she took in the fairy that was standing in front of her.

"How did you get in here?" Regina demanded. Tinkerbell giggled, a laugh that sounded like small bells twinkling in the wind. The fairy's namesake.

"Magic of course." Tink shrugged.

"Okay...what are you doing here?" Regina asked again.

"You called me." She blonde fairy said. Regina furrowed her eyebrows at that.

"I think you may have gotten the wrong number." The former queen said as she stood up. Tink laughed again as she shook her head.

"No, silly. You called me. Or you may have done so without realizing. If you were thinking about talking to me about something, then I got that as a sign that you were calling." She explained. "So, what's up?"

"N-nothing." Regina shook her head. "You must have heard wrong."

"I never get a call wrong." Tink basically gloated. "So, are you going to tell me what's the matter? Or do I have to follow you around until you tell me?"

"You'd actually do that?" Regina deadpanned.

"Part of the job." Tink threw her hands up. She turned around suddenly and let herself fall on the bed. "If you won't tell me, I'll just take a little nap. Hope you don't mind."

Regina rolled her eyes and sighed.

"Okay, fine." She relented, shifting down to edge of the bed. Tink smile and sat up, scooting closer to her and looking to the brunette with rapt attention. "It's about the enchantment you cast...back in the enchanted forest? The one that made Robin Hood my soul mate."

"The same soul mate you sent walking out of town, fully aware that a barrier would keep him out." Tink nodded, and Regina sighed.

"Yes, I know. And I know you're mad at me about that. But his wife was dying, and he had a son, and I couldn't let him break up his family for me." Regina said. Tink smiled a little.

"I'm not mad." she said. Regina looked over at her.

"You're not? Even though I basically rendered your sacrifice pointless?" Regina asked. Tink shrugged.
"You did that when you walked away from the tavern that night." Tink said and then smiled at her. "And, you were making your own sacrifice when you let him go. I think it was very noble of you."

Regina smiled a little at that.

"So what is it you wanted to ask me?" Tink asked. Regina bit her lip hesitantly before she spoke.

"Is there some way, I know it's crazy...But is it possible for a person to have more than one soul mate?" Regina finally asked. Tink chewed her lip in thought for a moment.

"Well..." she said. "Technically, since Robin was only your soul mate out of an enchantment made with pixie dust, then yes, it's possible."

"But how can a person have more than one? A person's soul mate is their one and only." Regina reasoned.

"True. But a person's one and only doesn't usually come from pixie dust, it's something the universe picks and chooses." Tink explained.

"So I have two soul mates and I just have to choose one of them? How do I choose?" Regina asked. Tink shook her head.

"The universe isn't that cruel." She said. "You see, you sent Robin out to a land with no magic. Automatically, the enchantment broke, because even pixie dust is devoid of magic in a world without magic."

Regina turned to face her fully as she took in this information.

"So what you're saying is that Robin isn't my soul mate?" she asked.

"Sorry to say." Tink shrugged. "Once he's out there, where there's no magic, he isn't. Your soul mate is...well someone else, I don't know who, so don't ask. But the universe sort of automatically switches back to whoever that person is once Robin is out of the picture."

"So all this time I've had a soul mate in this town. Even before Robin came here?" Regina asked. Tink shrugged.

"Guess so." She said with a smile. "Is that all?"

"How do I know? How do I find them?" Regina asked, almost desperately. Tink giggled her musical laugh again.

"I can't tell you that, and it's only because I don't know." Tink said. "You just have to let the universe lead you to each other, some way or another.

"I'm starting to think this whole 'universe' thing is just you fairies being lazy." Regina deadpanned. Tink giggled again.

"It's not, fairies are just there to help the unfortunate, the universe is what shaped and forms our lives." Tink said.

"Like the author?" Regina asked. The fairy shrugged.

"I guess so, maybe the 'author' is just a metaphor for the universe, or vice versa. I really don't know. Some mysteries just have to stay mysteries." Tink said, and then smiled at her. "What's got you thinking about this so hard?"
Regina shrugged nonchalantly.

"Just wondering when I'll find them I guess." she said with a smile, hoping that would pacify the fairy. Tink nodded.

"Don't worry you'll find them. After all, we already know you have a type." She teased.

"And what would that be?" Regina asked.

"Well blondes with green eyes of course." the fairy said smugly.

"Robin's eyes are blue." Regina answered smartly.

"I know." Tink said, winking at Regina before disappearing in a cloud of sparkly dust. Regina sighed and rolled her eyes. What the hell did she mean by that?

Emma didn't even glance up as David came in with Henry in tow. School had just finished and the blonde's father had offered to go pick him and Snow up from school, to which Emma had agreed, because she'd just found a really interesting article on the internet about weird things happening during pregnancies and she wanted to read it.

"Hey Ma." Henry said. Emma pried her eyes off the computer long enough to give him a hug and actually acknowledge her parents. Snow grinned at her as she dropped a dish in front of her on the desk.

"What's this?" Emma asked, peaking under the foil.

"Well, I thought you could take it to Regina when you drop Henry off home." Snow said. "It's my famous casserole."

"Wow, thanks mom." Emma said.

"Well she can't really eat Granny's for the rest of her pregnancy." Snow said with a shrug. "And I figured she'd appreciate not having to cook all the time. God knows I hated that part about my pregnancy with Neal."

"Hey I tried to cook for you." David said defensively.

"Yeah, so did I." Emma said.

"And you both did a wonderful job, but I would prefer my kitchen not being burnt down." Snow sighed. Henry just chuckled as he attempted to pick off a piece from the casserole, only to have his hand smacked away by his grandmother.

"But I'm hungry!" He whined. Emma chuckled as she got up and put on her jacket.

"Well then let's get you home, then you can have some." She said. He lead the way out of the door and Emma followed, dish in hand. She was actually glad she had an excuse to see Regina.

When they arrived at the mansion, Henry opened the door with his key, running in and shouting a small announcement that Emma was with him, which pulled Regina out of her thoughts about her earlier talk with Tink and got her to leave the house office.

"Hey." The blonde said with a grin, presenting the dish in her hands. "Mom made you a casserole."
"Do you people think I'm unable to feed myself?" Regina asked with a furrowed brow and Emma shrugged.

"She just thought you'd appreciate not having to cook." Emma said. Regina sighed, the truth of the blonde's statement evident in her eyes. She lacked the energy lately, having to focus all of it on just staying awake after the effects of her pregnancy battered her almost every hour. Emma smiled at her sympathetically and nodded her head towards the kitchen. "Come on, I'll heat this up and we can get some food in you."

Regina smiled appreciatively at the blonde before she started walking towards the kitchen, where Henry was already rummaging around for snacks.

"Are we gonna eat?" He asked. Regina couldn't help but grin at him.

"Yes, we are." she said. "Your appetite has been growing lately."

"Must be puberty." Henry shrugged as he set the table for three without even asking, because lunches with both his mothers were so frequent now, they happened almost every day in every which way possible.

"Well go change out of your uniform before you eat." Regina said, nodding her head towards the stairs. Henry sighed, but did as he was told and ran up the stairs, despite his mother's multiple warnings not to do so.

"So how have you been today?" Emma asked as she cut up portions of the casserole.

"Horrible as usual." Regina said, sitting down and rubbing at her face. Emma bit her lip at the image of the woman. The dark circles under Regina's eyes were enough for Emma to go on. The brunette was exhausted. Emma could empathize.

"Are you drinking enough water?" The blonde asked.

"It's all I've been drinking, anything else just...comes back up. I haven't even been able to have my coffee-"

"Coffee?!" Emma said in a shocked tone. Regina groaned and regretted her choice of words.

"Relax. I've been drinking the decaf stuff you bought me, which tastes horrible, by the way." The brunette corrected. "But it doesn't even matter, because the minute I smell it my stomach just turns and I have to run to the bathroom."

"Yeah, like I said, first trimester sucks." Emma said as she placed a plate of now heated casserole in front of Regina. "Careful, it's still hot."

"Thank you." Regina said, enjoying the smell of the food that came up into her nostrils. "Thank Snow for me will you?"

"I will." Emma said with a smile.

"So..." Regina began, biting her lip nervously. "I uhm...I talked to Tinkerbell...about the whole soul mate thing between Robin and I?"

"Yeah?" Emma said, rolling her eyes and trying to control her jealousy because the bond between them was getting stronger and she didn't want Regina feeling any more nauseous than she already was. Regina could feel a little uneasiness that felt nothing like her own. But she didn't acknowledge
it, instead continuing on with what she was saying.

"According to her, since Robin is in a world without magic...The enchantment is void." She said, looking up at Emma to see her reaction. the blonde whipped her head around a second later when Regina's words finally hit her.

"So he isn't your soul mate anymore?" she asked, trying to sound casual about it, though the way Regina raised her brow made her think it didn't really work.

"No, he's not." Regina said. "Someone else is though, apparently I always had a soul mate wandering around town, I just don't know who."

The look they shared between them could have been as loud and clear as any spoken words. They both knew who this unknown was. Emma sighed gently and gulped.

"Regina I-"

"Is the food ready? I'm starved." Henry's voice broke their staring contest, and effectively shut Emma up.

"Uhh, yeah." She stammered a little before turning around and carefully pulling the plate of food out of the microwave, placing it in Henry's place as the boy sat down and dug in before Emma could warn him about the food being hot, though it didn't seem to bother him. Emma plated and heated some food for herself and sat down to eat.

They sat in silence for the most part, but then...

"How about Isabelle?" Henry piped up. His mothers both turned and looked at him questioningly. "For the baby."

Regina nearly choked on her food at that and Emma instantly moved to pat her on the back and hand her a glass of water. When the brunette finally calmed down and was able to breathe properly again, the two women turned their attention to their son once more.

"I think it's a little early to start picking out names, Henry." Regina said. Emma saw the disappointed look in his eyes and tried to ease the situation.

"Yeah, kid, we don't even know if it's a boy or a girl yet." She said with a soft smile to her son, who smiled back.

"It's a girl." he said with a certain conviction that made both women's eyebrows rise just a bit.

"How do you know?" Regina asked. He shrugged in response.

"I just have a good feeling about it." He said, his smile still in place.

"Well we can't really say either way until we find out." Emma said again, trying to calm the boy's excitement. "And that's not for a while yet."

"Okay." He nodded. "Then I'll come up with a boy name too."

Emma and Regina chuckled as they glanced at each other, both glad that their son was accepting and actually excited about the fact that he'd soon be getting a little brother or sister. They were both worried, because they knew that a new sibling would result in jealousy from the older one, it was the oldest problem in the book when it came to having a second child, for Emma it was something that
was maybe a bit too close to home with her past. But the fact that Henry was actually excited and accepting enough to be picking out names eased their worries.

"How about Jared?"

They finished lunch, and Henry disappeared upstairs after his mother's insistence that he get an early start to his homework. Emma was helping Regina clear the plates when she noticed the brunette was fighting to stay awake. She took the plate Regina had scrubbed clean for the fifth time because she kept accidentally putting it back in the sink without realizing.

"Let me handle this, you go rest." Emma said. Regina sighed and shook her head.

"I'm fine. Besides it's not just the dishes I have to put away leftovers and I have laundry I need to put in the machine, and laundry in the machine that needs to go to the drier and laundry in the drier that needs to be folded and sorted, then I have to get a start on dinner-"

"Hey." Emma said, placing her hands on Regina's shoulder and turning her around to face her, taking in just how red her eyes were due to how tired she was. "You go rest, let me handle all that, okay? I'll do it I'll take care of everything."

"Emma why are you even doing this?" Regina asked with a sigh.

"Because you're the mother of my kid and you're worn out from carrying them and I just want to be able to help." Emma said.

"Is that the only reason? Is it just because you feel responsible for getting me pregnant?" Regina asked, not able to stop herself from voicing what's been on her mind since the whole pregnancy even started. She was cranky and when she was cranky she stopped holding back. Emma blinked at her, and was about to answer. But when she saw Regina had spent the last bit of energy she had on that mini-rant she just sighed.

"Come on, let's get you into bed." Emma said, turning Regina around and keeping her arm around her as she brought her up the stairs and into her bedroom. Regina didn't have any fight left in her to stop Emma, frankly she was glad the blonde was there at all because she was sure she'd pass out on the floor if she wasn't. Once in the bedroom, Regina sat on the bed as Emma pulled out one of her pyjamas. She helped Regina out of her suit and into the pyjamas and Regina didn't even try to stop her because she felt like she could barely stand, let alone undress and re-dress herself. Once the pyjama was on, Emma pulled back the sheets and covered the brunette when she laid down on the bed, Regina's mind already slipping into unconsciousness the minute her head hit the pillow.

Emma looked at her for a moment. She looked so peaceful when she was asleep, so calm...so beautiful.

"It's not just the baby." Emma whispered softly, before pressing a soft kiss to Regina's temple. She turned around a moment later and left the room, closing the door behind her and leaving Regina in peace as she went to carry on the duties she promised she'd take care of while the brunette slept.

As she walked down the stairs, her phone beeped in her pocket, indicating a text message. She pulled it out and automatically rolled her eyes at the name on the screen.

Hook: Fancy a lunch date?

She sighed and shook her head at no one before tapping out a quick response.
Regina's not feeling well. Helping her out w/ some stuff

She knew the response wouldn't sit well with the pirate, but she couldn't really bring herself to care. At some point she'd have to tell him the truth, both about how she felt, and what had happened between her and the former queen. So it really didn't matter at this point. Regina needed her, and was relying on her, and she wouldn't let the brunette down.

Henry sat at the desk in his room, tapping along to the beat of the music blaring through his headphones while trying to figure this math problem out. He was interrupted by a knock on his door.

"Come in." He called as he slid his headphones off his ears, letting the dangle from his neck. He was surprised when Emma came in with a basket full of his clean laundry. "Hey, you're still here."

"Yeah, your mom was exhausted, so I promised I'd do her chores while she rested up." Emma explained. Henry smiled at her in response.

"That's cool, you need help with anything?" He asked, wanting to be able to help his mother too. Emma smiled at him.

"Just finish your homework, and then if you want you can help out with dinner, I kinda wanna make Regina something nice, but I have no idea what to make, so..." she trailed off looking hopeful at Henry. The boy smiled at her knowingly and gave her a nod.

Regina woke up with a soft start. She heard something drop in the kitchen, and prayed to God that whatever it was was being handled and she didn't have to get out of bed. But when she glanced at the clock beside her she realized that it was getting close to dinner time, and she'd probably have to get up soon anyway. So she blinked and rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and pulled the sheets off of her, sitting up and finding her slippers waiting for her right next to the bed. She distinctly remembered them not being there before, only remembering herself leave a pile of clothes she had been wearing earlier, which were now coincidentally gone. With a soft sigh she thanked whatever god might listen for a certain green eyed blonde and the fact that she was taking serious responsibility for once.

She got out of bed and slowly trudged down the stairs, taking in the scent of food that came up at her the minute she opened her bedroom door. As she walked down the stairs she heard voices from the kitchen.

"...Go wake your mom up." Emma's voice was heard from the kitchen. A few seconds later Henry appeared out of the kitchen and smiled up at her.

"Hey mom." he said with a grin.

"Hello dear," she said, he turned around to lead her to the kitchen, she followed, seeing Emma pour pesto sauce into a big bowl. "What's going on?"

"We're making dinner." Henry said with a smile, picking up a piece of grilled chicken from the dish and dipping it in the pesto sauce before popping it into his mouth.

"Yep, henry found this really simple but awesome recipe online. Thought you'd like it." Emma said with a smile. "Hi."

"Hi." Regina said, smiling at the blonde. They held each other's gaze for a moment, until Henry reached for another piece of chicken and Emma moved to smack his hand away.
"Ow." he whined.

"I told you to stop snacking, you'll get plenty when we're actually at the table," Emma said. Regina couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of the blonde disciplining their son. "Go set the table."

"What are you smirking about?" Henry grumped to Regina as he passed her. She smiled at him as innocently as possible before approaching Emma.

"It smells really good." she remarked as she came up to the counter beside the blonde. Emma smiled at her.

"I hope you like it." she said in response. "And you don't have to worry about anything else for today. Dishes are on me and Henry after dinner, all the laundry has been done, folded and put back in it's place..."

"Even mine?" Regina asked. Emma blushed slightly.

"I hope you don't mind, I didn't wanna rummage around through your clothes or anything, I just didn't want you to have anything to worry about." She said. Regina couldn't bring herself to be mad, not that she wanted to, but even then, a smile spread across her lips as she looked away from the blonde. She'd realized then that she'd never really been taken care of like that, not because anyone genuinely wanted to. At it made her feel so nice and warm inside and it was a feeling she couldn't really describe beyond that and it was so foreign to her but it felt so good.

"Can we watch a movie after dinner?" Henry asked. Regina smiled over to him before looking to Emma, who smiled at her.

"Of course we can Henry." the brunette answered. Henry and Emma both smiled at her in response.

On the other side of town, Will Scarlett snuck into an alley beside his girlfriend's shop, meeting the pirate he'd befriended soon after he appeared in the town.

"Oy mate." Hook said quietly.

"Was this what you needed?" Will asked, pulling out a scroll from his jacket. He handed it over to Hook, who looked it over and nodded.

"Aye, thank you." he said.

"What's you doin' with that then?" Will asked. Hook looked up at him and the man could see the jealousy and anger in his eyes.

"It's time a certain thief friend of yours returned to us." Hook said, slipping the scroll into the inside pocket of his jacket.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

A/N: Just a quick note this time to thank you guys again for all your support. Your reviews are equal parts encouraging and hilarious.

Thanks again and enjoy!

The smile on the face of the bearded man with the red beanie was akin to that on a little boy's on Christmas morning. Seeing his captain again, being able to help him in...something...was his greatest delight.

They got to the Town line, where Hook had requested that Smee drive him in the dead of night. Smee didn't ask any questions, he just nodded, and lead the man to his car, which he acquired at some point during his stay in Storybrooke and learned how to drive because that's how people got around in this town.

Hook was silent the whole trip there, and Smee didn't bother asking why, or what was happening. The last thing he knew about his captain was that he was courting Emma Swan, the savior, and he never bothered to ask anything else because he didn't want to be snapped at by Hook.

They arrived, and Hook got out of the car as soon as the vehicle halted. Smee dutifully followed him out.

"W-what are we doing here captain?" he chanced at asking.

"Getting back what's mine, Smee." Hook said, pulling out a scroll from his jacket. He walked over to the town line, where Smee saw a blonde man in a green jacket standing, waiting. Hook held the scroll out, one end still in his hand while the other end stuck out over the line, over the barrier. The man in the green jacket turned upon hearing the buzzing of magic being penetrated, and took the scroll out of Hook's hand.

With one quick motion he opened the scroll, and then, the blonde man took a deep breath, and then stepped over the town line, his outline framed for a moment by the purple hue of the magic of the barrier as it moved to accommodate him.

"Welcome back mate." Hook said. Robin nodded to him.

"It's good to be back."

"Morning Rubes!" Emma called to the brunette as she entered the diner, her voice ringing out over the bell of the door.

"Mornin' Sheriff." Ruby said with a grin as the blonde came up and sat at the bar. "So, just your breakfast usual, or will you be taking Regina's as well?"

Emma rolled her eyes.
"Just mine, Regina had breakfast at home." She said with. "Or at least that's what she told me...I hope she did."

"What is it with you two lately?" Ruby asked as she placed the bear claw in front of Emma, who shrugged as she took a bite.

"It's just...you know...we're being friends...for Henry's sake." Emma said. Ruby rolled her eyes.

"Uh huh." She said, unconvinced. "Well, that's great, but friends don't usually worry if the other friend has had breakfast."

"She's just...We...I just..." Emma stammered and Ruby rolled her eyes again.

"Oh come on!" she said impatiently, making Emma raise an eyebrow at her. "I know something is going on between you two that you're hiding! I'm a wolf, I can sense these things. Now spill!"

"Hell no." Emma said with a full mouth, she swallowed before continuing. "That's between me and gee-Regina."

"See! You were about to call her Gina. Like you were doing last time, you were only quiet on human levels, awesome wolf hearing remember?" Ruby said, tapping her ears. "Now tell me."

"If I tell you, and that's only if. You would need to swear to me on your life that you will never tell another soul. Not even Regina, because she'd kill me if she knew." Emma said.

"I swear." Ruby said. "On my life, on dating life, on granny's life-"

"Don't be making promises on me!" Granny's voice called out from the kitchen. Ruby rolled her eyes and Emma chuckled.

"I promise, Emma, I am your best friend, or well I was before queeny came along." Ruby waved, resting her chin on her hands. "Please."

"Okay. Fine." Emma sighed and looked around. The diner was empty, save for the one table whose occupant must have gone to the bathroom at some point. She leaned in and whispered anyway. "I got Regina pregnant."

"What?!" Ruby squealed.

"shhhhh." Emma chastised as Granny came out of the kitchen and placed her mug of hot chocolate with cinnamon on top.

"Well don't stop on my account." the older woman said, placing a hand on her hip and the other on the bar.

"It's a secret Granny." Ruby said with an innocent smile.

"Young lady, I am a werewolf who runs the best diner in town. There are no secrets from these ears, I just don't go blabbin' around town to everyone. Your secret is safe with me." Granny said looking over at Emma who smiled at her apologetically. "Besides, I've known that little miss Mayor has been pregnant for weeks."

"What?! How?" Emma asked. Granny waved her off.

"It's not hard to know, first off, I know a pregnant lady when I see one, secondly, she stopped drinking my coffee, and no one stops drinking my coffee unless they're not taking any caffeine,
thirdly, the Kale salads stopped and the Chicken parms started. After that it wasn't hard to guess."
She explained, leaving Emma impressed and Ruby just proud of her grandma and her wisdom. "The
surprise was when I learned it was yours."

"Yeah tell me about it." Emma mumbled as Granny walked back into the kitchen.

"How did it happen?" Ruby asked. The blonde sighed.

"Magic." She said with a shrug. "That night that we-"

"Oh, yeah, I totally know you two got it on." Ruby waved her off. "The baby was a surprise, the
sex? Not really. You two have been mentally undressing each other in this diner for ages. It was
getting kinda sad."

Emma glowered a little at Ruby over her cup as she sipped her hot chocolate.

"You can't-"

"I won't tell anyone. Have a little faith in me." Ruby said with a smile. "So...magic...but, like...how?"

"Ugh, it's this crazy rare phenomenon." Emma shrugged. "At least that's what Belle told us...

"Belle? How is she I feel like I haven't spoken to her in ages." Ruby said with a sad pout.

"We didn't really get time to catch up, though she seemed really close to that Will guy." Emma said.
Ruby fake gagged.

"Ugh who the hell is he anyway?" she asked. Emma shrugged before sipping her hot chocolate
again.

"I don't know, we only saw him for like a split second before he went and hid in the back of Gold's
shop while Belle helped us out." The blonde explained.

"Right, so what did she say?" Ruby asked. Emma sighed.

"Apparently. The universe thinks Regina and I are soulmates." She said, continuing before Ruby
could even speak. "Which is crazy."

"Is it though?" Ruby asked.

"What?" Emma shook her head.

"I mean think about it! You two have been getting super close, you saved each other's asses a bunch
of times. You both have Henry and he makes you family. You two would make a wicked good
match." Ruby reasoned out.

"You don't really believe that." Emma shook her head, but Ruby nodded.

"Yes, yes I do, I also think you've been dating the wrong brown eyed ex-villain." She said with a
wink.

"Ugh, don't even start on me with him." Emma said, taking a big bite out of her pastry. Ruby
chuckled.

"Honey I knew you two had an expiration date, frankly I'm surprised you two lasted this long." She
said with a shrug.
"It's only because I don't have the heart to break up with him." Emma sighed. "Stupid brown eyes."

"Maybe it's because they remind you of someone else?" Ruby teased.

"No. Do not do that, do not compare Hook with Regina, that is totally unfair."

"It's only because we both know who would win in that fight, and it's not just because she has two hands and wicked good magic." The young wolf said. "I bet sex with two hands is way better too."

"Don't make fun of the hook, that isn't really his fault." Emma defended. Hook had his flaws, but the lack of one hand shouldn't have to be one of them.

"True enough." Ruby shrugged. "So, what are you gonna do about Regina?"

"What can I do?" Emma said. "I'm just doing my best to help her out with the pregnancy that I caused."

"I'm not talking about that." Ruby shook her head. "I mean the 'soulmate' thing. Are you gonna, like...court her?"

Emma scrunched up her nose.

"Court her? Are you serious?" She said with a shake of her head. Ruby laughed.

"Okay no, I'm totally kidding." She said. "But you should ask her out on a date."

Emma stopped to think for a moment before looking up at Ruby again.

"You really think so?" She asked. Ruby nodded.

"Show up to her door with a bouquet of flowers, lay your heart out in front of her, and ask her out." Ruby advised seriously. "If what Belle said is true, then you two belong together anyway. It's only a matter of time."

Emma sighed and remained silent, chewing on a small bite of her pastry while she thought. The whole soulmate thing seemed to be getting only more and more obvious. And so were her feelings for Regina. If she wanted the pain of pining for the brunette to stop, she knew someone had to take the first step. She also knew that, from fear of rejection or heartbreak, it wouldn't be Regina. So Emma had to be the brave one, as always, and take the first step towards the brunette. She always took the first step with Regina, because thanks to her past, first steps were hard for the former queen. She knew it wouldn't be easy to pursue her, that there was a great possibility that Regina would just close up on herself like she often did, run from trouble because she didn't know how else to handle it. But Emma had promised her that she wouldn't give up on her, and that she would always be by her side. So, no matter how difficult it got, she would keep her word.

She drank down the last of her hot chocolate and finished off her pastry, dropping a few bills on the counter before getting up.

"Thanks Ruby!" she shouted as she grabbed her jacket off the coat hanger by the door.

"Where are you going?" Ruby called to her, confused at Emma's sudden actions. The blonde smiled at her knowingly.
"To court a former evil queen." she said as she swung open the door and ran out into the light drizzling rain that had started to fall.

It was late morning when the light drizzle that had started earlier turned into a heavy rain fall. Regina had elected to work from home that day. She had some paperwork that needed signing, some permits that needed the mayor's grant before they were able to go through and some budgets that needed approving. Storybrooke may have been a town that was solely created by her curse, but the system it fell under, despite it's flaws, was a lot more organized than any other system they had in the enchanted forest, so during a town meeting once, post curse, they decided to keep it. There were a few grumbles about the fact that Regina would still technically be ruling, but when they suggested elections, no one stepped up to the challenge. Especially when everyone learned that Regina had the savior's backing.

The brunette smiled at the memory of that day. When they had called out for an election, someone tried to nominate Emma, but the blonde just shrugged and announced "I'm with Regina." effectively quieting everyone down, possibly out of shock rather than authority, but it didn't stop the mayor from grinning smugly at everyone as she walked past them on her way out of the meeting.

Even during Snow's short term as Mayor, the blonde had admitted to her that she didn't think her mother was best suited.

"She's just had a baby. And this town is crazy enough as it is. You've been mayor for years, I still don't know why you backed down."

And she meant it, when Regina had taken back the mayoral throne, so to speak, Emma had bought a bottle of champagne and brought it over to her house.

"Shall we celebrate?"

She couldn't forget the smile on Emma's face, the pride in her eyes, the joy and the little jump she did when Regina had playfully rolled her eyes at her before she let her into her house. Thinking back, that was when she was a hundred percent sure that Emma had her back in all this. Of course there was neverland before that, but she thought that would end when they returned to storybrooke. And then there was Zelena, and the whole issue with the savior bringing Marian back. And then the Snow Queen debacle happened and it was Emma that needed saving. But when that was done, just before Henry had showed her the library of empty storybooks, Emma had supported her, instead of hating her for taking what would technically be her mother's rightful place, she'd celebrated with her, and they spent the evening drinking champagne and laughing and reminiscing about all the good that came with their adventures.

And then... "I'm in."

"You are?"

"I made you a promise I intend to keep. Everyone deserves their happy ending."

And months later here Regina sat, wondering if maybe, just maybe, the person who decided to help her in her search, was the end of all her looking. She bit her lip and sighed and shook the rampant thoughts from her head as she forced herself to focus on her work. A small smile still on her lips at faint thoughts of Emma Swan that were stuck in her head whether she liked it or not.

A sharp knock on the front door, followed by two rings of her doorbell, pulled her out of her thoughts. She got up and walked out of the study, through the foyer, and to the door, thinking maybe
she somehow magically summoned the blonde. Or maybe it was slight hope.

Either way, when she opened the door, it wasn't Emma there. And Regina's eyes widened in shock and surprise a second later in realization.

"R-Robin?" She stammered. The blonde man smiled at her.

"Regina." He said with a happy sigh, like he was so relieved to see her. He stepped forward before she had time to react and swept her into his arms. "I've missed you so much."

"What...what are you doing here?" She asked, pulling away from him to look at him.

"I've returned...for you." He said as if it were obvious. She shook her head in confusion.

"What do you mean, for me?" She asked, trying to sort out the jumbled up questions in her head. "How did you even get back in town?"

"I...uhh...a friend...helped." He stammered. She sighed and looked up at him.

"And I suppose you can't really tell me just who this...friend...is?" She asked. He looked down for a moment.

"I gave him my word I wouldn't tell." Robin sighed. "I may be a thief, but I have a code."

"Of course you do." Regina said, not surprised and definitely unimpressed. But he smiled at her again and for a moment she decided to put away her uneasiness at his omission of the truth. She smiled at him gently, and a second later he leaned in and kissed her, attempting to make it deep and passionate. And she fought hard against the churning in her stomach and the uneasiness she felt. But his lips were harsh and chapped on her own, and his hands felt too big and heavy on her waist, and ultimately she felt suffocated as he held her against him.

And then a flash of something entirely new, entirely painful, and decidedly not her own. Jealousy was evident, anger lying just beneath it, and pain.

The sound of a sharp gasp caught Regina's attention. But before she could even push Robin off of her, the source was retreating in her yellow bug, leaving a bouquet of flowers abandoned on the pathway leading up to Regina's door, battered by the heavy rain as Emma drove away.

"Emma..." Snow called through the closed door of her daughter's bedroom. "This is the fifth time that song's looped...And did you take the whole pint of Rocky road ice cream?"

"Go. Away. Mom." Emma called from her bed before shoving another spoonful of ice cream in her mouth.

"What is going on with you?" Snow asked. Emma didn't answer, instead she reached over and turned up the volume on her stereo to drown out her mother's insistent questioning. Snow sighed and shook her head and went back downstairs to soothe a fussy Neal and make some tea.

Emma sighed as she lay her head back on the pillows, the tub of ice cream resting on her stomach as she closed her eyes and heard the lyrics of the song for the fifth time over.

_I think about the years I spent just passing through_

_I'd like to have the time I lost and give it back to you_
But you just smile and take my hand
You've been there you understand
It's all part of a grander plan that is coming true.

She knew she was killing herself listening to this song over and over again, but the song brought memories. One memory, one good, amazing, awesome memory that made Emma smile despite the pain and the jealousy she was feeling at that moment. Because the last time she had heard this song, she was holding a beautiful woman in her arms, and that beautiful woman was holding her, and dancing with her. Her first dance ever. And Emma grinned in slight victory because no amount of kisses or dances or whatever could take away from her the fact that she was Regina's first dance.

Take that, forest hobo.

Her thoughts on victory were interrupted by a knock on her door and she rolled her eyes.

"Mom, go away."

"Emma? It's me."

"Was...Was that Emma Swan?" Robin said, trying to pull Regina out of the rain after she went outside and picked up the flowers after failing in her attempt to call Emma over because the blonde had driven too far off to hear her. Eventually she let Robin pull her inside, ignoring the fact that she was basically soaked. She was still holding the bouquet, and wondering how Emma knew that she liked orchids.

She played with the delicate petals gently as she took in the colours Emma had chosen. Purple, pink, and red. Not the best combination of colours aesthetically, but when one considers the meaning of the different colours...

Regina sighed, forcing herself out of her own mind, remembering that she was still in the presence of a very confused Robin. She looked up at him, his eyes still gazing at her questioningly and she sighed.

"Come in, I'll make you some tea, I think we need to talk." She said, leading her way to the kitchen. He followed her dutifully, trying to get past the fact that the first thing she did when they reached the room was fill a glass vase with water and place the flowers in it gently, losing herself in their beauty for another moment.

"I uhm..." He began tentatively, the sound of him clearing his throat bringing her back to reality. She placed the vase in the middle of the table, ignoring the fact that it may be awkward that they would talk while looking at the flowers another person got her. "I had a good long talk with Marian."

"Did you?" She said, looking over at him, it was more to get him to keep talking so that she didn't have to, rather than pure interest. She knew what she wanted to say and how she wanted this to end, she was just biding her time, and allowing him to say his peace before she said hers.

"Yes, I did." He sighed. "She said she loved me...And I said that I still do very much love her."

"Then why are you here?" Regina asked.

"Because despite that, I also love you." Robin said, looking deeply into her eyes. She sighed softly and looked down for a moment. "And she said that I should be free to choose."
"So you're choosing me?" The former queen said quietly. Robin took in a deep breath, held it for a second longer, and then exhaled.

"Only if you choose me...I can tell you have something to tell me." He said. And she let out a small breath of relief.

"I do...quite a bit actually." She said. He could tell, given the fact that she was avoiding his eyes, that it wasn't very good.

"What is it, Regina?" he asked softly, hoping to let her know that she was safe to say whatever was on her mind. "You can tell me, I won't be cross."

She smiled a little at the truly British term and swallowed a thick lump in her throat brought on by her nerves.

"I..." She bit her lip, wondering how to begin what she wanted to say. And the decided to rip the bandaid off quickly. "I'm pregnant."

Robin's eyes went comically wide and as Regina looked at him to gauge his reaction, she could see the wheels turning in his head, trying desperately to make the calculations. She scoffed a laugh.

"Oh don't be ridiculous, it's not yours." She said. He released a long breath and deflated in relief. She was glad he at least didn't faint like David had, that would have made this process even longer.

"I see." He said with a nod. "So...you've moved on then?"

"I...Well...I'm not in a relationship with the person who's gotten me pregnant, if that's what you're asking." Regina said, feeling dirty for a moment just by how that came out.

"Alright then." He said, determination in his voice. "Well then I would be happy to take his place, raise the child alongside-"

"Robin. Stop." Regina looked down again and shook her head. "The...father...Is Emma."

She looked over to him again. He opened his mouth and then closed it again. If there was one thing she truly loved about this man, it was his facial expressions, they were truly hilarious. He sat there, head tilted, looking off to the side, brow furrowed, lips tightly pressed together and nose scrunched slightly.

"How-"

"Magic." She said instantly.

"Ah." He said with a nod, accepting that as the only answer he needed. He'd seen the power of magic in his time, and the incredible things it could do. Magic cured his wife from disease, turned one of his friends into a flying monkey, brought his dead wife back from the past, then proceeded to freeze her heart, unfreeze it, and freeze it again. Yes, magic could do quite spectacular things, he knew this. "Well that would explain the flowers, and why she ran off when she saw me."

"We've had a...complicated...relationship since finding out I was pregnant." Regina admitted. "The uh...the magic required to create a baby apparently calls for the parents to be soulmates."

"Well then Regina, in that case I only have one thing left to ask of you." Robin said. She looked over to him with sad, apologetic eyes and he smiled at her. "Why are you here with me, and not with her?"
The sadness in her eyes turned to pride and admiration at the man in front of her and she stepped closer to him, cupping his cheek gently.

"You truly are a good man." She said softly.

"Even for a thief?" He joked. She laughed softly and nodded.

"Even for a thief."

"I think we both know what needs to happen now." He said, taking the hand that was on his cheek and holding it tightly. "I need to return to my wife and child. And you need to go to Ms. Swan, and mend what my presence has broken."

She nodded, smiling up at him. The man who, she was told, was meant to be her happy ending, was guiding her towards it instead.

"Let me drive you to the town line, it's the least I could do." She said. He smiled and nodded in acceptance of her offer.

Twenty minutes later they stood at the town line. Robin's hands holding Regina's tightly, much like they had been the last time they were here, only this time with much less heart break.

"I still have one question, how on earth were you able to get across?" Regina asked.

"Ah." He nodded, reaching into his inner jacket pocket and pulling out the scroll Hook had given him earlier. "My friend acquired this...I'm afraid I can't say he did it honestly."

"No..." Regina said as she took the scroll and examined it. "Neither can I."

"I'm sorry..." He said. She shook her head as she pocketed the scroll.

"Don't be, I feel your return has been rather enlightening." She said with a smile. "Give my love to Roland and Marian."

"I shall," he nodded. "You give mine to Henry...and Emma."

Her smile widened as she nodded slowly.

"And uhh." He grinned, gently patting her stomach, which had the barest minimum of what could be considered a baby bump. "Congratulations, and good luck."

With a final kiss pressed to her hand, he released them, stepping over the border and watching as the woman in front of him disappeared behind the safety of the barrier spell.

Her hands suddenly cold, lacking the heat that Robin's hands had provided, found their resting spot atop her stomach. She couldn't help but smile as she watched the back of the man walking away. Once a lost lover, another chance at happiness gone. Now a friend helping her on her path. She sighed, and finished her silent mental goodbye to him before turning away and walking towards her car. She had one more blonde to attend to today.

She got into the car and made a beeline through the quiet streets of Storybrooke to the Blanchard loft. She parked right outside of the building, hurrying up the steps and knocking raptly on the front door. In a moment, the door swung open to reveal and visibly exasperated Snow. Regina could hear the faint music travelling from upstairs as the woman sighed.

"Regina." She said in greeting.
"Snow." the taller brunette nodded. "May I speak with Emma?"

The woman sighed again, this time seemingly frustrated.

"Frankly, I don't think anyone can at this point." She said with a shake of her head.

"Is she alright?" Regina asked in slight worry. The bond between her and the blonde in question was not yet strong enough for her to feel exactly what was going on with her. She knew Emma was feeling something and that it was pretty strong, as was evident by the uneasiness she could feel in her chest, but she couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was.

"Physically, yes, she's fine. But she left early this morning, saying she'd get breakfast at Granny's. She was gone for maybe an hour and a half, and then she came barging in, visibly upset. She didn't say a single word to me, she just took a fresh pint of Rocky Road from the freezer, which I got to make sundaes for dessert with Henry!" she shouted the last part towards the direction of the stairs before huffing again. "And locked herself up in her bedroom, keeping that song on loop...It's beautiful, though I never thought she was one for those types of songs."

Regina bit her lip as she finally registered what the song actually was and shut her eyes tight and sighed.

"I'm afraid I may have been the cause of it." The former queen admitted.

"The song?" Snow asked.

"No, Emma!" Regina said. Snow nodded.

"Right okay."

"Do you...do you mind if I try talking to her?" Regina asked. Snow rubbed at her eyes.

"Not only do I not mind. I am giving you permission that if she does not open that door of her own accord you can blow it up. And then tie her up with those vine things of yours and make her talk to you until everything is okay." Snow said rather darkly. Regina's eyes widened, her eyebrows reaching her hairline at the sinister look in the usually peaceful woman. Snow just shot a glare in the direction of the stairs. "Having one fussy baby in the house is enough, two is just a nightmare, especially when one of them is thirty. years. old."

Regina nodded slowly, for the first time actually a little frightened at Snow and her mood.

"I'll just..." she pointed towards the stairs. Snow gestured towards them with a wave of her arms as she went back to Neal, who was wiggling and teetering in the precipice of bawling and attempted to soothe him.

Regina climbed up the stairs and went right to the door she knew to be Emma's bedroom. She knocked on the door, putting some force into it as the music was rather loud, despite it's naturally soft tune.

"Mom, go away." came through the door in annoyance. Regina rolled her eyes at the petulant tone.

"Emma? It's me." She called.

"Go even farther away." was the blonde's response. Regina threw up her hands. She was carrying the child of a child.
"I just want to talk to you." The brunette spoke through the door.

"Go be with your boyfriend." Emma said in disgust, shoving another spoonful of ice cream in her mouth to get rid of the bad taste the word left. She wondered how better ice cream would taste if it had like a gallon of vodka mixed into it.

"No...I would very much like to stay here and talk to you." Regina tried to reason with the blonde.

"Well I ain't talking to you so buzz off." Emma called back around a mouthful. Regina had to translate full mouth into actual English before she sighed.

"You know, I have full permission from your mother to blow this door up." Regina pointed out.

"It's true!" Snow's voice came up from downstairs. Emma sighed and groaned in frustration. She just wanted to sit in here and drown her sorrows in ice cream in peace, was that to much to ask?

"I'm counting to three." Regina called warningly.

Apparently it is. Emma thought.

"Fine." she whined petulantly and got up, going over to the door and swinging it open before returning to her bed and her ice cream, not even bothering to look at Regina. She did turn the music down though, so much so that it was just above inaudible levels, a soft background.

Regina took in the room she had never entered, taking it in. She wasn't surprised to find clothes, shoes, and socks, some of them scattered across the floor, some shoved into a pile against the wall in what seemed like a poor attempt to clear it up. The brunette sighed and shook her head, unceremoniously kicking the door shut with her foot before sitting down on the edge of Emma's bed, lifting one knee up on the mattress to turn sideways and face the blonde, who sat with her back against the headboard and knees up, hugging the tub of ice cream against her as she ate.

"What do you want?" Emma asked very unenthusiastically around a mouthful of ice cream. "Shouldn't you be hanging out with forest boy?"

Regina rolled her eyes at the nickname. But she knew Emma was hurting and jealous, so she let it slide, deciding instead that maybe the blonde could use some good news.

"Actually." she began, "We talked. And then he went back to his family."

Emma raised an eyebrow at that, the rest of her face remaining quite expressionless. "You got rid of him?" She asked before eating another spoonful.

"Well...first I told him I was pregnant." Regina explained. "To which he responded, very honorably, that he was willing to raise the child as his own if I wanted him to."

"Like hell." Emma said darkly, glowering at her. Regina shook her head and fought the urge to roll her eyes.

"Relax. That was before I told him it was yours." the former queen continued. "And then I explained what happened and the magic that binds us. And he understood completely. Then I drove him to the town line, we said our goodbyes, and now he's on his way back to his family, wishing us nothing but luck."

Emma's only response was a thoughtful hum as she licked off the remnants of ice cream off the
"How did he even get back?" she asked after a brief moment of silence. Regina sighed softly, and offered her response by pulling out the scroll Robin had given her and handing it to Emma. The blonde looked at it for a moment before she took it and opened it a little to examine it.

"This doesn't make sense." Emma shook her head. "This was in Belle's shop, she wouldn't just hand it over like that."

"Robin only told me that a friend had given it to him, and he also suspects that it was done rather dishonestly." Regina explained.

"Robin has friends?" Emma asked quietly as she looked over the scroll.

"Emma." Regina said warningly and Emma held her hands up in innocence.

"Honest question. Does he have friends that would steal something?" Emma asked.

"Emma it's Robin Hood." Regina said quite obviously. "Stole from the rich, gave to the poor..."

"Was a fox in the disney movie." Emma mumbled.

"Be serious." Regina warned again. Emma huffed and pushed her fingers through her hair as she adjusted her seating position, putting her legs down and crossing them over indian style, putting the tub of ice cream on the bedside table and holding the scroll in her hands.

"So what do you wanna do about this?" The sheriff asked, waving the scroll to indicate what she meant.

"Well, first off, I should return the scroll to Belle and ask her if she knows anything about how it got to Robin." Regina said, opening her palm. Emma handed it over back to her without question and rested her back against the headboard of the bed.

"Do you want me to investigate this?" She asked.

"I'm not sure." Regina said. "I mean, no real harm has been done, Robin left as quickly as he came and the scroll is in our possession now, soon it'll be back at Belle's. It's in safe hands."

"Yeah, it was at Belle's to begin with. So obviously it's not as safe as we thought." Emma pointed out. "Though I guess whoever stole it didn't really mean any kind of threat if the only thing they brought into town was a forest-"

Regina glared at her warningly again and Emma stopped in her tracks.

"Robin Hood." She corrected.

"Mmmhm." Regina hummed. "You know he's not as much of a bad guy as you seem to think he is."

"Oh yeah?" Emma said, her tone challenging the brunette to prove it.

"Well he was the one who told me I should come talk to you." Regina said. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, about the scroll." The blonde waved off.

"Not about the scroll." Regina shook her head and looked at the other woman. "The scroll was the last thing on our minds when he suggested I come here. I wasn't even aware of it yet."
"So that's not the reason you're here?" Emma asked. Regina shook her head again. "Then what is?"

"The flowers that were left abandoned on my walkway," Regina said, causing Emma to blush slightly and look down. Regina smiled a little at that. "Which were lovely by the way, how did you know I liked Orchids?"

"There's one in your office." Emma answered quietly. Regina furrowed her brow in thought before she came to the realization that the blonde was right, and more attentive than she thought.

"Well they were very nice. Thank you." Regina smiled at her and Emma smiled back softly. "Let me make it up to you?"

"You don't have to make it up to me." Emma answered immediately with a shake of her head. Regina leaned forward slightly and placed a hand on top of Emma's, stroking the back of the blonde's hand with her thumb.

"But I want to." Regina said softly. Emma smiled again, her eyes on their joined hands and resisting the urge to lace their fingers together.

"Okay," Emma nodded. "What's the plan?"

"Next week. I have my first ultrasound appointment. Initially I thought maybe it would be best if I went alone and brought you a picture." Regina explained. "But how would you like to join me instead?"

Emma's eyes lit up and her face broke in a bright smile.

"You...you want me to be there?" she asked. Regina nodded.

"I think you should see our child for the first time with me. It's only fair." She said. Emma grinned and nodded.

"Alright. when, what time?" she asked enthusiastically, in a much better mood now than she was when she first opened the door to Regina.

"Tuesday, 11 A.M." Regina said. Emma nodded and picked up her phone from the night stand, marking the appointment on her calendar so she wouldn't forget.

Suddenly their attention was pulled by a loud, frustrated groan coming from downstairs.

"What's going on down there?" Emma asked. Regina shrugged.

"Your mother was having some trouble calming Neal down, apparently he's been very fussy." Regina said. Emma raised her eyebrow and got off the bed, opening the door and going downstairs with Regina following suit.

"Mom, what's going on?" Emma asked. Snow had her forehead pressed against the kitchen island bar with her hands laced together on the back of her head. When she looked up she had tears in her eyes.

"I tried everything." she whined. "He just won't calm down. I don't know what else to do."

Emma looked over from her mother to her little brother, who was wiggling violently and whining loudly.

"Hey little guy, what's up?" Emma asked softly, forgetting that Regina and her mother were there.
and watching her intently as she inspected her baby brother. She lifted him up, feeling his diaper, which was clean, as was his pyjama, which was soft and practically brand new, but when Emma pulled at it to smell it she noticed how taut it was against his skin, how the sleeves left his wrists just slightly uncovered and how there was a slightly defined line in it going up the middle of his backside. She put him down and experimentally popped open the front buttons. As each button opened, his wiggling decreased, as did his whining, until eventually, it was completely open and he was quiet, looking up at her with happy, satisfied eyes and giving her a soft smile.

"How...how did..." Snow spoke softly, barely above a whisper, afraid that if her volume was any higher she’d disturb her finally peaceful baby boy.

"His jammies were too tight." Emma noted, removing the pajama off of her brother completely and wrapping him up in a warm blanket. "Poor kid must have felt really constricted."

"But it's brand new." Snow pointed out. Emma shrugged as she finally straightened her posture and looked at her mother.

"He's grown out of it." Emma said. "He's at an age where he starts growing fast and it's kinda hard to keep up."

Snow and Regina were dumbfounded at how expertly Emma seemed to rattle off that information. The blonde walked over to the hooks on the wall and grabbed her jacket, shrugging it on and waving her hair out of it before grabbing her keys.

"W-where are you going?" Snow asked.

"The baby store, he needs some new clothes, and it can't really wait if all his jammies are the same size, he'll just start fussing again, and we can't leave him in just a blanket." Emma said with a smile. "Maybe I should get a few that are a size too big so he'll have some to grow into."

The last part she said more to herself in thought as Regina and Snow looked at each other, each silently asking the other person if they were dreaming.

"You wanna come with?" Emma asked to Regina, pulling the brunette out of her thoughts. She shrugged.

"Sure."

Emma smiled at her, nodding her head towards the door to follow her lead as she opened it and jogged off down the stairs. Regina stood stuck in place for a moment, giving one last look to Snow. The two shared a smile as a thought hovered between them, loud enough even in the silence that it didn't need to be said out loud. A thought that filled Regina with new found confidence and a hint of excitement.

Emma Swan was going to be one great mother.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

A/N: A lot of you have been asking about why Emma hasn't broken it off with Hook yet, and between this chapter and the next, you'll find out why. I hate to make Emma out to be the cheater, but I needed it as a plot device. It'll all make sense soon.

As for why everyone is okay with it: Everyone but Regina thinks she's already broken it off with him, not because she said so, but because they assumed.

Anyway: It's mostly fluff in this chapter except for a few key moments. I hope you enjoy it!

Please don't forget to review!

It was midday, on Tuesday. And Emma Swan and Regina Mills sat at their usual booth in Granny's, sharing a meal for the umpteenth time. They had just been to the hospital for the ultrasound, and Regina had invited Emma this time, because the blonde had invited her to so many in the past. And after the whole Robin debacle, the brunette seemed to be resolved to being as kind to the blonde as possible.

*Emma and Regina walked out of the hospital side by side, Emma with a big smile on her face.*

"Thanks for letting me come." she said to the brunette. Regina smiled at her. "It was only right. They're your child as much as they are mine." Regina said, a hand resting on the slowly growing baby bump. Emma resisted touching it as well, she didn't know what boundaries Regina had set in her head, but she didn't want to mess with them and mess up the good thing they had going on.

Regina lifted her hand, turning her wrist over and looking at her watch.

"Well, it's almost lunch time, how about I treat you to Granny's before we both have to separate for our respective jobs." Regina said. Emma smiled at her, she grew to love the way Regina always spoke so formally, it added to the brunette's sexual appeal.

"You don't have to do that." She said with a small shake of her head. Regina shrugged.

"I want to." She said honestly. Emma grinned at her, warmth spreading in her chest at the feeling of someone actually wanting to spend time with her.

"Well who am I to stand between a Queen and her wishes." she said teasingly. Regina chuckled along with her as they started walking together.

"Look at them Regina." Emma said for the fifth time since first seeing the picture of their baby on the sonogram. She was holding her copy of the pictures Dr. Whale had printed out for them, and she could barely take her eyes off of it.

"Yes dear." Regina said with a smile. Ever since seeing the way Emma instantly knew what was
wrong with Neal the week before, and instantly stepping up to solve the problem for her little brother, Regina had been free of any and all doubts that she might have had about raising a child with the blonde.

"God they're so cute." Emma said, her finger running lightly over the picture. Regina raised an eyebrow at her.

"Cute? I don't mean to be rude to our child, but it's just a gray blob." Regina pointed out. Emma stuck her tongue out childishly at Regina in response and the brunette just chuckled.

"It is the cutest of all gray blobs." Emma said jokingly, finally putting the picture down so she could finish eating. "You know, I still have a picture of the first sonogram with Henry."

"Really?" Regina said with a smile. "Can I see it?"

"Sure but...He's just a gray blob." Emma said teasingly and Regina rolled her eyes. Just then the door behind Regina opened and Emma's eyes went down, focusing on her food and head lowered in between hunched shoulders, like she was trying to hide within herself. Regina raised another brow at her, but before she could even voice her question, it was answered as Hook came into her line of vision. He glanced at them, and Regina offered him a polite smile as Emma avoided looking at that direction entirely. He knew better than to approach his girlfriend while she was in the presence of the former queen, so he just sat at the bar of the diner, his back turned towards them.

"You can come out of your shell, little turtle, he's not looking." Regina said. Emma glanced over in his direction to make sure the brunette's words were true before her shoulders slumped and she visibly relaxed. "Trouble in paradise?"

"Don't make fun." Emma said grumpily. "I haven't broken it off with him yet...but we haven't spoken in a while, at least, not a real conversation. And the silence is super uncomfortable."

"I think it might be time." Regina said.

"Well not here. Not right now." Emma shook her head.

"I didn't mean here and now, dear, just that...well you can't string him along forever." Regina said, her voice calm and warm and Emma smiled a little at her and nodded.

"I know...soon." she said determinedly.

"It's only fair to both parties." Regina said, effectively closing off the topic.

Emma looked at her phone and noticed the time, as well as reminder message from David to actually show up to work, at which she rolled her eyes, and released a sigh that Regina swore was tinged with sadness.

"I should head back to the station." she said. Regina nodded in understanding.

"How about you let me go pay the bill and I can walk you there?" She offered. A smile spread across Emma's lips that took Regina's breath away for a moment as the blonde nodded. She smiled back at her before getting up a moment later and going over to the cash register, waiting for a waitress to show up so she could pay her.

"So..." a familiar British accent caught her attention. "Tell me something. How is it that our fair Savior, would rather spend time with the former Evil Queen, than with her boyfriend?"
Before she dignified him with a response, Regina looked over to Emma, who was once again too enthralled in the picture of their baby to pay attention to what was going on around her. When she saw that she smiled smugly and turned to face the pirate fully.

"Well perhaps she enjoys the class that my company offers." She said. Hook glowered at her and she shrugged. "What can I say, Hook, she's a princess, and I'm Queen. We were made to mingle, Pirates rarely graced the court with their presence, and when they did it was usually followed by their execution."

Hook rolled his eyes at her.

"This coming from the woman who was in a relationship with a thief." He said. "Speaking of, shouldn't you be spending time with him?"

Regina's eyes went wide and her brow furrowed.

"How do you know he was here?" she asked. Hook shrugged nonchalantly.

"Small town, love, word gets around." he said. But Regina's eyes narrowed as suspicion grew in the pit of her stomach. Still, she decided not to let on.

"Yes, well, we had a nice long chat, and then he returned to his family." Regina said. Hook raised his eyebrow.

"You gave him up? Again? After he returned for you?" he asked. She shrugged.

"We agreed that we were both right where we were meant to be, and that was decidedly not together." Regina said. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason." He shrugged. She rolled her eyes.

"Were you hoping, perhaps, that his presence would consume my time? Effectively freeing up Emma's?" She said teasingly. He glowered at her again and she couldn't resist the satisfaction she got from seeing him practically turn green. "I assure you, Captain, Emma won't be leaving my side any time soon."

"And just what makes you think that?" Hook said. Regina smirked at him

"We're bound." she said as a hand automatically dropped to her bump. His brow raised again, but then his eye caught the movement of her hand and he noticed the bump for the first time. He opened his mouth to speak, but then a waitress showed up, apologizing to the former queen for keeping her waiting so long, and Regina paid her bill and left with nothing but a mischievous smirk on her face and a parting glance before she returned to her table to fetch Emma.

"Ready to go?" The blonde asked with a smile. Regina nodded and Emma slid out of the booth, shrugging on her jacket before she stepped to the door, opening it and letting Regina pass through first.

"My how chivalrous." Regina said teasingly as she stepped out. Emma chuckled as she followed her.

"Charming is part of my name." she shrugged. "Which is still confusing by the way, my legal name is still Swan, but am I technically Emma Charming, now? Or White?"

"I wouldn't worry too much about it dear." Regina said as they began their short walk from the diner to the Sheriff’s station.
"There you are!" David said as he walked out of the Sheriff station's door once they approached the building.

"Hey dad." Emma smiled at him.

"Hi, Hellow Regina." he nodded to the brunette who smiled at him before he turned back to his daughter "I've been texting you ages, I forgot my lunch at home and your mother keeps calling me asking when I'll pick it up and you're ignoring your texts. I was wondering if you'd even show up today!"

"Hey chill." Emma chuckled. "Who's the boss around here anyway?"

"I'm your father!" He said.

"I'm your Sheriff." she shrugged.

"And I'm your mayor." Regina cut in. "Now stop shirking your responsibilities and go to work before I dock your pay."

David grinned and crossed his arms as Emma looked between the two of them.

"Ugh, fine. But just for the record, I don't like this..." she gestured between the two of them to signify their ever-growing friendship. "...It's creepy."

She turned to walk to the door and Regina winked playfully at David.

"Have a good day at work honey!" She called out condescendingly.

"Bite me." Emma called back jokingly as she entered the building and out of their view. They sniggered together like little children for a moment.

"So how are you today?" David asked the brunette who smiled at him.

"I'm very good actually." She answered.

"How did the ultrasound go?" He asked, curious to know the state of his unborn grandchild.

"Very well, the baby is totally healthy." Regina said, knowing that's what David wanted to hear. He nodded with a smile and then pointed to her stomach.

"C-can I?" He asked sheepishly. she shrugged and moved her arms out of the way.

"Sure, why not." she said. She could have sworn he squealed giddily as he gently placed his hands on her baby bump.

"Hello there my sweet, strong grandchild." he said to the bump. She rolled her eyes and resisted the urge to laugh. It was all rather sweet. "I am so excited to meet you."

"Yes hopefully he'll stay conscious long enough to hold you once you're out here." Regina said jokingly and David laughed as he stepped back to give the woman her space.

"Hey, it was a huge shock." He said in his own defense.

"Imagine how I felt." She said, sighing happily. "But honestly, now I'm just...happy."

"That's great, Regina, really." he said. "And as crazy as this all is, Snow and are excited for this baby
"I have to be honest, the idea of raising a child with her scared me at first." Regina admitted. "But then she just...she stepped up...and so well too."

David nodded, smiling at the look in her eyes when she spoke about his daughter.

"You two have been getting pretty close too." He noted. She blushed slightly and bit her lip and he chuckled. "Come on now, no need to be embarrassed."

"I just...I...we..." Regina stammered to find her words, which was odd and unnatural for the former queen who usually always knew what to say. David put a hand on her shoulder and winked at her.

"I know, Regina." he said with a nod.

"Y-you do?" She asked him, slight fear in her eyes. He smiled at her warmly.

"I do, and I'm happy for it. I just hope you two find your way to each other soon. I want nothing more than for my daughter to be happy." He said. "And when she looks at you, or talks about you, or even thinks about you. She gets this look in her eyes and this smile on her face that sometimes even she doesn't notice she has on. But I do, and I see the way she looks at you, and the way you look at her. I just don't know how you two haven't exploded from keeping it all in yet."

"We have our ways." Regina said with a chuckle and then looked up at him. "So what, no threats and warnings not to break your daughter's heart?"

"We share enough history, and I know enough about your past, to know that that's not going to happen." He said with a nod and then smirked at her. "Just like you know enough about mine to know that you're dead meat if you do."

She rolled her eyes at him.

"Oh please I could have you turned to ashes before you even pulled out your sword." She waved him off. He chuckled before his attention was pulled back to his phone which began ringing.

"Ah, Snow. I should..." He gestured. She nodded.

"Go on, I should actually make an appearance at the office anyway." She said.

"Have a good afternoon Regina." He said, waving as he walked away.

"You too David." She waved, walking off in the other direction.

Emma sighed and slumped into her chair, resting her head back and closing her eyes. It was quiet, and she was alone in the station and bored, and she was mentally debating whether or not she could get away with taking a nap in one of the cots in the cells when she heard footsteps approaching. She thought it was David returning early from lunch, and didn't open her eyes.

"Ah, hello love." A British accent said. Her eyes snapped open a little too wide to convey anything but shock as she saw the brown haired pirate standing in front of her with that innocent smile of his that she was well aware by now what just a load of crap.

"Hook." She said in surprise. "What are you doing here?"
"Thought I'd pop by and say hello." he said with a grin, stepping slightly around her desk to kiss her on the cheek and she resisted shoving him off of her. "How have you been? I feel like we haven't spoken in a while."

Uhh. Yeah." She sighed, standing up, because that's what her body was urging her to do at the point, she thought maybe it was her insane need to create some space between them, so she stepped over to the other desk and started looking through a pile of files to find one that held some papers Regina needed her to sign. It was her own way of thinking about the brunette, and it seemed to calm her down a little.

Suddenly she had a hand on her hip, turning her around and pressing her against the desk.

"What are you doing?" She asked with an uneasy look on her face.

"Making up for lost time." He said, leaning in too close for her comfort. "We're alone. I think we should use that to our advantage."

"I really think we shouldn't" She said with a nervous smile.

"Why not?" He said, not backing up, his breathe stale on her face and made her cringe a little in disgust.

"Ugh. Hook, back up. Please." She said, but it took her physically pushing him away by the shoulders to get him to take a step back and give her some space. His smile dropped immediately.

"What's going on Swan?" he asked. She sighed.

I think it might be time

The brunette's words seemed to echo in her mind, and she knew Regina was right. She looked up at him.

"Hook...I..." she began, not sure how to vocalize what she was feeling

You can't string him along forever.

She took a deep breath and back tracked, starting over and hoping it would help her say what she wanted to say.

"Maybe you should sit down? We kind of need to talk." she said, her eyes looking up and seeing that same look he always gave her when she says they need to talk. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, she had to fight against it this time, she knew it was a tactic, and it wasn't fair for him to use it on her.

It's only fair to both parties.

Screw it. She was doing this for her.

"Hook, we're breaking up." she said, tearing off the bandaid.

"What?" he asked sadly. She shook her head, trying not to blow up at how he was trying to guilt her into staying with him.

"You and me. We can't be together, we had a good run, but things got complicated and I can't be with you anymore." She said with a heavy sigh, glad to have that off her chest. "I'm sorry...I just."
"Does this by any chance have anything to do with the Evil Queen?" He asked. Her eyes snapped up at him in a glower and she huffed out her anger instead of punching it out on him.

"D-Don't call her that." She said, her voice still low as she tried her hardest to remain calm.

"Why not? It's what she is." He said angrily.

"No she's not!" She snapped back.

"Then what is she Swan?" He demanded.

"The mother of my child." She said without thinking. Her eyes went wide when her words echoed back to her and she put her face in her hands and groaned. "I can't believe I just told you that."

"How?" He asked.

"Magic." she sighed out her answer, resting her hips against the desk. "Look I'm sorry, I didn't mean for it to happen and I'm sorry that it means I cheated on you because you don't deserve that. No one does. But it happened, and I can't deny that it did, and now she needs me."

"So." he began. "That's why all the concern for her, always checking on her and making sure she had food and...everything."

"Well...That's not the whole reason." She muttered.

"Ah." he nodded. "You harbor feelings for her."

"Look, I'm pretty sure this is the last thing you wanna talk about." She said. "And nothing is gonna change my mind. So please...just...go."

"Swan..."

"Hook. I'm sorry, but I've made up my mind." she said. "I'll see you around."

She turned her back on him, going back to shuffling through the papers and files to find what she was looking for, might as well get some actual work done. She didn't hear any footsteps, but she chalked it up to the ringing in her ears from what just happened.

Suddenly she felt a sharp, heavy force to the back of her head and the last thing she remembered was feeling confused and scared as the world went black and she fell to the floor.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

A/N: Aaaahh! Guess what day it is?! It's Wednesday so you all know what that means :D. From what I gather you people have been waiting for this chapter eagerly, hmm wonder why?

But first some important stuff:

THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS SEVERAL TRIGGER WARNINGS FOR SEXUAL ABUSE, PHYSICAL ABUSE, AND FAINT MENTION OF SUICIDE.

I hope this doesn't ruin your enjoyment of this chapter.

Enjoy the chapter, please don't forget to review!

Regina sat in her office, a faint smile on her lips as she worked, the remnants of what she would safely call a very pleasant afternoon. She shut the file in front of her, fully aware that she was paying no attention to it anyway. How could she? After an amazing afternoon with Emma and then her talk with David, her heart was pounding with joy. The fact that David was aware of her feelings for his daughter and that he accepted it wholeheartedly, it gave her some hope that maybe, just maybe, things weren't as complicated or as tricky as she thought. Maybe all she had to do was open up to Emma about her feelings. She knew it was foreign to her, she'd been keeping most of her feelings locked away inside of her for years. But maybe, she thought, just maybe, that was what was keeping her from her happy ending. That and that insipid pirate.

She sighed, the memory of her short conversation with Hook coming back to her with a twinge of guilt. She loved rubbing it into his undeserving face that Emma would rather spend time with her than him. But she did feel now, what she hadn't felt then, that maybe she'd crossed the line a little. First off the insinuation that they were bound. She'd seen the look on his face and knew that he'd seen her baby bump, he'd obviously go to Emma badgering her with questions. She shut her eyes and prayed to whatever deity might listen that she didn't make things more difficult for the blonde. She knew Emma could handle herself, but she didn't trust that pirate a single bit. But she sighed again, shaking her thoughts about Hook away. She wanted to think about better things, happier things.

She reached into her purse, pulling out her copy of the picture of the sonogram they had taken that day. She rested her elbows on the desk as she held the photo up, looking at it with a smile on her face and pride in her heart. With a quick flick of her wrist, the picture disappeared in a puff of purple smoke, and in another puff, re-appeared on her desk, enclosed in a picture frame. She placed the frame to the side, where it would be in her peripheral vision all the time.

She froze suddenly. A foreign feeling of confusion and fear spiking up into her chest, making her blood run cold. But it came as soon as it went, and as she desperately tried to follow the source of the feeling, she could find nothing but dullness. She searched on despite that, but felt like the source had been encased in a dark black fog that she couldn't see or feel through. She let out a shuddery breath, and then sprang into action, picking up her phone and dialling Emma's number. It rang, and rang, and rang. And much to her unease and worry, no one ever picked up. Eventually the line got cut off
automatically and she slammed her phone down in anger that was inspired by fear. Lifting the receiver again, she dialled another number. This time successful.

"Hello?"

"David, meet me at the station as soon as possible."

"What's-"

"I don't have time to explain just please meet me there, I'm on my way now."

"So am I."

Regina grabbed her purse and starting walking quickly towards the door, when she stopped in her tracks, rolled her eyes at herself, and waved her arms over herself, disappearing in a cloud of dark purple smoke, and appearing in front of the Sheriff's station. She walked into the door and quickly through the small hallway into the office. It was empty, and upon further inspection Regina found a paperweight and a few scattered papers abandoned on the floor. The papers didn't bother her. The paper weight did, because it had a streak of blood on it, and when Regina saw that she froze in place, riddled with fear and anxiety. She pulled out her cell phone, attempting to call Emma one more time before she really started to panic, but soon the room was filled with a loud ring tone and Regina's attention was caught to Emma's phone, which lay abandoned on the desk.

She hung up, and soon she heard loud, fast footsteps running in and saw David barging in.

"I'm here. I'm here." He said, slightly out of breath. He looked around the room, seeing the mess of papers, and then his eyes shot over to Regina, and then to the blood-stained paper weight in her hands and panic rose in his eyes. "What's...where's Emma?"

"I don't know." She said, the fear evident in her voice. "I just got this sudden feeling of confusion and fear that I knew was hers. And then I tried searching for her through the bond and I couldn't find her, and she didn't answer when I called, and that's when I called you. Her phone is still here...and this...David I have the terrifying suspicion that Emma was attacked."

"How...how can we find her? There has to be some way." He said, his eyes pleading with her. She took a deep breath.

"I suppose I can try and use our bond to track her, but if what I'm guessing is right, and she is unconscious, then it will be difficult.

"You have to try." He said. She nodded to him.

"I know. Just give me a minute." She said, and closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. Trying desperately to concentrate on the dark fog that blocked her from sensing Emma. But she pushed at it, trying to get through. She was connected to her dammit, her and the baby...That's it! She thought, as a hand went over to her baby bump. Come on baby, help me find mama.

The fog was still there, and it was by no means clearing, by she felt a bright light shine through it and light a path. And suddenly she was hearing the sloshing of easy lazy waves and wood creaking and she could smell seawater. And then, just as soon as it came, it was gone. And Regina felt like she was being thrown back. She snapped her eyes open with a gasp and David came running next to her to make sure she was okay.

"What is it? What did you see?" He asked.
"The harbor. She's at the harbor." Regina said in panic.

"Come on, my car's-"

"Oh don't be ridiculous." She snapped, wrapping an arm around his shoulders and waving a hand over them, covering them in purple smoke.

David felt the ground beneath him disappear and re-appear all too fast for him to handle and when he was safely standing again he stumbled away, trying to orientate himself with solid ground again.

"Don't. Do that." He said, shaking away the dizziness.

"We have worse things to worry about than your uneasiness at magic. Let's go." She said, turning around. She was faced with the image of the Jolly Roger. Her lips curled into a sneer as she remembered the sound of creaking wood from her vision. She stormed onto it, David running after her to try and keep up, and into the captain's cabin.

Bile rose in her throat as she saw Hook straddling Emma's passed-out body on his bed, his mouth at her neck and his hands under her shirt.

"Get your hands off of her." She growled, waving an arm and sending him flying off of Emma and into a wall.

"What's going-" David came running in, seeing Emma passed out on the bed and Hook and Regina snarling at each other. He didn't need to think hard to figure what was going on. He glared at hook before rushing towards the bed, picking Emma up and carrying her out of the room.

"No." Hook growled, shouting as he rushed at Regina. "She's mine!"

"Oh please." Regina said, steady in her stance as she waved a hand and vines snapped out of the wall and wrapped around Hook's arms and legs, pulling him back and pinning him against the wall. He struggles against them trying to get free, only inspiring them to tighten.

"You evil witch." He screamed. "She's mine! The only child she should be thinking about is mine. I was going to make sure of that before you came along."

"Is that so?" She said, flicking her hand and summoning a dagger into it. She stepped closer to hook, looking up at him as he struggled against his bonds, afraid of what the witch might do to him. "Then let me make this perfectly clear to you..."

She pressed the tip of the knife against his throat, and as she spoke slowly, ran the knife down the length of his body.

"If you. Ever. Touch Emma again. I will make sure that no woman in this land, or any other, ever has to worry about carrying your child." She threatened, the tip of the knife reaching his crotch and she pushed it in lightly, not enough to stab through clothes or skin, but enough to inspire some pain to drive her point home. "And let's be clear here. The only reason you're not lying lifeless in the bottom of the ocean is the fact that I have changed. I pulled myself out of a dark spiral for my son and his family. I have gained his trust and Emma's after fighting so hard. And I will be damned if I let a loathsome little bug like you take that away. But if you ever touch the mother of my child ever again, I will make you regret ever being born."

When she saw her message had been clear, she pulled the knife away, reaching up and stabbing it into the wood of the wall just out of reach of Hook's good hand.
"Good luck getting down." she said with her evil smirk before she turned and walked away, leaving him still bound tightly to the wall.

Emma groaned as she was lifted slowly back into the world of the living. Her head was pounding and she felt like hell. She took a minute to get her bearings before she opened her eyes. She knew she was in her bed, just by the feel of the sheets beneath her, so she wasn't surprised when she opened her eyes and found herself in her bedroom. She was surprised, though, when she looked to her right and found a very familiar brunette watching her with gentle, concerned eyes.

"Hey." She said softly, giving Regina a small smile to try and calm the worry she could see evident in her. "What happened?"

"You tell me." Regina said, speaking softly as Emma gently pushed herself into an upright position.

"Ugh, well my head feels like crap." She said, rubbing a sore spot on the back of her head. "Last thing I remember is..."

"Yes?" Regina said when Emma trailed off. The blonde sighed.

"Breaking up with Hook." She said sadly. "Then I asked him to leave and turned my back on him. Before I knew it something hit me on the back of the head."

Regina sighed.

"I'm afraid it was him that-"

"Oh, I know." Emma sighed. "Never turn your back on a pirate, especially one you just broke up with...So did David find me in the station or something?"

Regina looked at her sadly, then looked down as she slowly shook her head.

"Where? What did he do?" Emma asked knowingly, inspecting her body for any telltale injuries.

"We..." Regina sighed and gritted her teeth in residual anger. "We found you passed out in his bed on the Jolly Roger...With him on top of you."

"Bastard." Emma sighed.

"I promise you he didn't do anything. He didn't get the chance to. And he never will." Regina said determinedly. Emma looked at her, smiling softly.

"Thanks Regina." She said, her voice quiet. She sighed and looked down again, groaning at the pain in her head.

"I healed the wound. I'm afraid I couldn't do much for the headache." Regina admitted.

"Nothing a couple aspirin can't fix." Emma said with a smile.

"I'll get you some." Regina said, giving her a smile and disappearing out her bedroom door before Emma could say she didn't have to wait on her. She laid her head back and sighed, once alone with her thoughts, it wasn't easy to stop them from running rampant. One thought was dominant in her mind.
Regina was right.

She wasn't really surprised if she were being honest with herself. She just wished she'd taken the brunette's warning to heart.

"I can feel you thinking from downstairs." Regina's voice pulled her out of her thoughts as she placed the glass of water on the night stand. "Literally."

Emma snorted.

"Did you just make a magic joke?" She asked, Regina smiled in response.

"Figure you could use the cheering up." She said, sitting down on the bed and handing Emma the aspiring pills.

"Thanks." The blonde said with a smile before throwing back the pills and some water. "For everything. I should have listened to you."

"Well I suppose you should have, I mean I was speaking from exp-" Regina cut herself off and Emma raised an eyebrow at her. "Nevermind."

"Why do you do that?" Emma asked. "Every time we talk about this you start saying something, you start opening up just a little bit, only to close yourself up all over again."

Regina sighed, she knew what Emma was saying was totally true. But it wasn't like she didn't have her reasons.

"I'd just rather not open up old wounds." She said. Emma bit her lip and then looked up at Regina.

"You know the thing about old wounds." The blonde began, waiting for Regina to look at her before she continued. "Sometimes you gotta open them up and clean them out before they can start healing."

Regina sighed again and looked down. Emma's words echoing over and over again. The blonde was right. She'd never really spoken about her past, internalizing most of it and repressing the rest.

"You don't have to pour your heart out to me, Regina." Emma said comfortingly. "But...Maybe you can talk to Archie? If you wanna start dealing with it."

Regina shook her head.

"I...I think I'd rather talk to you about it...Actually." She admitted.

"Okay then." Emma said.

"What?" Regina asked.

"You can talk to me. Whenever you want, about anything you want." Emma said determinedly. Much like she had the day Regina found out she was pregnant. The brunette smiled at her a little. They sat in a comfortable silence for a little while, and then...

"When I was a child, my mother was very controlling, and I was taught to obey every word she said. My father always told me I had to, gently, because that was his way, and one of the reasons I loved him." She began, a small smile on her face at the memory of her father.

"The guy you named Henry after, right?" Emma asked.
"Prince Henry." Regina said with a nod. "Fifth in line to his father's throne.

"Pretty cool." Emma nodded.

"He was the kindest, gentlest soul I've ever known." Regina said, the joy of her memories of her father turning into guilt. She closed her eyes and sighed. "He always did his best to keep me from harm. Always warning me and asking me to be on my best behaviour. And I always listened to him...Except for one time."

Emma watched Regina as the brunette was seemingly transported elsewhere. She was still there physically, of course, but in her mind, Emma could see through Regina’s eyes, she was back there.

"I was thirteen. At the very start of my puberty, and my mother was hosting a tea for a prince from a far off kingdom. I was excited, at first. It was the first time my mother let me attend one of the many teas she's hosted for important dignitaries. I thought maybe it was a sign that she was finally respecting me as an adult." She took a deep breath and swallowed at her suddenly dry throat. "He was very nice to me, and very respectful, and paid me a lot of compliments. I thought it was out of respect. And then he mentioned how I would make a wonderful wife. And how he was excited for me to see his palace and meet his people and how they would love me. And that's when I realized my mother had agreed for me to marry a thirty year old man behind my back."

Emma froze in her spot, the bile rising in her throat in disgust just at the mere thought.

"I was disgusted. And terrified. And my immediate reaction was to shake my head furiously at him and my mother. I refused, told him that I didn't want to marry him, apologized, and left the room with my mother calling after me. To this day I don't know what was said to him or what he said to her. All I know is that he left, and I didn't have to marry him...But there was a price. There was always a price with her."

Regina pulled in a shaky breath and Emma was about to tell her she didn't have to go on if she didn't want to, but she rushed on before Emma got the chance.

"I hid myself in my room, hoping to avoid my mother for the rest of the day, knowing I'd angered her. But she came up to my room, bursting the door open with her magic. I apologized profusely the minute I saw the look on her face. But it wasn't enough to pacify her. She said I needed to be taught a lesson...A lesson that still scars me to this day."

"Yeah I bet I mean, something like that leaves huge emotional-" Emma said in a misguided attempt to comfort the brunette.

"No. Emma. Physical scars." Regina said with a shaky sigh. Emma sat there, slack jawed for a moment, then she gritted her teeth.

"I'll kill her." She snarled. Regina let out a humorless, watery chuckle.

"I'm afraid your mother beat you to it." She said with a sigh. "Still I appreciate the sentiment."

They sat in silence for a moment. And then Emma, finally unfrozen from Regina's revelation, shuffled around, sitting on her knees, and shifting closer to the brunette. She put a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey." She said softly, getting Regina to look at her. She didn't speak, she just shifted forward again, closing up the space between them, before gently wrapping her arms around Regina.

The brunette woman froze in place for a moment, unsure of what to do at the gesture. A gesture that,
for so long, was only reserved for her son. But a moment later she began to feel the warmth and comfort that Emma's arms provided, her own arms falling around the blonde's waist and holding her close. One of Emma’s hands went to the back of her head, and she tucked it into her neck, feeling safe for the first time in more than thirty years.

"No one’s ever gonna touch you like that again.” Emma said, the determination clear in her voice, despite it still being soft and comforting. "Never. Not while I have anything to say about it.”

Regina took a deep breath and sighed contentedly in response.

"Thank you, Emma." She said, her voice barely above a whisper, as if speaking any louder would ruin the peace she felt within her heart at that moment.

"And thank you." Emma responded. "For rescuing me from my crazy ex."

"I can't take all the credit." Regina said with a smile as she pulled away from Emma, placing a hand on her baby bump. "I had a little help from someone."

Emma smiled as her eyes went down to the bump. But then she visibly stiffened and her face dropped.

"My jacket." She said, panic clear in her voice. "Where's my jacket?"

"It's right there..." Regina pointed to the headboard of Emma's bed, where the red leather jacket hung off the edge. Emma leaned back and snatched it, searching the pockets frantically.

"Come on. Where is it?" She said through her teeth in panic.

"Emma what-"

"Oh thank God." Emma sighed in relief as she pulled out a square piece of paper. She pressed in to her chest sentimentally and Regina smiled, knowing immediately what it was.

"I put mine in a frame. Perhaps you should do the same?" She suggested. Emma smiled at her.

"Maybe, keep it on my night stand..." she said, thinking for a moment. The she remembered something and leaned back towards her night stand, opening the top drawer and pulling out another square paper. Regina eyed her quizzically as she shut the drawer and rearranged her sitting position before handing the paper over to Regina. The brunette raised an eyebrow at her before she took the paper, and then smiled when she saw it. It was Henry's sonogram picture. And although it wasn't much different than the one of her and Emma's baby, it made her smile.

"You know, whenever I felt like crap, like I was worthless and just taking up space in this world, and believe me there were a lot of those moments..." Emma sighed. "I would always look at that picture. I didn't want to even have it at first, it made the pregnancy way too real for me. And I was just a scared 17 year old kid.

Regina looked up from the picture to Emma and saw the vulnerability in her eyes, like she'd transformed into that scared seventeen year old once again.

"But then I realized..." Emma continued. "He was something I made that I could be proud of. Something that didn't have to get messed up. Something that, I felt like I just knew, that he was gonna do something amazing. Something that would change the world. And it made me feel better. Even though it meant I had to give him up, that all I'd ever have to remember him by was this picture and a few stretch marks. It made me...believe...in myself, even just the slightest bit. And sometimes
that was the only thing that would get me to survive another day."

They sat in silence again for some time, Regina unsure how to react or respond.

"The day of my 28th birthday, I thought for sure I'd spend the night looking at that picture and drinking all the booze in my apartment." She stopped and smiled. "Then I heard a knock on my door and...well you know the rest."

"He really is an amazing kid." Regina said with a smile after another brief moment of silence.

"Yeah..." Emma nodded, and then made a comical grimace. "His mom's a little weird though."

"Tell me about it." Regina responded sarcastically, followed by a chuckle, with Emma laughing along. Another moment of silence passed before the brunette spoke again. "Why...uhm...why did you tell me that?"

"You shared something heavy about your past." Emma shrugged. "Only fair I share something of mine."

Regina hummed in response with a nod. It was nice to see them on an equal ground.

"Hey, maybe that'd be a good idea." Emma said thoughtfully.

"What?" Regina asked.

"Maybe we could share stuff about our past to each other, kind of like a quid pro quo thing, you know?" Emma suggested. "It doesn't always have to be heavy, but we can share equal experiences. One good memory for another, the same with the bad ones. Maybe...Maybe we can help each other clean out the wounds."

Regina thought for a moment. The potential of her being vulnerable like that again scared her at best. But then she looked over at Emma, and realized that the blonde was opening herself up to vulnerability as well. And Emma had this hopeful, genuine look in her eyes and Regina realized the blonde had just as many wounds as she did and she was just trying to help Regina heal. So she smiled at her softly and nodded.

"I'd like that." she said. And Emma beamed at her just like she had that time in the vault when she said she didn't want to kill her and Regina could feel her heart bursting with love for the blonde.

"Then it's a deal."
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

A/N: Happy Sunday! After the heaviness of the last chapter (I'm not as sorry about that as I should be,) I figured a nice and light chapter would go down pretty well. But it's also significant to our story.

Once again a big thank you for all the love and support!

Enjoy the chapter, please don't forget to review!

Regina sat in her office, signing away at legal documents and permits that had been begging her for attention for so long but had gone ignored. She was a bad mayor. She could feel it in her bones and deep in her gut. She shook her head free of those silly thoughts. *Damn hormones.* She was just about to begin her second trimester and they were running rampant. Yesterday she'd gotten a papercut and felt like she could burst into tears. The she took a deep breath and forced herself to keep it together, healing away the small cut with magic and cursing at the effects of pregnancy.

She didn't curse the pregnancy itself. She didn't have the heart. This baby, despite the way it came to her and the emotional turmoil it caused, was a gift, and it was special to her.

A knock at her door shook her out of her reverie. She looked at the clock and rolled her eyes. It was lunchtime, which meant one thing.

"Come in!" She called.

"Happy second trimester!" Emma's blonde head popped in through the door. Regina rolled her eyes, despite the smirk on her face, as Emma walked into the office, waving at Granny's bag at her.

"Have you beed counting the weeks?" Regina asked.

"Actually, yes." Emma admitted sheepishly. Regina sighed, but a smile still made it's way to her lips as Emma put the food bags down on the desk and pulled out her phone to show Regina an app that calculates pregnancy time and lets you note down significant events.

"The ultimate goal is to know, to some degree of accuracy, when you should expect to give birth." The blonde explained.

"I'm afraid there's only one person who can tell you the correct answer to that, dear." Regina said with a smile. "The baby."

"Okay well." Emma rolled her eyes. "Do you want to be blind sided by the birth?"

"The minute we reach the nine month mark I will be on guard." Regina said as if that decision was made long ago.

"Well this helps so that you don't have to do that." Emma waved her phone again before pocketing it.
"If you say so, dear." Regina said dismissively. She learned from the start of this pregnancy to not question whatever new thing Emma was rambling about at any point. The blonde had decided to make herself the all mighty encyclopedia of pregnancies based purely on the fact that Regina knew little to none about them and she didn't want the brunette to have to search far for information. A sweet gesture, Regina recognized, if not a little annoying.

"Anyway, there's another reason I'm here." Emma informed as she pulled out two take out cups from one bag, handing Regina hers, which the brunette knew to be hot chocolate, because Emma had gotten her to try it after she complained about decaf for the fifth time.

"And here I thought it was because of my charming disposition." Regina deadpanned.

"Charming is my family's thing. Anyway..." Emma said with a chuckle before plopping heavily down onto the chair in front of Regina's desk. "...Can I move in with you?"

Regina choked on her drink and began coughing and sputtering wildly. Emma's eyes went wide and she jumped up from her seat and zoomed around the desk to pat the brunette on the back in an attempt to help her clear her throat.

"I'm sorry, didn't mean to kill you." Emma said with a sheepish grin on her face when Regina finally calmed down. Emma handed her a napkin to clear some hot chocolate from her face. "It was just a joke."

Regina glared at her at that as Emma sat back down, smiling apologetically at her.

"Explain." The brunette ordered.

"It's just..." Emma huffed out a sigh and slumped back in her chair. "I love my parents. And I love my brother. But that tiny little loft is just way too crowded. Especially on the days we have Henry around. It's crowded, and noisy, and we share one bathroom so it's also a little gross."

"I could do without the imagery, thank you." Regina said, and Emma let out a small chuckle before she went on.

"The thing is, my parents are still young." She sighed. "Hell I think at this point they're younger than I am, and they should get every chance possible to raise a family."

"You are their family." Regina pointed out reassuringly.

"I know. But they didn't raise me. And I don't want to be what stands in their way of maybe having another baby once Neal gets a little older." Emma finished. Regina furrowed her brow in thought.

"Where is this coming from?" she asked.

"Honestly?" Emma began, sighing again. "Since the moment my mom mentioned she wanted another baby in Neverland. But it really solidified when I saw her face when Neal was born. And everyday she looks at him ever since. They deserve to have a second kid."

"Emma..." Regina began, pulling the blonde gently out of her thoughts. Emma looked up at her and she spoke gently, but firmly enough for Emma to not be able to argue. "Third."

"Right." Emma sighed, looking down at the desk sullenly. Regina bit her lip, unable to push away the feeling of guilt that crept up inside of her chest at the look on the blonde's face. Suddenly Emma looked up at her and studied her face for a moment, before the blonde's suspicions were validated.
"Stop that." Emma said authoritatively. Regina's eyes widened at the tone of the blonde's voice.

"Stop what?" she asked.

"Blaming yourself." Emma stated.

"Well it is-"

"No! No, no it's not." The blonde jumped in on her admission. Regina's eyebrows rose in surprise at how passionately Emma had dismissed the idea that she was to blame for her strife.

"Emma..." She tried again. But Emma shook her head furiously.

"Did you put me into that wardrobe yourself?" she asked.

"Well...no, but-"

"And did you make Blue lie so that your son could be saved from the curse?" Emma asked again.

"No..." Regina said slowly, tilting her head in question. "Emma what are you talking about?"

"Huh?" Emma hummed as she took in Regina's confusion. "Oh, right, you don't know."

"Know what?" The brunette asked again.

"When Blue went to Marco to ask him to make the wardrobe, he said he'd only do it if she lied and said only one person could go through, not two. So August would be safe." Emma explained.

"I see..." Regina said, taking in the information. "How do you know this?"

"Marco and Leroy both got wasted one night when August was still missing after the curse broke. They started arguing, and then started fighting. I got called to break them up and took them in so they could sleep it off in the cells." Emma explained. "At some point, Marco went from yelling at Leroy in Italian to crying and apologizing to me. I only understood a little of what he said. But two days later I went over to his place to ask him. He brought me inside, made me coffee and then spilled."

Regina watched Emma as she spoke, the blonde's eyes looking down at her desk, but Regina knew her mind was miles away.

"What did you do?" Regina asked. Emma sighed and seemed to break free of her trance.

"I thanked him for the coffee and told him I had a town to protect. Then I left. Haven't really spoken to him since." Emma said, effectively closing off her story. She sighed at the frustrating memory.

"That's a little rich, coming from the father of the boy who can't lie." Regina said. Emma shrugged as she sipped her hot chocolate.

"He said 'sometimes you have to lie to protect the people you love.'" She quoted. "And hey, I'm a mom, so I can understand that. God knows we've both lied to Henry tons of times to protect him."

"True." Regina nodded. "Doesn't mean it's a good thing."

"Whatever." Emma said grumpily. "The point of all this is that, despite you cursing everyone, it's not your fault I don't feel connected to my family."

Regina sighed and leaned back in her chair. The guilt was assuaged, but that didn't mean she felt
better. Emma furrowed her brow and blinked.

"How did we get here?" She asked, and Regina was going to make a sarcastic comment about magical wardrobes and curses, but decided against it.

"You asked if you could move in with me." She answered instead.

"Right. But that was a joke." Emma said, a small smile appearing on her lips. "What I really wanted to ask was who would I need to talk to about property and rent now that Gold's gone?"

"Well some property is privately owned, and then of course the council owns some. There are landlord regulations, because despite everything, I couldn't let Gold treat his tenants poorly. So I suppose it just depends on what apartment or property you decide to rent or buy." Regina explained.

"Cool. Cause I was worried the property market of Storybrooke took a halt when the most powerful man in town got kicked out by his wife." Emma said with a chuckle. Regina smiled at her and shook her head,

"I always had a back up plan in case someone got sick of him and found a way to get rid of him." Regina admitted, and then smirked. "Namely, me."

Emma roared out a loud laugh at that, throwing her head back and clutching at her abdomen.

"Oh man." She breathed when she finally calmed down. "That's a good one. You're getting funny lately."

"Perhaps I've had a good influence around lately." Regina said pointedly and Emma winked at her playfully. She opened her mouth to say something, but didn't have the chance to even get a word out before her phone began to ring.

"Sheriff." she stated when she picked it up. She rolled her eyes at whatever the person on the other end of the line was saying. "Okay, yeah, I'll be there soon."

She hung up as she rose out of her seat and looked over at Regina.

"Duty calls?" The brunette guessed, a twinge of disappointment in her voice that Emma felt rather than heard.

"Fraid so." She said with an apologetic smile. "I'll see you later?"

Regina smiled and nodded instead of offering a vocal response, and Emma grabbed her own food bag and hot chocolate before heading towards the door.

"Oh!" The blonde said as she remembered something and whirled around to face Regina again. "Don't forget that Henry's having dinner with us tonight. And mom says you're more than welcome to join."

"Thank you, dear." Regina responded. "I'll let you know."

Emma gave her a curt nod and a smile before she walked out of her office to follow the call of duty. Leaving her alone with her thoughts and her lunch. She honestly couldn't remember the last time she was alone for a meal, and it felt a little foreign to her. She eyed the newspaper on her desk and opened it on the classifieds a moment later, pulling a green highlighter pen from her penholder and looking over the ads for any apartments. It would help Emma get started even while the blonde was at work, and at the very least she'd know that Henry and Emma were living in a suitable space. Not
that she didn't trust the blonde's judgement...But she wanted to be sure.

Before she knew it it was 3:30 p.m. and her phone was ringing. She picked it up without looking at the caller ID.

"Hello?" She said into it professionally.

"Hi mom." Henry's voice came through the other end. She smiled.

"Hello dear, how was school?" She asked, putting the pen down for a moment to give her son her full attention.

"It was good. So listen, you know I'm having dinner with Gram and Gramps tonight, right?" he asked, she nodded even though he couldn't see.

"Yes, and before you ask I'm aware that Snow has extended the invitation to me, which is sweet but-"

"But you can't." He stated, rather than asked.

"Well I mean I would like to but-"

"No. I'm telling you, you can't." he said. Her brows furrowed and she was more than a little insulted.

"Excuse me?" She demanded.

"No, that came out wrong." He said and she rolled her eyes. "What I mean is I don't want you to."


"No! No..." his voice turned into mumbling and she was sure she heard him hiss out the word crap. She covered her face with her palm. This phone call was a mess. "W-what I meant was. I think you should invite Emma to dinner."

"Henry, she lives there." she pointed out.

"No! I mean at your house. You two should have dinner together...alone." He said. She quirked an eyebrow.

"And why, may I ask, should we do that?" she asked.

"You know, to have some adult time together," He said. She rested her elbow on the desk, rubbing her eyes with her thumb and index finger and bringing her fingers together to pinch the bridge of her nose. Was her son trying to hook her up?

"Henry. Take a breath and then chew your words before speaking. Because this conversation is getting very awkward very fast." She instructed. She could practically see the blush on his face as she heard him sigh and stay silent for a few seconds to think on how he was going to word his odd request better.

"I think you and Emma should have a nice, quiet dinner. Alone. Just the two of you. Two adults. No kids around. No Gram and Gramps. Just you two. And not just quick lunch breaks," He explained. "I think you both need it."

Regina sighed and nodded her understanding. He wasn't trying to pimp her out or hook her up. He was trying to get her to enjoy a nice evening without having to worry about him or family. And it
was apparent that he was trying to do the same for Emma.

"Well that's a sweet thought, Henry." She began.

"Great, so you'll do it?" He said, the smile on his face audible in his voice.

"I'll ask her." She agreed. "But I have the strong suspicion that she'd much rather enjoy dinner with her parents and you."

"Okay." Henry said. "I'll ask Gram to call her and tell her not to come to-

"No!" she barked out, taking a deep breath and rubbing her eyes again. God knows the blonde would die if her mother told her she wasn't wanted at dinner. "No, Henry, don't do that. I'll call and tell her and then she can make the decision herself. If she doesn't want to do it tonight we can just reschedule."

"Okay." He relented. "Thanks mom!"

"Thank you, dear." She said.

"Talk to you later?" he asked.

"Of course." She said, pushing a hair behind her ear. "I love you."

"Love you too, mom." He said with a smile. "Bye."

With a click, the line was cut off and she put her phone down. Wondering just what the hell was going on with her son to warrant that strange phone call.

Across town at the Blanchard loft, Snow smiled at Henry, who was sitting on a stool at the kitchen island and had just hung up the phone after a call to his mother.

"So, did it work?" She asked in a hushed tone as she put his mug of hot chocolate down in front of him. He grinned at her.

"Yup. Operation Swan Queen is go." He said with a curt nod.

"Excellent."

Regina sat in her living room in silence, throwing the newspaper down on the coffee table with a frustrated sigh. She'd gone through all the listings for apartments in Storybrooke and not one of them seemed like a decent enough home for Emma and her son. They were either too small, or so cheap that Regina couldn't convince herself that they weren't dumps.

She sighed and finally took in her surroundings. Wondering for a moment why she was in the living room and not in the study. She rarely sat in here, and the only time she ever did lately was when Emma wanted to watch a movie with her. She tried to backtrack to how she got in here, and the only thing she could recall was being so focused on Emma as she walked through her door with the newspaper in her hands. She let a small smirk out on her face as she remembered the last time she was in here. She'd sat in the exact spot she was sitting in now, with Emma on the other side and Henry wedged between them. They sat separately at first, but then Henry sort of automatically rested his head on her shoulder, and she wrapped her arm around him and played softly with his hair as they watched. And then Emma threw a blanket over the three of them and Henry pulled the blonde closer and before they knew it they were all cuddled up together on the couch watching Hercules
Like a...

...like a family.

The thought rang out in Regina's mind like a loud bell in a quiet church. She couldn't shake the feeling that the blonde belonged here. In this house with her and Henry. Somehow, when she was around it came alive. Rooms that had been ignored for years were being used. And there was noise in this house. This big giant house that she'd given herself because she thought she deserved it and she didn't even realize how dauntingly quiet it would be until Emma Swan came in shouting expletives of how good her cooking smelt and she couldn't fight the smile on her face. Even cooking, her hobby, the one thing she got enjoyment out of, seemed to be so much better when Emma was doing it with her.

She let out a shuddery breath as another thought took over her mind.

_Can I move in with you?_

It was a joke, nothing but an innocent joke that Emma had said to probably shock the brunette a little just so she could get some enjoyment out of seeing the look on her face. But her mind wouldn't let it go, and she knew why. Because if there was any chance, even just the slightest, of the question being genuine, she would have said yes. It would have taken her time to think, because she doesn't do things impulsively, it's just not her way, but she would have called the blonde and said that yes, for the love of God yes! Please move in with me and make my way-too-big house a home.

She eyed the newspaper on the coffee table as she gnawed at her lip. And then swallowed the nervous lump in her throat as she made a decision.

Emma sat in her office. Bored to tears with her arms on her desk and her head resting on them. She'd left Regina's office in a rush to get to the car accident she'd been called to, only to find it was just a fender bender. She'd rolled her eyes so hard at that point she'd gotten dizzy for a moment. This town was fucking ridiculous.

Her phone rang, pulling her out of her thoughts, and for a scary moment she hoped someone had been brutally murdered just so that she wouldn't be bored anymore.

"What the fuck?" she hissed at herself. She shook her head and looked at her caller ID, smiling at the picture of the brunette that looked back up at her. Regina looked so stern and regal in that pose of her, sitting at her desk, without a smile on her lips. Because the brunette thought it was ridiculous that Emma wanted to take a picture of her for her ID profile. She swiped her finger across the screen and pressed the phone to her ear.

"Most bored Sheriff in history. How can I help you?" She aswered. Grinning like a fool at the melodic laughter that flowed into her ear from the other end. She loved making Regina laugh.

"I surely hope that's not how you actually answer your phone." The brunette said, her voice still light and happy.

"Nah, I saw your caller ID." Emma said. "So what's up?"

"I was uhm." Regina cleared her throat, and Emma could sense the brunette was nervous about something, but she didn't press her, she just let her clear her mind and think before she spoke. "I know it's sudden, and you'll probably say no, because you're having dinner with your parents tonight. But I wanted to invite you to dinner at my place instead."
Emma bit her lip for a moment, the invitation was sudden, but it wasn't unwanted.

"What about Henry though?" She said, not rejecting the offer, just thinking out loud.

"Oh well...To be honest? He was the one that suggested it." Regina admitted. "He thinks it would be good for us to spend some time away from kids and parents. He thinks some...adult time...That's not just during lunch breaks in between work, that is, would be good for us."

Emma's lips curled up into a smirk at how nervous the brunette sounded as she tried her best to explain what their son had said.

"Well, if it's okay with him that I won't be there, then it's okay with me." She said with a smile and a shrug.

"Seriously?" Regina asked. Emma chuckled.

"You sound surprised." She pointed out.

"W-well...I mean..." Regina stammered and Emma was endeared to her, she was cute when she was nervous. "I guess I just didn't expect that you'd rather spend time with me than with your parents."

"Well, I live with them, at least for the time being, and I work with my dad. So God knows I spend enough time with them as it is. One night away from them might do me some good." Emma said with a smile, hoping that calmed the brunette's nerves. She couldn't see that Regina was smiling on the other end of the line. Not because she was pulling the blonde away from her parents, but because for once she was the preferred company. "So what time should I come over?"

"Is 7 good?" Regina asked.

"Perfect. See you later." Emma said.

"Right, see you then." Regina said, hesitating for a moment. "Bye..."

But she didn't hang up.

"Bye..." Emma said, but she didn't hang up either. They stayed on the phone in silence, waiting for the dial tone to come from the other end. But it never did.

"Emma?"

"Regina?"

"You have to hang up the phone." Regina said with a small, amused smile on her face.

"Well why don't you hang up the phone?" Emma teased.

"Well...because...I...That is...I..." Regina stammered. Emma bit her lip to stop herself from chuckling at how adorable the brunette sounded.

"Awesome reasoning." Emma teased. Regina rolled her eyes.

"Oh just hang up." the brunette tried to order.

"No, you hang up." Emma challenged.

"This is ridiculous." Regina said.
"If it's so ridiculous why haven't you hung up on me yet?" Emma teased again.

"Well, because that would be rude." Regina reasoned.

"No it's not, the conversation's over. We said bye." Emma shrugged.

"Well then why are you still on the line?" Regina asked smartly.

"Why are you still on the line?" Emma shot back.

"Are you just going to repeat everything back to me like a parrot?" Regina said.

"Emma wanna cracker." The blonde said jokingly.

"I was hoping we could have something with a bit more flavour, actually." Regina joked. Emma burst out laughing the same way she had earlier that day.

"Oh man. You really are getting funny." She said with a happy sigh.

"Perhaps I always was and you're just noticing now." Regina said with a shrug.

"Uh huh sure." Emma said. "Although, now that I think about it, you did make a lot of magic jokes while we were cursed. You must have been laughing like crazy in your head."

"Hmm, not as much as you'd think." Regina said. "Inside jokes are generally funnier when you share them with someone."

"Good point." Emma nodded. Another brief moment of silence passed.

"Are you going to hang up now?" Regina asked.

"Are you going to-"

"Yes, yes I am." Regina said, forcing herself to pull the phone away from her ear and pressing the end call button, but not before she heard Emma's laughter bark out through her phone. The blonde was still laughing when the line cut off.

She smiled to herself, glad that her invitation to Emma had been taken well, and that it was accepted. She just hoped the next thing she would ask the blonde would go down as well.
Chapter 14

David sat on the couch watching TV with Henry as Snow flitted around in the kitchen preparing dinner, Neal in his high chair in one of the new pajamas that Emma had bought him recently. David looked at the clock with a scowl on his face and sighed.

"Dinner's almost ready guys, wanna set the table?" Snow said with a smile to her husband and grandson. Henry smiled and nodded at her as he got off the couch.

"C'mon Gramps!" he called to David, who was frowning as he clicked off the TV and got up.

"Geez David I asked you to set the table, not give me a kidney." Snow joked when she noticed his features.

"It's not that." he shook his head at her. "I just...Where the hell is Emma? We told her dinner was at 7. It's 7:15. She's usually not this late unless something happened that caused it and even so she would have called."

Snow smiled at her husband, who was acting super protective ever since he'd had to carry Emma out of that ship and away from her crazy pirate ex boyfriend.

"Relax, sweetie, she's not coming tonight." Snow informed him.

"What?" He asked.

"Yeah Gramps, her and mom are having dinner at mom's house." Henry said as he took the plates that Snow handed him over the kitchen island.

"What? We've had tonight planned all week, she never mentioned anything." David noted, trying to remember if he'd overlooked Emma mentioning anything about dinner with Regina that night.

"Yeah, that's because it was decided just today." Henry said. "Could you bring the glasses?"

"Really sweetie don't just stand there, at least move aside and don't stand in the way." Snow said sweetly. David's brow furrowed and he shook his head.

"Wait! Wait, so Emma randomly decides to have dinner with Regina, okay, fair enough, but Snow, you're okay with this?" he asked, pointing a finger at his wife, who shrugged with a smile and a nod.

"It was her idea." Henry informed.

"It was?" David asked again. They both nodded at him with matching smiles. He eyed the two of them suspiciously, especially his wife. Something was going on with her, and it wasn't just a 'taken a memory loss potion' something. She was up to something, and Henry was somehow in on it. But he shrugged and decided to let it go for now, or at least appear to.

The doorbell to the Mill's residence was rung at precisely 7 o'clock, and Regina opened the door with a pleased smile on her face as she opened the door to find a smiling Emma Swan out on her porch presenting her with what looked like a bottle of wine, at a glance, but at a closer look she realized it was sparkling grape juice.
"Well, you're on time, this is certainly a surprise." Regina teased with a smile.

"Ha. Ha." Emma deadpanned. "I came here twenty minutes ago, spent fifteen of them in my car, and five out here on the porch waiting for the second it struck seven."

"All so you would be on time?" Regina asked. "I'm impressed."

"Yes, you are. Now let me in, it's cold as fuck out here." Emma said calmly. Regina rolled her eyes as she chuckled and waved the blonde inside. Emma stepped inside and sniffed the air in the foyer for a moment before narrowing her eyes suspiciously at Regina. "I smell lasagna."

"Savior by day, bloodhound by night, I see." Regina joked as she walked into the kitchen. Emma chuckled and followed her, placing the bottle down on the table as soon as she entered the room. She quirked her eyebrow at the glass vase that held the very familiar bouquet of flowers.

"Are..." She hesitated a moment. "Are these the flowers I got you?"

"Yes, actually." Regina said with a smile.

"Wow." Emma said impressively as she poked and the petals, which seemed stronger than ever. "I'm surprised they lasted this long. Must be some good ass nutrients in the Storybrooke water source."

As she examined the flowers that she'd last seen falling from her hand in her peripheral vision, she noticed the faint pink tint in the water's colour and tapped the glass.

"And pink too, apparently." She pointed out, side-eyeing Regina for a moment as the brunette's cheeks seemed to take on the same shade as the water in the vase.

"Well I..." She cleared her throat and pressed a hand to an overly warm cheek as she spoke. "They were very lovely, and I didn't want to seem them wilt and wither away...So I enchanted the water with an everlasting life potion."

Emma couldn't stop herself from smiling at that.

"Everlasting life potion?" she asked.

"It only works on plants." Regina informed and Emma nodded.

"For all your magical gardening needs." She said jokingly and Regina chuckled, her embarrassment seeping away at that. "Well they look great. And they sort of lighten the room up so, good job."

The brunette smiled at her in thanks before turning around and pulling glasses out of the cabinet.

"Well I thank you for the sparkling grape juice." She began. "Would you like to pick out a bottle of wine for yourself?"

"Nope." Emma said without a second thought.

"Hmm." Regina hummed. "I'm impressed I thought you enjoyed drinking."

"I do." Emma shrugged. "But you can't drink, and it's partly thanks to me, so it's not really fair that I get off scott free, right?"

Regina opened her mouth to say something when the full sentiment behind Emma's words hit her and she closed her eyes for a moment as a smile spread across her lips.
"Thank you." She said, gaining a smile from Emma. "But it's really not necessary."

"I know it's not, I don't do it out of necessity, you do. I do it out of, hmm...Solidarity? Yeah that's the right word." Emma nodded at herself. Regina let out a small, quiet, happy sigh. This woman surprised her day after day with how sweet she can be and she was pretty sure eventually it would get too much for her heart to take and it would burst.

"Well that's incredibly sweet of you, Emma." She said as she placed the glasses down on the table. Emma reached for the bottle and popped off the faux-cork with a chuckle.

"They make it look like wine for the kids." She informed. "So they can feel like grown ups at parties and stuff."

"Henry used to ask me if he could drink his juice out of a wine glass during dinner." Regina told her. Emma tittered as she poured the drink into each of their glasses. "Eventually I bought him a plastic replica, and he decorated with his name using a stencil, and it became his special cup to drink out of during dinner."

"God." Emma shook her head with a chuckle. "I swear we have, like, the most adorable son in history."

"We sure do." Regina agreed with a nod. Emma closed the bottle in her hands and lifted the glasses, handing Regina hers.

"Well then." Emma said, lifting her glass up in a way that told Regina she was about to make a toast. "Here's to Henry. The most adorable kid in the world. And the reason I'm even standing in this kitchen right now."

Regina nodded and smiled as they clinked glasses and sipped at the sweet drink. She put her glass down a second later to check on the lasagna in the oven and Emma sniffed the air directly above the appliance.

"Mmm." she moaned. "My mouth is watering."

"Down girl." Regina teased. "Don't make me get the spray bottle."

"Hah." Emma laughed, her shoulders shaking slightly. "There are other ways to get me wet Regina."

The brunette froze as she felt all the blood rushing to her face and Emma covered her mouth.

"I...I swear that...I didn't mean that how it sounded." She said, her voice muffled by her hand as her cheeks tinted pink. Regina couldn't fight her semi-amused semi-scandalized smile, despite her cheeks still being red.

"I certainly hope not." She said in a quiet attempt to chastise the blonde, but her voice was thick with the laughter that she was holding in and it was difficult to sound serious.

"I'm going to go dig a hole and hide in it now." Emma said jokingly.

"You will do no such thing, I spent an hour slaving over a hot stove for you." Regina joked back to ease the tension. "Now sit down and do attempt to keep dinner conversation clean dear."

"Yes ma'am." Emma said sheepishly, head bowed and pretending to be a chastised child. She shuffled over to her seat exaggeratedly to keep up the act and sat down at her usual seat at Regina's right hand. The brunette rolled her eyes behind Emma before she set the dish down in front of the
blonde. She cut out a healthy portion and moved to place it on Emma’s plate, the blonde picking her plate up and catching the portion with it halfway down to help. She licked her lips at the sight and Regina bit her lip and took a deep breath to calm her nerves. The whole occasion of dinner that night already resting heavy on her heart with the nerves of the question she wanted to ask the blonde at some point that night. She cut a portion of lasagna out for herself, before putting the dish back in the oven to keep warm and then sitting down gracefully on her chair.

"How do you do that?" Emma asked, having been watching the brunette as she moved.

"Do what?" Regina asked.

"Make everything seem so elegant and graceful, and yet so effortless." Emma explained. "Kind of makes the rest of the town look like a bunch of slobs."

"Well that wouldn't be far from the truth in some cases." Regina joked. Emma chuckled as Regina shrugged before answering. "I suppose it's just the result of my upbringing. Some things just stick with you."

Emma nodded, though she didn't really enjoy thinking of Regina's upbringing because of what the brunette shared with her, it usually made her want to find a way to resurrect Cora just so she could kill her all over again herself. Not that she'd ever mention that to Regina, but it was true nonetheless.

"Well yeah, I get that, I guess." Emma nodded. "I remember once when I was like, twelve, I got put into this home with this really strict, high strung, classy bitch of a foster mom. She hated the way I carried myself. It was roundabout three months of 'sit up straight' 'don't slouch' 'get your elbows off the table.' And all that. Eventually I got so sick of it I screamed at her 'Hey lady, I'm not a fucking princess.'"

Regina burst out into a melodic laughter as Emma took a bite out of her lasagna and watched the brunette, who seemed so beautiful with her head thrown back in laughter, one hand up at her collarbone as she tried to calm herself. She took a deep breath and forced herself to stop laughing.

"Oh my, I'm sorry." she apologized. "It's just, the irony of that statement."

"Mmmhm." Emma nodded as she chewed. "I know, I laughed too at one point when the whole thing hit me like wow."

"Well perhaps now that you've realized your true title, perhaps some of those manners will come swimming back to you." Regina said teasingly.

"Not fucking likely." Emma swore with a purposfully full mouth to make her statement that much more humorous. It seemed to work, because Regina's shoulders were shaking again as she covered her mouth with her hand as she laughed. The brunette sighed contentedly. She honestly couldn't remember the last time she'd laughed, genuinely, laughed, and so hard. She wondered for a moment if she ever actually did.

They chatted for a while as they ate, talking about a range of topics, from experiences from their past, avoiding heavy topics of course, to their present situation. Emma made as many jokes as she could, on purpose, because Regina Mills laughing the way she did was seriously the most beautiful thing on the planet to the blonde, and she knew deep in her heart she'd make a million lame jokes if it meant getting to see her laugh like that every day of her life.

At some point, she remembered that she wanted to ask Regina something she'd been wanting to ask since she realized what had happened.
"Oh hey, by the way. Did you happen to see a newspaper today on your desk? I brought it in with me when I brought you lunch, but I didn't have it with me in the car when I left, so I figured I left it at your office." Emma said. Regina suddenly realized that she didn't have any idea how the newspaper she'd been using earlier that day, the one that was still abandoned on her coffee table, actually ended up on her desk.

"Yes, actually, I did. It's here if you'd like it back." Regina said.

"Cool, I just wanted to keep one so I could mark down all the potential places on it." Emma said. Regina nodded as she thought that maybe this was the right time to broach the subject.

"Actually, Emma." She began. "It's good that you mentioned that. I wanted to talk to you about the whole you moving out thing."

"Oh, hey." Emma cut her off gently. "Listen I know, don't worry. Henry is like, the number one priority in my mind whenever I look at a listing."

"Well, no. That's not what I wanted to talk to you about." Regina shook her head. "Although I do have to remind you that Henry isn't the only child you have to think about now."

Emma looked at her and then dropped her face in her hands a second later.

"I deserve the award for shittiest mom." she mumbled as she shook her head and pushed her hand through her hair, pushing the golden mane back.

"I would think of a few people that might prove serious competition." Regina pointed out. Emma looked at her with a little sad smile and Regina waved her off. "But that does make my point a little more valid."

"Well what is it, then?" Emma asked. Regina took a deep breath and gnawed at her lip as she tried to find the best way to word her offer.

"Well, to be totally honest, I looked at all the listings in the newspaper myself today. Frankly, no place was suitable."

"Well that blows." Emma sighed. "What am I gonna do about the kids?"

"Actually...I was hoping perhaps we could make an arrangement so that they would never have to leave this house." Regina said. Emma furrowed her brow at her, a hint of sorrow in her eyes.

"Well, I guess...I mean if there really isn't any place that will hold me and two kids. I guess I could just get a one bedroom apartment and they could visit or I could visit them and-"

"No. No." Regina stopped the blonde in her tracks and Emma shot up an eyebrow at her as Regina pressed her index and middle finger to the spot on her forehead right between the eyebrows, pressing down and rubbing gently to try and alleviate some of her nerves. "That's not what I meant. At all."

"I'm sorry Regina." Emma sighed, pushing back her hair again. "I can't get at what you're saying or asking or whatever. Maybe you should just come out with it?"

"I'm trying." Regina said, her throat suddenly dry. She took a few gulps of her drink before blowing out a sharp breath and taking another one in. "Okay. Emma...Would you...consider...maybe...moving in...here...?"

Emma nodded along to Regina's slow question and then her jaw went slack when the brunette
"I'm...I'm sorry...what?" Emma asked, a little confused and suddenly wondering if she were dreaming.

"Would you like to move in here?" Regina asked. "I know it's probably the last thing you ever thought of. But think about it."

"I am-"

"I mean, this place is certainly big enough, god knows sometimes it's just too big. And that way we'd be all here, together. So Henry and the baby wouldn't have to jump from one place to the other. They'd have a stable home and family here." Regina listed off. Emma nodded along, agreeing fully with what the brunette was saying. But then she scratched the back of her neck nervously.

"Is...is that the only reason though?" she hesitated, but asked anyway. Regina bit her lip in thought for a moment.

"No." she sighed the admission out. "No it's not."

"Okay." Emma nodded. "Can I ask what the other one is?"

"Of course you can." Regina gave her a reassuring smile. She brought her elbows up on the table and laced her fingers together, holding them in front of her chin as she spoke. "Well you see I was uhm...I was thinking about our earlier conversation, back at my office this afternoon. Before you ask, no, I wasn't still blaming myself. However I did realize something."

"What?" Emma asked, turning sideways in her chair to give Regina her full attention.

"It just, well it hit me, rather painfully I must say, that...well...that you've never had a proper, stable home." Regina said. Emma sighed and shook her head.

"That, I mean, Regina...that's not-"

"No Emma, please, let me finish." She cut her off again. Emma was silent for a long moment as she took in the sincerely pained and determined expression on the brunette's face and was incredibly curious as to where this was going.

"Okay." She whispered, her voice unable to go higher as she witnessed the sheer emotion on Regina's face. Regina took a deep breath and pushed on.

"It dawned on me that this would be the umpteenth time you have been lifted, voluntarily or not, from your living situation and dropped into another one." Regina said. She bit her lip rather harshly before she continued, forcing her nerves aside to say what was on her mind, and what weighed heavily on her heart. "And I felt this insane, sharp pain, emotionally, just thinking about it."

Emma's eyebrows lifted in surprise, but the rest of her face remained expressionless as she took in what the brunette was saying. Regina took a deep breath and pushed on.

"Added to that what you were saying this morning about how you felt disconnected from your family, and well...Emma...I...I just don't know how to describe my feelings." She sighed. "I promise you I'm not saying this because I pity you or because I want to assuage my own guilt. I want you to know that before I go on."

"I believe you." Emma said quietly after a silent moment. Her voice was raspy from the knot of
emotion that had made its way up her throat and tightened it. She was trying to hold it all back, at least until Regina finished what she was saying. The brunette nodded and then continued.

"With those feelings in mind, as well as your current situation, and the situation with our children. Well Emma I came to the conclusion to ask you to move in here because, honestly? I truly believe you belong here." Regina admitted finally. The bigger weight of her feelings now off her chest. "And I hope you agree. Because, well. Your family is here. Besides your parents, of course. Henry is here, and your unborn son or daughter is here as well. And you deserve as much of a stable home as they do."

Emma was quiet for a moment, blinking roughly a couple of times to fight back the tears that stung her eyes. She laid a hand on the table and tapped her fingers gently on it as she took in Regina's words. Her heart swelling to the point where she was sure it would burst with love and gratitude for the woman sitting in front of her.

"And you." She said, her voice barely above a whisper, her throat harsh from the force of pushing her emotions back.

"What?" Regina asked softly.

"You're here too." The blonde answered, finally making eye contact with Regina. A small smile appeared on the brunette's face at that. "We share two kids together, we've been through some crazy shit together. You're my family too Regina."

Regina's small smile widened until it spread across her lips and brightened her face as tears stung her eyes. She tightened her fingers that were still laced together in an effort to stop herself from lunging into the blonde's arms.

"Well then." She said after a long moment. "I suppose that further validates my point, doesn't it."

Emma smiled at her and nodded, because she didn't think she could speak without bursting into tears. They stared into each other's eyes for a long moment, the air getting slightly thicker as hearts hammered against chests and each woman wondered just why the hell she wasn't holding the other right now when they both desperately wanted to. After some time, Regina was able to pull her thoughts back onto their conversation and she cleared her throat, pulling Emma back to reality as well.

"So...What do you say?" she asked, still nervous at the blonde's answer. Emma gulped a little and bit her lip, chewing on it as if it were an embodiment of the question.

"Can...Can I have some time? You know to think it over?" She asked nervously. "It's kind of a big decision, I don't wanna make it impulsively."

Regina smiled at her reassuringly and nodded.

"Of course you can dear. Take all the time you need." she said. Emma smiled at her in thanks and then both women took a deep breath together as all the heaviness from the conversation washed out of them, feeling them relieved, but slightly deflated to the point where they didn't know what to talk about or if they even wanted to talk at all. Then Emma smiled as an idea popped up into her mind.

"Wanna go dump ourselves on the couch and watch a version of Peter Pan that isn't a total asshole?" she asked. Regina looked up at her with slightly tired eyes, but smiled none the less and nodded. Emma nodded her head towards the direction of the living room and they grabbed their drinks and the sparkling juice and shuffled silently into the living room, Regina relaxing on the couch while
Emma grabbed the DVD and inserted it into the player. She sat down close to the brunette, instinctively throwing her right arm out to rest on the back of the couch. Without even thinking about it, Regina kicked off her heels, tucking her legs up underneath her and leaning into Emma's side, her head resting on her shoulder. Emma smiled at the action and dropped her arm from the back of the couch to Regina's shoulder, which only made the brunette cuddle slightly further into her. The blonde smiled again. *Yeah.* she thought. *I could definitely get used to this.*

When the movie was finished, Emma and Regina sat for a few minutes, talking about the movie, though the conversation consisted mostly of Regina's awe at how different the animated character was from the real thing and Emma laughing at her amazement.

After a while though, the laughter and the talking died down, and Emma realized it was late, and despite desperately wanting to, she had run out of reasons to stay any longer. She looked at the time on the now shut down DVD player. It was getting pretty late, too, which only made it worse. She wanted to move in here, but not *immediately.* And she figured it was the same issue with Regina.

"I guess I should head out." Emma said quietly. Regina sighed sadly, but nodded at her.

"Your parents would want you home." she said, trying to convince herself rather than the blonde. Emma nodded as well, slowly and gently dropping her legs off of the couch and moving to slip on her shoes. Regina did the same, and seconds later, they were standing out on the doorstep, the door open between them and saying their goodbyes.

"Thanks, Regina." Emma said, biting her lip and them smiling at the brunette. "For everything."

Regina nodded with a smile of her own and they stood in silence for a moment.

"Make sure you think about my offer?" Regina asked, rather hopefully if she were being honest with herself.

"I will." Emma said, not missing a beat and emphasising her answer with a few nods of her head. "I promise."

They smiled at each other gently again and then, after another moment of silence, Emma cleared her throat.

"Well...bye." she said quietly.

"Bye, dear." Regina said, watching as Emma turned around on the doorstep and took one step off of it. She was about to close the door. But then she noticed that the blonde hand't moved from that initial first step.

"Emma?" she asked tentatively.

Emma whirled around suddenly, her heart thudding against her chest as she closed the gap between her and Regina, pulling the brunette into her arms and enveloping her into a tight, sincere and warm hug. Regina was shocked at first, but she soon melted into the blonde's arms, tucking her face into her pale neck and taking in a whiff of her shampoo. Emma held on to the back of Regina's head while another hand was wrapped around her waist. This felt *so* good, and *so* right. And *goddammit why don't I hug her more.*

They stood there, in each other's arms, taking in breaths and happy sighs and comforting scents of each other for a whole two minutes. Then Emma pulled away gently, cupping Regina's cheeks as the brunette looked up at her in question and wonder.
"Goodnight Regina." She whispered, as if a higher volume would break the mood they'd created. Then, in a bold move, she leaned forward again and pressed her lips to Regina's forehead. She held them in place for a moment as Regina shut her eyes to relish the feeling. But soon the sound of lips smacking pulled her out of the trance the blonde had put her in, and when she opened her eyes she was only met but the image of Emma's retreating back as she walked, rather hurridly, down the walk-way of her front garden and towards her car. Regina sighed softly and closed her door, leaning back against and pressing her eyes with the balls of her hands and sighing again, this time louder. She dropped her arms and let her head fall back against the door as she sounded out an admission to herself that she had never voiced until now, but deep down always knew it was true.

"I'm in love with Emma Swan."
When Emma arrived home, she sat in the car for twenty minutes, crying silently, letting Regina's words, her feelings and the emotional high from what she'd just done melt away into tears. She needed to calm herself down before she could walk up into that apartment. It was late, and she didn't want the chance of her sobbing and sniffling to wake anyone up. And even if they were still awake, she wanted to avoid all the questions. So she sat in her car and let the tears fall naturally. When she was all cried out, she pulled out a tissue from the box she kept in her glove compartment and wiped the tears away, checking the mirror to make sure she didn't look like she'd just spent twenty minutes crying because Regina Mills was the sweetest person on the planet. When she was sure that she'd be at least a little convincing, she sucked in a deep breath, blew it out, and got out of the car.

When she walked into the apartment though, she saw that she'd pumped herself up for nothing. The table was clean, the room was dark, and the curtain that lead to Snow and David's bedroom was drawn shut, signalling that they were sleeping. There was no sign that anyone had even been there except for a a piece of paper with was folded in half and made to stand upright in the middle of the table with Emma written on it in her mother's handwriting. She picked up the note and read it, squinting her eyes to make out the words in the dark apartment that was only lit by the light from the streetlight outside spilling in through the window.

Dear Emma.

Hope you had a nice night at Regina's. You can tell me all about it in the morning.

Goodnight.

Love, Mom.

Emma smiled a little at the sweet gesture of the note, figuring that it was Snow's way of telling her that she wasn't mad or upset that she'd accepted Regina's offer for dinner. She folded the note up and mindlessly carried it up with her as she climbed up the stairs, peeking into Henry's room to check on him before turning around and going into her own, falling rather ungracefully on the bed. She kicked off her shoes and pulled off her jeans and shirt and didn't even bother putting on any pajamas or sleep clothes despite how chilly it was in the room. She pulled the covers over herself and buried her head in the pillows. The weight of the heavy conversation with Regina had pulled all her energy away suddenly, and she felt like she could sleep for ages.

She woke up to the smell of coffee and breakfast wafting from the downstairs kitchen and groaned as she rolled over onto her back, stretching her arms and legs out and yawning. She rubbed at her face, rubbing the crusty remnants of her tears away from her eyes before she pulled the sheets off of her and got out of bed.

She quickly pulled on a pair of pajama bottoms and a tank top before padding her way down the stairs and into the kitchen, where her mom flitted around the kitchen making what Emma assumed were pancakes, given the bowl of batter that sat on the left side of the stove where Snow stood.

"Morning mom." She said, going over to the kitchen island and sitting down on one of the stools.

"Good morning sweetie." The brunette practically sang. Emma rubbed the last bit of sleep from her eyes as she spoke.
"Where's dad and Henry?" she asked.

"Your father's at the station, he told me he didn't really need you to have to wake up and go with him seeing as we don't really know what time you got in last night and it's been really quiet lately, he said he'd call if he needed you." Snow said, Emma nodding as she spoke. "And he dropped Henry off at Regina's on his way to work."

"Okay." Emma said as Snow placed a cup of coffee in front of her with a smile.

"So, how was dinner last night?" She asked curiously. Emma smiled and shrugged.

"It was pretty good. Regina's lasagna is always a hit." the blonde said with a small smile as she sipped her coffee. "Though, there is something I need to talk to you about, and it does kind of have something to do with dinner last night in a round about way."

"Yes?" Snow said, seemingly perking up at her daughters words. Emma raised an eyebrow at her and Snow took it as a sign to calm down and try to act more natural.

"So uhm." Emma began, swallowing as she tried to come up with the right words. "Neal's growing up pretty fast."

"He is." Snow said with a nod, her smile still firmly in place. "He'll be crawling around soon, isn't it wonderful?"

"Yeah, it's awesome." Emma nodded. "But..."

"But what, sweetie?" Snow asked gently, taking in the look on Emma's face. She knew then that whatever her daughter needed to tell her was difficult and carried some weight. Emma sighed and rubbed at her forehead before continuing.

"Well...Like you said he'll be crawling soon, and he'll need his space, and by that I don't mean just a little crib in the middle of the loft." Emma said. "He'll...He's gonna need a room."

"Yes, yes I suppose he will." Snow said. Emma nodded as if to confirm what she'd just said before continuing.

"And well...I suppose...I mean." She huffed out a breath and tried again. "Well there's only mine and Henry's room upstairs...And Henry's isn't big enough that he can share it. So...I was thinking...of maybe...possibly...moving out."

Emma bit her lip and forced her eyes up from the surface of the island to look at her mother and gauge her reaction. Snow was contemplating something, but Emma could see that the thought of her moving out was painful to her just by the look on her face and the lines that formed on her forehead.

"You...you want to move out?" Snow asked. Emma shrugged.

"Ideally I'd get to live with you guys and Neal and Henry forever." She said. "But, well, we're not living in ideal situations. Neal needs his own room and there isn't enough space in this loft. It's already crowded enough as it is, soon we'll barely have any space to move."

"I understand." Snow nodded, and she did, despite how much it hurt to do so, because her understanding meant that she had no reason to disagree with her daughter and no excuse she could give her to stay beyond 'I don't want you to leave.'

"You do?" Emma asked. She nodded again.
"I do, as much as I hate it, I do." She said with a sigh. She looked at her daughter for a moment as tears stung her eyes. "I just got you back though, I don't want to lose you again."

"Mom!" Emma practically whined as she got up off the stool and darted around the island to stand in front of her mother and pull her into a hug. "You're not going to lose me, this is entirely different. This is me just living somewhere else. I'll still visit, probably a lot. Henry would still want to spend time with you guys and maybe even sleep over...You're not going to lose me mom, I promise."

Snow sighed and nodded, soothed by her daughter's words. They held each other for a moment and Snow relished it. Until something popped up in her mind.

"So..." She began, pulling away to look up at Emma. "What does this have to do with Regina?"

Emma gulped and sighed before she spoke.

"Well, she was trying to help, so while I was at work she looked at the listings in the news paper. Apparently no where is really suitable to take on me and Henry. That and there's the baby to think about too now. So...She...sort of...asked me to...move in to the mansion with her." Emma stammered the last part out, expecting her mother to explode at that. Snow's eyes went wide, sure, but she didn't explode, instead she seemingly mulled it over in her head before nodding.

"She's right." She said. "I mean, you should. Move in with her."

"You're..." Emma raised a brow at her mother. "You're okay with this?"

"Yes." Snow shrugged. "I mean think about it, Henry won't have to jump from home to home, and neither will the baby. You'll all finally have some stability in your lives. I think it would be good for everyone."

Emma was shocked, happy, but still amazed that she was basically hearing the same words Regina had said the night before coming out of her mother's mouth.

"So you wouldn't be mad or suspicious or anything if I moved in with Regina?" Emma asked. Snow smiled and shook her head.

"No. I think it's good for everyone involved. You'd be moving out of here, sure, but you'd still be with your family. And Emma I know how important that is to you. So yes, I would be more than happy if you moved in with Regina." She said with a grin.

"Wow." Emma said with a smile on her face. "Thanks mom."

"No problem sweetie." Snow said with a smile. "Oh, but do make sure you talk to Henry about it first, you don't want to shock him too much by just announcing that you're moving in. Not that he'd be mad or upset or anything. I think he'll be delighted, but you don't want to spring this on him out of nowhere. Talk to him first before you make any decisions."

Emma nodded with a smile.

"That's a good point, thanks." she said. Snow smiled and moved to kiss her daughter on the temple before turning back around to the food on the stove.

"Now how about some breakfast, hmm?" She asked.

"Sure." Emma nodded, and then a thought popped into her mind. "Oh hey, let me just go make a quick call okay?"
"Sure thing sweetie." Snow said. Emma grinned at her before turning and running up the stairs and into her room to pick up her phone.

She scrolled through her contacts until she found the right person she was looking for and hit call, tapping her foot at the ringing tone and chewing on her lip, waiting impatiently for her to answer.

"Hello?"

"Yes." Emma blurted out. On the other end of the line, Regina frowned and looked at her phone again to see who she was talking to before responding.

"Yes what, dear?"

"Yes, I'll move in with you." Emma said with a grin.

"Oh. Well that certainly didn't take long." Regina said with a chuckle. "Why the sudden haste?"

"No haste." Emma shrugged. "Just thought I'd give you an answer, now that I've got one."

"That's very considerate, dear." Regina said with a smile.

"I do have one condition though." Emma said.

"Oh dear." Regina said jokingly and Emma rolled her eyes. "Should I be worried?"

"Not really." Emma said, not noticing the huge smile that had formed across her face.

"Well what is this condition of yours?" Regina asked.

"No final decisions are made until we talk to Henry." Emma said. "If for some reason he doesn't want me to move in, then I won't. I don't want him to think we're forcing this huge change in his life without his consent. I don't think there should be any reason he wouldn't want us to all live together, but I want him to have a say in it. That kid's gone through enough in his life, he should get some control over what happens in it from now on."

"Hmm." Regina hummed on the other end of the line. "You make a very solid argument. I can't help but agree. And I'm sure Henry will appreciate being treated like an adult. He is growing up, after all."

"Exactly, that only proves my point." Emma said. "So it's a deal? We talk to him, and if he says it's okay, then I move in."

"Yes, we have a deal." Regina nodded. And then a thought popped into her mind. "Though, Emma?"

"Yeah?"

"You know he's going to say yes, and then leap for joy. He'll love having you around." Regina said. She didn't really know why she felt the need to say it, but she wanted to assuage any fears or nerves the blonde might have about talking to their son.

"I know." Emma smiled on her end of the line. "Like I said last night, he's a pretty great kid."

"Indeed, and you know..." Regina smiled into the phone, her voice dropping an octave as she spoke. "He's got a pretty great mother."
Emma beamed and closed her eyes and pressed her lips together in between her teeth before she spoke.

"Yeah. Yeah he does."

As they had agreed, Emma walked into the diner that afternoon at 1 p.m. sharp. She looked over at the booths and saw Henry and Regina sitting at the booth across from each other. She stepped up to the table with a smile.

"Hey guys." she said, leaning over to Henry to place a kiss on his head before sliding into the booth beside Regina.

"On time twice in less than twenty four hours? I'm severly impressed dear." Regina deadpanned. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Hardy har har." she deadpanned. "Who knows maybe I'm just spending my time around a good influence."

"I'm glad I could leave a lasting impression." Regina said with a teasing smirk as Emma sipped at the glass of water the brunette had indicated was for her. Henry looked in between the two of them before piping up.

"Are we here so that you guys can tell me you're dating?" he asked. Emma covered her mouth because if she hadn't she'd do a spit-take and Regina's eyes went wide.

"What?" Emma said as she gasped for a breath.

"Why on earth would you think that?" Regina asked their son and he shrugged.

"You're bantering like couples sometimes do. You're actually smiling at each other. Not to mention Emma just sat down next to you." He pointed out, looking over to his blonde mother. "You usually sit down next to me. Once you said you were sure if you tried to sit next to mom she'd set you on fire."

"I did." Emma said cautiously and then turned to Regina to explain. "But that was before we were friends."

"I see." Regina nodded. "Yes, well. Henry your mother and I are just friends."

"Even though the magic that gave you your baby said you were soulmates." He deadpanned. Regina dropped her face in her hands and Emma sighed.

"You know, you can be someone's soulmate without being in love with them." She pointed out. Henry shook his head.

"Yes because two people who are 'just friends' are gonna have sex and make a baby together. Which by the way I still think is totally gross." He said. Emma rolled her eyes and Regina sighed as she flipped her hair back over her shoulders.

"Well then perhaps you should stop talking about it." She said pointedly. He shrugged and raised his hands in surrender.

"Fine." He said. "So what do you guys want to talk to me about?"

"How do you even know we want to talk to you about anything?" Regina asked. "Can't we just
"have a nice family lunch without it being some big revelation?"

"We can. Sure." He nodded. "But that's not what this is. You forget, I can read your face like a book. Both of you."

Emma sighed and looked at Regina.

"This is what we get for having the smartest kid on the planet." she shrugged and Regina nodded in agreement.

"Okay, well good job. You caught us." She said to her son, who grinned in self-pride.

"Don't act so smug kid." Emma teased. He stuck his tongue out at her and she reached over, taking one of his fries and chucking it at his head, which caused him to laugh as he grabbed another one and chucked it back. But Emma controlled it with her magic to get it to turn around and fly back at him.

"Hey no fair!" He said, chucking another one, which this time stopped flying in mid air. They both looked over at Regina, who had her hand up in the air to stop the flying fry and look at them pointedly.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't aware there were two children at this table." she said, turning her pointed look towards Emma. Henry laughed at her as he reached up, plucking the fry out of it's magic binds, and bit into it. Emma glared at Henry playfully before offering an apologetic smile to Regina, who had lowered her hand once there was nothing in the air to hold. "Now how about we cut to the chase, yes?"

"Good idea." Henry said with a nod. "So what is it, is my baby sister actually twins?"

"No!" They both whipped their heads at him in unison. The idea terrifying Regina entirely. Having one baby with Emma was causing quite enough trouble as it was.

"And why are you so sure it's a girl?" Emma asked.

"I know things." He shrugged as he popped another fry in his mouth. "Call it kid's intuition."

"I think it's called hope that you get a little sister to spoil rotten." Emma teased. He shook his head and she smiled at him knowingly.

"Either. Way." Regina cut in to stop their banter that was veering off topic. "That's not what we wanted to tell you."

"Okay." He nodded. "So what is it?"

Emma took a deep breath and looked at Regina for some guidance, or to signal her to start. But Regina had looked to her for the same thing and it just ended up with them waiting for the other to say something until Henry piped up again.

"Okay I'm smart but I can't read minds." He pointed out. "Now quit being so nervous. I'm a big boy, I can take it."

"Okay, big boy." Emma said teasingly with a chuckle. "So...You know how Neal's growing up pretty fast?"

"Still weird that my uncle is a baby. Go on." Henry nodded and Regina chuckled at that.
"Right. So. Eventually he's gonna need a bedroom of his own, and he's gonna start crawling so he'll need his space you know?" Emma said. Henry nodded and she sighed. "So I'm thinking that I might have to move out of the loft."

"Oh." He said quietly as he picked up another fry. "Well I guess that makes sense. Yeah."

"And well, you see Henry." Regina took over, for which Emma was thankful because this next part was a little harder to explain. "We thought that, maybe...Maybe it would be better for everyone involved if...If Emma came to live with us at the mansion."

Henry's eyes shot up to his brunette mother as Emma's eyes shot over to him to gauge a reaction. He chanced a glance at Emma, and when their eyes connected she gave him a nervous smile. He looked over to Regina again before speaking.

"Are...Are you serious?" He asked slowly.

"Yeah kid, but listen. If you don't think it's a good idea or whatever. It won't happen." Emma jumped in to assure him that his was the final decision. "I could just get an apartment and you could just visit me whenever you wanted and stuff you know?"

"Wait...no." He stopped her. "You...you really wanna move in with me and mom?"

"I do." Emma nodded with a small smile. Henry looked over to Regina next.

"And you want her there?" he asked.

"Well..." Regina looked over to Emma, who looked at her with that same smile, and Regina smiled back at her before turning to their son. "Yes. Yes Henry I do."

Henry looked at them in awe and amazement for a moment, taking in what they had just said, and then a smile spread across his lips and lit up his face.

"Are you kidding me?! That's awesome!" He said, getting up happily from his side of the booth and practically climbing up on top of them as he attempted to hug the two of them while they sat. Emma caught him with a grunt and wrapped an arm around him while Regina turned, a little awkwardly, and put an arm around his back. Emma wrapped her free arm around Regina's shoulders to bring the two closer and was effectively hugging her entire family with a wide smile on their lips.

Across the room, Ruby smiled at the scene in front of her, and pulled out her phone to snap a picture of them, immediately sending it to Emma, and then, after a brief moment of thought, sent it to Snow as well.

Across town, Snow's phone beeped to signal a new text, and she got up off the couch where she sat next to her husband to answer it. She looked at the text with a smile.

"What's going on?" David asked, his eyes still fixed on the TV.

"Oh nothing." Snow said, her smile still on her face as she saved the picture to her phone. "Just...everything falling into place."
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

A/N: OH WOW I SUCK! Hi...

I apologize profusely for the gap between chapter 15 and 16. Between getting a new job and my social life suddenly resurrecting itself, this chapter got the short end of the stick. I'm sorry and I'm working on that never happening again!

This one's heavy on the fluff and good feels. Henry's a little shit and you'll see why. Hope you like it!

"Maybe you should put those in a suitcase." Henry pointed at the growing pile of clothes on Emma's bed. He was helping her pack up her stuff, even though the woman said she only had like a total of two boxes of things. The first one was all packed and shut away, the second one wasn't far behind. But Emma hadn't packed all her clothes yet.

"I can't believe it, how did I get all this stuff?" Emma said with a sigh as she looked at the pile as well. Usually, the many times she moved, it was just two boxes. Clothes and all. Henry shrugged as he sat on the bed, causing some of the clothes to tumble off the top of the pile.

"Maybe it's because you've been here for a while you know?" He said. She sighed.

"Yeah I guess...I mean I have roots now." she said, opening up her arms to signify the area. What she really meant was her family. He smiled at her.

"But isn't that a good thing?" He asked. She smiled at him.

"Of course it's a good thing, it's a great thing." She said. "I just didn't know roots meant having so much crap. I don't think all this stuff is gonna fit in my bug."

"You can get David to bring you the police cruiser and I can drive your bug there." He suggested with a big, tooth bearing grin.

"Over my dead body, literally, if your mom would find out." She said. "You're not driving my bug. No one drives my bug."

"I bet you'd let mom drive your bug." He said after a moment and she quirked an eyebrow up at him.

"Please, your mom wants nothing to do with my bug." She scoffed.

"You'd be surprised, I think she really likes your bug. Even if she pretends she doesn't." He said with a smirk. Emma furrowed her eyebrows.

"Kid, are we still talking about my car here?" she asked bluntly. Henry shrugged.

"You tell me." He said. She rolled her eyes at him.

"Okay, how about you quit being cryptic and go see if Grams has a suitcase I can borrow." She said.
He nodded and hopped off the bed, leaving the room in search of his grandmother. Just as she was about to start folding clothes, Emma's phone beeped with a new text.

What time should I expect you to be here?

Emma smirked and rolled her eyes at the text.

Good morning to you too, Mayor sunshine.

She put her phone in her pocket, waiting for the snarky response she would surely receive. For a moment she wondered if Regina would be bold enough to send her a selfie of her holding up the finger. Then she shook her head, realizing the former queen was way too graceful for either of those things. Her phone beeped again and she looked at it.

Good morning. Your child is being rather unreasonable this morning. What time can I expect you to be home?

If she were asked, Emma would deny it. But the way Regina used the word 'home' made her heart jump a little and she had to remember how to breathe for a moment before replying.

I'm sorry. Do you need anything? I just need to pack up my clothes and then we'll be on our way.

She pocketed her phone again, actually getting to the clothes folding when Henry walked back in, wheeling a suitcase behind him.

"Got one!" He announced happily, throwing it onto the empty space on the bed and opening it up.

"Good job kid." Emma said as her phone beeped again. She pulled it out immediately to look at the new text from Regina.

No thank you, dear. I'm just feeling a general amount of discomfort and some slight pains and aches here and there.

She frowned at the screen before tapping back her answer.

Probably has everything to do with the baby growing. Most development happens in the 2nd trimester. Go relax. Henry has a key to get us in. I'll make you some tea or something when we get there.

"Okay kid." she said as she hit send and pocketed her phone again. "Let's get packed up. Your mom needs us home."

"Is she okay?" he asked, his eyes full of concern. She smiled at him.

"She's fine, she's just a little uncomfortable and stuff because of the baby. We need to get home to make sure she relaxes." Emma said with a smile to her son. He smiled back and nodded.

"Okay, let's go!" He said, grabbing a few clothes and dumping them into the suitcase haphazardly.

"Woah, hold up." She said, smirking at him. "I have a better idea. Step back."

Henry looked at her with quirked eyebrow, and then grinned at her knowingly before getting up off the bed and back up until his back hit the wall. She winked at him playfully before she slowly lifted her arms up and out over the pile of clothes. She shut her eyes and took a deep breath, her eyebrows furrowed like they always did when she was concentrating on her magic. Henry's smile widened as he saw Emma's clothes being slowly lifted in the forms of a small cyclone, guiding themselves up
through the air and into the suitcase, neatly folded and tucked away. When they were all inside, the suitcase lid flipped closed and zipped itself shut. Once that was done, Emma dropped her arms and smiled at the result before looking at him.

"That was awesome." he said with a grin.

"Thanks." She said with a nod. "Come on, let's go."

Henry moved away from the wall and went over to the bed, grabbing the suitcase and hefting it up and off the bed.

"You sure that's not too heavy for you?" Emma asked as she lifted the two boxes that held the rest of her possessions. "You can carry these, their lighter."

"Please, mom." He said with a cocky smirk. "I'm a big strong boy."

Emma nodded with her eyebrows raised, pretending to be impressed.

"Okay then, big strong boy." She said, rolling her eyes at him as she turned around and walked out the door.

They thumped down the stairs, the suitcase thudding down the stairs behind Henry as they did. Snow smiled over to them as they appeared.

"Okay." Emma announced. "We're all packed and ready."

"Two boxed and a suitcase. I'm impressed." Snow said with a teasing smile. Emma dropped the boxed on the dining table before she went over to hug her mother.

"I'm so glad you're being so supportive about this." She whispered, not used to expressing her feelings in words.

"Of course I am honey." Snow said, rubbing her daughter's back soothingly. Emma sighed contentedly before pulling back gently. "Call me when you get all settled in, hmm?"

"I will." Emma nodded. "But we should go. Regina's waiting on us."

"Of course." Snow nodded. She pulled her daughter into another hug and pressed a kiss to her cheek before letting her go. As Emma moved to pick up the boxes again, Henry went over to hug his grandmother as well.

Soon enough they were leaving the apartment, both promising that they would talk to her later. They went down the stairs and to Emma's bug, and then spent a good ten minutes throwing all the stuff that took up space in the trunk into the floor of the backseat.

"See kid, this is why you should never live in your car." she said as they finally packed everything in the backseat and squeezed the suitcase into the trunk.

"Got it. Mooch of your parents until you can get an apartment." he said with a teasing grin. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Yes well, lucky for you that's an option." She said.

"Mom...I didn't mean..." He said, ready to apologize. But Emma waved him off and wrapped an arm around his shoulder.
"Relax." she said, kissing his temple. "I know what you meant. Now get in, your mom wants us home."

"Yeah...Home." He said to her with a grin. She stopped to look at him for a second and then a smile spread across her lips as she realized what he meant.

"Get in the car." she said with a grin, sliding into the driver seat herself. Once Henry was inside and they were buckled up, she roared the bug to life and they were off.

The drive to Mifflin street, to Emma, seemed longer than usual. She wasn't scared, or at least she was trying not to be. And it had nothing to do with the fact that she'd be living with Regina, that was actually kind of exciting to her. But moving never really boded well for her, so it was hard to suppress her kneejerk reaction to it.

But soon enough, she pulled up in front of the mansion she could soon call home.

"Oh, mom made a space for you in the driveway." Henry pointed out. She looked over to the driveway to see that his statement was true. The classic Mercedes, which usually sat smack dab in the middle of the wide driveway, was park off to the side now, leaving plenty of space for another car to fit in next to it. Emma couldn't supress her smile at the gesture. She reversed a bit and adjusted the car so that she could drive into the space and parked her car, shutting off the engine.

"I'll get the door!" Henry said excitedly, unbuckling his seatbelt and jumping out of the car before she even had a chance to reach the ignition. Emma chuckled at his antics, no one could say he wasn't the most excited kid in the world at that point. She got out of the car herself, grabbing the two boxes that sat in the back seat, and followed him up to the door where he was waiting for her with the biggest grin she'd ever seen on his face.

"Mooooom!" He shouted into the foyer. "We're Hoooooommmeee!"

"Keep it down, kid, she's probably resting." Emma said with a chuckle.

"I'm not." Regina's voice suddenly came out from the study, making Emma jump a little. "But thank you for the consideration, dear."

Emma smiled at her sheepishly and shrugged. They stood in silence looking at each other for a moment, and Henry rolled his eyes at the two of them.

"I'm gonna get your suitcase." he said, running back out the door and leaving them alone. Regina stepped closer to Emma and smiled at her.

"Welcome home." She said softly and Emma was sure her heart melted.

"Thanks." she said quietly. "How are you feeling?"

"The aches seem to have subsided." She shrugged. "I dare say I've been through worse."

Emma's eyes shot away from hers for a moment and then a hand on her forearm brough them back up. Regina was smiling at her warmly and Emma thought for a moment she'd faint.

"Come, let me show you your new room." The brunette said, tipping her head gently in the direction of the stairs before she turned around and started leading her up the stairs. Emma followed, a step behind Regina as they climbed up the stairs, passed Henry's and Regina's room to the guest room that Emma had woken up in both times the morning after she'd fallen asleep on Regina's couch. She was glad Regina had given her this room, at least it was familiar to her, though she wondered if the
other three guest rooms that the house held looked the same. She figured she'd have to do some exploring around the house some time.

She dropped her boxes on the floor beside the bed, sitting down on the bed and immediately falling backwards onto the mattress. She'd forgotten for a while how much softer and more comfortable this bed was than the one at the loft.

"Oh man." she sighed with a smile. "You're gonna have some trouble getting me out of bed."

"Well, that's a good sign I suppose." Regina said with a smirk as she sat down on the other side of the bed, right next to Emma's head.

"Why?" Emma asked, opening her eyes and looking up at the brunette, who smiled as she looked down at her.

"It's a sign that you're sleeping well." Regina said. Emma beamed up at her.

"You know, you're really sweet." Emma said, turning on her side and nuzzling into her leg, causing the brunette to blush a little while she wasn't looking.

"Thank you, dear." Regina said before tapping her on the leg. "But now is no time for a nap, you need to get unpacked."

"Mmmmm but I'm comfy." Emma whined. Regina rolled her eyes.

"Great, I adopted another one." The brunette muttered.

"Another what?" Emma asked.

"A child." Regina teased. Emma chuckled and stuck her tongue out at the brunette and Regina grabbed a pillow and whacked Emma on the face with it before getting up.

"Hey!" Emma said, grabbing the pillow and tossing it at the back of Regina's head. The brunette stopped and turned around with an eyebrow raised in challenge. She picked the pillow up from where it had fallen on the floor and held it in her hands in front of her. She smiled that mischievous smirk of hers that screamed trouble and before Emma knew it, all the pillows that had been on the bed levitated up in the air and were suddenly crashing into her. The one in Regina's hands flew forward and smacked her right in the face, while another one did the same, only from behind her and to the back of her head. Two more pillows flew in from the sides, whacking her a little lower, more on her shoulders than anything else. The force from the blow on each side made it difficult for Emma's body to choose where to fall, but eventually she just fell forward on the mattress, landing on her face. She glared playfully at Regina, who winked at her before turning perfectly on her heel and walking out of the bedroom. Emma smiled to herself. This was going to be fun.

A knock on the side of the door pulled her out of her thoughts as Henry's face, lit brightly by a wide grin, came into view.

"Need help unpacking?" He asked. She shrugged.

"Sure, as long as you promise not to pelt me with pillows like your mom just did." She said.

"Aww man. You guys had a pillow fight without me?" He whined.

"It wasn't like we planned it, we were just messing around." Emma said as she rolled off the bed. Henry grinned at her a moment later. "What?"
"She smiles more." He said.

"Huh?"

"Mom. She smiles more when she's around you. I don't know why. But she makes jokes and she's playful and less serious and...happier." He said and Emma smiled at him and ruffled up his hair.

"Well good, because I'll be sticking around for a long time." She said Henry grinned at her again as they started unpacking her boxes.

Emma and Henry spent the next two hours unpacking Emma's stuff and sorting out her new room. She'd take a while to get used to where everything was, but she'd get used to it.

"Ma." Henry said, Emma looked over at him and he opened his mouth to speak, but just before he had the chance to, a loud, violent growl erupted from his stomach and Emma's eyes went wide.

"Hungry?" She asked rhetorically.

"You know it's bad when your stomach speaks for you." He answered. She chuckled and nodded her head toward the door.

"Come on, let's go grab some grub." she said as she turned around and walked out the door.

"I saw mom go into her bedroom earlier, I think she's napping." Henry said.

"Go downstairs and think up what you want for lunch, I'll get your mom." Emma said. Henry nodded and walked past her down the stairs as she turned toward the door of Regina's room.

"Regina?" she called, knocking softly on the door. But no answer came through. After a moment's hesitation she turned the doorknob gently and peeked into the room, calling the brunette's name again.

"Emma." She heard Regina's voice say from beneath the bedsheets. But Regina didn't move, and her voice sounded more like a sigh than anything else. Emma opened the door fully and walked into the room.

"Yeah, hey." She said, speaking softly in case the woman was just waking up. "We're gonna make some lunch, you want some?"

"Emma..." another sigh. The blonde raised an eyebrow and stepped over towards the side of the bed where Regina was lying.

"Regina? You okay?" Emma asked. She pulled the blanket down a little, away from Regina's face. The brunette lay with her eyes still closed and the hint of a smile on her lips. "You still asleep?"

"Oh Emma." Regina moaned out.

"Oh." Emma chuckled. Then it hit her why Regina was moaning and sighing her name out like that and her eyes went wide. "Oh."

She stood still for a moment, unsure of what to do. Regina moaned again as she writhed against the sheets and turned on her back. Emma pushed a hand through her hair and huffed, she was facing the very real possibility that the former queen was having sex dreams about her and she was shocked.
and delighted at the same time and she had to stop herself from doing something insanely stupid.

Cool it Swan, it's just a dream, it doesn't mean anything.

She sighed and decided there was only one thing she could do. She leaned down and gently shook Regina by her shoulders.

"Regina." she said, her voice still soft.

"Emma." Regina moaned out. Seriously stop fucking doing that.

"Regina!" She said again, a little louder. Regina sucked in a startled breath of air as she was seemingly pulled back into the waking world and opened her eyes a little at first, and then blinked repeatedly until her vision cleared and she was looking up at Emma fully.

"Emma?"

"Hi." The blonde gave her a nervous smile that reminded Regina of the day she'd met her.

"Is everything alright dear?" The brunette asked with a furrowed brow as she sat up on the bed.

"Yeah, fine." Emma nodded, smiling at her. "Henry said he was hungry so we were gonna make some lunch, I just came to ask if you wanted to eat too."

"Oh. Uhm. Sure." Regina said, trying to control her breathing so that Emma wouldn't realize that she was practically panting thanks to the insanely hot dream she'd just been violently pulled out of. "I'll uhh. I'll be down in a minute."

Emma noticed the panting, but she knew what was going on and would rather avoid that conversation entirely. So she just smiled at Regina nervously and gave her a quick nod before walking out of the room and downstairs to join Henry in the kitchen.

Regina let out a loud sigh when she was sure Emma was far enough for her not to hear and threw herself back onto her pillows, slapping her hands over her eyes as she felt all the heat rush to her face. She was having sex dreams about Emma Swan. Hot, vivid sex dreams and she was sure it was because her hormones were starting to go crazy and she was feeling hornier and hornier lately and it wasn't going to get better. She just knew it wouldn't. The dreams had just started, this was the first one she'd had. But it worried her immensely. Emma has just moved in. And that meant that the blonde would not only be around more, but she would, at least Regina hoped she would, feel comfortable enough to be around the house in those thin tank tops and maybe even shorts as the weather got warmer and that all meant toned arms and legs and skin, soft, rippling, milky white skin that Regina wanted her tongue all over and oh my god I am such a pervert.

She sighed and forced the thoughts from her head. Hopefully Henry would be there to stop her from ever doing something stupid. She got out of bed, fixed up her clothing so that she looked presentable and then exited the bedroom, taking in the scent wafting from the kitchen as she came down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"Don't put in too much garlic!" Henry warned.

"I'm not! Will you relax?" Emma chuckled as she put the small spice bottle of chopped garlic down.

"What's going on in here?" Regina asked curiously as she watched the scene unfold.

"Ma's making her own sauce for the pasta." Henry said.
"Can you set the table, please?" Emma asked. "I asked you to do that before you yelled at me about garlic."

"I didn't yell I just don't want my breath to scare Dracula away!" Henry joked as he moved to set the table.

"Oh? Why? Are you hanging out with him later?" Regina jumped in. Emma snorted as she stirred the sauce and Henry rolled his eyes.

"It was bad enough when one of you made bad jokes." He groaned.

"At least we're getting along!" Emma defended. Regina chuckled.

"Yeah well if it means having to put up with double the bad jokes I'd Ra-ah-AH-CHOO."

"Woah."

"Are you okay dear?"

"Ugh, fine." Henry said, wiping at his nose with the palm and back of one hand while pointing at the flowers in the vase on the table with the other. "Just the pollen from those stupid flowers."

"Hey! I got her those flowers." Emma said defensively.

"Sorry." Henry said with a shrug, reaching over to dip his finger in the sauce to taste it, but getting slapped away by Emma. "Hey! OW!"

"Go wash your hands first. Don't be gross." She waved him off.

"Ugh, fine." He said, huffing out of the room to wash his hands in the downstairs bathroom.

"Your son is truly charming, he's a gift to the family legacy. Truly." Regina said sarcastically as she rolled her eyes.

"Hey, how come he's your son when he gets good grades and does something good but he's my son when he's gross and tries to infect us with his germs?" Emma asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I'm just separating nature from nurture dear." Regina shrugged with a teasing smile that cause Emma to roll her eyes. "Besides the germs may have been an improvement to the sauce. I really do worry when you're near a stove."

"Hey! You loved my food!" Emma said defensively. "And you're going to love this sauce too!"

"Well don't you sound sure of yourself?" Regina teased again.

"Fine, if you're so sure it's going to be bad, then taste it." Emma said, scooping up some of the sauce into a spoon and holding it in front of Regina's mouth. The brunette rolled her eyes.

"No thank-"

"Try. The damn. Sauce." Emma said, stepping very far into Regina's personal space so that their foreheads were nearly touching over the spoon and their eyes were locked, Emma's filled with passion and Regina's going dark at the blonde's forceful demeanour. Regina licked her lips slowly before she very gently took the spoon into her mouth and tried the sauce, licking some off her lips before swallowing, never really taking her eyes off of Emma's. The blonde's eyebrow quirked up, silently demanding a response.
"It's…delicious." Regina said, barely above a whisper. Emma smirked cockily as she lowered the spoon and put it down on the counter.

"Told you you'd love it." She said softly. They were still standing very close to each other, breathing each other's air and piercing each other with their eyes, Regina bit her lip, Emma licked hers, and they were slowly inching closer and closer when…

"Are you two gonna kiss?" Henry's voice cut through the thick, tense atmosphere and made them jump apart.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

A/N: You know, sometimes, you have something fantastic like this story, and then life comes in and gives you a job and responsibilities and just shoves adulthood up your ass and you gotta let the fantastic thing slide for a moment. And then life bites you back in the ass by giving you a cold, so you give life the finger and you keep writing.

That's what happened here. And I apologize SO. DAMN. MUCH. But fret not, because I'm working on my time management and I've already written two more chapters ahead of this one, and I'm starting the third tonight!

Things are about to get good, so sit back, relax, and enjoy the madness :D

Lunch after that encounter was awkward at best. They ate in silence, with each of them stealing glances, only to look away quickly when they accidentally caught each other's eye. To Henry it was amusing, sure, he wanted his mothers to be together and was plotting with his grandmother to get that to happen, but the fact that they were so obvious about it to everyone but themselves also made this an insane amount of fun. To Emma and Regina though, it was pure hell.

Regina watched as Emma noisily sucked up some spaghetti, getting sauce all over her lips without a care in the world. She wondered for a moment what it was like to live without any boundaries or rules. But she shook her head clear of the thought when she realised it would probably be pure chaos. *I mean, God, just look at her.* She thought as Emma succeeded in getting more sauce on her lips and her shirt than in her mouth.

"Emma." She sighed like she was in pain.

"Hmm?" Emma hummed around a mouth full of possibly way more spaghetti than would probably be considered the average size of a mouthful. Regina rolled her eyes and grabbed a napkin off the table, reaching over and wiping Emma's mouth clean.

"The last time I had to clean spaghetti sauce of someone's face. It was Henry. And he was six." Regina said with a pointed look. Emma smiled cheekily and stuck her tongue out at the brunette before she went back to her wild method of eating dinner like it was running away from her.

"The spaghetti isn't going anywhere, dear."

"Force of habit." Emma said around a mouthful.

"Well slow down before you hurt yourself." Regina advised. Emma nodded and attempted to slow down. Though if she were being honest she didn't try very hard and she wasn't very successful. Regina ended up wiping her mouth clean three more times and making her wear a napkin around her neck to stop her from spilling on the shirt and Henry watched in amazement as Regina put up with every single bit of it. He hadn't known the meaning of the word 'whipped' for very long, but he knew that there should be a picture of the scene that unfolded in front of him right underneath in the dictionary.
"Hey Gina?" Emma knocked on the door once and poked her head into the mayor's home office where Regina was working from more often than not these days. The brunette rolled her eyes slightly at the nickname, but made no move to correct the blonde.

"Yes, dear?" she asked. Emma looked at her in bewilderment for a moment and the brunette lofted an eyebrow at her. "Is something wrong?"

"Are those…" Emma furrowed her brow as she stepped fully into the room. "Since when do you wear glasses?"

"Hmm?" Regina hummed as her hands went up to her eyes which were covered by a pair of thick, black rimmed glasses. "Oh. They're just for reading and even then I don't wear them often. But the text on this document is quite small and it was hurting my eyes."

"You look…" Emma licked her lips and Regina lofted a brow up at her again, this time with a smirk on her face.

"It's not polite to stare, dear." She said teasingly, causing Emma to blush and look down, scratching the back of her neck nervously.

"Sorry." The blonde mumbled under her breath, suddenly feeling like a nervous teenager. Regina got up from her chair and stepped over to her, cupping her cheek to try and get her to look up. The brunette greeted her with a smile when their eyes met and suddenly all the nervousness Emma had been feeling literally seconds ago was melting away into nothingness.

"It's quite alright." Regina said. "Did you want something?"

"Hmm? Oh!" Emma said, suddenly remembering why she was in here in the first place. "I promised dad I'd work the night shift. He worked it last night, only to come home and find me packing to move in here today, so he worked the morning shift too and it's Friday so you know what that means."

"Graveyard shift?" Regina asked. Emma nodded.

"Yeah…so…" she shrugged.

"I can't say I'm not a little disappointed that you won't be spending your first night in your new bed." Regina shrugged. "But work is work I suppose, and you did promise David."

"Don't worry, I'll be sure to make up for the lost hours of sleep tomorrow." Emma chuckled and Regina rolled her eyes, though she was smiling too.

"If you think I'm going to start waking you up in the morning for work you have another thing coming. I'm your house mate, not your mother." Regina teased.

"I'll make sure to set up my alarm clock. Fair warning though the last alarm clock I had ended up shattered against a wall." Emma laughed.

"I could always cast a protection spell over it." Regina shrugged.

"You would." Emma teased. "Anyway, I should get ready for work."

"If you'd like to take some food with you for dinner there's leftovers in the fridge." Regina offered.

"Is there lasagna?" Emma asked with a beaming smile. Regina responded with a warm smile of her
"Always."

"Sold."

Emma left the room with a smile on her face, leaving a matching one on Regina's as the brunette turned back to her paperwork, mentally wondering if there was a fridge and microwave at the Sheriff's station and how much city funds she'd have to allocate for it if there wasn't. Another knock pulled her out of her thoughts.

"Hey mom." Henry said, walking in and sitting on the couch, less nervous about interrupting Regina while she's working than Emma had been only a few short seconds ago.

"Hello dear." Regina said, smiling up at him. She was silently pleased when she saw the book in his hands. While Henry was growing up, he had a habit, or rather a tradition, that he would spend an hour or sometimes two sitting on the couch in her office and reading. It had started when he was a young boy and had started learning how to read. She'd sit at her desk and work while he would sit on the couch, reading out loud to her. When he got stuck on a word she'd say it to him, annunciate it slowly, and then have him repeat it back to her twice so that she made sure he learnt it. It stuck as a tradition when he wanted to spend time with momma who happened to be busy at the time. He'd accepted it as a reasonable substitute for going out for ice cream or to the movies or having dinner at Granny's. She found she also enjoyed the fact that she wasn't alone, but wasn't obliged by the rules of etiquette to carry on a conversation. And there was the added perk of knowing that yes, Henry was reading as much as he should.

The tradition had slowed to a complete halt when he started gaining suspicion that she was the evil queen. And for a while she thought it would never happen again. But the book in her son's hands gave her hope that he was ready to start it back up.

He lasted half an hour, and then he started switching between pretending to read and looking at his mom, who was writing away at her paperwork happily, a smile on her face that even she didn't realise was there.

"So…Did we stop looking?" Henry asked.

"What was that?" Regina asked gently, looking up at her son from just above her glasses.

"Your happy ending." Henry said, finally looking up at her properly. "Have we stopped looking?"

"Well…Henry…" Regina said, looking up full and slowly slipping off her glasses. "Things have…changed. The circumstances aren't exactly ideal."

"Or are they?" He said with a smirk.

"If this is your idea of being cryptic, dear, I suggest you work at it a little bit more." Regina said sarcastically and Henry rolled his eyes at her. "What are you implying?"

"Well I mean this baby comes along and the whole happy ending and operation mongoose just…disappear." He shrugged. "I'm just saying it's one heck of a coincidence."

"Oh Henry." Regina shook her head. "Son this baby…I mean don't get me wrong I love your sibling already, the connection we share it's…amazing, really. But it's not going to change the way I feel about you, Henry, you're my son. I love you and I always will. I know a younger sibling tends to complicate-"
"Mom. Stop." Henry cut her off. "That's not what I'm talking about."

"So you didn't mean to imply that a child that is biologically mine is my happy ending?" Regina asked to confirm.

"No. That's not at all what I meant." He said. She sighed in relief.

"Good." She nodded. "Though that doesn't reduce the validity of what I've just said."

"I get it, mom, I'm awesome you'd be crazy not to love me." He shrugged with a cocky smirk. Regina lofted a brow at him.

"You really are Emma Swan's child aren't you?" She said. He chuckled.

"And yours." He confirmed. She smiled and rolled her eyes. "But it's good you mentioned Emma."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because…Well…I just…I was thinking." He said, standing up and standing in front of his mother's desk. "Are you planning on marrying Emma?"

"What?!" Regina asked, in total shock at the question.

"Think about it." He shrugged.

"I'd rather not." Regina shook her head. "Henry I don't think I like where this conversation is going and I don't want you to get upset."

"I won't." He said determinedly. Regina sighed and ran a hand through her hair before she stood up and sat down next to her son.

"Henry. Sweetheart." She put a hand on his shoulder as she spoke. "I know it would be a big dream come true for you if Emma and I were to get together and possibly get married-"

"But." Henry said in her place and she gave him a look that warned him that being a smart ass would not be a good idea.

"But." She repeated. "The world isn't all black and white. No matter what this magic baby says about Emma and I being soul mates we…I'm afraid the farthest we'll ever reach is a very strong friendship. We're family regardless Henry, you know that, but we just won't ever be together."

"Emma is your happy ending." Henry stated rather than suggested, and quite stubbornly at that. Regina furrowed her brow at him as he stood up, almost angrily. "I thought you were smart enough to see that, but I was wrong."

"Henry!" Regina called as he stormed out of the study. She sighed and dropped her head into her hands, rubbing her brows with the palms of her hands. Her head suddenly started to ache slightly.

Henry was quiet all through dinner, and Regina just let him sulk because sometimes that's all you had to do, and hope that eventually the wound would just heal. So that's why she didn't say anything during dinner that would make him feel like he had to be forced to carry a conversation, even though she made his favourite dish and dessert. And why she didn't ask him if he wanted to do anything after dinner, knowing the answer would be no. And why she didn't question when he just went to his room and stayed in there the rest of the night without a peep. When it got a little late, she figured he just went to bed, but she didn't want to bother him with checking on that either, in case he was still
awake or she woke him up as she checked. Keeping distance between her and her son was never easy, but as they both grew she learnt that it was sometimes necessary.

Still, with the argument with Henry niggling at the back of her mind, and the fact that Emma was out at work in the middle of the night rather than at home where Regina thought she belonged. The brunette found herself unable to sleep. So she sat in the living room, somewhere she'd only recently thought of as a cosy, welcoming room in her house, reading a book.

It had been a few hours, and was around two o'clock in the morning, when the sound of a key turning the locks in the front door and the door closing caught her attention.

"Emma?" she called out cautiously.

"Yeah." The blonde's voice came through the air sounding tired. Regina got up and went out into the foyer to greet her with a welcoming smile.

"I thought you were working all night?" Regina asked. Her smile fell when she saw the blonde's face, the skin around her left eye marred with a bruise and her lip split on the same side. "Oh my God, what happened to you?"

She didn't think to stop herself and before she knew it she'd rushed over to the blonde and cupped her cheek gently, examining the bruise and the wound.

"On the job." Emma shrugged.

"What happened?" Regina asked again. "Come into the kitchen, let's get some ice on that." She said, taking her hand and leading her in without really thinking about what she was doing other than the fact that she knew she needed to help Emma with her injuries. The blonde smirked a little as she lazily let herself be lead to the kitchen, smiling at the sight of their joined hands. Regina turned her around and pushed her gently to sit in a chair and quickly went to the freezer, pulling out the ice pack she always made sure to keep there for emergencies, and coming back to Emma, pulling a chair and sitting down in front of her as she gently pressed the ice to Emma's bruised eye, causing the blonde to wince at the sting of the cold.

"Stay still, it's not that bad, I don't want your eye swelling up and being completely shut." Regina said in concern.

"Wouldn't be as fun if I couldn't see you properly." Emma said without thinking. Regina bit her lip and stayed quiet for a moment before she decided to change the subject.

"Are you going to tell me what happened?" she asked.

"Leroy got drunk again." Emma shrugged.

"And he punched you?" Regina asked.

"I uhh…I may have…possibly…slightly…punched him first…and then again when he punched me." Emma said hesitatingly.

"So a lot of punching, I gather." Regina said sarcastically.

"Not too much. Three. Me, him, then me again. I knocked him out on the last one." Emma explained.

"Emma!" Regina exclaimed.
"Relax, he was drunk he was about to pass out anyway I just…helped." She shrugged.

"Why did you punch him?" Regina asked.

"He said…stuff." Emma said a little petulantly.

"Stuff?" Regina said. "What kind of stuff, Emma?"

"Nothing you need to worry about." Emma sighed.

"I feel like that's not true." Regina said, giving her a knowing look. Emma sighed.

"Sheriff." Emma said once she answered her ringing cell phone.

"Emma?" a familiar voice asked. "It's Rick."

"Hey Rick." Emma said. "What's going down at the bar this time?"

"Take a wild guess." The bartender said.

"Leroy?" Emma said, the sigh coming from the young man confirmed her suspicions. "What's he up to this time?"

"He's spouting some wild bullshit. Loudly. And upsetting a few people." Rick said. "I know how this ends, figured maybe we could spare someone the black eye."

"On my way. Cut him off in the meantime." Emma said.

"I don't wanna get pickaxed to death, thanks." Rick said. "Don't be long."

"Leaving the station now. Five minutes tops." Emma said before hanging up. She hopped into the police cruiser and drove down to the Rabbit Hole, sighing as she slammed her car door shut. This had been a regular thing for Leroy ever since she came to town, and when the curse broke she thought it would end because he and Nova had been spending time together. But Blue had been vehement about the fact that they had taken vows and curse or no curse they couldn't date. Which meant that no matter how much time they spent together, Leroy couldn't be with the woman he was sure was his true love. Emma sympathised, especially since she knew that he and Nova had many arguments about her leaving the convent, but terrorising people in a bar while half drunk was a crime that had to be dealt with. She hadn't expected to hear what she had heard when she walked in though.

"I'm telling you, she's a huge slut!" Leroy shouted across the bar.

"Come on man, knock it off." Rick said in an attempt to get Leroy to stop talking.

"Don't you see the way they walk around together?" Leroy spat.

"You're crazy. Just put the beer down and go home." Rick said.

"Hey screw you!" Leroy shouted. "You know what I bet she would if you asked."

"Hey." Emma said, jumping into the scene, "Leroy come on I know you're upset with Nova but-"

"Nova?" Leroy asked drunkly. "Who said anything about Nova?"
"Man you really are drunk." Emma sighed. "Come on let's go."

"I'm not going anywhere with the queen's little pet!" Leroy spat.

"Excuse me?" Emma demanded.

"Ems... He's not talking about Nova." Rick said slowly. The sheriff furrowed her brows at him before looking back to Leroy as he started spouting on again.

"I'm talking about you and that whore of a mayor."

Emma was stock still for a second, but the next thing she knew, Leroy was holding his jaw and her fist hurt like she'd just punched something. And then she heard herself mutter the word 'shit' as she saw the back of his fist swing into the left side of her face.

"You think just cause the evil queen's fucking your brains out you can go around punching people, princess?" Leroy shouted as Emma spat out a wad of blood. "Who else is getting between those legs? Cause last I checked you couldn't knock anyone up, but she sure as hell is looking a lot more like a whale lately."

Wham.

Emma didn't even feel the sting on her fist this time, she just saw a flash of red and the next thing she knew Leroy was falling back, knocked out with a bloody nose. She shook her head to clear her suddenly rage-fogged mind and picked the passed-out man up with Rick's help and carried him to the cruiser. She took him to the hospital, telling Whale what happened with a few white lies and omissions and leaving him under his care for the night. She was tired, she was in pain, having declined Whale's offer to be examined herself, and she felt a longing to be with one person and one person only, and she couldn't fight it. So she hopped into her car, left the cruiser at the station, and went home in the bug. Home. Where Regina greeted her with concern and immediately took care of her injuries.

"That's..." Regina stopped and sighed a little.

"Regina?" Emma asked as she looked at her through one concerned green eye.

"Hmm?" the brunette hummed and looked up at her pensively.

"Regina." Emma sighed, pushing Regina's hand off her eye gently to pull her into her lap and hold her close. "None of what he said is true."

"Some-"

"No." Emma said, not even allowing Regina to get halfway through her thought. "He's a drunk idiot. He may be a close friend of my mother's but he's a jerk. You have to ignore him. He was drunk and he didn't mean any of it."

"Most people are actually quite honest while they're drunk." Regina stated.

"I know. I'm one of them." Emma sighed. "But none of what he said was true."

"And yet you were very noble and defended my honour." Regina said with a smile, cupping the blonde's chin so that she looked up at her. "All to the detriment of your eye and lip...speaking of."

Regina waved her hand slowly over Emma's face and the scar on her lip was suddenly gone.
"I'm afraid there's only so much I can do with bruises." She said.

"It's fine. Wouldn't be my first black eye...I think you're to blame for the last one too if I remember correctly." Emma teased. "I was impressed, never though you could swing like that."

"God. Don't remind me. My hand was sore for a week. You've got a pretty hard head." Regina chuckled.

"Rock solid." Emma said as she made a fist and gently tapped the knuckles on the side of her head. Regina giggled a little before leaning down and pressing a kiss to the same spot.

"Well I'm glad you didn't get more hurt than you did." She said. "Now ice that eye some more while I go get the bruise ointment."

"Yes ma'am." Emma said with a grin. Regina winked at her before she got up and moved to go to the medicine cabinet of the downstairs bathroom. When she came back, Emma was holding the ice pack to her eye and looking overly pensive and thoughtful.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Regina said as she pulled up a chair in front of Emma, gently prompting her to remove the ice pack before she began applying the ointment to her eye gently.

"I'm just thinking...Well...You're showing more and more everyday." Emma said.

"Yes, it's been quite the wake up call that the baby will be here sooner than we think." Regina said.

"That's not what I meant." Emma sighed.

"I'm sorry, dear, what did you mean then?" Regina asked.

"What are we gonna do?" Emma asked.

"Did we not figure that out already?" Regina said. "I thought we agreed on raising this baby together."

"Not that." Emma shook her her. "That's a given now. I meant what will we tell people? It's not going to be long before word gets around that you're pregnant...I'm kinda worried..."

"About what? People thinking they're Robin's?" Regina joked and chuckled but Emma looked up at her with an unamused and almost sickly look and Regina stopped laughing when she realised Emma was actually worried about that. "Oh Emma..."

"It's the easiest answer." The blonde shrugged.

"But it's not the truth, it's far from it, and I will not lead everyone to believe this baby is anyone's but yours." Regina said determinedly.

"So you'll just admit that?" Emma asked.

"This baby is yours as much as they are mine, and it is your right to claim them as such." Regina said again.

"But what about what people will say about you?" Emma said, followed by a sigh. "They don't care what I do because I'm the saviour and I'm up on their pedestal. You...it seems like no matter how hard you work at redemption you can't ever catch a break."

"That's their problem, Emma, not mine, and certainly not yours." Regina said. "If they want to
villainise me unjustly, then it's their choice, my choice is to ignore it. Just like I'll ignore they're silly whispers and looks. This baby is yours, and everyone will know it. If I'm a whore for sleeping with the saviour then...so be it."

"Regina." Emma sighed.

"I mean it." Regina said.

"I know." Emma nodded. "That's what makes this so amazing...What makes you so amazing."

Regina beamed at Emma as a hand gently went over her bump.

"I'm gonna go check on Henry and crawl into bed, it's been a long night, you should get some rest too." She suggested. Regina nodded. Emma leaned forward on her chair and pressed a kiss to Regina's nose, making the brunette's heart race and thump against her chest, before she stood up and moved to go upstairs. Regina sighed when the blonde was out of sight and earshot. Emma was being incredibly valiant and noble and everything that would stereotypically make a woman swoon and as much as Regina hated being a stereotype, it was fucking working.

She got up, putting back the ice pack and the ointment before turning off all the lights downstairs. She'd just finished turning off the ones in the kitchen and was making her way towards the stairs when she heard Emma's heavy footsteps rush down them in the dark.

"Emma? What's wrong?" She asked in concern.

"Henry's gone."
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

A/N: Chapter 18 is here! I can't tell you all how happy I am that this fic has gotten so far with so many good reviews! just to keep you all in the loop, this fic is aimed to be about 40 chapters long, though that numbers just an estimate. But yeah, we're about half way there folks :)

Enjoy!

"Henry's gone!"

"Gone?!" Regina practically shrieked in shock. "What do you mean gone?"

"Gone. Regina." Emma said, panicked and worried about the wellbeing of their son. "As in not in his room, not in this house."

"Oh my God." Regina took a deep breath and tried to calm down her racing thoughts. "Did he run away...Again?"

"Seems so." Emma shook her head and ran a hand roughly through her hair.

"Call the sheriff!"

"I am the sheriff!" Emma yelled and Regina rolled her eyes.

"Better yet then, call your mother." Regina said seriously.

"I know you're panicking right now but there's no need to get crazy." Emma shot back.

"I'm not joking around here Swan, our son is missing!" Regina sighed. "Did he leave some kind of note or anything?"

"Just this scrap of paper that says 'sort it out before you find me.'" Emma said, holding out the paper, which Regina took to look at it before she sighed, realising what this was all about. "Did something happen while I was gone?"

"Yes." Regina sighed. "He has this idea that...Never mind, it's crazy -"

"Regina. Stop." Emma cut her off. "Look I don't want to open up old wounds or anything here but you making Henry feel like he was crazy is what caused him to run away in the first place...well that and cursing the entire town. But you know what I mean. Now tell me what happened."

"Okay." Regina sighed, rubbing at her face in frustration and panic before speaking. "He thinks that...you and I...are meant to be each other's happy ending. And I may have told him that, despite what he wants, that's never going to happen."

Emma sighed an let her head drop back as she closed her eyes.

"I see..." she said, gritting her teeth against the pain she felt in her chest.
"Emma?…" Regina asked. But without another word, Emma dropped her head back down and marched to the door. "Where are you going?!"

"To find our son." She called back.

"Well wait for me-

"No." Emma said, suddenly turning back.

"What?" Regina asked. Emma took a deep breath.

"Look we're both exhausted, one of us going out is enough. I'll get my parents to help too and anyone I can wake up or that we can trust. You stay here in case he comes back."

"So the whole town is going to be out looking for him and I'm just going to sit here and wait?" Regina said with hurt and anger in her eyes.

"Someone needs to stay here in case he comes back. I'm good at finding people, so I'm the best bet here." Emma said, walking towards the door again without another word. Regina sighed as the door slammed shut, wondering just what the hell happened to piss Emma off so much. Suddenly she was weak and upset so she moved to the kitchen and sat down with her head in her hands and did as she was told. She waited.

"Henry's missing?" Snow asked her daughter, who was standing there with panic and a hint of pain in her eyes. Emma nodded.

"Yes. Apparently he and Regina had some kind of argument and he ran away." Emma explained.

"Is Regina okay?" Snow asked.

"What? Yes, she's fine, she's freaking out because her son is missing. So am I." Emma sighed. "Can we please focus on finding him?"

"Okay." Charming said with a nod. He grabbed his walkie talkie, phone, and keys off the counter and made his way to the door. "Let's go."

"I…I think I should stay with Regina." Snow piped up.

"What?" Emma and Charming asked at the same time.

"Emma you just said she's freaking out. You can't leave her in that house all alone." Snow said.

"I don't believe this you're our best tracker besides Ruby and Granny." Emma said. Snow nodded in response.

"True, but I also have a baby." She gestured towards Neal. "I can't leave him alone. And you can't leave Regina alone. No matter what she said to upset you…or Henry."

"She didn't…ugh…Fine whatever we'll drop you off there." Emma said, waving towards the door for them all to go. Snow grabbed Neal's always prepared baby bag and picked him up out of the crib before following her husband and daughter. On their way there, Emma called Ruby, asking her if she could round up Granny, the dwarves, and anyone else willing to help and gather them at the diner so that they could tell them that Henry was missing and spread out. After dropping Snow off, they swung by the station and picked up the map generally used to for searches that was split off in sections. The town was bigger than they gave it credit for. And Henry could be anywhere.
Snow walked up to the mayoral mansion's door and knocked twice before ringing the doorbell. She heard a clatter in the distance inside and then rushing footsteps. When the door swung open, Snow saw a flash of hopefulness in Regina's eyes before it was immediately changed to disappointment.

"Oh. It's you." The taller woman deadpanned.

"Given different circumstances I'd be offended. But that's clearly not the case tonight." Snow said with a smile.

"What are you doing here Snow?" Regina asked.

"Emma said you were here, alone, freaking out. So I thought it wouldn't be right to leave you alone." Snow explained. "Also I have a baby and going off on tracking missions and leaving him alone would be highly inappropriate parenting."

Regina sighed and waved Snow inside and into the kitchen, offering and making the two of them some tea before she sat down.

"So do you want to talk about it?" Snow asked after a few minutes of just sitting there, rocking Neal in her lap in silence.

"Not particularly." Regina said as she sipped her tea.

"Come on, Regina, you can talk to me." Snow said as comfortably as possible.

"The last time I thought that to be true, the love of my life ended up dead." Regina deadpanned with a roll of her eyes.

"Yes, well, I'm not about to do anything to put Emma in danger-" Snow blurted out.

"What?!" Regina demanded.

"Nothing." Snow squeaked. Regina glared at her for a moment before rolling her eyes again.

"Anyway." She said with a sigh. "I don't know why the hell Emma is upset. I understand Henry, but your darling daughter remains a complete mystery to me. As usual."

"Mystery has it's charm." Snow said with a small smirk.

"I've had enough Charming for one lie time, thank you very much." Regina responded sarcastically. "I'd prefer if she were clear with me. We're raising two children together for God's sake."

"Have you thought about names?" Snow asked.

"Snow, my son is missing. I'm not particularly in the mood to start a mother and baby club." Regina deadpanned.

"Well no of course not." Snow said. "Still, it's every Wednesday at the community class at the school...if you change your mind."

"I'll pass." Regina said with another glare Snow chuckled at that.

"But in all seriousness, will you tell me what you said to Emma?" she asked. "Maybe I can offer some insight as to why she's upset."
"I just told her what I said to Henry to upset him." Regina sighed in frustration. "He truly is her son."

"Well yes, but he's your son too." Snow pointed out. "Now what is it that you said? What were your exact words?"

"I just told her that Henry got upset because he has this crazy notion that Emma is my happy ending, and I told him it was out of the question."

"...Oh." Snow said after a beat.

"Yeah, OH." Regina sighed. "They're being completely ridiculous."

"Are they though?" Snow asked.

"Yes." Regina practically snapped. "Henry being upset I might understand. He's still a child despite how much he's grown up. Emma though? She knows how these things work. She should know better than to just get upset like that."

"Sounds like you know exactly why she got upset." Snow pointed out. Regina sighed again.

"Maybe I do, but I still think she's wrong to be upset like that."

"What makes you say that?" Snow asked in such a way that Regina was reminded of her sessions with Archie whe she was trying to stop using magic. She looked up at the shorter brunette, who held a serious look.

"Well…I mean…" Regina sighed in frustration at her sudden lack of words. "It's totally selfish."

"How so?" Snow asked without missing a beat.

"How s-Are you kidding me?" Regina demanded. Snow simply shook her head. Regina blinked at her for a moment before letting out an exasperated breath.

"You're angry about something, Regina, you need to let it out." Snow said calmly.

"Letting out my anger leads to bad things, Snow." Regina said warningly.

"Well thankfully you're equipped with a fire extinguisher, so I think I'm safe." Snow quipped. "Now talk."

"And if I refuse?" Regina said challengingly.

"I won't tell you where Henry is."

"You don't know where he is." Regina rolled her eyes.

"I do." Snow said. Regina looked up at her with a questioning glare.

"How?"

"He texted me when he ran away. Told me where he was and what I had to do to get him to come back." Snow shrugged. Regina shot off her chair, hovering over Snow threateningly.

"Snow White, you will tell me where my son is right now or so help me I'll-"

"You'll what? Hurt me? Hurt my son? That's not you, Regina, not anymore." Snow said with a
smile. "This isn't coming from me, it's coming from Henry. He's doing this to help you. And as unorthodox as it is, I can't help but agree. Now you can pin me down and steal my phone, which I know you're considering, but it won't work. I deleted the message after I read it. The only way you'll get any information out of me is by opening up to what you've been keeping in."

"That is totally unfair." Regina said, tears prickling in her eyes.

"So is keeping Emma and Henry away from their happiness just because you're too afraid to pursue your own." Snow retaliated. Regina dropped back in her chair and dropped her face in her hands.

"Say it."

"No."

"Regina…" Snow attempted a softer tone.

"What do you want me to say?!!" Regina barked. "That after all I've been through and all I've worked for, my happy ending is with the person I spent years planning to destroy?!!"

"Fate is strange. Our happy endings aren't always what we expect them to be," Snow said softly. "But if they were, then they'd be easy wouldn't they? And nothing that's worth working for is ever easy. So tell me, Regina, is your happy ending worth working for?"

"Would I have done all of this if it wasn't?" Regina asked back, tears slipping down her cheeks.

"Then it's not going to be easy." Snow shook her head. "But it's okay, because at the end of it all you will get your happy ending. You, and Emma, and Henry and that sweet little child you're carrying. All of you will be happy…Together."

Regina gulped back a sob and wiped away her tears.

"Where is my son?" she asked weakly.

"I texted Emma and Charming three minutes ago. They should be on their way to Rumple's cabin right now."

A few minutes later, the phone rang with a tired but relieved Emma on the other end, telling Regina that Henry had been found in Rumple's Cabin, warm from the fire place and eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches he'd made ahead of time and that they were on their way home.

When they got there, and Regina was done hugging and smothering Henry and telling him never to pull a stunt like that again, the boy went up to bed, and Regina looked at Emma, who's eye was still purple and who's clothes and shoes were covered in mud from searching through the forest. And she smiled at her through her red, tear stained eyes and Emma smiled back weakly. And for the second time since this whole thing started, Emma fell into Regina's arms, and Regina held her tightly.

"He's safe." Regina reminded her.

"I know." Emma sighed.

"You did a great job." Regina said and Emma smiled again as she nuzzled into Regina's warm neck.

"I'm going to be sore in the morning…I climbed a tree."

"Why?"
"To get a higher view and maybe see out farther in the woods." Emma said. "It wasn't as easy as when I was twelve."

Regina chuckled and Emma grinned at the feeling of it rumbling through Regina's chest and into her ear.

"Do you want me to run you a hot bath?" Regina asked.

"Right now, I just want to drop into bed and sleep." Emma sighed. "I'll take the bath tomorrow though, if the offer is valid until then."

"Of course it is." Regina said, gently running a hand through Emma's hair. "Let's go to bed then."

"In a minute…" Emma said in a quiet, almost scared voice.

"Emma? Are you okay?" Regina asked.

"I just…yeah…uhm." She sighed and mumbled the sentence away in an effort to not have to answer.

"Emma?" Regina asked again.

"It's just…" She sighed. "With everything that's happened tonight…I kind of don't want to be alone."

"Can I ask what brought this on?" Regina asked.

"I don't know…stress? I feel like if I'm alone my thoughts are gonna take over my mind. It's kind of why I work nights when I'm stressed, so at least I have a good reason to be awake." Emma explained.

"That's fine dear." Regina said, brushing Emma's hair back from her face.

"Can I…" Emma bit her lip, holding back what she wanted to say.

"Stay with me tonight?" Regina finished for her. All Emma had to do was nod, and the blonde was thankful for it. "Of course dear…But…I thought you were mad at me?"

"I'm not." Emma shook her head. "I over reacted cause I was freaking out over Henry…I'm so-"

"No need." Regina said, having instinctively put a finger on Emma's lips. Both women blushed for a moment before Regina removed her hand from Emma's lips, bringing it down to lace their fingers together instead. "Let's go to bed."

Emma smiled and nodded and let Regina lead her up the stairs and to the brunette's bedroom. Once there, Regina loaned Emma a pair of her pajamas so that the blonde wouldn't have to go all the way to her room for hers, and they got changed in silence before slipping under the sheets. They lay there in silence for a few minutes just laying on their backs. Neither had fallen asleep, and they were both just staring up at the ceiling.

"Regina?" Emma said softly.

"Mmhmm?" Regina hummed.

"I'm sorry." Emma sighed.

"About what, dear?" Regina asked, turning her head to the side to look at Emma, however the blonde was still looking at the ceiling.
"I don't know why I got so upset with you earlier…Between the frustration I still had about Leroy, and being tired from work, and then freaking out over Henry being missing. I don't know why. But what you said, it felt like something snapped inside of me. And I'm sorry, because it's not fair to you." Emma said.

"Emma…look at me." Regina asked, and Emma turned her head to the side to face the brunette. "You never have to apologize for your feelings. Granted, at that moment it felt like I was losing everything. Henry was missing and then you were mad at me and it kind of felt like everything had suddenly gone to hell. But I understand now why you were upset. We're both human, and it was a fragile moment for us. I think we both said and thought things and we didn't really mean. What's left for us now is to put those things behind us and move on. We have our son and we're all safe. That's the important part."

"You're incredible." Emma practically whispered and Regina couldn't help the small smile that appeared on her face. "It's kind of crazy how someone who hated my guts a few years ago turned out to be the most caring person I know."

"Don't let your mother hear you say that. She might poison me." Regina joked and Emma chuckled.

"I wouldn't let her." The blonde said, shifting closer to the brunette and turning on her side. Regina followed the action by repeating it and soon they were laying practically nose to nose. It was then that Regina could see how red Emma's eyes truly were from that whole night.

"You're exhausted." Regina pointed out. "Sleep."

"I…" Emma tried to fight her increasingly heavy eyelids and keep them open, for some reason she didn't want to close her eyes, not while Regina was so close to her. But she felt a warm hand on hers and heard a voice clearly through her tired, foggy mind.

"Sleep, dear." Regina said softly. "I'll still be here in the morning."

And then she was lulled to a comforting, blissful sleep.

When she began to stir back into consciousness the next morning, she was met with warmth wrapped all around her and a gentle stroking in her hair and she smiled into the soft body underneath her.

_The what now?_

She lifted her head up slowly to find that she'd been resting her head on Regina's chest, which caused her to blush deeply, only then though did she realize that Regina had her arm wrapped around her. She smiled for that moment and rested her head gently back down on the brunette's chest. She knew it was a pipe dream. Why Regina would ever fall for someone like her was so beyond her that she couldn't even ever find a reason for why it could happen. But it was so damn nice to be able to just lay there and, at least for a little while, pretend everything was perfect with her life.

_"He thinks that…you and I…are meant to be each other's happy ending. And I may have told him that, despite what he wants, that's never going to happen."_

The words came rushing to her mind, uninvited and intrusive to the point where her stomach lurched, though that could have easily been her channeling Regina's morning sickness. But no, this feeling was unquestionably the feeling of a cruel reminder that once again, she couldn't have what she wanted. She couldn't stand it, so she pushed herself up into a sitting position, not realizing that she'd
woken Regina up in the process.

"Where are you off to in such a rush?" Regina asked sleepily.

"Hmm?" Emma asked as she turned her head to look at the brunette while she pulled on her jeans. "Work."

"Didn't David promise to take the morning shift because you had such a late night?" Regina asked.

"Yeah he did. He also took the morning shift yesterday because I moved in, and a couple of weeks ago after the whole Hook thing. He keeps getting stuck with the mornings." Emma said grumpily.

"Emma you worked a graveyard shift, you know I can't legally allow you to work the morning shift right? It's why shifts exist in the first place. You're not fully rested after a night of work and the whole runaway ordeal. So you're not in a right frame of mind to go to work when your job is keeping the town safe." Regina argued. "Frankly I have the sneaking sense that you're just using that as an excuse to get out of here because you're still mad at me after last night. I thought things were good."

"I'm not mad at you, Regina…I'm just dealing with…everything." Emma shrugged as she pulled her tank top on.

"Everything?" Regina reiterated, rolling her eyes. "That makes it crystal clear."

"I don't appreciate your tone." Emma snapped

"And I don't appreciate you hiding things from me. We're meant to be raising two children together Emma but sometimes it feels like it's just me raising three of them!" Regina shot back.

"So what, do you want me to leave?" Emma asked.

"No!" Regina practically cried. "God no…I just want you to be open with me Emma, we can't function if we aren't. I can feel you're mad about something and it's not just the way you're acting. I can actually feel it."

Emma's eyes moved over to Regina's baby bump for a moment and then to Regina's deep brown pools.

"Please just tell me what's wrong." Regina practically pleaded. Emma, instead of responding, stepped up to her until there was little to no space between them, cupped both her cheeks. And kissed her deeply.
A/N: I really love all the awesome feedback I'm getting from you guys. The story's hit a bit of a milestone, and the next chapter will mark half the story being done (Maybe, as I'm aiming 40 chapters.) But I assure you, the journey doesn't stop here just yet.

Enjoy the chapter!

"Please just tell me what's wrong." Regina practically pleaded. Emma, instead of responding, stepped up to her until there was little to no space between them, cupped both her cheeks. And kissed her deeply.

Regina had been laying on the bed, sitting up and looking at Emma, who just mere seconds ago had been standing across the room arguing with her. But suddenly Emma was straddling her and their lips were connected and hands were buried in hair. They hadn't kissed like this since that faithful night when they were drunk. And now, they were perfectly sober, and it was thrilling the both of them exactly the same way. Regina's heart was beating a million miles a minute, and Emma was worried hers had just stopped, and that she'd died and gone to heaven. Breathing was laboured for both of them and they could slowly feel their self control slipping. The last time they had kissed like this, it was fuelled with lust and inebriation. But deep in her heart, Regina could feel that this was fuelled by something…deeper. And not just from her end. Her heart was racing for both of them because she could just feel that external source of passion, of a fire burning deep in Emma's belly and heart. And she was suddenly overwhelmed at the mere thought that maybe, just maybe. Emma could love her back as much as she loved her. She lost her breath, and pulled away from the kiss forcefully.

"Emma." She gasped and the blonde froze above her.

"I…" She tried to say, looking fearfully into her eyes. "I…Gotta go…"

Before Regina could say anything else, Emma had scurried off, and in a flash had grabbed her jacket and ran out of the room, through the hallway, down the stairs and right out the door. When she heard the door slam shut, she let out a sigh and dropped herself back on the bed.

"Idiot…" but this time she wasn't sure which one of them she was talking about.

There was a quick series of heavy, thumping knock on her door which had jolted Snow and made her rush towards it, wondering what was wrong for anyone to be knocking like that. She was surprised to see her daughter standing there with panic in her eyes.

"Emma." Snow said. "What's going on?"

"Can I come in?" Emma said, her voice as panicked as her look gave off.

"Of course sweetie." Snow said, stepping aside and letting Emma in. The blonde stepped inside and sighed as she took off her jacket and hung it up on the hooks by the door. "Do you want anything?"
"No thanks. Mom, I just need to talk." Emma huffed.

"Okay well sit down and we'll talk." Snow said. Emma pulled out a chair and sat down. Snow grabbed the mug of tea she had just made and sat down next to her, turning in the chair to face her fully. "So what's going on?"

"I don't know." Emma sighed as she dropped her head in her hands. Snow rubbed her shoulder comfortingly.

"Breathe, sweetie, what's this about?" Snow asked again.

"Regina." Emma said.

"Is she okay?" Snow asked in concern.

"Yeah. I mean physically she's fine I don't even know what's going on in her head. But lately I don't even know what's going on in mine." Emma explained.

"In what sense, sweetie?" Snow asked again, trying to get to the bottom of what her daughter was going through.

"I just keep getting these weird feelings when I'm around her mom, and I'm so damn confused. I can feel my own feelings, I can feel hers cause of the whole magical baby thing. And I'm just having a really hard time figuring out which is which." Emma spoke quickly, but Snow still understood and nodded.

"You mean sometimes you feel something that's coming from her?" Snow tried to make sense of what her daughter was saying.

"I mean…I know which feelings are hers and which are mine." Emma tried again. "Like if they're hers, they feel external, like empathy, you know? You can feel the feeling but you know it's not you experiencing it."

"Okay…" Snow said slowly, now understanding at least part of what Emma was saying. "So where's the difficulty then?"

"There…certain feelings…that I'm having…And I don't know if its because they're genuine or if they're a reaction to Regina's feelings." Emma said.

"Okay, sweetie." Snow said gently. "A pregnant woman goes through a lot of hormones, and Regina is a very attractive woman so it's perfectly natural that-"

"MOM!" Emma exclaimed, her face going red. "That is not what I am talking about. My god."

"Oh." Snow deadpanned.

"Jesus…No okay this was a bad idea I'm leaving." Emma said as she got up.

"Emma come on." Snow said. "I'm just trying to understand what you're saying."

"I'm saying I don't know if...if..." The words were stuck in Emma's throat and refused to come out, as if some force was holding them back.

"If you like her..." Snow finished. "Oh Emma sweetie you're adorable but sometimes you are such an idiot."
"What the hell is that supposed to mean?!!" Emma almost shouted, a little insulted.

"She's in love with you!" Snow exclaimed. "And You're in love with her! And it's like a goddamn tragedy because she looks at you and sees stars and you look at her and see the sun but you both think the other is just looking at the ground!"

The outburst surprised Emma at first, and as she stood there staring at her mother her words sunk in and everything suddenly made sense. But it didn't at the same time.

"How...how do you figure?" she asked, her voice shaky as she began to tremble.

"She told me. Last night while you were out looking for Henry." Snow said with a soft smile. "And as for you, you're a lot more transparent than you care to admit sweetie."

Emma froze in place for a second, a single tear rolling down her cheek before her defences kicked in and she ran out of the apartment without her jacket into the cold Storybrooke air. Snow didn't say anything, she just hoped that Emma was running home to Regina's arms where, despite her initial reservations, Snow knew her daughter belonged.

An hour later though, her door knocked again, a rapping, panicked knock that had her rushing to her door again. This time when she opened it, a worried Regina was standing there.

"Finally." She sighed. "Where is she?"

"Where's who?" Snow asked.

"Oh for the love of-" Regina rolled her eyes. "Your dimwit daughter with the penchant for running off."

"I thought she went home." Snow said.

"So she was here?" Regina asked.

"Yes, and again, I thought she went home." Snow said, easily reading the concern in Regina's eyes. "Though, clearly, I was wrong."

"Clearly." Regina deadpanned.

"Have you tried calling her?" Snow asked and Regina rolled her eyes again.

"No, I was hoping I could just use her baby blanket to track her dow-of course I tried calling her!" Regina snapped. "She won't answer her goddamn phone. Your family causes me nothing but frustration Snow, regardless of how I feel about them."

"Oh..." Snow said slowly as she realized what might have happened. "Hehe, funny you should say that."

"Speak. Now. Or I'm setting your collection of hideous sweaters on fire." Regina threatened.

"My sweaters are cute as they are innocent." Snow defended. "But...I may have...you know...told her."

"Told. Her. What?!" Regina said through gritted teeth.

"That you're in love with her" Snow answered quickly.
"Snow." Regina literally growled.

"Oh please, kill me later." Snow waved her off "Now come inside while I call Emma."

"She won't answer Snow; she's as stubborn as the hot chocolate stains on her shirt." Regina sighed as she walked inside.

"You do her laundry?" Snow asked. Regina shrugged.

"She's fine with the washer and dryer but she has no clue how to get rid of tough stains where as I know how to work some magic…sometimes literally."

"Ah." Snow nodded as she picked up the phone and dialled Emma's number. She pressed the hone to her ear and waited. Usually Emma would pick up after three rings, but this time the fourth passed, and then the fifth, and then the sixth. By the seventh Snow was worried, by the eighth she'd hung up and called again. When two phone calls and ten rings passed, she was worried, and Regina had rolled her eyes so many times she'd gotten a headache.

"She's not answering." Snow said.

"What was your first clue?" Regina asked.

"This is no time to be snarky, Regina, my daughter is missing." Snow returned. Regina took a deep breath and tried to figure out where to find her, a locater spell, sure, but it would take time and a lot of running around. And then she remembered what she'd done the last time Emma was missing and needed to be found.

"I need you to be quiet so I can concentrate." Regina said. Snow bit her lip and stood still, almost avoiding breathing so as not to disturb the other woman as Regina placed a hand on her baby bump and took a deep breath, closing her eyes and concentrating her energy.

"Come on baby, let's find mama…" Regina whispered to her unborn child. This time around it was much stronger than the last, and Regina was reassured that Emma was at least conscious. She felt her energy as well as her baby's flow through her, and form a link with Emma's. Then for a moment she caught a flash of the lake in the park before she opened her eyes and saw Snow staring at her in awe.

"Did my unborn grandchild just-"

"Yes. Now stay here. I can feel what Emma's feeling and she's somewhat confused right now." Regina said. "Also if I have to be in your presence for another minute I might snap because you did just reveal another of my secrets. Safe to say, I'm never confiding in you again. Gun to my head, I'd rather take the bullet."

"That's a little harsh don't you think?" Snow said. Regina gave her a warning look that caused her to respond by throwing her hands up in surrender before Regina turned on her heel and left the apartment without another word, but not before snatching Emma's jacket off the coat hooks.

Emma had been sitting in the park on a bench across the lake, alone, for an hour. Her nose was red from the cold, her eyes were red from tears, and she was shivering because she'd left her mother's apartment without her jacket and only realised when she was already there and her body had cooled down after running to the park in a panic to get away from everything. She knew at this point she'd get a cold when she decided to go home. But right now the cold wasn't bothering her as much as her
The idea of Regina being in love with her excited her and terrified her at the same time. How was she meant to keep up? Regina Mills was the most beautiful, classiest woman she had ever met. She deserved the world. And Emma didn't think she could give her that. She'd witnessed time and time again how she wasn't good enough for relationships, how they'd all turned to dust. She didn't think she could live with herself if that happened with Regina. Plus, there was Henry and now the baby to think about. How would this affect them if it turned sour? Besides, what if her mother had just misinterpreted what Regina had said? She wasn't there, she didn't know Regina's actual words. What if she'd just said something and her mom read too much into it? That Emma was wholly and truly in love with Regina, there was not doubt. But the blonde was having a seriously hard time believing that Regina could ever love someone like her. Risking her heart like that was not something she was prepared to do.

"I can hear you thinking from over here." The very familiar, soft, velvety voice hit her ears and sent shivers down her spine worse than any cold air in Storybrooke ever could.

"How did you find me?" was Emma's first question to the approaching brunette.

"Your child is as persistent as you are, dear." Regina smiled as she placed a hand on her baby bump. "Likes to follow the family motto apparently. They'll always find you."

Emma rolled her eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Well first of all." Regina stepped up behind her and draped the red leather jacket over Emma's shoulders before she grabbed her own scarf and wrapped it gently around Emma's neck. "Making sure you don't freeze."

"Thanks." Emma mumbled.

"And second of all." Regina said, sitting on the bench and turning to look at Emma. "I feel like we should talk."

"About what?" Emma asked.

"Your mother told me what she told you." Regina said "And I-"

"Want to tell me it isn't true?" Emma jumped in. "I thought as much. It's fine. I'm fine. We don't need to talk about anything."

"I think we do." Regina insisted. "Mostly because it is true."

"I…wait what?" Emma looked at her fully for the first time since she arrived and Regina gave her a gentle smile. "How?"

"Believe me I wish I knew." Regina said jokingly. "But things like this are just…impossible to explain."

"So…When we kissed that first time?" Emma asked.

"I suppose I was only starting to realise my feelings back then." Regina shrugged.

"And that night?" Emma asked again.

"The alcohol only enabled my desires by killing my inhibitions." Regina smiled at her. Emma gulped
at the look in Regina's eyes. No one had ever looked at her like that except for Henry and her parents. That hopeful, loving look that made her feel like everything was right in the world.

"And what you said? About me not being your happy ending?" Emma asked. Regina gulped at that question.

"I suppose that all depends on how you feel about me." She said.

"Wait." Emma shook her head to clear the fog in her mind. "So you said that because you thought that I don't feel that way about you?"

"Well." Regina shrugged. "Let's face it, Emma, we're the most unpredictable couple of people in this town. And you're not exactly an open book."

"If I was we wouldn't be in this mess." Emma mumbled.

"Exactly. But the Charming way is the most complicated way possible." Regina said with a smile. "Honestly I don't think I would have it any other way."

"You wouldn't?" Emma asked with a small smile forming on her lips.

"I think if I were in love with anyone besides you my life would be pretty boring, dear." Regina said with a smile.

And there she had it. The admission Emma was waiting for, hearing the words right out of Regina's lips made her own crack up into a smile.

"So it is true then?" She asked. Regina nodded and a tear immediately escaped Emma's eye again. Regina, without ceremony, reached over and wiped it away. Emma let out a shaky breath, as if the truth weighed heavy on her lungs, and Regina slid closer to her on the bench.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"I just can't believe it." Emma said in a shaky voice. Regina smiled at her again.

"You're freezing. We should get you home." Regina said.

"Home." Emma said, looking the brunette in the eyes. "With you."

"Yes." Regina nodded. "And our son…and soon enough our baby."

"Ours." Emma said, a chuckle escaping her. "When did they go from mine and yours to ours?"

"I couldn't tell you." Regina shrugged. "But at some point between Greg and Timara and Neal and Neverland, I stopped seeing us as separate. I think it was that first time we used magic together in the mines. When you boldly came in and simply refused to let me die."

"I couldn't." Emma said.

"And why's that?" Regina asked.

"I don't know. And every time I thought about it since then I just kept thinking that it just wasn't the right thing to do, but lately…well lately I came to terms with how much it would have killed me. Even then." Emma said. Regina smiled at her again.

"Something happened that day." Regina said thoughtfully. "When we used magic together like
that...there was an energy between us that felt stronger than any magic I had ever felt in my life...I felt the same energy every time we used magic together since then."

"We moved the moon together." Emma said with a chuckle. Regina laughed a bit as she nodded.

"That's exactly what I'm talking about." She continued. "Do you know how much of a long shot that was? What kind of power you need? We've accomplished things that can only be accomplished with the most powerful magic..."

"But that's..." Emma looked deeply into Regina's eyes and the brunette nodded at her. "Wow...I really am a huge idiot."

"Yes." Regina said after a chuckle. She pressed her forehead gently to Emma's temple and spoke softly in her ear. "But you're my idiot."

Emma turned so that their foreheads were pressed together and grinned at her.

"Regina?"

"Hmm?"

"I love you too."

Regina licked her lips, her heart thrumming in her chest with joy and yearning. Emma moved back just an inch so that she could cup the brunette's chin and tilt her head before connecting their lips, softly at first, but then it built up into a deep, passionate kiss that caused both of them to lose their breath as they felt a spark struck between them.
Henry had gone to his grandmother's apartment because his mothers had forgotten to make him breakfast and he wanted pancakes. Snow was recapping what had happened with his mothers between last night and that very morning.

"So much for subtle, grams." He said, when Snow got to the part of her little speech that set Emma off.

"I saw an opportunity and I took it." Snow shrugged as she sipped her tea. "Sometimes with Emma you can't be subtle or it'll go over her pretty, blonde head."

"Tell me about it, hinting her for gifts is the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my short life." Henry said. Snow chuckled and rolled her eyes before she heard a knock on the front door.

"Coming!" she called as she set her mug down and moved to open it.

"Hey mom." Emma said with a smile.

"Snow." Regina said with a happy grin on her face.

"Well aren't you two a sight for sore eyes." Snow said as she moved aside to let them in. "You seem to have good news?"

"Yes, although we're hoping our announcing it won't attract any bad luck or jinxing." Regina said with a smile towards Emma.

"Nothing we haven't faced before." The blonde said as she took her hand and squeezed it gently.

"Very true." Regina nodded.
"Do you guys want pancakes?" Snow asked.

"Ugh yes I'm starving." Regina answered immediately. Emma grinned and chuckled a little. "What?"

"Never saw you this excited about food is all." Emma shrugged.

"I haven't had anything to eat yet today." Regina shrugged. "And need I remind you that I'm eating for two?"

"No need." Emma shook her head with a grin as she stepped closer to Regina and placed her hand on the growing baby bump. They were looking into each other's eyes, and for a long moment, had forgotten where they were and who was in front of them as Emma gently leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Regina's lips. They heard a couple of gasps and, when they looked up, saw Henry and Snow looking at them in surprise, Henry with his mouth full of pancakes and Snow with her mug poised to sip her tea. Emma and Regina smiled at the two as innocently as possible.

"Something you want to tell us?"

"So now you're dating?" Henry asked after they had finished explaining everything. They were all seated at the table now, Snow and Henry next to each other and Regina and Emma sitting across from them.

"Well, while we are taking things slow…"

"Should have thought about slow before making a baby together." Snow snickered, making Henry chuckle.

"As I was saying." Regina cut them off with a glare towards Snow. "Yes, we're dating."

There was a moment of silence while Henry and Snow looked at them. Emma was chewing her lip nervously and Regina had searched for the blonde's hand under the table, which she found and squeezed tightly, as they both studied the two faces in front of them.

"Huh." Henry hummed. "Are you two trying this out because you actually like each other? Or because of what happened last night?"

"Last night was a huge wake up call for the both of us." Emma began.

"Yes." Regina agreed. "So while it did affect our final decision, it's our own feelings that finalised it."

"So this is legit?" Henry asked again.

"As legit as it can get, kid." Emma shrugged. Henry and Snow looked at them for another second before looking at each other the next.

"Sweet!" Henry cheered as he high fived his grandmother.

"I told you it would work!" Snow said.

"Okay, okay, you were right Grams." Henry said with a grin before looking back at his two mothers who were by now wide eyed and slacked jawed. "What?"

"You…planned this?" Regina asked, outrage building behind her eyes.
"Uh oh…" Henry muttered.

"Mom! You were in on this?" Emma asked.

"Well honey…"

"Don't you honey me!" Emma stood up suddenly. "When will you stop interfering in my life?"

"Emma I just wanted you to be happy." Snow said.

"No, you know what, you have got to stop this. My life is my own and my choices are mine to make. You can't keep manipulating the situation to reach a goal that you think is best for me." Emma said before turning to Henry. "And you? Pull another stunt like this and you'll be grounded for so long it'll make Regina's curse look like a day at disney land!"

It was then that Emma stormed out of the apartment, leaving all three of them shocked.

"What…was that?" Henry asked.

"I've never seen her so angry before…" Snow said in shock.

"I…" Regina sighed. "I think she was picking up on my anger as well as her own…The bond must have gotten stronger."

"That's a…good thing? Right?" Henry asked.

"Well technically yes, but a reaction like that is less than ideal. I'll go talk to her, you two stay here. Snow, ponder on what she said, I feel like they run deeper than you think." Regina advised before she got up and followed Emma out of the apartment. She found the blonde standing outside, in the cold again, leaning against her bug.

"You need to stop running out into the cold, you're going to get yourself sick." Regina said.

"I don't know where all of that came from." Emma sighed.

"You picked up on my own feelings…" Regina explained. "Plus your own."

"Henry could have gotten hurt last night." Emma said.

"And your mother really does tend to interfere in your life a bit too much." Regina responded, giving Emma a knowing look.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm happy about the outcome…" Emma said, giving her a weak smile.

"I am too, dear." Regina smiled at her and kissed her cold cheek. "We need to get you inside before you freeze."

"Let's get Henry and go home?" Emma asked.

"Maybe you should talk to your mother first." Regina suggested. Emma was about to argue but Regina put a gentle hand on the blonde's wrist and cut in. "I know you're mad, I can feel it too, but I wouldn't want you two to end this conversation on very bad terms. Just talk to her, tell her you're happy that she wants your happiness but that she can't just interfere as she wishes. It's your life and your choices and sometimes your mistakes to make, and while she can guide you as your mother, she needs to leave the final decisions to you."
Emma blinked at her in awe and Regina smirked at her.

"Cat got your tongue, darling?" she asked.

"I just…Those are my exact feelings but I was never able to put them into words before." Emma said.

"Yes well, you're good at having very strong feelings and I'm good at words." Regina smiled at her. "Possibly one of the many reasons we're such a good match."

"You have strong feelings too." Emma pointed out.

"Doesn't necessarily mean I'm good at them." Regina said sarcastically. "Now go talk to her before we freeze."

"Fine." Emma sighed and went back inside. Henry came out a minute later and told Regina that Emma wanted to talk to Snow alone.

"What is it sweetheart?" Snow asked.

"Look…I always felt like I needed to say this but I never knew how to put it into words until now." Emma sighed.

"Alright, well I'm all ears." Snow said, looking at Emma expectantly.

"I'm happy to have you around, mom." Emma began. "And more than that I'm happy that you care enough about my happiness to pull off stunts like this…but you can't do it anymore. Sure, you can give me advice and try to help and I'll be happy if you do that. But…my mistakes and decisions are mine to make. And I need to be allowed to make them."

Snow looked at her daughter and smiled at her before she nodded.

"I understand, sweetie…I'm sorry I interfered."

"I guess I can forgive you this time." Emma shrugged as she fought off a smile. "I mean I got Regina out of it so…"

"Oh sweetie." Snow said as she stepped up and placed he hands on Emma's shoulders. "You had her long before I stuck my nose into your business. But I'm glad I could help."

"Yeah, okay." Emma blushed a little. "But no more okay? Just stick to advice from now on okay?"

"Fine…but only if I get a hug." Snow said, semi seriously.

"Deal." Emma said before she let her mother pull her into a tight hug.

"I'm so happy for you, Emma." Snow said.

"I'm happy too mom." Emma sighed. "I should get back. Regina and Henry are waiting for me."

"Go on, sweetie. We can talk later." Snow said, pulling back. "You know it might be a good idea for us to have dinner all together soon."

"I'd like that." Emma nodded.
"Okay then. We'll talk about plans later." Snow said, pressing a kiss to Emma's cheek.

"Thanks mom."

"My pleasure sweetheart."

"Madison!"

"Henry…"

"Elizabeth!"

"Kid…"

"Olivia!"

"Henry!" Both his mothers chided at the same time.

"What?" The boy looked up from his notepad to a couple of very frustrated mothers.

"Will you please calm down?" Regina asked.

"Yeah, kid, it's too early for names. Besides these are all girl names." Emma pointed out.

"Well you don't wanna give her a boy name, that'd be weird!" Henry shrugged.

"Henry I love your enthusiasm but I really don't want you to be disappointed. While I personally would love to have a little girl-"

"Ditto" Emma jumped in.

"We still can't be sure. There's a 50/50 chance that this baby is a boy, and that's why we think it's too early for names." Regina explained.

"Well when will it be not too early?" Henry asked.

"When we find out the baby's gender, kid." Emma said.

"Which is when?" Henry pushed on.

"On average a woman can find out the gender of a baby between weeks 16 and 20." Emma rattled off like a human encyclopedia.

"And we are on…" Henry drawled out his question.

"Week 14." Emma jumped in to answer before Regina could even think of a response.

"One's picking names, the other has all the info. Now if only someone else could carry this baby this would be the easiest pregnancy in history." Regina rolled her eyes.

"Hey I already carried one of our kids." Emma pointed out. Regina looked at her as a smile formed on her face, and when Emma realised how what she said could have been interpreted, she gave the brunette a matching smile, with a slight blush to go with it.

"Okay, you two are getting gross. Talk to me in two weeks." Henry said, getting up and leaving the living room with his notepad in hand.
"Our kids." Regina said when he was gone. Emma got up off the arm chair and dropped on the couch next to her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

"Yeah, our kids." She grinned and kissed Regina's forehead.

"Do you…" Regina began to ask but bit her lip a second later.

"Do I what?" Emma asked, looking at her expectantly.

"Do you think it was always our destiny to turn out this way?" Regina asked. "That the saviour and the evil queen coming together was… fate?"

"No." Emma shook her head. "I don't think it was written in the stars for the saviour and the evil queen… But maybe it was for Emma and Regina."

"What do you mean?" Regina asked.

"We're so much more than what that storybook titles us as." Emma said. "You're not the evil queen anymore. And I'm… I don't like to look at myself as the saviour, you know that."

"Well you certainly brought me my happy ending." Regina grinned and leaned over to kiss Emma's lips softly.

"I could bring you several in one night if you're up for it." Emma said with a wiggle of her eyebrows.

"You're horrible." Regina chided.

"You love it." Emma teased.

"I love you." Regina said as if she were correcting Emma's words. The blonde blushed in response and Regina kissed her again.

"I love you too." Emma said with a grin. "It's so good to be able to say that without being scared."

"Indeed it is." Regina nodded. "I just wish we didn't go through such a roller coaster to get here."

"You know us, we never take the easy road, do we?" Emma shrugged.

"No, but to quote Shakespeare, the course of true love never did run smooth." Regina smiled at her.

"Where did you learn Shakespeare so well?" Emma teased.

"Well when I cast the curse." Regina shrugged. "I may have kept my memories of the enchanted forest, but the curse put a lot of knowledge from your world into my mind. As it did everyone else. I mean can you imagine a mayor who can't function a car? Or a phone?"

"Or regular clothes." Emma chuckled. "Or a bra. That would have been gold."

"Laugh it up. My point stands." Regina shrugged.

"Yeah you can function bras pretty well, doesn't really matter who's." Emma teased.

"I repeat, you're horrible."

"And yet you love me anyway." Emma retorted.
"Is that going to be the general response to that statement?" Regina asked.

"It usually is." Emma shrugged. Regina rolled her eyes and kissed Emma's cheek again as they sat there in a moment of silence. But then Emma cleared her throat and broke the silence. "So…I was thinking."

"Yes dear?" Regina said, looking at her attentively.

"A baby…It requires a lot of prepping. And a lot of that prepping I kind of dependant on the gender of the baby." Emma said thoughtfully.

"That's very true." Regina nodded with a smirk.

"How about we take Henry's idea and find out the gender when we can?" Emma asked.

"I was thinking the exact same thing, darling." Regina said, leaning over and pressing a soft kiss to Emma's lips. "Shall I call Whale and make the appointment?"

"Shouldn't we maybe wait? It might not be possible as soon as we hit 16 weeks." Emma pointed out.

"How about we go mid way and go for the 18th week?" Regina suggested.

"Sounds good." Emma nodded.

"I'll make the call." Regina said with a smile. Emma smiled at her as well and took a deep breath, causing Regina to raise a brow. "Penny for your thoughts darling?"

"I'm just still having a hard time believing all this is happening." Emma said.

"I know the feeling, dear." Regina nodded and then grinned at her. "But I'm so glad it is."

"Yeah," Emma nodded. "Me too."

Regina leaned over and kissed Emma deeply, catching the blonde by surprise a little before Emma let herself go into the kiss. On impulse, Regina moved to straddle the blonde and Emma's hands fell to Regina's hips.

"Gross!" Henry practically screamed, making the two women jump apart.

"Henry!"

"I thought you went to your room." Emma said.

"I came down here to play video games." Henry whined. "You two are so gross." He huffed before turning and running back up the stairs and into the room.

"First he sets us up together…" Regina rolled her eyes.

"Then he thinks we're gross." Emma shrugged. "Kids huh?"

Regina sighed for the fifth time. She and Emma were in her home office, Regina attempting to work while Emma had her head buried in a baby book. The brunette pulled off her glasses and tried to rub away the tiredness from her eyes, but this time she wasn't able to avoid Emma's noticing.

"You need a nap." Emma stated from behind her book.
"I need actual caffeine." Regina groaned in response.

"Well that's not happening. Besides. You're working too hard." Emma said, putting her book down and getting off the sofa. She stepped closer to Regina's desk and held her hand out for the brunette to take. "Come on."

"Where are we going?" Regina asked.

"Upstairs, to bed. You need a nap." Emma said, opening and closing her fingers as if to encourage Regina to take her hand.

"I could make it up the stairs just fine if I wanted to, dear." Regina rolled her eyes.

"I'm well aware, but you not wanting to is the problem. So I am offering an escort to the bedroom and then cuddles once we get into the actual bed." Emma smiled at her.

"Oh are you now?" Regina smirked back.

"Yes. You need incentive. Now come on." Emma insisted.

"And you think your cuddles are incentive enough?" Regina teased.

"You're a cuddler, don't even try to deny it after how we woke up this morning." Emma smiled at her and shook her hand a little impatiently. Regina sighed and rolled her eyes, still smirking, as she pulled off her glasses and put them down on the desk before taking Emma's hand and letting the blonde lead her up the stairs, her heart warming at the feeling of how domestic this all was.

Once they had gotten into bed, Emma pulled Regina into her chest and, comforted by the warmth and security offered by Emma's arms, the brunette easily drifted off to sleep, lulled by the silence filled only by the sound of Emma's heart beating against her ear.

Emma herself was suddenly aware of the fact that she too was sleepy. Not as much as Regina, but enough to warrant a nap as well. The blonde was out for an hour, before slowly drifting back into consciousness. The warm weight on her chest was foreign to her for only a second as she gathered her thoughts, but finding Regina still laying on her chest like that brought a smile to her face no other scene ever could. The fact that this amazing woman was finally in her arms-literally-was so incredible and unbelievable to her that Emma couldn't help but stare at the sleeping woman for a few moments, as if to take her in and realise that this was all real. It amazed and awed Emma as much as breaking the curse the first time around and finding out that fairy tales were real had.

One of the things about Regina that had always absolutely dazzled Emma were her features. Sometimes it felt like the woman's face was carved out of precious marble by the best sculptor in the world. She'd seen beautiful girl in her lifetime, but Emma was sure that no one could ever match Regina. There was something about the woman that just drew you in. Her eyes, the way her hair fell perfectly around her shoulders, her plump lips, the thought of which made Emma bite hers. The blonde's eyes fell onto the scar on the right side of the brunette's face, just above her upper lip. She'd always wondered about it, but didn't think it would be appropriate to ask. God knows she had scars she never wanted to talk about, so she could understand.

For a moment, as if caught in a trance, Emma didn't even notice how she was tracing the scar ever so lightly, just barely touching the permanently dented skin. In her stupor, she didn't realise that Regina's eyes had fluttered open or that the brunette had taken a deep breath.

"Fell off a horse…” Regina said quietly, pulling Emma's full attention back.
"Huh?" Emma asked. Regina looked up at her with a soft smile as her finger went up to the scar and her mind went back to the moment she got it.

"I was twelve." Regina began. "I had only recently begun showing a great interest in horse riding, and my mother had bothered me for ages about learning to ride side saddle because that's how a lady was meant to ride a horse."

"Isn't that really uncomfortable?" Emma asked.

"Incredibly slow, and also quite dangerous." Regina sighed. "Hence the scar. My mother and I had gotten into an argument about it for the umpteenth time. Eventually it boiled down to either I rode side saddle, or she would sell off all the horses so that I was never able to ride again."

"'My way, or the high way.'" Emma nodded. "That's harsh."

"But I went along with it, because the alternative was unspeakable to me." Regina continued. "I tried it once. It was incredibly uncomfortable and I couldn't control my horse properly because I couldn't give him the commands he had gotten used to. Eventually he ran off with me on top of him, and I couldn't slow him down because no matter how hard I pulled on the reigns, one of my legs kept swinging and kicking him. He thought I wanted him to speed up when really I just couldn't keep my leg steady."

"What happened?" Emma asked, now absorbed in the story.

"I tried to stop him by leaning forward and holding on to his neck, but that just freaked him out even more and he tried to throw me off. I toppled down his side and in the fray my lip got caught on one of the reign's buckle."

"Oh my God." Emma said, her heart racing just from the idea of the event Regina had just described.

"It hurt like all hell and I was in tears. My mother just told me to stop making such a fuss." Regina huffed almost angrily at the memory. "I asked her to heal my lip, and she wouldn't. She said it would teach me to listen to her immediately the next time she tells me to do something."

"So what did you do?" Emma asked. Regina then smirked as if she had just gotten away with murder.

"I never rode side saddle again in my entire life." She responded. Emma blinked at her for a second before she grinned at her proudly.

"That's my girl." She said. Regina chuckled as she dropped her head into Emma's shoulder. Emma wrapped her arm around Regina as the brunette pressed a kiss to Emma's shoulder. Her lips and fingers brushed against a spot that brought a memory to the forefront of Emma's mind. She dropped her arm and pulled away from Regina just slightly to pull her shirt off and reveal her shoulder.

"See this?" she asked, running her fingers over a thick, pale line of skin. Regina looked a little closer and ran her finger over the scar.

"How'd you get that?" she asked.

"I was ten." Emma smirked a little. "I was at this foster family's home. The woman was weird, she made me hot cocoa and I asked her if I could have cinnamon on top of it."

"Of course." Regina nodded with a smirk.
"Apparently she didn't like cinnamon. Like she had it, but when I asked her for it she just made a face and told me not to be disgusting. I told her it wasn't disgusting it was delicious. She refused to give me the cinnamon. I refused to drink my hot cocoa without it." Emma shrugged. "But the bitch of it all was that she kept it on the highest shelf in the highest cabinet of the damn kitchen."

"So what did you do?" Regina asked, interested and a little amused at how stubborn Emma was even at ten years old.

"I climbed on top of the counter to get it." Emma shrugged. "I had the jar in my hands and everything, I just needed to climb back down, but I slipped off the counter…"

"Oh my God!" Regina reacted immediately, her hand wrapping itself around Emma's wrist and hand protectively. Emma chuckled and shrugged.

"Shit happens, but that wasn't the worst of it." She said.

"What happened?" the brunette asked, her eyes a little wide as she was rapt in the story.

"The jar fell out of my hands and shattered on the floor, and I fell right after it. A shard of glass went into my shoulder right here." Emma said as she ran her fingers over the scar again. "But when she came in to see what happened and I told her, she got mad that I didn't listen to her, and she didn't want to take me to the emergency room because it was my fault for not listening to her."

"But you had to have your cinnamon…" Regina said and Emma laughed at that.

"God you're adorable." Emma kissed Regina's temple. But Regina pushed her off.

"Finish your story! What did you do?" she asked.

"I did what Emma Swan does best, I took care of myself." She shrugged. "I ran to the bathroom bit down on a towel, pulled the shard out with a set of tweezers and wrapped the scar up as best I could. But it didn't really end there."

"There's more?" Regina asked.

"Well, a small victory for me I guess." Emma shrugged. "My social worker was set to check out how everything was going about three days later. At one point he was talking to me and he put his hand on my shoulder, I flinched cause he pressed down on the scar and he asked me what was wrong. So I told him everything. He reported the family, I got moved out of there and they got blacklisted from fostering anymore kids."

"They can do that?" Regina asked curiously.

"Well if you have a criminal record, especially anything to do with abuse or anything, you could get blacklisted without even ever applying to foster, you know as a precaution. But a foster kid or their social worker is always free to make a report against a foster family if they think it's necessary. Then the case gets investigated and if it's legit, the family could get blacklisted. Which was the case here." Emma explained.

"You got a family banned from fostering kids ever again just because they refused to give you cinnamon on your hot cocoa." Regina summed up.

"Basically." Emma shrugged with a smile.

"God…” Regina shook her head. "You are…a badass."
Emma laughed in response before Regina leaned up and kissed her deeply.

"My badass." She whispered against Emma's lips when she pulled back.
A/N: I've made an amazing discover: Being hopped up on pain meds does wonders for your motivation, that, and vitamin B supplements.

But that's enough about my life!

These two idiots gets fluffy, but there's a bit of a trigger warning towards the very end. It will be a stronger warning in the next chapter, this one is mild though. Prepare yourselves.

ENJOY! Please review they make me feel awesome :D

Two weeks had passed since they revealed their scars to each other, or their physical ones anyway. Two weeks of sharing their life together, not just as two mothers sharing children through an almost unexplainable situation, but as two people who defied all odds and faced all the challenges that stood in their way towards happiness and each other.

Regina couldn't believe it for the first few days. The daughter of the woman she vowed to destroy, the very same woman she had vowed to destroy to keep up her precious curse, the person she had accused of ruining her life several times, had actually stitched all the pieces of her horribly messed up and complicated life back together without a single seam out of place. For the first time, in a very, very long time, Regina's heart felt full, and light, and she was at peace with the whole situation. She felt love coming from all ends of her life. Emma, Henry, and this little bundle of joy she was carrying that, ever since getting together with Emma, she was actually really excited to meet.

Emma was still having some trouble processing how everything could just go from shit to really incredible in a matter of hours. Two weeks in, she would go about her day as usual and then someone would mention Regina or she would talk to the woman or just look at her and stand and stare in awe that that beautiful creature love her and wanted to share her life with her. Sometimes the blonde could just cry, sometimes she actually would, and her heart could physically burst whenever Regina would catch her in those moments and just hold her. It blew her mind how something so unlikely could be so. Damned. Amazing.

She was having one of those moments that morning. 8AM on a Saturday, and she knew this would be the day she'd have to dodge Henry's requests and questions. They had just closed their 16th week of pregnancy and the boy was getting antsy about finding out the gender of the baby. If she were being honest, so was she. But, maybe unlike Henry, she understood that these things took time. But she smiled as she realised that for once time was in abundance for them. They weren't running against the clock and they weren't fighting anything or anyone. They were just waiting for the moment when their family would just get a little bigger. She shifted a little on Regina's-their-bed. They tried to alter who would be the big spoon, and last night was Regina's turn, but Emma couldn't stand not looking at her for another minute, so she turned over and smiled at the sleeping brunette's peaceful face. She shifted closer until her forehead was touching Regina's and she tilted her chin forward to kiss her nose. She chuckled a little at how Regina scrunched up her face in reaction and grumble as she stirred.
"Good morning." Emma said with a smile.

"You need to stop doing that." The former queen grumbled.

"And miss the cute way you scrunch up your face? Never." Emma teased.

"I killed million of people and burned down whole villages I am not cute." Regina said grumpily.

"Yes you are, you are my cute little mass murdering psychopath." Emma joked. Regina rolled her eyes.

"You're lucky I love you, otherwise you'd be crispy right now." She joked back. Emma chuckled.

"Well, lucky me then." She said as she leaned forward and kissed Regina deeply.

"Good morning, my love." Regina hummed with a smile.

"There we go." Emma chuckled. "Good morning."

A series of thuds on their door.

"Mom? Ma?" Henry's voice came muffled through the door.

"Here we go." Emma groaned before pecking Regina on the lips. "Happy 16th week, babe."

"We need to talk about that nickname one of these days." Regina huffed as she pushed herself up on the bed. "Come in Henry!"

Henry came in with a smile on his face and a calendar and a list in his hands. He shuffled in and climbed up on their bed like a little kid holding his Christmas present from Santa and looked at the two of them before he looked down at the calendar.

"So how's Monday looking for you guys?" he asked.

"What?" Regina asked, still a little groggy.

"Henry…"

"Or I guess I could wait till Wednesday, Tuesday's pretty full cause I have soccer after school and you guys said we could go out for pizza after…" Henry rambled on.

"What on earth is he talking about?" Regina asked the blonde. "Emma translate your son's ramblings to me."

Emma chuckled and shook her head before snatching the calendar from Henry's hands.

"Hey!"

"Kid, calm. Down." Emma said slowly.

"But you said 16 weeks!" Henry said.

"I said between weeks 16 and 20. That's four weeks. Besides." She looked at him pointedly. "We just hit week 16 today."

"So the time's perfect to plan it all!" He insisted.
"I'm so lost." Regina huffed.

"He wants to pick a date to book the ultrasound appointment where we find out the gender." Emma explained.

"Okay so how about next week-"

"We can't rush this!"

"But we need to know!"

"You need to know because you made it your mission to name this kid." Emma teased her son.

"I just wanna help!"

"How about you carry it for a couple of weeks?" Regina suggested sarcastically.

"Gross. I don't have a…a…whatever it is you women have that lets you have babies. I'm a boy. I don't have that." Henry said. Emma fell back on the bed laughing, the mattress bouncing under her weight and movement. Regina just rolled her eyes.

"Well regardless." She sighed. "You both are arguing for nothing I already made the appointment."

"You did?!" Emma and Henry asked at the same time. Henry with an excited look on his face and a little bounce on the mattress.

"Yes, I did." Regina said. "I called Whale last week, and he asked me a few questions about symptoms and such and he estimated that we should be able to find out the gender very soon. So I made an appointment with him this Wednesday at 3:30PM."

"Yes!" Henry punched the air. "Can I come?"

"I timed it that way specifically so that you could join us." Regina said with a smile towards her son.

"Awesome!" Henry said, lunging forward to hug her, but Emma moved to catch most of his weight before he could land fully on Regina.

"Hey! Easy kid…" Emma said.

"Shoot…sorry." Henry said, placing a hand on Regina baby bump, causing the brunette to smile, before he reached up to hug Regina again, gently this time. "Thanks mom."

"No problem at all sweetheart." Regina hugged him back. "I'm very happy you're as excited about this baby as I am."

"This baby's gonna kick every other baby's ass." Henry declared. Emma burst out laughing again.

"Yes well let's not test that theory…ever…shall we?" Regina suggested.

"Fine. But it's true though." Henry said as he moved to get up off the bed. "I'm gonna go tell Grams."

"About the appointment?" Emma asked, a little confused.

"No. That my baby brother or sister is gonna kick her baby's ass." Henry shrugged and walked out of the room as Emma started laughing again.
"He's certainly enthusiastic." Regina chuckled.

"Well I'm glad. Most kids have problems with accepting a new sibling. They can't get over the loss of some of the attention." Emma said.

"I'd like to think Henry is more mature than that." Regina said.

"Sometimes it doesn't even matter." Emma shrugged. "They're okay at first, but then eventually they get annoyed because they feel like they've been left in the dust of the confusion of doctor's appointments and extra shopping trips for supplies and stuff. The parents get a lot more busy and the elder kid feels left out."

"Hmm…" Regina said, narrowing her eyes in thought.

"What's that look?" Emma asked. "That's your thinking look what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking…maybe that's why he's so enthusiastic to help?" Regina pondered.

"What do you mean?" Emma asked.

"Like he knows things will get busy and that there isn't much we can do about it. And he doesn't want to get left behind, so he decided that if he joined us in the insanity he wouldn't get forgotten in it." Regina explained her theory. Emma looked at her wide eyed for a moment before looking off into space for a moment to think. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking we have the smartest kid in the world and trying to figure out how I was able to give birth to him." Emma said as if in a daze. Regina rolled her eyes and leaned down over her lover's upper body to kiss her nose.

"You're pretty damn smart yourself, don't sell yourself short, dear." She said.

"Yeah I guess." Emma shrugged. "Still, he probably got most of it from you."

"And what did he get from you?" Regina wondered.

"My dashing good looks." Emma teased.

"I'm sure." Regina teased as she kissed her again. "Do you want to get out of this bed?"

"Only if it's immediately followed by pancakes." Emma said.

"Ugh I'm not particularly in the mood to make a mess of my kitchen." Regina groaned as she fell back on the bed.

"We could go to Granny's." Emma shrugged. Regina gulped and remained quiet, hoping Emma would just forget about the suggestion. "Regina?"

No such luck.

"I don't think that would be such a good idea." Regina said quietly.

"Why?" Emma said, looking up at her.

"Well…" Regina sighed. "It's been a couple of weeks, I'm showing pretty obviously now and I think a few people have already gotten wind of us being together."
"So?" Emma asked.

"So…so the evil queen corrupting the town's precious saviour isn't particularly something everyone will leap for joy about." Regina said and Emma rolled her eyes.

"You're not the evil queen anymore." She said.

"I'm still the bitch that put everyone in this situation." Regina said.

"Where the hell is this coming from?" Emma asked.

"Well…we never really talked about what happened with Leroy." Regina reminded her. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Nothing happened with Leroy, he was a drunk, and when he's a drunk he's an asshole…or, well, more so than usual." Emma shrugged.

"Maybe he was right." Regina sighed.

"He wasn't." Emma stated. "And neither is anyone out there who still thinks you're the evil queen or who thinks you can 'corrupt' me or whatever it is they might think."

"You sound so sure." Regina said, looking at the blonde.

"I am." Emma said with determination in her eyes. "For God's sake Regina you worked your ass off to stop me from going dark."

"I don't think that's the kind of corruption they'd think about." Regina pointed out.

"I don't care what corruption they'd think about or if they thought about it at all to begin with." Emma sighed. "I love you. I couldn't really give much of a damn what anyone else thought."

"While that's very noble of you, Emma…" Regina let out a sad sigh. "It's also very foolish."

"Why?" Emma asked, almost offended.

"Because I-"

"No." Emma shook her head. "No, let me tell you why it's not foolish. Regina you are the most incredible woman I've ever met. You've had everything taken away from you time and time again all your life and you've responded by becoming stronger."

"Stronger? Emma I terrorised people for years."

"Be that as it may." Emma shrugged. "When you for all intents and purposes could have just gone darker than before, could have just unleashed hell on all of us. You didn't. Whether for the town's sake, or Henry's, or your own. You redeemed yourself. You brought yourself over to the side of the heroes. I was meant to be the saviour but I had no clue what I was doing. I was at your mercy for you to teach me magic, you could have totally taken advantage of that, but you didn't."

Regina looked up at the ceiling in silence as Emma's words sank in. But the blonde moved closer and carefully straddled the brunette so that she was in her focus again.

"You could have let me turn dark. But you didn't. You risked yourself to go undercover to stop it from happening. You anchored me when everyone else let me feel like I was floating and you saved me. And now you're giving me what no one else, no matter how hard they tried, ever could. You're
my happy ending, Regina." Emma smiled and pressed her forehead against Regina's gently. "You're the mother of my child, my children, and I love you so much. I don't care what anyone else thinks. I want the world to know the I love Regina Mills. Not the evil queen. Because that woman only exists in the past and in the storybook now. You're not her. You're Regina. The person who defied the odds to become the greatest hero I've ever known."

Regina looked up into Emma's eyes, her own filled with unshed tears of joy as her heart clenched in her chest at the blonde's words.

"I love you." Was the only thing the brunette could barely choke out. Emma smiled and leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to her lips.

"I love you too. And I want everyone to know that." She said softly.

"Are you sure?"

"I've never been so sure of anything in my life."

"Okay then." Regina sighed.

"Okay?"

"Yes." Regina nodded. "Yes, we can tell people. Maybe not explicitly go around announcing it or put a damn article in the newspaper."

"'Emma Swan Declare Regina Mills To Be Love Of Her Life'" Emma quoted "That'd be one hell of a headline."

"It's not happening Swan." Regina warned jokingly.

"You still have Sydney's number?"

"No. Hush." Regina said, pressing a finger to Emma's lips. "We won't announce anything, but we won't hide either. And if someone explicitly asks, yes, we are dating."

"And it is wonderful." Emma said after kissing the tip of Regina's finger.

"Oh, so very wonderful."

The rest of that weekend passed peacefully and blissfully. Both Henry and Emma were happy that they were going out in public all together without hiding anything, Regina still had some nerves about the whole thing, but didn't keep back because of them, simply hoping they would just fade eventually. Nothing major happened that weekend, which was calming to the brunette's anxious mind. She thought maybe this whole thing wasn't that big of a deal to the townspeople and that they could all just go about their lives peacefully.

That didn't mean the general everyday stress was at an end.

Monday came, and with Henry at School and Emma taking the morning shift at the station, Regina decided it was high time she went to the office. Mayoring a town was a far harder task when you were working from home. So, to the surprise of her secretary, Regina walked into her office to find a pile of paperwork a mile high that needed her signatures and approvals, and a list just as long of people who'd requested appointments and meetings with her, including Albert Spencer, or as she better knew him, King George, who had left several messages claiming that she was doing a poor
job as mayor, and wished to discuss who would be taking over while she was on what he called her
"Unplanned maternity leave." She made a mental note to set fire to the shoes of the person who told
him about her state of pregnancy before she slumped into her chair and sighed before she got to
work.

She didn't realise it was already noon until her phone rang, startling her. She picked it up and smiled
at Emma's picture on her screen before answering it.

"Hello dear."

"Hey." Emma said, a hint of concern in her voice. "Are you okay?"

"What?" Regina asked.

"I just…I keep getting this feeling, I know it's from you but I can't put my finger on it…you're tired?
Or stressed out? I don't know for sure but I was a little worried."

"Your concern is heart warming dear. But I'm fine." She sighed. "Just a rather busy day at work,
which is to be expected considering I threw aside my responsibilities for quite some time now."

"You want me to bring you lunch?" Emma asked.

"That's very sweet of you dear, but I don't have time for a lunch date today, I do apologise." Regina
sighed.

"That's fine. You still need food." Emma pointed out. Regina rolled her eyes and waved her hand
over her desk to magic up a turkey Mayo sandwich and a root beer.

"I've got it handled." She answered with a smirk.

"I felt that." Emma chastised.

"You can feel when I use magic now?" Regina asked.

"The kid keeps me in the loop." Emma smirked. "You shouldn't be using so much magic you
know."

"Oh what's the worst that could happen?" Regina asked.

She'd regret saying that later when her turkey actually taste like salmon and her root beer smelled less
root-like and more actual beer-like. But thankfully she smelled it before she drank any and quickly
discarded it, opting for water from the water tower instead. But the most annoying part of the day
wasn't that, it was when Spencer called again.

"Madam Mayor, the District Attorney is on the line for you." Came through the office intercom.

"Hold the call and tell him I'll get back to him about the meeting tomorrow." Regina said as she
rolled her eyes.

"Yes ma'am." Her secretary said before cutting off the intercom. Regina sighed and thanked her
lucky stars. There were a few moments of silence, and Regina's mind was at rest that she'd gotten rid
of the pest when her intercom crackled again.

"I'm sorry Mayor Mills, but he's being rather insistent…I can't seem to get away from him." The
secretary said, even she sounded annoyed.
"That's alright dear, put the call through." Regina sighed.

"Thank you." The secretary said sincerely before cutting off the intercom and transferring the call. Her office phone rang a moment later and she picked it up.

"Mayor Mills." Regina answered.

"Not for long." Spencer's voice said, causing her to sneer.

"Spencer." Regina practically growled. "As my secretary has just told you, I'll be talking to you tomorrow about the appointment you requested. I am very busy-"

"Clearly, making the saviour your personal pet can take quite some time." Spencer said.

"You keep Emma out of this." Regina growled.

"Oh it's Emma now, is it?" Spencer chuckled.

"What do you want?" Regina demanded, sick of his word games.

"I just wanted to call and let you know ahead of time that you won't be sitting in that mayoral chair of yours for very long." Spencer threatened.

"And what would you want with the title?" Regina asked. "No one ever really listens to the mayor on the things that matter. Ever since the curse broke it's nothing but a formality for petty town issue like funding for renovations to mother superior's office and approving budget reports."

"Yes, the curse, the curse you cast in the first place." Spencer said accusingly. "That curse."

Regina rolled her eyes.

"There's been more than one curse, Spencer, or have you been locked in a closet for the past four years?" Regina asked.

"Mark my words, Your Majesty, you won't be sitting on that throne for much longer." He hissed.

"You mark my words, George." Regina seethed, the old name putting them back to where they were in the enchanted forest. "You'll get elected to office when you walk over my cold. Dead. Corpse."

"That could be arranged, if it wasn't for your fierce family and their penchant for pointing weapons. Quite a handle on the Sheriff you've got there, by the way."

"Emma does her job just fine. The town's been quiet." Regina shrugged, a proud smirk on her face.

"Yes save for the bar fights she instigates and the search parties she has to form to find your unruly son." Spencer accused.

"I said she had the town under control, I didn't say anything about her personally, or our son." Regina said.

"Oh you're a unit now are you?" Spencer asked. "I should have known you'd go soft. If you can fall in love with a stable boy and a forest hermit, why not fall in love with a princess gone wrong?"

"What are you insinuating?" Regina asked.

"I'm insinuating, my dear Regina, that you have a fetish of sorts for tramps and misfits, and it is quite
below you." Spencer accused. Regina was fuming.

"That misfit, my dear George, is this town's Saviour, Snow White and Charming's daughter, and, were we still in the Enchanted Forest, your future queen. You'd do well to have some respect before you find yourself at the business end of a fireball." She seethed.

"Oh, making threats are we?" Spencer asked.

"You say what you like to me, George, but you keep my family out of it." Regina said angrily. "Now if you'll excuse me, you've wasted enough of my time."

She hung up with a slam of her phone down in it's place holder and took a deep breath, the energy that was inspired by her anger now fading as the same rage fizzled out. Thankfully, she didn't have long left, and when five o'clock rang, she got up and promptly left the office, bidding her secretary a good night before leaving and heading home.

"Will you stop that?" Henry asked.

"Stop what?" Emma asked, frustration in her voice.

"Your leg, it keeps shaking and it's pissing me off." Henry said.

"Hey watch your tone kiddo." Emma warned.

"What's wrong with you?" Henry asked.

"I just." Emma let out a heavy sigh. "Your mom. I can feel her getting angry about something but I don't know what it is, I've texted her five times and she won't answer, I called her six, her line is busy."

"Have you tried calling her cell phone?" Henry asked.

"Four times. That's when I gave up on that and tried her Office. Her secretary says she's on another call, she won't pick up her direct number." Emma sighed. "This must be one hell of a call if it's getting this kind of reaction, I just want to make sure she's okay."

"Whipped." Henry muttered as she looked back down to his homework.

"Excuse me?" Emma said.

"Nothing, love you ma." Henry saved. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Finish your homework, wise guy, and you give me more lip I'm locking you in one of those cells." She said, pointing to the cells in the station.

"I could nap on the cot." Henry shrugged.

"Don't, you'll kill your back." Emma said.

"How do you know?" Henry asked.

"Your mom had me locked up overnight my first night in town, remember?" Emma reminded him with a smirk. Henry chuckled.

"Man she hated you." He laughed.
"She did." Emma nodded. "Now she can't get enough of me."

"Gross." Henry said, chucking a paper ball at her.

"Knock it off and finish your math." Emma warned again as she threw the paper ball into the trash can across the room.

"How'd you do that?" Henry asked.

"I did my math homework." Emma shot back.

"You did not." Henry said.

"No, but it helps." Emma said before she reached over and gently lowered his head to look back at his textbook. He whined but continued as she stared at the clock and waited until it was time to go home.

When that time finally came, Emma rushed to get home, not even bothering to wait till David came for his shift and rushing Henry out of there and into her bug to get home.

"You're being crazy." Henry said.

"I'll let you know if you're right when I get home." Emma sighed as she stepped on the gas. They arrived at Mifflin street in record time, and Emma sighed in frustration when she found that Regina hadn't even arrived home yet. Henry rolled his eyes at her when she called out Regina's name as soon as they walked through the door and there was no answer.

"Told you." He said.

"Go finish your homework." Emma waved off.

"I did!" he said.

"Even your English essay?" Emma shot back.

"That's not due till Wednesday!" Henry whined.

"Okay I guess we can skip pizza so you can have time to do homework." Emma shrugged.

"No fair, you promised!" He said.

"Yeah but we told you that you needed to have all of the stuff due for Wednesday finished tonight so that you wouldn't have a pile of homework waiting when you got home, tired from soccer and stuffed with your weight in pizza." Emma reminded him of the condition Regina had made that Emma hadn't even thought about until Regina said it.

"Fine." Henry huffed as he trudged up the stairs. Emma rolled her eyes at him and groaned. She just wanted Regina to be home so that she could make sure the brunette was okay.

Her prayers were answered a few minutes later, when an exhausted Regina walked through her front door and she sprang up from the couch and towards her like a puppy excited for his owner to come home.

"Hey." Emma said.

"Hey." Regina said in surprise at Emma's enthusiasm.
"Are you okay?" Emma asked. Regina rolled her eyes.

"I'm…fine. Just tired, it's been a trying day." She sighed.

"Did something happen?" Emma asked curiously.

"Emma…"

"I felt you get angry at some point today." Emma pointed out. Regina sighed, of course, one reason she couldn't lie to the blonde anymore was that Emma felt everything Regina felt.

"It was just an old, bitter, ex-king thinking he can scare me with empty threats." Regina shrugged.

"Threats?" Emma said, her body reacting by taking a defensive stance.

"It's nothing to worry about dear." Regina said, stepping up to Emma and resting her hands on the blonde's, currently stiff, biceps. "He just thinks he can scare me by threatening to take my position as mayor away because of the state I'm in currently."

Emma raised a brow at that but understood what she meant when Regina dropped a hand to her baby bump.

"Bullshit." The blonde hissed.

"Indeed, darling, so there really isn't anything to worry about or get protective over. He just said some things that were meant to annoy me." Regina shrugged. "Some of them worked."

"What did he say?" Emma asked.

"Nothing you need to worry about." Regina shook her head. "It held no weight."

"Are you sure?" Emma asked.

"Positive." Regina nodded.

"Okay." Emma finally relented, relaxing a little. "Why don't you go rest? I'll take care of dinner tonight."

"That's sweet of you dear, though I wouldn't mind if we did it together." Regina said with a smile.

"We can 'do it' together later." Emma winked. Regina rolled her eyes with a smirk.

"I'm going to go change." Regina said before going up to their bedroom. Emma licked her lips and watched her leave, not missing the added sway in Regina's hips. She stood there for a moment even after Regina disappeared into their room before she bit her lip, took a deep breath, and followed her up the stairs hastily.

Regina was startled when the door opened. She had already taken off her shirt and was working on her skirt when Emma came in, a primal look in her eyes.

"Emma? Is everything alr-" she began to ask, but Emma's lips were on hers before she could even finish. The kiss was heated and almost bruising. She looked at Emma when they pulled apart. The smirk on the blonde's face was devilish and before she knew it, Emma's arms were around her, lifting her up and placing her, albeit gently, onto the bed before she straddled her.

"What has gotten into you?" Regina asked.
"You're entirely too sexy for me to resist anymore." Emma said before attaching her lips to the brunette's neck.

"Emma, stop, calm down." Regina said, trying to push Emma off of her gently by the shoulders, but Emma responded by grabbing her wrists and pinning them up above her head, and a flash back of the last time she was held like that came to her mind as Emma leaned down and whispered the words that shook her.

You're mine.

"Let me go." Regina demanded.

"What?" Emma said in confusion.

"Emma Swan, release me this instant or there will be hell to pay." Regina said furiously through gritted teeth. And Emma let go and got off of her with shock and worry in her eyes.

"Regina?" She asked as Regina rushed to get off the bed and ran to the bathroom, locking the door behind her.
Emma climbed off the bed and went towards the bathroom door. She knew trying to open it was futile, so she just pressed her ear to it to see if she could hear any tell-tale signs. All she could hear was Regina's heavy breathing as the brunette tried to calm herself down.

"Regina." She said as she knocked on the door.

"Go away." Regina practically growled.

"Regina?" Emma asked in shock. "Come on, whatever it was that I did I'm sorry. I don't exactly understand why you're upset but…maybe you could tell me?"

There was a long moment of silence and Emma sighed, thinking that she'd had absolutely no luck.

"Just give me a few minutes." Regina's quiet voice said after that.

"Okay." Emma nodded. She went back to sit on the bed and played around with her phone to distract herself. But she immediately put it away when she heard the door lock click loose and the door open. Regina was fully dressed again as she sat on the bed, not looking Emma in the eyes at any point. Emma was worried, and she gnawed at her lip, searching every crack in her mind for something to say when Regina cleared her throat and broke the silence.

"I'm sorry I over reacted like that." She said quietly.

"It's okay." Emma said. "I'm sorry I pinned you down like that I…I thought…maybe you'd…I don't know…it was a dumb move I'm sorry."

"I accept your apology Emma." Regina said with a small smile in the blonde's direction. "And I understand what you were trying to do. But…Your actions and what you said threw me back into a moment in my past that I don't ever want to think about."

Emma took a deep breath and nodded. She knew Regina had a heavy past, but she also knew that whatever horrible memory she triggered had to have been horrible.

"I won't push, but if you want to talk about it you know I'll listen." Emma said. She wanted to reach over and take Regina's hand, but she didn't want to touch her too soon after what had happened and trigger another reaction.

"I don't particularly want to think about it." Regina sighed and Emma was about to say 'ok,' but the
brunette kept going. "But you deserve an explanation for my reaction, and you deserve to know the whole truth of my past if you're expected to have any kind of life with me."

"Regina." Emma shook her head. "I don't care what happened in your past I care about your present and your…our future. If you don't want to talk about this we'll drop the subject, go make dinner together and get on with our lives."

Regina looked at Emma and sighed, shaking her head.

"No. No I think it's time I came to terms with what happened to me." Regina sighed. "We said we could talk about our past to help with the healing process of it all, remember?"

"Yeah, you know that still stands, but if you're gonna open up old wounds…” Emma began.

"Sometimes you need to open them up and clean them out before they can heal." Regina reminded her. Emma sighed, she was right, but she could see it in Regina's eyes that this was one of the most painful things that ever happened to her.

"Okay. If you're sure. Then okay." She nodded. Regina cleared her throat and took a deep breath and a moment of silence to figure out how she would open this conversation up.

"You know how I was basically forced into a marriage with…L-Leopold…after my mother-"

"Yeah." Emma nodded. She could tell this was already painful for Regina, if she could ease any of that, she would.

"Saving Snow was not the only reason he wanted to marry me." Regina sighed. "He was a man, regardless of how old, and I was seventeen-"

"Seventeen?" Emma asked, so in shock that her voice was just above a whisper. "I always thought at least early twenties…"

"No." Regina shook her head. "Perhaps that would have made me stronger against him."

"Him?" Emma asked. "Leopold?"

"Yes." Regina nodded, quickly wiping away a tear that ran down her cheek. "He told me time and time again he thought I was one of the most beautiful girls he'd ever seen. And perhaps I would have been flattered if it didn't come mixed with feeling violated like I did every time he so much as looked at me for the first…three…years of our marriage."

Emma's blood ran cold and her fists clenched so tightly she could feel her fingernails pierce the skin on her palms.

"What?" she asked softly.

"You can imagine how disgusted I was at having to marry a man more than three times my age." Regina shivered a little as she tried to control her physical reactions to the memories battering her mind. "But I thought, at first, that he would be understanding. He made this great big speech to me when we announced our engagement that he'd be loving, and that if there was anything I ever needed I should go to him."

She took a deep breath to steel herself as she tried to push through the next part of her story.

"On our wedding night I tried to just bare it and get through, but he started talking about wanting
children and I cracked. I told him I couldn't do it. I thought that would be the end of it. But instead her grabbed me by the arms and was pinning me down to the bed. He made it horrifyingly clear that he did not care what I wanted or felt. I was his wife...and back in the enchanted forest, that translated to me being his property. I was his to do as he pleased. And he reminded me of that every night for three years."

Emma had never felt a rage so white hot, and she had to reel herself in before she lost control of the magic she felt sparking at her fingertips.

"Is that when you killed him?" Emma asked.

"No." Regina shook her head. "But after three years and not being able to conceive, he ordered that the royal physicians look at me to see why I was unable to conceive. They declared that I was barren...the truth was that he was sterile. But they didn't have the guts to tell him."

"So they lied about you instead?" Emma seethed.

"In a way I was glad. My faux inability to conceive him a child meant that he left me alone." Regina sighed. "I was ignored by my so called loving husband for another three years before I was finally rid of the bastard. But I had to go through six years of people declaring him the kindest person in the realm when I knew the truth. And it stung. And it still does to this day."

Emma was clenching her teeth so tightly her jaw hurt. And when Regina finally took a deep breath and came back into focus, she could feel the blonde's rage boiling inside of her.

"Emma." She said, shifting closer to her. She placed a hand on her shoulder and could feel the magic buzzing under her skin as a reaction to her intense emotions. "Emma...Emma calm down...everything your grandfather did -"

"He's not my grandfather." Emma growled angrily. "I want nothing to do with that man."

"He's dead." Regina reminded her. "He's dead and gone and buried and I've let that part of my past get buried and wither away along with his corpse...You should too."

Emma took a few minutes to breathe deeply and try to calm herself down. She couldn't get caught up in her rage. Regina had just told her something deep and heavy about her life and she needed to be there for her, and it was that thought alone that calmed her down as she looked up at the brunette with tears in her eyes. She cupped Regina's cheek gently and the brunette leaned into it with a small smile on her face.

"No one is ever going to touch you like that again." Emma declared. "Not while I'm around. And if they do there will be hell to pay."

"Emma..." Regina spoke breathily.

"I mean it." Emma stated with no room for argument.

"I know." Regina smiled warmly at her before she leaned forward and kissed Emma softly. "And I love you so damned much for it."

"I love you too...I'm sorry-"

"Hush." Regina said, pressing two fingers to Emma's lips. "You didn't know. And now you do and I have one less secret hidden from you. Eventually I hope that number goes down to zero."
"Me too." Emma sighed.

"You look shaken up." Regina said. "Are you okay?"

"I'm shaking with rage." Emma deadpanned.

"Breathe, calm down, before you electrocute someone with your unruly magic." Regina warned, only slightly joking.

"I'm trying." Emma sighed.

"How about we just go downstairs and make dinner for ourselves and our son and just forget the past?" Regina offered. Emma looked down and gulped for a moment before she gave Regina a small smile.

"Yeah, yeah okay."

Emma was still a little groggy and tired when she went over to Snows. Henry had forgotten his soccer shorts there the last time he'd been over and Emma promised to drop them off early before the game since they were going to watch him anyway.

"Good morning sweetie!" Snow greeted, "would you like some coffee?"

"Hey mom, sure." Emma said with a small smile. She was still a little shaken up from what Regina had told her, and it showed.

"Is everything alright Emma?" Snow asked as she poured the blonde her coffee.

"Yeah...just...something Regina told me I'm having a hard time getting over." Emma sighed.

"Sweetie sometimes you need to take her words with a pinch of salt." Snow advised.

"Nah not like that." Emma sighed as she slid into a chair. She momentarily thought about telling snow the truth but decided against it. It was Regina's business and she wouldn't go around spreading it without the brunettes knowledge. "She just told me this story of when she was younger that kinda shocked me."

"Well I would imagine..." snow sighed. "Regina didn't exactly have the easiest childhood."

"Yeah..."

"Cora was a horrible woman. I don't think I could have survived if she were my mother." The brunette said in thought. "I guess I was lucky."

"What do you mean?" Emma asked as she sipped her coffee.

"Well I mean, having such a loving father-"

Emma started coughing and sputtering at the mention of the dead king.

"Emma? Are you okay?" Snow asked in concern.

"Fine. Fine." Emma said as she gasped, trying to get her breathing back to normal.
"Okay...if You're sure..." Snow said, looking at her daughter questioningly. "well anyway, I was thinking..."

"Yeah?" Emma asked.

"Well I know you have a barrage of girl names being flown at you from Henry..."

"Tell me about it." Emma chuckled.

"I was thinking maybe...if it were a boy..." snow bit her lip as a smile took over her face. "Maybe you could name him Leo...you know after your grandfa-"

The sound of glass shattering startled Snow as she looked at her daughter, her hand covered in shards of a broken mug and the coffee it held.

"Emma!" Snow said in shock as she picked up a towel to hold her daughter's bloody hand. Emma stepped back from her immediately. "Emma let me look at your hand."

"I got it." The blonde said bitterly, almost startling her mother. Emma opened her palm and waved her other hand over it to levitate the shards out of her skin, a small hiss emanating from between her teeth as she did. She levitated the shards to the trash bin before waving her hand over her palm again to heal the small cuts and clear away the spilled coffee.

"That was impressive." Snow said with a smile, feeling okay to continue her conversation now that Emma Was safe. "So anyway, will you think about it?"

"Think about what?" Emma asked.

"Naming your son after Leopold." Snow said almost excitedly.

"I don't need to think about it. There's no way in hell it's happening." Emma said with a finality in her voice that shook Snow.

"What? Why?" Snow asked.

"Because I'm not naming my son after a monster." Emma blurted out.

"A monster?! Emma my father was the most loved king." Snow spat.

"I don't give half a damn what people thought about your father, I know the truth." Emma spat.

"Where the hell is this coming from?" Snow almost demanded. She gave Emma a stern look as she crossed her arms. "Did Regina tell you something? She hated my father."

"Yeah and with good reason!" Emma spat.

"Emma this is your grandfather we're talking about!" Snow tried to reason with the blonde but Emma slammed her hands down on the table.

"He's not my grandfather! I want nothing to do with him! And I'll throw myself in the deepest pit of hell before I name my kid after him!" Emma shouted.

"What did she tell you?!" Snow demanded.

"That's her business not mine." Emma said, straightening up and looking Snow dead in the eye. "What I will tell you is that your father wasn't the kind hearted soul everyone, including you, were
fooled into thinking he was."

"Whatever he did, if he did anything, Regina surely got her revenge when she murdered him!" Snow spat angrily.

"If I could get my hands on him now, murder would be the most merciful thing I would do to him!" Emma growled. "I'm getting out of here, I can't look at you anymore." Emma said before storming out of the apartment, slamming the door shut behind her.

Loud, angry knocking pulled Regina's attention from the file she was looking at. She pulled off her glasses and got up to open the door. She found a seething Snow behind the door, followed by her flustered Secretary.

"I'm sorry Madam Mayor i tried to stop her." She said. Regina held her hand up to signify it was okay before she looked over to Snow, who had tears and rage mixed into her eyes.

"What did you tell her?!" The shorter woman demanded. Regina took a moment to understand what Snow was saying, but when it hit her, she sighed and looked up at her Secretary again.

"Be a dear and get us two cups of tea." She asked. "Snow and I need to talk."

"I don't want anything from you." Snow seethed.

"Come in, Snow." Regina said gently as she opened the door further and stepped aside. "I think it's time you learned the truth..."

Regina had just finished telling Snow the entire story, and the shorter woman was looking at her horrified and with tears in her eyes from her spot on the couch.

"No." Snow shook her head.

"I wish I could say it wasn't true." Regina sighed. "But the fact of the matter is -"

"No." Snow almost gasped again. "It can't be true."

"I understand how all this must feel Snow." Regina said gently. Snow didn't respond, only shook her head as she dropped it into her hands as a heavy sob escaped her lips, causing her lungs to constrict. Regina sighed and got off the arm chair to drop gracefully beside the younger woman and wrap her arm around her shoulders. She pulled Snow closer and the shorter brunette buried her face in Regina's shoulder as she sobbed.

"I'm so sorry." She choked out.

"What for?" Regina asked. "It's not like you asked him to-"

"If it weren't for me and my big mouth you would have never had to marry him." Snow said shakily. "I ruined your life in more ways than one and for years I was too stupid to see that I did. I played innocent...believed I was innocent for so long..."

Were she still The Evil Queen, Regina would have indulged the brunette, prodded at her guilt until
she was a broken mess on her couch. But that woman was long gone, and so was her lust for
vengeance.

"Snow." She spoke gently, cupping the shorter woman's chin as she lifted her head up to look at her.
"It's in the past. And it should remain there. Buried and gone where it belongs."

"You...you forgive me?" Snow asked incredulously. "After all the pain I caused you?"

"I think I've caused enough pain of my own to know what it's like." Regina said. "We both made our
mistakes in life. We both hurt each other in ways we could never really forget. But mistakes are there
to learn from them. Now you know the truth. Don't beat yourself up over it. It won't change anything
or help anyone. Do what I did, accept it and move on."

"You've moved on?" Snow asked. Regina shrugged

"Look at me. I'm dating my arch..." she bit her lip and smiled at the other woman. "Former arch-
enemy's daughter. Because that's the thing Snow. You made one wrong move in telling my mother
my secret. But you made one right move in marrying that dumb, blonde dope of a husband of yours
and bringing Emma into this world. You gave me something in her I thought I could never have."

"What's that?" Snow asked and Regina beamed at her.

"A happy ending."

"Can you see it yet?"

"Kid..."

"Can you see it yet?"

"Henry..."

"Can you-"

"Henry!" All three adults yelled at once.

"What?!" he asked, looking at his mothers and then Dr. Whale.

"I haven't even put the gel on your mother's stomach." Dr. Whale rolled his eyes. "This will take a
moment, just sit tight."

"Well hurry up! I have more name ideas!" Henry called.

"Henry." Emma said warningly.

"Okay okay." He rolled his eyes and slumped down into a chair in the corner of the room.

"This will feel a little cold." Dr. Whale warned Regina, who nodded. The gel felt strange on her
belly, as did having it poked and prodded by the scanner, but Emma was standing beside her,
holding her hand the entire time, and she couldn't help but smile, catching Emma's eye, who smiled
back at her.

"You okay?" she asked.
"Perfect." Regina said softly. Emma grinned at her before leaning down and pressing a kiss to her forehead.

"Will you two stop being gross?" Henry said.

"What is with you today?" Emma asked him.

"I'm antsy! I wanna find out the gender." He huffed.

"Piss me off and I won't tell you until the kid's born." Emma joked.

"You can't do that!" He said, getting her to laugh.

"He's too easy." She said to Regina.

"Will you two please behave yourselves?" Regina said with an eye roll. "Henry get over here, we're getting started with the scan."

Dr. Whale placed the scanner onto Regina's belly just as Henry got back near them, and when the image started showing on the screen, he tilted his head both sides before talking.

"Wow…you guys made one weird looking baby…" he remarked. Emma rolled her eyes.

"You know you looked like that at one point too." She said, poking his shoulder.

"Gross." He scrunched up his face. "I like the story with the stork better."

"Said the male who'll never have to deal with the pains of pregnancy." Regina commented.

"Yeah thank God for that one." He rolled his eyes. "What are we meant to be looking for?"

"Well I'm looking for a p-" Dr. Whale stopped himself and side-eyed the boy. "A male part…"

"You can say penis you know." Henry blurted out. Regina slapped a hand to her forehead as Emma laughed. "How do you know where it is?"

"Well Henry." Dr. Whale began. "At around this time in the pregnancy the baby's taken full shape and it's growing, it's also moving to get into position for birth. We can calculate where it is but it's mostly guesswork, which is why it sometimes takes some time."

"What if it is a boy but he just hasn't grown it yet?" Henry asked.

"Oh my God." Regina groaned. "Henry, please stop talking."

"What? I'm asking." Henry shrugged.

"If he's a boy he'd have grown it by now please stop." Emma said, placing a hand on her son's shoulder.

"Fine." Henry sighed. "Anything yet?"

"Yep." Dr. Whale pointed at a light gray area on the screen. "See that over there?"

"No…" Henry and Regina said, squinting both their eyes to try and see something.

"There's nothing there," Emma realized.
"Exactly." Dr. Whale nodded.

"That means…" Emma looked at the doctor, who smiled at her before regarding the whole family.

"Emma, Regina, Henry." He grinned. "Congratulations, It's a girl."
"…It's a girl"

"It's a girl?!!"

"It's a girl!" Emma, Regina and Henry said in unison. Snow and David were gaping at the three faces in front of them that were grinning so bright they could have lit up the room even if the drapes were shut tight.

"Oh sweetie!" Snow said with a grin, running up to her daughter and hugging her tightly. "I am so proud of you!"

"Hey," Regina said jokingly as she pointed to her baby bump. "I helped."

Snow just grinned at her and chuckled as she went over to hug her as well. Regina didn't back out, instead she met the shorter brunette halfway.

"I am so happy for you, both of you." She said.

"Thank you Snow." Regina sighed happily.

"Trina!" Henry called out while looking up from his notebook.

"Oh boy." Emma groaned. "Henry not now."
"You said when we knew!" He argued and Emma rolled her eyes. "Kate."

"Henry, sweetie." Regina stepped up to him. "What criteria are you using for these names?"

"That they sound cool?" he said with a shrug and Regina smiled at him.

"That's good, sweetie." She started off. "But maybe we should try to find a more meaningful name, hmm?"

"So you want the name to mean something?" He asked.

"Yeah, kid." Emma nodded. "This baby's pretty special, special kid's gotta have a special name."

"So you wanna name her after someone?" Henry asked.

"Is there a female version of the name David?" David stroked his chin as he asked.

"No." The other four people in the room replied. Whether it was to answer his question or deny his impending request, no one really knew.

"We don't think naming it after someone would be a good idea." Emma said to her son. "People get touchy."

"Good point." Henry nodded. "Okay. I'll look up name meanings, though this might take me some time."

"Take all the time you need sweetie." Regina said as she kissed his forehead.

They were at Granny's when it happened. They were sitting all together in a booth laughing over a joke David had said when someone stopped and hovered over the table. They didn't notice at first, but then the familiar scent of rum hit Emma's nostrils and she froze, and Regina felt it and her hand fell to Emma's as her gaze turned upwards.

"Hook." She practically growled.

"Your majesty." He said condescendingly before glancing down at her baby bump. "I hear congratulations are in order."

"Get out of here." David said as he stood up.

"David." Snow said gently as she grabbed his wrist to try and keep him calm.

"My beef isn't with you, mate." Hook said.

"You made it with me when you attacked my daughter." David said.

"Dad. Stop." Emma said as she stood up as well. "Hook. Leave. Now."

"Not really in a place to call the shots anymore." Hook said defiantly.
"I made my decision, so did you." Emma said. "Now let this die and leave us alone."

"The pain you and this wench caused will never die." He sneered. Emma clenched her fists when she heard the word 'wench.'

"Whatever you do, whatever you cook up in that fucked up head of yours. You will never hurt my family. Not as long as I'm breathing." Emma growled.

"Emma." Regina said in gentle warning.

"How noble, taken your father's place as prince charming have you?" the pirate said. Emma rolled her eyes and sneered at him.

"Hey." Ruby said, getting Hook to turn around to find her and Granny both standing side by side with crossed arms. "You made your point. Now get out of our diner."

"And if I refuse?" Hook said. Ruby gave him a response by giving him a wolf's growl through her bared teeth and he physically recoiled before turning towards the door and leaving almost immediately.

"Talk about tail between his legs." Emma muttered before turning to Ruby. "Thanks."

"No one messes with my friends." Ruby shrugged.


"Please." Regina said with a smile. "My child has adopted Emma's appetite."

"She's makin' mama proud." Emma smiled.

"She?" Granny and Ruby asked together. Emma and Regina grinned and nodded and they were suddenly engulfed in hugs, Emma from Ruby and Regina from Granny.

"What's all the commotion?" A light voice asked. When Emma looked, she found it belonged to the blue fairy.

"They're pregnant!" Ruby said excitedly. "It's a girl!"

"Both of them?" Blue asked.

"Well…no." Ruby chuckled.

"Rubes…" Emma tried to calm her down.

"Magic is crazy, Emma got Regina pregnant." The younger girl blurted out all too fast for Emma to stop her. Mother superior's eyes went wide as saucers.

"Well then…" she said, looking at both women and down at Regina's baby bump in what Regina was sure was mild disgust. "Congratulations."

The nun left before Regina could growl at her, Emma raised a brow at the retreating woman before looking at Regina.

"What was that about?" she asked.

"She's never liked me. I'm sure my having actual offspring makes her sure the next apocalypse is on
"I'm sure that's not it." Emma said to try and reassure the brunette, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. Regina just rolled her eyes.

"How about we all go back to our food huh?" David asked.

"Spoken like a true man." Granny teased. He smirked and shrugged at her.

"Will you calm down?" Emma asked as she followed Regina into the house. Henry followed Emma, but decided to dodge whatever was happening by running up to his room to play video games. Regina huffed as she turned around to face the blonde.

"You saw the look on her face!" She said.

"I think you're being just a little too sensitive." Emma said.

"I don't think you're being sensitive enough." Regina shot back. "So maybe we even each other out."

"We generally do, it's why we work well together." Emma rolled her eyes. "But that's not the point…what can she even do?"

"She's the blue fairy, one of the more powerful sources of good magic-"

"Yeah, good magic." Emma pointed out.

"You know as well as I do that that can change in a heartbeat." Regina argued. "Good can be corrupted just like-"

"Just like darkness can be redeemed." Emma said with a smirk. "Remind you of anyone?"

"Stop trying to be cute, Swan." Regina said.

"Can't help it, it's part of my charm." Emma shrugged.

"So is being annoying, apparently." Regina rolled her eyes.

"You love me anyway." Emma said. The brunette sighed in exasperation. "Regina come on, what are you so worried about?"

"I don't know exactly alright." Regina huffed. "I just…have a bad feeling."

"You sure you didn't just eat too many onion rings? I've done that before, it's not a good feeling." Emma said.

"I'm not joking here!" Regina said.

"Okay. Alright." Emma raised her hands in surrender before gently putting them on Regina's shoulders. "Just...calm down a little okay?"

"Emma...What if this is karma?" Regina asked.

"For what?" Emma asked. Regina gave her an incredulous look.

"For...what I did to Snow...to you." She sighed. Emma raised a brow at her before rolling her eyes.
"You think someone is going to come after our baby because…you came after me?" she asked.

"Well…if the shoe fits..." Regina shrugged. Emma resisted rolling her eyes again.

"Babe…"

"We still need to talk about that nickname."

"Regina!" Emma said seriously. "I think falling in love with the baby you came after like thirty years later is karma enough."

"That's more like cruel irony," Regina thought.

"Okay well, ignoring that comment." Emma gave her a pointed look. "You really think mother superior is going to come after our baby?"

"I just have a bad feeling okay? Maybe it's not her, maybe it will be someone else…but I have this feeling of…foreboding." Regina sighed.

"I feel it too, but I think it's just coming off of you," Emma said. "Look regardless, I'll go down in flames before I let anything happen to this kid…to you…to anyone."

"And you think anyone who's going to try and hurt us in some way is going to let that stop them?" Regina said. "Don't make me worry about you too."

"Well, if they want to do something to this baby they're going to have to wait a while…we're only 16 weeks."

"That's another thing," Regina sighed.

"What?" Emma asked. She had a feeling this was more serious. Regina bit her lip and took Emma's hand, another going to her baby bump.

"I think…Now I know I'm not an expert when it comes to pregnancy…" she trailed off. "But I think this baby will be coming sooner than we think."

"What makes you say that?" Emma asked with a furrowed brow. Sighing, Regina pulled out her copy of the sonogram pictures they got.

"Where's the one you have of Henry?" she asked.

"Uhm…" Emma pulled out her wallet and pulled the picture out. Regina smiled when she saw the picture again and how closely Emma kept it, and then held the two pictures side by side so that they could both look at them.

"How far along were you when you had this taken?" the brunette asked.

"Around…eighteen weeks or so." Emma tried to remember.

"And look at how much bigger she is than Henry was," Regina said. "And she's two weeks younger…If I remember correctly that's quite a bit in fetus standards."

"You'd be right." Emma muttered.

"Exactly…" Regina said.
"But…girls tend to be bigger than boys as babies." Emma shrugged. Regina shook her head.

"This much bigger though?" She held the pictures up in front of Emma. The blonde gulped. She knew Regina was right.

"Okay, you have a point." She sighed.

"I think this baby…being how powerful it is…" Regina sighed. "I think she's coming earlier than we thought…"

Emma's eyes dropped, as did the rest of her face. Regina furrowed her brow.

"What's going on in that blonde head of yours?" she asked.

"Nothing." Emma shrugged. "Just…trying to mix my knowledge of babies and magic together…maybe we should talk to Belle, maybe she's found something else since we last spoke to her."

"Something tells me there isn't a magical baby encyclopedia." Regina said.

"I know…but it's basically our only source, what have we got to lose?" Emma asked. Regina nodded.

"Okay."

"So I'll go talk to her after work okay?" Emma said. "In the mean time…just try to relax? If this baby is coming sooner than expected, that means you're probably farther along, regular baby standards, than we thought. Which means you need to rest more than your regular 16-week-pregnancy."

"Alright." Regina agreed. Emma took her hands gently and kissed Regina's lips softly. The brunette smiled into the kiss before returning it. "I love you."

"I love you too." Emma said softly.

—

The bell ringing was a rare sound these days, so Belle immediately looked up when she heard it and smiled when she saw Emma.

"Oh, hello Emma." She said.

"Hey Belle." Emma smiled at her.

"Can I help you with something?" the brunette asked. "Is everything alright with Regina?"

"Yeah, she's…she's fine. She's just worried about the baby." Emma shrugged.

"What mother isn't worried about her child?" Belle asked and Emma rolled her eyes.

"Well that's actually why I'm here…I was hoping maybe you found some other info about this whole magical baby thing?" she asked tentatively.

"Like what?" Belle asked as she pulled out some old books from a shelf below the counter.

"Gestation periods?" Emma asked bluntly and shocked Belle enough that she tried to stand up to fast and bumped her head on the counter.
"Wha-OW!"

"Woah!" Emma said, coming around the counter. "You okay? Need some ice?"

"I'm fine…" Belle said as she got up and rubbed her head. "Why do you need…"

"Regina thinks the baby will be coming sooner than we think." Emma sighed. "I'm hoping she's wrong."

"Ah." Belle nodded as she flipped through her books. "Well I did come across something here…but this book is very old and hard to translate."

"Anything will help at this point." Emma shrugged.

"Why do you hope she's wrong?" Belle asked as she looked through the book.

"Well…A pregnancy is hard on anyone…Premature births are dangerous…This baby's already proved to be really strong, magically at least…" Emma trailed off and bit her lip.

"You're worried it will be too much for Regina?" Belle asked. The blonde sighed and nodded and Belle smirked at her.

"Well perhaps you should give credit where credit is due, Regina is a very powerful woman, magically, at least." Belle said and Emma smirked at her.

"I don't mean to underestimate her or anything…It's just that…"

"You can't help but worry about the woman you love." Belle nodded in understanding. Emma smiled at her.

"I knew you'd get it." She said. Belle smiled back at her before she turned to look at her book again and frowned.

"Hmm." She hummed.

"I hate when people do that. Nothing good ever happens after 'hmm!'" Emma said, her gut knotting up in worry.

"Sorry…" Belle said.

"What did you find?" Emma asked. Belle sighed.

"Okay, well what I did find is not concrete, I think you should really take that into consideration before I go on." Belle said. "It's based on myth, rather than fact."

"Go on." Emma nodded

"It says here that back in the ancient days of the Enchanted Forest, many people feared offspring of powerful, magical beings…Like you and Regina." Belle said. Emma gritted her teeth. "In fact, for a while, it was outlawed to even produce that kind of offspring."

"What?" Emma exclaimed. Belle raised a hand to signal that she needs to calm down and the blonde took a deep breath.

"The reason was that the offspring themselves were highly powerful, and considered dangerous…Don't look at the pictures on this book because I know they cannot be accurate." The brunette rolled
her eyes.

"That bad huh?" Emma said.

"It's physically impossible for anyone to bear a creature like the one depicted here and survive…anyway…"

"Does it say anything about the actual pregnancy?" Emma asked, trying to forget what she'd heard.

"Just that…Apparently the creature manifested so fast that it took almost half the time of a regular pregnancy…"

"Holy shit." Emma said with wide eyes.

"There's something else here…” Belle sighed again.

"What?" Emma asked.

"It says here that…” Belle bit her lip "…that the mother very rarely survived…”

"WHAT?!" Emma yelled. Belle shut the book and turned to her.

"Emma, it was the enchanted forest, mothers barely survived childbirth anyway." She said. "We didn't have the medical technologies and advances you have here."

"So Regina could die?" Emma barreled on.

"She won't." Belle said. "Regina is strong, she's physically healthy and she's a fighter. Three things most women back then weren't."

Emma sighed and ran a hand through her hair.

"Okay…"

"Now there's something else…” Belle said.

"Sure, why not I'm already dying inside." Emma shrugged. Belle rolled her eyes.

"You're being just a bit too dramatic." She said and opened the book again. "Now do you want to hear this or not?"

"Is it important?" Emma said.

"It's about the baby's capabilities and what they can…be used for." Belle said. Emma furrowed her brow.

"Go on."

"Okay…Well it says here that the kind of power that can be found in a magical offspring can be…transferred…” Belle said. Emma was already shaking her head. "But only to an already powerful holder of magic, and only by way of dark magic…and…"

"And?" Emma said, getting frustrated.

"And it will kill the child." Belle gulped. Emma sighed. "According to this, only those who sought to wield the most powerful magic of all ever attempted to drain a magical child's powers. There was a
cult of dark fairies and magic wielders that apparently dedicated their adult lives to breeding these offspring so that they could enhance their own powers. Which is one of the reasons these children were villainised and their breeding outlawed."

"What are you reading anyway?" Emma asked.

"This is only a history book." Belle said. "Which is why I said you should take it with a pinch of salt…"

"I'm taking something with a pinch of salt tonight…maybe a round of lemon too." Emma sighed.

"Calm down." Belle said.

"I need to go home." The blonde said.

"Emma what I told you here is only ancient history." Belle said.

"What about the cult thing?" Emma asked.

"What do you mean?" the brunette raised a brow.

"Could someone still use a child like ours…for that kind of power?" Emma dared to ask. Belle bit her lip.

"Yes. There's a ritual though…What are you thinking?" Belle said in slight worry.

"Regina is worried that…that someone will try to hurt our baby." Emma said, clenching her fists.

"Oh…"

"But I'll go down fighting before I let that happen." Emma determined. Belle sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Of course you will."

"I gotta go." Emma said. "Thanks Belle."

"Why do I feel like I made things worse?" Belle asked.

"You didn't, we didn't know this stuff, but we don't know if anyone else does." Emma said. "So thanks."

"You're welcome Emma." Belle smiled at her. Emma managed a small smile back before she left the store and high-tailed it home.

When Emma got home, she had tears in her eyes. She let her mind wander a bit too far on her way home, and by the time she arrived the tears welled up in her eyes so much that she could barely see whether she was parking in the driveway or Regina's lawn. Regina could sense every single thing she was feeling, between their almost full connection and how strong Emma's current emotions were, Regina could practically tell the exact distance Emma was away from the door. So she wasn't surprised when she opened the front door to see Emma jogging up the steps and Emma didn't question how she knew she was coming, she just ran into her arms. Regina wrapped her arms around her neck and held her for a few moments in silence as Emma took a few deep breaths of Regina's perfume and tried to calm down.

"Tell me what happened." Regina said.
"In your office…I don't want Henry to hear." Emma sighed. Regina bit her lip and nodded against Emma's cheek. This was obviously very serious.

Emma told her everything, sitting next to her on the couch in her dimly lit office and not releasing her hand for a second as she explained every detail of what Belle told her. That the pregnancy would take significantly less time than an ordinary pregnancy was very obvious to Regina, but that they were looking at maybe just another two or so months of pregnancy frightened her. She'd never given birth before. And she was starting to wonder if she was even ready to go through that.

Emma was scared too, she was scared for Regina. Pregnancy was never easy the first time around, she knew that much. But a fast pregnancy? It scared her more than anything. But she could feel Regina's worries rise, and she did what Emma Swan did best to the people she loves. She swallowed her own fear down well enough that even she couldn't feel it, and took Regina's hand.

"Whatever we have to go through, we'll go through it together." She said. Regina smiled at her softly and she smiled back. "I have all the faith in the world that you can do this babe."

"I love you." Regina said, leaning over and pecking her on the lips, getting Emma to genuinely smile for the first time since that morning. "But I know there's something else. I can feel it."

Emma sighed and nodded. "I'm not saying someone out there is after our baby but-"

"What?!" Regina said.

"I said I'm not saying that." Emma tried to calm her down. "But Belle found something in an old history book about an ancient cult of dark fairies and witches and wizards or whatever trying to breed magic babies like ours to absorb their powers so they can become some of the most powerful magical beings ever."

"…You're making this up." Regina said after she stared at her for a good few minutes.

"I'm not as creative as you give me credit for." Emma said. "Pretty sure Henry gets that from Neal."

"Fair enough…so what someone could use our baby's powers to become more powerful?" Regina asked.

"Well..." Emma sighed. "If anyone were to ever actually do it…it would kill the baby."

"I will go down in a hail of hellfire-" Regina began.

"I know, I know." Emma sighed. "Me too. But what are the chances of this actually happening?"

"With our luck?" Regina asked rhetorically. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Be serious." She said. Regina sighed.

"I am. That's the problem." She frowned. "Well I mean it's possible if it's ancient enough that even the ritual required-"

"How did you-"

"These things always require a ritual I don't know who came up with them but they were really dramatic and needed a chill pill…anyway." Regina sighed. "If it's an ancient enough ritual, it could have been forgotten, lost through time."

"Here's hoping the last person who knew it got amnesia." Emma said.
"Or dementia." Regina added.

"Or never learned how to write it down." Emma finished. They both sighed and leaned back against the back rest of the couch. They sat in silence for a moment before Emma chuckled softly.

"What's so funny?" Regina asked.

"We can't ever do anything the good old fashioned way, can we?" Emma asked.

"I guess it's what makes us special dear." Regina said before smiling at her and leaning her head onto Emma's shoulder. Emma wrapped an arm around Regina and pulled her closer, kissing her temple gently.

"I love you." She said softly. Regina smiled.

"I love you too." She said. "We'll be okay, won't we?"

"We always are somehow." Emma shrugged. "I have faith in us."

"I do too." Regina nodded.

"Sometimes that's all you need." Emma said. "Then again, a drink would be damned good good right now."

"Have one for me." Regina sighed. Emma chuckled and kissed her again.

Across town, Snow White sat in her apartment, her husband still at work and her baby napping peacefully. She had a smile on her face as she drank her tea and ran through ideas for the new granddaughter she'd be welcoming into the world. She was thrilled, even though getting there was the most unconventional thing ever, that her daughter had found her happy ending. Or at least, she hoped that's what it was.

She was a little startled when there was a light knocking on her door, and even more surprised when she found who was behind it.

"Oh, hello Blue." She said with a smile on her face. "What brings you around?"

"Good evening Snow." The blue fairy said with a tight smile. "Might I come in? There's something very important we need to discuss."
A/N: Sorry for the long wait guys! But thanks for all the wonderful reviews!

I wanna give a quick shout out (not sure if they read this but you never know) to all the wonderful people I met at the Toronto Fanexpo this year! If you guys were there and you happened to see me, I was the girl cosplaying as rumplestilskin! Thanks for being awesome!

I have a quick question for all of you, but I won't bore you with details yet, I'll leave a note at the end of this chapter and y'all can just reply to me in the reviews! Thanks a bunch!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You must be so excited.” Blue said as she put down her tea cup.

“A precious baby girl, and Emma’s so happy…There’s not much else a mother could want.” Snow shrugged.

“Yes I understand.” Blue nodded. “Still…I can’t help but wonder…”

“What?” Snow asked.

“A baby like that…well she’d be pretty powerful.” Blue sighed. “And you know what they say about great power.”

“Oh I’m sure Emma and Regina can handle it.” Snow said with a smile.

“Yes, only it’s not them I’m worried about.” Blue said.

“Then what?” Snow asked in concern.

“Well think about it Snow, that kind of powerful magic in such a young child?” Blue began. “Well she’d have to deal with it all her life. Between that and her education, which you know is very important…”

“Oh course.” Snow nodded.

“I’m just worried that poor little girl wouldn’t get to enjoy her childhood much.” Blue sighed. “Poor thing, not being able to play with the other children like a regular child, having to be careful even if she trips or sneezes because it could set off some weird magical…something…Even I don’t know what that child would be capable of.”

“Oh…well I didn’t think of that.” Snow said as she sipped her tea in thought. Blue nodded sympathetically.
“I understand, I mean Neal doesn’t seem to have magic…and I mean you didn’t really raise Emma so you couldn’t know what it’s like to raise a child with powers.” She said. “I’m just worried…I mean look at what happened to Regina.”

“Regina?” Snow asked.

“Well she’s fine now.” Blue jumped in. “But I mean before that. She could barely enjoy her childhood because of her mother and look what happened.”

“Yes but she’s so much more different than Cora.” Snow said.

“Oh that’s a given.” Blue nodded. “Still, I’m just worried that little girl will grow up to resent her powers…her parents.”

“Do you really think that could happen?” Snow said in worry.

“I’ve seen it so many times with so many children, I’m almost certain that’s what will happen.” Blue said, and then seemingly thought of something. “Unless…”

“Unless what?” Snow asked.

“Unless we remove that responsibility off the little dears’ shoulders.” Blue said in thought. “Why yes, if we remove the powers, she won’t have to worry one bit!”

“You mean like bind them?” Snow said.

“Oh no no, that would be far too harmful. If she one day decided she didn’t want to be bound anymore, it could have very negative effects. Much like Emma when her powers came in, remember? She felt so cut off from everyone.” Blue shook her head. “No I mean removing the powers, completely. She can live a normal life and never have to worry about magic ever again, not her own, at least.”

“Oh…” Snow said slowly. “How is that even possible? That kind of magic…you said it yourself she’ll be very powerful.”

“Oh she will be, unless we remove the powers of course.” Blue said.

“We?” Snow asked.

“Well dear I hardly think Emma is going to go for it herself, and Regina…for some reason she doesn’t seem to like me…But you…well they’ll listen to you.” Blue said.

“So you want me to ask if they want to remove the baby’s powers?” Snow asked.

“It’s only your responsibility as the child’s grandmother, Snow.” Blue said. “I mean, you do want her to be happy, and safe, don’t you?”

“Of course! I want that more than anything.” Snow said. Blue smiled at her and patted her hand.

“Yes, of course you do dear.” She nodded.

“But how is that even possible?” Snow asked. “Removing her powers, I mean.”

“Well it’s a tricky process, but there is a ritual, it will simply return her powers to the universe.” Blue said. “But don’t you worry your head about that. Let me deal with the tricky bits, all I need from you is to convince Emma and Regina that it’s what’s necessary if they intend on giving their child the
best life possible."

Snow bit her lip in thought. “Could I have some time to think about it? I mean they’re only four months in anyway…”

“Oh you mean you don’t know?” Blue said.

“Know what?” Snow asked in concern.

“Well a baby like that, it will take almost half the time for the baby to be born than it normally would.” Blue said.


“Regina is a ticking time bomb dear, she could go into labor at any moment.” Blue said, but then seemed to wave the thought off. “But then again, probably not for another few weeks, not in my experience anyway.”

“You’ve seen stuff like this before?” Snow asked.

“Oh it was a very long time ago, ages before your own parents were even born. You know fairies dear, we could live forever.” Blue said with a smile. Snow smiled back.

“I always forget how incredible you are Blue.” She said. Blue patted her hand again.

“Pay no mind, dear.” She said as she stood up. “Take your time to think about it, and call me when you’ve made your decision, I trust you’ll make the right one.”

Snow smiled at her and stood up, hugging the fairy.

“Thank you Blue.” She said.

“No problem at all dear, after all I’m just doing my job as your fairy godmother.” She said with a smile. “Now, you have a nice evening.”

“You too.” Snow nodded with a smile. Blue turned on her heel and walked out of the apartment. Leaving Snow to contemplate what she’d just told her.

“Well thank you again for the muffin basket granny.” Regina said into the phone as she sniffed the still warm baked goods Ruby had just dropped off.

“Do you have any idea of names yet?” Granny asked.

“We’re still mulling it over.” Regina said.

“You know, Eugenia is a timeless classic.” Granny said. Regina rolled her eyes.

“Emma and I agreed to not name the child after anyone in particular, saves people from getting jealous.” Regina explained.

“So what you’re saying is…” Granny said in a voice that broke the former queen’s heart. She sighed.

“I’ll think about it.” She said.
“Wonderful! Well you enjoy those muffins sweetheart, and let me know if you want more, there’s plenty where those came from.” Granny said.

“Thank you Granny, you have a good day.” Regina said and hung up after Granny said her goodbyes, dropping onto the living room couch with a huff.

“That is the third person to call me trying to get me to name the baby after them.” She said to Emma, who was biting into a muffin.

“Tell me about it, dad’s still trying to convince me to name her ‘Davida’” Emma rolled her eyes.

“These are good muffins though.”

“So you want our baby to be called Eugenia all her life?” Regina asked.

“Gross. No.” Emma cringed. “No offense to Granny but…”

“Eugenia is a granny name.” Regina nodded. “Besides I’m still hellbent on sticking to what we said earlier, we’re not naming her after anyone, people get touchy. Besides I’d like for her name to be a little unique.”

“Kind of like her?” Emma asked. Regina smiled at her.

“Exactly.” She said. Emma put her muffin down and leaned over, running her hand over Regina’s baby bump.

“How are you feeling?” she asked.

“Well…huge.” Regina shrugged. “But I say it’ll all be worth it when she’s born.”

“Felt the same way with Henry.” Emma nodded. Regina kissed her temple softly and, as Emma felt that warmth rise in her chest, she felt something bump into the palm of her hand and gasped.

“What?” Regina asked, having felt something strange as well.

“The baby…” Emma said as she looked up at Regina with a grin. “She kicked!”

“Oh my god!” Regina said. “I barely felt-OH…now I felt it.”

“I did too…” Emma said. Regina smiled at her and gently cupped the back of her neck, pulling her in for a soft kiss. Upon making contact with her lips though, the baby kicked again.

“Ow…okay that was a hard one.” Regina said.

“Go easy on mommy baby.” Emma said to the baby bump. The next kick was soft and Regina chuckled.

“She listens to you. Good.” She laughed. “God, this is incredible.”

Emma smiled and looked up at her, shocked for a moment to see Regina’s eyes shine with unshed tears. “Hey, is everything okay?”

Regina nodded with a smile and Emma tilted her head in wonder.

“Emma I wasn’t supposed to be able to have children.” Regina sighed.

“I thought you said the doctors lied-”
“No, not that.” Regina shook her head. “After Leopold died, my mother wanted me to marry someone else and have children, she wanted her legacy to go on...So...in an act of defiance I drank a potion that would make me infertile...I regretted it every moment since...”

“No wonder you held on to Henry so tightly.” Emma said, wrapping her arms around Regina as the shorter woman fell into her chest with happy tears in her eyes. Emma kissed the top of her head and Regina lifted her head to kiss Emma on the lips.

“Somewhere in our mess of a beginning, you must have gotten rid of the effects of the potion.” Regina said with a grin.

“What you mean like...”

“We already know it was true love. We wouldn’t have her if it wasn’t.” Regina said. “I love you Emma.”

“I love you too...so damn much.” Emma sighed and kissed Regina again. The baby kicked hard enough for both of them to feel it.

“Oh yes, okay, we love you too baby.” Regina said with a chuckle.

“Pfft, Attention hog, you really are my kid.” Emma said as she gently poked Regina’s bump. The baby kicked her back.

“Okay you know, can you two continue this when my organs aren’t in the middle?” Regina asked. Emma laughed and nodded.

“Sorry babe.” She said as she kissed her cheek.

“Are you two being gross or can I come in?” Henry asked without appearing in the door.

“Define ‘gross.’” Emma said. Regina rolled her eyes.

“Leave him alone. Come in honey.” She said first to Emma and then in the direction of Henry’s voice. The boy appeared in the living room doorway a second later with a smile on his face. “What’s up sweetie?”

“I have a few names I think you guys will like.” He said. “They all mean good things.”

Emma and Regina smiled at each other before they settled in comfortably on the couch, leaving a space in between them for their son.

“Well come on here and tell us what they are.” Emma patted the space between them.

“Seriously?” He asked.

“We said you could suggest names when we knew the gender, we know she’s a girl now...” Regina said.

“Which I told you before you even started showing.” Henry shrugged.

“Yes, you’re really smart kid, we’re proud of you, now come tell us these names you seem so excited about.” Emma said. Henry practically leapt up in the air in joy before he ran over and sat (squeezed) in between them and showed them his list. It was really organized, much to Regina’s joy and Emma’s pride, alphabetically by name with the name’s meaning on the other half of the page. With little golden stars on the side.
“What’s the stars?” Emma asked.

“They’re my favorite ones.” Henry said.

“So they have the automatic Henry Mills seal of approval?” Regina asked. Henry grinned with a nod and Regina just kissed his temple. “You’re adorable.”

“Moom” He whined.

“Okay you two.” Emma chuckled. “How about these names huh?”

“Should I go in order or…”

“Tell us your favorites first.” Regina said and Henry grinned, flipping the page, he’d sorted them separately as well. He took a deep breath and started listing the names.

“Okay..Beyonce.”

“What?” his two mothers looked at him

“What? It means ‘beyond others’” he said.

“Sorry kid, that’s gonna have to be a no.” Emma said. Henry rolled his eyes.

“Fine…Becky. It means ones who ties and joins. She brought you two together.” He suggested.

“That’s actually not bad.” Regina said.

“Uhm…” Emma cringed.

“What?” Henry asked.

“I knew a bitch named Becky in junior high…used to tie me to the tether ball pole…” she said. Regina and Henry looked at her for a moment before they looked at each other, and then Henry grabbed his pen and crossed the name off the list.

“Bambi.”

“No,” Regina and Emma said at once.

“It means little girl!”

“We are not naming her Bambi.” Regina said with finality “Next name please.”

“Okay how about Abbey? It means Intelligent and beautiful.” Henry said.

“Something tells me that’d go to her head. Considering she’s your mother’s daughter…” Emma said, looking at Regina and then Henry. “We already know she’s gonna be both those things.”

“Aww, Emma.” Regina gushed.

“Aren’t you two about to be gross? Cause I can leave.”

“No, sorry kid.” Emma said as she smiled to Regina.

“Well..This one I like just because it sounds cool…Dalmatia.”
“Hell no.”

“We’ve had enough of Cruella’s shit thank you.” They said at the same time.

“Fair point.” Henry said as he crossed the name off. “Okay, how about Davida, it means adored.”

“It means your grandfather’s ego will soar through the roof.” Regina said.

“These are all good names kid, we just, you know, wanna be careful.” Emma added.

“I get it. Well I have this one, honestly I think it’s the best one but I kind of saved it for last.” He said.

“What is it son?” Regina asked.

“Amorie. It’s a variant of Amoris which means love.” He said.

Emma and Regina looked up at each other with a smile forming on their faces.

“Amorie?” Emma asked.

“I love it.” Regina said.

“Okay then.” Emma nodded with a grin, she pulled Henry into a side hug. “Great job kid.”

“Seriously?!” He grinned. Emma nodded and kissed the top of his head and he pulled away from her to put a hand on his other mother’s baby bump.

“Amorie.”

Emma walked into her parents’ apartment with a smile on her face. “Hey guys.”

“Emma!” Snow said with a grin. “This is a surprise! Is everything alright dear?”

“Everything is great.” She said, pulling up a chair and sitting own next to her. “We have some news.”

“IT’S TWINS?!” Snow yelled and Emma shook her head, a look of slight fear in her eyes.

“No.”

“Oh.” Snow deflated. “Sorry, I must have gotten over excited.”

“Yeah, apparently.” Emma laughed. “It’s fine. I just wanted to-”

“Emma Swan if you tell your mother without me I am setting you on fire.” Regina’s voice came from behind the door followed with a couple of knocks.

“I love her.” Emma deadpanned as Snow shot up to open the door. David was laughing into his coffee when Regina came in.

“Thank you Snow.” She said with a smile to the shorter woman. “I told your daughter to wait up.”

“I’m excited!” Emma whined.

“And you wonder where Henry gets it from.” Regina rolled her eyes.
“Ladies, ladies.” David said lifting his hands to try and calm them down.

“Can it David.” Snow shut him up before she turned to Regina and her daughter. “What’s all the excitement about?”

“Okay two things!” Emma said, getting up again and moving to Regina. “First off-”

“Oh!” Regina exclaimed, clutching her baby bump.

“Are you okay?” Snow asked in concern.

“I’m fine.” Regina grinned. “That’s what we’re trying to tell you, she’s kicking!”

“Oh!” Snow grinned. “Let me feel!”

The shorter brunette put her hand on Regina’s baby bump and waited a few seconds before frowning. “She isn’t doing it.”

“Hang on.” Emma said, leaning over and kissing Regina on the lips. The baby immediately kicked against Snow’s hand and she gasped.

“Oh my God!” she squealed. “Emma how did you-”

“I don’t know, but she kicks whenever I kiss Regina…must be the magic.” Emma shrugged.

“Well we know better than anyone that a baby forged out of true love is a pretty powerful thing.” David said as he got up and wrapped an arm around Emma’s shoulder.

“Dad.” She whined. He laughed and kissed her temple.

“I’m so happy for you sweetheart.” He said.

“Me too.” Snow said softly.

“Thanks guys.” She blushed, pushing her father off of her.

“The other news?” Regina said to Emma with a smile. Emma smiled back and nodded.

“Other news?” Snow said in anticipation. She didn’t know what was coming but from the look on Emma and Regina’s faces it had to be good.

“We have a name.” Regina grinned. Snow’s mouth formed a small ‘o’ and David grinned again.

“Yeah? And what would that be?” He asked as if he already knew the answer.

“It’s not Davida.” Emma said bluntly.

“Aww.” He whined.

“And now we know where you get it from.” Regina teased Emma. Emma chuckled while David just pouted.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he asked.

“Quiet honey.” Snow patted David’s chest. “Go on, you two! I want to know my granddaughter’s name!”
“Okay.” Emma nodded and looked at Regina. The brunette grinned and took Emma’s hand and they looked at the older couple and spoke at the same time.

“Amorie.”

“I love it.” Snow said immediately after.

“Was that prepared beforehand regardless of the name?” Emma asked.

“No.” Snow deadpanned. “I mean okay maybe, but I do genuinely love it!”

“Good.” Regina said. Snow grinned at her and moved foreword to hug her gently.

“Little Amorie, oh she’s going to be so precious.” Snow said, placing her hand on Regina’s bump again. The baby kicked, softly, as if to signal to her grandmother that she was there. Snow grinned, realization kicking into her along with the baby. Regardless of how powerful it was, it was magic that brought this little girl into their life. And she made a decision just then.

Later that evening, when they’d all had dinner together, Henry having joined them as well, and the happy trio had gone home together, David had bid goodnight to Snow, going to bed before her, and while she drank her chamomile tea, which she always did before she went to bed, she picked up the phone. After a few rings though, it went to voicemail.

“Hello, you’ve reached the office of Mother Superior. I’m terribly sorry that I’m not available right now, but please leave your message and I’ll get back to you as soon as possible.”

Snow took a deep breath and spoke into the phone.

“Hello Blue, it’s Snow…I’ve thought about what you told me…And I’m sorry but I just can’t go through with it. I know you mean well, but it just seems it’s not meant to be. Thank you anyway, goodnight.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N: In case you’re wondering, no, Blue won't be happy with that answer. But you'll have to wait for the reaction!

In the mean time I have a quick question for you all: How do you feel about OCs in the OUAT verse? Now I'll let you guys know this story was written long before season 5 ended, and to be honest I wrote it only knowing a few things (I won’t spoil anything for anyone who might be behind.)

Please let me know your answer in the reviews, it's very important to one of my fics. Thanks guys!
"Hello Blue, it's Snow…I've thought about what you told me…And I'm sorry but I just can't go through with it. I know you mean well, but it just seems it's not meant to be. Thank you anyway, goodnight."

The tea cup in her hand shattered so suddenly it startled the younger nun clearing away her empty one.

"Is everything okay, Blue?" she asked.

"Just fine, Isadora." Blue said, magically clearing away the mess she'd made. "I must have gripped my cup too hard, that's all."

"Did something happen? That message seemed to disturb you…" Isadora asked again. Blue nodded with a tight smile.

"I'm fine, just…might I have a moment alone, please?"

"Of course." Isadora nodded with a sympathetic smile before walking out of the office.

When Blue was sure the younger fairy was gone and out of ear shot, she picked up the phone, and dialed the number she hoped she wouldn't need to.

"Hello?"

"You were right. Snow didn't fold." She sighed.

"I thought I might be…Now what's your plan?"

"We work together."

"And what's in it for me?"

"Have you ever tasted great power?" she asked with a smirk.

"That baby's cost me too much already. I need a guarantee."

"You have it. Get me the child, and you'll have everything you've ever wanted. No one will be strong enough to stop you. Not even the Saviour and the Evil Queen."
"Emma!" Regina called through the house. "Emma?"

"I said no!"

"Come on, it's a classic!"

"It's stupid!"

"Okay come on now, you don't have to get so worked up-"

"I can and will. You should have consulted me about this."

Regina's eyes went wide when she felt her girlfriend's frustration bubble inside of her. She had just gotten home after having lunch with Snow, which turned into an impromptu shopping trip for baby and maternity clothes because Regina's dresses were impossible to squeeze into anymore and with the baby coming sooner than expected, they figured it was better to get cracking.

She decided to go see what the trouble was, she certainly wasn't expecting David to be at her place, why on earth he and Emma were arguing was beyond her.

"Emm-What…the hell?" She asked when she came into the guest bedroom that was closest to her bedroom and saw David and Emma covered in white paint, with frustration painted over Emma's face. "What is going on in here?"

"We're uhh…" David hesitated. Emma sighed.

"Babe we're…" she began. "We decided we'd get the nursery painted today…I…wanted to surprise you with it."

"Emma." Regina smiled at her and came up to hug her.

"I wouldn't…paint's still wet on my shirt." Emma said with a nervous smile. Regina stopped but prompted Emma to lean forward so she could give her a quick peck on the lips.

"I love you." She said.

"I love you too." Emma smiled before sighing. "And it would have been done too, if David had fucking listened to what I was saying!"

"I thought you'd change your mind when you saw it." David shrugged.

"What's the problem?" Regina asked. Emma rolled her eyes.

"He wants us to paint Amorie's room pink." She said.

"…and…?" The problem was lost to the brunette.

"Pink. Regina. Pink." Emma said like it was some kind of insult.

"I'm sorry darling I don't see your point." Regina said.

"Ugh." Emma huffed. "It's such a fucking cliche. Not to mention a stereotype. Not all girls like pink."

"Okay." Regina nodded. "So you don't want to go for pink then?"
"I would prefer something neutral. Like a mint green, or a light yellow…I don't know. Something that isn't so fucking gendered." Emma explained.

"Okay…” Regina nodded, looking at David who looked down like he'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "…And the problem is…”

"He…" Emma pointed her paintbrush accusingly at David. "Got Pink."

"Yeah but it's not like the usual pink it's a little darker, a little more daring-"

"It's pink." Emma said. "What was the first thing I said when I asked you to pick up the paint?"

"No pink." David mumbled.

"Damn right!" Emma crossed her arms. "I am not painting my daughter's first bedroom this color. I won't stereotype her."

"Darling." Regina stepped closer to Emma and gently touched her arm. "Take a deep breath okay?"

Emma listened to her girlfriend immediately, but the anger in her eyes at David did not calm down.

"Okay.” Regina nodded. "Now, I'm sure David had his best intentions when he chose the color."

"I did." David nodded hastily like it was going to save his life to follow Regina's lead.

"And I also think you're perhaps picking up on my hormones just a bit babe." Regina said. "Whenever I feel like they're about to come up, suddenly they disappear…I think you're absorbing them."

"I just." Emma frowned and suddenly tears sprang in her eyes and she started crying. "I just don't want our baby to think we have these weird expectations she has to reach and I…I…"

"Oh okay, okay." Regina sighed as Emma began to sob into her hands and she pulled the taller woman into her shoulder. "Darling, it's okay…She won't think that okay?"

"Sh-she won't?" Emma sniffled.

"No baby, no. We'll change the color okay? We'll figure out exactly how to paint the room so that she'll be happy in it either way." Regina said comfortingly.

"I just wanted to…” she sniffed loudly. "I just wanted to take care of this one thing so you wouldn't have to worry about it. You're already carrying most of the burden and I-I-"

She started sobbing again and David looked at Regina like he was scared his daughter was going to explode because he'd never seen anything like this…well…not since his wife was pregnant.

"Mooms!" Henry called through the foyer as he shut the door. "I'm home!"

"We're up here Henry." Regina called. Henry ran up the stairs and Regina rolled her eyes. Suddenly their son came up to the door and looked at them incredibly confused.

"Uhhh…Why are ma and gramps covered in paint? And why is ma crying?" he asked.

"Well-"

"Because your grandfather is a flaming idiot!" Emma raged, pointing a finger accusingly at David.
"Well come on now-" he tried to defend.

"David. Magical baby hormones." Regina warned.

"Right."

"I am…so…confused." Henry said, wondering whether he should just back away…slowly.

"Your mother is absorbing my pregnancy hormones." Regina explained.

"Right." The young boy nodded.

"And your grandfather is an idiot!" Emma shouted again.

"Got that." Henry nodded, slightly scared of his blonde mother right now. "Why is he an idiot?"

"Oh no-"

"Don't-"

"Because Pink Henry! PINK!" Emma shouted again before she burst into tears…again.

"Oh…kay…" Henry said, a scared look on his face.

"Darling." Regina said softly into Emma's ear. "Please calm down, you're scaring our son."

"I'm sorry!" Emma sobbed louder.

"Either you guys tell me what this is about or I'm just going to back away slowly." Henry said. Regina sighed as she held her weeping girlfriend.

"Your mother doesn't want to paint the baby's room pink because she doesn't want to stereotype her." she explained.

"Okay." Henry nodded. "Is this why she's screaming at gramps?"

"Because he's an-" Emma growled.

"Honey, honey." Regina soothed her. "It's okay, we get it, he's an idiot."

Emma went back to crying in her girlfriends shoulder.

"David got a tin of pink paint." Regina finished off.

"It's still no reason to cry about it." David said with a roll of his eyes.

"Do you not understand baby hormones man?" Regina said.

"Not when they're coming from a non-pregnant woman!" David said.

"Magic." Henry said. "Come on Gramps, this isn't rocket science."

"Thank you." Regina sighed.

"Okay I'm sorry I got the pink paint." David huffed. "But what if she likes pink and not mint green or yellow?"
"So I-" Emma began to sniffle.

"Oh no," Regina mumbled

"I messed up anyway." Emma wailed. Regina winced at the shrieking in her ears, she'd have to deal with tinnitus for the next few days.

"Wait wait." Henry said, going up to his weeping mother and gently rubbing her shoulder. "I think I have an idea to make sure Amorie will be happy no matter what color she likes."

"What's that sweetie?" Regina asked.

"We'll do it multi-colored!" Henry said. "We could do it with polka dots or stripes or any other pattern we like. We could even draw little multi colored animals on the walls. We can have, green, pink, yellow, blue, heck we can have any color in existence! Then it won't matter what her favorite is, she'll have it in here anyway!"

"That's a pretty good idea." David said.

"Emma, honey?" Regina asked softly. "What do you think."

"I think..."

"Yeah?"

"I think..." Emma sniffled again. "I think we have the smartest son ever."

Suddenly, the blonde released Regina to throw herself over Henry, hugging him, kissing him, and weeping over him.

"Ma...ma it's...it's okay...there there...mom...help." Henry said in confusion.

"You seem to be handling this as well as anyone can son." Regina said, glad to have the blubbering blonde off of her for a bit.

"Well...I guess I'll go pick up a truckload of paint and some stencils." David said.

"Get some more paintbrushes, I wanna help!" Henry said.

"Will do." David called out as he left the room.

"Can I have a grilled cheese?" Emma said meekly.

"Yes, sweetie, come on." Regina rolled her eyes as she lead her girlfriend and their son to the kitchen.

David came back an hour later with 10 cans of different colored paint, loads of paintbrushes and rollers, a bunch of stencils of animals, and Snow in tow.

"Mom?" Emma said in curiosity. "What are you doing here, where's Neal?"

"I asked Belle to babysit. I couldn't miss painting my granddaughter's nursery, besides, with more hands on deck we can finish this faster." Snow said with a smile. Emma smiled at her.

Three hours later, the room was painted, a paint fight had ensued, and everyone except for Regina
was covered in paint.

"No fair!" Emma cried.

"And you think it's fair that my hair gets covered in pastel?" Regina said.

"You cannot use a barrier spell to bounce the paint off of you, that's cheating!" Emma said.

"I never agreed to the paint fight." Regina said.

"You hit me first!" Emma said.

"What are you gonna do cry about it?" Regina asked teasingly.

"M-maybe…" Emma sniffed.

"Oh no oh honey I was kidding I'm sorry…" Regina said, running up to her and kissing her deeply, getting her clothes stained in paint in the process. Suddenly her back was hit with something thick and cold. She turned and saw David and Henry grinning with two empty paint trays. "You-

"Gotcha." Emma chuckled.

"You are dead Swan!" Regina said, picking up an open can of paint and chasing Emma around the room.

"Take it easy preggers!" Emma called as she ran as fast as she could.

"Oh you are going to get it now missy!" Regina cried.

The fight didn't stop until Emma was covered in the pink paint she had been crying about earlier, Snow was in blue (fittingly) and Regina's back was completely mint green. Henry and David were splatters of the rest of the colors they had used.

Regina was laying on the couch with her legs propped up on Emma's lap.

"So you liked your surprise today then?" Emma asked.

"I love it darling." Regina grinned. "You're amazing, you know that?"

Emma blushed and looked down for a moment.

"You are." Regina said again, sitting up and running her fingers through Emma's hair gently.

"It's the least I could do." Emma shrugged.

"It was something I didn't even think about yet." Regina said.

"You had a lot on your plate, we both did." Emma said. "It wasn't even my idea, dad reminded me."

"And you went ahead with it and surprised me in the process." Regina said. "Stop trying to degrade your own gesture. It was the sweetest thing anyone's ever done for me. When Henry was a baby he didn't move into the nursery until three weeks after I adopted him because I had it painted too late, and I had to let it air out because of the paint fumes. You've ensured the same won't have to happen with Amorie. And I love you for it, among so many other reasons."

Emma smiled, still blushing, as she looked up at Regina softly.
"I love you too." She said.

"Good." Regina said as she kissed Emma's cheek. "Because you got me pregnant so now you're stuck with me."

"Pfft." Emma scoffed. "If that was the only criteria for two people sticking together-

"I know, I know." Regina kissed her cheek again. "It was a joke."

"You make bad jokes, but I still love you." Emma said as she kissed her gently. Regina rolled her eyes.

"You hungry?" Emma asked.

"You painted all day I should make dinner." Regina said.

"You've been carrying a baby for months, sit tight." Emma said as she moved the brunette's legs gently to get up. "What do you want?"

"Pizza." Regina said, the answer surprising even herself.

"What?" Emma asked with a confused look.

"I…" Regina blinked. "Have a huge craving for pizza right now."

Emma just grinned at her.

"What?"

"I've just…never been so proud of my little girl before." Emma said.

"If you start crying you're on your own this time." Regina said. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Well in that case I'm ordering." Emma said.

"Don't we have any frozens?" Regina asked.

"David ate them all this afternoon." Emma called out as she went to grab the menu from the kitchen.

"We had three!" Regina said.

"He's got a crazy metabolism." Emma shrugged as she handed Regina the menus. "Pick a place, pick your crust, pick your toppings. I'm gonna go tell Henry the good news."

"That we're having pizza?" Regina asked.

"That we've outnumbered you 3 to 1 in the pizza debate!" Emma said as she ran up the stairs.

"Don't run up the- ugh, why do I even bother?" Regina sighed. "I have three children."

"I want cheesy crust!" Henry yelled down the stairs.

"Ditto!" Emma called before stifling a chuckle.

"Ugh. Why do you agree with these idiots huh?" Regina spoke towards her baby bump. "I thought I'd get you in my corner."
The baby kicked gently.

"Yeah yeah okay." Regina shook her head before she picked up her cell phone. "I'm calling!"

"YES!" She heard the two cheer before hearing the clap of a high five.

"I have never appreciated pizza enough before and I deeply regret it." Regina said around a mouthful of cheesy crust.

"It's cool, we can make up for lost time by having pizza every day from now on." Henry said with a smirk. Regina just stared at him as she chewed, as if she was seriously contemplating what he'd said before swallowing her mouthful.

"No."

"I tried." He shrugged.

"Good effort though." Emma said.

"Thanks." Henry grinned. "Are you feeling better?"

"If I cry, it's because this pizza is too damn good." Emma said. "But I'm okay for now."

The next morning Emma woke up wrapped around Regina, her arm draped over her with her hand resting gently on the baby bump. She woke up slightly, smiling when she found out Regina was still asleep and snuggled into the back of the brunette's neck to go back to sleep. There was no need to wake up so early, or she didn't think so anyway.

"Are you awake?" Regina asked softly.

"I thought you were still sleeping." Emma said into her hair.

"I wanted to, but my stomach feels like it's on fire." Regina groaned. Emma pulled her face out of Regina's hair to frown. "I'm thinking, too much pizza."

"Maybe?" Emma said. "You want a tums or something? Maybe it'll help?"

"Maybe." Regina said. Emma scooted to the side of the bed to get up as Regina rolled her her back.

"I'll get it." Emma said.

"You're amazing." Regina smiled at her. Emma smiled back as she got up and walked around the bed. Just as she was about to pass in front of it, Regina sucked in a sudden deep breath before letting out a loud sneeze. As Emma looked at Regina, her eyes went wide before she ducked to the floor, narrowly missing what seemed like a bolt of lightning that zapped out of Regina, over Emma's head and hitting the wall, scorching it slightly.

"Oh my God!" Regina said as she felt the residual magic buzzing from her hands and nose.

"Emma?!"

"Hi." Emma said meekly as she peeked over the bed, only enough for her forehead and eyes to be visible. Regina let out a sigh of relief.

"I thought I disintegrated you." She said.
"Pfft." Emma got up with a smirk. "It'll take more than a little bolt of-"

"Ah-CHOO!" Regina sneezed again, hearing the loud thump of Emma diving to the floor as another bolt of lightning zapped her.

"Stop that!" Emma said with a frown.

"I'm sorry I swear I have no idea what the hell is happening right now." Regina said, looking at her hands in confusion.

"Magic fever?" Emma said as she got up.

"I'm not sure I even have a fever." Regina said, feeling her own forehead.

"You can never tell yourself." Emma shook her head as she moved to feel Regina's forehead for her. Before her skin even made contact with the brunette's however, a small spark appeared, zapping Emma's hand.

"Ow!" Emma said as she shook her hand in pain. "The hell woman?"

"It's not me I swear!" Regina said.

"This is weird." Emma said.

"I think my body has too much magic coursing through it." Regina said. "What with mine, and Amorie's mixed in…"

"I told you pizza was magical." Emma smirked. "It's having a side effect."

Regina rolled her eyes as Emma leaned down, attempting to peck Regina on the lips, however when she got too close…

_Zap._

"Ow!" Emma said as she rubbed her lips. "Dammit."

"Okay you are not touching me until we sort this out." Regina said.

"I think our baby is trying to kill me." Emma said.

"Don't be crazy." Regina said with a roll of her eyes. "Look it's probably too much surplus magic, think about it, when we kissed, the magic was enough to cause Amorie to kick. She has her own magic, we know this, I used it to track you twice and it's the reason you were a blubbering mess yesterday."

"I do not blubber!" Emma whined.

"Whatever." Regina sighed. "I think between the three of us, we just have too much magic going around to be too close."

"Well you can't say there isn't a spark between us, right?" Emma chuckled. Regina rolled her eyes and reached out to touch Emma, zapping her with magic and making the blonde jump. "Ow!"

"This is a very good trick." Regina grinned.

"Yeah? You wait till you're horny again and that baby bump's too big for you to reach down there,
then tell me it's a good trick." Emma said.

"I did not need to hear that." Henry said as he opened their bedroom door, his hand covering his eyes. "I heard screams, what's happening."

"If you're covering your eyes why did you come here?" Emma asked.

"Because I'm a concerned son who does not want to be traumatized but would like to know his mothers are okay." Henry answered. "Now is anyone naked?"

"No." Emma and Regina answered at the same time. He dropped his hand and walked in, looking at the scorch marks on the wall warily.

"The hell did you two do in here?" He asked.

"Nothing." Emma answered.

"I sneezed." Regina shrugged.

"Your mom is electric, don't touch her." Emma said.

"What?" Henry asked.

"There's way too much surplus magic going on son." Regina said. Henry stepped close to Regina and experimentally held a hand close to her, nothing seemed to happen, and he was able to touch Regina's shoulder just fine. He gave Emma a weird look and she shrugged

"Maybe it wore off?" She said as she place her hand on Regina's other shoulder with no problem.

"I guess so." Regina said. Henry shrugged and removed his hand.

Suddenly there was a blast of light from where Emma and Regina were connected, and Emma was sent flying into the dresser.

"Ma!" Henry called as he ran over to her. Regina sat up in the bed suddenly.

"Emma?!" she said in concern.

"Ow…" Emma said meekly.

"Are you okay?" Henry asked as he helped her up.

"Which one of you is asking?" Emma said as she rubbed her head.

"Henry get her some ice for…everywhere." Regina cringed. Henry nodded and ran out of the room to the kitchen "Emma, sweetie, can you get up?"

"Mmm five more minutes mama." Emma whined.

"Well that's disturbing." Regina muttered. "Emma no don't close your eyes. You could have a concussion."

"Okaaayyy." Emma whined.

"Please sit up…please." Regina pleaded. "Sweetie I can't help you it'll only make it worse. I need you to sit up for me okay?"
"Ugh." Emma groaned as she slowly moved as best she could into a sitting, or well, slouching position against the dresser.

"My head hurts." She whined as Henry came in with a few ice packs, immediately holding one to the back of her head.

"Does anywhere else hurt Emma?" Regina asked.

"I…" Emma tried to focus really hard. "Can't tell."

"What?" Regina tried to understand.

"Mom." Henry said with slight fear in his eyes. Regina tore her eyes off of Emma’s face for a moment long enough to see her son's face as he showed her the cloth that was a barrier between the ice and Emma's head. Regina's blood ran cold at the suddenly dark red color of the usually white cloth.

"Emma?!" Regina said. But when she looked back to the blonde, she was out cold.

Chapter End Notes

#SorryNotSorry
A/N: I genuinely hope you guys have as much fun reading this chapter as I have had writing it because oh my god.

Enjoy! :D

Regina and Henry sat in the waiting room of the hospital, Regina with her hands rubbing at her temples. Henry was trying to console her with a silent hand on her shoulder. But as much as she wanted it to, it couldn't anchor her. Not when the connect that Amorie gave her with Emma was showing her nothing but darkness. It was the same darkness that she'd sensed when Hook had knocked Emma out cold. But this time, much to Regina's dismay, the empty darkness surrounding Emma's presence seemed stronger.

"Regina!" Snow called out as she and David ran into the waiting room, pulling her out of her self-destructive thoughts.

"Snow." Regina said as she got up. Snow immediately wrapped her arms around the taller brunette in comfort as Henry ran to his grandfather.

"What happened?" Snow asked as she pulled away.

"It was an accident." Regina began, a little fearful of the shorter woman's reaction.

"I have no doubt about that." Snow reassured her. "Now tell me what happened."

"My magic is a little out of control, with the pregnancy." Regina said, tears welling up in her eyes as she explained. "I guess mine and Amorie's was too much when coupled with Emma's. Every time she touched me it like…shocked her a little I guess. But then Henry touched me and it was fine, and then Emma put her hand on my shoulder. It blasted her into the dresser."

"It's okay." Snow hugged the taller woman again. "It'll be okay. Emma's been through worse and made it out strong."

"I still don't understand how she was able to touch you while I was there but the second I removed my hand…" Henry finished off his sentence with a small explosion noise from his mouth and a hand gesture to signify the blast.

"Maybe you acted like some kind of neutraliser." David said. "Like…like you know how we always tell you not to touch any electricity without shoes on?"

"Yeah?" Henry said.

"That's cause the rubber of the shoes would neutralise the electricity that could otherwise shoot through you and electrocute you." David said. "It grounds you. Maybe that's what happened with your moms. Maybe while you were in contact with Regina, her magic was grounded because you're a non-magical force, so when she was in contact with you and Emma at the same time, their magic wasn't a problem because you were grounding them."
"Gramps that was the smartest thing I've ever heard you say." Henry said.

"If our daughter wasn't out cold in a hospital bed right now, that would have been sexy." Snow said. David smirked at her while Henry and Regina made grossed out faces at each other.

"Well that does make sense David, yes." Regina said. "But it doesn't help the fact that Emma is-"

"In a coma." Whale came in behind her

"What?!" Regina shrieked at him as she turned around.

"Bad timing?" Whale said with a scared face.

"I will kill you." Regina growled.

"She doesn't mean that." Snow added.

"You sure about that?" Whale asked.

"No one is." Regina said.

"I am." Snow said.

"Snow-"

"Regina, hush." Snow said. "Whale, what's going on with my daughter?"

"She's in a coma." Whale said. "There's some swelling in her head and she looks pretty banged up, she had some internal bleeding but we were able to fix it up. The coma we induced, because the swelling would be dangerous otherwise."

"Do you know when she'll wake up?" Regina asked.

"Well we can't be sure, however the swelling in her brain wasn't too severe according to the MRI, so I'm confident that she'll wake up in maybe a couple of days." Whale said.

"Well as long as you're confident." Regina sneered.

"Regina." Snow warned before she turned to the doctor. "Thank you Whale."

"I'll keep you guys updated on her condition, in the mean time if you'd like to, you can go and see her." Whale said before he stepped away.

"I should have his medical license for that stunt." Regina said.

"Making enemies won't wake Emma up any faster Regina." Snow said. "I know you're worried, and I agree Whale could stand to have a bit more tact but…"

"The guy tried to resurrect his dead brother, how much tact can you expect?" David said.

"Fair point." Regina sighed before she rubbed her eyes with the balls of her hands. "I put Emma in a coma…"

"Hey, it's not your fault." David said. "Accidents happen."

"Yeah mom, come on." Henry said, hugging her side. "Stop blaming yourself."
Regina put an arm around Henry and nodded. "Thank you, all of you."

"Come on, let's go see her." Snow said. Regina sighed but pushed back her nerves and nodded.

Emma was laid out in a bed in a private room when they came in. Regina sighed as she saw her out cold. Snow immediately went up and kissed Emma's forehead.

"Hi sweetie." She said, wishing so much her daughter could answer her back. But she wasn't worried. Emma was the most resilient person she'd ever met, and she knew her daughter would overcome this. Henry took Emma's hand on the other side.

"Hey ma."

"Regina?" David asked the brunette who seemed to be hovering as far away from the bed as the room would allow.

"I can't touch her." Regina said with tears in her eyes. "I'll only make it worse."

Everyone wanted to refute it, but after Regina's explanation it was hard to do so. But then Henry moved away from the bed and towards her, gently taking Regina's hand.

"No you won't." He said with a smile. Suddenly Regina realised what he was doing and smiled at him, kissing him on the cheek.

"You're such a good boy." She said. He blushed a little before pulling her closer to the bed. Snow stepped away as he brought Regina closer to the blonde. Regina gripped her hands son tightly as she reached out hesitantly to touch her. But nothing happened when their skin made contact, and she took a deep sigh of relief.

"I'm so sorry." She practically sobbed.

"Regina…" Snow said, placing her hand on the taller woman's shoulder. "She'll be okay."

Regina nodded and sighed. "I know."

They had been sitting in the hospital room for a couple of hours now, silent for most of it. Regina was on a chair next to Emma's bed with Henry standing next to her and David and Snow were on a set of chairs on the other side. They didn't know why they were just sitting there, watching Emma sleep indefinitely. It was the fifth or sixth time that Regina was tempted to kiss the blonde, just in case it was all she needed to wake up. But then she'd remember, it wasn't the magic that knocked her out, and it wouldn't be what wakes her up. True Love's Kiss wouldn't reduce the swelling in her head. She sighed, gently taking Emma's hand, confident in the action thanks to Henry's hand on her shoulder.

Snow got up suddenly. "Okay, how about I go to Granny's and get us some food?"

"Thank you Snow but, don't bother getting anything for me." Regina answered.

"You're pregnant with my granddaughter, you're going to eat if I have to force feed you." Snow said. Regina looked up at her and for the first time in history, didn't dare argue with Snow White.

"I'll come with you." David said.

"No, sweetie it's fine." Snow said. "Stay here, keep Regina and Henry company."
"You sure?" David said.

"I can handle a few food containers." Snow said with a smile. David nodded and Snow leaned down to give him a soft kiss before she grabbed her purse and left the room.

"Hey mom." Henry said with a small smirk.

"What?" Regina said, looking up at him. Henry gripped his shoulder just a little tighter and smiled.

"You're grounded."

David looked at him for a second before he started laughing and Regina rolled her eyes.

"You have your mother's ridiculous sense of humour." She said, fighting off a smile.

"Well it's a good thing you love both of us then huh?" Henry chuckled. Regina rolled her eyes.

"Don't push your luck."

David just chuckled at the banter between the two. He smiled at Henry who winked at him. That was the boy's plan, get him mom talking like she usually does.

"Can I get a hot cocoa from the coffee machine?" Henry asked.

"Sure." Regina said, pulling out a dollar from her purse. "Don't wander off okay?"

"Yeah yeah, don't give birth while I'm gone." Henry teased. Regina rolled her eyes.

"I swear he's turning into her, his hair will go blonde soon." She said to David who chuckled.

"Not a bad thing, is it?" he said. She rolled her eyes.

"The last thing I need is another blonde in my life." She teased him.

"Hey, don't forget that little thing you're carrying in there could turn out as blonde as Emma." He pointed to her baby bump.

"I know, I'm keeping my last blonde spot in reserve for her." Regina said, placing a hand on her bump. Amorie kicked a little hard and Regina cringed in pain.

"You okay?" David asked.

"Just a kick." She explained. He nodded. But then another, harder kick came and Regina actually hissed in pain.

"Easy kiddo." She whispered to the baby, who only kicked harder. "Okay, ow."

"Regina?" David got up and went next to her. She stood up because she thought it would help, holding on to the hand David held out for her.

"I don't know what's-OW!" Regina gasped as she held onto her stomach. "Okay that hurt."

"Regina what's going on?" David asked.

"I don't know, I'm not sure but-" she stopped and gasped as a sudden cramping pain took over the lower half of her torso all around to her back.
"Regina?" David asked.

"David I…" she blew out a breath, trying to breathe through the pain. "I think I'm going into labour."

"I…you…what?" David was on the verge of freaking out and Regina grabbed his hand tightly, painfully so.

"Listen to me man. Emma is out cold in that bed and your wife is not here. If you freak out on me now the first thing this baby will witness is the slow, bloody, painful-" Regina groaned as another contraction took over her and she crushed David's hand further "-death of her grandfather."

"…Okay." David nodded. "But I kind of need my hand so if you could-ow…"

"Sweet holy mother of Christ no one told me it would hurt this much." Regina groaned.

"Yeah me neither." David whined in pain.

"Oh shut up and go get a doctor!" Regina practically shrieked.

"Mom what's going on?" Henry ran in with chocolate on his lip.

"Your mother is giving birth." David said.

"I told you not to do that while I was gone!" Henry freaked out.

"I'm gonna go get a doctor." David ran out.

"I don't know what to do!" Henry said.

"Calm down." Regina tried to breathe through the pain of another contraction, but it was too strong and she bent forward in pain. "Oh god!"

"Mom are you-"

"My water just broke." Regina said with finality. She was always worried she'd never notice. But it was hard not to notice the large amount of water that had just gushed out.

"GRANDPA!" Henry called out.

"What the hell is going on in here?" Whale said as he and David came running in.

"I'm giving birth." Regina said.

"Oh…NURSE!" Whale called out. Two nurses showed up, one with a wheelchair so that they could get Regina to the labour ward.

"I never thought I'd say this but where in the hell is Snow?" Regina said to David as he jogged to keep up with her.

Snow had been walking to Granny's when she got flanked by Blue suddenly as she turned the corner.

"Oh! Hello Blue." She said with a smile.

"Good afternoon Snow." Blue said. "How are you?"
"Oh I wish I was better." She sighed. "Emma's in the hospital."

"Oh no poor dear! What happened?" Blue asked.

"Well you see…" Snow sighed. "There was an accident…she…well Regina's-"

"Oh, say no more." Blue said.

"What?" Snow said.

"That woman has always been trouble." Blue said.

"She's changed." Snow shook her head. "It was an accident, the pregnancy-"

"Made her magic go berserk?" Blue said. "Of course it did. I told you Snow, that baby's magic is too strong."

"It's only temporary until she's born, which is any day now so I think there's no reason to worry. Amorie will be fine. She won't be a danger to anyone." Snow said.

"Oh, no, I'm sure she won't." Blue said with a smile. "She won't get the chance to be."

"Wha-Oof." Snow was suddenly struck on the back of the head with something hard and was out cold in a moment.

"Finally, she shuts up." Blue sighed. "Took you long enough."

"Sorry Love." Hook said with a smirk. "Had to make sure I did it right."

"Oh shut up and just grab her, we have to get going before someone sees us." Blue directed. "God knows why this whole town worships this woman and if we're seen our plan is screwed."

"Don't you have magic?" Hook asked. "Why do I have to do the heavy lifting if you can just poof us out of here?"

"Lazy pirate." Blue muttered as she waved her hand and poofed them out of sight and to the basement of the convent.

"Now are you sure you know the plan?" Blue asked.

"Aye, it's simple, wait around till the Evil Queen pops, and then steal the baby when no one's looking." Hook said. "It's so simple a trained monkey could do it love, why do you keep asking?"

"I wonder…" Blue deadpanned before rolling her eyes. "Okay-"

"Ugh…what…" Snow groaned as she rubbed at her head. Blue quickly flicked her wrist and poofed the brunette into a chair, binding her with ropes, so that she wouldn't be able to fight her way out of there.

"What happened…" Snow groaned. "Blue?"

"I'm sorry about this Snow." Blue said as Snow realised what was happening.

"What are you doing?" she asked in confusion as she saw Hook and Blue standing in front of her.

"You'll understand soon enough." Blue said before she turned to Hook and pulled out her wand and
waved it around a little over him before giving it a little flick. The magical aura the wand expelled washed over him, and soon enough he was standing in front of her not as Hook, but disguised as Snow White. Snow herself looked at him wide eyed as he smirked at her.

"Now go, and don't mess this up." Blue said.

"Have a little faith love." He said, his British lilt absolutely out of place in Snow's voice, as he walked away.

"Blue what the hell are you doing?" Snow asked.

"This would have been easier had you listened to me Snow, but you're just too good, even for your own good." Blue said.

"What are you up to?" Snow demanded.

"That baby is going to give me absolutely everything I want." Blue smirked.

"I told you, Amorie will be able to handle her magic you don't have to take it away!" Snow said. Blue rolled her eyes.

"You gullible idiot." Blue said. "I don't want to take that brat's magic away for her own good. I want to take it for myself."

"Why would you-"

"Because She's a magical baby. Do you know what kind of power that holds? What it could mean for me?" Blue smiled. "I've been trying to get my hands on one of her kind for centuries."

"Blue I don't understand, I thought you were good…I thought-"

"You thought wrong." Blue sneered. "For years I've had to put up with you and that dumb husband of yours, not to mention the rest of this town full of half-wits. I may hate her with my very soul, but I can totally understand why Regina cursed you all to begin with. Problem is she got in the way of my plan. Centuries worth of planning wasted, and set back 30 years! Not to mention I could no longer get my hands on Emma."

"Emma?!" Snow said.

"Duh." Blue rolled her eyes. "The product of true love? I thought she'd be enough! But that was a missed opportunity no thanks to that no good evil queen. Still, she's now carrying the secret ingredient I need, I suppose that's redemption in a way. Won't save her from my wrath when I'm at my full power though. Nothing will."

"You leave Regina and Amorie and Emma out of your evil schemes you witch." Snow gritted her teeth.

"Sorry Snow, my plan's already in motion, all I have to do now is wait till that cow gives birth, and thanks to you I know it'll be very soon." Blue smirked.

"You'll never get away with this Blue. If you think Regina's bad when she's angry, wait till you see what she's like when you mess with her kids. When she's through with you she'll make the dark curse look like a picnic!" Snow said.

"How sweet." Blue said, "But please, I need you quiet before one of those nuns hears you."
She snapped her fingers and a piece of duct tape was suddenly stuck over Snow's mouth.

"Now just sit tight, show will start soon, and I'd hate for you to miss it." Blue said before she poofed out of the basement.

"Regina just breathe." David said, holding onto her hand as she tried to deal with another contraction.

"They're really close together David I think she'll be coming sooner than we think." Regina said as she tried to catch her breath.

"It'll be okay." David reassured her.

"I wish Emma were here." Regina said.

"I know honey, I know." David said. "But you have to focus on Amorie okay? You bring that little girl into the world, Emma will be the happiest person on earth when she wakes up."

"She should be here." Regina sighed as she dropped her had back on the pillow. Suddenly a very strong contraction came and cause Regina to actually scream in pain and screw her eyes shut.

It was hard to focus on it with everything that was going on. But beneath Regina's eyelids, she could slowly start to see a light through the thick darkness that reflected Emma's presence.

Henry was still next to Emma as Regina and David went to the labour ward. He knew he should also be with his other mother, but he felt out of his wits there anyway, so he preferred to stay here with Emma.

Suddenly the blonde's heart monitor started speeding up and he looked up from his book over to the monitor, and then to Emma.

"Ma?" he said softly. Her breathing audibly quickened. "Mom."

"Regina." She muttered in her sleep.

"Ma it's me." Henry said, getting up and taking Emma's hand. "Ma?"

Suddenly her hand clamped down around his and her eyes shot open as she gasped.

"Henry?" she said.

"Ma!" he grinned.

"Regina…where's your mom?" she said as she sat up.

"Mom take it easy, you hit your head. You've been out cold all day." Henry said.

"Where is your mother." Emma asked firmly.

"She…well…she's in labour." Henry said.

"What?!" Emma said before she sat up and tried to get out of the bed.

"Ma no, you need to stay put." Henry said.
"Henry I love you but your mother is giving birth. Now move or be moved." She said.

"Okay okay, just let me get a wheelchair so you don't like pass out again or something and we'll go, okay?" Henry said.

"Fine hurry up." Emma said impatiently.

"Okay." Henry said as he ran out of the room.
“David…” Regina groaned in pain.

“You’re okay.” David said, holding onto the brunette’s hand.

“Emma…” Regina tried to speak through the pain, but the contractions were killing her and she wasn’t able to think straight.

“Sweetie she’ll wake up soon okay? I need you to focus on this.” David said.

“No…I think she…” Regina was about to say but then a strong contraction took over and she was crushing his hand and screaming her lungs out in pain.

“She’ll be okay.” David said. “Just breathe!”

“No you idiot I’m trying to tell you-”

“Regina!” Emma called out as Henry wheeled the blonde as fast as his legs would allow.

“Emma!” Regina said in relief when she saw the blonde awake.

“I’m here.” Emma said, standing up from the wheelchair. Henry gave up trying to convince her to sit down as she came up and took David’s place, holding Regina’s hand.

“You’re awake.” Regina sighed.

“I’m fine, I’m okay.” Emma grinned at her.

“Just in time cause-” Regina said before another contraction caused her to scream and crush Emma’s hand.

“Okay ouch.” Emma squeaked in pain. David patted his daughter’s shoulder sympathetically.

“Ohkay Regina you’re almost ready to pushing.” Dr. Whale said, confused when he came up and Emma was standing next to Regina. “How…?”

“Don’t ask.” Emma said. “Just focus on my girlfriend.”

“Okay.” Dr. Whale said.
“Emma I don’t think I can do this.” Regina sighed.

“You’re joking right?” Emma said. “You carried this baby for so long you’ve dealt with so much of this town’s shit. If anyone can give birth to this baby girl, it’s you. You’ve been a rock star through all of this and you’re going to be all through this and so much more.”

Regina tried to smile at her but suddenly a contraction took over and she was screaming again.

“Breathe baby.” Emma said as Regina came back from it. “Just take a few deep breaths.”

Regina tried to listen to Emma’s instructions as she breathed through the pain, but with the next contraction she felt the magic run through her and she realised too late what was going to happen. Suddenly Emma was shouting out in pain as Regina’s magic zapped her hand, almost burning it. Emma released Regina’s hand for a moment.

“Emma!” David said. “Okay step back I’ll take over.”

“No.” Emma said.

“Emma you can’t touch her you’ll—”

“Like hell I’m going to let someone else stand by Regina’s side as she gives birth to my baby girl. Magic can go suck a dick, it’s not stopping me.” Emma said before she took Regina’s hand again, but even in her pained state, Regina pulled away.

“I won’t hurt you again.” Regina said through gritted teeth.

“Henry!” David said. “Go take your mom’s hand.”

“Huh? Oh!” Henry said when he realised what his grandfather was thinking. He ran around to the other side of the bed and took Regina’s left hand. “Ma! You can take her hand now.”

Emma didn’t need to be told twice, as she grabbed Regina’s hand again, this time the magic not affecting her. She sighed in relief and reached up to push away the hairs from Regina’s forehead and wipe the sweat from her brow.

“You got this babe.” She whispered to her.

“You’re doing great mom.” Henry said with a sure smile.

“You know nothing of childbirth son.” Regina said.

“Okay Regina on three I need you to push okay?” Dr. Whale said. “One.”

“Oh god.”

“Breathe.”

“Two…”

“Emma…”

“You can do this, breathe dammit!”

Regina began breathing quickly.
“Three! Push!”

Regina screwed her eyes shut and pushed with all her might, crushing Emma and Henry’s hands in the process. The magical energy that was emitted from Regina at the point made the air feel electric and the lights to blink but she kept going.

“Okay breathe.” Dr. Whale instructed.

“That was good baby.” Emma encouraged.

“How much longer?” Regina groaned.

“Just breathe, it takes a few times.” Emma said.

“I’m so done with all this already.” Regina said as she steadied her breathing.

“It doesn’t look that hard.” Henry said, getting two matching glares from his mothers.

“You were hell to give birth to.” Emma said.

“I feel like I’m genuinely going to explode.” Regina groaned.

“Shut up.” Emma finished.

“Sorry.” Henry said meekly. David came up to him and put a hand on his shoulder sympathetically.

“Regina here we go again…” Dr. Whale warned.

“Oh God…”

Hook walked into the hospital, to where the nurses had told him (or rather, Snow) Emma was meant to be, but when he got there, the bed was empty. He gritted him teeth but remained calm. He was meant to be Snow white, and that woman was calm in most situations. He went up to the nurse and cleared his throat, hoping his accent didn’t give him away.

“Excuse me?” he said.

“Yes Snow?” one of the nurses smiled up at who she thought was Snow white.

“Where’s sw-uh…Emma?” he cursed himself mentally, having nearly lost his cover.

“Oh, didn’t David tell you? Well he’s probably preoccupied right now. Emma woke up! Henry got a wheelchair and they ran off to the labour ward, Regina’s giving birth apparently.” The nurse explained.

“Is she?” Hook said, a second later giving her a delighted smile.

“You alright?” The nurse asked.

“Just fine, I have to go. Uh…which way to the labour ward again?” he asked.

“Down the hall, to your left.” The nurse explained. “And congratulations.”

“Hmm, oh, right. Thank you.” Hook said, leaving towards the labour ward as fast as he could. He ignored the weird looks they gave him. Seeing Snow white running was not a regular sight.
Regina was pushing again and holding on to Emma and Henry like they were her lifeline. David was at the back of the room close to the door when he turned around and saw Snow seemingly confused. He smiled and stepped out of the room to meet her.

“Hey.” He said.

“Hey.” Hook said, hoping his lilt didn’t slip.

“I’m glad you’re here, Emma woke up and Regina’s giving birth.” David said.

“I can see that.” Snow nodded towards the door.

“Honey can you believe this? We’re getting a granddaughter…I’m so happy.” He said, taking Snow’s hands. Hook gulped, but faked a smile.

“I am too David.”

A second later, David was pulling Snow (or so he thought) into the deepest kiss Hook had ever experienced. Hook was wide eyed, but David wasn’t paying too much attention, being way too into the moment to care.

“Come on, any moment now we’ll get to meet our granddaughter, I wouldn’t want you to miss it.” David said as he took Snow’s hand and pulled her into the room. Hook tried to not be awkward about it. But he’d never seen anyone give birth, and he never thought he’d have to.

Regina was breathing as deeply as she could as Emma kept wiping her forehead, now using a wet cloth they had given her.

“You’re doing great baby.” She said.

“I better because I’m never doing this again.” Regina said in exhaustion. Emma just chuckled. But she couldn’t ignore how pale Regina looked.

“Come on Regina, one last push and this baby’s all yours.” Dr. Whale encouraged.

“Come on baby.” Emma said. “Just one more.”

“Emma I don’t feel so good.” Regina said.

“I know baby, I know. But you’ll be done soon.” Emma said, looking at her concerned. “Just one more.”

Emma tightened the grip on Regina’s hand gently, and Regina looked up at her, giving her a small nod. She took another deep breath and started pushing with all her might. The magic buzzed around her and the lights flickered like her magic was causing a power surge, but she pushed on.

“She’s out!” Dr. Whale announced. Regina stopped pushing and laid back on the bed. Emma smiled at her and kissed her forehead before she went over to see the baby.

“Do you want to cut cord?” Whale asked. She nodded with the biggest grin on her face and followed his instructions. Once that was done, and Amorie was breathing and crying her little lungs out, and the nurses cleaned her off, they wrapped her in a blanket and gently placed her in Emma’s arms.

“Regina…she’s perfect.” She said, looking up at her. But Regina was out cold in bed.

“She’ll be fine ma.” Henry said with a grin. Emma nodded.
“Come meet your sister.”

“Hey kid.” Henry said, pulling down the blanket to be able to see her. Amorie looked up at him with the biggest green eyes he’d ever seen and Emma was sure she was going to cry. She felt a hand on her shoulder as David came up to her and she smiled at him.

“I’m proud of you sweetie.” He said.

“Can I hold her ma?” Henry said.

“Sure kid, just be careful.” She said, gently placing Amorie in his arms. He immediately moved slowly to a chair and sat down so he had better support. Emma went up to Snow with a grin.

“Mom…” she said with tears in her eyes.

“What is it lo-honey?” Hook asked, confused. Emma just wiped a tear away and hugged her tightly. Hook was unsure what to do with his hands at that point so he just left them on her back.

“I’m so glad you didn’t miss this.” Emma said.

“Me neither Emma.” He said. Emma pulled away with a smile and gave her a questioning look.

“You okay?” she asked.

“Just…” Hook shrugged. “I’m just very happy.”

Emma shrugged and moved over to Regina. Hook gritted his teeth but ignored the jealousy bubbling inside him for the task at hand.

“Henry, let me hold her a bit huh?” he said.

“Mom give him a chance, he barely held her.” Emma said

“She’s a newborn, she looks like a potato.” Hook said. “Now give.”

“Mom!” Emma said. “Chill I get you’re excited we all are. You’ll get a chance, just…calm down.”

“Right.” Hook said. “I’ll just go…get some air.”

He stepped out of the room nd quickly went to a secluded area to make a call. Dialling the number, he looked around to make sure no one was watching him or listening in. One wrong move and his cover would be blown.

“Hello?”

“Blue, it’s me.” He said.

“I told you not to contact me unless-”

“The baby’s born.” He cut her off. “Came in just in time to watch her pop it out.”

“Excellent. So you have her?”

“Not yet. But the evil queen is passed out in her bed. Emma is awake. I didn’t count on that.”
“Damn. There’s no way she’ll get her eyes off that damn thing now.”

“I tried to get Henry to pass the babe over but Emma jumped in.”

“You better not screw up Hook. Be tactful.”

“I’m trying here.” He hissed.

“Wait until they take the baby off to the nursery. Then lose the dimwits and get in there.”

“It would be easier if you were here. We could just take the damn baby and get out of here.”

“This was part of the deal Hook. You get me the baby, and I give you what you want.”

“I know, and we’ll both get our ends. Just give me some time.”

“Alright. And watch out for charming, god knows that love sick fool knows every inch of his wife like the back of his hand. One wrong move and he could get suspicious.”

“About that…what you’ve got planned had better be worth this.”

“What happened?”

“Let’s just say we got closer than I’d care to have experienced.”

“Sacrifices must be made dear.”

“Not this kind.”

“Just get me the baby and it will all be worth your trouble.”

“Alright. I’ll call you again when I have her.”

“Good.”

He hung up the phone and shove it into his pocket before turning around long enough to see a nurse walking out of Regina’s room with Amorie in the baby cot. He cursed and walked into the room to see Belle there.

“What’s going on?” he said, mimicking Snow again.

“They took Amorie to the nursery to get weighed and everything, they’ll bring her back during feeding time.” Emma said. “And I asked Belle to come take a look at Regina. I think the magic’s worn her out too much.”

“You’d be right.” Belle said. “See Emma the baby was a big powerful bundle of magic within Regina while she was pregnant.”

“Now that it’s gone, she’s weaker?” Emma asked.

“For some time. She just needs to rest and she’ll regain her strength. I wouldn’t be worried.” Belle smiled. “From what I read mothers giving birth to magical babies back in olden days would rarely survive. I don’t see that that’s the issue with Regina. Did she have some kind of medication given?”

“No she just went into labour.” David answered. “Crushed a couple of hands, swore against childbirth and pushed on.”
“Then, she’s just very strong I guess.” Belle shrugged. Emma grinned proudly. “She’ll be fine, just let her rest until it’s time to feed the baby.”

“You wanna see her?” Emma asked.

“Can I?” Belle grinned. Emma nodded.

“Come on.”

“I’ll come too.” Hook said.

“Mom?” Emma questioned.

“I just want to take a good look at my granddaughter.” He smiled innocently.

“Okay, come on guys.” Emma said, leading them both out of the room and towards the nursery.

“Is it me…” Henry began to his grandfather. “Or is grandma acting weird?”

“It struck me too kid.” David sighed and shook his head. “I kissed her earlier you know-”

“Gross.”

“And it just…wasn’t the same.” David looked off in thought.

“She was fine earlier, before she left to get food.” Henry said. “Which…she never got.”

“I’ll keep my eyes open for anything strange.” David nodded. Henry nodded back in agreement.

Over at the nursery, Emma had just spotted Amorie and was pointing her out to Belle and Snow.

“Gosh Emma, she has your eyes.” Belle said upon getting gazed at by the baby.

“It’s possible they’ll get darker over time, babies do that.” Emma shrugged.

“No love, she really has your eyes.” Hook said, slightly in awe.

“What?” Emma looked at Snow confused.

“What?” Hook said.

“What did you just call me?” Emma asked again.

“Hmm? Oh…Must have slipped out randomly.” Hook shrugged. Emma surveyed her mother.

“You okay?” the blonde asked.

“Just fine.” Hook brushed off again. “So, when do I get to hold my granddaughter?”

“Give it time mom, everyone will get a turn.” Emma smiled.

“Oh…” Belle squeaked.

“Yes, Belle, even you.” Emma smiled at her. “You helped us out a lot through this, you know.”

“It was just flipping through books.” Belle shrugged off.
“Hey, you flipping through those books like a pro let us know she was going to be born sooner than we thought.” Emma said. “It also let us know what to look out for. You’re better than you think you know?”

“Thank Em.” Belle smiled at her. “And I’m happy for you and Regina.”

“Speaking of, I should get back to her, I wanna make sure she’s okay.” Emma said.

“Oh, I’ll come with you, I think I have a recipe for some kind of elixir that might make her feel better. I’m not sure, but I might have all the ingredient in my shop.” Belle said.


“Oh I’ll uh.” Hook stumbled. “I’ll stay here, I’d like to watch Amy a bit more.”

“Amorie.” Emma corrected.

“Right.”

“Okay.” Emma shrugged. “We’ll see you later.”

“Right.” Hook nodded.

Emma and Belle walked away, Emma with a confused look on her face.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Belle asked.

“Mom is acting weird.” Emma said.

“She’s probably got a million things running through her mind right now.” Belle said. “I wouldn’t worry.”

“Did you hear what she called me earlier though?” Emma said. “No one called me that besides…”

“Emma.” Belle stopped her in her tracks and took her hands. “You need to take a deep breath and calm down. You’ve only just woken up from a coma and you watched your girlfriend give birth. You’re probably just over thinking a lot. It’s natural to be worried about everything right now, but just take a deep breath, and focus on your family.”

“You’re right.” Emma shook her head. “I just can’t believe all of this.”

“It’s fine, come on, let’s get to Regina.” Belle said. “She needs to be awake and have the energy to be able to feed Amorie.”

“Are you sure this will work?” Emma asked Belle as she mixed up all of the ingredients in a bowl.

“It says here this elixir restores the health and energy of those who have recently passed through a large strain caused by magical exertion.” Belle said. “And as strange as it sounds, Amorie’s birth qualifies. It wasn’t the childbirth that wore Regina out…”

“Are you sure cause-” Emma was about to argue.

“I’m positive. From what you told me, she actually had a very easy labour.” Belle said. “Was Henry that easy?”
“Hell no.” Emma shook her head.

“Hey.” Henry pouted at her.

“Sorry kid.” Emma messed his hair up a little. “But you were insanely difficult.”

“Pfft, awesome isn’t easy to give birth to Ma.” He said as he fixed his hair. Emma chuckled.

“No it is not.” She said. Belle rolled her eyes.

“But that proves my point. The reason Regina passed out so quickly after was because Amorie’s magic was present in Regina’s while she was pregnant, and as surplus as it was, it’s still a sudden huge loss of magical energy.” Belle said as she mixed the last ingredients in. “This should wake her up.”

“Let me give it to her.” Emma said. She approached Regina and adjusted her bed so that she was sitting up slightly. She gently lifted her head up off the pillow and gently opened her mouth. Belle handed out the bowl with a spoon and Emma picked up a spoonful, gently pouring it into Regina’s mouth. Upon feeling the liquid in her mouth, Regina’s reflexes caused her to swallow. In a second her skin colour seemed to come back instantly and her eyes were fluttering open.

“Emma?” she spoke softly.

“Hey.” Emma smiled at her. “How are you feeling?”

“Good.” Regina said as she blinked to re-orientate herself. “What did…What happened?”

“You passed out just after-”

“I gave birth.” Regina finished her sentence.

“Yeah.” Emma nodded with a chuckle. Regina grinned up at her. “I’m so proud of you babe.”

“Well where is she?” Regina asked.

“They took her to the nursery.” Emma said.

“I’ll go ask the nurses to get her.” David said with a smile towards Regina. She smiled back at him in thanks before she sat up in the bed. Emma adjusted the back so that she was comfortable and sat on the edge of the bed next to her.


“Babe.” Emma shook her head.

“Oh come on, you can tell me. She looks like you doesn’t she? You have stronger cheekbones.” Regina pointed out.

“Henry was the one who paid attention to that kind of detail.” Emma said. “To me…newborns always just look weird and like they hate everything.”

“I think she looks like you mom.” Henry said. “But she has Ma’s eyes, and I think I saw a tuft of blonde hair, it was hard to tell cause it was slicked down. But she definitely look like you.”

“See there you go.” Emma said with a grin. “And for the record, I may have good cheekbones, but you do too, and you have the stronger jawline.”
“Well I think she looks like she’s gonna be a badass.” Henry said.

“How did you even wake up?” Regina asked Emma.

“I don’t know.” Emma shrugged. “But given everything, would you be surprised if I said the magic probably had everything to do with it?”

“No.” Regina shook her head. “No I would not.”

“Well.” Henry began. “I don’t think it matters. Magic or not we’re here, she’s born, we’re happy. I think we should focus on that.”

“What!?” they heard an exclamation from outside.

“Dad?” Emma asked. She looked to Regina who shrugged in confusion before getting up off the bed and towards the door. She opened the door to see a confused and panicked David turning around to look at her. He was talking to a nurse who looked equally worried and panicked. She felt it deep within her gut that something was wrong and something told her that this was about Amorie.

“Emma…” David said. “Amorie’s gone…”

Chapter End Notes

A/N: DUN DUN DUUUUNNNN.
"Emma..." David said. "Amorie's gone..."

"What the fuck did you just say?" Emma said, looking at David, daring him to repeat his words.

"I...she..." David stammered.

"What do you mean gone?!" Regina said.

"She's not in her cot in the nursery." The nurse standing behind David said fearfully. "And according to the other nurses, the last they saw her was...with Snow White."

"What?" Emma said in confusion.

"A nurse saw her go into the nursery and see her, but that's the last anyone saw." The nurse explained.

"And no one thought to keep an eye on her?!" Regina demanded.

"Well we figured...you know it is Snow, what's the worst that could-"

"The worst that could happen is she wasn't herself!" Emma cut her off angrily. "You know how magic works, rules are there for a reason."

"Emma what are you saying?" David asked. "Do you think your mother-"

"Look all I know is that our daughter is missing and mom was acting weird. Either she was being manipulated or...Or..."

"Or someone was disguised as her." Regina finished. She sat up, making a move to get out of the bed.

"Regina no, stay in bed." Emma said. "I'll handle this okay?"

"Like hell. My daughter is missing-"

"Our daughter." Emma corrected her. "And you're not strong enough. Last thing I need is something happening to you."

"Swan." Regina warned.
"Please. Just stay put." Emma said. "I promise I'll call you if I need you okay?"

"Emma…" Regina pleaded. Emma sighed and went back up to Regina, kissing her softly and pressing their foreheads together.

"I promise, everything will be okay. But I need to to stay here so I know you're not in any danger." Emma said.

"I just…" Regina sighed.

"I know. It will be okay. We always come out of these things okay, you know we do." Emma said, "If anything happens you call me right away, alright?" Regina said.

"I promise." Emma said. "And I'll keep you updated."

"Okay." Regina nodded. Emma kissed her deeply in haste before she ran out of the room.

"Dad come on!" she called. David turned and ran out after her, leaving Henry and Regina in the room.

"Don't worry mom, ma and gramps got this, they always do." Henry tried to keep his mother calm. Regina gave him a smile through her worried look as she ran a hand through his hair and pulled him in to kiss his forehead.

"Emma wait!" David called for the fifth time as she sprinted out of the hospital.

"What?!" Emma screamed at him.

"Where are we going?" David asked. "How do you even know where Amorie might be?"

"I…I…" Emma was at a loss and about to panic when suddenly she felt the fear and turmoil that Amorie must have been feeling, and then it was like she was mentally being transported somewhere else. She could smell hay, and wet dirt, but she couldn't see clearly past a few feet. Beyond that all she could see was a silhouette coming closer. The figure itself wasn't moving, but she was. She was being carried towards the figure.

"I've done as you asked." She heard a voice say. It sounded like Snow, but there was a lilt in her voice she couldn't get past. "Now give me what I was promised."

"Soon. The ritual must be done first. Now hand me the child."

The scene moved again, and the silhouette became clearer and clearer. Amorie started crying, Emma could almost feel the screams erupt from her chest. And suddenly, the silhouette's face became clear. Blue.

"That shady bitch!" Emma roared before she turned on her heel and ran out of the hospital.

"Where are we going?" David yelled after her as he chased her.

"The barn!" Emma said as she jumped into her bug, waiting for her dad before she floored the gas.

Henry sat with Regina, trying to distract his worried mother. When suddenly she gasped and threw...
her head back as the vision of Amorie's location came to her. She smelled the scents, heard the noises, the voices. And then Blue's face came into focus, and when she came to, she was so enraged, Henry swore he saw little flames in her eyes.

"Mom what's wrong?" Henry asked her.

"That shady bitch." Regina growled. "Henry help me up."

"But ma said-"

"Henry Daniel Mills. I raised you for ten years. I fed you, I clothed you, I gave you an education and the possibility of a future. I am your mother. I have just given birth three months ahead of time and I'm pretty sure my hormones are still out of check. My daughter, your sister is in danger and I know the bitch who's up to it. Now god dammit help me up and get my clothes. I have a fairy to set on fire."

"Okay" Henry said simply after a beat, terrified that his mom might actually walk over him if he stood in her way a second longer.

Once she was out of bed and dressed, Regina looked at her son.

"Okay are you ready?" she asked.

"For what?" Henry asked slowly, unsure what she meant.

"Well for me to teleport us, obviously." Regina said.

"Mom are you sure that's a good idea? You used up a lot of magic giving birth." Henry said in concern.

"The elixir Emma gave me helped. I feel fine." Regina said. "Now come on."

Henry shut his eyes, preparing himself for the unnatural transition from one place to another. Magic was not his favourite way of travelling, but over the years he'd gotten used to the nausea. Still, even after a minute, there wasn't that usual feeling of weightlessness that came with being poofed away in a giant purple cloud. So he opened one eye to look at his mother who was furiously shaking her hands.

"Mom?" he asked.

"It's not working." Regina said in mild panic. "My magic isn't working!"

"Okay, calm down." Henry said.

"Calm down?! How are we going to get to your sister?" Regina demanded. Henry smirked at her.

"I have an idea."

"Henry this is a bad idea!" Regina said as Henry climbed into the driver's seat of his grandfather's truck.

"You got any better ones?" He called from the open window.

"How do you even know how to break into a car?!" Regina asked.
"Ma was a thief, grams was a bandit, it runs in the family!" Henry shrugged.

"Well you know what you're-"

"You're not gonna ground me for helping save my baby sister. Now come on, get in." Henry said.

"This is a bad idea." Regina called as she moved to get in the truck. Looking at him dead in the eyes when she got in next to him. "Very bad."

"Relax, gramps taught me how to drive this thing like a pro." Henry said, leaning down under the seat and pulling at a couple of wires.

"How do you know how to hotwire a car?!" Regina demanded.

"Ma." Henry said.

"I am going to have a few choice words for your mother when this is all over." Regina said. Suddenly the truck roared to life and Henry gripped the steering wheel.

"Let's get this show on the road!" He called excitedly.

"Do not be happy about this!" Regina said sternly. "We're only doing this out of necessity and for god's sake put on your seatbelt!"

"No one likes a backseat driver mom." Henry complained as he clipped his seatbelt into the buckle.

"No one likes and underage one either but here I am dealing with it, now drive. Carefully." She said as she silently tried to cast a protection spell on the truck.

"What are we waiting for?" Hook said impatiently, still uncomfortable in his Snow White getup. "They'll realise she's gone soon!"

"The moon needs to be in the right position." Blue said, gently placing a crying, fussy Amorie into a basket.

"Can't you shut her the hell up?!" Hook seethed. "If anyone hears us we're done for!"

"Calm down, captain." Blue said, magically conjuring a pacifier and using it to quiet Amorie down. "This is the last place they'd look."

"Is it?" Hook said. "We don't know what that baby's capable of."

"Not much, considering she's a newborn." Blue deadpanned. "Now stop complaining and go keep watch, I need to prepare. It's almost time."

"Finally." Hook muttered as he turned and went to watch the door.

"Yes…Finally." Blue smirked. "Finally after centuries of hard work, the fruit of my labour will come to be."

"Are you just going to yammer to yourself?" Hook asked.

"Silence you blithering fool." Blue seethed. "You have no idea how long I've waited for this moment. I endured era after era of cults to achieve this. Had to put up with generation after maddening generation. Grant their wishes, watch them get their happy endings while I sat disguised..."
as the good fairy. Ugh. I was even disgusting myself at one point. Now it's my turn."

She looked up with a smile at the moon.

"It's time."

She pulled out her wand and stood in the middle of the barn, where the moon's light reflected onto her. Suddenly she started muttering something in what seemed to Hook to be an ancient language. It sounded dark, simply by the way she hissed out the pronunciations. He decided to look away as she worked. Just in time to see a speeding car come towards them. A yellow bug, to be exact.

"Crap. BLUE!"

"Silence you fool!" she shouted.

"Silence this, bitch." Emma shouted as she ran into the barn, catching Blue off guard with a blast of magic and knocking her off her feet.

"Ah. The saviour." Blue said nonchalantly.

"Give me my daughter and I won't beat the shit out of you." Emma said haughtily. She turned to Snow, or it looked like Snow, but she knew it wasn't. "And my mother."

"I'm right here Emma!" Hook faked. "Just let Blue work, she knows what she's doing."

"Save it, I don't know who you are but you sure as hell aren't my mother." Emma said. Hook shut up immediately as the blonde turned back to Blue. "And you. I should have known you were a shady bitch this whole time."

"Yes you're quite perceptive saviour, unfortunately it will do nothing to help you, or your daughter." Blue said, suddenly whipping her wand in Emma's direction and blasting her against the wall. "I should thank you really, you and that no good Evil Queen of yours."

"Don't you dare hurt my daughter." Emma groaned as she got up.

"Oh this won't hurt at all." Blue said innocently. "I mean sure she'll die, but it'll all be painless."

Emma tried to blast Blue again, but the fairy seemed to be getting stronger, faster. She was suddenly blasted into the wall again, her head colliding with a wooden beam. Her vision became blurry, and the last thing she saw before her world went dark was a burst of light.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

A/N: A fair warning to all of you. This is the chapter before the last!

I hope you've enjoyed this story so far and if you'll allow me to give you a spoiler: This story has a happy ending.

Enjoy!

She was suddenly blasted into the wall again, her head colliding with a wooden beam. Her vision became blurry, and the last thing she saw before her world went dark was a burst of light.

"Mom are you okay?" Henry asked, chancing a glance at Regina when he seemed to get disorientated. "Mom?"

"Just watch the road." She said, trying desperately to reach within the depths of her mind to find her connection to Emma. She was fading, just like she did when she had lost consciousness. "And hurry!"

"Mom?"

"Henry floor it!" Regina shouted as he hit the accelerator as far as it would go, trying to keep the steering wheel steady.

"Are you okay?" He asked again.

"I'll be fine when we get to Emma and Amorie." She answered finally. He gritted his teeth. He knew then something must have happened to one of them.

"Blue don't do this." David said, having stepped in front of Amorie to stop the fairy from doing whatever she was going to do.

"And what are you going to do, charming? Bore me to death?" she said with an evil grin. "Now get out of my way, unless you want to end up like your beloved daughter."

"Blue no." David said.

"Let me make myself clear, pretty boy." Blue said. "I'll get what I want. Even if I have to wipe out this whole town to do it. And there's nothing you can do to stop me."

"Maybe not but I can." Regina's voice suddenly came clear through the barn as Blue was zapped away by a red burst of light.

"Ma!" Henry shouted as he went over to Emma.
"Regina..." Emma muttered under her breath as she fought to stay conscious.

"Ma we're here." Henry said. Regina looked over to David, who had picked Amorie up gently. Once she saw her daughter was safe, she ran over to Emma.

"Emma?" She said softly. She could barely hear her breathing, she could barely feel that she was alive. "Damn it Swan I'm not losing you."

She held her palm out and open over Emma, channeling all the light magic she could find within herself to make it heal.

"Come on Emma..." she pleaded, trying to cast all of her magical energy into the blonde to get her to wake up.

"Regina!" David warned as Blue began to move.

"I almost got her." Regina said, not realising what was happening.

"Regina move!" David called. All of a sudden a dark ray of magic was coming towards Regina at a blazing speed. She would have realised all too late, but Suddenly Emma's eyes shot open, grabbing Regina's hand and with her free one sending a wave of white light towards blue, casting her own dark magic towards her. Blue cast a shield, sending the magic spiraling every which way away from her as Emma and Regina stood up.

"Henry, dad, get out of here." Emma said.

"What?" David said "but-"

"Listen to her, this isn't gonna be pretty." Regina said, casting a smirk towards the blonde.

"You think you can defeat me?" Blue said, hovering just above the ground. "I've been alive for centuries! My magic is some of the oldest around. The most powerful."

"Yeah yeah, maybe when you're done being so melodramatic we can exchange cosmetic notes." Regina rolled her eyes.

"But you're wrong about one thing Blue. There's magic more powerful than yours will ever be." Emma said.

"Hah, yours?"

"Nope." Emma smiled as she reached over and gently took Regina's hand. The brunette smiled at her and gave her a nod.

"Ours."

Suddenly they threw a palm out each, sending spirals of red and white to be tied into each other as they flew towards blue, sending her flying into the barn wall opposite them. Their magic wrapped itself around the fairy like rope, restraining her. It drained her of all her energy, suddenly aging her to show how long she'd really been alive. When she was not much more than a skeleton, they stopped, approaching her slowly.

"Where's my mother?" Emma asked. The fairy, or what was left of her, had no energy to speak. All she could do was wiggle her fingers around until a small spark of magic came through, teleporting Snow to the barn.
"What the?" Snow said as she looked around.

"Mom!" Emma said, running towards her and hugging her. "I was so worried."

"What happened?" Snow said, looking over at the husk that used to be her fairy godmother and gasping.

"She tried to kill Amorie." Emma gritted her teeth.

"She tried to kill all of us." Regina said, sneering at the fairy before she looked at Emma.

"Do it." Emma said. "Before she hurts anyone else."

Regina nodded before she reached into Blue's chest and pulled out a shriveled, black heart. She almost laughed at the irony of how long she'd waited for this moment. But now the tables had turned. She squeezed, and the heart offered little to no resistance before crumbling to ash, followed by the husk of a fairy that suddenly disappeared into the wind.

"Hey what about me?" Hook called, still stuck in his Snow getup.

"Uhm." Snow said in confusion. Regina gritted her teeth.

"It takes a seriously heinous person to pretend to be Snow and kidnap my daughter. It also means you must have a death wish." She said as she approached the impostor. "Time to see who you are."

"I-I-." Hook stammered as Regina flicked her wrist, removing the glamour spell and bringing Hook back into his true form.

"Hook?!" Emma demanded.

"You slimy piece of-" Regina gritted her teeth.

"Wait…" David called. "If you were Snow when Amorie was born then…who did I kiss?"

Emma, Regina, Henry and Snow all looked at David with wide eyes and varying forms of disgust on their face as Hook silently prayed for the earth to swallow him whole.

"Okay, well…Repressing that seriously disgusting bit of detail." Regina said as she turned back to Hook.

"Emma…love?" He said nervously.

"Regina." Emma placed her hand gently on the brunette's shoulder.

"Are you serious?" Regina said.

"Just let me handle this, okay?" Emma said. Regina sighed and nodded. Emma went up to Hook, who smiled at her.

"I was only trying to win you back." He said.

"Fuck you, pirate." Emma said as she punched him right in the nose. "That's for kidnapping me months ago."

"I'm sorry alright I-OOF." he tried to plead as she punched him again. "That's for kidnapping my mother!"
"Should we stop her at any point?" Snow muttered to Regina.

"I think we should let her vent out her frustration, it's healthy." Regina smirked.

"This is for kidnapping my daughter!" Emma shouted as she punched him repeatedly until he was on the ground. Regina at this point had turned around and was gushing over Amorie.

"And-" *kick* "this-" *kick* "is for-" *kick* "being a shitty person in general-" *kick*.

"Emma, darling?" Regina called over. Emma stopped wailing on Hook with a huff as she turned around to see Regina holding Amorie and smiled. "I think you can stop now."

"Dad, cuff him and take him to station." Emma said as she dusted herself off before going up to Amorie and Regina, kissing the brunette on the forehead before playing with her daughter, who smiled up at her with bright eyes.

"She looks like you." Emma said.

"She's a newborn." Regina said. "Let's wait a bit."

They returned to the hospital to make sure Amorie, Regina and Emma were all alright, and Whale was astounded to find that even Emma's previous injuries had all been healed thanks to Regina's magic. Regina had regained all her strength through the elixir she'd been given earlier, and Amorie was stronger and healthier than any new born Whale had ever seen before.

"Magic is going to run me out of a job." He said as he signed all of the discharge papers and sent them home with just a fair warning to "take it easy."
A/N:

Here it is guys. The very last and final chapter of this fic.

This fic took approximately 1 year, 7 months and two days to write. And let me tell you I loved every bit of it.

I would like to thank my friend Lexi, for reading these chapters and helping me by giving me a few ideas and fangirling with me over all the cute shit that's happened this whole time.

I would like to thank my sister, Corinne. She doesn't ship Swan Queen but she still supported my insanity and actually gave me a few ideas about this chapter in particular.

But most of all, I want to thank YOU.

You who have read this story from the start.
You who have reviewed on every chapter and made me remember WHY I write fics.
You who have put up with my impromptu hiatuses when my brain just wasn't doing it.
You who constantly refreshed to check for updates.
You who supported me, and encouraged me throughout this whole process.

I cannot express how much I love you guys, how much I appreciate every single one of you.

This will NOT be my last fic, for sure. (no really I have over 20 lined up I may have a problem)

THANK YOU. AND ENJOY.

One Year Later.

"Are you sure about this?" Regina said as she picked up Amorie from her high-chair. She had sauce all over her face, because she had apparently inherited Emma's eating habits, Regina confirmed as she saw Emma sloppily wipe her face with a napkin that turned from white to red in less than a minute. She rolled her eyes as Emma smiled at her innocently.

"Of course." She said as she gulped down her water. "We haven't been out on a date since Amorie was born."

"Not unless you count impromptu meals at Granny's." Regina pointed out.

"Pfft." Emma scoffed.
"What?" Regina asked with a smirk.

"Granny's isn't a date," Emma said. "You're way too classy for Granny's to be a date, especially when you add Henry and Amorie in the mix."

"Hey!" Henry said from across the table with a face full of sauce. "I can be classy as heck!"

"Hey kid, you got some face on your sauce there." Emma said with a chuckle as she tossed him a napkin. Regina was trying to not laugh, for fear of condoning the behaviour, but she couldn't help it. "And no offense kid, but I think your mom and I deserve some alone time huh?"

"If it means I don't have to watch you two be gross, go nuts." He said. "You want me to babysit?"

"No!" both his mothers said at once before looking at each other.

"We mean..." Regina dragged out.

"We already asked your gram and gramps." Emma said.

"And they're happy to have both of you over!" Regina said with a grin.

"Yeah, it would be way more fun anyway, you'd hate having to here alone with a baby." Emma said.

"You don't trust me do you?" Henry crossed his arms.

"Well I mean..." Regina dragged out, unable to find an acceptable answer.

"If you stay here alone with Amorie you have to change her diaper like twice. Minimum." Emma deadpanned. "And let me tell you from experience, not fun."

"Gross." Henry scrunched his face up. "Let Grams deal with that."

"Glad you agree." Emma nodded. Regina took a breath of relief as he stood up, put his plate in the sink and went off to continue his game.

"That was a close one." The brunette muttered.

"When in doubt, always mention the dirty diapers. He forgets about those." Emma said.

"Good to know, thank you." Regina said, dropping a kiss on top of Emma's blonde head as she tried to burp Amorie. Emma whiffed and covered her mouth and nose.

"Eugh, speaking of dirty diapers." She said.

"Oh." Regina sniffed Amorie a little bit before holding her out at arms length. "Yep, spaghetti is a fast mover."

"Want me to handle it?" Emma asked.

"I got it, thank you." Regina said as she moved to go upstairs to the nursery. "Can you handle dishes?"

"On it!" Emma called back as she moved around the table, picking up the dishes and moving to the sink to start cleaning them up.
"You know…” Regina said as she put on her earrings in the mirror of her vanity. "I would really love it if you could tell me what this 'surprise' of yours was."

"Well then it wouldn't be a surprise would it?" Emma said with a smirk as she fixed her hair in the full body mirror.

"You know I hate surprises." Regina said. Emma sighed and went up to Regina, placing gentle hands on her shoulders as she leaned down to look at her through the mirror.

"I promise, nothing bad is going to happen." Emma said. "I just need you to trust me okay?"

"I do trust you." Regina said. "If I didn't we wouldn't have been together for a year."

"The whole 'true love magic baby' thing kinda also helped." Emma said with a mirthful smile. Regina rolled her eyes.

"It would have probably taken us longer to figure it out but, I bet we would have realised eventually." She said with a smile.

"I don't doubt it for a second." Emma said as she gently kissed Regina's cheek. "You look amazing, by the way."

"You said dress nice." Regina shrugged.

"Yes, but you always blow me away anyway." Emma said as she kissed her cheek again.

"Let's hope for your sake this surprise of yours has a similar effect hmm?" Regina teased.

"Geez way to make a girl nervous." Emma rolled her eyes.

"I'm teasing dear." Regina said, kissing Emma's cheek.

"Finish getting ready, your majesty." Emma shot back with a smirk. She herself was done, so she stepped out of the room and quietly moved over to Henry's room, knocking on his door.

"Come in." He said. She quickly and quietly opened the door to step inside, closing it behind her. "Hey ma."

"Is everything set?" she asked.

"Yeah I got all my video games, a couple comics, do you think I should take a couple DVDs with me too? Gram and gramps don't have many-"

"Not your stuff." Emma cut off. "The set up for the operation!"

"Oh! Yeah, Grams and I got it all covered, all you gotta do is turn up the charm and not screw up." He said with a smile.

"Gee thanks kid." Emma huffed.

"You're nervous." Henry pointed out.

"No kidding." She sighed as she sat down.

"You shouldn't be. It's gonna go great." He said confidently.
"You think so?"

"I know so. Trust me, everything's perfect."

Emma smiled at him and placed a kiss on top of his head. "You're a good kid."

"And you're an awesome mom." He said. "Now how about that DVD?"

"Yeah take a couple, unless you wanna end up watching black and white romantic movies all night." Emma suggested.

"Gross. I'm taking Avengers. And Thor. And all the Iron Mans. And-"

"You're only there for a few hours, go easy." Emma chuckled.

"Fine, Avengers it is." He said as he got up.

"Good choice." Emma said, getting up and kissing him on the head before leaving the room.

"You're sure you have no problem watching them right?" Regina asked for the thousandth time.

"Regina, we've faced dark curses, evil witches, dark curses again and lest we forget, dragons." Snow listed off. "We can handle watching our grandchildren. Now you two go, have fun, enjoy your night, and don't come back until the morning, when I expect to see the biggest grins on your face because you've both done things to each other that you can't talk to me about because it's weird."

"Mom!" Emma paled.

"It's natural in a relationship honey, the first time your father and I-"

"Ew no don't."

"For the love of god stop."

"Nope not listening nuh uh."

Emma and Henry were covering their ears and Regina was holding her hands out ready to cover Snow's mouth to stop her. She smirked at them and rolled her eyes.

"Anyway, my point is. Go and have fun, because you both deserve it." Snow said.

"Thank you, Snow." Regina said, leaning in and giving her a hug. Something she wouldn't have even thought about over a year ago, much less initiated. Snow hugged her back and touched her cheek gently before they parted.

"Wait for me in the car two seconds?" Emma asked.

Regina nodded and slowly began to descend the stairs, and Emma waited until she was outside to look back to her mom.

"Do you have it?" Emma said. Snow nodded, pulling a small black box out of her pocket and handing it to Emma, who hid it in the inside pocket of her suit jacket. "Does it like pop out or anything?"
"No sweetie." Snow said. "Good call on hiding it here by the way."

"Regina knows her house inside and out, there was no way she wouldn't find it." Emma said.

"Everything's set, we took the food and wine up a half hour ago so nothing is spoiled." Snow said with a grin. "Now, are you sure about this?"

"More sure than anything in the world." Emma sighed. Snow grinned and pulled her into a tight hug.

"I'm so happy for you sweetie." She said.

"You're gonna do great." David said as he leaned in and kissed the temple of Emma's head.

"Okay." Emma nodded. "I should go. Can't keep her waiting."

"Good luck." Snow said.

"Turn up that charm that's in your blood." David said with a smirk.

"And stay cool." Henry said. Emma nodded, giving them each a kiss on the cheek before taking a deep breath.

"Okay…here goes everything." She said before turning around and leaving the apartment to go back to Regina. She was able to regain her composure before she got to the car, the chill of the night air helped, and she was cool and collected when she stepped into the yellow bug and clipped on her seatbelt.

"Everything okay?" Regina said.

"Just making sure Mom knows what Amorie's cries mean." Emma lied.

"Mmhmm." Regina narrowed her eyes with a smirk.

"Well what else do you expect me to tell you, Regina?" Emma smirked back. "Even if it did have anything to do with tonight, you're not getting it out of me until the surprise is revealed. Which isn't gonna be long, by the way. So keep your panties on."

"I bet I could get it out of you faster if I didn't." Regina winked. Emma gulped.

"You cannot manipulate me with sex woman that isn't fair." She said.

"I would never." Regina said in faux innocence.

"I'm sure." Emma smiled at her as they drove off.

"So no blindfold or anything?" Regina said teasingly.

"You hate surprises, I'm trying to keep this low key for you." Emma admitted outright.

"What do you mean?" Regina asked.

"Well I mean you hate surprises so…Nothing big you know? No blindfolds, no clues, no notes telling you to meet me at a nondescript mysterious location…Nothing anxiety-inducing." Emma shrugged.

Regina tilted her head as she studied Emma, who was carefully watching the streets, even though
they were empty. In the past year, Emma had not only become a better mother. She'd become more attentive to her. For the first time in Regina's life she felt like there was someone who knew her inside out but she welcomed it rather than feared it. Emma was attentive to her insecurities and made sure she didn't push them. She protected her more than the walls she'd built up around herself ever had. In the back of her mind, she felt she already knew this, but it was in this moment that Regina had the sudden realisation that, despite her earlier reservations, she was ready to spend the rest of her life with Emma.

"You okay?" Emma said with a soft smile towards her. Regina had been so caught up in her own thoughts she hadn't even realised that Emma had stopped the car and was looking at her expectantly for a reaction.

"Hmm? Oh." Regina smiled at her. "I'm perfect."

"Well okay then." Emma said with a grin as she unclipped her seatbelt.

"Where are you going?" Regina asked.

"We're here." Emma said as she opened Regina's door with a smile. "M'lady."

Regina chuckled as she unclipped her seatbelt and let Emma take her hand as she stepped out of the car. She looked around the surroundings and gave Emma a questioning look.

"The library?" She asked.

"No…" Emma sing-songed. "It's what's above the library."

"The…" Regina looked toward the top of the library and then at Emma. "Clock tower?"

"Yes." Emma nodded. "Come on."

"You made me put on a five-hundred dollar dress for the town clock tower?" Regina chuckled.

"Well it's not just the- Wow five hundred dollars really?" Emma asked, looking up and down the dress. Regina smirked.

"Making yourself filthy rich through a dark cure has its perks." She said with a shrug, doing that little face scrunch Emma found adorable, or sexy, depending on the context of the situation.

"I love you." Emma said shaking her head. "And trust me this will make a lot more sense when we're up there okay?"

"Fine." Regina nodded without hesitation. "I trust you."

Emma smiled at her brightly, gently taking Regina's hand until their arms were linked and she lead her up the stairs of the clock tower, carefully, because it was dark.

"Okay, I get that you're probably going for romantic here but…" Regina said. "Please tell me you thought about lights."

They were at the top, with nothing to light their path but the moonlight shining through the transparent part of the clock. Emma turned and smiled at her as she lifted her hand and snapped her fingers, sending a small spark of magic from her hand, buzzing around the room like a bug until it stopped, lighting up a single fairy light, that set off a chain reaction until the entire place was completely lit up with bright little yellow lights that lit up the place perfectly, but kept it dim enough
that it still kept it's intimate feel. Regina could now make out the table set for two, draped in a white table cloth, along with the chairs, that held two single candles that had also been lit thanks to Emma's magic and two place settings.

"Wow." Regina said, completely awe-struck by how well set this was. She could smell food, which directed her gaze towards the buffet style table that kept all the food heated, and the ice bucket holding two bottles of wine and a bottle of champagne. The place itself looked completely spotless, a stark contrast to how it usually seems, feels and smells any other occasion they were up there (which usually involved bad guys. Another welcome change of pace.) Looking around, it felt more like a self-made little sanctuary rather than a dusty metal clock tower. There were clean white drapes all over the railings and a rug right under the table, hiding the metal mesh platform in that section, making that area in particular more comfortable.

"Emma this…is…" Regina was lost for words, a feeling she was unfamiliar with, but for once, she didn't see it as a weakness from her end. Emma stepped up slowly behind her and wrapped an arm around her waist and leaned down to press a kiss to her neck. "You did all this?"

"Well…" Emma shrugged. "With a little help from mom and Henry."

"How did you three even get all this stuff up here?" Regina asked.

"Oh, I mostly poofed all this stuff into place with magic, they just listed all the stuff I should put and then we eliminated some of the more crazy ideas." Emma explained.

"Like what?" Regina asked curiously.

"Like a grand piano complete with a pianist and a flock of doves to be released upon your arrival." Emma listed. Regina just laughed.

"Good going on those vetoes." She nodded. Emma smiled at her before she motioned towards the table for Regina to have a seat. Regina moved towards the table, which is when Emma took her cue to pull the chair out enough for Regina to sit down. Emma tucked Regina into the table with a smile.

"Looks like you had some training in the whole "charming" department." The brunette teased.

"I didn't need to." Emma said with a smirk. "Runs in my blood."

Regina chuckled as Emma moved to the buffet table, picking up the first course and placing it in front of the place settings before she grabbed the wine bottle and corkscrew.

"So this is what you meant when you said 'classy date?' Regina teased as Emma fiddled to open the bottle of rose wine.

"Well…" Emma grunted as she popped the cork and grinned at her success. "I did want to take you out on a classy date, but, I also really wanted it to be just…us."

"Hmm." Regina grinned. "I like just us."

"I do too, that's why I did all this." Emma shrugged as she poured the wine into Regina's glass before pouring some into hers, placing the bottle back in the ice and sitting down.

"To us." Regina said as she lifted her glass to toast. Emma grinned.

"I'll drink to that." She said, gently clinking her glass against Regina's before they drank.
“Mmh, That's good wine.” Regina commented. Emma looked relieved.

"It is." She nodded.

"You sound surprised." Regina teased.

"You know I don't know enough about wine." Emma shrugged. "I went by the fancier bottles in the top of your liquor cabinet."

"Emma those bottles cost-"

"I know." Emma cut her off. "It's nothing I can't afford. I'm kind of having this thing with my boss.”

Regina covered her mouth as she let out a loud laugh. "Well I hope the wine is worth the sacrifice. I heard she can be quite the handful."

"I have my ways of taming her." Emma said cockily.

"Is that so?" Regina asked. Emma cringed.

"This joke may get me in trouble. Can we stop?" Emma asked. Regina chuckled.

"Trust me, this whole date thing has gotten you trouble free for…maybe two days." She shrugged.

"Oh good to know." Emma nodded.

"Careful." Regina warned teasingly. Emma smiled at her.

"Kidding."

"So then I told George…” Regina said as she wiped her mouth gracefully with her napkin, having just finished the main course. "'You can be the mayor when pigs naturally evolve the ability to fly. Though I bet that would be quite the convenience, you'd never get stuck in traffic again!'"

"Oh my god." Emma covered her mouth as she laughed. "You did not."

"I did. He stammered, then hung up." Regina said with a grin.

"This is why I love you." Emma said as she got up. She moved to pick up her and Regina's plate, taking them away from the table. Regina hummed contentedly as she sipped her wine and watched Emma prep dessert.

"You know Emma…” she said. "Tonight really was just…amazing."

"Night's not over yet babe," Emma said, sending a smile her way before she turned back to focus on what she was doing.

"I kind of never want it to be." Regina said. "I love our children, but honestly when has it been just us? We're usually so focused on the things we have to do for them, for our family as a whole, I feel like our relationship takes the back burner sometimes."

"Hmm. Maybe but…” Emma trailed off thoughtfully as she placed the lids on the dish trays. "Doesn't mean we're not still the best damn couple I've ever seen."

"Better than your parents?" Regina said pointedly. Emma rolled her eyes as she gently placed one
tray in front of Regina before taking her hand.

"My parents are one of the best stories I've ever heard. But this? Us?" Emma smiled at her brightly. "Regina I never thought I was capable of feeling so happy, so at peace with my life."

Emma…" Regina smiled up at her.

"No I mean it…I always thought, I don't know. I always thought I'd just wander through life, jumping from one place to another, from one fling to another. Then Henry came and brought me here and I just…I thought it would be a good place to maybe settle down. And then so much happened. There was a point when I was so sure we would never have any peace. Before the curse broke I thought I'd just always be at odds with you, and then the curse did break and…” she shook her head with a slight chuckle.

"Hell broke loose with it." Regina said with a smirk.

"Yeah." Emma nodded. "I'm going to be honest, before you and I happened? I thought this Town wouldn't be my future forever. I thought maybe, Henry would grow up, go to college, and I'd just move back to the city. Or something along those lines. I didn't even have a plan, I never did. I just went with the flow, did what I needed to do. I never thought about the future, I never dared to. Because honestly I could never picture myself in a place where I knew I'd be happy. And it scared me so much."

"Emma." Regina squeezed her hand gently as she looked up at her. They spoke about their pasts and their feelings so often, but this felt different, like Emma was building up to something and Regina wasn't sure what.

"If you asked me to look at my future today though? I can't wait. I mean not in the 'I want this to be over so the good part can start' way." She clarified. "But like…You and I…our family. Everything is so good. I'm not scared of looking forward anymore. Sometimes I can't stop picturing it now. If you asked me to do that two years ago I'd just laugh. My past, the pressure of being a saviour? There was a point in my life I didn't even picture myself growing old, because I didn't think I'd get the chance. Now it's so different. It's so good. And it's all thanks to you."

Regina had tears in her eyes as Emma leaned down to kiss her.

"Regina, I love you. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you." She said.

"What?" Regina asked, overwhelmed with Emma's words all of a sudden. Emma took a deep breath and placed her hand on the handle of the dish cover, pulling it up slowly and putting it away to reveal a small black box open to show that it was holding a gold ring, with a braided band and covered in tiny diamonds, with a large circular diamond at the top. Regina lost her breath looking at the beautiful piece of jewelry. Until she felt her left hand being lifted into Emma's again, the other coming to cover it. The brunette was able to tear herself out of her own running thoughts to look at the blonde, who at this point had gotten down on one knee, a sight which hit home with Regina, suddenly realising what was going on.

"Regina…" Emma said softly. The brunette began to shake as her other hand came up to cover her mouth, tears springing to her eyes and falling down her cheeks. "Will you marry me?"

The brunette was speechless, tenfold what she had been when she walked into the clock tower. She couldn't speak, all she could do was nod earnestly as she slid off her chair and into Emma's arms, kissing her deeply through her tears before burying her face in her neck.
"Yes." She choked out through her sobs. "Yes…"

Emma held her tightly, tears of joy falling down her cheeks as she pressed a kiss to the side of her head. Regina was finally able to look up at her and kiss her deeply.

"You just made me the happiest person on earth." Emma said, pressing her forehead to Regina's. "In any universe."

"Get in line, Swan." Regina chuckled. Emma laughed back as she reached over, picking up the box with the ring in it. Regina picked up the delicate piece. "It's beautiful."

"Not as beautiful as it's gonna be on your hand." Emma said, kissing her cheek gently before she took the ring, prompting Regina to hold out her hand so she could slip it on her finger. Emma hugged her tightly again, burying her face in Regina's neck as Regina praised the ring on her hand.

"Emma, thank you." Regina said.

"For what?" Emma chuckled. Regina cupped her cheek and kissed her softly before looking into her eyes.

"For giving me my happy ending."
Author's Note:

My dearest Swen,

First off: Congratulations and well done to everybody. After 5 years of being in the Zimbio March Madness polls with countless other pairings, we finally did it. Just on the brink of the ending of Once Upon A Time, we pulled together, and we showed them what strength, love, and hope can really achieve, and we took victory for Swan Queen.

This deserves a ton of celebration. Actually, several varied forms of it, all at once. With cake.

Unfortunately, I cannot give you cake through the internet. So instead, I will be giving you the sequel to When Magic Collides.

Now as you all know, writing something so beautiful as Swan Queen and their love takes time. That’s why, as much as I wish I could give you the first chapter right now, I’m going to have to ask you to wait just a little while longer.

Collison In Time (the sequel to this fanfiction) Chapter 1 comes out on March 28th 2018, 3 years to the day of when I published the first chapter of When Magic Collides.

Let me take this moment to thank you all for your unwavering support as I write my stories. You’ve all been a source of strength and courage to me, even when I doubted my own abilities.

I’ll see you all on March 28th, in the meantime, be proud of yourselves and the fandom you represent. We did something historical today, we showed everyone that even when the world stands against us, we will lift each other up, and become stronger. And this isn’t just true for Swen, but for all LGBT+ ships and their fandoms out there.

Thank you.

Love,

BlueHoneyBee.

Works inspired by this one:

Henry Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Clause by BlueHoneyBee

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!