Summary

Sequel to Unlocked. Emma, Killian and Liam adjust to their life in London. Their relationship faces new challenges and scrutiny, both publicly and privately. Killian/Emma/Liam. Rated M for an extremely good reason!

Notes

As promised, the sequel to Unlocked. Just like that, this is a polyamorous story with Emma and the Jones brothers, so if that is not your thing, feel free to skip. ;)

Unbound

by totheendoftheworldtime79
“You're late,” Ruby said, as Emma sat at the table.

“Sorry, the building manager would not shut up,” Emma complained, smoothing her skirt. She hated wearing it, but since she was trying to look like a confident businesswoman she thought she'd give it a try.

Ruby sipped on her drink. “Well, Mary Margaret's late too, so no worries. Does this mean you got it then? Your visa?”

Emma nodded. “Yeah, finally. Does it usually take this long?” She applied just after Christmas, after making the decision to stay in London permanently. Ruby had lived there longer than Emma; they had naval men in common, which delighted Ruby to no end.

Ruby shrugged. “Depends. Didn't the boys put in a good word for you?”

“I asked them not to. I want to do this on my own.”

“There's no shame in accepting a little help, you know.”

“I can handle it, always have.” Emma knew she was being stubborn—having had this exact same discussion with Killian and Liam at least twice—but she couldn't help it. Her work was the one thing she'd always had; she wanted to earn her way on her own merits, not because of who she was dating. She would wait her turn, like everyone else.

But more than once she wondered if someone had tried to stall her application on purpose, especially since the ball. The outing of her relationship with the Jones brothers to most of the top navy brass worried her. More than for her lovers than herself. Still, as the weeks went on, she wondered.

It didn't matter now. She had her visa and could officially start working. In fact, she'd been out that morning looking at offices from the listings the boys had given her on Valentine's Day. Which was why she was late for her weekly lunch date with Ruby and Mary Margaret.

The waiter came by and took Emma's drink order; they decided to wait for Mary Margaret to order food. Ruby chattered on about her boyfriend, Victor, who was a Navy doctor. They just moved in together and Ruby was very happy about it.

“Did you change anything when you moved into Liam and Killian's place?” Ruby asked.

Emma cocked her head. “Why would I do that?”

“No offense to them, but it did have a bachelor pad kind of feel. But I've only been there once.”

Emma looked thoughtful. “I like our place. All they did was clean out a room for me and buy a new bed for our bedroom.”

Ruby smirked. “Our bedroom? Emma, who do you sleep with?”

Emma had learned to take Ruby's attempts at wheedling gossip about her relationship in stride. “Why are you asking a question that you already know the answer to?”

Ruby's grin widened, green eyes twinkling. “I knew it! You all sleep in the same bed!” Luckily, her voice was an excited whisper, otherwise Emma was prepared for drastic measures.
“So?” Emma was very content with her sleeping arrangements, having the two men who loved her most in the world on either side of her.

“Come on, Emma. You can't blame a girl for being curious. It's not something you see every day.”

Emma sipped her wine. “I know. But we're happy.”

“I'll bet you are.”

Emma was spared further interrogation by the arrival of Mary Margaret. The dark haired woman was beaming, looking happier than Emma had ever seen her. “I have the best news!” she cried.

“Is this news related to you being late?” Ruby said with a knowing grin.

“Ruby Lucas!” Mary Margaret admonished. “For your information, the Tube got delayed. Something about a search. I wasn't paying attention.” She sat on Emma's left side still grinning like a fool.

“Too busy staring at the rock?” Emma asked, her gaze falling to the ring on Mary Margaret's left hand.

“What?” Ruby screeched. She was so loud that a few other customers stared at them. Ruby blushed and sat, turning to face her friend. “He finally asked you?”

Mary Margaret couldn't stop grinning. “Yes! Oh, it was so romantic!” Her enthusiasm got interrupted by the return of their waiter; Emma took it upon herself to order their food. Ruby and Mary Margaret were already talking a mile a minute. She knew them well enough by now, these new friends of hers. Being with Killian and Liam hadn't just brought her a family, a home, but she'd found friends to confide in, something she hadn't had since she was a teenager.

Emma mostly listened as Mary Margaret told the tale of how her boyfriend David proposed. She did not exaggerate; it was romantic. A private dinner and dance at one of London's most exclusive restaurants, a walk along the Thames. Getting down on one knee. Emma used to think that kind of thing wasn't real, that it was only in TV or the movies. But it was. Killian and Liam were very romantic; even Emma couldn't help but melt under their sincere attention and love.

“Let's see it!” Ruby cried, as Mary Margaret brushed away a happy tear. Emma was thrilled for her; she and David were a great couple, genuinely good people and Emma hadn't met very many of them in her life. Mary Margaret held out her hand. The ring was silver with a green stone.

“Is that a green diamond?”

“Isn't it pretty?”

“Wait, green?” Ruby grabbed Mary Margaret's hand to examine it more closely. “It is! Isn't that expensive?”

Mary Margaret shrugged. “I don't know. The ring was his mother's, according to David.”

“You should get it appraised,” Ruby advised. She was a successful restaurateur alongside her grandmother. “Just in case.”

“I am not going to have my future husband's family heirloom appraised!” Mary Margaret replied hotly.
“It was just a suggestion, sheesh.” Ruby dived into her lunch, attacking the giant burger Emma ordered for her. “Thanks, Emma. This is great.”

“No problem.” Emma herself had a salad, having acquired healthier eating habits on this side of the pond. Killian had promised to make her favorite grilled cheese sandwiches for dinner that night, so she decided to be good.

“I know this might seem fast, but,” Mary Margaret began, diving into her fish and chips, “but I’d really like you two to be in the wedding.”

Emma nearly dropped her fork. “Huh?”

“Oh, you must! I know for a fact that David is going to ask both Jones brothers to be groomsmen.”

Ruby squealed happily. “This is so exciting! Come on, Emma! You, me and...” Her face fell. “Are you asking Jack?”

Mary Margaret's smile faltered just a fraction. “I have to. She's James's girlfriend.”

“So what? She spends half her time looking down at like...everyone. Including you.”

“She's not that bad!”

“Emma noticed it, didn't you?” Ruby said, looking to Emma for support.

Emma shrugged. “I've only met her once,” she pointed out. “She came off as a bit self-absorbed though.”

“See?” Ruby persisted. “It's your wedding. You can ask whoever you want.”

“So James is gonna be best man?” Emma asked, trying to change the subject a little. She still wasn't sure how she felt about being in a wedding for someone she had only recently become friends with.

Mary Margaret nodded. “They’re twins, despite their...divergent personalities. But it's the same with Killian and Liam, right? They're close.”

Emma suddenly had a very bad feeling about where this was going. “Yeah. Yeah, they are.”

“I'm an only child,” Mary Margaret added sadly.

“So am I,” Emma replied; Ruby echoed her.

Mary Margaret reached out and took her friends' hands. “I would really like both of you to be in my wedding. I promise I won't make you wear anything hideous!”

Emma already felt her resolve softening. She really liked Mary Margaret; she was such a kind person. Emma had been drawn to her unique brand of warmth from the start. “Okay, I'll do it.”

“Thank you!” Mary Margaret jumped up and hugged Emma tightly; Emma stiffened for a moment, then relaxed. Affection from someone other than Liam or Killian was something she was still getting used to. Her friend hugged Ruby next before letting them return to their lunch.

They spent more time talking about weddings and dresses; it wasn't until the end that Emma got to mention that she finally got her visa. Mary Margaret was thrilled, offering to help decorate her new office when she got it.
“You don't have to do that,” Emma said hurriedly. “I know you have training. And now wedding planning.”

“If you need anything, you **will** call me,” Mary Margaret said sternly. “Even if it's just a break from those two sailors you live with.”

“Why would she want that?” Ruby said exasperatedly. “She can just distract them with sex.”

Emma grinned. “She's not wrong.”

Ruby's jaw dropped, not expecting Emma to agree so brazenly. “Man, I am so jealous!”

“Should Victor be worried?” Mary Margaret teased.

Ruby waved her hand. “Of course not. Doesn't mean a girl can't dream.”

“Just so long as those dreams don't include either of the Jones brothers,” Emma muttered. Both ladies laughed. It still somewhat surprised her how open and non-judgmental they were about the whole thing. It was good to have people to talk to about the radical changes in her life, even if she was still learning to open up. Emma had never made friends easily, preferring to be alone. But she was getting there.

She took the Tube back to their Paddington neighborhood; the station was only a couple of blocks from their townhouse. Getting acclimated to the public transportation was easy, even if she missed her Bug. However, now that she could work, Emma definitely needed to look into getting her own car.

“Anyone home?” Emma asked, stepping inside the foyer.

“In the kitchen!”

Emma dumped her purse and kicked off her shoes, sighing as her feet hit the hardwood floor. Maybe she could convince Killian to give her a foot rub. She padded for the kitchen, shucking off her blazer along the way. She found Killian bent over the sink, fiddling with the faucet. He was still in his uniform, though the jacket and tie were tossed across one of the stools. Emma added her blazer to the pile, admiring the view.

Killian did have an exceptionally nice ass.

“You're home early,” Killian said, still focused on the faucet.

“So are you,” she countered. “Where's Liam?”

“Went grocery shopping. It’s his turn.”

“Still,” Emma said, stepping closer, “it's Friday afternoon. Is everything okay?”

Killian finally stood, giving her a smile. “Aye. We merely asked for the afternoon off.”

“Yes you can do that?”

Killian chuckled. “We're staff officers, love. Unless there's an emergency, it's not unlike most other other jobs.”

Emma stepped into his space, sighing inwardly as he wrapped his arms around her. She loved being held, not that she'd admit it out loud. But her boys understood her, welcoming her with open arms.
“So what's the difference between you and Will?”

Killian licked his lips; Emma had to fight the urge to kiss him. He had such a kissable mouth. And he was damn good at kissing. “Will's a line officer. Usually considered 'better' than us lowly lads who push paper.”

“But that's not all you do.” Some of their work was classified, she knew that.

“No, it's not.” He sighed. “Line officers command ships, serve at sea.”

Emma cocked her head. “So when you get your promotions...”

“We'd be transferring to the line, aye. Liam's always wanted his own vessel.”

“What about you?”

Killian reached up to stroke her cheek. “I've never really had an ambition to command, love. Serve my country? Yes. Serve with my brother? Definitely. When I was newly commissioned, I did a tour at sea. I enjoyed it. I love the sea. But there are other things in life to look forward to.”

“Like what?”

“Kissing the woman I love.” He flashed her a dimpled grin before he captured her mouth in a lazy, adoring kiss. Emma moaned softly into his mouth, fingers threading through the soft hair at his nape. They went at it for some minutes, just kissing. It was playful and slow, leaving Emma a bit breathless all the same.

“Damn, you're good at that,” she mumbled, leaning her forehead against his.

Killian's hands stroked the small of her back. “It's one of my many talents,” he replied with a breathless chuckle.

“Hmm,” Emma hummed, a little smirk on her lips. She remembered the first time he kissed her, hungry, filled with fire. She'd gained a whole new appreciation for the intimacy of kiss since letting herself be with them.

“In fact...” Killian trailed off, his mouth skimming her jaw, moving to the spot below her ear that made her shiver. “it's one of my very favorite things.”

“Killian...” Already she felt the flutters in her belly, the yearning she felt when they were close.

He bit down gently on her earlobe. “Love the way you say my name, that little catch in your voice when you want.” His hands slid over her ass, squeezing. “Do you want, Emma?”

Liam would be home any moment, but Emma suspected that was part of Killian's plan. Drive her crazy until she gave into her craving for them, right there in their kitchen. She was surprised they hadn't christened the kitchen yet; they'd had sex in nearly every other room. It was part of the thrill; their desire flaring at the drop of a hat.

“Are you seducing me, Lieutenant?” she murmured, hands sliding down his chest.

“Yes, Miss Swan,” he said with a low growl, pulling the hem of her blouse from her skirt. “Is it working?”

Emma pressed them back until Killian hit the counter, pulling his mouth back to hers in a needy kiss. “I've always wanted to have you wearing your uniforms,” she murmured against his lips, nibbling on
the lower until he moaned.

“Tell Liam to hurry, lass,” he replied, lips moving to her throat. “And you can have whatever you want.”

Emma found Killian's phone on the counter top and fired off a text while Killian sucked a mark into her neck. He worked the buttons of her blouse, the satin sliding over her warming skin, making Emma moan softly. The phone vibrated and Emma checked the message. Don't come until I get there.

“Fuck,” Emma cursed. Killian had the blouse off her shoulders, his mouth leaving a trail of wet kisses in her skin.

“What did he say?”

“No coming until he gets here.”

“Wanker.” The blouse fell to the floor, Killian's hand molding to her lace clad breasts. “You're so lovely when you come, Emma.”

Emma was already unbuttoning Killian's dress shirt, mouth fused to his skin. She may not be allowed to come, but she planned on having her way with Killian until Liam arrived. Emma left the shirt open, stroking the contours of his chest. She love the way he felt under her hands. Killian tweaked her nipples; a rush of heat went directly to her clit, wetness soaking her panties.

“Yes,” she hissed, arching into his touch.

“So responsive, love,” he breathed. “Love that.”

She couldn't help it; she wasn't like this with anyone else. Just Killian and Liam. Their touch made her want, made her ache for them. Killian continued to play with her, fondling and squeezing. Emma bit her lip, wishing Liam would hurry. She kissed Killian hard on the mouth, thrusting her hips into his, feeling his hard cock between them.

“Need a hand, sailor?” she asked, palming him through the fabric. Killian groaned, thrusting his hips forward.

“Please,” he hissed. Emma whipped open his belt and attacked his fly as she pressed he thighs together. Desire burned in her veins, wondering how long they had until Liam stepped through the door. How did she want him to catch them? Killian moaned loudly, his voice echoing off the tile as she stroked his hot velvety flesh. “Fuck, that's good.”

Emma leaned up on her toes until her lips brushed his ear. “I know something that's better.” She sank to her knees, uncaring about the hard tile. Her pencil skirt was bunched up, her blouse gone, hair disheveled, but she knew from the way Killian's eyes blazed with lust, he thought she was supremely sexy. She was learning to embrace her sexuality in a way she never had before, having treated it as an itch to be scratched in the past. Now it was a part of her, something she shared with the men that she loved.

Emma licked a stripe along the underside of Killian's thick cock, humming at the taste of his skin. His hand curled in her hair gently as he leaned back against the counter. “Bloody hell.”

Emma licked and laved, teasing him, her free hand fondling his balls. She really did enjoy this, craving the sounds he made while at her mercy. Killian moaned as she took him into her mouth, tongue swirling around the tip, tasting the precum. She went slow, taking him deeper, her hand
wandering. She slipped it between his legs, the pad of her finger skimming the sensitive place between balls and anus. Killian jerked and moaned, which encouraged her.

“You like that?” she asked softly, pausing for breath.

“Aye,” he replied, looking down at her. “Don't stop, love.”

She'd been wanting to experiment like this with him for while; it was difficult to bring it up when they so often made sex about her pleasure. But she had him at her mercy now. Emma took him back into her mouth, bobbing slowly, fingers teasing his skin. She moved slowly, gauging his reactions. He had one hand in her hair and the other curled around the counter, hips rocking minutely. He looked blissful as she touched him. Emma paused to wet her finger, releasing him long enough to pick up some of her own arousal before bringing her finger back to his ass. She lightly rimmed him, just the barest pressure, secretly pleased when he hissed and moaned.

“Good?” She kissed the tip of his cock, utterly fascinated by him. And really turned on.

Killian let out a shuddering breath. “Does the lass want to play?”

“Would you let me?”

He squeezed her hand and turned, pants falling to his ankles. He bent over the counter, his ass squarely in her face. Emma licked her lips, recognizing the trust he was giving her. She loved him so much for it. Emma spread his cheeks, her tongue sliding over the tight ring of muscle. She knew what she liked, so she experimented, licking with varying pressure. She reached between his legs to stroke his cock, clit throbbing when Killian groaned her name.

It seemed her Killian enjoyed having his ass played with too.

Still, she didn't want to push him too far, too fast. She left him with a gentle parting kiss, encouraging him to turn back around. He was panting, pupils blown wide with lust. “Why'd you stop?”

“I didn't want your first time to be in the kitchen.”

Killian pulled her to her feet, kissing her deeply. “I love you so much, Emma.” He yanked her skirt up, bunching the fabric in his hands. They were still kissing, nipping sharply at each other's lips when Liam finally came through the door. They turned to look at him, lips kissed bruised, half undressed. Their hands never stopped wandering, both knowing how much Liam liked to watch.

“Did you come?” Liam asked, calmly shucking his uniform jacket.

“No.”

“Good.” His tie went next, as he walked toward them. Emma's eyes fell to his tented crotch; she licked her lips as Killian nibbled on her neck. Liam smiled, leaning in for a kiss. Emma hummed, another wave of arousal flooding her. There was just something about the three of them together that made her burn. In a very, very good way.

“Feel her, Liam,” Killian mumbled against Emma's skin. “Feel how fucking soaked she is.”

Emma felt Liam's hand on her ass, sliding down to pull her sodden panties aside and stroke her aching slick flesh. “Liam,” she panted, hips rolling into his touch. “Fuck.”

“Is that what you want, Emma? Do you want us to fuck you?”
He toyed with her a few moments longer, a single finger gliding into her heat. It was heaven and yet nowhere near enough. “Get on your knees.” Emma obeyed, her face level with Killian's straining cock once more. She was surprised when Liam took off his pants and joined her, his strong hands sliding under her ass. “Fuck, I've imagined you like this, Emma. Lift up, there's my girl.” He guided her, letting her sink down on him; she was perched a bit awkwardly in his lap as he knelt behind her; he held her securely so she wouldn't fall. Emma mewled, the angle hitting new places inside her.

“God yes,” she moaned, her back arching. “God.”

Liam and Killian groaned; they loved seeing her pleasure. “Wrap those pretty lips around Killian, love,” Liam murmured in her ear. “He needs you.”

Emma leaned forward as Killian pushed away from the counter. She opened for him automatically, humming around him as he pushed past her lips. Trusting Liam to hold her, she bobbed in earnest, Killian moaning loudly. Liam rocked under her as she licked and laved and sucked Killian's cock, right in the middle of their kitchen. It was insanely erotic, having sex with them in a new space. It never failed to turn her on.

“Close,” Killian bit out, his hand tightening in her hair. “So fucking close.”

Emma reached between his legs and found that spot again, stroking, and within seconds Killian exploded, hips stuttering as he spilled his seed down her throat. Emma sucked him dry, swallowing every last drop. Killian whispered her name like a prayer, cupping her cheek until she released him.

Killian was still panting for air when Liam turned them, forcing Emma to her hands and knees. He took her harder, rougher with long deep strokes. Emma keened, hair falling around her face. Liam was almost wild, the way he sometimes was when he found her with Killian. Emma loved it, definitely not a stranger to rough sex. She fingered her clit, the pressure near its breaking point. She came with a shout, muscles clamping around his thickness, triggering his own orgasm.

Liam rained kisses on the bare skin of her back; Emma shivered. “Love you,” he whispered. Emma was too breathless to reply, heart hammering in her chest. Slowly, she sank to the cool tile floor, easing the ache in her knees.

“Emma?” Killian asked.

“M okay. Need a minute,” she mumbled, hair still covering her face. She heard them moving around, readjusting clothes. She enjoyed her blissed out state, reveling in how good she felt after being with them. Emma had never been one to fake orgasms; she found the very idea degrading. Luckily with the Jones brothers, she'd never had to. Not once.

“Do we need to carry you, sweetheart?” Liam asked after a few minutes of her not moving.

“No, I can get up.” The floor was starting to feel a bit hard, so Emma forced herself up. She pulled her skirt down and adjusted her bra. “I, uh, should go change.”

“I think you look rather fetching,” Killian said with a grin.

“The freshly fucked look?” Emma laughed, still a bit breathless. “I think I just want to relax for a while.”

“You go ahead,” Liam said, kissing her temple. “We'll clean up and start dinner, then change ourselves. I think a nice quiet dinner at home is perfect.”
Emma smiled. “Me too.” She grabbed her blouse from the floor and headed for the bedroom. She peeled off her remaining clothes and put on a pair of gym shorts and a t-shirt. She washed off her makeup and brushed her hair, returning it to its pre-sex state, more or less. When she emerged from the bathroom, Killian was there, shirtless, pulling on a pair of jeans. “Hey.” She thought she'd get used to them naked eventually, but Killian's bare torso still made her stomach flutter.

“Better?” he asked with a wry grin.

“You tell me.”

“Emma, you are always stunning to me.”

“Flatterer.”

He leaned in, placing a sweet kiss to her lips. “You are the most beautiful woman I've ever known,” he said earnestly. “I mean it.”

Emma blushed, reaching up to thumb the scar on his cheek. “I know.” She left him to finish changing, finding Liam in the kitchen. His pants were back on, but unbuckled. Emma hugged him from behind, her cheek resting on his broad back. “Since I didn't say it earlier, hi.”

Liam laughed. “Hello to you too, love.”

“Grilled cheese?”

“As promised. Would you like to find us some wine?”

“Sure.” Before she could get away, Liam tugged her back, kissing her tenderly. “What was that for?”

“Do I need a reason?”

“Nope.” If it was up to her, she'd spend most of her time indulging in their kisses. She grinned and went to the wine rack to find them something to drink. Grilled cheese, onion rings, watch some TV. That was her idea of a quiet night at home. She was happy she didn't have to spend it alone. Not anymore.

By the time she returned, both brothers were in the kitchen, dressed in t-shirts and jeans, barefoot. Liam was slicing tomatoes for the grilled cheese sandwiches and Killian heating up the fryer for the onion rings. Emma wove between them to find some wine glasses, pouring all of them a drink. This was one of her favorite things, hanging out with them in the kitchen after a long day, making dinner. It was so domestic; it sometimes made her breath catch in her throat. Domestic wasn't a word she ever expected herself to ever use, but here she was.

“Bloody fuck!” Liam cried. He dropped the knife abruptly, grimacing as he held his finger.

“What did you do?” Emma asked worriedly, already digging in the drawer for a towel.

“It's nothing, love,” Liam said, still wincing. “Just stings like a bitch.”

Emma rolled her eyes, taking his hands in hers. She looked him over; blood ran down his finger. The pad of his index finger had a pretty long slice in it, but it didn't look deep. “Killian, can you find me a bandage and some antiseptic?”

“Emma, it's really nothing,” Liam protested.

“Shut. Up,” Emma ordered. She wrapped the towel around his finger, applying pressure so it would
stop bleeding. Liam growled and Emma kicked him lightly in the shin. “Stop being a baby and let me fix you up.”

“Sorry, lass.” Liam offered her a smile, but she ignored him. Killian returned with their little first aid kit, chuckling at his brother's predicament. “I think you've riled the lass, brother.”

“Bugger off, Killian,” Liam snapped. But he was calm as Emma cleaned his cut, only jerking a tiny bit when she applied the rubbing alcohol. She wrapped a Band Aid around it, then pressed his hand back against his chest. “All done.”

“Not going to kiss it better?”

“Really?” She tried to sound exasperated but failed miserably. “Fine.” She lifted his hand to her lips and lightly kissed the covered wound. “Happy now?”

“Utterly.” Liam cupped her face, bringing her lips to his. He kissed her slowly, until she was swaying and a little dizzy. “Thank you.”

Emma mock scowled and elbowed him lightly in the ribs. “Be more careful next time, you.” She cleaned up the trash and tucked the first aid kit away. Then she resumed her perch on her stool, taking a healthy sip of her wine.

Killian came up behind her, hands on her hips, lips brushing her neck. “You're very good at that, love. Feel free to punch him next time he gives you a hard time.”

“What about if you give me a hard time?”

“I will happily accept any and all punishment, lass.”

Emma smirked, elbowing him away from her. “Go finish dinner,” she advised. “I'm starving.”

A half hour and another glass of wine later, Emma dug into her grilled cheese sandwich, taking two large bites in quick succession. “Hmm.”

“Trying to inhale it?” Killian teased. He popped an onion ring in his mouth, grinning at her. Emma flushed. “Sorry. Habit.”

Liam cocked his head. “How so?”

Emma frowned, swallowing another large bite. She knew they didn't mean anything by it, but talking about her time in the system was never easy. “Some of the places I lived...” She licked her lips. “If you didn't eat quick, you didn't eat. Too little food for too many mouths.”

Killian immediately looked chagrined. “I'm sorry, Emma,” he said sincerely. “I didn't know.”

“It's not your fault.” It wasn't their fault that she had to scrounge for food or squat under a bridge to keep out of the rain. All that was behind her.

Liam covered her hand with his, squeezing gently. “If you want to talk, we're here,” he reminded her.

“I know.” She munched thoughtfully on her sandwich. “I lived with a family—the Swans—until I was three. They had their own kid, so they sent me back. I was in and out of group homes after that. Every time I got placed somewhere, I never stayed long. Sometimes I ran away. Sometimes I got sent back.” She swallowed past the lump in her throat; it had been a long time since she'd dug
through those memories. “I ran away for good when I was fifteen; you guys know the rest.”

Killian got up abruptly and pulled her into his chest. Emma sighed into his hold, soaking in the comfort he offered. It still surprised her how easy it was to open up to them; it was cathartic, to unburden herself, knowing she was completely safe with them. She sighed when Killian kissed the crown of her head, gently rubbing her back.

“I'm okay,” she mumbled.

“I have this urge to pummel anyone's who's ever hurt you,” Killian confessed.

“It's not worth it,” she replied, looking up at him. “But I love you very much for offering.”

Killian's smile flickered, then he kissed her brow before letting her go. He returned to his seat, taking a long pull from his wineglass.

Liam kissed the back of her hand, squeezing her fingers. “Do you have anything of your parents?” he asked gently.

She nodded. “One thing.” She hopped off her stool. "I'll be right back.” She ran upstairs and dug in the drawer of her dresser. She pulled out the soft wool and brought it down to the kitchen. “I was found in this. In a basket outside a fire station in Maine.” The blanket was white wool, still in good condition after all these years. It had her name stitched into one corner; she hoped it was some proof that her parents cared about her.

“Oh Emma.” Liam's voice broke a little, his hands softly touching the fabric. He wrapped his arm around her waist, tucking her into his side, lips skimming her temple. Killian took the blanket, his finger tracing her name.

“Someone cared about you, love,” Killian murmured. “This is hand knit.”

“That's what I've always thought.” She just couldn't figure out why they'd give her up. Had her mother been like her at seventeen? Young and alone? She just didn't know and it haunted her for years. She may never have closure, but perhaps she didn't need it. She found what she'd been looking for all these years, a home, people who loved her for who she was, broken parts and all.

“Still okay?” Liam asked.

Emma leaned her head against his. “Yeah. I've got you guys.”

“You do. For as long as you want us.”

Emma smiled. “Good.” She took the blanket back and hung it over the banister, intending to return it to her room later. She wanted to lighten the mood, smile and have some fun. “So who's got a funny story from when you were kids?” she asked, giving them a warm heartfelt smile.

Killian and Liam shared a glance, then Liam launched into a tale about Killian getting stuck in a dryer when playing hide and seek with some of their friends in the neighborhood where they grew up. Emma couldn't stop the peels of laughter as Liam told the story, even though Killian was scowling. He got his brother back, mocking Liam's feeble attempts to ask out a girl when he was about fourteen. Emma demanded to see pictures, since she was having trouble picturing her Liam as a shy gangly teenager.

They finished up dinner and Liam found an old photo album for her to look at. They settled on the couch; Emma flipped through the book as they related stories. The boys were so cute as kids, if a bit
gangly, limbs too long and awkward. They each grew into the looks, Liam more so than Killian. She paused at a picture of them with two adults. The woman had Killian’s dark hair, both boys shared her blue eyes. The man was as tall as Liam was now with Liam’s curly hair.

“How old were you?” she asked quietly.

Liam squinted at the faint writing under the picture; Killian barely grunted in acknowledgment. “I was eight, I think. Killian was almost four.”

“Your mother was very pretty.” She thought it best not to mention their father; she couldn’t imagine why the man in the photo would abandon his family. They looked so happy.

“She was sweet, very kind. She would read us a story every night until I was about twelve,” Liam said, his finger tracing her features.

“What was her name?”

“Catherine,” Killian said softly. “Catherine Jones.”

Emma kissed his cheek, offering what comfort she could. She could tell they missed her deeply. At least they had a mother to miss.

“She would have liked you, Emma,” Liam said firmly.

“How do you know?”

Killian answered her. “Because she would see how happy we are with you.”

“Aye,” Liam agreed. He closed the album and sat it aside. “I believe we have a movie to watch.”

Emma smiled; memory lane was over. That was fine with her. She understood the need for space when opening about about painful pasts. She hopped off the couch and flipped on the TV and the Blu Ray player. She set up the movie before curling up into Liam’s side as Killian stretched out in her lap. She absently combed her fingers through his hair, his purr rumbling against her legs.

“I wouldn't have expected you to enjoy this type of film,” Liam said about an hour into it.

“Because it's action?” Emma teased.

Liam chuckled. “You are definitely a woman of action, sweetheart. I was thinking more along the lines of the fantasy elements.”

She shrugged. “Real life can be depressing enough. I like getting away from that for a little while.”

“Not as depressing now, right?”

She smiled at him. “Nope.” They leaned in for the kiss at the same time, Emma twisting her back to meet him. She expected him to pull back and return to the movie, but his hand slid under the hem of her shirt, stroking her stomach. Emma gasped softly, a shiver racing up her spine. “Liam...”

“Yes, love?”

Her eyes flickered from the screen then back to him. “Just kiss me.”

He grinned and did so, nibbling on her lower lip. Their activities stirred Killian, whose lips skimmed the skin of Emma's thighs. “Can't wait, darling?”
Emma tugged a bit on his hair. “We're just kissing.” But she knew that was a tiny lie. All too often kissing—especially the casual just the three of them alone kind—led to dizzying pleasure. They were just drawn together, feeling the urge to express their love as often as possible.

“Sure you are,” Killian said knowingly. He turned to face her, burying his nose in her stomach. He pulled her shirt up so he could kiss and lick her skin. Emma sighed and turned back to Liam, cradling his cheek as they kissed. Killian's lips moved lower, pulling down the waistband of her shorts. Emma moaned into Liam's mouth as Killian got closer to her mound, nipping and licking. Her hips rolled under him, wetness pooling.

“Oh,” she gasped. “Oh god.”

“Let Killian taste you, love,” Liam murmured, kissing the corner of her mouth. Killian nodded and sat up, letting Liam pull Emma into his lap. Together the brothers stripped off her tiny shorts, spreading her legs over Liam's. Liam nuzzled her neck as Killian settled on the floor between her and Liam's splayed thighs. He kissed the inside of her bare thighs, teasing her, making her rock in Liam's lap. She could feel Liam under her, his cock swelling with every roll, the bulge cradled in the crease of her ass.

“Killian,” she moaned, need settling at the apex of her thighs. “Please.”

He licked his lips, then licked hers, tongue lapping at her wet aching flesh. Emma grabbed his hair with both hands, moaning loudly. She was so lucky to have two men who were insanely talented at oral sex and actually seemed to enjoy it.

“Bloody hell,” Liam groaned, hands sliding up Emma's torso. “Is that good, Emma?”

“Fuck...yes,” she hissed. “Don't stop.”

Killian's chuckle vibrated against her skin. “Hang on, love.” Emma gasped as he plunged his tongue inside her, thumb rubbing her clit furiously. Emma keened, back arching, the orgasm hitting her without warning. Her walls fluttered as he brought her down, mouth never leaving her. Liam massaged her breasts, working her up again with almost indecent haste; they didn't stop until she was panting from two more orgasms.

Killian pulled away at last, kissing her scruff burned inner thigh. Her arousal coated his lips and chin but it only made him more attractive. “Could taste that sweetness for hours, love,” he said.

Liam pulled her shirt over her head as she tried to catch her breath. “Alright there, Emma?”

“Y-y-yeah,” she gasped. She could still feel Liam under her, hard as a rock through the denim. “Jesus.”

“Killian will do,” Killian said salaciously.

Emma kicked at him weakly, a lazy smile on her lips. She crooked her finger and Killian came to her; she kissed him, tasting herself. “We're not done, you know.”

“Oh? What else do you want, sweetheart?”

She was pretty fond of her perch in Liam's lap. She kissed Killian's jaw and cheek, until she got to his ear. “I want you to watch me fuck Liam, then I want you to fuck me right here.”

Both men groaned; her talking dirty always got to them. She wiggled in Liam's lap and he swatted her ass, pushing lightly so she'd stand up. Killian kissed her stomach while Liam unbuckled his
pants, shoving them down his hips. As soon as the offending cloth was clear, he yanked Emma back into his lap; she rubbed her folds over his throbbing cock wantonly, a groan on her lips.

The movie still played in the background, but no one was paying attention. They were too engrossed in their lovemaking. Emma raised her hips, letting Liam slide inside. It was similar to how he'd had her in the kitchen, but this time Emma was in control. Liam murmured her name over and over as she rode him, varying her strokes, circling her hips. Killian couldn't take his eyes off her, where she and Liam were joined. He fumbled with his fly, groaning when he could finally touch himself. Emma watched as he unashamedly pulled on his cock, fist in time with her strokes. The sight made her even wetter, eager to feel him buried inside her.

“You are so beautiful,” Killian growled. “You should see her, Liam. Flushed and wanton.”

Liam groaned, hips bucking up into her. “She feels incredible.”

Emma licked her lips, trying to keep her rhythm. “Get your phone,” she said to Killian. “Fuck.”

Killian looked at her in surprise, but did as she asked. “Are you sure, love?”

She increased her pace a fraction, her own need building. “Do it.” Emma threw her head back, bouncing faster, Liam's hips meeting hers. Emma grabbed Liam's hand and brought it to her clit; together they rubbed her until she screamed, another orgasm rocking her. Liam came almost instantly, hips rutting into hers. He held her loosely, letting Emma relax back into his chest. Liam slipped from her with a groan; Emma's eyes found Killian's.

“You are bloody brilliant,” he said in a hushed tone. He tossed his phone aside and came to her, kissing his way up her body, licking the salty sweat from her skin. “Still want me?”

“Oh course.” She kissed him deeply, reaching down between them. She stroked him, thumb brushing the tip, smearing precum. “Now get in me, Killian.”

Her legs and hips would ache in the morning, but right now she hardly cared. Killian slid wetly inside her, lifting her legs to his shoulders. Liam held her steady as Killian took her, hard deep plunges until he bottomed out. Emma didn't think she had another orgasm in her but evidently she was wrong; Killian found her g spot and she shivered hard, crying out his name. Killian's brow was creased in concentration, determined to make her fall over the edge one final time. Liam whispered filthy things to her and Emma whimpered.

“Come for me, Emma,” Killian bit out. “Squeeze me.”

“Fuck!” Emma screamed. Stars popped behind her eyes as Killian wrung every last drop of pleasure he could from her willing body. He pulsed inside her moments later, coating her walls in his release. Emma was completely sapped, boneless in Liam's arms. Killian collapsed back to the floor; Liam rolled Emma onto the couch, her head in his lap. She was sure she dozed; she couldn't keep her eyes open.

When she woke up, she was in their bed, both boys looking slightly guilty. “What's wrong?”

“How do you feel?” Liam asked.

“I'm good.” She stretched, wincing at the twinge in her hips. Her inner thighs were a bit prickly too, from the whisker burn no doubt. But she felt good otherwise.

“Emma?”
“Seriously, I'm fine.”

Killian kissed her shoulder. “Sometime we forget how small you are.”

“Huh?” Yeah, she was shorter than them, but she was stronger than she looked.

“What Killian is trying to say, is that sometimes we lose our heads when we're with you,” Liam clarified.

Emma frowned. “You think you hurt me?” Judging by their guilty faces they did. She sat up. “In case you missed it, I asked for everything you did to me. And loved it.” She reached for their hands. “If I didn't want to have sex with you, I would tell you. I promise. But I really, really like having dirty sex with you. Both of you.”

*That* got them to laugh. She kissed each of them in turn, happy they were smiling again. “We just worry about you, love,” Liam said, curling a lock of hair behind her ear.

Emma looked at him tenderly. She couldn't express how much it meant to her that they worried, even when it annoyed her. She was tough. But she'd never had anyone to worry before, so it was still a nice feeling. “I know. You don't have to though.”

“Too late, darling,” Killian said. “We'll try not to be so obvious about it. How's that?”

Emma squeezed his hand. “I've never had anyone to worry before. I'm used to looking after myself.”

“It's a learning process for all of us. But we're family, yeah?”

“Yeah. I love you guys.”

“As we love you.” Killian kissed her sweetly. “It's still early; do you want to go back to sleep?”

“Nah. Maybe we could read some more?”

“Whatever you wish.” They spent the rest of the evening reading from the book they started a couple of weeks ago; Emma enjoyed listening to them speak. Killian read with some dramatic flair which made her laugh. Liam was more serious, his voice deep and sure. Each one spoke to her in a different way; she couldn't imagine her life without either of them.

Emma looked around the space, trying to imagine herself there. The building had a great location, only a handful of blocks from the townhouse. She could *walk* to work! She pretty much worked out of her apartment back in New York, but she didn't want to bring her work home if she could help it. Home was her sanctuary, a place she wanted to focus on the happiness she had with Liam and Killian.

“The rent 1500 pounds a month,” the real estate agent said. “With a two month deposit up front. But it's ideally situated by the Tube line and the building has its own underground parking. It's a high traffic area for your...I'm sorry, what is it you do again?”

Emma turned away from the window. “I find people. People who've jumped bail or are late on child support,” she said, trying to remain a professional tone. “I did recently cooperate on a case for the Royal Navy.”

“Oh!” The man said. “The Hood case? That was you?”

Emma nodded. “Yeah.” So far the Navy had kept her name out of the press, but Emma didn't see
anything wrong with touting her connection. Robin's court martial was very soon; Emma checked in with Anastasia a few times to make sure she was still safe.

“In that case, I might be able to get you a deal on the lease. May I draw up the papers?”

Emma looked around again. It was a nice space; it had an old beat up desk and a couple of wooden chairs. She could replace those. It had a nice view as well. “Sure. I'll take it.”

An hour later, she had keys in her hands. Her own office. It was a big step; she was settling in London for real.

Emma spent the next few days searching for new office furniture, ordering a sign for her door, doing all the things to hang out her proverbial shingle. She didn't take Mary Margaret up on her offer to decorate, but she did ask if their friends were interested in helping her move the furniture in. Emma suspected that both Mary Margaret and Ruby had to twist their boyfriends' arms a bit, but she did offer to pay them in food. That Saturday, Emma rented a truck and the men loaded the new furniture into it. When they arrived at her building, she played traffic cop, guiding them up the four flights of stairs to her office.

“Did you get a big enough desk, love?” Killian asked, wiping his brow as they paused on the landing. “This thing must weigh a ton.”

“It does not!”

“It's just awkward,” David said. He was sweating too; spring was hovering on the edge of summer in early May. “Bulky.”

“Gee, thanks, David,” Emma snarked.

“It'll be fine once we get it up these blasted stairs,” Liam said firmly. “Come on, lads, one more flight.”

Killian, David and Victor groaned, but did as he asked. Emma directed them around the corners and down the hall. It almost didn't fit in her door, but they wedged it through. Emma had them put it by the back wall so she could look out the windows. Mary Margaret handed out water to the men before getting a good look at the new piece.

“Emma, this is beautiful,” she said enthusiastically. “I really love it.”

Ruby paused her painting and brushed some stray hair back. “Toss me some water, Emma.” Emma dug in the cooler for a bottle and tossed it. Ruby must have some supernatural reflexes, because she caught it right out of the air. “Thanks.”

“Need some help?” Emma asked.

“Nah. This is a lot more fun than all the carrying.” She grinned. “I hope you don't mind me adding a few embellishments.”

Emma cocked her head curiously. Around the ceiling, Ruby had painted an intricate pattern in black and white. It stood out against the shade of red she'd chosen for the walls. “Ruby, that's...amazing. Thanks.”

Ruby shrugged. “It's just a little hobby, no big deal.”

“I keep telling her she should trying painting for real,” Victor said, looking at Ruby proudly. “She's
really talented.”

“I'm happy working with Granny,” Ruby said. She had a streak of black paint on her cheek; she looked tired by pleased with her work. It was quite a difference from the fun loving Ruby Emma usually saw.

“And you could still do that,” Victor pointed out. “But it would be a shame not at least try.”

Emma looked up at the ceiling again. “I agree with Victor. Nothing wrong with taking a chance.” She looked at Liam and Killian, talking quietly to David across the room. She'd taken a chance on them and it was working out so far.

“I'll think about it, okay?” Ruby said. “Now, shoo! I have work to do.” Victor laughed, kissing her non paint smeared cheek. Emma gathered the others and they went back to the truck to bring up the chairs and couch. Emma did let Mary Margaret play around with the layout, her only caveat being that she could see the view. The final product was something she could live with; the office far more inviting and homey than she expected.

“So Thai, Indian, or pizza?” Emma asked her assembled crew. It was chaos. They argued amongst themselves; it was like she was dealing with a bunch of ten year olds. She let them go on for about ten minutes before just going ahead and ordering Indian. When she hung up the phone, she got out a beer for herself. “Hey!” Everyone looked at her. “I just ordered Indian. Deal with it.”

They all looked chagrined. “We're sorry, lass,” Killian said. He walked over and joined her by the window. “This really is a nice view.”

“You can see our house. Sort of.” Emma pointed. “Right over there.”

“Did you ever imagine anything like this?”

Emma shook her head. “I learned not to let myself dream about anything. It was easier than getting hurt.”

Killian's face softened, wrapping his arm around her. “My poor love.” Emma leaned on him, head on his shoulder. “What do you dream about now?”

She sighed, thinking. She hadn't given that a whole lot of thought, focusing on the here and now. “Us, I guess. Being happy.” She looked up at him. “What do you dream about?”

“Everyone getting out of here so we can break in that desk of yours.” Emma rolled her eyes, poking him in the ribs. Killian pretended it hurt, then his face grew serious. “I dream about taking you sailing. All of us in Paris or Spain. Anything that puts a smile on your face.”

Emma stood up on her toes, leaning in to kiss him. “You already do that, Killian. Just being here.”

Liam joined them, his hand on Emma's shoulder. “Did you tell her yet, brother?”

Emma's brow creased. “Tell me what?”

“David asked us to be his groomsmen,” Killian said, grinning.

“About time,” Emma said, taking a swig of her beer.

“You knew?!”

“I'm friends with Mary Margaret, of course I knew. Looks like we're all going to be in the wedding.”
“And you didn't see fit to tell us?” Liam asked.

Emma could tell he was teasing. “Hey, that's a bro thing. David's your friend, remember?”

“Bloody Americans,” Killian grumbled.

Emma poked him again. “You love this American, so watch it, buddy.”

Killian's retort was lost in the arrival of the food. Emma and Mary Margaret spread a blanket in the middle of the floor and they sat down to eat, passing cartons and beer. As she sat there enjoying her meal, Emma was struck by how much she felt like she belonged. She was with friends and family in her new office, enjoying some takeout, hilarious stories and good natured ribbing.

How had this become her life?

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Emma slid the filing cabinet closed with a dull thud. It didn't have much in the way of files in it...yet. She'd only been officially working for a week. She spent some of that time filing the paperwork for her investigator's license and making a few tentative contacts at Scotland Yard. In that she was helped by her Navy connections; the lead attorney on Robin's case had a sister who worked at the Yard. Based on that recommendation, the sister—Martha Reynolds—promised to send Emma likely cases as they came across her desk.

It was a start at least.

Emma also spent long hours combing through family court records; men or women who owed child support were the worst, preferring to run rather than own up to their responsibilities. She'd already found one; her first real independent case. She was elated. The job really wasn't any different in London, but she was relieved all the same. Closing that first case in a new place always gave her a sense of accomplishment.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock on her door. “It's open!” Two men in naval uniforms stepped through the door. Emma relaxed, recognizing both of them. “Commander Reynolds. Will.”

“Afternoon, lass,” Will replied. He seemed a bit tense; Emma couldn't put her finger on why.

“Is something wrong?”

Commander Reynolds spoke up. “Not as such. We...” Will scowled and the commander amended, “Or rather, I wanted to go over a few things with you. Standard, I assure you.”

Emma leaned back in her desk chair, legs crossed. “Have a seat.” Both men removed their hats and sat in the chairs across from her. Reynolds opened his briefcase in his lap, pulling out a small recorder. That set off alarm bells in her head. “Are you interrogating me?”

Will frowned. Reynolds looked apologetic. “We just need to make sure we have all the relevant facts, Miss Swan. As the Captain's attorney, I need to know what you know.”

“Am I going to have to testify?”

“‘I doubt it will come to that.’ Reynolds' brown eyes were sharp but apologetic. “But I'm sure the prosecution will try to discredit Petty Officer Tremaine's testimony; downplaying the threat she felt she was under. As the person who found her, you could corroborate her story.”

That made sense. “But what if they try to discredit me?”
“How do you mean?”

Emma shared a look with Will. He nodded. “I’m going to be straight with you. I took this case because Will—Commander Scarlet—asked me too. And he asked because I’m in a relationship with his friend, Lieutenant Killian Jones.” She looked Reynolds in the eye. “As well as Killian’s brother, Liam.”

Reynolds blinked several times as he absorbed that information. She could almost see the wheels turning in his head, but so far he didn't seem to have any other reaction. She waited for...something.

Reynolds let out a slow breath. “There were rumors, office gossip. Nothing specific. I had no idea who...” He looked at Will. “Certain things make sense now.” Reynolds thought for a moment, then straightened his back. “As far as I'm concerned, your private affairs have no bearing on this case, no matter my own feelings on it. But you are correct; if you testify, it could be used against you. It is irrelevant, of course. What I will do, Miss Swan, is do everything in my power to remain true to the facts of the case, which is what happened in the Indian Ocean. As you were not privy to those events, I should not require your testimony. But I feel I must inform you of the possibility.”

Emma absorbed that. The friendly fire incident made headlines, but as soon as the danger was passed, everyone forgot about it. At least the wider public did, moving on to the upcoming Parliamentary elections. Even if she refused to testify, Reynolds could subpoena her. Robin deserved a fair shake. Wasn't that why she did what she did? To help other people get justice?

She looked at Reynolds and nodded. “Okay. If there's no other way, I'll testify.”

“I promise you; it will only be as a last resort.” Reynolds flipped on his recorder. “Let's go over your investigation and how you found the Petty Officer.” They spent the next two hours going through her investigation with a fine tooth comb. She'd already handed over her files and evidence, having assumed her role was complete. Now she wasn't so sure.

“I'm sorry 'bout all this, Emma,” Will said, just before they left. “I tried ta keep ya out of it.”

Emma gave him a rueful smile. “Thanks.”

“Yer my friend; I donna like seein' my friends get dragged through the mud.”

“I've testified before; it's fine.”

Will shook his head. “No, it's not.” He fiddled with his hat. “Listen, how about you and those Jones' come by the pub tonight? Robin would really like ta meet ya.”

They didn't have any other plans and Emma thought it couldn't hurt to meet the man at the center of all this. She was curious why Will was so loyal, even though she knew he was the loyal type.

“Okay. We'll be there.”

A few hours later, she, Liam and Killian piled into a cab. Emma wore a red sundress that fell to her knees and heels to match. Probably a bit much for a drink with friends but Emma was looking forward to working out some of the day's tension with them when they got home. Teasing them for a couple of hours with a cute dress was just a bonus.

“So what did the lawyer want, love?” Liam asked.

“He wanted to go over how I found Anastasia. In case I need to testify.”

“Really?” Killian asked. “Is that normal?”
“According to Reynolds, the prosecution could try to discredit her by claiming she was overreacting.”

“Do you think she was?”

“No.” Emma looked at Killian. “She was really scared, Killian. My gut says she wasn't faking.”

“Did they ever figure out who the button belonged to?” Liam asked.

“I asked Reynolds that and he says no. But they're working on it.” She looked between them.

“There's something else you should know.”

“What is it?”

“I told Reynolds about us. If he has to put me on the stand, I didn't want him to get blindsided by it.”

“Why would it even come up?” Killian asked.

“Because they'd want to cast doubt on her trustworthiness. On her moral fortitude,” Liam said, his voice hard, brittle. “Those bastards.”

“Liam, they're prosecuting. It's their job,” Emma pointed out.

“It's still not right.” His hand closed over hers, squeezing gently. “I don't want them to hurt you.”

Emma squeezed back. “Funny, I was thinking the same thing about you guys.”

“Emma, the only thing that could truly hurt us is seeing you hurt,” Killian said firmly. “No matter what happens, we'll stand by you.”

“Hopefully, it won't come to that,” Emma said, thankful for their support. “But I appreciate it.”

They arrived at the pub a few minutes later. It was a place frequented by naval personnel, both in and out of uniform. Neither of her boys wore their uniforms; they were casual in henleys and jeans. Casual but hot, of course. She couldn't wait to take a bite out of both of them.

They found Will in the back, reserving a large booth. He was still in uniform, sitting next to a taller man with sandy brown hair, light scruff and intelligent blue eyes. Will stood upon spotting them, gesturing them over. “Evenin', you lot,” he said with a note of tipsy cheeriness.

Killian clapped his friend on the back. “Tipsy already, Scarlet?”


Be good. Liam's gaze softened and he nodded.

“Emma, I'd like ya ta meet my captain, Robin Hood. Sir, this is Emma Swan. She found the Petty Officer.”

Robin stood, smiling warmly. “Will's told me that I have you to thank for my defense,” he said, holding out his hand. Emma shook it, gauging his grip. He had a nice firm handshake. “It is a pleasure to finally meet you in person, Miss Swan.”

“Emma, please. I'm just glad I could help.”

Robin thanked her again and turned to Liam and Killian. “Commander, Lieutenant. Your reputation precedes you. I wanted to thank you as well for intervention with the Admiral.”
“We just did what was right,” Liam said. “But you're welcome.” Emma smiled at him, happy that he seemed to be willing to be friendly. Their fight had a profound effect on Liam; he seemed to have reevaluated things, slowly moving from stern older brother to equal partner in their little trio. It was subtle, but it was there and Emma was proud of him.

Will went off to get them a round of drinks, leaving the four of them to settle in the booth. Emma sat between Killian and Liam, wondering how much Robin knew about their situation. The arrival of their drinks broke the quiet as Will facilitated conversation. Sometimes they tumbled down a naval rabbit hole and Emma got lost, but she could appreciate the basics. When her attention wandered, one of the brothers would slide his hand under her skirt, rough palms stroking her smooth skin.

Robin, it turned out, had a young son, so he called it a night early. The lingering uneasiness of people who didn't know each other well dissipated as soon as he left. Emma ducked into the bathroom as the boys fetched another round, smirking at them as she walked away, a little extra sway in her hips.

Liam was waiting when she emerged; Emma took advantage of the secluded corner to press herself against him. “Thank you for keeping an open mind,” she said, arms winding around his neck.

Liam stroked the small of her back, his hands warm through the fabric. “My little brother's not little anymore,” he said. “It's time I accept that.”

“He still needs you. We both do.”

“You've brought us closer, you know,” he said softly. “Loving you has made us better.”

“I never wanted to come between you.”

“And you haven't. In fact, we might have drifted apart, if not for you.”

She couldn't imagine them not being as close as they were now. “That's not funny.”

“No, but it does happen. Look at David and James, living on opposite sides of the ocean. And they're twins.” When she bit her lip, Liam soothed it with his thumb. “That won't be us, love. We made a promise, remember?”

She smiled. “Yeah, I remember.” She leaned up on her toes—even in her heels he was taller than her—and kissed him. “We should get back before Will and Killian try to drink each other under the table.”

Liam laughed, but followed her, walking hand in hand. When they slid back into the booth, Will had some cards and a bowl of peanuts. Emma leaned across and kissed Killian firmly. “What are we playing?”

“Poker?”

Emma grinned. “Sounds good to me. Playing for peanuts?”

“All the stakes this bloke can afford,” Killian replied, shoving his friend's shoulder. “But it could be fun.”

It was fun. Will was a terrible player, but since he was drinking he didn't care. They ate half the “chips” before Emma decided to see about getting them a refill and maybe some other food to munch on. She wasn't the only woman in the pub; there were a couple of female officers, a couple of girlfriends or wives. Most of the clientele was male and unattached, just sitting around unwinding
after a long day.

Emma noted all this on her way to the bar; it was a habit after so many years as a woman alone. It was a sad fact of life that one couldn't be too careful. She didn't sense anything untoward, but that rarely mattered.

She put in an order for another rum and coke for herself and a bowl of peanuts. She was perusing the little menu for likely snacks when a man in a lieutenant commander's uniform sidled up to her.

“Evening, lass.”

Emma barely gave him a glance. “Hi.”

“Here alone?”

Emma's hackles went up. “Nope.”

“That's too bad. You're pretty.”

“And you're drunk.” He left after that. Emma added an order of chips to their tab, waiting patiently until they were ready. She offered to take the tray herself since the bartender was swamped. She was halfway back to the booth when her admirer accosted her again.

“I know you from somewhere.”

“I can safely say I've never met you. Excuse me.” But when she tried to move, the bastard stepped back in her way. “Seriously?”

The sailor narrowed his eyes at her. “I know I've seen you before. Come on, love. Why don't you let me refresh your memory?”


“Emma?” Killian came up behind her, a scowl on his lips.

“I'm fine, Killian.”

The other man's eyes widened. “You're that American lass! I knew I knew you!” He put a hand on Emma's arm. “You're the one who likes to share.”

She moved on instinct. Emma shoved the tray into Killian's hands with one hand and twisted the drunken sailor's arm back with the other. It was all too easy in his drunken state to put him in a head lock, yanking his head back by the hair. “Do we have a problem?” she asked, tightening her grip, restricting his airflow.

“Get off me!” the sailor grunted, trying to buck her off. He was bigger than her, but also wasted. His movements were uncoordinated and sluggish.

“What's going on?” Liam stepped through the gathering crowd, eyes narrowed. Anger came off of him in waves. Killian had already laid the tray aside, fists clenched. Only a signal from Emma kept him from beating the guy to a pulp.

“This wanker attacked Emma,” Killian snarled.

Liam looked thunderous. “Are you alright, love?”

“I'm fine. He's not.”
“Get your whore off me!” There were gasps from the assembled crowd; Emma pressed her knee into the small of his back making him whimper in pain.

“You kiss your mother with that mouth, asshole?”


“Sod off!”

Liam grabbed him by the collar of his uniform. “You're a disgrace to that uniform. When she lets you go, you've got exactly fifteen seconds to get out of here. Are we clear?”

Emma understood then why Liam was a good officer; he commanded respect and obedience. His low, growling, frankly dangerous tone made her wet and want to jump him where he stood.

After long seconds of silence, the man nodded. Well, nodded as much as Emma's choke hold would allow him. She exchanged a look with Liam and Killian. They looked how she felt; anger, concern, love and heated lust battling for dominance. She nodded slowly, unable to resist giving the man one final yank before shoving him away violently. The man choked, coughing, but managed to stand. He threw them all a dirty look and left, staggering out into the night.

The brothers were at her side in an instant, each of them kissing her deeply right there in the middle of the pub. “Can we go home?”

Liam nodded. “Aye.”

Quickly, they said good night to Will, making sure he took a cab home. Killian paid their tab, leaving a few extra pounds since the drunken officer hadn't paid before he staggered out. “Sorry about the disturbance,” he said to the bartender as they left.

They caught the first cab they could get, the tension in the air thick.

“You were bloody magnificent in there, love,” Killian growled softly, his hand going up her skirt. He nuzzled her neck, teasing her with light kisses. Emma bit back a moan, her hips rolling.

Liam dragged her free hand to his crotch; she felt him, hard and thick, through the denim. “Want you so much, lass,” he whispered. “Bloody hell.”

Emma mentally pleaded with the cabbie to hurry, unsure about how long she could hold out. Little tussels like that excited her, made her burn. In the past, she'd have gone to some dive and had a one night stand with a reasonably attractive guy. Now she had Liam and Killian at her side, clearly as excited as she was.

They had to untangle when they arrived at the townhouse; Liam tossed the cabbie the fare and a healthy tip. Emma led them inside, not stopping until she got to the bedroom. Killian got there first, moaning when she yanked him to her by the shirt, crushing her lips to his. Liam knelt behind her as they kissed, reaching up and jerking her panties down her legs. He kissed his way up her thighs, head ducking under her skirt.

Emma mewled when he got to her core, leaning on Killian and spreading her legs. “Oh fuck yes,” she cried. “Don't stop.”

Killian sucked on her pulse as he worked the straps of her dress. “You have no idea how hot that was, darling. Seeing you like that.”
Emma nodded frantically, climbing higher with every swipe of Liam's tongue. “Need…”

“Take what you need, Emma,” Killian said. “Don't be shy.”

Emma licked her lips, reaching out to yank on Killian's pants. She stripped him quickly, efficiently, kissing and stroking every patch of skin she exposed. He let her toy with him, hissing when she swatted his ass. “You like that?”

“Aye,” he gasped, guiding her other hand to his painfully erect cock. Emma stroked him the way he liked, occasionally spanking him, as her own body started to tremble. Liam shoved two fingers deep inside her dripping heat, his mouth on her swollen nub. She came with a sharp cry, Killian's arms encircling her for support as she fell.

As she caught her breath, Liam peeled the dress off, along with her strapless bra. Emma left her heels on, knowing it would drive them crazy. She squeezed Killian's ass before shoving him down on the bed. He stared at her with heavy lidded eyes as she pulled Liam to her, licking his fingers clean and then plunging his mouth. Her body still throbbed, nowhere near satisfied. “Strip,” she ordered Liam, shoving at his chest.

He moved to do so, unconcerned when she left him to rejoin Killian. She straddled Killian's hips, unashamedly grinding her wet core against his thick cock. “Emma,” he panted. “Please.”

“Don't like being on your back?” she teased, giving him a wicked smirk.

“You're being a fucking tease,” he growled, shoving his hips up. He made no other move to take control, clearly enjoying Emma on top despite his words.

Emma bent down to kiss him, pulling lightly on his hair. “You love it,” she hissed. “But I need you.” She pushed up, one hand on his chest, the other between them, guiding him in. She sank down slowly, taking him inch by thick inch, moaning at the way he filled her. She rocked slowly, in no hurry now that he was locked in her body. She beckoned Liam with a crook of her finger; he knelt on the bed next to them, completely nude. Emma kissed him as she rode his brother, hands sliding down his broad hairy chest. She teased the short hairs, making Liam groan.

“Emma,” he panted, hips rocking toward her.

Emma grinned, thoroughly enjoying having them at her mercy. She brought Liam's hand down to where she and Killian were joined, urging him to rub her. “Don’t come,” she warned Killian. “Even if I do.”

“Bloody fuck,” he snarled, shoving his hips into hers.

She shoved him back down roughly. “Watch.” She pulled Liam back to her, kissing him long and slow. She curled her fingers around his cock, jerking him off with practiced strokes. He groaned into her mouth, his fingers slipping faster over her damp flesh. “More,” she demanded, her own hand moving faster. Liam was trembling; she held on to his shoulder to keep steady. “Come for me.”

She and Liam came together, her cry echoing as he spurted his release across her skin. Killian moaned as her walls fluttered around him; he had to bite his lip to keep from falling over the edge himself. She and Liam kissed passionately as she came down, smearing his cum over their skin. The moment they broke apart, Killian flipped her over, spreading her legs wide as he plunged back inside. Emma mewled in pleasure, secretly hoping she'd driven him too far.

“Again,” she pleaded, kissing him hard. “I need to come again.”
Killian was beyond speech, but he heeded her, thumb and finger pinching her swollen clit. The third orgasm came hard on the heels of the second, need finally sated. Killian pulled out of her as her walls fluttered, grunting hoarsely as his seed splashed over her stomach. He collapsed next to her, panting. Emma buzzed from her high, thoroughly satisfied. When Killian regained his breath, he leaned over to kiss her, murmuring how much he loved her.

“Love you too,” she muttered, reaching for Liam blindly. He stretched out beside her, kissing her cheek.

“I'm right here, lass.”

“Good.” They all laughed quietly, enjoying the afterglow. At length, Liam got a wet towel to clean them off; Emma shivered as he wiped her skin clean.

“So, uh, that was intense,” Killian said casually, his hand resting on Emma's stomach.

“Surprised?” Emma asked.

“With you? Nothing surprises me, love.” He winked at her before nuzzling her shoulder. “I love that side of you.”

Liam agreed, returning to her other side. “It's definitely a turn on,” he said, kissing the swell of her breast.

Their complete acceptance warmed her heart. “Thanks for letting me take care of that.”

“I never doubted you for a second,” Killian said. “But I will gladly defend your honor if the need ever arises.”

She smiled at him. “I know. Unnecessary but sweet.”

“That bloke didn't hurt you?” Liam asked.

She shook her head. “Not physically. The name calling stung a bit.”

Liam kissed her brow. “I'm sorry, sweetheart.”

“Probably won't be the last time,” she said sadly. There was no way to get everyone to accept them, a fact she was slowly learning to accept herself. “As long as we know how we feel, nothing else matters, right?”

“Couldn't have put it better myself.”

Killian played with her hair. “As soon as the court martial's over, we'll take some leave. We could take that trip to France, love.”

“I'd like that.” She kissed them both, relaxing as they talked about all the mischief they could get up to across the Channel. It gave her something to look forward to in the weeks to come.
Chapter 2

Ever since Reynolds questioned her something had been bothering her.

The button Emma found in Anastasia's apartment still had no owner. Emma wasn't a criminal investigator by training (not that she had any “official” training) but her instincts said that they should have found something by now. She'd met and interacted with the Navy's lead investigator on Robin's case and he didn't strike her as incompetent. The button was only tangible link to Anastasia's fear, so it was important. It would be all too easy for the prosecution to cast doubt on her story if they didn't believe she truly was in danger.

Emma thought long and hard about it. She talked to Liam and Killian about it too. In fact, she could hardly do otherwise since they could tell something was bugging her. They encouraged her to follow her instincts, promising to back her up. Strictly speaking, it wasn't her job to investigate, but seeing as she managed to find Anastasia in the first place, she figured she might be able to help.

Or get around any run around the Navy investigators were getting.

She started by looking into Robin's enemy, Nottingham. She didn't find much, just the standard Navy bio. He wasn't married, didn't have kids. His life revolved around the Navy. He and Robin were the same rank, but their careers took very different paths. She couldn't figure out why they hated each other so much though.

Which was why she was in her office, waiting for Robin. Interviewing him seemed to be the most direct way to find out what she needed to know. If she had a motive she might be able to figure out how he was able to convince a petty officer to go into hiding.

The light knock on the glass told her he had arrived. “Come in!”

The door opened and Robin's sandy head peered around it. “Hello, Miss Swan.”

“Emma. Come on in, Robin. I'm glad you could meet me.” Robin entered; he was in uniform, which struck her as odd. What could he do without his command, while he was under suspicion? “Please, have a seat.”

Robin smiled as he sat. “This is a very nice office. Have you been here long?”

“A few weeks. Still getting used to working again.”

“A transoceanic move can not be easy, I would imagine.”

Emma chuckled. “No, it's not. But it's been worth it so far.”

“According to Will, his friend and his brother are fine officers, good men. But I do believe in this instance they are the lucky ones.”

Emma blushed, his meaning clear. “They are the best,” she said simply. “We're happy.”

After a moment, Robin grew serious. “I don't imagine that is why you asked me here however.”

Emma shook her head. “How much has Reynolds told you?”

Robin frowned. “That the facts appear to be in my favor. Now that Petty Officer Tremaine can testify, it should be pretty cut and dry. Why?”
Emma leaned forward in her chair. “When I found Anastasia—Petty Officer Tremaine—she was in hiding. And her family. She was very afraid that they wouldn't be safe if she testified. Do you have any idea why she would be so afraid, Captain?”

Robin looked stunned. “I truly do not. I didn't have much contact with her during our time in the IO. The Sherwood has a large crew. We had only experienced the usual pitfalls of months at sea until the incident. I still don't know how someone got on board and tampered with the live ammunition, which is quite vexing, I assure you.”

Emma cocked her head curiously. “Do you think it was someone from the outside?”

“If not, then someone on my crew betrayed not only me, but their country.”

Emma hadn't thought about that. Suddenly, this could be much more complicated than personal betrayal. Still, she had to start somewhere. “Will mentioned there is some bad blood between you and Captain Nottingham?”

Robin looked surprised but scowled. “He and I have never gotten along. Nottingham has always been jealous of me.”

“Do you know why?”

“Why is anyone jealous? Young, up and coming officers...” Robin shrugged. “We wound up on very different tracks. I've worked hard to gain the respect of my superiors, doing so with honor. Nottingham...honestly, I believe he is jealous and somewhat chagrined to be outshone by someone of lower birth. He comes from a noble line, you see.”

Emma had to bite back a laugh. “You mean he's Draco Malfoy?”

It took Robin a moment to get the reference. “Ah! Yes, that would be an apt comparison.”

“Just no magic or wizards, right?”

Robin chuckled. “As much as my son Roland would appreciate that...I'm afraid not.”

“I guess there are some things I still have to get used to, nobility and all that.”

“Britain still retains a fair amount of classism, Emma. I wouldn't underestimate that.”

“Nor good old fashioned human jealousy.”

“Indeed.” They chatted for a little while longer, Robin imparting what he knew about his nemesis. Emma took some notes, hoping to follow through on a lead or two before calling it a day.

Her good intentions got side tracked pretty quickly, however. Research into Nottingham's family background led her to Wikipedia, where she got lost in article after article on the British class system and nobility. It was weirdly fascinating, before she knew it almost three hours had gone by.

“Shit,” she muttered, finally seeing the time. If she didn't hurry, she'd be late for her yoga class. She shut her laptop and packed it, grabbing her bag as she headed out the door. The boys liked to run; she did too sometimes. But yoga was a chance to clear her head, work out the occasional ache in her muscles. Her job kept her pretty fit as it was, but with her increased sex life it was pretty much a requirement. Not because of anything aesthetic, but because of the energy involved. Sex was exhausting and sex with the Jones brothers was intense and exhausting.
Besides, Emma enjoyed working out; it made her feel good about herself. It was a part of her routine that she had no intention of giving up.

She was only a couple of minutes late, rolling out her mat in the back of the class. After doing her stretches, she relaxed into the workout, her brain turning off as she moved through the familiar poses. A few weeks ago, she decided to challenge herself and take a more advanced course; she was pleased it seemed to be working out.

It was little things like that made her think of New York less and less. London was rapidly becoming home to her, an extension of the home she had with Killian and Liam. When they inevitably went back to New York to fetch her things, she would miss the old London streets, getting around in the black cabs. Hell, even the weather. She paid more attention because she knew that she would be staying and not just moving on to the next place. It was an unfamiliar feeling, but not unwelcome. Moving was exhausting.

She took a long bath when she got home, relaxing in the tub with some soft music playing. They’d talked about getting a bigger one so they could bathe together, but Emma balked at the expense. She didn’t doubt it would be fun, but she kinda thought of the tub as hers. They shared everything together and it was wonderful, but she still occasionally needed time to herself. She could soak her aching muscles in the water and just...not think. Maybe doze a little. It was one of her few indulgences.

After her bath, she wrapped Killian’s robe around her, slipping her phone into the large pocket. She decided to get caught up on some laundry and other sundry things, since the boys wouldn’t be home for a little while yet.

She was polishing the dining room table when her phone buzzed. It was Liam. What are you up to, love?

Emma tapped out a reply, sending it to both of them. She never could resist teasing them. Just got out of the bath. Doing some chores.

Killian’s reply arrived first. In the bath without us? Bad form, darling.

Emma rolled her eyes. We shower together, remember?

Liam answered her. Naked and wet is always something to indulge in, lass.

Emma smirked. Who says I’m not right now?

She knew she’d succeeded when it took longer than normal for a reply. Well, two replies. Identical. Bloody hell.

She finished wiping down the table before replying. I thought you liked me naked?

Killian was faster. Where are you right now?

Dining room, polishing the table.

Liam got there first. I can think of something else for you to polish, lass.

Okay, not the most original, but Emma still felt the flash of warmth shoot down her spine. Maybe of you’re very good, I will. ;)
Fuck, I wish we were home right now, Killian said.

What would you do?

Press you up against the nearest surface and ravish you.

Emma bit her lip as her clit throbbed. They were on the other side of the city but her body didn't care. She wanted them there with her, doing naughty things to her. Ravish? Like a pirate?

Liam replied. Aye, I'd watch him take you against the wall, then I'd bend you over that newly polished table. Each of us having our wicked way with you. Would you like that?

Emma lowered her head and moaned softly, imagining that in her head. It was the time of the month when the smallest thing seemed to arouse her, not that it ever truly took much with them. Emma knew they thrived on keeping her satisfied. But she wanted them now and not hours from now. You are evil, Liam.

Evil but correct, my love.

She didn't doubt that she wasn't the only one of them suffering right now. Unlike them, however, Emma could do something about it. She hurried up the stairs and into the bedroom, reaching under the bed for her box of toys. She dug through it, sifting through vibrators and dildos, trying to find something to ease the ache inside her. The boys didn't let up, detailing a variety of things they wanted to do to her.

If she couldn't have them there, then perhaps she could give them some incentive to come home early.

Emma grinned wickedly, amazed her own brazenness. She hadn't thought of herself as an exhibitionist before meeting them, but she discovered new things about herself all the time. Like the other day when she begged Killian to take some pictures of her fucking Liam. He'd also taken a short video which was now safely stored on a password protected USB drive, along with the photos. It had been far more erotic than she expected and it made her want to do it again.

Fortunately, she had just the thing.

Emma gathered her things and went down to the study; it was the only place that had the type of chair she needed. She sat up her laptop, flipping on the webcam, sitting it opposite the hard backed wooden chair. Once she had the picture where she wanted it, she hit record, taking a seat in the chair, spreading her thighs.

Emma drew the silicone dildo through her damp folds, sucking in a sharp breath. She hadn't done this in a while; she forgot how much she liked it. She played with herself, rubbing, coating the dildo with her increasing arousal. She imagined them there, watching her. Or seeing their faces when they got her little surprise. She moaned and hissed, her core clenching around nothing.

“Oh god,” she breathed. It was such a turn on, touching herself like this, knowing they would get to see her pleasure herself. She added her fingers to the mix, circling her sensitive clit. She was wet, very wet, slick. She wanted them to see her need, wanted them to hurry home so they could indulge in their fantasies, ease the tensions of the day.

The dildo had a suction cup at the base and Emma licked it before sticking it firmly to the bottom of the chair. Once it was secure, she lifted her hips and slowly impaled herself, facing the camera, watching as the false cock disappeared inside her body. It worked better than she thought, as she slowly rocked up and down. Emma braced her feet on the bottom rung of the chair and her arms on
the seat, gradually increasing her pace until her soft urgent cries filled the room.

“Fuck,” she hissed. “So good.” It wasn't as good as her lovers, but for now, it was enough. Her hips moved faster, harder, taking the dildo deeper inside. Her orgasm was just out of reach; she flicked her clit rapidly, moaning as she fell over the edge. She road out her orgasm, walls clenching around the toy, milking the moment for all it was worth. When she came down, she stood and went to flip off the webcam.

She was warm and flushed, but she sent the short video to their private email addresses before she could change her mind. Putting herself out there was still a new thing, but she knew it would be worth it.

Emma returned to the upstairs bathroom, where she washed her toy clean and put it away. She left the box out in case they wanted to use anything later. If they reacted the way she hoped, her boys might be too wound up to bother with trivial things like toys. Which was very okay with her.

She studiously avoided her phone, returning to the laundry room to swap out the loads. When she got back to the bedroom, her phone was blaring. She smiled at the caller ID before answering it.

“Hello?”

“You are a wanton vixen, Emma,” Liam growled into the phone.

“Did you like your surprise?” she asked innocently.

“Where did you even get that?”

“Hey, who was the one dragging their girlfriend to every sex shop in Brighton?”

Liam groaned. “We're on our way home. I hope you weren't planning on sleeping tonight, lass.”

“Is that a promise?”

He cursed low before hanging up. Emma's skin was already buzzing, excitement coiling deep in her gut. She loved making them crazy, making them want her. She craved them like she needed air some days; it was only right to return the favor.

She dug in the closet, swapping out Killian's terry cloth robe for red silk. She didn't even bother tying it, just let the cloth slide over her skin. She settled in the plush armchair, legs spread, a book in her hand. She wasn't reading, couldn't focus enough to make out individual words. She was already horny again, shivering as the cool air hit her dampening flesh. Emma hitched one leg up on the arm of the chair, fingers sliding through her folds. She wanted them to find her like this, spread and wet, touching herself.

She knew how to tease, lightly rubbing her clit, the tips of her fingers playing with her entrance. Eventually, her hips started to roll, her mind willing them to hurry. She didn't stop when the front door slammed and two pairs of feet pounded their way up the stairs. She was deep in her own zone, pleasure coursing through her veins.

“Fucking hell,” Killian cursed. He was panting, barely in the door.

“Emma?” Liam asked, breathing hard himself. “Enjoying yourself?”

She raised her head, pleased by the looks on their faces. Pupils blown, lips parted, completely focused on her. “A little.”
“Only a little?” Liam said, advancing toward her. He was already pulling at his clothes, jacket, tie and shirt hitting the floor in quick succession. “Perhaps we could help with that?”

Emma teased her clit, nodding. “Please.”

Liam wasted no time; he sank to his knees in front of her, hands sliding up her thighs. Emma mewled, his hands on her skin exactly what she wanted. Warmth spread out from his touch, heart beating faster. Emma spread her folds in invitation, needing his talented mouth on her.

“Such a siren, Emma,” Liam mumbled before licked her from back to front. Emma moaned loudly, hips rocking up into his touch. Her fingers curled in his hair, intent on holding him in place. She could feel Killian watching them, his stormy blue gaze setting her skin alight.

Emma looked at him at last, beckoning with her finger. He was half undressed, top gone, pants undone. His fingers curled around his cock, lightly pulling. He came to her with a groan, bending down so he could kiss her. Emma plundered his mouth, tasting the beer he'd had at lunch.

They broke apart, panting. “If you needed us this badly, lass,” Killian said softly, “all you had to do was ask.”

“Did you...oh god, Liam...not like the video?” Liam was devouring her like a man starved, tongue plunging into her wet hole over and over.

Killian chuckled darkly. “Bloody fantastic, that was. Like our own private show.”

“Oh.” Emma gasped, pulling sharply on Liam's hair. “Oh fuck.”

Killian chuckled. “We're here now, my love. We'll take care of you.” His thumb grazed her lower lip and Emma promptly sucked it into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the digit, sucking hard. Killian groaned. “Such a greedy lass.” He stepped closer, thighs bumping the arm of the chair. “Go on, love. Take what you want.”

Emma slid over in the chair, capturing his cock between her lips. She hummed around him, pre cum tangy on her tongue. She couldn't take him very deep at this angle but it didn't matter; she teased the head, tongue playing with his leaking slit. Killian groaned and cursed, hips gently rocking. Emma reached over the chair, hand between his legs. She touched him in the place that made him writhe, the sensitive spot between balls and anus.

“Bloody fuck,” Killian cursed. “Feels so fucking good, love.”

Emma hovered on the edge of orgasm when Liam pulled away. Emma released Killian with a whine, glaring at the older Jones. “What the fuck?”

“Want to be in you when you come,” he said, fingers dancing over her damp flesh, still teasing. “Is that what you want, Emma? Us to fill you?”

“Please!”

“Kneel in the chair, sweetheart.”
Emma moved with alacrity; they could take their time later, thoroughly explore. Emma wanted to lick them from head to toe until they were quivering with need. But if she didn't come soon, she might explode. She heard Liam fumbling with his pants; Killian offered her his cock again, groaning as she pressed wet kisses to the throbbing red flesh. She wanted him in her too, fucking her into whatever surface they found themselves.

Liam rubbed the head of his cock along her flesh, teasing them both. “Bloody hell, just fuck her, Liam. I want my turn,” Killian complained.

Liam squeezed her ass, spreading her cheeks as he slid home, his thickness stretching her. Emma sighed in relief; it was so much better than any toy. Liam was warm and real, balls slapping her clit. Emma pushed back against him wantonly, needing him to take her hard and fast. “God, you feel good,” she breathed.

“Better...than...that...sodding...toy?” he asked, each word punctuated by a thrust.

“Yes!” She held onto the back of the chair as Liam fucked her, hitting her deeply. Killian watched them with greedy eyes, stroking himself. Emma got wetter as she watched, incredibly turned on.

Liam shoved the silk up her back, hips snapping hard into hers. He bent over her, his voice low in her ear. “I wanted you so bad, love,” he whispered harshly. “Wanted to bend you over my desk and fuck you right there. Just like this.”

Emma mewled, immediately imagining the picture he painted. His hands kneaded her breasts, sending another jolt of lust down her spine. “Fuck, hurry,” she panted. “Need you.”

Liam’s hand found her clit, pinching the wet nub. “Come for me, lass, fuck.”

Emma fell apart in his arms, her body shaking violently as it washed over her in waves. She cried out, vision swimming. Liam followed her with a grunt, pulsing wetly inside her. He rutted until he was spent, running wet kisses over her shoulder, whispering how much he loved her into her skin.

She was still riding her high when he pulled out of her; Emma bit back a whine of complaint. Killian was still there, still hard and aching for her. She tried to catch her breath, eager for more. Liam fell back onto their bed, drenched in sweat. When Emma looked for Killian, he was gone, but she felt him gently pulling on her robe. She let him peel it off before he switched places with her, sitting in the chair. He pulled her into his lap; she straddled his hips, hissing as her sensitive flesh slid over his cock.

“Slowly,” he admonished, cradling her face. “We’ve all night, darling.” He kissed her, the barest brush of lips and Emma melted into him, her hands threading through his black hair. His large hands stroked her back, soothing her and arousing her at the same time. He made no move to take her yet, letting her recover from her first intense orgasm.

“This is what I imagined,” he murmured, kissing and licking her neck. “You in my lap, riding me until we both passed out.”

Emma shivered. “Killian...”

“Slowly, slowly.” He kissed her lips, deepening it slowly. Now that Liam was spent, they had time; Killian could touch her to his heart’s content. He touched her everywhere, back, ribs, stomach, thighs. He lightly spanked her, warmth pooling between her legs again. “Bloody well addicted to you, lass,” he said softly, hands molding to her breasts. He thumbed her hardening nipples; Emma hissed in pleasure. “You want us as badly as we want you...don’t you?”
“God yes,” she replied, back arching. “Wanted you to come home. Needed this.”

Killian licked a taut peak. “We'll keep you satisfied, Emma.” He sucked the nipple into his mouth while plucking its twin, making her ache. She wanted him inside her, stroking her walls as expertly as he did her body. Emma clutched at his head, a moan tearing from her throat.

“Killian, please.”

He grabbed her by the hips, lifting her up. Emma took him into her hand and guided him in, both of them moaning as she sank down, down, down. Having him fully seated was heaven; she felt every thick inch. She started slow, kissing him hard on the mouth. She imagined them at his desk, riding him wantonly, Liam watching them. Killian squeezed her ass, urging her on. She picked up her pace just a bit, not ready for this to be over yet.

“Faster,” Killian bit out. “Not gonna last, love.”

Emma urged him to touch her, one hand playing with her clit, the other rimming her puckered hole. Emma shuddered, the extra stimulation exactly what she needed. “Fuck!” She rode him harder, faster, thighs burning with the effort, but she was so close...they came together, calling each other's names, Emma's clenching walls milking Killian dry. She collapsed into his chest, sparks spreading across her skin, quivering from aftershocks. Killian pressed his lips to her hair, cradling her against his body.

“Shhh,” he murmured. “I've got you.”

Emma closed her eyes and relaxed; she felt sated for the moment, utterly at peace. She heard the bed creak as Liam stood. “Give her to me,” he said softly. “I'll clean her up.”

Emma made no protest as Killian handed her to his brother, Liam lifting her bridal style to their bed. She shivered under his ministrations, a warm wet cloth wiping her abused flesh. But her legs appreciated that she didn't have to move. Liam laid out next to her, combing his fingers through her hair. “Sleep if you want, lass,” he said. “We'll be here.”

Emma shook her head. “I'd rather spend time with you.”

Liam smiled. “We missed you too, Emma.” He lightly kissed her lips, resting a possessive hand on her stomach. They were quiet until Killian joined them, stretching out on Emma's other side. “Hello, love.”

Emma laughed quietly, blushing a little. “Hi.”

“Better?”

“For now.”

Killian grinned lecherously. “I love when you need us, Emma.”

She flushed. “Does work out well for you, huh?” She took his hand. “It is better than picking up some guy in a bar or spending quality time with plastic.”

Both of their eyes darkened a fraction. “You won't ever have to do that again,” Liam said firmly.

“Planning on sticking around?” she joked.

“For as long as you'll have us.”
“Might be a long time.”

“We certainly hope so,” Killian replied, brushing some hair away from her face.

Emma looked from one to the other, hoping Killian was right. She wanted this to last. “So how was your day before you were interrupted?”

They took the change of subject in stride. “Dull. Very boring,” Killian said.

There was something about the way he said it that made her wonder. “You weren't doing some top secret thing, were you?”

Liam laughed. “No, not today. Killian's right though; our day definitely improved after hearing from our favorite lass.” His thumb stroked her stomach affectionately. She felt all gooey inside, knowing they missed her.

“I spent a fair amount of time examining a map, love,” Killian mumbled, nuzzling her shoulder. “Keeping track of the fleet in the North Atlantic.” His hand glided over her skin, not to arouse her, just to touch. They couldn't seem to stop touching when they were all close like this.

“While I played phone tag with my counterpart in your Pentagon,” Liam finished.

“Another exercise?” Emma asked.

Liam shook his head. “No. Those operations are suspended until after Robin's court martial. I was looking into that from their end, inquiring if they knew how the mystery man got on board Robin's ship.”

Emma looked at him hopefully. Now that she knew Robin better, she really wanted to help him. “Really?”

“Aye. The Sherwood was on liberty in Sydney a few days before the exercise; they might have picked up a stowaway.”

Emma frowned. “But what does that have to do with the Pentagon?”

“Sydney's a big port, lass,” Killian said. “Ships from all over stop for refueling or liberty. Since Australia's part of the Commonwealth, Royal Navy vessels are in and out frequently.”

“It's popular with Americans too. Afghanistan and Pakistan aren't that far by ship.”

“Oh.” Emma had never really thought about how widespread naval operations went, taking things like that for granted like most most Americans. She saw reports on the news sometimes, but she didn't know anyone personally. It never sank in. It was something else she was learning since falling in love with the Jones brothers.

“The Admiralty wants answers. If Robin's story is true then there could be a huge security breach.”

Emma chewed on her lip. “They still don't know who the button belongs to,” she said quietly. “The only prints they could find were too smudged to be useful.”

“Do you have a theory, Emma?” Liam asked.

“I talked to Robin today. I still think this Nottingham guy has the most motive to try and ruin Robin's career.”
“Utter wanker, he is,” Killian spat.

“You know him?” Emma asked incredulously.

Killian shook his head. “Not personally. Spoke at my graduation ceremony. Came off as a pompous arse.”

“Robin said he was a blue blood,” Emma replied. “That’s why Nottingham hates him, something about lower class?”

Liam nodded. “Aye. That kind of attitude isn’t very prevalent, but it does exist for some people. I’ve faced it a time or two.”

“You have?”

Liam shrugged. “A few drunken brawls at the Academy, some harsh words. I acquitted myself admirably, if I do say so myself.”

“You did come home with a busted lip one time, brother,” Killian reminded him. “I wasn’t there to protect you.”

Liam laughed. “Little brother, you were sixteen, all gangly and thin. What were you gonna do? Breathe on them?”

“Mum was furious,” Killian remembered, looking down at Emma. “She threatened to pull him out, make him come home.”

Liam sighed. “She couldn’t have; I was of age. I learned to clean myself up after that, so she wouldn’t see.”

Emma cupped his cheek. “Any lasting damage?”

Liam kissed her palm. “I had to have a couple of teeth reset. Had a broken finger too.” He pointed to a scar on his side. “See this? It was from a rusty fence. Climbed it on a dare.”

“You never told me that!” Killian cried, indignant.

“Because I didn’t want you following in my footsteps, little brother.”

Killian’s jaw clenched, the little moniker still irritating him. Emma smiled to herself; there was nothing little or inadequate about him. Hoping to make him smile again, she coaxed his mouth to hers, kissing him. Killian sighed into her mouth, drawing her closer, deepening the kiss. Emma rolled on her side, pressing herself closer, leg hitching up his hip. She felt Liam’s lips on her back, hands stroking, sliding down to her ass.

“Emma,” Killian panted, breaking away.

“Sorry,” she muttered. “I just wanted you to smile.”

He grinned at her. “Mission accomplished, sweetheart.”

“Do I get a kiss?” Liam asked, hand sliding over her curves.

Emma smirked, twisting to face him. He kissed her hard, tongue slipping past her lips. Emma mewled softly, toes curling in pleasure. They kissed until they had to breathe, Emma’s body humming pleasantly.
“A man could live on your kisses, love,” Killian murmured, kissing the underside of her jaw. Liam agreed, lips brushing the swell of her breast.

Emma sank deeper into the mattress, loving the warmth and affection surrounding her. She loved them so much, selfishly soaked in their adoration in return. “As fun as that would be to try, maybe we should eat real food?”

“I don’t want to leave the bed,” Killian complained.

“Perhaps we should order in then,” Liam said, still peppering kisses over Emma's skin. Little sparks trailed in his wake. “What do you think, Emma?”

She ran her fingers through Liam's curls. “Ordering in sounds like a plan,” she said, swallowing thickly. Tendrils of desire flowed under her skin as Killian joined in, lips and scruff sliding over her stomach. “I'm hungry.”

Liam kissed the underside of her breast, hand trailing over her hipbone. “Only for food, love?”

Emma groaned, hips rolling involuntarily. “Damn you both.”

“You got to eat earlier,” Killian growled, nipping just below her navel. “Make yourself useful.”

“Bastard,” Liam snarled.

“Liam...please,” Emma said softly. She was wet again, her body demanding more. “It won't take long.”

Liam crawled back up and kissed her thoroughly before agreeing. “Chinese?”

“Sounds great.” She smiled up at him; she'd be amused by this if she wasn't so damn needy. How did they get to her so fucking fast?

“Love the way you smell,” Killian mumbled as soon as Liam was out of the room. God knew they did not need the Chinese place to hear the sex noises as they ordered. He kissed her cleft, nuzzling the bare flesh. Having sex as often as she did now, it was hell trying to keep it that way, but she loved the way they touched her there. Her legs fell open, inviting Killian to taste.

“Oh yes,” she breathed, chasing his touch as he petted her. “More, please.”

“All in good time, my love.” He kissed the inside of her thighs, scruff scraping the delicate skin. Emma mewled and bucked, frustrated by his teasing. Killian curled his arms around her thighs, holding her in place. He lowered his head, giving her the briefest lick. “Hmm, you taste even better. Love this sweetness.”

Emma fisted the sheet, trying to move, to do something. But Killian held her firm, snickering as he finally started to feast on her. Emma cried out in pleasure, thrusting her hips against his face. Killian licked and nibbled, blowing cool air over her, then warming it with his tongue. Over and over until she was incoherent with pleasure. Her head thrashed, pressure coiling tighter and tighter.

“How does she taste?” Liam asked, returning to the bedroom. Emma's eyes snapped open; he was grinning lecherously.

“Tangy and sweet as always, brother,” Killian replied. “Dripping.”

“Bloody hell,” Liam cursed. He sat on the edge of the bed, reaching over and palming her heaving
breast. “You love to be eaten, don't you, lass?”

Emma nodded, back arching. “Yes.”

“Don't stop,” Liam said. “Watching her fall apart is half the fun.”

Killian sucked on her clit, humming his agreement. Emma gasped and arched, feet planted on the bed. The vibrations did dirty things to her; she was hot all over. Liam bent and suckled at her breasts, giving them both the attention of his warm mouth. Killian plunged three fingers deep inside her sheath, fucking her vigorously as he used his tongue on her clit.

Liam straightened in time to watch her fall; her scream echoed in the room. Her legs clamped down in Killian's head, her entire body trembling. He eased her down, looking up at her with a smug grin on his lips.

Emma's breath came in harsh pants; she was parched. “Jesus Christ.”

“Just Killian, love.” Emma rolled her eyes. “You are so beautiful.” He kissed her stomach, then crawled back up to lay beside her. “Love you.”

She huffed, a weak smile on her lips. “Love you too.” She leaned in to kiss him, shivering at her own taste. “Hmm.”

Liam brought her hand to his lips, kissing the back of it. Emma turned to look; she spotted his erection, but he wouldn't let her touch it. “Later,” he said. “Let's get you fed first.”

“Such a gentleman,” she teased.

“I do try,” he replied, grinning. “But I occasionally get led astray.”

“By what?”

“A certain golden haired siren.” He leaned down to kiss her. “Who I love very much.”

“She loves you, too, Liam.”

Their food arrived not long after; Liam hastily yanked on some boxers to answer the door. Emma plucked one of their dress shirts from the floor and slipped it on. She tried to straighten the sheets so they could eat; like Killian, she wasn't overly fond of leaving their comfortable bed. Reluctantly, Killian pulled his own boxers out of the pile of shed clothing and went to help Liam with their feast. The boys returned in a few moments, arms laden with two bags of cartons and glasses. Liam had a pitcher filled with ice water; Emma practically snatched it out of his hand, pouring herself a glass. She chugged down half of it in one gulp, easing some of her thirst.

“Easy, love,” Liam admonished.

“I was thirsty,” she said matter of factly.

“All that screaming no doubt,” Killian said smugly.

Emma swatted his shoulder, relishing the light crack on his skin. “Someone just couldn't behave.”

Killian nodded. “Guilty.” He poked at the material the covered her. “What else should I do when in bed with a gorgeous woman?”

“We were having a conversation.” She snatched one of the cartons from his hands, inhaling the
aroma of good Chinese food.

“You were naked, love,” Killian retorted. “I simply can't resist you in such a state.”

“Or any state,” Liam added, chuckling. He joined them on the bed; they sat in a triangle, food cartons spread out amongst them. He leaned over and placed a chaste kiss to her lips. “If we knew how to resist you, Emma, we wouldn't be here right now.”

“Thank god for animal magnetism,” Emma said sarcastically. But she was smiling. She couldn't resist them either.

“Thank god you have a giving and open heart,” Liam said seriously.

“We would be rather lost without you,” Killian admitted.

Emma blushed. “I think you have that the other way around.” She scooped some noodles into her mouth as a distraction.

“No, he doesn't,” Liam replied. “This is a family again because of you, Emma. Everything we didn't know what we had lost until you walked into our lives.”

“It's almost been a year,” Killian said, munching on some chicken. “Can you believe that?”

“Really?” Emma thought about the date; that night at the club was indelibly imprinted on her memory.

“We should celebrate.”

“You always want to celebrate things,” Emma deadpanned.

“Because everything is new and exciting, sweetheart,” Liam said. “The anniversary of the day we met you strikes me as important.”

Emma cocked her head. “Point taken. I'll just let you boys plan and I'll show up, okay?”

“Emma, if you don't want to...”

She put down her carton. “No, no, it's not that. I'm just...still adjusting to things like anniversaries and holidays and milestones. I don't even celebrate my own birthday.”

“You don't?” Killian asked, frowning.

Emma shook her head. “It's been too painful. Every year I get older and every year I'm still alone. Or was.”

“When is it?” Liam asked gently.

She sighed. “October 23rd.”

“So we missed it,” Killian said sadly. He reached for her hand. “I wish you'd have told us, Emma. We'd have done something.”

“I know.” It was during the month between their return to London and her arrival in the same place. She hadn't mentioned it because she didn't want them to make a fuss. Her emotions were still so jumbled then; the urge to protect herself was strong. “I guess I wasn't ready.”
“Hey, it's okay,” Liam assured her. “None of us were sure where this was going then.”

“And we do now?” She hadn't meant to blurt it out like that. But with Mary Margaret's engagement, she'd been thinking about it. The very nature of their relationship meant they couldn't have what other couples had. Emma didn't even know if she wanted the whole marriage and kids thing anyway. But she didn't want to stand in the way of what they wanted.

“How do you mean?”

“What if something happened to you? I'm not your wife or anything.”

“Emma, people live together without anything legally binding all the time.”

Emma growled, more at herself than anything. “I know. Forget I even brought it up. It's stupid.”

Killian shook his head. “It's not stupid, love. We're in this together; we want to know if something's bothering you.”

“It's not bothering me, exactly. What we have is good.” She smiled at them. “Really good. And I know it's not going anywhere. I just don't ever want to hold you guys back.”

“We would be quite miserable without you, Emma,” Liam said firmly. “This is the life we want. If it would make you feel better, we can arrange some power of attorney or other legal shenanigans...just in case. I know if I ever wound up in hospital, I'd want you at my side.”

“As would I,” Killian said. “You're our family.”

“Okay.” It felt like a weight she hadn't known she was carrying lifted off her shoulders. It wasn't traditional, but neither were they. They got back to eating, resuming their earlier conversation about teenage adventures and scars. Killian told a story that made her laugh so hard she got a stitch in her side. She stretched out to ease it, Liam sliding over to massage it away. That led to them taking turns feeding her, which led to kisses, which eventually led to their few clothes being shed for another round of lovemaking.

She fell asleep that night with the boys huddled close feeling completely loved.

Emma spent the next couple of days running down some leads on Nottingham. She talked to her contact that the Navy, to see if they'd made any progress. Robin's court martial was scheduled to start in two weeks, that didn't leave them much time. The case could proceed without the identity of Anastasia's would be stalker, but it would be easier to poke holes in her story. She couldn't let that happen.

Nottingham definitely had some followers, hangers on, trying to ride his coat tails. Anyone of them could have been persuaded to hound an unsuspecting petty officer, try to cow her into not testifying. Or worse. Emma remembered how frightened Anastasia was; did she believe her life was in danger? Her mother and sister?

More curious was the timing. Did Nottingham simply take advantage of Robin's accident or was he somehow behind it? Would he stoop that low to get one up on a rival? Emma had seen a lot of sketchy things in her life, but that was an extremely serious allegation. If caught, it would ruin his career. Hell, his life. Was foiling Robin worth the risk?

_Neal sent you to jail for his crime_, Emma reminded herself. _No explanation, no nothing. He set you up to take the fall._
But as far as Emma knew, Neal still walked free. She didn't know where he was, nor did she care. But he was an example of just how terrible people could be. There weren't many things worse than knocking up a teenager and conspiring to send her to prison for your crime.

Emma was lucky to come out of that relatively intact. Her trust in people was broken, but she'd become stronger. Many people got out of jail and went on to be worse criminals. Emma was determined not to take that path. She wanted to be a decent, hard working person, not someone who scraped by on handouts and pity. Little more than ten years later, she was here in a new country, building a new relationship, a new life for herself.

Even more important, she was happy. Well and truly happy. Her broken pieces fit together in a new way, glued together by an overwhelming amount of love and trust, given selflessly by two very good men.

Emma walked out of a meeting with Reynolds trying not to feel discouraged. He was proceeding as if nothing had changed, not that Emma blamed him. His job was to defend Robin to the best of his ability. He trusted the Navy investigators to do their job. He wasn't overly fond of Emma's “interference.” Emma was prepared to start looking into the backgrounds of Nottingham's set, see if anything popped. Getting phone and bank records wouldn't be that hard. There had to be a connection; she just had to find it.

“Sorry, excuse me,” Emma muttered, stepping aside and letting someone else through. A briefcase banged against her legs and she looked up, annoyed. “And excuse you.”

Emma froze, her eyes widening. She took in the tight bun, the brown eyes, crisp uniform. “Clara?”

Clara looked confused. “What? Oh. It's you.” She pulled back on her briefcase. “Sorry, I didn't see you there.”

“No harm done. I was just leaving anyway.”

“I have to admit,” Clara said, “I didn't expect you to still be in the country.”

Emma scowled. “Sorry to disappoint you.”

Clara didn't move out of Emma's way. “How is Liam? I haven't had a chance to speak to him since...”

“Since you called me a whore in front of half the Navy?” Emma snapped.

Clara bristled. “I'm worried about him,” she said defensively. “Despite everything, I'm still his friend.”

A light bulb went off in Emma's head. “Oh my god, you're still in love with him, aren't you?”

Clara flinched. “Liam's a good man, a good officer. To watch him ruin his life like this...”

Emma felt like she'd been punched in the gut. “Let's make one thing clear, lady. I love Liam. I would never do anything to hurt him.”

“You're sleeping with his good for nothing brother!”

Emma balled her fist, seriously tempted to punch Clara's lights out. But it wouldn't accomplish anything. “If that's how you really see Killian, then there is no way Liam could have married you,” she said firmly. “Only a heartless bitch would try and get between them. They're family.”
“Is that what you think?” Clara scowled. “Go ahead, live your perverted delusion. And when Liam's career is in tatters I'll be there to pick up the pieces. Mark my words.”

“How sad it must be for you to not understand what a real loving relationship is. Have a nice life.” Emma spun on her heel and left. She had intended to go back to her office, but she had a sudden need to be home. She wanted the familiar around her, to remind her of how far she had come.

When she got to the townhouse, she made a beeline for their bedroom. She peeled off her work clothes and pulled one of Killian's shirts, slipping a pair of Liam's boxers over her hips. They were used to her borrowing their clothes. She often did it to get them hot and bothered, but today she just wanted to have their scent around her. She made some hot chocolate, swirling whip cream on the top and sprinkling it with cinnamon. She couldn't remember how she'd discovered the drink...one of her first foster homes, maybe? All she knew was that she found it soothing, often indulging in it during times of emotional turmoil.

Emma moved to the couch, sipping on her hot chocolate. She was mentally exhausted, the shock of her confrontation with Clara settling on her shoulders. Logically, she knew that Clara was just jealous. Jealous and upset that Liam had moved on. However, couching it in terms of his career hit Emma where she was tender. The truth was, she was worried about negatively affecting their careers. Even now. There wasn't any real evidence that she had, but her life taught her to be wary. Everything with them was too perfect, they were almost too happy.

Believing that she deserved to be happy was still difficult for her.

She chased her thoughts round and round until she couldn't keep her eyes open. She laid the empty mug aside and fell into a light, troubled sleep.

“Emma? Wake up, love.” There was a hand gently shaking her shoulder; Emma grunted in complaint, trying to roll away.

“Let her sleep, brother,” Liam said softly.

“Something's wrong,” Killian muttered. “She didn't answer her phone.”

Emma groaned, blinking her eyes open. “I'm up,” she said groggily.

“Are you alright, lass?” Killian asked, concerned. His brow was creased, a frown marred his handsome face. “I was worried.”

Emma sighed. “I'm fine. Just tired.”

“I told you to let her sleep,” Liam said, slipping off his tie as he sat next to her.

Emma shook her head. “No, I'm glad you're home.” She rested her head on Liam's shoulder, his arm slipped around her waist.

“Did something happen today, Emma?”

She sighed. “It's nothing.”

Killian sat down, tucking her feet in his lap. “We come home to you passed out on the couch, muttering our names,” he said gently. “Doesn't sound like nothing.”

“I ran into Clara after stopping at Reynolds' office.”
Liam stiffened, then held her tighter. “I'm so sorry, Emma.”

“Was bound to happen sooner or later.”

“What did she say to you?” Killian asked. He was lightly massaging her feet; now that they were here and holding her, her fears seemed silly.

“Pretty much a rehash of the ball,” Emma admitted. “She really doesn't like you, Killian.”

Killian scoffed. “Never sought her good opinion, love. Good riddance, if you ask me.”

“She could have been your sister-in-law,” Emma pointed out.

Killian shrugged. “Emphasis on could have been. I'm rather fond of the way things turned out.”

“Even though we live in a 'perverted delusion’?”

Both men started. “She said that?” Liam asked angrily.

Emma nodded. “Yeah. Basically, the gist was we're sick, your career would be ruined and she would be there to help you pick up the pieces.” She looked at Liam. “She's still in love with you.”

Liam's blue eyes flashed angrily. “She had no right to say that to you.”

“To be fair, I was the one who said she still had feelings for you. Not that I blame her.”

That got him to chuckle. “That so, love?”

Emma threaded her fingers through his. “You're pretty lovable, Liam Jones. Both of you are.”

Liam tipped her lips up to his, kissing her sweetly. “You are the only thing that I want,” he said firmly. “What we have right here.”

“Where's my kiss?” Killian asked.

Emma laughed, turning to press her lips to his. “Better?”

“Aye.” He kissed her again, sucking on her lip greedily.

Emma leaned back into the couch, toying with their hands. “Sometimes I wish we could just go away, somewhere where no one can judge us.” That wasn't really an solution, but she was selfish enough to want it.

“If that would make you happy...” Liam began, but Emma shook her head.

“See? That's the problem. It wouldn't make me happy, not really. I want us to be able to live our life here. With our jobs and our friends. Dealing with narrow minded people is just stressful.”

“Believe it or not, love, we know precisely how you feel,” Killian said, kissing her temple.

“You do?”

“You're not the only one who's dealt with certain...unpleasantness,” Liam said.

“You never said anything,” Emma said, frowning.

“It never resulted in anything. The people who really matter don't care. I wouldn't trade a single
moment with you for the world, Emma. I merely choose to focus on us rather than petty words from strangers who know nothing about us.”

Killian sighed. “We knew it would upset you, so we just let it roll off our backs. Unless someone insults you in front of us. Then all bets are off, so to speak.”

“Unless you handle them yourself,” Liam added, chuckling.

“It's easier in the moment,” Emma admitted. “But then...”

“You start to second guess yourself?” Killian guessed.

Emma sighed. “Yeah. I just keep waiting for something to ruin this. I've never been happy this long.”

“Time may be the only cure, I'm afraid,” Killian said. “I do know that we are not planning on going anywhere. You're it for us, Emma.”

“I believe you.” And she did. They would never intentionally hurt her. Or leave her.

Liam caught her chin in his hand. “I do believe we had plans for this evening. If you're still up to it.”

The one year anniversary of the day they met. She completely forgot. “Right! No, we can do that.” She looked down at her borrowed clothing. “I should probably change first.”

Killian growled softly. “I do love seeing you in our things, lass.”

Emma pushed at his chest. “Easy, tiger. Maybe you should save your energy for later?”

“Are you planning on seducing me, love?”

Emma smiled. “I'm definitely planning on having my wicked way with both of you.”

Killian gave her a heated stare before capturing her lips in a hot needy kiss. “Go. Before I ravish you.”

Emma giggled, starting at the teasing swat of her ass. Liam stared at her hungrily, palm pressed to his crotch. Jesus. She grinned, the last vestiges of her uneasiness melting away. It was hard to be anything but blissfully happy when they looked at her like that. Like she was the most amazing woman in the world. And all they wanted was her.

Emma's lone request for the evening was to keep things simple. No fancy restaurants, no elaborate plans. They showered her with attention and gifts as it was; all she really wanted was to spend time with them. A walk along the Thames, a few drinks and dinner at a pub, maybe some pool or darts. Then the fun could really begin when they arrived home.

She opted for her ass hugging dark wash jeans and a dark green satin blouse. She purposely left a couple buttons open; the edges of her black bra peaked out. Her Royal Navy anchor rested just above the swells of her breasts, her hair tumbling down her back in thick curls. She slipped some money and her ID in her front pocket along with her phone, not wanting to mess around with a purse.

Emma actually beat them downstairs, which surprised her. She quickly realized why, as Liam's hair was still damp from showering.

“Hot date?” Emma asked, looking him up and down.
He shrugged. “Perhaps.” He winked at her. “Didn't want to smell like the office.”

Emma leaned in and sniffed. He smelled heavenly, the cool scent of his body wash mingling with musky scent that was just him. “Hmmm, I like it.” She pressed a kiss to his neck. “No cologne?”

“I didn't think you liked it.”

“Sometimes. I really like the way you smell without it.”

“What's this about smell?” Killian asked, hurrying down the stairs.

Emma grinned. “Come here.” She put her hands on his chest and sniffed the crook of his shoulder. “Hmm, you smell good too.” A bit woodsy and clean. She liked it.

“That's good to hear.” Killian scratched behind his ear. “I still fell like I missed something though.”

Emma flushed. “I was just saying that I like the way you both smell. Weird, I know.”

“Scent is supposedly one of the most powerful senses,” Liam said, opening the door for her. “I don't think it's odd at all, lass.”

“Your hair smells like vanilla,” Killian said as they waited for a cab. He lifted a lock to his nose, inhaling. “I'm rather fond of it.”

“I guess that explains why you sleep with your nose in my hair,” Emma replied, wrapping her arm around his waist.

“You have very lovely hair,” Killian said. “Soft.”

“Which you can enjoy later,” Liam said pointedly. “Come on.” They climbed in the cab and headed for Westminster. It was a warm spring night, only a few clouds. The sun was setting, lights turning on from both sides of the river. They walked slowly, one of them holding her hand at all times. They people watched and boat watched. Killian mentioned again them purchasing their own sailboat, seeing several of them along the river.

“Might have to save a bit for that, little brother,” Liam said. “They can be expensive.”

“Aye, true. Perhaps we could rent one? Would you like to go sailing, Emma?”

“I don't know the first thing about it, but why not?”

“As long as you can swim, you'll be fine. I haven't been in years,” Liam said wistfully.

They crossed Westminster Bridge to the South Bank. “Where are we going?” Emma asked suspiciously.

Killian shuffled his feet nervously. Emma softened at his little tic. He was adorable and so earnest. “I know you said no plans, but we thought...”

“A ride on the Eye might be fun,” Liam finished for him.

Emma smiled. “You don't always have to take me so literally, you know.” She felt like such a contradiction most of the time, both craving their love and affection and worried that it was too much or made her less independent. It was a terrible minefield, even inside her own head.

She grabbed their hands. “Come on then. I hope you're not afraid of heights!” She giggled as they
followed her, pleased to have put the smile on her face. They got in the queue, Emma's eyes widening in awe as she took it in. She'd seen it many times but this close to it she realized how tall it really was.

“Alright there, lass?” Killian asked.

“Yeah. It's big.”

“That is sort of the point,” he reminded her, laughing. “We'll protect you.”

Emma looked askance at him, elbowing him in the ribs. “I don't need protecting, funny man.”

“Mum brought us right after it opened,” Liam was saying. “It seemed even bigger when we were younger. Killian was terrified.”

“I was not!”

“Little brother, you nearly crushed Mum's hand!”

“No one here is little, Liam,” Killian hissed.

“Play nice,” Emma admonished.

“Anyway,” Liam said pointedly, “Killian was about fourteen or so? Definitely didn't seem to be the adventurous type back then.”

“I got there in the end,” Killian grumbled. “Unlike some people, I actually tried to read books.”

Emma tried not to feel too envious. Even with their dad gone, they had a stable home. A mother who loved them. Did things like make them eat their vegetables, do their homework. Someone who cared if they got in trouble. She'd had no idea what that felt like until very recently. Being an adult, she had a feeling it was different.

“Emma? You looked far away, lass,” Killian said, kissing the shell of her ear.

“Your mom sounds amazing,” she said simply.

Liam smiled softly. “I wish you could have known her.”

“Me too.” She smiled wetly, determined not to cry. She had a family now, a home. No use dwelling on the past.

When it was their turn, Liam persuaded the conductor to let them have a car to themselves. The three of them clamored into a space built for several more. They went up slowly, as more cars were loaded. Unlike a ferris wheel at a county fair, this was completely enclosed, encased in clear plastic. It was like being inside a bubble. Emma wandered around, looking for the best view.

“I don't know where to look,” she confessed, catching them watching her with identical affectionate grins.

“This will last a little while, so take your time,” Liam advised.

“We can go again if you want,” Killian added.

“Let's hold off on...oh!” Emma staggered a bit as the wheel started moving faster, no longer pausing to load in passengers. They were at her side in an instant, hands at her elbows. “I'm good.”
“You don't get motion sickness, do you, lass?”

“No, why?”

Liam grinned. “Just checking.” They had a good laugh before turning back to the view. Emma could feel the motion under her feet, the subtle swooping in her stomach as they moved. Having the car to themselves had some perks, as she could wander to whatever sight struck her fancy. The boys watched her more than the view, happy to see her happy. When it was over, Emma immediately wanted to do it again. She was more sedate the second time, keeping them close to her, reflecting on how far they'd come from the top of the world.

Afterward, they swung by a new pub, eating and drinking in a corner booth. The food was good, the drinks so so. Instead of playing any games, they headed home where there was good rum and a deck of cards.

“What game should we play?” Killian asked, settling the floor. They gathered around the low coffee table soft music playing in the background. Liam laid out the bearskin rug for extra comfort.

“None of those granny games,” Emma said, sipping at her drink.

“Such as?” Liam asked with a smirk.

“Gin or rummy or whatever it's called. Old lady games!” She might be a tiny bit tipsy. Just a little.

“Well how about poker then?” Killian asked, trying not to smile. Emma was cute when she imbibed.

“So I can kick your ass?” Emma asked. “I mean, if you want to be humiliated...”

“I happen to be a very fine poker player, love,” Killian said indignantly.

“The money you lost in Brighton would argue otherwise.”

Killian blushed. “In my defense, I was a bit distracted by a certain lass. And her vibrating underwear.”

“Hmmm, good times.”

Liam sat down his beer. “How about strip poker?”

Emma only paused for a moment. “I'm fine with that. But no cheating!”

“Fair enough. Standard rules?”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Just deal the cards.”

“As you wish.”

Emma knew exactly how this would end. She knew and so did they. That didn't mean they wouldn't milk it for all it was worth. Even slightly tipsy, Emma was the best player. Killian's jaw twitched when he was bluffing and Liam kept staring down her shirt. They each were missing socks and shirts before Emma lost a hand, resulting in the removal of one of her socks.

“What happens if you run out of clothes?” Emma asked, shuffling the deck for the next hand.

“So confident, lass,” Killian said, taking a shot of rum. Emma tried not to watch the liquid go down his throat; she had the urge to lick along the cords of his neck, right where it met the shoulder. Lick
and nibble until he was begging...

“Emma? Are you gonna deal?”

“Oh, right.” She started to deal, ignoring the flush that crept up her neck.

“If we do run out of clothes,” Liam said, observing Emma’s faint flush, “we’ll just have to come up with some other punishment for losing.”

“I’m sure I can think of a few.” But the tide turned against her; it wasn’t long before her other sock was gone, then her blouse. She took her time with that, plucking at the buttons, knowing they were watching her. Her nipples hardened under their intense gaze; she squirmed a little, returning to her cross legged seat.

“Cold, love?” Killian said, his voice a husky whisper.

“Hot,” she replied. “Very hot.” She smirked at him, watching his Adam’s apple bob.

The joke, however, was on her because Killian lost the next round. When he peeled off his jeans, Emma was stunned to find out he was commando. She swallowed, her eyes following him as he moved, kicking away the denim and sitting cross legged on the rug. He was completely unashamed, his cock already half hard.

“Someone thought they were getting lucky,” Emma said, trying to sound flip. The dryness in her throat betrayed her.

“The night is still young,” he replied with a wink.

It was his turn to deal; Emma tried to focus on her cards, but it was so damn hard. She bluffed when she should have folded, losing spectacularly. Almost in a trance, she stood to shimmy out of her pants. She didn't want to be the only one distracted, fueling the latent tension in the room. Her fingers moved slowly, seductively, unbuttoning and unzipping, then turning away as she rolled her hips, peeling the tight denim down her legs. Her matching black lace trimmed boy shorts and bra were all that was left and when she sat, Killian’s cock stood at attention and Liam adjusted his jeans. She smirked and picked up the cards, preparing the next hand.

Liam excused himself and disappeared. Emma secretly hoped he was going to fetch some of their toys; she was very much in favor of a decadent night of sex right there in the living room. Judging by the way Killian stared at her, he was too.

“What?” she said, pushing her chest out just a bit. As expected, Killian's gaze was drawn to her cleavage.

Killian licked his lips. “Nothing.” His hand rested in his lap, fingers sliding over his cock in the lightest of brushes. Emma’s core clenched, a wave of pure lust shooting down her spine. She put down the cards and crawled up behind him, her hands sliding up his back and lightly massaging his neck. Killian moaned softly, breath hitching when she gave into her earlier fantasy of licking and nibbling at his neck. “Emma.”

“Hmm?”

He reached back, resting his hands on her hips. “It's cruel to tease.”

“Who says I'm teasing?” She pressed her bra clad breasts into his back, soaking in his warmth. She could feel the tension in his muscles, desire burning through his veins.
Liam found them like that, a catch of supplies in his hand. Emma grinned at him, beckoning him to join them. Emma hummed happily as he settled behind her, hands curling around her stomach. “What about the game?” he murmured, nuzzling her neck.

“Sod the game,” Killian growled.

Liam removed her bra, hands kneading the soft mounds. “You should always be naked, lass,” he said, gently biting down on her shoulder.

“I'd...god...never leave the house,” she pointed out.

Killian dragged her hand to his weeping cock. “Exactly,” he said. He groaned loudly as she slowly stroked him. “We should chain you to the bed.”

Emma bit her lip, back arching. “Not unless I chain you first.”

“You'd like that, wouldn't you?”

Emma bit down on Killian earlobe. “So would you, I think.”

Killian cursed, his hand joining hers, urging her to stroke him faster. She did, bringing him to the brink before pulling away. “Bloody hell.”

“We are nowhere near done.” She coaxed him to face her, mouth hot and eager on his. Liam moved, shoving the table away to they had room to play. Emma's head fell back as Killian's lips attacked her throat, her eyes watching as Liam finished stripping. He sighed in relief as his cock sprang free, kneeling on Emma's right. She beckoned him forward and he kissed her, sucking greedily on her tongue. Emma pulled him closer, needing his hands on her. They surrounded her, teasing and stroking, licking and biting. Emma mewled and moaned, hissing as someone's hand slid in her panties, stroking her soaked flesh.

“Always so fucking wet for us,” Liam growled. “God.”

“She's a greedy naughty girl, brother,” Killian replied, licking her nipple. Emma moaned, a shudder racing down her spine. “Bloody insatiable.”

Emma dragged Liam back to her by the neck, lips bruising on his. “More.”

Liam nodded, sliding two fingers into her dripping hole. “Spread your legs, that's it.” She did, hips rolling over his hand wantonly. She reached for them blindly, hands finding their smooth hard flesh. Their groans of pleasure echoed in the room, hands and limbs tangled as Emma chased her orgasm. She came with a shout, walls fluttering around Liam's fingers. She rode it out, shivering their hold.

“Oh my god.” Killian captured her lips in a soft kiss, murmuring praise into her skin. Liam brought his fingers to her lips, letting her lick them clean. Despite her high, she ached, wanting them inside her. Together.

“Tell me you want us,” Liam said, stroking her bare back.

She nodded. “Please.” She was still stroking them, watching the pleasure play over their features. Emma grinned, scooting back to lower her head. She licked each tip in turn, urged on by their moans. “But I want a treat first.”

“You can have whatever you want,” Killian panted. “Just don't stop.”
It became a synchronized dance, as Emma indulged herself. She moved from one to the other, licking and sucking, hollowing out her cheeks as she teased them. Killian got impatient, making her stop to yank off her nearly ruined underwear. The lace was soaked through; having them at her mercy like this was an incredible turn on. Emma soon realized his plan as he started to play with her puckered hole when she teased Liam.

“Oh yeah,” she moaned, rocking back into the deft touch.

“Love having you here, lass.” Killian said, voice low, shooting straight to her aching clit.

“Soon,” Liam panted. He tugged lightly on her hair, thrusting toward her mouth. “Fuck.” Emma switched and so did they, Liam spreading lube over her, sliding a finger inside. Emma moaned around Killian's cock, making him curse and buck into her. Emma pulled back to breathe, the hand fondling his balls, sliding back. Killian's eyes widened and he nodded encouragingly. Emma wrapped her lips around him, bobbing slowly. After wetting her finger, she repeated his teasing of her, rimming him firmly. Killian groaned her name, holding on to her shoulder for balance. He became more pliant as she teased and stroked, the tip of her finger slowly pushing inside.

“Bloody fuck,” Killian cursed.

Emma released him and looked up. “Good?”

“God yes.” Emma understood what he was feeling, Liam working her in a similar fashion. Her cheeks were spread, two of Liam's long fingers easing in and out of her, opening her up. It thrilled her that Killian let her touch him that way. Still, she went slowly, using only one finger. She wanted him to get used to it. His face was a mask of pleasure, no unease or pain. He was gorgeous.

Emma let him go reluctantly, swallowing his whine of complaint with a kiss. “Next time, okay?” she said. “It'll be even better.”

Killian nodded, for once at a loss for words. He merely stared at her in awe.

“Feel how slick she is, brother,” Liam said softly. Emma rose up on her knees, guiding Killian's hand to her core; she was hot and very, very wet. She sighed as they stroked her, too much and not enough at the same time.

“I need you,” she panted. “Inside.”

Liam kissed her shoulder. “Are you ready, love?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“Stand up.” Curious, she did so. What were they going to do to her? Whatever it was, it was sure to be sinful and very, very good. Liam stole a needy kiss, coaxing her arms around his neck. “Hold on to me.”

Before she could ask why, they lifted her up, Liam's arms under hers and Killian's around her waist. She was completely suspended in the air. “Oh my god.”

“Been wanting this for a while,” Liam whispered. “Let us?”

“Oh god, please.”

Liam eased her onto him, his cock sliding thickly inside her cunt. They both groaned, Emma clinging to him tighter. “Fuck.”
Killian urged her legs around Liam's waist, his hands slathering lube. He fingered her lightly; Emma whimpered. “Please, please.” Liam kissed her, distracting her as Killian slid inside, stretching her to the limit.

“So fucking tight, bloody hell,” Killian hissed. Emma unhitched her legs; they held her up, suspended between them. She loved having them both in her, feeling the burn and the stretch but this was different. The angle and gravity pulling on her made her burn. She cried out in ecstasy as they started to move, sliding in and out, stroking her insides, over and over. They hit places she didn't even realize were there, foreign nerve endings firing, pleasure pulsing through her veins. She couldn't do anything except hold on for the ride, urging them to take her harder, faster.

“Touch yourself,” Liam bit out. His brow was beaded with sweat, hips slamming harder and harder into hers. “Squeeze us, love.”

Emma obeyed, sensing they wouldn't last much longer. She fingered her clit, rubbing in quick circles. “Yes,” she hissed. “Yes, yes, yes!” She screamed, the sharp knot of her need bursting outward, stars popping behind her eyes. She came so hard she blacked out, the boys' cries the last thing she heard before passing out.

Emma came to curled up on the rug; she could feel the soft fur under her. Her eyes fluttered open and she saw Liam looking down at her, relief etched into his handsome features. “There she is.”

Emma groaned, her body aching. “How...how long was I out?”

“Twenty minutes,” Killian said. He was behind her, also sounding relieved. “Maybe less.”

“Oh.” She rolled onto her back, wincing. “Hey.”

Killian smiled. “Hey yourself.”

“How do you feel?” Liam asked.

“Tired. But good,” she replied pointedly. They worried when they felt like they drove her body too hard. But she just kept coming back because no one could make her feel the way they did.

“Emma...”

“Don't even start. It was amazing and you know it.”

Liam looked chagrined. “I'm not sure I'll ever stop worrying about you, Emma.”

“I know. It's okay.” She brought his hand to her lips and kissed his palm. “Just be here with me, okay?”

“Aye.”

“A pillow wouldn't go amiss though.”

Liam laughed, reaching up to the couch for a couple of pillows. He gave Emma one and Killian the other before finding one for himself. They lay on the floor, cushioned by the bear skin rug.

“I could sleep here,” Emma mumbled, briefly closing her eyes.

“No offense, love, but it's a bit hard on the back,” Killian said. He lay on his side, looking at her.

“I've slept in worse places.”
“Remember the time we camped out in that cave?” Liam asked. Emma’s brow creased curiously.
“We were kids, visiting Papa’s family in the country. There was a cave that was supposedly haunted.
The challenge was to stay the night.”

Emma laughed and Killian scowled. “And was it? Haunted?”

“Not as such,” Killian said. “Did have a few creepy crawlies though.”

Liam shuddered. “Rats.”

Emma looked at him in surprise. “Have we found Liam Jones’ weakness?” she teased.

Liam pretended to look affronted. “They bite,” he grumbled.

“Only if you antagonize them,” Killian pointed out.

Emma laughed, even though it twinged her aching muscles. “Now I know what not to get you for
your birthday,” she said, still chuckling. Liam harrumphed, moving to stare at the ceiling. Emma and
Killian apologized for teasing him, Emma rolling to ply him with kisses. “Hey, come back to me.”

Liam couldn’t resist her pleading eyes, pressing a kiss to her lips. “I’m here, lass.”

She smiled. “Good.”

Killian kissed her shoulder. “Good anniversary?”

“I still can’t believe it’s been a year.”

“Didn’t see us coming?”

She shrugged. “I wasn’t looking for anything. I thought I was...well, if not happy, content.” She
knew that was a lie. She’d been miserable, she was just too stubborn to admit it. “I didn’t think I
needed anyone.”

“And now?”

“I could go back to that, but I don't want to. I don't want to. I want this, here with both of you.”

“I am very happy to hear you say that,” Liam said. He kissed her stomach. “We talked to an attorney
today.”

“You did?”

Killian nodded. “Paperwork should be ready by the end of the next week. All we have to do it sign.”

Emma chewed on her lip. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Aye. If you're amenable.”

“For me too?” It occurred to her that since she didn't have any family, if something happened to her
then she wanted them doing whatever they felt was necessary.

“We did think of that,” Liam said with a grin. “This will be as legal as we can make it.”

Emma’s lip trembled but she controlled herself. “I love you guys. So much.”

“We love you too, Emma.”
Chapter 3

She felt like a prisoner in her own body.

Ever since she was a teenager, periods were hard for her. She felt bloated. Her stomach cramped with pain. Sometimes there were blinding headaches, but those were less frequent. After she got out of prison and could finally afford some insurance, doctors tried a variety of things, but in the end, she'd learned to endure it. A heating pad, some Rocky Road, Midol for the worst pain. Five days and it would be over.

Which would normally be fine, except this time she was on a case.

Early on, the boys would alternate staying with her, fetching her things, dealing with her mood swings. After the first two months, Emma insisted they stop babying her and go to work. She was a big girl, after all. What she got was a pair of sympathetic smiles and a compromise. They'd go back to work, but one of them would check on her at lunch time. Which involved them taking a cab back across the city. She argued in vain, finally conceding their earnest desire to take care of her.

Depending on her mood when they arrived, she looked forward to those visits; it gave her something else to focus on aside from the way her body was trying to turn itself inside out.

Emma lay sprawled across the couch, heating pad resting on her aching stomach. She was trying to make sense of the sheaf of papers in her hand. Robin's court martial was only days away and she desperately wanted to find Anastasia's stalker before then. But the numbers swam in front of her, not making a lick of sense.

The front door opened; Emma heard the sound of a bike tearing down the sidewalk. The very idea of moving made her hurt. “Ugh.”

“Emma?” Killian came around the corner, some flowers in his hand.

“Go away.”

He shook his head. “Not a chance, sweetling.” He came around to the couch, kneeling beside her. “How’s my favorite lass today?”

His blue eyes were soft and concerned, his features gentle. Which inexplicably annoyed her. “Feeling like I'm being ripped in half. I'm just peachy.”

Killian frowned. “You're working?”

“Trying to. Not having much luck.”

He took the pages from her, laying them aside. “I brought you these,” he said, offering the flowers.

Emma tried to smile—it was a very sweet gesture—but her middle cramped in pain. “Oooow,” she moaned, almost crushing the flowers in her hand.

Killian hastily took them away, brushing a kiss to her brow. “I hate seeing you hurting,” he mumbled, reaching for her hand.

“I'll...live. I think.” The cramp passed slowly; she sagged into the couch. “At least we know my birth control is working.”
Killian didn't seem to appreciate her joke. “Is that worth all this pain, love?”

She bit her lip. “I've been dealing with this for like half my life. It's a girl thing. Some have it easy, some...are like me. You guys drew the short straw.”

Killian scowled. “Don't joke about this, Emma,” he said sternly. “You know we'd stay all the time if you asked.”

She sighed. “I know. Hormones. I'll be better in a couple of days.”

“Is there anything I can get you?”

“Some water? For the flowers too.” She did smile then. “They're beautiful, Killian.”

“Only the best for my girl.” He kissed her briefly, then went to the kitchen to fetch water and a vase. Emma took advantage of his absence to duck into the bathroom. Bleeding for five days seriously sucked. Fortunately, her underwear still appeared to be intact, no mess. She did her business and slowly returned to the couch. Killian was waiting for her.

“Easy, love,” he said, as he helped her sit. She'd given up snarking at them over their chivalry; it was simply how they were wired. Most of the time she loved them for it. She'd never felt as loved or as cherished as she did when she was with them. He handed her the water, which she drank gratefully.

“I shouldn't even drink this,” she complained. “I'm retaining more water than a swimming pool.”

“Rubbish,” Killian said. “You're beautiful.”

“You, Lieutenant, need to have your eyes examined.”

Killian ignored her, smiling instead, a bit sheepish. “Not for much longer, love,” he said. “Promotion's in the fall.”

Her eyes widened. “Killian, that's great!” She threw her arms around him, ignoring the twinge in her stomach. She buried her head in his collar, inhaling his unique scent. She wished she could give him more than a simple hug right now.

Killian pulled her into his lap, ignoring her weak protests. “None of that now; I'm not afraid of you, darling.”

“I don't want to get blood on you. It's disgusting!”

“Love, we share a bed. I know every inch of you...intimately. A little blood isn't going to drive me away.”

Emma wrapped her arms around his neck, leaning into his shoulder. It had been a while she'd been held like this. “Don't say I didn't warn you.”

He laughed. “I wanted you to be the first to know. Will you come to the ceremony?”

Emma's brow knitted. “There's a ceremony?”

“Can be. I thought perhaps Liam and I could have ours together.”

Emma tried not to think about the other thing their promotions would mean; them leaving her for months at a time. “Sure, of course I'll come,” she said, smiling.
Killian cradled her cheek. “I know, love. But Liam probably won't get his ship right away. We'll have some time.”

Emma swallowed around the sudden lump in her throat. “I'm scared,” she admitted quietly. “I don't want to lose this.”

“We won't,” Killian said fiercely. “I can't even imagine the agony of being separated from you. To not wake up holding you? To not be able to do this...” He leaned in and kissed her, tongue slipping past her lips. “Whenever I please?” He touched her forehead with his. “It'll hurt. But we'll talk as much as possible. You can come visit when the ship's on liberty.”

Emma unconsciously tightened her hold on him. “Yeah. I can visit.”

Killian stoked her back. “Neither of us were prepared for you, Emma. We were already on this path; I'm sorry.”

“Hey, I don't want you to change your dreams for me. I love you guys the way you are.”

“Honestly, I think this one deployment might be all that ever happens. Once Liam gets a taste of months without you...he'll never want to leave again.” He kissed her temple. “Don't tell him I said that though.”

“He'll be a good captain,” Emma said thoughtfully. “You said he dreamed about his own ship.”

“Oh, I've no doubt of that. But it'll lose its shine compared to what we have at home.” He smiled. “That would be you.” He booped her nose playfully, trying to get her to smile.

The corner of her mouth did twinge. “What would you do? Leave the Navy?”

“No necessarily. We could request a transfer, something here in London. I rather fancy this place, don't you?”

“I don't care where we live. It's just a house.”

“But it's our house, love.”

She smirked. “Technically, it's the landlord's house. You guys just rent it.”

“Perhaps.”

Emma sat up straighter. “Killian Jones, what have you done?”

“Liam's going to kill me.”

“Let me deal with him. Tell me.”

Killian scratched behind his ear. “How would you feel about eventually purchasing this house? It was supposed to be a surprise.”

“What, like all of us? Can we do that?” Emma had never owned her own home. Never. Her heart stuttered and it got really difficult to swallow. Fucking hormones.

Killian brushed his thumb over her cheekbone. “Of course we can. Unless you don't want this house. We can find another.”

“No! No. I love this house.”
“So when Liam wants to know how you found out...?”

“I’ll tell him I tortured it out of you,” Emma replied with a grin. Her hand slid under his jacket, teasing his ticklish spot through the fabric of his shirt. “For a very long time.”

Killian inhaled sharply. “Bloody minx.” He coaxed her mouth to his again, kissing her thoroughly. “God, I love you.”

“Love you too.”

His nose slid over her cheek, he stole another kiss. “Do you need anything else? I have a little time yet.”

Emma thought. “Could you, um, rub my back? It'll help with the cramps.”

“It would be my pleasure. Here or the bed?”

“Bed, please. I might take a nap after you leave.”

He considered her. “It couldn't go amiss.”

“Hey!”

“I merely meant that sleeping through the pain would be preferable!”

“Whatever.” Her comment turned into a shriek as he lifted her bodily and cradled her against his chest. He carried her up the stairs, ignoring her protests. She gave up, another strong cramp stealing her breath. Killian laid her out on the bed, doing what he could to ease her discomfort.

“Does it hurt constantly?”

Emma nodded. “Yeah, but sometimes it's stronger.” She gasped. “Like that.”

“I'll fetch your heating pad, then I'll rub your back.” He was back faster than she thought, tucking the warmth under her as she rolled onto her stomach. Killian took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, starting at her shoulders and working his way down. Emma sighed, already feeling better. She winced some as he massaged away a few knots. “Sorry.”

“Feels amazing,” she mumbled. “Don't stop.”

Killian chuckled, pausing to push her shirt up. He brushed kisses down her spine as he moved lower, knowing exactly how to relax her, make her pliant in his arms. Even though he usually employed his intimate knowledge of her body for decidedly more amorous activities. “We'll do this again when you're better,” he said softly. “Liam too. Would you like that?”

“Mmhmm,” she hummed. “Oh god, right there.” Killian's deft fingers massaged the knot at the base of her spine, loosening it. “Hmm, thanks.”

“Any time, my love.” He kissed her cheek. “Rest now. We'll be home soon.”

She did manage to sleep through most of the afternoon; she did feel a twinge of guilt when she woke up, thinking about all the time she could have been working her case. She felt a lot better, if not completely fine, so she figured she'd take another crack at it. After she visited the bathroom again. Yuck.

The boys found her on the couch, heating pad gone for the moment, papers spread every which way.
Evening, lass,” Liam said, leaning down for a kiss.

Emma obliged him briefly before turning back to her work. “Hey.”

“Feeling better?”

“I’m okay.”

“Are we going to get more than three words from you?” he teased, brushing some hair over her shoulder.

“What? Oh, yeah.” She set aside the pages and offered him an apologetic half smile. “Hi.”

He knelt beside her. “Killian took good care of you, I see.”

“Of course he did.” Emma found Killian's eyes, smiling up at him. “I kinda feel like a human being again, thanks.”

“Only kinda?”

“Still feels like the Hulk is smashing his way through my insides.”

“I hate that this is so hard for you,” Liam said.

“I'll be okay. Still sure you want to sign up for this?”

Liam rolled his eyes. “Every moment of every day, Emma.” He looked up at Killian. “Agreed?”

Killian nodded. “Definitely.” They moved some of her work around so they could join her on the couch. “Make any progress?” Killian asked.

Emma chewed on her lip. “Maybe.” She handed him a page. “Tell me what you see.”

Killian cocked his head curiously, but did as she asked. “That's...quite a lot of money,” he said finally. “Whose?”

“Just one of many shell companies Nottingham's family has ties to.”

Liam's eyes widened. “Where did you get those?”

“Hacking. Obviously.”

“Emma...”

“I've been doing this a long time, Liam. Give me some credit. It's like pulling your credit score. Calm down.”

Killian handed her back the page. “Take us through it, Emma. We'll listen.”

She smiled gratefully at him. She knew Liam worried but this is what she did for a living. She knew what she was doing and she was damn good at it. Slowly, she explained her theory, her lingering discomfort fading as she spoke. Nottingham had quite a few “associates” but only a handful that one would consider close. Emma followed the trail of phone records and wire transfers, hoping to figure out what the man's game was. Gradually, she'd narrowed her possibilities to one suspect, Nottingham's cousin, Guy Gisbourne.
“So you think it was him? He broke into Anastasia's apartment?” Liam asked when she finished.

“I know it's circumstantial—Nottingham could just play the family card or plead ignorance of his family's business holdings—but if he's missing a button then it has to be him, right?”

“I've heard of him,” Killian said. “Not the sharpest of wits.”

“He wouldn't need to be for simple breaking, entering and intimidation,” Emma pointed out.

“How will you prove it?” Liam asked.

“Search his place. He has a apartment in Kensington.”

Liam looked nervous. “Please don't take this the wrong way, love, but have you told anyone else about this?”

“I want to be sure,” Emma said firmly. “No sense in leading the Navy on a wild goose chase.” She squeezed his hand. “I know what I'm doing. I'll be careful.”

“When?”

“As soon as I can move without leaking everywhere,” Emma said, trying to inject some humor into her voice. “Robin's court martial is in a few days.”

“Okay.” He smiled. “Should have known you'd be the one to crack this wide open.”

Emma shrugged. “I'm just doing my job.”

Killian shook his head. “You've gone above and beyond. We're very proud of you, lass.”

“Thanks.” She hid her flush by leaning into kiss them both. “Dinner?”

“Aye.”

Two days later, Emma woke up feeling better than she had in ages. Her body was her own again, thank god. She felt warmth against her back, an arm wrapped loosely around her waist. Her legs were tangled with someone's, but she didn't want to open her eyes and see. Instead she shifted a little, leaning back into the body behind her.

And was met with something thick and hard suddenly cradled against her ass.

She bit back a moan; it was early. But she'd been out of commission for five days, more than enough to miss their touch. She couldn't help minutely rocking her hips into whoever it was, her hand covering the one on her stomach.

“Mma,” came Killian's muffled voice from behind her. She didn't want to wake him, but heat started to pool in her belly. His hand slid under her shirt, teasingly caressing her stomach. “I know you're awake.”

“Go back to sleep.”

He rocked his hips into hers. “Make me.”

Emma opened her eyes. Liam lay in front of her, still peacefully asleep. “Liam's still asleep.”
“So?” She felt his lips teasing the nape of her neck. “He'll wake eventually. And want you.”

Emma sighed as his wandering hand closed over her breast, kneading and fondling. “Do you want me?”

“Always.” Killian coaxed her to face him, kissing her deeply. “We'll be quiet.”

“Here?”

“Why not? It's our bed too. 'Sides, Liam'll enjoy waking up to your moans of pleasure.”

“Cocky bastard.”

He brought her hand to his tented boxers. “You have a genuine affinity for my cock, love. Don't deny it.”

Emma palmed him through the fabric; he hissed and rolled into her touch. She missed feeling them moving inside her, making her feel whole. She flashed him a wicked grin before kissing him, rolling him onto his back. Quickly, quietly, she peeled off her shirt, leaving her bare aside from her panties.

She mewled softly, scrambling on top of him, her nipples rubbed by his chest hair. She loved that, little sparks of desire coursing through her.

“Missed you so much,” Killian whispered, hands trailing up and down her back. They were chest to chest, hip to hip, just enjoying the feel of each other's skin.

“I was right here,” she said, nibbling at his pulse.

“'S not the same.” His hands found her ass cheeks and squeezed. “You were in pain.”

“All over now.” She rose up and kissed his lips one last time before starting down his chest. Somehow, Liam was still asleep. Granted they weren't moving very much yet and whispering, but Emma wanted to see his face. He got such a thrill from watching her.

Emma pushed the sheet down, sliding down Killian's legs. She played with his nipples the way he did hers, drawing the points between her teeth and biting down gently. He moaned, writhing under her. “Shhh,” she said quietly.

Killian nodded, lip between his teeth. The lust that drenched his eyes made her burn, clit throbbing painfully. Emma adjusted her position, grinding her core into Killian's thigh. She groaned, the movement taking a bit of the edge off her need.

“Fuck, that's hot,” Killian murmured. “So wanton.”

“Need,” Emma replied. “Oh my god.” She bent down, fingers curling under the waistband of his boxers. She tugged them down enough to expose his impressive length, mouth latching on, licking and suckling at the smooth velvety flesh. She paid special attention to the throbbing vein that ran the length, licking him from base to tip.

“Shit,” Killian cursed under his breath. “More.”

“That's usually my line,” Emma teased, pausing only a moment.

“God, don't ever stop.” His hand dove into her blonde hair, massaging her scalp as she suckled and fondled him. She stole a few glances at Liam, still waiting for him to wake up. They were far noisier than they should, if their intent was not to wake him up.
Emma wrapped her fingers around Killian's cock, stroking him, reacquainting herself with the feel of him. He was heavy, hard, thick. He felt so good inside her; her core clenched in anticipation. She lavished him with attention, taking advantage of only one brother to pleasure. They almost always fell into bed together, focused mainly on her pleasure, but she wanted to know what they liked. He moaned as she spread his legs, her tongue seeking that spot he loved. Killian jerked under her touch, biting out her name hoarsely.

“Soon,” she promised. “Soon I'll give you what you want.”

In the meantime there was an inferno between her legs and a very willing navy lieutenant to ease it. She crawled back up his body, pausing only long enough to shimmy out of her panties. She straddled him, dragging her sopping flesh along his length; they both moaned.

Emma reached down and eased him into her, shivering in his lap. It felt so fucking good, filing her perfectly. She bobbed a few times, before bending down to kiss him.

“Bloody hell,” Killian hissed. His hands were on her ass again, squeezing as she rode him so slowly.

Emma rocked down harder, moaning loudly as he struck her g spot. “Oh fuck yeah,” she whimpered. “So good.”

Killian held her tighter, their bodies moving slowly in sync. They fucked lazily, in no hurry to hurtle over the edge. The bed rocked under them, as they kissed and stroked and murmured softly together.

Emma took Killian's hands in hers, arranging them above his head. She picked up her pace; the sounds of the bed getting louder. She circled her hips as she rode him, shuddering as he brushed the perfect spot over and over again.

“Come for me,” Killian said, hips rocking more forcefully into hers. “Let go, lass.”

Emma bit her lip, still chasing her orgasm. It was so close; she just needed a little bit…”Yes!” she cried, her voice muffled in his shoulder. Killian wasted no time; he flipped them over, bed bouncing, cock plunging back inside as her walls fluttered around him.

Liam woke at last, grunting in annoyance until he took in the scene. Emma pinned to the bed, Killian fucking her like a man possessed. His cock—already half hard—stiffened at once. His low moan caught the lovers' attention, both of them turning to look.

“About time,” Killian grunted. “She's greedy this morning.”

“Well, hasn't been fucked in almost a week,” Liam growled, accent thick with sleep. “Of course she's greedy.”

Emma bit her lip, the bed rocking with every hard thrust of Killian's hips. “Fuck, again,” she pleaded, reaching for the headboard. She curled her fingers around it, circling her legs around Killian's hips. Killian growled low in his throat, lowering his head to suckle at her breasts. Emma arched her back, eyes seeking Liam's. He licked his lips, staring at them hungrily.

“Feel it, Emma,” he said softly. “Revel in it.”

It didn't matter that she was pinned to the bed, one brother stroking her to a second high while the other looked on. It didn't matter what anyone thought about the way they loved each other. She felt like a goddess, adored and worshipped.

“Harder,” she begged, pressure coiling tightly in her once more. “Fuck me harder, Killian.”
He kissed her deeply as he did as she asked, hips pistoning into her. Their kiss muffled her cry of ecstasy, knuckles white on the headboard. She fell apart at the seams, sobbing her release. Killian followed moments later, crying out her name as he spilled himself inside her. He was shaking, drenched in sweat as he collapsed on top of her.

Emma could feel their hearts hammering, echoing off one another. She held him close as he nuzzled her neck, which made her shiver. “I love you,” she said softly, kissing whatever patch of skin she could reach.

“Love you,” Killian mumbled into her neck. They stayed that way for some minutes, until their hearts slowed a bit. Then Killian rolled off her, pressing a kiss to her palm.

Emma smiled weakly before turning her head. Liam was still there, still aroused. He was loosely pulling on his cock, waiting patiently. “Morning, love.”

She chuckled. “Hey.” She scooted over, reaching for him. He sighed happily as she took over his task. “For me?”

“Only you.”

She slowly got up on her knees, pulling Liam in for a kiss. Slow and measured, it let her catch her breath as her hands toyed with his body. “Good wake up?”

“Aye,” he teased her nipples, plucking them as he sucked on her pulse. “Love seeing you like that, Emma.”

“Like what?”

“Wild and wanton. Falling apart...the bliss on your face.”

Desire pooled again, mixing with the sticky wetness already between her thighs. “Please fuck me, Liam.”

“Hands and knees.” Emma turned, kneeling in the center of the bed. Killian was still there, panting, watching. Emma shivered, his gaze scorching. Killian was the first to openly acknowledge her desire to be watched, to embrace her need. They stared into each other's eyes as Liam pushed inside her abused hole, filing her again. No one had ever felt as incredible as they did; she could never get enough.

Emma undulated her hips, her back arching. “Fuck, Emma,” Liam hissed.

“Isn't that what you're supposed to be doing? Fuck Emma?”

He snarled and thrust almost viciously against her. “Careful, love.”

She would already feel this for hours afterward; she thought it best not to push Liam too far. She sighed, relaxing into his pace. He laid out across her back, fucking her so damn slowly. They'd been without their connection for too long; all three wanted to experience the pure euphoria of being together. He knew her body as well as Killian did, slowly working her toward another high.

Liam wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her up into his lap, bent at the knees. The new angle made her groan; it felt amazing. Even better, Killian crawled over to join them, no longer content to merely watch. He skimmed his hands up Emma's torso, weighing a breast in each hand. Emma licked her lips; the moment becoming more erotic by the second. She got wetter, Liam slipping even faster along her walls. Killian grinned, leaning in for a kiss. Emma moaned into his
mouth; Liam held her arms, making it impossible for her to embrace her lovers. She was trapped between them, impaled, as the other toyed with her. She sucked on Killian's lip, Liam's thrusts gaining speed.

“Fuck, you are gorgeous,” Killian murmured. He still teased her bouncing breasts, ducking to lick one then the other. He sucked at her collar, leaving a mark. “Mine.”

Emma nodded frantically. “Yours. God, please.” It felt like she was going to burn up from the inside out.

Liam grunted, thrusting harder into her. “Mine.”

“Yes!” she screamed. “I need to come. Please.”

Killian's lips left a wet trail down the valley of her breasts, her stomach. He nudged her knees a little wider apart on Liam's lap, lowering his head to where they were joined. He circled her aching clit with his tongue, then sucked it into his mouth. Emma exploded, screaming incoherently, bucking in Liam's lap. He followed almost instantly, grunting as he too spilled himself inside her.

Emma made no protest as Killian gently eased her off Liam's lap. She clung to him as they all fell into the bed; the only sounds were their harsh breathing.


Liam rolled up against her back, kissing her shoulder. “And that was just our first go.”

Emma groaned. “I'm gonna need a long soak before we go again.”

She could almost hear his frown. “Did we hurt you?”

“No, no. Just a few aching muscles from lack of use.”

“Leave her alone, Liam,” Killian said. “You worry too much.”

“Since when did taking care of the woman we love become a bad thing?” Liam retorted.

“She's right here,” Emma said irritably. “And can speak for herself.” She was not in the mood to listen to them bicker. “Liam, Killian's right, you worry too much. I'm fine. We're all fine, okay?”

He was pouting when she turned her head to look; Emma kissed it off his lips. “I love you, Emma.”

“I love you too. And I appreciate your concern, but I'm a big girl. I can handle you, both of you. You trust me, right?”

“Of course.”

“Then believe it when I say that a few lingering aches are a small price to pay for getting to be with the men I love. I don't want us any other way than the way we are right now, snuggling in our nice comfy bed after really great sex.”

He looked contrite. “I'll work on it.”

“That's all I ask.” She kissed him sweetly, burrowed deeper into the mattress, pulling both of them closer. “We still have a few minutes before we have to start the day.”

Starting the day was really the last thing she wanted, but they didn't have a choice. The boys had to
go to work and Emma had an apartment to search. They showered and had breakfast, heading in opposite directions after.

“Be safe,” Killian said, kissing her forehead before he got into the cab.

“We love you,” Liam added, kissing her nose.

“I'll see you guys at the attorney's office later,” she promised, waving farewell. The attorney wanted to go over all the forms before they signed them. Assigning power of attorney and medical proxies was the closest they could get to making their relationship legally binding, not that Emma had done an over abundance of research in that area. It was an enormous step toward making what they had permanent. A commitment to stay together always, as a family.

She was surprised how not scared she was. There were plenty of things about this that still terrified her, but the one thing she was certain of was her love for them. And their love for her. So much had changed in a year, but they were the constant. As long as they were together, nothing else mattered. She was ready for this step. They could take the rest as they came, conquer every little fear or doubt until they were all gone.

She wanted that. She was so sick of living scared.

The cab ride to Kensington was uneventful; she got out a block away from Gisbourne's place, looking like an ordinary tourist. Emma hadn't been in this part of the city much yet; she knew Hyde Park was around here somewhere. She paused to take pictures every once in a while to reinforce the tourist vibe. She didn't note anyone unusual, nor anyone that matched Gisbourne's description. When she finally got to his building she took one final turn before heading inside. Gisbourne's place was on the fourth floor, number 408. Emma pretended to check her phone as an old man passed; he gave off a distinct odor that made her hold her breath until he was gone.

Emma knocked smartly on Gisbourne's door; no one answered. She hadn't expected anyone to. If she were him, she'd be long gone. Killian said he wasn't that bright though, so who knew? Checking to make sure she was alone, Emma got out her tools and jimmied the door open. She slipped inside, closing it behind her with a soft click.

It was distinct by how unimpressive it was.

In fact, it appeared that no one had been there in quite a while. How long, she couldn't be sure. Emma tucked away her tools and tip toed through the rooms, confirming no one else was there. She searched the hall closet first, but didn't find anything. The apartment only had a single bedroom; it wasn't difficult to find the closet. Just like Liam and Killian, Gisbourne had a multiple uniforms for daily wear, not counting his dress uniform. She examined them all; they all had their full compliment of buttons.

Son of a bitch.

She'd been so sure.

Carefully, Emma rearranged the closet the way she found it. As she turned to go, she decided to take a quick peak in the bathroom, see if she could figure out how long the man had been gone. There was no toothbrush or razor; a towel appeared to have been hastily thrown into the corner. She looked closer, finding other subtle signs of an abrupt flight.

Why leave in a hurry unless something was wrong?

Or you were afraid of being hunted.
Emma slowly turned, moving back into the bedroom. She found the trash can and picked through it. Sure enough, she found some dark blue thread wadded up in the bottom amidst some dryer sheets and tissues. One of the tissues was speckled with blood.

She returned the bin to its place and returned to the closet. She gave the uniforms a closer examination, eventually finding the one with the replaced button. The sewing was poorly done; the button was loose and had a thread poking out. Emma got out her phone and snapped a few pictures of it and the trash can. She didn't want to remove the items herself, but she had enough evidence to take to the Navy.

Excited at her discovery, Emma slipped out of the apartment and hailed a cab. She stopped by the townhouse first to get her bag, then had the cab take her to the Navy building. She called Reynolds along the way, letting him know she was on her way. He hadn't answered, but Emma didn't let that deter her. She put in a call to Masters as well, asking him to meet her at Reynolds' office.

“Miss Swan!” someone called as she got out of the cab. It was Masters, just having arrived himself. The man was typical Navy, crisp uniform, blond hair, brown eyes. He was short and a bit stocky, spoke with what Emma had learned was a Northern accent. Made him a bit hard to understand at times.

“Lieutenant,” Emma greeted him, heading for the door. He held open the door for her and they walked in silence to Reynolds' office.

“He's not in, Miss Swan,” a passing petty officer said. Emma had met some of the staff on her previous visits. This one seemed to be Reynolds' personal gopher.

“I can wait.” She slipped into the office and did just that.

“What's going on, lass?” Masters asked.

*What is it with these people and the nicknames,* she wondered. Still, she chose to ignore it. “I think I figured out who was threatening Anastasia.”

“And?”

Really? But Emma was used to the faint (and sometimes not so faint) undertones of sexism in her job. Carefully, methodically, she laid out what she found, finishing off with the pictures. Masters asked her some pointed questions, and she answered them.

“It's at least enough to bring him in for questioning,” she said finally. “Don't you agree?”

“Agree about what?” Reynolds stepped into his office at last. “Ah, Miss Swan. Is this more of your help?”

Emma had to take a deep breath to maintain her composure. “Like me, don't like me. I don't care. But use that tone with me again, Commander, and my fist will not be responsible for connecting with your face.”

Reynolds didn't flinch, sitting down primly behind his desk. “Merely wondering at your tenacity, Miss Swan. Your only requirement for this case is to turn up should you be needed to testify.”

“Which you hope doesn't happen.”

Reynolds steepled his fingers. “Certain aspects of your character make you a less than ideal witness, so yes. It's my duty to defend my client, after all.”
“I think I may have something to make that easier.” For the second time, she outlined what she found. Reynolds was more impressed with her work than Masters had been.

“There was no sign of him?”

“Not that I saw. Toothbrush and razor were missing. It’s possible he’s in the wind.”

“If he is, I’ll find him,” Maters said seriously.

“Speed would be preferable, Lieutenant,” Reynolds snapped.

“Aye, sir.”

“Can’t you get a continuance or something?” Emma asked.

“Doubtful. The Crown wants this dealt with swiftly.”

“Maybe I...” Emma began, but Reynolds cut her off. “No, Miss Swan. Let us handle this. If Gisbourne, and by extension Nottingham, is our stalker then I want you as far from that investigation as possible. They have powerful friends and I suspect you want to protect your privacy?”

Emma frowned, considering. She didn’t like it, but Reynolds did have a point. There wouldn’t be any press in the courtroom and she may not have to testify at all. She’d more than done her part. “Okay,” she said at last.

“I will ensure Captain Hood is informed,” Reynolds said, his voice softer. “He’s spoken most highly of you.”

“Robin’s a good man.” She handed over all of her work, made a written statement and took her leave. It was officially out of her hands.

She still had some time to kill before joining the boys at the attorney’s office, so she went back to her own. She scrolled through a couple likely cases, passed along via email by Martha over at Scotland Yard. There was an interesting one with a woman in her forties, brought before the judge to pay her child support but never showed up. Interesting because it was a woman. Emma was very familiar with deadbeat dads; she’d brought in more than her fair share. But mothers were very rare.

She dialed Martha’s number. The woman was much pleasanter than her brother, although Emma couldn’t be certain. They’d never met in person. “Reynolds.”

“Martha? It’s Emma.”

“Haven’t heard from you in a while,” the older woman observed.

“I was working on a few things. Ask your brother.”

“I’ll pass. Have a case in mind?”

Emma looked at the screen again. “The McKinnon case still open?”

“Lemme check.” There was a sound of keys clacking. “Yes. I can transfer you to Detective Inspector Wyvern if you want.”

“Thanks, that would be great.” Emma always thought it was a good idea to touch base with the actual detectives before she took a case, smooth the way.
“Wyvern.”

Emma blinked for only a second; the detective was a woman. “Hello, Detective Inspector, my name is Emma Swan.”

“The investigator?” The woman's voice was cool, professional.

“Yeah. How did you know?”

“Your name has come up a few times. Up and coming PI, American. It's unusual.”

Emma didn't bother correcting the woman on her job title; in truth, she probably would become more of an actual private investigator over here than back in the States. Still, she was working her way up.

“I was hoping to get pick your brain on the McKinnon case, see if I want to take it on.”

“That one's nasty.”

“I can handle it.”

“Okay. I'll bring the file; we can have lunch tomorrow. Work for you?”

“I can do that.” She scribbled down the address of their meeting place and the time. “What's your first name, Detective?” she asked. “So I know who I'm looking for.”

“Lily. My name is Lily.”

After she hung up, Emma closed her laptop down and called for a cab. Their appointment with the attorney was in an hour. The black cab took her back to the Navy building, where she picked up her boys.

“Ready, love?” Killian asked, brushing a kiss across her cheek.

“Yes.” She squeezed their hands. “Let's do this.”

The drive was quiet; everyone seemingly lost in their own thoughts. Each man held one of her hands, their touch reassuring. They were making the right choice. Emma had a high risk job. They would eventually be headed off on a warship. She didn't think of herself as a gambling person, but the odds were not in their favor. And it was the responsible thing to do. Emma was nearly thirty; she wasn't that frightened girl who got sent to prison. She was a grown woman who understood what she wanted from her life.

She wanted this life with Killian and Liam Jones.

They piled out of the cab; Emma stared up at the imposing glass structure. It wasn't completely glass but it certainly looked it. Emma thought it appeared a bit impersonal which...lawyers. She knew there were good ones out there, but her history with the profession left much to be desired.

“How did you chose this one?” Emma asked as they headed inside. Liam held the tall glass door open for her.

“David recommended him,” Liam replied. “Specializes in family law.”

Of course...the wedding. Emma had almost forgotten. With David and Mary Margaret getting ready to tie the knot and David's position in his company, there was surely some legal wrangling. She knew Mary Margaret didn't care about that; her friend was over the moon with happiness at the
prospect of marrying her personal Prince Charming. David was definitely the responsible one, wanting to ensure his future wife's security should the worst happen.

They took the elevator up to the fifteenth floor. The interior was less shiny, but still sleek and modern. The law office of Clifton and Stone took up the entire floor. They waited in the medium size reception area, sitting together on the leather couch. The receptionist cast them a few incredulous looks, even though Emma knew this was them at their most sedate and discreet. But as she was sitting between them, there wasn't really any doubt that they were together. And that they knew each other intimately.

“Mr. Clifton will see you now.”

Killian moved first, holding out his hand for Emma. She took it, lacing their fingers. Liam curled his arm around her waist, following them as they entered Clifton's spacious office. Emma instantly noticed the view; the city's lights shone in the glass, the snake like Thames splitting it in two.

“Commander,” Clifton said in greeting “Lieutenant.” He was about Emma's height, thin, older than she expected. He had to be in his fifties at least. He reminded her a bit of Mr. Burns from The Simpsons! “This is Miss Swan, I presume?”

Emma nodded. “Emma, Mr. Clifton.” She let go of Killian's hand to shake the attorney's. He had a good grip, his brown eyes coloring in amusement, as if he knew she was sizing him up. They hadn't signed anything yet; they could still change their minds.

“Won't you have a seat?” Clifton said pleasantly. “We can go over everything before affixing signatures.”

Emma glanced at the boys, who nodded. Clifton only had two armchairs facing his desk; Liam dragged a third from its place on the far wall. Clifton sat at his desk, pulling out a file. “As we discussed last week, it's a relatively simple process. Given your...situation, a power of attorney and a medical proxy would be the best ways to ensure that you possess most of the same privileges as a traditionally married couple. Things such as taxes are separate. Am I to understand that you have not yet applied for permanent residency, Miss Swan?”

Emma shook her head, surprised. She hadn't even considered that. “Um, no, not yet. Do I need to?”

“It's not necessary. Possession of your visa should be enough for now. But you may want to consider it.”

“So what does this do?” she asked.

“The medical proxy states the person or persons that you want to make medical decisions in the event of your incapacitation. This also gives them the right to visit you, as they would be considered next of kin. The power of attorney primarily functions as a document declaring who can control your finances and assets in such a situation.”

So romantic. But these were basic rights that married couples got with a simple ceremony. People who got married in Vegas had protection under the law, but they, as a non-binary, non-traditional family, did not.

Clifton cleared his throat. “I'm aware of how...clinical it must sound. But I believe it is your best option, all things considered.”

“Will this apply to our pensions?” Liam asked.
Clifton nodded. “Yes, if you both wish to declare Miss Swan the beneficiary of your naval pensions, they would be hers in the event of your death.”

Emma’s eyes snapped up and a shudder race down her spine. She couldn't breathe for a second. Thinking of either of them as dead, cold, tore at her heart. Killian noticed her discomfort and reached for her hand, his thumb stroking her knuckles.

Liam saw it a moment later. “Could you give us a minute, Mr. Clifton?”

“Of course.” He rose and left, leaving them alone.

“Talk to us, Emma,” Killian said. “What's wrong?”

She shook her head. “I just...can't think of you dying. It didn't really hit me until he said it.”

Killian gently pulled her to her feet, wrapping his arms around her. Emma buried her nose in the crook of his neck, inhaling his scent. Liam's chair scratched the floor as he stood, holding her from behind. “We're not going anywhere, sweetheart,” Liam murmured quietly.

“You don't know that,” Emma muttered.

Killian kissed her temple. “We're going to do our very, very best to always come back to you,” he said softly. Emma could feel his words rumbling against her chest, the steady thump of his heart. “Whether it's from our office or out buying groceries or at sea. You're everything to us.”

Emma swallowed, knowing he was right. She'd lived her life based on fear and pain for too long. This was worth sticking around and fighting for. She squeezed him tightly before lifting her lips to his. Killian's warm smile flashed just before they kissed, lingering and sweet. He let go of her so she could kiss Liam as well, the older Jones hugging her to his chest.

“Better?” Liam said, tipping her chin up.

She nodded. “Yeah.”

They returned to their seats and waited for Clifton to return. The attorney came back a few minutes later, another file in his hand. “Would you like to examine the documents?” he asked.

They all answered in the affirmative. Clifton handed each of them a copy of the documents for their perusal. “If there are any changes or if you have any questions, please don't hesitate.”

It looked fairly straightforward. Liam and Killian both declared her as their official medical proxy, in conjunction with the non incapacitated brother. If something happened to both of them, she was to be given sole control of their care. The power of attorney was more complicated, but essentially what it said was that what was theirs was hers and committing to care for each other financially, if something happened. Hers was the same thing, only in reverse.

A few minor questions came up, clarifying some of the legal language. Clifton answered them patiently, wanting to make sure everything was clear before they signed.

Silence fell and Emma couldn't help but glance at each of them. Clifton had done what they asked; all that was required was their signatures. “Ready?” Both men nodded. The lawyer handed them each a pen and they got started signing the documents, passing them to each other as they finished. Emma got done first, tossing her pen onto Clifton’s desk.

The world didn't stop spinning. There were no flashing lights or explosions. Or anything else to
indicate that a momentous step had been taken. All she felt was calm.

Killian finished with a flourish, laying aside his pen. He looked at Emma and grinned, his blue eyes shining with happiness. Liam, of course, was more sedate. “What happens now?” Liam asked.

“We will file these with the court, but they are essentially already binding. Congratulations.”

Liam finally allowed himself to smile. They all shook hands with Mr. Clifton and left, catching a cab back to their place. “Am I the only one who noticed the resemblance between that guy and Mr. Burns from The Simpsons?” Killian asked as the cab pulled into the street.

Emma burst out laughing. “Oh my god, I thought the same thing! It was hard to keep a straight face.”

“David did not mention that,” Liam said, chuckling. “I may have to have a word with him about it.”

They giggled about it the entire way home; soon comparing all of their friends to various Simpsons characters.

“So how should we celebrate?” Killian asked, kicking his shoes off in the foyer. Emma groaned. “What?”

“Can it be a quiet celebration? I kinda just want to lay around and watch old movies.”

Killian shrugged. “I'm not opposed to that. Liam?”

Liam shook his head. “Any particular oeuvre?”

“Hitchcock?”

Killian laughed. “We just made a lifelong commitment to each other and you want to watch Hitchcock? Should we be worried, love?”

Emma poked him in the ribs. “Maybe I just wanted an excuse to cuddle with my boyfriends.”

Liam cut them off before there was anymore good natured ribbing. “Emma, why don't you order us some dinner while we change. Then we can protect you from all the creepy crawlies of Mr. Hitchcock.”

Emma poked him too for his cheek, then shoed them away. She wandered to the kitchen, plucking the Thai menu from the fridge. She ordered all of their favorite things, enough to feed a small army. Moving back to the living room, Emma got the Hitchcock box set from the shelf and warming up the TV.

“Another section of the Underground was closed for several hours this afternoon,” a BBC anchor intoned. Emma reached to turn on the blu ray player but thought better of it. Instead, she turned the volume up. “The authorities would not confirm if this closure is connected to one in Westminster a few weeks ago, but we are receiving reports of bomb sniffing dogs in the area. We go to our reporter on the scene.”

Small sections of the Underground being closed wasn't unusual. It was a large, complicated system; maintenance was routine. The bomb sniffing dogs were a bit worrisome.

“Something wrong, love?” Liam asked, startling her.

Emma jumped. “You scared the shit out of me, Liam!”
“And we haven't even begun the movie yet,” he teased gently. “Sorry, lass. You looked deep in thought.”

She flipped on the bluray player. “Just something on the news. No big deal. I ordered Thai.”

“Sounds perfect.” He dropped a kiss on the crown of her head. “Need me to do anything?”

“Well, this wouldn't be a very good celebration without some libations,” she replied with a smirk.

“Your wish is my command, Emma.” He disappeared into the kitchen to mix them some drinks. Liam had a tendency to make them stronger than was strictly necessary; Emma teased him about being a failed bartender in another life.

Killian joined her while Liam was still in the kitchen. “Alright there, lass?”

“Yeah. Shouldn't I be?”

Killian's face softened, adoration and love lighting his bright blue eyes. “No worries or regrets?”

She reached for his hand, tugging him to her. “Nope. I'm very happy, Killian.”

He smiled then kissed her, sweet tender kisses that made her knees a bit weak. They were still kissing when Liam returned, his cool fingers stroking the skin of Emma's lower back under her shirt. She broke the kiss with a giggle, sliding from one brother to the other. Liam covered her mouth with his, arms winding around her waist. The trio edged their way to the couch, and Emma sat, dragging them with her. She felt giddy and happy, their kisses making her lips tingle pleasantly. She got to engage in one of her favorite pastimes, swapping kisses with her boys, slow affectionate kisses that made her toes curl and her heart race. Their touches were sweet and unusually chaste, not really trying to arouse her. As the food would be there soon, she couldn't say she minded. She could have them later.

“God, I love kissing you,” Killian mumbled, gently pulling her closer. “Always have.”

Emma hummed, smiling before going back in for more. She deepened the kiss a bit more, exploring his mouth. “Kissing good,” she mumbled, fingers curling in his cotton t-shirt. They kissed until Emma needed to breathe, Liam trailing kisses up her arm. She smiled at him. “Get up here, you.” He flashed her a grin, sliding into her side, slanting his kiss swollen lips over hers. Killian buried his face in Emma's cleavage as she craned her neck to make out with Liam.

She was about to throw caution and patience to the wind and demand they make love to her when the doorbell rang. All three groaned in complaint, but Killian disengaged first, going to answer it. Emma smiled at Liam sheepishly, standing to straighten her clothes.

“Another quiet evening at home?” she said, skin still flushed from their kisses.

Liam fetched the drinks he'd brought, handing Emma hers. “Here's to many, many more.”

“What's this?” Killian asked, bringing in the amazing smelling Thai food. Emma stomach growled in response. She hadn't eaten since breakfast.

“I was just expressing a wish for many more evenings such as this,” Liam told him, handing his brother a glass. “With all of us together.”

Killian nodded. “Aye, I can drink to that.” He smiled at Emma, who grinned back. They clinked their glasses and drank, toasting the future that stretched out in front of them.
“Where are we going?” Emma asked.

“Dave said something about mini golf?” Killian said, ducking to the cab.

“They have that here?”

Liam laughed. “We're not barbarians, sweetheart.” He slid in next to her giving the driver their destination.

“Excuse me for not realizing that mini golf was the defining trait of civilization,” Emma snarked, elbowing him in the ribs.

“It'll be fun,” Killian assured her. “You've done it, haven't you, lass?”

Emma nodded. “Not for a long time though.” She didn't want to tell him that the last time she'd been mini golfing it had been with Neal. Very late at night after they broke into the joint. It had a certain amount of giddy adventure at the time. Now she recognized how Neal was dragging her deeper into his bad habits.

“Here's to new memories then,” he said, lips brushing her cheek.

They met David, Mary Margaret, Ruby and Victor at the mini golf place, already eating at a picnic table. Hellos exchanged, the trio ordered their lunches, while getting caught up on the conversation at hand.

“I was just telling them about this guy we had in the restaurant the other day,” Ruby said, explaining about the drunken customer and Granny threatening him with her crossbow.

“The woman has a crossbow?” Killian asked, after swallowing a bite of his sandwich.

Ruby nodded. “She's a good shot too.”

“But why?”

“Honestly? I've never asked.”

“So what happened?” Emma asked.

“We called the cops. Got a lady officer which apparently upset him. She looked like she could hold her own though.”

“Emma took out a drunken lout at a pub not long ago,” Liam said.

“You did?” Mary Margaret shrieked. “You never said!”

“Because it wasn't a big deal. Dude was an ass.”

“You really were amazing though, Emma,” Killian said. “Poor sod didn't know what hit him.”

“Well, I think we know who'll be getting a wide berth during our friendly game,” Victor joked. Ruby elbowed him.

Emma rolled her eyes. “How's wedding planning going?” she asked Mary Margaret and David. Anything to get the subject off of herself. That launched Mary Margaret into a deep discussion about venues and the debate she and David were having about getting married in England or going home
to the States.

“I think there's less red tape if we just go home,” David said, taking a pull on his beer.

“But I said an English wedding would be more romantic,” Mary Margaret countered with a rare scowl.

Emma shared a conspiratorial glance with her boys, who grinned back at her. They may not be able to have a traditional marriage, but they'd just tied their trio together as legally as they could. And they didn't have to worry with venues and dresses and red tape. No one noticed them; Ruby was talking excitedly about finding a castle for the wedding.

Once their bellies were full, they headed to the counter to sign up for the next round of mini golf.

“Highest average score buys the first round?” David asked, handing Mary Margaret a putter.

“Done,” Liam agreed. He took Emma's hand and led them all out to the putting course.

It was enormous fun. Victor, to no one's surprise, had the steadiest hands; he started his round with three hole in ones. Mary Margaret was good too; when Emma questioned her, she admitted to having some lessons as a kid. Her parents were great believers in outdoor exercise, which is how she got involved in equestrian in the first place.

“How's that going?” Emma asked. She grinned at Killian; he winked at her just before taking his swing. Emma rolled her eyes at him.

“Good,” her friend replied. “It's been hectic, but nothing I can't handle.”

“The Olympics are next year, right?” Emma didn't really pay attention to things like that.

“Yeah. August. In Rio.”

“Brazil?”

“Yep. Oh! If I make the team, you guys should come. Three weeks in Rio...we could have a blast.”

“You'll make it,” Emma said. “And it does sound like fun.”

“What's fun?” Killian asked.

“Rio.”

His eyes flashed. “That does sound like an interesting trip. What do you think, Liam? Rio next year?”

Liam was jotting down his score on the card. “What? Oh yes. We'd love to come, Mary Margaret.”

They moved on to the next hole; it was a classic windmill. Everyone hung back while Victor went first. Liam wrapped his arms around Emma's waist. She smiled, leaning back into his chest. “Hey there, sailor.”

“Enjoying yourself, lass?”

“Yeah. This was a good idea.”

“Things have been so hectic lately; I thought we could use some down time.”
“I can think of another way to spend down time,” Emma said, pushing her hips back a little.

“Bloody vixen.”

Emma just laughed; she just said what he was thinking. What any of the three of them were probably thinking at any given time. In a moment, it was her turn; she made a point of wiggling her hips far more than she needed to. Just a subtle sign that while spending time with their friends was fun, she couldn't wait to get them home.

“You are terrible,” Killian whispered as she passed, giving her ass a little tap.

“Maybe you could help,” she countered, giving him a saucy grin. “Help me with my...form.”

So it began, an afternoon of teasing and flirtation. Their friends were used to this by now, but Emma was convinced they scandalized some of the other patrons. They didn't do anything overtly sexual, but they weren't shy about showing each other affection either. Killian offered his “help” on the very next hole, sidling up behind Emma and curling his hands over hers on the neck of the putter.

“The trick,” he said in a low rumbling voice, “is to hit the ball at just the right angle.” They bent over it, Killian's breath warm on her neck.

“Know a lot about angles, do you?” she said softly. He was solid against her back as they swayed back and forth, putter in their hands, away from the ball.

“Lately, I've been getting quite a lot of practice,” he admitted. He shifted even closer to her until there was no more space between them. “Striking at the right angle with the right amount of force...it's a thing of beauty.”

Emma exhaled, knowing exactly what he was capable of. She swallowed. “Okay. I think I got it.”

Killian pressed a kiss to her neck and let her go. She had to take a deep breath to focus, but she managed to make her put. As she walked by Killian later, she discreetly reached out and squeezed his ass firmly, making him growl softly. Liam's eyes were stormy, having watched their little display, and he wasted no time pulling Emma to him for a kiss. Emma squeaked in mild protest, but melted into him, eventually resting her head on his shoulder.

“Still having fun?” she asked.

“Aye. I'll be having more once we get home.”

“What happens then?”

“We take you to bed and don't let you leave it until Monday.”

Emma sighed. “I think I like that plan.”

The day lasted later than Emma thought it would; the group decided to go for the promised drink after they finished playing. As she, Killian and Liam lost, they had to buy the drinks. She spent a lot of time sitting in one of the boys' laps, switching whenever someone got up, as the pub didn't have enough chairs. Eventually though, Emma got antsy, whispering for them to meet her in a dark corner. One very intense makeout session later and they were saying their goodbyes. Ruby and Mary Margaret shot her knowing grins, promising to see her at their lunch date.

She didn't even blush as they left, intent on getting her boys home as quickly as possible.
“In a hurry, lass?” Killian said, arm sliding around her waist.

She dragged her hand possessively over his ass, and slipped her fingers into the back pocket of his shorts. “Something like that.”

Killian let out a soft groan. “Bloody hell.”

Emma hummed, a soft smile on her face. She caught Liam's hand, tugging him to her as they waited for the cab. “What was it you were saying about not leaving the bed?”

“That we won't let you leave it until Monday.” Liam leaned in, sliding kisses along her jaw. “And naked. Definitely no clothes until Monday.”

Emma moaned, reaching up to drag his mouth to hers. She kissed him hard, right there in the middle of the sidewalk. “Where the hell is that cab?” she grumbled. “We really need to get a car.”

“Aye,” Killian agreed. He squeezed her waist and Emma turned, kissing him too. The cab did arrive a few moments later and they clamored into it. Emma thought of another reason for getting a car; it was becoming increasingly likely that they would scar all the London cabbies for life with their inability to keep their hands to themselves. Each man had a hand under her clothing, caressing any patch of skin they could find. When they finally got home, Killian fumbled with his keys as Emma and Liam kissed on their front stoop. She giggled when Killian cursed, trying to unlock the door with unsteady fingers.

“Problem?”

“Got it,” he said triumphantly, the door swinging wide. Emma followed him in the door, shoving him against the first flat surface she could find, which happened to be the cabinet. Killian grunted but didn't protest, hauling her in by the hips as she stood up on her toes to kiss him. It felt like stepping into the light, now that they no longer had to worry about prying eyes. They could indulge in their passion for each other without restraint.

Liam pressed in behind her, effectively wedging her between them, her very favorite place. He peppered her neck with kisses, hands sliding up under her shirt. He deftly flicked her bra open so he could touch her uninhibited and she mewled.

“Oh god,” she gasped, hips rocking back and forth. Their arousals were growing, wetness pooling between her thighs.

“Could take you right here,” Liam growled.

“So why don't you?” she countered. She thrust her hips back; they had the rest of the weekend to have sex all over the house if they wanted. “Afraid you can't keep up?”

Liam bit down on the cords of her neck; Emma shivered. Killian ground his hips into hers, fingers fumbling with her shorts. Once they were open, both hands grabbed her ass, squeezing hard. “Christ, Emma.”

She bit her lip, a strangled moan escaping. “God, just someone touch me!”

“We are,” Liam said, cupping her breasts in his large hands. He fondled them until her nipples ached, her clit on fire. Killian kissed her lips, her neck, as he played with her bottom. Then, finally, Liam slid a hand into her panties, petting her. She cried out in relief, wantonly thrusting her hips into his touch. “Love how needy you are. How much you want us.”
Emma nodded frantically, hitching her leg up on Killian's hip. He held her steady as Liam teased her, rubbing her clit. “Oh yes!” she cried. “Yes!”

“You’re going to be hoarse from screaming,” Killian promised, whispering in Emma's ear. “Want you nice and loud, love.”

Emma clutched at his shirt, tension nearly at its breaking point. “Close,” she hissed. “Hurry!”

Liam growled, pressing two fingers inside her dripping hole. Emma wasn't quiet; she screamed out her pleasure, the powerful orgasm ripping through her. Killian held her close, stroking her skin as she came down, both men murmuring their love for her.

“Holy shit,” Emma breathed, sagging a little.

“Never get tired of seeing you fall apart,” Liam said adoringly. “So beautiful.”

“Gorgeous,” Killian agreed, kissing her brow.

“Should we try the bed now?” Emma panted.

“Aye.” They slowly made their way upstairs, pausing occasionally to steal kisses. Emma was nowhere near satisfied; she had a lot of plans for them.

As soon as they got to the bedroom, Emma started to strip. Her clothes were loose already; it was just a matter of taking them off. She climbed into the bed and waited for them to join her. Killian got there first, crawling over Emma and kissing her deeply. She rolled him onto his back, hands sliding over his stomach. The muscles trembled under her touch.

“May I play?” she asked, kissing his sternum. She looked significantly into his blue eyes, his widened in response.

“Please. Want it, love.”

“You do everything I say,” she said, her voice growing stern. “Or you get punished. Understand?”

“Aye.”

“Yes, what?” she snapped.

Killian's eyes darkened, grasping her meaning instantly.

“Yes, Mistress.”

She smiled. “Very good.” She turned to Liam. “Would you like to play?”

He was sitting near them on the bed, also nude. “I think I'd like to watch,” he said with a grin. “If that's allowed?”

She crawled over, cradling his face in hands and kissing him deeply. He pulled her in by the waist, hands sliding over her skin as they kissed. Slow, languid kisses, filled with soft moans of pleasure, knowing full well Killian was watching them. “Grab the box?” Liam nodded, letting her go after placing one last kiss to her lips.

Emma turned back to Killian, who was touching himself. She shoved his hand away, curling her fingers around his thick weeping cock. “Enjoy that?”
“Yes, Mistress.”

“You get off on being a voyeur, don't you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Emma continued to stroke him, eyes raking his naked form. They were so beautiful, her boys. Handsome, strong hard bodies that bulged in all the right places. Not too big, not too chisled, just perfect. Emma traced Killian's abs with her tongue, relishing the way his breathing hitched. Liam returned with the box of goodies—they’d had to buy a larger one—and moved back to watch. He leaned against one of the posts, his own arousal jutting against his stomach.

“Roll over,” Emma ordered. Killian did, getting on his hands and knees. Emma got out the cuffs and locked his wrists together. He inhaled sharply, peaking up at her through those lashes. Emma’s core clenched, the look he was giving her completely naughty and sexual. She smacked his hands, the cuffs rattling. “Are you gonna be a good boy?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Kiss me.” Killian didn’t hesitate, pushing forward and plundering her mouth. She felt a rush, having him at her mercy this way, letting her order him about. She pulled away with a gasp, thighs clenching. After taking a moment to compose herself, Emma crawled behind him, hands sliding over his pert ass. She longed to spank him, make those cheeks pink, hear his cries. She hoped he'd give that to her one day. Instead, she caressed him, kneading the flesh, the pads of her thumbs skimming his hole. Killian shivered; she wondered if he was biting his lip. Slowly, she spread his cheeks and gave him a long lick, teasing him with her tongue.

“Oh,” Killian moaned. His back arched, fists clenching the sheet. “Oh god.”

Emma wondered how this looked to Liam, her bent over Killian, her own ass in the air as she tongued him, fingers rubbing the place she knew would make him squirm. She was wet and getting wetter, clit throbbing with need. Killian started to rock back into her, his body unconsciously begging for more.

Emma pulled away, her hand coming down on his skin, the smack echoing in the room. “Stay. Still,” she said sharply. “Or I stop.”

Killian groaned, but went still. “Yes, Mistress.”

Emma reached between his spread legs, fingers skimming his rock hard cock. She wondered how it would feel with a cock ring around the base, but knew that would be too much. At least this time. They could work toward that.

She wanted this first time to be enjoyable, for him to get an inkling of how she felt when they had her.

Emma reached for the lube, squeezing a bit onto her finger. She kissed the base of his spine, then gently spread his cheeks. With her damp finger she began to rim the tight ring of flesh, listening carefully to his moans and gasps to figure out what he liked. She'd never done this to someone other than herself; the lovers who'd done it to her, not allowing her to reciprocate. And most of those men weren't even that good at it, not caring if she enjoyed it.

But with the Jones brothers, Emma knew it could be enjoyable, loved when they played with her ass, fucked it.
As she worked, Emma looked over her shoulder at Liam; he was watching them with heavy lidded eyes, hand wrapped around his cock. He was fascinated, clearly enjoying the show. More than he expected? Perhaps. She smiled at him, pleased.

Turning her attention back to Killian, Emma carefully started to push the tip of her finger inside. Killian went completely still, a long moan tumbling from his lips. “Fuck.”

Encouraged, Emma applied a bit more lube and slid in deeper. “Good?” she asked, dropping the mask for a moment.

“God, yes,” he hissed. “Don't stop.”

Emma bit her lip to keep from moaning herself. “This is so fucking hot,” she said, rubbing her thighs together. “Oh my god.”

“You're dripping,” Liam said softly, leaning forward. “Bloody hell.”

“More,” Killian said. “I want to feel it.”

Emma slowly worked in a second finger; Killian jerked a for a second she thought she hurt him. But he moaned, long and loud, her name a prayer on his lips. Emma slid her other hand around to stroke his cock as she fingered his ass, slowly twisting her fingers until she found the small rounded bump.

“Bloody fuck!” Killian yelled, hips jerking wildly.

“That feel good?” Emma asked. She'd read about this, but wasn't sure how it worked.

“Yes.” She did it again, massaging the spot over and over, varying speed and pressure, slowly exploring, until Killian was trembling. His legs were shaking; he could hardly hold himself up. Curses and moans spilled from his lips, alternately pleading with her to never stop and to let him come. Emma was fairly certain she'd never been more turned on in her life, his cries music to her ears.

“Come for me,” she said, her voice barely a whisper. “Fuck.”

Killian came with a howl, his cock pulsing in her hand, her fingers coated in his seed. Emma wrung every drop out of him, easing him down as best she could. When she finally released him, he sagged into the now wet sheet, spent. Emma licked her fingers clean, moaning softly at the salty taste of him. Then she leaned over him and kissed his sweaty brow.

“Thank you,” she whispered. For loving her. For trusting her to see him so vulnerable and exposed. “I love you.”

Killian hummed, his eyes opening. “Love you too, lass.” They kissed sweetly and Emma uncuffed him.

She felt Liam at her back; he was through just watching. Emma turned to him willingly, her body begging to be touched. Her fingers threaded through his curls as they kissed passionately. “You are so fucking perfect,” Liam growled against her lips. Emma shivered as she felt cool metal on her skin.

“Liam?”

“My turn to play,” he said, his words going straight to her throbbing clit. He had her favorite plug in his hand, twirling it over her heated skin. Of course he'd want to play with her ass after watching her and Killian. Liam kissed down her stomach before easing her on to the mattress. He teased her as she
done with Killian, long fingers opening her up.

“Such a dirty naughty girl,” Liam murmured. “You love this.”

“Oh god yes,” she mewled, wishing he'd go faster. She needed him inside her, fucking her until she screamed.

“Can't wait to feel that hot dripping cunt around me. Gonna be so good, Emma.”

“Liam!” She cried his name in frustration, her need at a fever pitch. “Please.” She felt empty for only a moment, then Liam slid the plug in, filling her. Emma moaned, her body adjusting. “Yes.”

Liam kissed a path up her back, brushing her hair away. Then he picked her up and had her straddle him, lowering her onto his weeping cock. They groaned simultaneously as he slid inside, the plug rubbing them both deliciously. Liam kissed her, pulling her close, her nipples rubbing his chest as she rode him. She tried to go fast, to chase her pleasure, but Liam held her too tight, drawing out every stroke.

“Just like that, love,” he murmured, nuzzling her neck. “Feels so fucking good.”

Emma nodded, her back arching. She was stretched and full; she could feel every inch of him inside. “Oh god, Liam...” she groaned, fingers tightening in his hair. “So good.”

“Look at Killian, Emma,” Liam said, hand sliding down her torso. Emma bit her lip as his fingers began circling her clit; he was slowly driving her mad with want. However, she did as he asked, looking over her shoulder. Killian was propped up against the headboard now, watching them, licking his lips. “He's watching me fuck you. Watching me fill your tight greedy cunt.” Liam was growling his words in her ear; Emma felt like she was melting, like she would catch fire at any moment. “He wants you again. See? See what you do to us?” Emma looked; sure enough, Killian was getting hard again, lightly teasing himself.

Jesus Christ.

Liam threw her down on the bed, still joined, rocking into her faster, harder. He wrapped his lips around one of her nipples and sucked; Emma keened, her blunt nails raking down his back. “Liam! Oh...oh god!” He lifted one leg up onto his shoulder, adjusting the angle, making her cry out. She sobbed as the orgasm washed through her, the sheet fisted in her hands. Liam grunted, pushing once, twice, three times for spilling his seed inside her with a cry of her name.

They collapsed into the mattress, breathing hard. Liam rolled off her; Emma hardly noticed. She was drenched in sweat, panting, trying to remember her name. Strong hands pulled her up, resting her head on a pillow. When she opened her eyes, she found Killian looking down at her, a mix of tenderness and lust in his eyes. “Hey there.”

Emma snorted. “Hey.”

“Kiss?”

She nodded. “Please.” She sighed into his kiss, surprised at his tenderness. He was hard against her thigh, but he didn't push her. They just kissed, hands slowly wandering. “It's okay,” she mumbled finally. “You can...”

“Shh. Let me worship you.” He put a finger to her lips, his mouth moving lower. Her skin was still sensitive from her orgasm; his scruff felt amazing as he licked and kissed her body. By the time his head settled between her thighs she was squirming and needy again. She was sticky and wet, but
Killian didn't seem to care, licking her with the flat of his tongue. Emma bucked against his face, not even caring how greedy she looked.

“Yes,” she sighed. “Don't stop.”

Killian went slow, licking, sucking on her clit, fucking her hole with his tongue. He made no other move to touch her, aside from holding her legs open. Only that wicked, wicked mouth making her see stars. He brought her to the edge three times; Emma had no idea how much time passed. It felt like forever, forever of Killian threatening her sanity with his mouth.

“Please,” she begged at last. “Please!”

“Get your phone, Liam,” Killian said, raising his head at last. He pulled Emma to the edge of the bed, standing between her legs. He looked wrecked, her arousal clinging to his scruff, his lips. He looked sexy as hell, but Emma needed him in her.

“God, just fuck me!” she yelled impatiently.

Killian chuckled. He took a hold of his cock and rubbed it over her folds. “Look at Liam, love.”

Emma craned her head. Liam was there, phone in hand. Killian wanted his brother to record them having sex. Just he'd done before. Emma's insides burned as she nodded up at him. “Do it.”

With that, Killian pushed inside and Emma drowned in bliss. She still had the plug so she felt full, Killian buried deep inside. He curled his arms under her calves, legs open wide, giving Liam an excellent view of them fucking. Killian moaned, still just sliding in and out of her at a steady, firm pace. Her breasts bounced with every stroke; she groaned every time he bottomed out.

“Tell me how this feels,” Killian said, plunging in just a little bit harder. “Fuck.”

Emma licked her lips. “It's...god, it feels...it feels...” She was having trouble finding words, her higher brain functions shorting out. “Thick,” she gasped. “God, it feels...amazing, tight and full and oh fuck...yes!” Everything she said, even the stammering, spurred Killian on, taking her faster and faster. She could only hold on, her body chasing another high. Killian pinched her clit viciously and she exploded, screaming, arching off the bed. She was still coming when he followed, rutting until he was spent.

Emma was exhausted, boneless. She couldn't have lifted her pinky finger. Fortunately she didn't have to, letting her boys fuss over her as she dozed.

“Emma?”

“Hmmm?”

“Wake up for a minute, sweetheart. Then you can rest.” Emma's eyes fluttered open; Liam was next to her with a glass of water. He helped her up, even holding the glass for her as she drank. “Look at you,” he said. “Weak as a kitten.”

She shook her head. “Dream on, buddy.”

Liam smiled. “Believe what you want. But I think you're adorable.” He made her finish the water and went to get her some more for later, in case she woke up thirsty again.

“Why are you way over there?” Emma asked Killian, who was laying on far on his side of the bed.
“I didn't want to wake you.”

“Are you okay?” she asked suspiciously.

He reached for her hand. “I'm perfect.”

“Then get over here, Mr. Perfect, so I can kiss you.” He did, Emma pressing a chaste kiss to his lips. “Much better.” Liam came back, easing in on Emma's other side. “Now this is perfect.”

“Love?”

“It's silly.”

They both looked skeptical. “I'm sure it's not,” Liam replied.

Emma sighed. “Fine. It's just...I feel...god, this is so dumb...but I feel safe here. Between you guys. Like nothing can hurt me.”

The looks on their faces nearly made her cry. Killian found his voice first. “It's our job to protect your heart,” he said simply. “We are just honored you've entrusted us with it.”

“I couldn't with anyone else,” she admitted. “Just you.”

“We won't let you regret it, Emma,” Liam said firmly. “Not ever.”

“I know.” She kissed each man in turn, sighing happily. “I'll protect yours too.”

Killian smiled. “We wouldn't have it any other way.”
“You look amazing, love,” Liam said, handing her the coffee mug. “Very professional.”

“What's the occasion?” Killian asked, leaning in to kiss her cheek.

Emma smoothed down her skirt and perched on her stool. “Well, Robin's court martial starts today. I thought I'd go down there for some moral support.”

Liam frowned. “I thought Reynolds said you wouldn't have to testify.”

“He said I *probably* wouldn't testify. It's not a sure thing. And they still haven't found Gisbourne.” She sipped her coffee, feeling the caffeine take effect. “If these things are anything like civilian trials, it could take weeks. I just want to be there for Anastasia.”

“I think it's very kind of you, Emma,” Killian said, glancing at Liam.

She smiled gratefully. “It'll probably just be today, unless I really do need to testify. I still have a couple open cases.”

“We can all ride together then,” Liam said, serving breakfast. That sparked renewed talk of them acquiring their own car, effectively changing the subject. Emma's one regret was that she'd have to sell her Bug back in New York. It simply was too expensive to have it shipped over. She and that little car had been through a lot together; over the years it lost its unfortunate connection to Neal and became hers.

They took a cab to the Navy building; each of the boys kissing her goodbye before leaving her to drive on to the Strand. The court martial was being held in the More Building. Emma got her visitor's badge and headed for the second floor. She found Reynolds, Robin and Will already waiting outside the courtroom, heads bent in quiet conversation. Will spotted her first, grinning.

“Emma! We weren't expectin' to see ya!” He head out his hand, which she shook, utterly bemused by his greeting.

“Thank me when this is over, okay?”

“Thank you for everything you've done.”

“Make it rum and you've got a deal.”

“Rum it is!” They laughed. She and Will got caught up as they waited for the judge. When it was time, they all moved into the courtroom. It was much more...ornate than any she'd been in in the past. Everything seemed to be made out of wood and not that fake Formica crap. The dock was to her left; she watched with a frown as Robin was put into it. He truly was lucky to be out on his own recognizance rather than in the brig.

Emma was becoming quite adept at all these naval terms, if she did say so herself. She and Will sat in the visitor space behind the wooden barrier. Anastasia was already there; she was
dressed in her uniform, hair pulled back into a tight bun. The younger woman smiled faintly when
she saw Emma.

“Hello,” Emma said quietly. “How are you holding up?”

“Alright, all things considered. Commander Reynolds says you found out who broke into my flat?”

Emma nodded. “I think so. The Navy just has to find him. Asshole seems to have dropped off the
map.” Anastasia looked worried. “They'll find him,” she assured the other woman. “And if they
don't I'll just take the case.” She knew Reynolds didn't want her doing that, but until the Navy's
investigation provided some actual answers, she thought it was wise to keep the option open.

Will pointed out some of the other people, witnesses from the Sherwood, the lead prosecutor. That
guy was tall and handsome, with dirty blonde hair and gray eyes. He had a lot of ribbons on his chest
and a medal she didn't recognize. Not always a sign of competence but Reynolds mentioned his
adversary a few times, seemed to have a lot of respect for him.

The court martial was called to order and the room fell silent. The judge was wearing the wig that
always made her giggle, but she managed to keep her mouth shut. It just looked so ridiculous, even
though she knew it was the custom, thanks to many hours of British television.

As Emma expected, it was pretty slow going. The case had a lot of moving parts. The prosecutor—
Commander Dorsey — was good; Emma knew Robin was innocent and he even had her questioning
that for a second. The handful of witnesses that testified weren't very damning, Reynolds managed to
question their reliability. That first day was spent establishing that something very bad had happened
under Robin's watch; it sounded like a lot of posturing to Emma.

They adjourned earlier than she expected; it was only about three in the afternoon. Emma declined
Will's offer of a drink, but she didn't want to spend any more time in the pencil shirt and blouse than
she had to. She wasn't really in a mood to work either, so she decided to head home. She sent the
boys a text to let them know and caught a cab back to their place.

She changed into a tank top and shorts; it was June now and starting to get hot. Maybe they could
plan a trip to the beach soon. It had been too chilly during their first trip to Brighton, but she wouldn't
say no to another. Emma liked it because they could go there and not have random people staring at
them. And splashing around in the water with her boys did hold a lot of appeal!

She was at a bit of a loss for something to do; the boys wouldn't be home for a couple of hours. She
decided to make the bed and do a load of laundry; the sheets needed to be washed after
their...energetic weekend in bed. True to their word, they kept her there until Monday, only leaving it
for the bathroom or food. She had never been the lay about type before them, but strictly speaking
they didn't just lay around. They burnt fair amount of calories indulging each other's desires.

The door to the attic was down the hall from Emma's bedroom, next to the other bathroom door.
She'd never been up there, not in all her snooping. Liam said it was cold and drafty; they didn't have
much up there anyway. Since Emma wasn't keen on freezing her ass off, she hadn't explored. Well,
she didn't have anything else to do anyway...

With a grin, she opened the door and climbed the stairs. The first thing that hit her was the smell.
Their townhouse had a lot of modern conveniences, but the building itself was at least fifty years old.
Emma thought it gave the house a lot of personality; it felt the way she always imagined a home
should feel, warm and inviting, a place for its occupants to truly be themselves. She'd found that with
the Jones brothers; they accepted her completely, even as they discovered new things about each
other.
There was an old dresser in one corner; Emma couldn't tell if it belonged to them or had come with the house. Faint light came in through the lone window, illuminating the boxes that littered the floor. Emma got the impression that Liam had been fibbing a bit about not having much up there. She spotted about ten boxes of various sizes. She plopped down on the floor and opened the first one.

She didn't feel bad about snooping because they had no secrets. When she first arrived, the boys had given her free reign over the house; she spent a good amount of time during those first few weeks just looking through the house. While they had moments of friction, they trusted each other completely. It was quite a thing for Emma, given her past, but they'd given her no reason to doubt them or their love for her.

The first box had the photo album they'd looked through a few weeks ago. She stared at the picture with their father in it for a long time, wondering again how he could just leave his family like that. The boys never said why their dad left; Emma didn't know if they even knew. She understood it was a painful topic—for Killian especially since he was so young at the time. Any mention of his father made him angry and snarky; it took Emma's comforting kisses to bring him back. She hated seeing him like that; he looked like a lost little boy and her heart ached for him. And poor Liam had needed to grow up much faster than he should have; if she ever met the eldest Jones she just might have to punch him in the face for hurting them.

The rest of the box had a few old toys; it was impossible to tell whose they were. She smiled at the old soccer ball; *that* was Killian's. She could just picture him as little kid kicking it around. She moved on, peeking through the boxes one by one. She found a box filled with records—actual vinyl—and started coughing at the dust. Most of the them were artists she didn't know and looked to be from the seventies. Had they belonged to their mother?

She thought she'd looked through all the boxes until she saw one tucked in the corner, behind the top of the staircase. When she went to investigate, she found *two* boxes, one stacked on top of the other. Intrigued, she pulled the first one open.

*Porn.*

Emma stifled a giggle, even though she was alone. She'd found someone's porn. No wonder the box was tucked away, out of sight. Curious, she opened the other...both men had chosen to hid their treasure in the same place! She *did* laugh then, utterly amused by the whole thing. Why did they think they needed to hide the porn from her? She wasn't *that* naive. Hell, she sometimes watched porn! Most of it was utterly cheesy and overacted, but it provided the spark for an orgasm or three. It wasn't anything to be ashamed of. She looked through the titles, examining the cover art. Some of the titles were *hilarious*, like *Ame-do-us, Great Sexpectations,* and *Robin's Wood.* Who got that job, to create titles for porn?

She wasn't surprised to see a few girl on girl ones; they were *guys* after all. Most porn was geared toward men. In the bottom of one box there were some very old Playboys. Liam's, maybe? She dug deeper into the boxes, finding some pretty interesting stuff. She only blushed once or twice; it was more difficult to embarrass her these days. They had a pretty open and adventurous sex life already.

“Emma?!” Liam's voice came from a long way off; they must have just gotten home. Should she show them what she found? *Definitely.*

She grabbed a few of the DVDs and took them downstairs with her. “Hey guys. Good day?”

“You're home early, love,” Killian replied, smiling into her kiss.

“I told you I was coming home.”
“What were you doing?” Liam asked, also getting a kiss. “You're filthy.”

Emma looked down at herself; she was smudged with dirt and dust. “Oh. I didn't even notice. I was in the attic, poking around.”

“Were you that bored, lass?” Killian asked, shrugging out of his uniform jacket. “There's not much up there.”

“I wouldn't say that,” she replied with a coy grin. “I found some very interesting things.”

Liam's eyes widened. “What do you have in your hand?”

“Which one of you bought Good Will Humping?”

The color drained out of their faces; all they could do is stare at her. “You...you...” Killian stammered. “Fucking hell, woman, you found porn?”

She grinned. “Y-y-yeah. So?”

Liam found his voice. “You found porn?”

She looked from one to the other. “What's the big deal? It's just porn.” She paused. “Were you trying to keep it a secret or something?”

“No!” Liam replied quickly. “At least I wasn't. I forgot it was even up there, to be honest.”

Emma looked to Killian. “If I'd have known you'd be this interested in it, love, I'd have shown you a long time ago.” He was regaining his composure a lot faster than Liam was. “But that particular one isn't mine.”

Liam snarled and tried to snatch it out of her hand. She dodged him. “Oh no. We have to watch it now.”

“What?”

“We have to watch it,” Emma said calmly. “It'll be fun!”

“Emma...” Liam still appeared a bit reluctant.

“Hey, we've gone to sex shops together,” she said, reaching for his hand. He smiled at her touch. “Even when I was embarrassed, you guys showed me it could be fun and there was nothing wrong with it. There's nothing wrong with this either. But if you really don't want to, we won't.”

She stroked the delicate skin of his wrist, right where his pulse beat strongly. He squeezed her hand, soothed by her understanding. “I just never expected sharing something like that with you, love. But aye, I think it could be a very enjoyable activity.”

Emma threw her arms around him, hugging him tight. He wound his around her waist, pulling her flush against his chest. Liam's hugs were enveloping and warm, as he was so much taller than her. She was still in her bare feet; she had to stand on her toes. She kissed his stubbled cheek. “Love you.”

“And I you.” He leaned her back for a kiss, ignoring how dirty she was. She melted into him, her free hand combing through his soft curls. Liam groaned softly, squeezing her even tighter against him; she could feel the air starting to crackle around them.
They broke for air, Emma kissing the corner of his mouth. “Patience, okay?”

“Aye.” One final brief kiss and he let her go. “We should all get changed, yeah?”

“And I should clean up.”

Liam headed up to change, but Killian advanced on Emma, backing her into the wall with a feral grin. She thrust her chin back at him, unafraid, a little jolt of desire shooting down her spine. God, she loved how uninhibited Killian was, how much he just wanted. “Want to watch porn with us, hmm?” He stroked her cheek with his finger. “You are so bloody perfect, Emma.” Before she could respond, his mouth was on hers, tongue sliding in. Emma moaned, dropping the DVDs with a clatter so she could hold him. His hands slid under her shirt, stroking her back, her stomach. Emma hitched her leg up on his hip, trying to get him closer.

“Killian,” she gasped, pulse quickening. “Oh my god.”

He groaned, thrust his semi hard cock against her clothed core. “Soon,” he gasped. “Soon, my love.”

They broke apart and Killian retreated for his bedroom. Emma picked up the dropped DVDs and took them to the living room before going to her room to change her dirty clothes and wash up. She had gotten really dirty up in the attic, but she enjoyed herself. She felt closer to them, seeing bits of their childhood. She only had a few small trinkets from her past; many of them didn't have very positive connotations. One day she hoped she could share them.

By the time she returned to the living room, the boys were already there. To her surprise, there were a couple more porn DVDs. “Might as well do it properly,” Liam said, smiling at her.

“I don't think there’s a way to watch porn properly,” Emma retorted.

“And you would know this how, my dear Emma?” Killian asked.

Emma's cheeks went pink. “I've watched porn. Seriously, hasn't everyone at some point?” She thought about her friend Mary Margaret. “Wait, I take that back. Nevermind.”

They all chuckled. “Shall we then?” Liam said.

“Sure. You pick.” Emma settled on the couch, patting the space on either side of her. Killian sat on her right, arm sliding around her waist. She snuggled into him like it was a regular movie night for them. Liam slipped the disc in the player, than settled on her other side, fingers threading through hers.

Emma waited with bated breath for the movie to start. It had been a while since she’d actually watched any porn herself. But she knew from their initial forays into recording some of their sexual encounters, how tantalizing it could be. And she was genuinely curious as to what they liked.

“Who's is this?” she asked quietly.

“Mine,” Liam said. This one was fairly simple, a guy and a girl, in an...office? Yes. The set up was ridiculous but most porn was. It only took about ten minutes to dispense with the crappy set up and get to the good stuff. The girl was giving her...very well endowed boss a blowjob. Very enthusiastically. She felt Liam stiffen slightly beside her and she leaned over to kiss the spot on his neck the made him groan.

“It's okay,” she whispered, so Killian couldn't hear. Liam relaxed. She coaxed his head into her lap, fingers combing through his curls. Liam hummed, pressing a sweet kiss to her thigh as the scene
continued. The girl was up on the desk now, legs spread, dress pulled down to expose her nipples. The guy finger fucked her while sucking and lick at her breasts; the girl's moans ad cries were too loud to be genuine, but her arousal was real enough. Emma squirmed slightly, recalling how incredible it felt for one of her boys to take her that way.

Clothes were shed on the screen, the guy pressing his partner up against the glass of the office window. She spread her legs as he took her from behind, crying out as he fucked her without mercy. Emma bit her lip, arousal pooling low in her own stomach.

“Does that feel good, love?” Killian whispered, his hand slipping her her shirt. “When we have you that way?”

Emma exhaled shallowly. “Yeah. It's one of my favorites.”

“Hmm.” Killian started to nuzzle her neck, gentle kisses peppered her skin.

“You're supposed to be watching.”

“I am. I'm watching you.”

“Well, stop it.” But her demand had no force. Wasn't that the whole point of this? Watch porn and have dirty sex after? With effort, she looked back at the screen. The girl now perched on the desk, legs spread as the guy drove into her over and over. When she came, the guy pulled out and jerked off until his seed spurted all over the girl's trembling stomach.

Liam got up and changed the disk, returning to his perch in Emma's lap. As the next movie started, Liam tugged her hand down to his crotch; he was hard under her palm. She lightly stroked him as they watched. Killian gave up paying attention entirely, his hand sliding up Emma's shirt. He teased her breasts, gently, slowly, making her sigh in pleasure.

“This one's mine,” he whispered in her ear. “I bought it after we met you.”

It didn't take her long to see why. It was a threesome, two guys and a girl. The girl was with one of them, but his friend showed up. She served them beer and snacks in a skimpy little outfit, the men's hands occasionally skimming over her skin. Eventually, one of them pulled her down into his lap and spread her wide for the friend to eat. They had done that, Emma thought. Right there on this couch.

As the movie progressed the actors arranged themselves in a variety of positions, some of which Emma didn't think she was flexible enough to pull off. But that didn't stop her from being highly turned on.

“We should try that one,” she said, shocked at the sound of her own voice. It was throaty and rough; the brothers groaned. On the screen the girl was perched in the lap of one man, reverse cowgirl style while the other stood on the cushions and fucked her mouth with his long cock. Emma wanted to know what that felt like.

“Christ, love,” Killian growled beside her. He tilted her head toward him; their lips met in a fierce kiss. Liam nipped sharply at the skin of her thigh before falling to his knees. He began to tug on her shorts; Emma broke away from Killian with a gasp to raise her hips. Liam got her shorts off, cursing when he saw she wasn't wearing anything underneath them.

“Spread your legs for me, sweetheart,” Liam said, nudging her knees.

Emma slid down in the couch, ass hanging off as Liam kissed a path up her leg. Killian managed to get her shirt over her head and gone, leaving her naked and exposed. He knelt over her, kissing her, long sloppy kisses that made her burn. She could still hear her counterpart in the movie crying out in
ecstasy, but she was too focused on her own pleasure.

Killian moved to her breasts, sucking a nipple into his mouth the precise moment Liam licked her sodden flesh. Emma keened loudly, hands clutching at the couch. It always felt so good to have their warm wet mouths on her, driving her higher and higher.

“Too fucking hot,” Killian complained, releasing her with a wet pop. Emma mewled in complaint but nodded furiously as he started to strip. Shirt gone over his head, shorts unbuttoned and kicked to the floor. Emma’s mouth watered at the sight of his cock bobbing against his stomach, core clenching tight. Liam growled and raised his head. Emma yelped as his hand came down on her bare cunt, the loud smack echoing in the room.

“Oh fuck,” Emma swore, the sting almost instantly melting into pleasure. Her hips rolled and he did it again.

“Like that, Emma?” Liam said, his voice low, shooting right to aching clit.

“Fuck yes,” she breathed.

“And what about this?” He spanked her again and she cried out. It felt incredible, just the right amount of pleasure and pain, making her even wetter.

“Bloody hell,” Killian cursed. He was leaning back on the arm of the couch, fist wrapped around his cock. “Again, brother.” Liam spanked her again. And again. And again. Emma whimpered and moaned, loving every stinging slap of her wet flesh. It felt so much better than when she did it to herself; Liam’s hand bigger and rougher. He spanked her until she was screaming, perilously close to orgasm.

And then he stopped.

“Liam!” she cried. She was so fucking close! It wasn't fair.

“You wanted to try something,” he reminded her, his face smug. She wished she cared about how much she liked being at their mercy, even when it frustrated the hell out of her.

“Evil bastard.”

Both boys laughed. Killian gently picked her up, settling them in the middle of the couch. “What was it you wanted, Emma?” he asked, his cock cradled in the crease of her ass.

“I want you two to fuck me,” she hissed. “Now.”

“So demanding.” Killian kissed her shoulder. “I love it.” He tapped her ass gently and Emma raised her hips. “Slide on, lass, that’s it...fuck that feels...so tight and wet. Christ.” Emma groaned, her back arching.

“Oh god yes,” she panted, rising up a bit and sinking back down. Their hips swayed in sync, Emma chasing him every time he withdrew from her. She wanted him inside, filling her.

“So hot,” Liam murmured. “So fucking hot.”

Emma looked at him, his shorts bulging painfully. “Liam, please. Need you too.”

He nodded mutely, still watching them. Slowly he stripped, exposing his gorgeous body. He stepped between their spread legs and kissed Emma deeply, she moaned into his mouth, her rhythm faltering.
Killian found her clit with his fingers, rubbing her, her walls fluttering.

“Come,” Liam said, guiding her hand to his cock. “Come, Emma.”

Her head fell against his chest as she came with a soft cry; Killian didn't stop, riding her through it, groaning loudly as she squeezed him. “Now, Liam,” he said, his voice strained. “Fuck.”

Liam nodded, pushing Emma back into Killian's chest. Then he climbed up on the couch, his thick cock level with Emma's mouth. She ran her tongue over it, hand fondling his balls, Liam groaned low in his throat, a hand in her hair. “Suck me, love. Put that pretty mouth on me.”

She sweetly kissed the head before doing just that, taking him deep in her mouth. Killian rocked into her from below, Liam fucked her mouth from above. It was a tad disorienting, but otherwise felt incredible. Liam moaned her name when he hit the back of her throat; Emma breathed through her nose, relaxing her throat, trying to take him deeper.

“Fucking hell, Emma,” Liam moaned. “Don't stop.”

Meanwhile, Killian rolled his hips under her, adjusting the angle, hands rolling and pinching her nipples. Pressure built low in her belly again, winding her up for another orgasm. “Come with me, love,” Killian grunted, hand sliding down her stomach. When he touched her swollen clit she jerked, moaning around Liam's cock.

“You feel so good,” Killian murmured. “Wet, so hot, darling. God, I'm so close. Come on, Emma.” His words did her in; she feel over the edge again with a strangled moan, body spasming in Killian's lap. The vibrations sent Liam over the edge too, his seed spilling down her throat. Killian pumped his hips twice more, trembling as he let go completely.

Liam got off first, panting. Emma sagged against Killian's chest, gulping down air. That position left her a little light headed. Killian reigned kisses over her shoulder, murmuring praise into her skin. Liam got out the bearskin rug, stretching it out in front of them. Together, he and Killian eased her onto it, then Liam went to get a washcloth. He let Killian clean her up while he shut off the TV.

“What'd ya do that for?” Emma mumbled.

“We don't need the porn for round two, sweetheart,” he said gently. “And I think we could all use something to eat.”

“Ugh, fine.” Actually, she was hungry; she was just too stubborn to say so. Liam came back, rolling her onto her stomach. They rubbed her back as they decided what to get for dinner; it felt so good that she dozed a bit until the food arrived.

“Wake up, Emma,” Killian said, shaking her shoulder. “It's time to eat.”

“Hmm, I can smell it. What'd we get?”

“Your favorite, Chinese.”

She sat up, tucking her legs under her. “Technically, it's my second favorite.”

“Ah yes, those grilled cheese things,” he replied with a grin. “That would have required cooking.”

“So?”

Liam handed her a carton, then a glass of juice. “No motivation to cook when you want us the
"Um, oops?" She took a bite of noodles. "Although, in my defense, I didn't find the porn on purpose. It was an accident."

"Where was it?" Killian asked.

"In a couple of boxes around the corner at the top of the stairs."

Killian looked incredulously at Liam. "You put yours in the same place? Bloody hell, Liam!"

"How was I supposed to know that box was yours?" Liam hissed. "It wasn't marked 'Killian's wank kit,' little brother."

Killian scowled, tossing an empty carton at his brother. "You're an utter wanker, Liam."

"Always so dramatic," Liam teased. But Emma put a hand on his arm. She didn't think Killian was in the mood for his brother's teasing. It got under his skin more and more lately, even though Liam was trying to treat him more like an adult. Like every step forward led to two steps back.

"It's not important," Emma said. "What could be interesting is finding out my boyfriends' taste in porn."

That got them to smile. "Or," Killian said, rubbing his thumb over her bare calf, "we could consider making our own."

Emma stared at him. "Really?"

"Why not? You, love, are no stranger to performing for a camera, if memory serves."

"But that was..."

"You didn't enjoy it?" Liam asked.

"No, I did." She flushed little, remembering how wet she'd been as she rode that dildo for them.

"No one would ever see it but us," Killian reminded her. "You'd be bloody brilliant, lass."

She thought about it, munching on more noodles. "You know, I never was like this before you guys."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Liam said.

"It's not bad!" she assured him. She didn't know quite how to explain. "I guess...I'm just learning new things about myself. Even on those nights I wished I wasn't alone, I never dreamed of anything remotely like this."

"You wished you weren't alone?" Killian said in a small voice.

"Pretty dumb, right?"

He shook his head. "No, never." He gathered her in his arms, holding her, kissing her hair. She wasn't sure what was going on with him, but she held him too. "I love you so much," he murmured into her hair.

"Me too." She pulled back and kissed him, cradling his face in her hands. "We're stuck with each
other for a long time.” She reached back for Liam, who hugged her from behind. “All of us.”

The idea of forever no longer scared her.

Emma went back to work the next day. Reynolds informed her that he would call if her testimony was required. She worked on the deadbeat mom case; it wasn't that hard. The woman had an affinity for younger men, convincing them to buy her lavish gifts. By the end of the week, Emma had caught her and handed her over to Wyvern at Scotland Yard. So she was surprised when the Detective Inspector called and asked to meet for another lunch.

They met at a cafe near Scotland Yard. After ordering some tea (Emma was growing rather fond of it, even though she still liked coffee in the mornings), Emma got right to the point. “So what's this all about?”

“I did some digging into your background.”

Emma didn't like the way the other woman said that. “So?”

“It's an admirable feat, getting on the good side of the law after nearly a year inside.”

“Those records were sealed.”

“I'm a cop, Miss Swan. Can you blame me for wanting make sure you were legit?”

That was a fair point. But the jail thing still bothered her, especially since she hadn't even committed the crime she'd been convicted of. “No, I guess not,” she said at last. “Curiosity satisfied now?”

Detective Wyvern frowned. “Sorry. I've gotten us on the wrong foot. I didn't mean to step on any sore places. I've never been very good at small talk.”

Emma snorted. “Neither am I.”

Their tea and scones arrived; Emma decided not to bolt, despite the rough start. It was a bit stilted for a while, but Emma soon realized why that was. She and the detective—Lily, as she insisted to be called now—shared similar pasts. Whereas Lily had been adopted as an infant, she never felt like she belonged and committed petty theft as a teenager. After college, she worked her way up, becoming one of the youngest detective inspectors at the Yard. Emma was impressed.

It was almost like looking in a mirror. Almost.

They were on a second cup of tea when Emma's phone buzzed. She nearly spit out her tea when she saw it was a video sent via text. From Killian. He had joked about surprising her one day out of the blue, at least she assumed he'd been joking.

“Sorry,” she mumbled to Lily. “I gotta take this. It's my boyfriend. Be right back.”

Emma didn't see the subtle frown on Lily's face as she hurried to the bathroom. Once inside a stall, Emma slotted her earbuds into the phone and pressed play.

It looked like he was in a closet or something. Wherever it was, it was dim. Killia must have noticed too because he stepped toward the light. She could immediately see better, the picture zooming in on exactly what he wanted her to see.

His cock, hard and red, poking out of his pants. Emma bit her lip, a flush creeping up her neck. He sent her a dirty video while at work. “Oh my god,” Emma whispered to herself. She swallowed,
riveted by the sight of his fingers dancing over the straining flesh.

“Can't stop thinking about this, love,” Killian mumbled over the video. “Wish I could see your face right now.”

Emma squirmed, desire pooling in her belly. He moved so slow, pumping, murmuring dirty things. Emma licked her lips, her head falling against the door of the stall. If this was how they felt when she sent them her video, no wonder they’d come home so quickly.

“Know you love to watch, darling,” he said, his hips rocking into his hand. “Watch what you do to me.”

Emma hastily unbuttoned her pants and shoved her hand inside her panties. She was wet, so fucking aroused watching Killian pleasure himself. Thinking of her. She moaned softly, index finger rubbing her swollen nub, hips rocking into her touch.

“How did he know?” She thought. “Because he knows you, knows every dirty thought in your head. “Love watching you play, so hot.”

“Fuck,” Emma hissed, praying no one else entered the bathroom. She couldn't have stopped if her life depended on it. She slid two fingers inside, seeking friction, sighing as she got it. It wasn't him, but it would have to do. The door to the stalled rattled as she rode her fingers, watching Killian chase his own high.

“Emma,” he moaned. “Oh god, I'm close, so bloody close...Emma!” He cried her name as he came, thick ropes of cum spurting from his cock. Emma pumped her fingers faster, on the edge of her own orgasm, letting out a little cry as she fell, walls clamping around her fingers. She sagged against the door, stunned by what she had just done.

It took her some minutes to get her heart to slow and her breathing to return to normal. She shoved her phone in her pocket and buttoned up her pants. Then she left the stall to wash up. The mirror showed her flushed skin, bitten, swollen lips, glassy eyes. Was this how she normally looked after an orgasm? She couldn't deny the moment had been very erotic, particularly with the added danger of getting caught in the very public restroom. Killian may not have known about that, but he'd appreciate it when she told him.

Hands dry, Emma disconnected her earbuds and stuffed them in her pocket. Then she fired off a text to Killian before exiting the bathroom.

“How was your meeting, love?” Lily asked when she came back.

“Yeah, he just wanted to know if we needed any groceries,” Emma lied. “No big deal.”

Lily looked suspicious but didn't call her out. They finished their tea and Emma headed back to her office. She was in the cab when Killian replied to her message. How was your meeting, love? Emma could almost see his feigned innocent smile.

Fine. Got better at the end.

Glad to be of service. ;)

Emma rolled her eyes. When will you be home?

Why, Emma, do you have plans for us?
She thought about what he'd said the other day about making their own little movies. *I think it might be time we do some shopping, don't you?*

*We'll be home by six.*

They decided to make it a dinner and shopping date. Liam was a bit subdued at first, but Emma coaxed some smiles out of him, holding his hand and whispering that she'd love to get a video from him too someday. He actually blushed and tightened his hold on her, murmuring a vague promise.

They did their shopping first, wandering through three different stores. They had to hurry out of the first store, as one of the clerks tried to flirt with Emma, which the boys did not take well. Emma merely laughed, quietly enjoying the small flares of jealousy they showed. It was dumb and childish, but she *liked* knowing she belonged to them and they to her.

“Ruddy wanker,” Killian grumbled as they left.

“It's not entirely his fault. It's not like we're wearing rings or anything,” Emma pointed out. “But I think you scared him sufficiently.” She wrapped her arm around his. “You know I'm yours.”

Killian brought her hand to his lips, kissing the back. “Aye.”

“How would you feel if a lady tried to flirt with one of us?” Liam asked, cocking his head at her.

“Like I should punch her in the face,” Emma replied honestly. “The two of you belong to me.”

In the end, they found a nice video camera, complete with a tripod. No one was the wiser as to what they wanted it for, as Liam made up some nonsense about taking it on vacation. Emma had to suppress a laugh. Bag in hand, they stopped by a new Italian restaurant that Liam heard about.

“Heard anything from Reynolds yet?” Liam asked, after ordering them a bottle of wine.

Emma shook her head. “It's only the end of the first week though. Anastasia hasn't even testified yet.”

“Robin's getting anxious, according to Will,” Killian said. “Even though there's no need.”

Emma frowned. “That Dorsey guy is good. All Reynolds needs to do is raise reasonable doubt, and Anastasia's testimony should clear him.”

“But Robin's also charged with dereliction of duty and that's tougher,” Liam said solemnly. “It's more down to what the board considers to be negligent.”

“But he wasn't!” Emma cried hotly. “Anastasia saw someone tampering with the gun.”

“I don't doubt it, love. But how did that person get on board? That's a tougher case.”

“They need to find Gisbourne. I'm sure he knows,” Killian said. “Robin didn't do anything wrong.”

“Let's hope the board agrees.”

“What else have you been up to, Emma?” Killian asked. He pulled on a roll, slathering some butter on it. “Aside from wanking in the restroom?”

“Killian!” Emma hissed, her face getting hot. “Seriously?”

“What? I was quiet.”
She smacked his wrist; he feigned pain. “I wrapped up a case. Robin's has been the only real challenge so far.” She sipped her wine. “Does that sound like I'm complaining?”

Liam chuckled. “Only a little. Perhaps you might consider broadening your horizons?”

“Hmm, maybe. People jumping bail just isn't a epidemic here,” Emma replied with a grin.

“What was your latest case, love?” Killian asked curiously.

Their food arrived; Emma's chicken Parmesan smelled heavenly. “It was pretty standard. Only instead of a deadbeat dad, it was the mom. Left her ex with over 5000 pounds of overdue child support. Oh! And she liked younger guys, which was even weirder. Well, not weird. Cougars are a thing, even here, I guess.”

Killian went still for a long beat, his blue eyes glancing away. Then he gave a very forced laugh, listening as Emma described how she caught her prey. He seemed to be back to normal by the time they got home so Emma didn't think anymore about it.

“How are you, girl?” Ruby asked, giving Emma a sideways hug. Emma was getting used to her friends' affection, returning the hug.

“Okay, I guess.”

“Just okay? Are those boys of yours slacking?”

Emma laughed. “No, I wouldn't say that.” She didn't get to elaborate, as Mary Margaret arrived for lunch.

“Did I miss anything?”

“Nah, I just got here too.”

“I wonder what it says about me that I'm always the first one here,” Ruby grumbled, retaking her seat.

“Well, you kinda have your own schedule,” Mary Margaret pointed out. “How is Granny?”

“She's fine. Cranky as ever.”

“Have you talked to her about making more time for your art?”

Ruby frowned. “Not yet. Victor thinks I should.”

“I'm sure she'd understand. Don't you, Emma?” Mary Margaret asked.

“If you want to go for it, I say do it,” she replied. “Maybe you have some vacation coming up or something? Ease her into the idea?”

“That's brilliant!” Ruby cried. “If I could sell some pieces, then she'd have to take me seriously.”

They chatted all through lunch, mostly about Mary Margaret's upcoming wedding. They still hadn't decided whether to have it in the UK or back home in the States.

“I told David that nearly our entire wedding party is here,” Mary Margaret said, stabbing her salad rather viciously with a fork. “You guys shouldn't have to leave just for the wedding.”
“Everyone except James and Jack, right?” Emma said. She wasn't especially fond of either of them, but James was David's twin. It would be weird without him.

“Why don't you just fly to Vegas and come back?” Ruby asked.

“I've dreamed about my wedding since I was a little girl,” Mary Margaret said brokenly. “And I want you guys there.”

“Oh I'm sorry,” Ruby said, rubbing her friend's back. “Want us to work on the stubborn ass?”

“I bet Liam and Killian could talk to him,” Emma offered. “They're friends.”

“I couldn't ask...” Mary Margaret said quickly.

“You're not asking, I'm offering. They know something about keeping their girl happy and life long commitments.”

Ruby's brow knitted together. “Did I miss something? What happened?!”

Emma couldn't contain her smile. “Um, we might have signed some papers last week...”

“But you can't...”

“Get married? No. But we made everything as legal as it can be, given the circumstances.”

Mary Margaret was grinning too. “I'm so happy for you, Emma. You guys deserve it. Although I am tad jealous you got there before me!”

Ruby dropped her fork. “You knew already?”

“Liam asked David for advice on a family lawyer,” she admitted. “I didn't want to ruin the surprise.”

She looked at Emma. “Was it supposed to be a surprise?”

Emma shrugged. “It wasn't a secret or anything. We just didn't want to make an announcement.”

There were still large parts of their relationship they kept very private.

“I should mention it to Victor. Might light a fire under him,” Ruby said thoughtfully.

“Didn't you guys just move in together?” Emma asked.

“Yeah, but Mary Margaret's engaged. You guys are...whatever you want to call it...”

“Ruby, are you jealous?” Mary Margaret cried, shocked. “Victor adores you!”

“I know that. Doesn't mean I don't want him to ask me.”

“Maybe we should give him some incentive,” Emma replied conspiratorially.

“What'd you have in mind?”

After lunch, Emma did something she had never imagined herself doing. She took her two new friends to a sex shop. Ruby squealed happily and didn't hesitate to head inside. Mary Margaret hung back.

“I don't know, Emma.”

“Come on. We'll find something nice and sedate for David. Then maybe Liam and Killian won't
have to gang up on him. You can just use your feminine wiles!”

That earned her a dry chuckle. “I just don’t think it’s...me. You guys should have fun though.”

“Huh uh,” Emma said, shaking her head. “Just this once. If you really hate it, we’ll never mention it
again.”

Mary Margaret sighed. “Okay.”

They headed in, finding Ruby examining a row of vibrators. “This is the best place ever,” she
declared.

Emma laughed. “You should have seen my face the first time they took me to one.”

“They took you?” Ruby said, almost dropping the demonstration model in her hand. Then she shook
her head. “No, I don’t want to know what you three get up to.”

“You don’t?” Emma teased.

Ruby laughed. “Oh, I so do, but I value our friendship too much to ask. But since you’re practically
glowing every time I see you, I’ll assume it’s all amazing.”


Mary Margaret disagreed. “You definitely do, Emma. They make you happy.”

She nodded. “They really do. And I never expected that.”

“That’s what makes love so incredible,” Mary Margaret said wisely. “It comes when you least expect
it, changing your life for the better.”

This time it was Emma who got to tease a blushing friend with silly things in the sex shop. She didn’t
want to pry into anyone’s sex life, but surely one or two little toys couldn’t hurt. Ruby bought several
role playing outfits, including one that made her look like a slutty Little Red Riding Hood. Emma
spent a long time looking at variety of paddles and floggers, considering her options. It was an area
they hadn’t explored yet, but Emma knew she wanted to. She chose one of each and hoped for the
best.

They managed to coax Mary Margaret into buying some edible underwear, to much blushing. They
had a very fun afternoon together, Emma reflecting on how great it was to have some girl friends to
hang out with.

When she got home, Liam was the only one there. “Where’s Killian?” she asked, kissing his cheek.

“I dunno actually. Left not long after you did.”

“Hmm.” That was weird. They usually tried to keep everyone abreast of their comings and goings in
case of emergency. “How was your day?”

“Allright, missed you.”

Emma smiled, dropping her bag and cradling his cheeks in her palms. “Missed you too.” She kissed
him, humming happily against his lips. “I might have a favor to ask of you though.”

“Oh? What’s that, love?”
“David's still being stubborn about the wedding.”

“He does have a point, Emma. Have you ever looked into all the hoops foreigners have to jump through to get married here?”

“Well, no. Wait, have you?”

“Might have crossed my mind.”

Emma frowned, sitting beside him on the couch. “But we can’t get married. It's not legal for me to marry both of you.”

“I was merely exploring it as an option, Emma. I swear.”

Her face softened. “I know. I like things the way they are.”

“You must think it so selfish of me to want to show everyone that you belong to me, to both of us.”

Emma crawled into his lap, straddling his hips. “If you're selfish, then so am I. Remember that time we went for pizza in New York?” Liam nodded. “I was so jealous of those girls who were looking at you. I want you guys all to myself.”

“You are cute when you're jealous, sweetheart.”

“Shut up.”

“Make me.”

Emma rolled her eyes, but kissed him anyway. It started sweet and tender, a loving back and forth, Emma rocking gently in his lap. She combed her fingers through Liam's thick curls, massaging his scalp.

“Emma,” he murmured, hands resting on her hips.

“What?”

He rested his forehead against hers. “Bloody hell, it's so easy to want you, love. To feel you wrapped around me.”

“Maybe we could entice Killian to come home from...wherever he went.”

“Like you did with me?” Liam asked, his fingers teasing the hem of her top.

“Uh huh. Would you be up for that?”

Liam rolled his hips up into her core. “Poor choice of words, love.”

She smiled. “Or maybe, it's the exact right choice, sailor.” She leaned in and sucked on his earlobe, earning her a groan. “I'll even let you spank me.”

“Fuck, I love you.” He jerked her back to his lips, kissing her hard. Then he lifted her up, legs around his waist as he carried her to their bed. He dropped her onto it with a bounce and Emma giggled. It wasn't often that Liam just let himself go and feel. She crooked her finger at him, and bade him to join her. He did, gathering her in his arms and rolling them so she was straddling his hips once more. “Let's get this off,” he said, tugging on her top.
Emma crossed her arms and pulled, tossing the offending cloth away. Then she dug her phone out of her pocket and handed it to Liam. “Go on.” He snapped a picture of her cleavage, with Emma palming her silk clad breasts. She moaned softly, turned on by the idea of Killian finding her with Liam. Liam sat up, pulled the cups down with his teeth. He feasted on her flesh, licking and suckling as Emma picked up the discarded phone and sent the picture to Killian.

It vibrated in her hand a moment later. \textit{Started without me, love?}

She smiled. \textit{Maybe you should get home, tiger.}

She rolled her hips, grinding into Liam's cock, and pulled his face back to hers. She kissed him deeply, sucking his bottom lip into her mouth and nibbling. “You've got too many clothes on,” she murmured, fisting his shirt in her hand.

“So do you,” Liam countered, flicking her bra open. It fell to the floor as he attacked her breasts again, pushing them together and flicking the nipples with his tongue. Emma hissed, snapping another picture for Killian's benefit.

The phone went off again. \textit{Are you naked yet?}

\textit{No. But I want to be.} She moaned again, desire flaring in her core.

\textit{Let me see you.}


Liam growled into her skin. “You'll get no argument from me, lass.” Emma tossed the phone aside as she scrambled out of Liam's lap. He watched hungrily as she peeled off her pants, taking her underwear along with it, leaving her nude. Liam pulled her in between his legs, mouth hot on her stomach, hands drifting over her skin.

“We need...oh god...we need to...” She pulled Liam up by the hair, stealing a needy sloppy kiss. “We need to take a picture first.”

“Lay on the bed, darling.” Liam said, panting. Emma did, arranging herself in what she hoped was an alluring pose. Liam took several pictures and then showed her, handing her the phone so he could go back to touching her. “Beautiful.”

“Hmm.” She chose the one she liked best and sent it to Killian, with one word. \textit{Hurry.} Then she gave her full attention to Liam, yanking on his shirt. It was over his head in a blink and Emma pushed him down on the bed, mouth hot on his skin.

“Fuck, Emma,” Liam moaned, dragging her hand to his crotch. She palmed him through the fabric, short even strokes. She kissed a path down his stomach until she was nuzzling his hardness. Deftly she opened his pants, mouth on him before she even had the cloth clear. She loved the way he groaned, the low rumble going straight to her clit, making her ache for him.

“Love this,” she said quietly, pausing to swirl her tongue around the head. “Love the way you feel, the way you taste, love doing this for you.”

Liam shivered. “Lemme taste you, love. God.”

Emma kissed his tip, then moved, straddling his face. His warm tongue lapped at her and she keened. “Oh yes.” But his cock was there, teasing her, so she bent over and started to lick him, to take him deep in her mouth.
That was how Killian found them, Emma crying out as Liam worked her toward orgasm. Again. “Don't stop,” he said, cradling Emma's cheek. “Unless...”

His thumb ran over her swollen lower lip, Emma sucked it into her mouth. “Join us,” she said, biting back another moan. Liam was entirely too good with that mouth of his. Her back arched, Liam sliding three fingers deep inside her. “Fuck!”

“Make her scream, brother,” Killian said, hands sliding down and teasing her breasts.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god!” Emma did scream, her second orgasm ripping through her. She'd barely come down before Killian was kneeling beside her, kissing her hard.

“How many have you had?” he asked.

“T-t-two,” Emma muttered, still breathless.

“Should we test your limits? Or just ride you until you can't stand?”

“She's getting a spanking,” Liam said, coming out from under her. “She promised.”

“Did she now? Well, I wouldn't want to spoil your fun.”

“Don't...go,” Emma said, reaching for their hands. “I need you.” They were the only ones that could satisfy her.

“I'll be right over here, darling,” Killian assured her, kissing her palm. “I'll fuck that pretty cunt soon.”

Emma nodded, letting him go reluctantly. Liam dug out their box of goodies, pulling out the cuffs. Emma felt her clit throb in anticipation. “Up by the headboard, love. Hands and knees,” Liam ordered. It was his Captain's voice and she shivered. She obeyed quickly, pressing her thighs together as he cuffed her to the headboard. Liam's rough hands skimmed down her back, over her ass as he hummed in appreciation. Then he took the rope and tied each of her ankles to the bedposts, spreading her legs almost as far as they would go.

She was completely helpless and exposed.

And god help her, it made her burn.

“Oh...what should I spank you with?” Liam said, his hands smoothing over her ass. She almost mentioned the paddle that lay in the bag downstairs, but she wanted to save that for a special occasion. “My hand, perhaps?” A sharp crack sounded and Emma moaned loudly. She had no idea how fucking incredible it felt to just let go and feel until she met them. “Or the riding crop?” There was another smaller but more precise sting on her other cheek; Emma squirmed, inhaling sharply. “Or...perhaps this?” There was another sting as something hard and...wooden struck her.

“Bloody hell, Liam,” Killian said from across the room. “You bought a paddle?”

“Course I did. You know how much she loves this.” Liam smoothed his hand over her warm stinging flesh. “Don't you, Emma?”

“Yes,” she panted, head falling into the pillow. “That's what I want. Please.” Just earlier that day she'd been fantasizing about giving a spanking, and now she would receive one.

Liam kissed the dimples of her lower back, hand soothing her rounded cheeks. “Remember your safe
word, love?"

Emma nodded. “Cheetah.”

“Very good. I’m going to give you ten and I’d like you to count them.”

She nodded her understanding. Liam, the bastard, made her wait a seemingly long time for the feel of the paddle, the wood smacking her hard. But not too hard. Liam was tall and strong; he had no trouble picking Emma up like she weighed nothing. But he cherished her too much to truly hurt her; Emma enjoyed a little pain with her pleasure. The sting melted into warm bloom on her skin and she moaned. She remembered at the last moment to count, breathing out “one” with gasp.

More slaps of the paddle came in a steady stream, the air whispering just prior to striking her flesh. Emma could feel the heat and the burn on her skin, wetness sliding down her thighs. She heard Killian moaning softly from somewhere behind her, perched in the armchair. Liam slowed his strokes, soothing her with his hand. He never hit the same place twice, making sure her entire ass was a nice rosy pink.

Emma was panting harshly as she counted off the last slap, desperately needing some relief from the ache between her legs. Her hips rocked fruitlessly with her legs splayed by the restraints, her swollen wet arousal on full display for her lovers.

“Such a lovely sight, darling,” Liam murmured, lips caressing the small of her back. “Pretty and pink. Do you want me, Emma?”

Emma pulled on her cuffs, the bed rattling. “It hurts,” she breathed. “Fuck, I need...” Her words got cut as she let out a strangled moan, Liam's thick cock rubbing against her, giving her much wanted friction. He slid over her, through her slick folds, not entering her, until she was whimpering with need. She begged and pleaded but he was stubborn, teasing her clit with the head of his cock, murmuring curses.

The pressure built and built, she thought she might come from teasing alone until he took her at last, sinking in with one smooth motion. She was so fucking aroused that she took him all at once, all the way to hilt, nearly screaming with relief. Liam wasn't gentle, fucking her with deep firm strokes, exactly the way she liked. “God yes!” she cried, pushing back as best she could. “Just like that.”

“So bloody tight,” Liam snarled, shoving into her, forcing himself deeper. “Fuck.”

Emma cried out, feeling so full, so wonderfully used as her got closer and closer to her climax. Liam reached around, just the barest brush of her clit and she fell, fell hard, screaming something incoherent as he continued to pump into her, a strangled moan on his lips. Emma felt him pulse inside her, roaring out his own climax then collapsing across her sweat slicked back.

Liam’s arms around her middle and the restraints were the only things holding her up, her body slack. Liam rolled off and untied her, allowing her to sink to the mattress gratefully. By the time he uncuffed her, Killian was there, easing her between his spread legs. He’d stripped at some point and they were skin to skin; he was deliciously warm and solid. His cock was cradled between her cheeks, hard and heavy, but he made no move to take her. Yet. He kissed the red marks on her wrists, hands sliding over her damp skin.

“Catch your breath, love,” he murmured in her ear. “You were so amazing.”

She hummed, turning her head, making the effort to raise her mouth to his. He sighed into her kiss, stubble scratching her cheek. “You’re here.”
“Aye.” He kissed her again, sucking lightly on her tongue. “Miss me?”

“Always.” Her perfect world had both of her boys beside her, making love to her. If that made her greedy and selfish, then so be it. She guided his hand down her body; together they began to lightly finger her abused flesh. “Hmm.”

Killian chuckled low in his throat. “Such a greedy girl, love.”

“I like sex,” she mumbled. “Sex is good.”

“Indeed.” They slowly teased her clit, Liam stretched out across the bed watching. He was still flushed from their earlier play, blue eyes slightly glazed over. He looked sated and happy, which made Emma smile.

Emma wiggled a bit, her hips rocking back, wanting to give him as much as he was giving her. Killian groaned. “Love, you don't...”

“We can go slow,” she said. “I just want to feel you.”

Killian nodded and kissed her, twisting her in his arms, their joined hands still stroking her. She shivered in his hold, feeling the desire build once more. One of these days they probably would test her limits, but this was good. Better than good. She urged him on as he dripped two long fingers inside her wet sheath, biting her lip.

“Do you want to come like this?” he growled in her ear. “Liam watching me finger fuck you?”

Emma nodded furiously. “Please.”

“Spread your lips wide, let him see,” Killian demanded. Emma did as he asked, her fingers pulling on the sensitive flesh. She looked too, her lover's fingers disappearing inside her body. Emma licked her lips, her hips moving faster, helping him fuck her. It was still slow, still steady, but Jesus Christ, did it feel amazing. Having his cock would be even better.

“Fucking gorgeous,” Liam rasped, eyes flickering up to hers then back.

Emma hissed, her thumb brushing her exposed clit. The swollen nub could be plainly seen, the hood pulled back as she spread herself. “Oh god.”

“Make yourself feel good, love,” Killian murmured, kissing her neck. “Squeeze my fingers.”

Emma nodded, rubbing her clit faster and faster. Killian curled his fingers, easily finding her g spot and the dual stimulation had her bucking in his arms, body awash in pleasure.

“Jesus,” Emma swore, her head resting against Killian's chest.

“Can you take more?”

He was still painfully aroused behind her, digging into her ass. “Fuck me, Killian.”

Killian groaned, sliding them down the bed a bit. To her surprise, he remained behind her, lifting her leg up. He slid into her quickly, her orgasm making her extra slick. They groaned in unison, relieved to be joined once more. Emma loved this angle, feeling his thick cock drag along her walls, spearing her. She groped for his head, fingers skimming through his hair, bringing their mouths together in a needy kiss.

“Fuck, Killian, feels...god, so good....don't...fuck...don't stop.”
Killain groped her breast, rolling her nipple between his fingers. Emma keened loudly, back arching. In, out, in out, the wet slide of them echoed in the room; their groans deep. Emma got lost in how it felt, as his cock hit her in all the right places.

“Fuck, such a greedy dirty girl, you are,” Killian hissed in her ear. “Needing both of us to fuck you. You like driving us wild for you, don't you?”

Emma moaned loudly, gripping his hair in her fist. “Yes!” she cried, hips rocking into his madly. “Yes!”

His hand slipped between her legs, pinching her clit viciously. Emma’s back arched as she came suddenly, muscles taut as she squeezed him mercilessly. She was still riding her high when he rolled her onto her stomach and sank back inside, riding her until he was coming too, pulling out and shooting his seed all over her ass.

He was gone too soon for her liking, but she did need to breathe. Her face was half buried in the pillow, body limp from exhaustion. Liam picked her up lovingly and took her to the bathroom to clean her up. Killian was gone when they returned, which made her frown. But he was soon back, declaring dinner on the way. Emma hadn't even noticed what time it was. She snuggled between them until their food arrived.

Emma had noticed a subtle shift in their home since their shopping and dinner date a few days ago. In Killian specifically. He wasn't home very much, disappearing mysteriously. And when he was there, Emma felt a certain distance from him, like he wouldn't—or couldn't—look her in the eye. Even when they made love, he rarely looked at her, preferring to touch her.

Emma didn't like it at all.

She tried to talk to Liam about it, but he assumed there was a perfectly rational explanation and Killian would tell them when he was ready. They weren't fighting and Emma felt bad for being suspicious. She trusted Killian implicitly, but she missed him. She missed his teasing and jokes; she missed him loving her with his eyes. He ran a bit hot and cold with her and she wondered why.

Finally, she decided to just ask him about it. She would just drive herself crazy if she let it fester. And she wasn't that person anymore.

Liam had gone up to bed, but Emma waited down in the living room for Killian to get home. She flipped through channels randomly, pausing on another news report about the Underground. Nothing new, just more of the same. She sighed and changed the channel again. She was watching a nature documentary when the door opened.

“Emma? Liam?” Killian called softly.

“Just me,” Emma called back.

Killian came in, standing by the couch, scratching behind his ear. “It's late, love.”

“I didn't want to sleep.”

“Why not?”

She switched off the TV. “I wanted to see you.”

Killian smiled cheekily. “’M right here, darling.”
“Are you though? You've been out a lot in the last few days.”

Killian sighed and sat next to her. “I've been...thinking about some things, Emma.”

She had a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. “What things?”

“The past mostly. Coming back to haunt you when you least expect it.”

Emma frowned. “I don't understand.”

Killian stared at the floor for a long time. “Blimey, this is harder than I thought.”

She reached over and took his hand between hers. “Hey, you can tell me. It's okay.”

Killian laughed hollowly. “That's just it, it might not be okay.”

“Killian, I promise. Whatever it is, we'll deal with it. As a family. Just don't shut me out.”

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Remember that case you had? The deadbeat mum?”

“The McKinnon case? Of course.”

“I know her.”

“You know her?!”

He looked away again. “Rather more intimately than I wish I did.”

The wheels turned over and over in her head. What did that mean...oh god. “Is she your...?”


Emma blinked, not having the slightest idea what to say. “Um, wow. That's...wow. Small world?”

When he didn't smile at her poor attempt at humor, she frowned. “Killian, what happened?”

He pressed his lips together. “I've no right to ask, but would you hold me?”

Emma didn't hesitate, opening her arms for him. They stretched out on the couch, Emma holding him tight, her hand rubbing his back. Whatever happened, it was enough that he wanted her comfort. “I was young,” he began haltingly. “I'd just turned twenty-one, was still at the Academy. Me and a few mates snuck into a party. Milah was there. Dark haired, beautiful. Older, obviously.” Emma stiffened slightly, remembering what Milah looked like, especially as a woman in her forties. No wonder she had younger men falling all over themselves. “She seemed to like me, bought me a drink. We danced.” He let out a dry laugh. “By the end of the night I found myself half in love with her. Or thought I did.”

Emma kissed the crown of his head, understanding that feeling all too well. She'd fallen for Neal dangerously fast too. Still, she didn't need him to spill details. The idea of either of her boys with another woman—even an ex—made her a little crazy. “How long?”

“Three months, I think? Perhaps four. I don't remember exactly. It was toward the end of my third year. She wanted me to resign from the Navy, be with her.”

“But you didn't.”

“That decision got much easier when I found her on someone else's arm.”
Ouch. Emma stroked his hair, hugging him tight. “I'm so sorry, Killian.” Still, it hurt that he hadn’t confided in her, that he tried to keep it a secret. “But I'm still a little mad at you.”

“Depending on what's left, you may be more angry, love.”

“There's more?”

“Well, you said she had a son?”

Her eyes widened. “Oh god.” She did some quick math in her head. Killian was twenty-nine, a few months older than her. Milah's son was ten. “No, Killian. He's not yours.”

“But...”

Emma forced him to look at her. “Milah's son is ten. You were with her eight years ago. She'd already abandoned her husband and kid. As far as I can tell, she left him in his father's care soon after he was born.”

Killian exhaled loudly. “It's all I've been thinking of. Hoping I wasn't that bloody stupid, then feeling guilty.”

“Guilty?”

“Because I didn't want him to be mine. I didn't want anything to muck up what we have. I'm so terribly selfish, Emma.”

She coaxed his head down to her chest. “We've never talked about kids,” she said quietly. Even though she'd known them for a year, their relationship was still pretty new. Committing to each other was easy in comparison to raising a child.

“Do you think we should?”

“Probably. Liam needs to be here though. Something like that affects all of us.”

“I never meant to keep this a secret, Emma,” Killian murmured. “I truly never thought I'd see her again. But then...there she was and I didn't know how to tell you without sounding like a complete wanker.”

“You were barely more than a kid. You didn't know she was a Mrs. Robinson type.” Killian chuckled dryly. “It does sting that you felt like you couldn't tell me though.”

He looked up at her, those beautiful blue eyes sad and apologetic. “I am so sorry, Emma. I should have trusted in us rather than pulling away. Can you forgive me?”

Her own eyes blurred with unshed tears, her heart clenching. She loved him so much. “Promise me something?”

“Anything.”

“Talk to me. Even if you think I'll be upset. That's better than missing you.”

“You missed me?”

She smacked his forehead lightly. “Of course I did. I need both of my sailors.”

“I love you so bloody much, Emma.”
“I love you too. But don't be surprised if I get a little...rough with you next time we play.”

Killian smirked. It was like the sun coming up. “As ever, I shall accept any punishment my mistress sees fit to bestow.”

Emma shivered, possibilities already running through her head. Then she grew serious. “Does Liam know?”

“I've never told him. I was too ashamed.”

“We have to tell him.”

Killian swallowed. “Aye, I suppose we do.”

“I'll be there with you. He'll understand.”

“Perhaps.”

“He will. We've all got pasts, and not all of them are pretty. But we love each other.”

“I hope you're right.”

Emma gently kissed his lips. “Come on. Let's go to bed.”
They agreed to tell Liam at breakfast. It was Sunday; they had no plans. If, as Killian suspected, Liam took it badly, they’d have time to sort things out.

She didn’t want a repeat of their last fight.

Liam was already in the kitchen when she got there, cooking scrambled eggs. Emma kissed him good morning then got herself some coffee. “You got to bed late last night, love,” Liam said over his shoulder.

“Watched some TV,” she said truthfully.

“When did Killian finally get home?”

Emma frowned. “It was late. Maybe eleven? Or a little after. Did we wake you?”

He grinned over his shoulder. “It wasn’t an inconvenience, lass. I wasn’t exactly sleeping anyway.”

She smiled back, sipping on her coffee. It seemed that they had all gotten accustomed to sharing their enormous comfy bed. If someone had told her that a year ago, she’d have had them committed. Hopefully, once Killian's secret was out they could get back to their easy flow.

Killian turned up about five minutes later, hair still damp from his shower. He strolled right up to Emma and kissed her, making her gasp and set down her mug. She knew he needed the boost so she gave in and allowed him to plunder her mouth, igniting sparks under her skin as her fingers curled in his shirt.

“Morning, love.”

“You too.” She shoved him lightly in the chest, nodding encouragement. Killian's lips quirked hopefully ans he went to get some coffee for himself.

“So what should we do today?” Liam asked, prodding some eggs onto plates. He also had some of those sausages Killian liked and toast.

Emma exchanged a look with Killian. “Actually, there's something we should talk about first.”

Liam cocked his head at the pair of them. “Okay. What's going on?”

They accepted their plates, Liam settling on his stool to Emma's left. They ate a few bites of breakfast in awkward silence, Emma hoping that Killian would speak up. It was his news to tell, really. He caught her eye and she nodded.

“Remember that case Emma had?” Killian said at last.

“The recent one? With the mum who owed child support?”

“Aye, that one. Well...” Killian put down his fork, looking his brother in the eye. “It turns out I know her. The mum, I mean.”

Liam frowned. “How's that?”

Killian sighed; Emma reached over and put her hand in his, silently offering her support. Slowly,
Killian told the story once more. He sounded more at peace this second time; Emma had a feeling he’d be much better once he got it out in the open. If he couldn't share his past with his family, then who could he unburden himself to? Emma herself found it immensely cathartic to share some of the painful parts of her past with them. They made her feel safe.

She watched Liam as Killian spoke, saw the emotions play across his face. Hurt, anger, self recrimination, sympathy, more anger. She saw the way his eyes flickered to Killian and Emma's hands as Killian spoke. Was that a flash of jealousy? She was so going to kick his ass if it was. This so wasn't the time.

Killian sagged, words spent. They looked at Liam expectantly, wondering what he was thinking.

“Why didn't you tell me?” Liam said quietly. He sounded hurt. “All these years...just why, Killian?”

“Because I didn't want you looking at me the way you are right now.”

“Like what?”

“Like you're disappointed.”

“I'm not disappointed. Well, I am. In myself, you idiot.”

“You? This was my mess, Liam.”

“You were a kid. You got taken advantage of.”

Killian shook his head. “I was twenty one, you ponce. Old enough to make my own choices. What did you expect me to do? Come crying to you like some kid? I'm not five years old anymore, Liam.”

“I should have been there.”

“Oh for god's sake,” Killian muttered. He let go of Emma's hand, his face reddening. “You were starting your own career, your own life. So I got my heart broken. I learned from it. Moved on.”

“Then why didn't you tell us right away?” Liam countered, his anger flaring.

“Because I thought Milah's son might be mine!” Killian shouted.

Silence reigned in the kitchen. Emma had already absorbed this information, absorbed it and filed away discussion about it until later. Later might be happening sooner than she thought.

“Is he?” Liam's voice was deadly calm, but Emma saw the muscle clenching in his jaw.

Emma spoke up. “No, Liam. He's not. Milah abandoned her husband and son before she met Killian.”

“So let me see if I have this straight. My brother gets seduced by some trollop before he's even finished school and was so careless that years later he thinks that her child might be his? And this comes up again because our girlfriend captures her?” He scrubbed his hand across his face. “Bloody hell.” He looked at Emma. “You knew.”

It sounded suspiciously like an accusation. Before she could respond, Killian spoke up. “At least she bothered to find out what was going on. You just ignored it.”

“Now wait just a minute,” Liam cried.
"He's right," Emma said firmly. "I knew something was wrong. But I think the reason Killian felt like he couldn't confide in us is something we should talk about. As a family." Liam opened his mouth then shut it, staring at her. "I'm serious, Liam. You were the one who said we wouldn't have secrets."

"So now I'm the bad guy here?" Liam tossed his napkin on the counter. "I'm going for a walk." He got up and hurried into the foyer. The door slammed behind him a minute later.

"What the hell was that?"

Killian sighed. "It's Liam's way. Give him some time to cool off. He'll be home. Then we'll talk."

Emma picked at her eggs, still skeptical. "How can you be sure?"

He smiled at her. "You came back. Everything that's happened...none of us have quit. Like you said, love. We all love each other. And family doesn't give up on each other."

He reached over and squeezed her hand. She smiled hopefully and returned to her breakfast. When they were finished, they cleaned the kitchen from top to bottom. Emma remembered Killian's little fantasy about a naked maid; it would be fun...later. It was difficult to think about fun role play scenarios when Liam was out there wandering around, feeling angry and hurt.

Emma understood why he was hurt. She felt the same last night. Killian and Liam were the people closest to her in the world, her best friends, her lovers, her family. They shared so much together; the feeling that one of them didn't feel safe enough to share a painful secret hurt. Killian hadn't meant for it to be a secret, but it was and...she wanted to know everything. She wanted them to know everything about her. Maybe not all at once, but they were patient and supportive. She wanted to do that for them. Seeing how ashamed and sorry Killian was melted her anger. He wasn't the kind of person to make the same mistake twice.

She just wished Liam could open himself up the same way. She loved him as he was, stubborn, in control, but so very giving. He just wanted to protect the people he loved. Knowing he couldn't protect Killian from getting hurt had to be killing him. She just wanted him to come home so she could hold him, so they could work this out.

She wanted her boys back with her.

Once the kitchen was clean, Emma showered and changed. She found Killian in front of the TV watching a soccer match. There was a subtle tension in his shoulders; he missed Liam too. Emma bent down from behind the couch and kissed his neck, silently beginning to massage his neck and shoulders. Killian hummed and leaned back, bringing one of her hands to his lips. They were quiet, except for Killian's occasional outbursts toward the match. Emma grinned whenever he did so, enjoying his passion for it. It was passion he poured into everything he did and he wasn't afraid to let it show.

Certain he was relaxed, Emma grabbed her iPad to read more of *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*. Her actual books were still in New York; she definitely wanted to get them when they went over to get her things. She wondered idly if it would be self indulgent to want the American and British versions side by side in their study. She grew up reading them; they were her favorite.

She settled at the opposite end of the couch, with her feet tucked under her as she read. Eventually Killian coaxed her to uncurl, stretching out so her feet rested in his lap. She sighed as he began to return the favor, sweetly massaging her feet. It made her sleepy; the iPad fell against her chest as she dozed off.
She woke up, stomach growling. Her hunger faded when she saw that Liam was home, sitting quietly in the plush armchair. “Liam?” Her voice was a bit scratchy from sleeping, but she tried to sound hopeful.

He smiled tentatively. “Aye, lass.”

She got up and went to him; he stood at the same time. They hugged each other tightly, Liam whispering apologies into her neck. But she wasn’t the one who needed an apology. Gently, she pulled back, hand cradling his cheek. “Ready to talk?”

Liam nodded, leaning his forehead against hers, breathing her in. “I’m sorry, Emma.”

“It’s not me you should be apologizing to.” Still, she missed him and was happy he was home and ready to talk. She gave him a brief kiss before stepping out of his arms. She backed up so the boys could talk.

Liam looked at the ground, scratching behind his ear. It was so adorable that they had the same nervous tic. Finally, he looked up. “I...bloody hell, I'm sorry, Killian. I shouldn't have lost my temper.”

Killian laughed. “You wouldn't be my brother if you didn't.” They closed the gap between them and hugged, clapping each other on the back. Emma found herself smiling, smiling so hard her cheeks hurt. She didn't hesitate when they opened their arms for her, allowing her to slip between them for a tight group hug.

“I’m sorry too,” Killian said. “I should have told both of you sooner.”

“Hey, we’re here now,” Emma said, squeezing his waist. “If you want to talk about it.”

“Perhaps we should,” Liam murmured. “There’s a lot to consider.”

They migrated to the couch, until Emma suggested they curl up on the floor. The couch was too narrow; she wanted the freedom to curl in between them. Killian spread out the bearskin rug while she and Liam gathered up some cushy pillows. Emma felt contentment settle into her bones as they lay there, one on either side, hands on her stomach.

“Hmm, this is good,” she mumbled.

Liam chuckled. “Musing on how tightly you have us wrapped around your fingers, love?”

She wrinkled her nose, mock glaring at him. “No,” she said shortly. “I just like these quiet moments when we’re all together.”

“You do though,” Killian said. “There’s nothing we wouldn't do for you, Emma.”

“I know that. But really, I just want you here with me.”

“Bit of a rough patch,” Liam said quietly. “But we'll get through it.”

“We're going to fight sometimes,” Emma said with a sigh. “Eventually I'll stop imagining those times as the end of the world. I hope.”

“We promised to always come back to you,” Liam pointed out. “We intend to keep that promise.”

“This was my fault,” Killian said firmly. “If I'd have just spoken up...”
“Hey, we all have exes,” Emma cut in. “I don't even know how I would react if Neal showed up right now. I hate what he did to me so much...”

“But you did care about him,” Liam finished for her. “We're not robots, Emma. I was pretty conflicted when Clara sat at our table at the ball. I hadn't thought about her in years. Not until you asked me about her. I certainly never imagined her finding out about us.”

“Why did you break up?” Emma knew, Killian told her ages ago. But she wanted to hear Liam's version.

Liam's thumb stroked her stomach, his eyes far away. “We wanted different things. Clara is...driven, used to getting what she wants. She's an only child.” He sighed, lips pressed together. “She thought we should have children right away. Frankly, I think her father put that notion in her head. I argued that we should wait, establish our careers first.”

Emma placed her hand over his, offering silent sympathy. She knew how much Liam's career meant to him. “One night she just...lost it. Raging against Killian, my mother's death. I started to see her for who she truly was and realized I no longer loved her. I broke things off that night and didn't look back. Or tried not to.”

“You never told me that, Liam,” Killian said, looking slightly hurt.

“You were still reeling from Mum's death. Besides, I'm the oldest.”

“Stoic arse,” Killian muttered.

“Yeah, no one can tell you two are brothers,” Emma said sarcastically. “What about now? We've never talked about kids.”

“I...don't know,” Liam said honestly. “I used to think that with the right person...” He looked down at Emma. “You are the right person. But all I truly need is you. And this crazy wonderful thing we have together.”

“Killian?”

“It would be a huge...complicated step, love.” He looked her up and down. “How would we raise it? How do we explain? Does a child even fit? What do you want?”

Emma chewed on her lip, staring up at the ceiling. She remembered being pregnant and being scared out of her mind. “I honestly have no idea. The last time...” She sucked in a breath. “God, I was so scared. I didn't know what to do. Then I...” Her eyes burned with tears and she felt them hold her hands. “I lost it...I should have been happy. I wanted to be happy. But I wasn't.”

“Oh Emma.” Liam snuggled close to her, leaning in to kiss her temple. “I can't even imagine what that must have been like.”

She blinked furiously; she was done crying about this. “Maybe I'm not cut out to be a mother.”

“Rubbish,” Killian said firmly. “You would be a bloody fantastic mum.”

Emma smiled drolly. “How do you figure?”

He gave her a look. “You look after us every single day, lass. You've got the most loving, generous heart I've ever known.”
“You do,” Liam echoed. “Any child would be lucky to have you for a mother. We're the luckiest blokes on the planet that you choose to be with us.”

“But what do we want?” Emma asked plaintively. Their love and faith in her meant more than she could ever express. But this wasn’t solely her decision. “Guys, raising a kid...I was in the system. Nearly all of those people took kids in for the money, not because that gave a shit about us. It's a huge responsibility.”

“Emma, do you doubt that any child of ours would be loved?” Liam asked.

“That's not the point.”

“But it is the point. Children are an enormous responsibility. We're not taking this lightly at all. I don't even think we should decide today, this minute. But the one thing I am certain of is that a child raised in this house would be loved, no matter who the father was.”

“I hadn't even thought about that,” Emma admitted. “How would we even...deal with that?” She couldn't marry them. If they had kids, only one could be the father. Or they could alternate...and god, her head hurt just thinking about the possibilities and stress.

“Do you truly think the biology matters to us?” Killian said, looking her in the eye. “They would still be our children, no matter what.”

“Seriously?”

“We're becoming quite adept at handling out of the box relationships, Emma,” Liam pointed out. “I'm certain there are people in a situation like ours who are raising families.”

She just didn’t know. “Emma, listen to me,” Killian said. “We are not deciding today. We can keep on as we always have. I, for one, am perfectly content to keep our family to just the three of us.”

“As am I,” Liam agreed, squeezing her hand. “We've already got a very happy family. Right here.”

Emma looked from one to the other, these brothers she loved so much. “You guys would be great dads, you know.”

They grinned down at her. “Perhaps if Dave and Mary Margaret get a move on, we'll practice at being uncles and auntie,” Killian teased. “Would you like that, love?”

Emma grinned. “Yeah, I think I'd like that a lot.”

Emma sat at her desk, tapping her pen on the wood. She was nervous but excited. When she suggested a little role play to work out some of their recent issues, she hadn't expected them to take to it with such enthusiasm. They'd only teased at role playing until now; often their mutual desire couldn't take the patience and teasing of a role play. And they certainly didn't need to “spice things up” as they had a very healthy sex life. But their foray into watching porn made Emma even more eager to try it. Maybe they’d work up the courage to record it some day.

That thought made her clit throb with need.

When had she become such a fucking exhibitionist? Eager to perform dirty sex acts for a camera? She performed them quickly enough for her boys. She got off on the sensuality of it, the wantonness. She liked watching and being watched, no sense in denying it. And she found the perfect men to help her indulge in her desires.
Emma adjusted her skirt, short as it was. It hardly covered her ass, but that was the point. She was supposed to be a headmistress, intent on chastising a couple of naughty schoolboys. Porn usually did the reverse, a girl in a tiny barely there skirt complete with crisp white shirt and push up bra. Emma's skirt was short. Her silk blouse showed her cleavage to advantage. And she had some very interesting lingerie on under it. She put her hair up in a bun and completed the look with her old glasses.

Now she waited for them to show up, her body thrumming in anticipation.

Emma scrolled through websites at random, not really paying attention. Her ears were attuned to the door, waiting for the knock.

Knock, knock.

Emma took a breath to compose herself. “Enter,” she said crisply, loud enough to be heard.

The door swung open, two figures stepping through it quickly and shutting it.

Emma looked up from her laptop, feigning boredom. “Oh, it's you.”

“You wished to see us, Headmistress?” Liam asked. Christ, he looked good enough to eat, the tan slacks, white shirt, tie and dark blue blazer doing nothing to hide the insanely attractive man he was. He was tall and broad shouldered, filling out the uniform perfectly. His one concession to the game was shaving his scruff.

“Sit.”

They hurried to obey her, giving Emma a chance to look Killian over as well. He'd shaved his scruff too and it made him look years younger. He could almost pass for a schoolboy. But Emma was well aware of the virile man that lay beneath the uniform, identical to his brother's.

Emma pretended to answer an email on her laptop, effectively ignoring them. She was the Headmistress; she was busy. Fake mission accomplished, she looked up. Killian was avidly staring down her blouse; Liam had his fingers curled around the arm of the chair.

Emma snapped the laptop shut. “So.”

“Yes, Headmistress?” It was Killian this time, his eyes darting up to hers. She had to suppress a shiver at the way the words rolled off his tongue.

Emma stood, hands braced on the desktop. “I've gotten multiple reports about you boys,” she said, looking from one to the other. “Any idea what those could be about?”

Liam feigned innocence. “No, Headmistress.”

“And what about you, Mr. Jones?” she asked, turning to Killian. “Any recollections?”

He shook his head. “No, milady. Perhaps you'd like to refresh my memory?”

Emma glared at him. “You will refer to me as Headmistress or ma'am, Mr. Jones,” she said sternly. “Are we clear?”

“Crystal.”

Emma kicked the chair out from behind her and started walking around the big desk. She'd wanted to christen her office for ages; there just hadn't been the right time. But she would enjoy this. Their
eyes widened as she came more fully into view. Liam gulped; Killian inhaled sharply. She was wearing black stockings that only came up to mid thigh. Since her skirt was shorter than that, the garters that held them up were exposed. Her sky high heels clacked on the floor as she walked, hips swaying. She came to a stop in front of the desk, squarely between them.

“Now where was I?”

It took a moment for one of them to find their voice. “You were about to enumerate our crimes...Headmistress,” Liam said, adding the last bit almost as an afterthought. His Adam's apple bobbed in his throat; Emma felt a strong desire to follow it with her tongue.

“Ah yes.” She primly crossed her ankles, leaning back against the edge of the desk. “You've been extremely naughty. Torn books, running in the halls...spray painting the walls with vulgarity. Tell me, is that your idea of fun, wanton vandalism?”

“Wanton something,” Killian muttered under his breath.

“Sorry, I didn't quite catch that, Mr. Jones,” Emma said, working hard not to grin. Her attire was having precisely the effect she wanted.

“Nothing, Headmistress.”

Emma narrowed her eyes at him. He stared back at her defiantly. She stood, crossing the small space that separated them, and leaned down, hands on the arms of the chair. He got an excellent view down her blouse. “Would you like to try again, Mr. Jones? Or should we just move directly to punishment?”

His jaw clenched as he stared at her, his gaze flickering from her chest to her lips to her eyes. Emma could see the want burning in the blue irises, the shallow rise and fall of his chest as he worked to restrain himself. Seeing how much he wanted her, how much he seemed to enjoy her having authority over him...she had to clench her thighs together in an attempt to ease the ache inside her.

“I was merely wondering what your definition of wanton was, ma'am.”

“You'll find out soon enough, Mr. Jones.” She stood once more and moved back to the desk. “Liam Jones.”

“Yes, Headmistress?”

“How much destruction do you think you and your brother have caused?”

He shrugged. “Not enough.”

“And why would you say that?”

“Because you haven't thrown us out yet.”

She looked surprised. “Is that what you want?” She stalked around his chair, fingers skimming the top of his blazer. His eyes followed her as he squirmed slightly in his seat. She could make out the generous bulge in his slacks, the slight twitch in his fingers. He loved touching her and she was making him wait. “Do you want to be expelled, Mr. Jones?” her voice was soft, right behind his ear.

Liam swallowed. “No.”

“No, what?”
“No...ma'am.”

“Well, what would you suggest I do? These are very serious crimes.”

“We could...make amends.” Liam's voice was a bit strangled; he caught a flash of her cleavage.

“Amends? It's a lot of damage,” she replied offhandedly. “You'd have to work very hard.”

“We'll do it,” Killian said abruptly. “Whatever it takes.”

She stood facing them, glancing from one to the other, arms crossed over her chest. “A very interesting offer, boys. You would be willing to do whatever I ask?” They both nodded quickly. She grinned. “Good. Killian...go lock the door. Now.”

He was up like a shot, making a beeline for the door. The deadbolt flipped with a satisfying click. Now she could have her wicked way with them.

Before Killian could return to his seat, Emma hopped up on the desk. Her skirt rode up her thighs and she crossed her legs. But not before Liam got an eyeful of what she was wearing under the skirt...which wasn't much. He groaned softly, looking at her imploringly. Emma licked her lips, then very deliberately unbuttoned a couple of buttons on her blouse, exposing more of her skin.

“Liam...on your knees.” He let out a ragged breath and moved to kneel in front of her. He was the perfect height for what she wanted. His warm breath tickled her skin through the thin stockings. “Do you know what I want?” she asked.

Liam opted to play along. “No, Headmistress.”

“I want you to pleasure me with that impertinent mouth,” she said. Her core clenched, more wetness pooling between her legs. “Can you do that?”

“Aye, ma'am.”

Emma uncrossed her legs, spreading them wide for him. “Get to work.”

Liam flashed her a devious grin then lowered his head. He nuzzled her bare mound, his breath hot on her already heated flesh. She wasn't wearing any underwear to speak of, just a scrap of lace holding up the garters. She was exposed to the boys' hungry gaze, flesh glistening with arousal. She was about to tell Liam off for stalling when he licked her with the flat of his tongue, back to front. She moaned, bracing her hands on the desk.

Liam kept his hands on her knees, keeping her spread as he fucked her with his tongue. He lapped at her dripping hole, his nose rubbing her clit, over and over and over. It felt incredible, his talented tongue exploring her thoroughly, nibbling on her flesh. She tried to contain her cries, to keep quiet, but it was hopeless. Liam seemed to live to eat her out and fuck, he was good at it. Her head fell back as she keened, hips rocking on the desk.

She heard a low growl off to her right. Emma raised her head, gaze clashing with Killian's. Lust was only a fraction of what she saw in his eyes; he looked like he wanted to devour her. She hissed and jerked, Liam plunging his tongue in as far as he could. “Fuck.”

“Should you be corrupting our innocent ears with such language?” Killian murmured, his hands clenched tightly into fists.

Emma's eyes fluttered for a moment, the pressure coiling tighter. She was going to come any
moment. “God...If you wish...to leave...then go,” she panted.

Killian shook his head. “Not until I’ve paid my considerable debt, Headmistress.”

“Oh...yes!” Emma cried, knuckles white on the edge of the desk as her body seized and jerked. Wave after wave crashed through her, Liam not pulling way until she was spent. He leaned back on his haunches while she caught her breath, looking very pleased with himself. Emma licked her lips, trying to regain her stern facade.

“If you think it is that easy, Mr. Jones, then you are sorely mistaken.” She looked at Killian and beckoned him to her. She grabbed him by the tie and jerked his mouth to hers. They kissed hungrily, Emma nipping at his lips, thrusting her chest out as his hand slipped into her shirt. He massaged her breast through the lace of her black bra, sending more licks of fire down her spine.

They weren’t leaving until she’d been well and truly fucked.

Roughly, Emma pushed Killian away. “Strip to the waist. Right now.”

Killian cocked his head but nevertheless began to slide the blazer off his shoulders. Emma cleared her desk completely as she watched him strip, blatantly ogling him. When he was finished, she stepped up to him, hands gliding over his torso. His muscles quivered under her touch. “Do you want to touch me?” she asked, mouth hovering over his.

“Yes.”

She reached down and tweaked his nipple. “Yes, what?”

“Yes, Headmistress.”

“You may.” The words were hardly out of her mouth when he jerked her into his arms, hands sliding over her barely covered ass. He pulled her against him, his very erect cock pressing into her stomach. They were kissing, her tongue in his mouth, her fingers in his thick dark hair. The material of her skirt bunched in his hands, he was yanking it up, skin seeking skin. Emma groaned into his mouth, rubbing herself against him eagerly. Her arousal was sticky on her thighs, she could feel the wetness trickling. Finally, she pushed him away. “On the desk,” she demanded. “On your back.”

Killian gave her ass one final squeeze before obeying, grinning cheekily. She was so going to enjoy spanking him next time they played. This time, she was having too much fun ordering them about. She didn’t bother to readjust her skirt, sauntering over to Liam instead. He was staring at her, pupils completely blown. She lifted her foot to the arm of the chair where he sat, very deliberately drawing her finger through her folds. Liam groaned, his hand moving of its own accord. Emma slapped him away. “No touching, not until I say.” Then she brought her finger to her lips and sucked on it greedily, tasting her own salty tang. “You may remove your shirt and blazer. You may touch yourself, but do not come. Is that quite understood, Mr. Jones?”

“Aye, Headmistress.” Emma traced his lips with her damp finger then leaned down to kiss him, stroking his tongue with hers until they were breathless.

Emma pulled away and turned, finding Killian precisely where she wanted him, on his back. Emma used the chair to help her climb up as well, unceremoniously straddling Killian's face. “Make me come,” she ordered him, hitching the skirt up around her waist.

Killian, bless him, didn't waste any time teasing her; he dove right in, mouth attacking her clit. Emma hissed in pleasure, her hands at her breasts, kneading and fondling. Liam looked on, bare from the waist up, his pants open. Emma tried not to look, but it was too late. He was thick and hard and
throbbing, his hand barely skimming the aching flesh.

She was getting over heated. With trembling fingers she finished unbuttoning her blouse, peeling the silk from her body. Her bra was gone next; Emma sighed as she teased her straining nipples. She arched her back, trying to ride Killian’s face. He understood her wordless demand, plunging three fingers into her, stretching her.

“Oh fuck yes,” she moaned, beginning to roll her hips. His mouth and fingers played her like an instrument, her high building like a tidal wave. The bulge in his pants was calling to her; still rocking above him, Emma reached down and unfastened his belt and pants. He was commando under them.

It was Killian’s turn to moan and hiss as she touched him, her hand stroking the underside of his thick length. The vibrations drove her crazy, hips moving even faster, a curse tumbling from her lips. She couldn’t stop, sounds filling the room as she neared her peak once more. “Fuck!” she swore, falling at last, nails digging into Killian’s skin. He grunted, drawing out her orgasm as long as he could. She sagged across his stomach as she came down, her mouth right beside his heavy arousal. Slowly, she started to tease him, nuzzling and licking.

“Bloody hell,” Killian hissed, hips jerking.

Emma forced herself up, smacking the V of his hips. “Are you going to be a good boy?”

He groaned. “Y-y-yes, Headmistress.”

She crawled down his body, until her hips were level with his. Then she ground down, coating him with her wetness. “You are here for my pleasure,” she said firmly. “To be used as I see fit. To pay for what you’ve done. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Headmistress,” they said in unison.

She couldn’t wait any longer; she needed to be filled. She guided him to her entrance and slid down slowly, taking him inside her body. She moaned loudly; he felt so amazing, dragging along her wet walls. She rose up, sank down, a steady rhythm in direct contrast to how much she needed him. Killian trailed his hands down her back; he squeezed her ass. Emma murmured encouragement, taking his hands and guiding him.

“Fuck, it’s so good,” she mumbled, glasses sliding down her nose. Her hair was coming loose; she must be a vision of debauchery. Emma braced her hands on Killian’s thighs, calling Liam to her. He moved, standing in front of her in moments. “Do you...oh god...like watching me fuck your brother?”

Liam inhaled sharply but nodded.

“Say it,” she demanded.

“I love watching you,” he said, his gaze on where she and Killian were joined.

“Does it turn you on?”

“Yes, Headmistress.”

“Do you want to fuck your Headmistress?”

“Yes.”
“I want you to bend me over this desk,” she said, riding Killian faster. She was getting wetter by the moment, picturing them in her mind. “I want you to fuck me until I scream.”

Liam bit his lip and nodded. Emma moved her fingers to her slippery clit, shivering at the contact. She was sensitive and swollen, with two orgasms already. But there was nothing like coming with them in her, letting her squeeze them, claiming her as theirs. Killian was trembling under her, his orgasm near at hand. Emma grabbed one of his hands and held on, anchoring her to him as she tumbled over the edge again, rubbing herself furiously. Killian’s cry echoed in the room, his hips rutting to her until he went still. Emma hunched over him, hands braced on the wood. She could hardly breathe, but she had one more go in her.

She climbed off Killian, sliding her feet down to the floor. He looked so pleased and sated; she couldn’t stop her smile. Liam came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her. Emma hummed, easing his fingers to her clit. “Ready to make amends?” she asked.

He nudged his cock against her ass. “Aye, ma’am.”

Killian scrambled off the desk, landing in his empty chair. Liam kicked Emma’s legs apart and pressed down between her shoulder blades. The wood of the desk skulled her aching nipples and she groaned. Her heels put her ass a little higher than usual, but she couldn’t even complain because...fuck. The angle Liam hit when he pushed in had her mewing in pleasure almost instantly. Liam held her by the hips, fingers tight on her skin. She’d probably have bruises after but she didn’t care. Bruises merely reminded her of how thoroughly she’d been fucked.

She’d imagined one of them bending her over her desk and fucking her brains out, but the reality was better. Killian watched every moment; she could feel his eyes on her even if she was facing away from him. Liam pulled at the pins in her, the thick tresses finally falling down her back. She cried out as he pulled on her hair, making her arch and keen.

“Harder,” she demanded, shoving her hips back. “Fuck me harder.”

Liam growled and did as he was bid, skin slapping against skin as he took her harder and deeper. Her hips banged into the desk, but it was exactly what she’d dreamed about. Her fingers found her clit and tweaked it...that was all it took. Emma screamed, one last high gripping her. Liam cursed, unable to hold off any longer. He came with a shout, hips jerking as he spilled himself inside her.

Emma sagged against the hard desk, completely exhausted. Liam slipped from her and fell back into his chair, trying to catch his breath. Emma could hear her heart pounding against her ribs; it sounded too loud in her dazed state. She heard rather than saw someone get up—Killian as it happened—and come to where she lay panting. Gently, he picked her up, moving her to the couch on the far side of the room. Then he fetched her gym bag, which had some supplies in it. She shivered as the wet washcloth rubbed her swollen flesh, moaning softly.

“Sorry, love,” Killian muttered, finishing his task. Once she was clean, he pulled off her shoes and tugged her skirt down as best he could. When he tried to leave, Emma pulled him back weakly.

“Don’t go.”

“Is that an order, darling?” he teased.

“Do I need to make it one?”

“I would never turn down an opportunity to hold you, Emma.” He eased her up so he could settle in next to her, wrapping his arms around her as she rested her head on his chest. She could hear his
beating heart. She smiled happily when Liam joined them, kissing her temple and sitting on her other side.

She didn't know how long they remained that way; she was too sated to worry with such trivial things. But she finally felt like they were normal again, that her boys were fully with her.

“We should go home soon,” Liam whispered. “She's falling asleep.”

“M here,” Emma mumbled tiredly.

“You can hardly hold your head up,” Liam said. “Let us take you home. Then we can sleep in our much more comfortable bed.”

She burrowed her head deeper into Killian's chest. “Okay.”

It took them some minutes to get her to move; she had to put her blouse back on, shoving the bra into her bag. The boys redressed, leaving buttons open. They only needed to be presentable enough to take a cab back to the townhouse. In theory, it was close enough to walk, but the boys insisted. Emma had worn herself out; she didn't grumble too much.

“Did you have fun?” Killian asked once they were in their bed. His hand rested on her hip, the other propping his head up.

“Yeah,” she replied. “Did you?”

He grinned. “You were bloody amazing. And so fucking hot in that outfit.”

“That's not what I asked.”

“I loved every second. Headmistress.”

Emma rolled her eyes, poking him. She turned to Liam. “Hey you.”

He smiled down at her. “I thoroughly enjoyed myself, Emma,” he said before she could ask. “Even though not touching you was horrible torture.”

“You did in the end.”

“A dream come true, that was.”

She blushed. “Me too.”

“You make never work again though,” Killian pointed out. “You'll think of us, every time you sit there.”

“I think about you pretty constantly anyway,” she shot back. Her eyelids were getting heavy again. “Sleepy now.”

They each kissed her and switched off the light. She was asleep in moments, warm and happy.

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Killian was right, of course. When she did go back to work, her office still smelled of sex. And she caught little whiffs of them everywhere. After a couple of hours of trying to focus, she decided to take her laptop to the nearby cafe, steal their wifi and maybe find a new case.

She was only there for twenty minutes when her phone rang. The caller ID made her stomach tighten
apprehensively. “Emma Swan.”

“Hello, Miss Swan,” Commander Reynolds replied. He sounded wary.

“When do you need me?” she asked without preamble. Since he'd made it clear he would only contact her in she was required to testify, she didn't want to beat around the bush with pleasantries.

“I did all I could...” he began.

Emma cut him off. “Just tell me when and I'll be there.”

“Tomorrow, 0900.”

“Okay.” She'd been dating military men long enough to know that was nine in the morning. First thing. Great. “Have you found Gisbourne yet?”

Even over the phone, she could tell he was concerned. “Not yet. Masters assures me that they are close.”

“Let's hope they nail him soon. For everyone's sake.” They hung up and Emma closed her laptop. She gathered her things and headed home. The weather was sunny for once but it was very comfortable. New York at this time of year could be hot and muggy, so it was a pleasant change.

The boys found her deep in her closet, trying to find something appropriate to wear. She was so absorbed that she jumped about a mile when Killian called out for her.

“Oh, it's just you,” she said, sticking her head out.

“Love, what's going on? It looks like a cyclone wrecked the place.”

“Reynolds called. I'm testifying tomorrow. I was, uh, trying to find something to wear.”

“What's wrong with what you wore last time?”

She shrugged. “Nothing, I guess. But most of my really nice clothes are still in storage.”

“Nicer than those tiny little dresses?”

Emma got out of the closet and smacked his arm. “I'm trying to impress a military court not seduce them.”

“You better not be,” Liam said, surveying the damage. But he looked a bit solemn. “Is Reynolds certain this is necessary?”

“Liam, trust me. He wouldn't have called if he wasn't sure. He's already called me a bad witness.”

Killian bristled. “What the bloody hell does that mean?”

“It means...” Emma thought back for a second. “He said that there were certain aspects of my character than made me a less than ideal witness.”

“By which he means us.” Liam was scowling.

“Yeah,” Emma sighed. She sat heavily on her bed, pushing aside some clothes.

“Ruddy wanker,” Killian complained. “There's nothing wrong with you. Or your integrity, lass.”
“I wonder if Dorsey got my juvie record,” Emma mused. “He could have a field day with that.”

“Can he do that?”

“Lily did.”

“Who the bloody hell is Lily?”

“Remember that meeting I was at when you sent that video?” Emma said to Killian. He nodded. “She was my contact on Milah's case.”

“So basically what you're saying is that this prosecutor has multiple ways to make you uncomfortable,” Liam said slowly. He sat next to her. “We're coming with you.”

Emma shook her head. “I can handle this. You guys have your jobs.”

“Do you honestly think we could work while some bleeding ponce takes a go at you?” Killian said in exasperation. “Not a chance, love.”

“Besides,” Liam said, wrapping his arm around her shoulders, “watching you take him down will be very entertaining.”

Emma smiled in spite of herself. “I just don't want Nottingham to win. Robin doesn't deserve this.”

Killian knelt in front of her. “I have every confidence that you will be fine. But we'd still like to support you.”

Emma reached up and wove her fingers through his hair. His scruff was almost completely back; he was her Killian again. She couldn't say no to that face. She appreciated their earnest desire to support her. “Okay.”

The next morning the three of them took a cab to the More Building. The boys wore their uniforms, even though they were off duty. When Emma asked them why, Liam explained that they wanted to show the board they weren't ashamed of being with her, as men and as naval officers. Emma was so touched that she kissed him, smudging her makeup. She had to fix it hastily as they waited for the cab.

Robin, Will and Reynolds were there when they arrived. They seemed tense. And Reynolds appeared very disapproving that Emma brought the Jones brothers with her. “Miss Swan.”

“Commander.”

“Perhaps we should go over a few things?”

“Sure.” She glanced at Liam and Killian, nodding. They let her go and she followed Reynolds down the hall a bit.

“It's very unexpected to see the Commander and Lieutenant,” Reynolds observed quietly.

“They wanted to come. I tried to talk them out of it.”

“Well, we shall make the best of it. Our side should be fairly straightforward. I will ask you about your investigation, your findings, that sort of thing. Just stick to the facts.”

“I've testified before, Commander. I know what to do.” The trouble would come when she was cross examined.
“Don't allow Commander Dorsey to bait you. He can be very...charismatic.”

Emma huffed. “Did you just imply that I could be swayed by a handsome face?”

“No, no, of course not.”

“Good.” The only handsome faces she was interested in were Killian's and Liam's. She turned on her heel and went back, rejoining the conversation the boys were having. The sooner this was over with the better. She didn't want to be around Reynolds any longer than she had to be.

They entered the courtroom at five til nine; Emma sitting with the Joneses in the visitor seating. They quietly held her hands, which calmed her nerves. She wasn't nervous for herself. She was far more concerned about them, about them listening to some stranger insult her and try to tear down her credibility.

They stood for the judge and court was called to order. There were some housekeeping things to get out of the way; Reynolds tried another motion to have the entire case dismissed. It failed.

“The defense would like to call Emma Swan to the stand.”

Emma took a deep breath; each brother squeezed her hands. Then she stood and walked to the gate separating the visitor seating from the main courtroom. Her heart thumped rapidly as she got closer to the little box, the bailiff holding the door open for her. After she was sworn in, she sat, legs crossed in front of her. She'd chosen a knee length pencil skirt and green blouse, her legs covered in sheer stockings. Her hair fell in soft waves down her back; she looked relaxed but professional. She just hoped the board agreed.

Reynolds remained at his table, as was the custom. Just as he said, he began with the basic facts. Her name, her occupation. A little bit of her experience as an investigator. How Captain Hood's case came to her attention. What she found. Emma answered everything clearly and succinctly, her fingers toying with the hem of her skirt out of sight. It was the only sign of nerves she would allow herself.

When Reynolds was finished, he sat. Emma's gaze flickered to her boys, still sitting in the gallery. Liam smiled and Killian nodded encouragingly. “Would you like to cross examine the witness, Commander Dorsey?”

“Aye, Your Honor.” He stood, smoothing down his uniform jacket. “Miss Swan. Could you remind the court how you came by Captain Hood's case?”

“I was asked to look into it by Lt. Commander Scarlet.”

“Why?”

Emma frowned. “He said he wasn't sure the Navy was doing all that it could to find Petty Officer Tremaine.”

“The Commander's unfortunate distrust of the Navy aside, Miss Swan...why you specifically? You've only recently set up your...business in London, isn't that correct?”

“Yes. I opened my office a couple of months ago.”

“You had a very stable business in New York, I believe? Why move to London?”

She knew where he was going with this. Best to get it over with. “A personal relationship.
Commander Scarlet asked me to look into the case because I am in a relationship with his friend, Lt. Killian Jones.”

“Is the Lieutenant here today?”

“Yes.”

“And are you not also in a relationship with the Lieutenant's older brother? Commander Liam Jones?”

“Objection!” Reynolds cried. “Relevance?”

“I am merely trying to ascertain the witness's character, Your Honor,” Dorsey said smoothly. “Her trustworthiness is a vital aspect to the Captain's defense.”

The judge looked from Emma to the lawyers and back again. “Objection overruled. You may answer the question, Miss Swan.”

Emma looked right at Dorsey. “Yes, I am. But I fail to see how my personal life affects how I do my job.”

“But was it even your job, Miss Swan?” Dorsey countered. “You are a civilian. Would it not better to leave such things to the Navy?”

“I am very good at what I do, Commander. I've been doing it for a long time.”

“Yes, let's talk about that. Why did you become a bailbondperson, Miss Swan?”

“I don't like seeing people get screwed over.”

“You don't want people to go through what you did.” Dorsey held up a folder. “I have here a file. Your file, Miss Swan. Do you know what it says?”

“Yes.”

“Permission to approach the witness?” The judge nodded. Dorsey walked up to her and handed her the file. “Could you read the highlighted portion?”

Emma glared at him, but did as he asked. It was a list of petty thefts, running away and the big one, grand larceny for the watches. When she finished she handed back the file and Dorsey returned to his place. “That's quite a record for one so young.”

“I learned how to fend for myself.”

“And then you turned those skills into a business, didn't you? A business that allows you to go outside the law to get justice. It's why you broke into Petty Officer Tremaine's flat.”

“Objection!” Reynolds shouted again. “The prosecution is testifying now.”

The judge glared. “Ask a question, Commander.”

“Did you break into Petty Officer Tremaine's flat?”

Emma nodded. “Yes.”

They went over her investigation again; Emma was getting annoyed. “Do you believe the petty
officer was in danger?"

“Yes. You didn't see her bedroom, I did. It was trashed.”

“Did she seem afraid when you did find her?”

“Very much so. She refused to come back to London until the Navy could assure her and her family's safety.”

“Which you helped arrange with the aid of your paramours?”

Emma glanced at Killian and Liam. Killian's face was red; he looked furious. She shook her head at him. “Commander Jones and Lieutenant Jones work for Admiral Tyler; they helped me get into see him, yes.”

“Why should we believe you, Miss Swan? A ex con who's moved from place to place for a decade, then seduces two of Her Majesty's finest officers, with whom you now live in sin?”

Killian growled and stood; Liam had to fight to restrain him. It was a testament to how angry Killian was that the taller and older Liam had trouble holding him back. He looked like he wanted to beat Dorsey bloody. Liam’s anger was quieter, but equally strong. If looks could kill, Dorsey would be dead.

The judge pounded his fist on the table top. “Silence! I will have order in this court.” Killian stopped struggling, but he was still glaring. “If you gentlemen can not restrain yourselves, I will find you in contempt and you'll find yourself in the brig. Is that clear?”

Liam took a deep breath. His blue eyes glittered with anger but he nodded. “Yes, Your Honor. Apologies.” He held Killian by the shoulder and forced him to sit. They whispered quietly for a few moments, then Killian nodded. Emma could see his jaw clenching. They would have a very stern talk when she was finished, then she'd kiss him senseless.

“Please answer the question, Miss Swan.”

She swallowed and looked at the board, instead of Dorsey. “I've done things I'm not proud of. I was young, without a family. But I have learned from those mistakes and tried to be a better person. I worked hard. I've even been in this position before, testifying before a jury. They believed me. My private life may have gotten me involved in this case, but that's it. Everything I did was to find Petty Officer Tremaine and ensure that Captain Hood gets a fair hearing. I firmly believe that the Petty Officer was in danger and had every reason to be afraid. What you do with that information is up to you.”

There was a very pregnant pause when she finished. Dorsey sat down. Emma was dismissed.

She didn't stay for anything else; she just wanted to get out of there. Liam and Killian followed her; she found a broom closet and pulled them inside.

“What in the hell were you thinking?” she cried as soon as the door closed.

“He tried to imply you were a...a...” Killian trailed off, unwilling to actually say the word.

“We knew he was going to try and use that against me, Killian!”

“Doesn't mean I have to like it,” he grumbled.
“I don't like it either,” she admitted. “Do you think I enjoyed listening to him insult what we have? Just because it's not normal?”

“Sod normal,” Liam said vehemently. “I'll take this over that any day.”

Emma softened. “I know. But this won't be the last time this happens.” She turned back to Killian. “You almost went to the brig.”

“Aye.”

“Don't ever do that again.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don't want to visit you in the brig. I want you right here. Do you understand?”

“I can't promise I'll always be able to control my temper, love,” he said seriously. “Watching you get insulted or worse isn't something I can tolerate.”

She stepped closer to him, her hand over his heart. “I love you for it. But you can't protect me. Neither of you can. We're just going to have to take our lumps and stick together, okay?”

Killian nodded. “I'm sorry, Emma.”

“I know.” She smiled and closed the gap, brushing her lips over his. She pushed him back into the door, hand sliding up over the nape of his neck, pulling him closer. They deepened the kiss at the same time, soft moans echoing in the small closet. She molded herself to his chest, using the height from her shoes to her advantage. Eventually, they broke off, gasping.

“I love you, Emma. So much.”

“Love you too.” She gave him one last kiss then stepped back; Liam was waiting for her. “I suppose you want a kiss too?”

“I did restrain him,” Liam pointed out with mock seriousness.

“Yes, I think that deserves a kiss.” Emma grinned and cradled his face in her hands as she kissed him as well. She enjoyed their little role play, but she was glad their stubble was back; she liked the way it scratched her skin. Liam's arms wrapped around her waist, holding her firmly against his chest.

“Why don't we go home, lass?”

Emma nodded. “I think that's the best thing I've heard all day.”

They didn't go back to the townhouse immediately. Emma hadn't eaten much for breakfast, so they stopped for lunch. As they ate, she scanned the news coverage on a TV bolted to the wall across from them, but there wasn't anything on Robin's court martial. She didn't think there would be, as the press wasn't allowed and had long since moved on. But she did feel better. If this was the kind of the scrutiny they faced in private, what would happen if they went public? Well, more public than they were. They certainly weren't very shy about showing their affection for each other when they were out and about.

Like right now with Emma running her heel clad foot up Liam's leg under the table. Or Killian toying with her fingers as they waited for their food. Liam cornered her when she came out of the bathroom, kissing her deeply.
“Hey there, sailor.”

He grinned. “Afternoon, lass.”

“Couldn't wait?”

“Is that a complaint?”

“Nope.” She kissed him again, sighing into it, wishing they were home. “Come on, let's go.”

They collected Killian and paid their bill, catching another cab. The ride was blissfully short. Upon getting inside they marched straight to the bedroom, shutting the door firmly behind them. Liam got to her first, brushing her hair back and bringing her lips to his. She melted against him, moaning when she felt Killian's hands on her ass. They started to undress her, working together to peel the clothes from her body.

“If this is living in sin then I don't want to stop,” Liam mumbled against her collar. His teeth scraped, mouth sucked greedily on her collar as they stroked her smooth skin.

“Oh,” Emma moaned, “oh god.” Killian turned her head so he could kiss her, his hands skimming her belly.

“I have something for you,” he whispered in her ear. “May I?”

“Please.” She bit her lip when he disappeared; it was indecent how much she adored being pinned between them, letting them touch her. Liam was mouthing at her breast when Killian returned, somehow appearing a bit shy. She reached out her hand and he came to her, leaning in for a kiss.

“What is it?”

His grin was a combination of naughty and shy and he held out his hand. A curved butt plug lay in his palm. “I, uh, hoped you'd use it on me, love.”

Emma had to bite back a moan, a surge of want shooting through her. God, she loved that he wanted her to play. “Well, that depends,” she breathed, leaning more into Liam's touch. He pushed her skirt over her hips, leaving her clad in only her stockings and flimsy panties.

“On what?”

She grinned wickedly. “Have you been a naughty boy, Killian?”

He swallowed. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Strip and wait for me,” she ordered crisply. Killian rushed to obey her, practically running for the bed.

“You do enjoy giving orders,” Liam mumbled, tongue circling her navel. Emma ran her fingers through his curls, thighs clenching.

“I am dating two very hot naval officers,” she pointed out.

“Next time,” Liam said softly. “We're tying you to the bed and having our way with you.”

“Mmhmm,” she agreed. “Anything you want.” She pulled him back up and kissed him hard on the mouth. “Do you want to fuck me now or watch me play?”

“How about I play with you while you play with him?” Liam kissed along her jaw to her ear, biting
the lobe. “Then I'll have that greedy cunt.”

“Hmm, go grab the box.”

Emma watched him go, her hand sliding down her belly. She already ached fiercely. She rubbed herself through the soaked panties, just enough to take the edge off. Killian waited patiently, naked, watching her touch herself. Biting her lip, she peeled off her panties and stockings, knowing she wouldn’t need clothes for the rest of the day.

She stalked over to the bed, standing in front of Killian. “Give me the toy, Killian.”

He handed it to her and she examined it. It was new, jet back. There was a knob on the end; she turned it and it started to vibrate. Holy hell. Why didn't she have one that vibrated?

“When did you get this?”

“Last week.”

“You went by yourself?”

Killian nodded. “Aye.”

“That's very...industrious. Why did you want it?” She could see him getting more turned on as she spoke, pupils widening. He was already hard, length resting on his thigh.

“Because I want you use it on me, Mistress.”

“Did you wonder what it felt like? To feel full?”

He nodded vigorously. Emma smiled at him, and pressed a kiss to his lips. “How did it feel, buying this?” He hesitated and Emma stoked his jaw. “You can tell me. It's okay.”

He swallowed. “It was arousing,” he said softly. “I want you to use me again. Make me come like you did before. Punish me.”

Emma stepped between his legs, completely awed that he placed that much trust in her. That he could be that vulnerable and open. “Tell me, Killian. How did you imagine this?”

He was deceptively still. When he was in control, he was constantly touching, all over, addicted to bringing her pleasure. But Emma was the one in control, he knew he couldn't touch without permission. He slipped into the submissive role so easily, just like she did. Slowly, she brought his fingers to her heat, letting him feel how wet she was.

“Tell me. Then I can give it to you.”

He licked his lips. “May I touch, Mistress?”

She nodded. “Yes.” Having him touch her while telling what he wanted her to do to him...her core was already clenching.

“You tie me to the bed,” Killian began, fingers slipping through her folds. “Hands bound to the bedpost, so I'm up on my knees.” Emma moaned softly, her hands on his shoulders for support. “Then you start to lick, teasing me, making me squirm. I'm squirming too much, making you angry, so you spank me. Hard. It's feels so good, Mistress, you spanking me. I want to earn more punishment, because it feels so fucking good.” His fingers glided over her slick clit; she bit her lip. Liam was watching them with wide eyes...perhaps a hint of longing? Emma couldn't be sure, since
Killian was trying to kill her with his words. “You stop when my arse is red and warm, your wet finger pressing inside me. I want the plug, I beg for it, but you make me wait, make sure I can take it. And it's so good when it goes in. Is that what it's like, Mistress? Fuck, I want to know so bad.” He thrust his fingers inside her cunt and Emma came with a sharp cry, riding it out on his devious fingers.

“You...are a dirty, naughty boy, Killian,” she panted. She kissed him hard, then pulled back. “On your hands and knees. And don't move.” She walked around the bed, climbing up where Liam was. She got into his lap, sighing at the feel of skin on skin. “You're naked.”

“You are so lovely when you come,” he murmured, nipping at her pulse. “Fuck, I can still feel your pulse, so strong and fast.”

“It's never been like this,” she said, rubbing her sopping flesh over his cock. “I just want...all the time.”

“Oh, ah, I get to play, remember?”

“You don't want to fuck my brains out right now?”

“Of course I do, but I also want you to beg for it. Beg like you're going to make him beg.”

“Shit.” She kissed him hard then scrambled off his lap. “Hand me the rope.”

Liam pressed the rope into her hands and let her go. Emma crawled over to where Killian was still kneeling, his cock red and throbbing. She lifted his head up by the chin. “Safe word?” Now that she was tying him up too, he needed one. She'd laughed when he told her, but it suited him.

“Rooney.”

“Very good.” She went about tying his wrists together then binding him to the bedpost. She left enough slack so he could roll over, just in case. “Stay still.”

“Yes, Mistress.” It was an order they both knew he would flout, but she had to make it. How else could she punish him?

Emma smirked and moved behind him. She stroked the sweet curve of his ass; it really was spectacular and she counted herself lucky that he was hers. She pressed her mouth to his skin, inhaling his scent. The power she had over him made her dizzy. Slowly, she started to reenact his fantasy, spreading his cheeks so she could lick his hole. Killian moaned, squirming just a little. Emma pressed harder, squeezing his cheeks.

It was during this that she felt Liam touch her, the gentlest brush of his fingers through her slick folds. She hummed in pleasure, the vibrations making Killian jerk and curse. Emma pulled away, her hand coming down hard on his ass. “I said stay still.”

Killian moaned. Then he arched his back on purpose, knowing she would have no choice but to spank him. “Do you want to be punished?” she said harshly, her clit pulsing with need.

“No, Mistress.”

Emma smacked him again. “Liar. Do you know what happens when you lie to your Mistress?”

“What, Mistress?”
“You don't get to come. Not until I say. Is that understood?”

Killian nodded. “Yes, Mistress.”

Emma considered getting her new paddle but she didn't want to waste time. Her own need burned through her and she had still hadn't put the plug in. Instead, she used her hand, relishing the satisfying sound of flesh on flesh. She wasn't as strong as them, but his ass puffed quite nicely. Killian pulled on his restraints, cried out, but Emma knew he loved every second. After ten, she stopped, her hand stinging.

“So nice and warm,” she murmured. She smoothed her hand over him, soothing him.

“You are fucking soaked,” Liam growled. He licked along the inside of her thighs, lapping at her copious arousal.

“Don't stop,” she said to him, wetting her finger with lube.

“Bloody hell,” Killian breathed.

“Did I give you permission to talk?”

“No, Mistress.” His retort got cut off as she started to finger him, easing him open. It was easier this time; he was utterly relaxed.

“Liam's touching me,” she told Killian, rocking her hips back. “He wants to play with me while I play with you.” She slipped a second finger in widening the channel. She found his spot, teasing him. Killian groaned loudly, shivering hard. “Oh god.” Liam must have gotten one of her dildos because she felt it pressing at her entrance. “Fuck, that's...oh.”

“Slides right in,” Liam murmured. “That's how fucking wet you are. You should see it stretch you, Emma. So fucking hot.”

“Please,” Killian begged. “I want...fuck, I want it inside me. Please, Mistress.”

Emma made him wait, adding more lube, making him nice and slippery. Liam fucked her slowly with the dildo, long even strokes that made her knees weak. But she remained upright. Finally, she reached for the plug, coating it with more lube. Carefully, she pressed the tip to his hole, pushing it in. Killian hissed and groaned, fingers gripping the sheets.

“Oh fuck,” he cursed. Emma didn't have the heart to punish him; she knew how it felt to be stretched that first time. It took some adjustment. When he went still, she twisted the knob, turning it to its lowest setting. Killian screamed, his biceps bulging as he pulled furiously on the ropes holding him. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

“Roll over,” Emma ordered. Killian trembled hard but did as he was bid. His eyes were squeezed shut, stomach muscled clenched as he tried so desperately to heed her order not to come. She had so many other things she wanted to do to him, but they could work up to it. She reached for his cock, stroking him at last and he moaned.

“Please, please, please,” he whispered. It was a mantra on his lips.

She continued to toy with him, her own orgasm building. “Hurry, Liam,” she said, lowering her head to lick Killian's cock. “Fuck.” She licked the underside of his engorged flesh; Killian was whimpering now, the wood starting to creak from his restraints. Liam added his mouth, fucking her with the dildo while sucking her clit. Emma shuddered and cried out, her high coming in waves.
She was still coming as she started to stroke Killian in earnest. “Come,” she whispered. “Now.”

His back arched off the bed as he exploded, his release shooting across his stomach. He was screaming incoherently, shaking with the force of his orgasm. Emma hastily switched off the vibrator and brought him down, murmuring her love for him.

Liam slipped the dildo from her and tossed it aside. He kissed up her back and she sighed, feeling him hard and heavy against her ass. “Need you so much, Emma.”

“Give me one minute.” She turned and kissed him, stroking his cheek. Then she slithered out from under him and gently untied Killian from the bed. She kissed his wrists, intending to take care of him soon. He mumbled something she didn't catch; she smiled. She moved back to Liam, not protesting in the slightest when he pinned her under him. He slid into the cradle of her thighs and took her with one long stroke.

“Oh yes,” she breathed, dragging his mouth to hers. They kissed languidly as he fucked her, hips moving in sync. Liam pinned her wrists above her head, hitting her deeply with his cock. “Oh god, more.”

“Someday we're locking you away in a room and fucking you until none of us can move,” Liam muttered. “Bloody insatiable, you are.”

Her back arched under him. “Do you want...less sex, Liam? Because...we can try that.”

“Fuck no.” He thrust into her roughly. “Don't even think about that, lass.”

“Then what's the...fuck...problem?”

“Do I have to gag that pretty mouth, love?”

“You're the one talking instead of fucking me.”

Liam growled and moved. He grabbed her right leg and bent it back toward her chest. “Hold on to me,” he said harshly, hips jerking. Emma grabbed him by the shoulders and held on for the ride, Liam finding the perfect angle with his cock. In moments, Emma was crying out, screaming his name as she tumbled over the edge. He grunted, riding her through it, until he followed, forehead pressed to hers.

He rolled off almost immediately, which eased the ache in her awkwardly stretched muscles. She lay there with her eyes closed, body covered in sweat, trying to catch her breath. It took some time for her heart to slow to the point where she could get up. Emma rolled, swinging her legs off the bed. Liam started to go after her, but she waved him away. She walked to the bathroom and cleaned herself up for a change. She looked in the mirror and shook her head. She definitely had the freshly fucked look about her.

She wet a washcloth and brought it to where Killian still lay. He looked as if he were asleep. Emma kissed his brow lovingly, then started to clean him up, wiping his stomach and chest. He didn't stir until she eased the plug out, moaning softly.

“Did I hurt you?”

His eyes fluttered open. “’M fine, lass.” He dutifully rolled over so she could finish cleaning him. She pressed a kiss to his lower back when she finished.

“All done. How do you feel?”
"Like I've run a bloody marathon. You?"

Emma chuckled. "Now you know how I feel after marathon sex."

"Fucking fantastic, you mean?"

She grinned. "Pretty much." She gathered up the used toys and took them to be cleaned. She replaced everything to their box, including Killian's new toy. They would have some fun with that in the future. When she returned, Liam was there with three glasses of water and some cranberry juice for Emma. They settled on the bed and drank, the water soothing Emma's parched throat.

"So what do we do now?" Liam asked, taking Emma's glass and setting it aside.

"A nap?" Emma joked.

"As long as it involves not leaving the bed," Killian sighed. Emma poked him and he yelped. "What? I believe we've gotten our work out for the day. Don't you, love?"

"Speaking of working out, I've got a yoga class tomorrow."

"Again?"

Emma shook her head. "New one. Mary Margaret wants us to go together. Bonding for the wedding." She sipped at her cranberry. "James and Jack are back in the country."

Both Joneses groaned. "So have they decided to have the bloody thing here then?"

"I think so. They have time to do all the paperwork."

"Why'd Dave relent?"

Emma shrugged. "No idea. Maybe you should ask him."

Killian rubbed Emma's back. "How are you, Emma?"

She sighed. "I'm okay. Glad you guys were there with me, despite someone trying to cause an incident."

"He had no right to drag your personal life into it," Liam said. "I wanted punch him in his smug face."

"But you didn't. And he was just doing his job."

"Well, he can bloody well do it to someone else."

Emma lay back in the bed, they joined her. "The sooner it's over, the sooner we can put it behind us. I don't know about you guys, but I'm kinda looking forward to that trip to France."

They laughed, spending the rest of the afternoon contemplating all the trouble they could get into on the other side of the Channel.
Emma stood on the front stoop, shivering under her trenchcoat. It was only for a couple of minutes, but it was drizzling outside with a cold front coming through. And it felt bizarre to be standing outside her own home wearing nothing but a trechcoat and carrying a plastic container of cleaning supplies.

But it was not her turn to choose the role play.

She pressed the doorbell and waited. And waited. Christ, they really were going to milk this for all it was worth. She was about to press the bell again when the door opened.

“It's about time,” Killian groused. Emma had half a mind to elbow him hard as she stepped inside; this one was his idea. Emma going through the house doing chores...completely nude, their sexy maid for the day.

“Sorry for the delay, Mr. Jones,” Emma mumbled, her heels clacking on the wood floor. It would be so impractical to do some of the chores in heels, but they were part of the deal. And she did enjoy being fucked in said heels.

He looked her up and down, nodding approvingly. “It's quite alright, Miss...”

“Swan, Emma Swan.”

“Come on in. We've been waiting for you.”

“We?” She pretended to be curious, even though she knew Liam was waiting in the next room.

“My brother and I rent this place together. Is that a problem?”

Emma shook her head. “Not at all, Mr. Jones.”

Killian grinned. “Perhaps you should call me Killian, lass. To cut down on any confusion.”

“Okay...Killian.” She followed him into the living room, where Liam was sitting on the couch.

Liam looked up as soon as they came in. “Ah, at last.” He stood, holding out his hand. Emma switched the plastic container to her left and shook. His hand dwarfed hers and she felt the familiar jolt shoot up her spine.

“It's good to meet you, Mr. Jones.”

“Liam, please.”

Emma nodded, letting go of his hand. “So what do you need me to do?”

“A little of this, a little of that,” Liam said with a smirk. “Think you can handle it?”

Emma stood up straighter, thrusting her chin out. “I'm very good at what I do, Mr. Jones,” she said defiantly.

“I'll bet you are.”

“Let's get you to work, shall we?” Killian said, his hand on the small of her back. It burned through
the trenchcoat. She let him guide her to the kitchen, explaining where the various rooms were. Liam followed them; he didn't want to miss the moment.

Emma laid her plastic container on the counter of the island, fingers going to the belt of her trenchcoat. She loosened it slowly, letting it fall open. Her eyes flickered from one to the other; they stared back at her hungrily. She traced the edges of the coat on either side of her with her fingers before shrugging it down her arms. Goosebumps rose along her arms as she peeled it off, even though she'd been naked in front of them a thousand times. They knew her body better than she did.

Her breathing was shallow; she wet her lips. Her heart beat erratically in her chest, wondering how long it would take before one of them pounced on her. They were dressed pretty casually in t-shirts and board shorts, but the fabric stretched enticingly across their chests. Emma bought those shirts for them and deliberately got them a size too small. Her boys were fit and toned and she wanted to show them off.

She laid the trenchcoat across Killian's stool, then let her fingers graze her flat stomach. “I'll start in here then,” she said. Her voice was much breathier than she intended. “It'll be like I'm not even here.”

“We'll, uh, let you get to it.” Liam nodded, his fist clenching at his side. He left the kitchen, but Killian remained. He closed the gap between them, his fingers grazing her bare hip.

“Don't work too hard, lass,” he growled softly. “It could be a long day.”

“I'm sure you'll keep me on my toes, Killian.”

His fingers tightened on her hip for a moment, then he forced himself to leave. Part of her wished he'd stayed and ravished her right there. But the anticipation was everything in this scenario. She wasn't to know when they would seduce her (not that it would be difficult) or whom. As long as it ended with her having both of them, she wasn't picky.

Carefully, Emma pulled on some rubber gloves and started wiping down the countertops. She did the dishes in the sink, even though they had perfectly serviceable dishwasher. It was an odd feeling doing everything naked, but it was freeing at the same time.

It started innocently enough, if you could call seducing your maid innocent. Liam came into the kitchen, grabbing a beer from the fridge. As he walked past her, his hand slid over the curve of her ass, squeezing lightly. Emma's breathing hitched, waiting. She was disappointed when he left, an indecent smirk on his face. Killian followed not long after, his hand deliberately brushing the side of her breast as he reached for a plate.

She finished in the kitchen, grabbing the polish and a rag for the dining room table. She worked slowly, hoping someone would interrupt her.

“That's looks hot,” Killian said softly, standing in the doorway. “With your hair down, I mean.”

Emma stood, dirty rag in one gloved hand. “I'm okay.”

He moved deeper into the room. “We wouldn't want you to be uncomfortable,” he drawled. “Would you like a hand, lass?”

“Sure.”

Killian produced one of her hair ties from his pocket. “Turn around.”
Emma inhaled deeply and did so, laying the rag and polish on the table, pulling off the glove. She had to bite back a moan as Killian combed his long fingers through her hair. He gently massaged her scalp and she shivered. Carefully, he pulled her long hair up into a ponytail, deftly maneuvering the tie with his talented fingers. She waited for him to pull away, but he didn't. Instead his fingers skimmed over her skin, down her neck, over her shoulders, down the length of her spine.

“Better?”

Emma wet her lips again, eyes falling shut. “Don't stop.”

“Don't stop what? This?” He kissed the back of her neck, searing her skin. “Or this?” His hands came around and cupped her breasts, nipples tightening instantly. Emma whimpered, one hand clutching the nearby chair. “Or how about this?” He turned her around and pulled her in by the waist, kissing her hard on the mouth. Emma's hands fist his too tight shirt, surrendering to his kiss.

His lips moved down her throat, leaving her panting for air. Warmth pooled in her belly; she would not have protested if he simply took her on the tabletop.

She whined loudly when he pulled away, leaving her drowning in want. “I'll let you get back to work.” He smirked as she huffed, walking away, seemingly unfazed.

Emma snarled and grabbed her rag, furiously wiping down the dining room table.

She didn't see Liam's eyes follow her as she moved toward the laundry room.

Emma bent over the laundry basket, sorting colors from whites from towels. There was a few pieces of racy lingerie that would have to be done separately. She squirmed, her clit still throbbing with arousal. It was so cruel to wind her up, then not follow through. Didn't Killian know she liked having sex all over the house?

“Doing okay, Miss Swan?” Liam asked, making her jump.

“Oh my god!” She whirled around to find him standing in the doorway. His large frame took up most of the space.

“My apologies, lass. I didn't mean to frighten you.”

She dropped the shirt she was holding. “You didn't, I've just been...on edge.”

“That's too bad,” he replied with a small grin. “Is there anything I can do?”

She looked him up and down, appraisingly. “Perhaps there is. If it's not too much trouble.”

“I doubt anything involving you would be too much,” he replied cheekily. He came into the room and started to close the door.

“Lock it,” she said, her voice husky now. If Killian was going to torment her, then she'd make him listen while she and Liam had sex. He'd get her back for it, which would go very well for her.

“You should put a load in the washer,” Liam said, stepping up to her. His thumbs flicked over her tightening nipples. “I've always imagined taking you that way.” Now that they were alone, they could drop the act and just be Emma and Liam.

“Really?” She took the colors and flung them into the front loading washer, adding detergent. Liam's hands wandered over her bare skin as she moved; he loved simply touching her.
“Aye.” She straightened, resting her hands on his biceps. “I've imagined having you all over this house.”

“You very nearly have.”

He brushed her lips with his thumb; she caught it in her mouth. “To your intense delight if memory serves.” He made a little strangled noise as she licked at the pad of his thumb, his eyes wide with desire.

She shrugged. “Well, when the sex is this good, why stop?” She turned on the washing machine and turned back. “Now are you gonna kiss me, sailor?”

Liam grinned before crushing his mouth to hers. Emma sank against his broad chest, fingers coming up to twine in his curls. He lifted her up onto the machine, standing between her splayed thighs. They kissed slowly, savoring every twist of their tongues, every nibble of their lips. Liam's kisses were more methodical than his brother's, slow and intense, making her toes curl.

She got impatient, yanking on the hem of his shirt. Liam laughed, helping her draw it over his head. “It's so not fair that I'm the only one naked.”

“Ah, but you are a vision, lass.” He kissed down the valley of her breasts, hands grazing her ribs. “Could spend hours just looking at you.”

She shook her head. “Touching better.” She leaned back on her elbows, back arching as he moved down her trembling stomach. The washer vibrated a little under her, not nearly as much as it would soon. Her core clenched in anticipation, as she moaned loudly.

“God, always so responsive, Emma,” he murmured, palming a breast in each hand. “Want you so much.”

“So have me.”

“Ah, ah, not yet.” The washer started to agitate under her and she cursed. Sitting on the edge like she was made it feel amazing. Liam spread her legs further, kneeling so his head was between them. She keened when he licked her, fingers pulling on his hair. “So sweet, love.”

“Liam...fuck, I need...”

He didn't let her finish, sliding two fingers inside and pumping them vigorously. He sucked hard on her clit; she cried out his name. Then he kissed his way back up her torso as he fucked her with his fingers, until he captured her mouth. Emma kissed him back hungrily, her body tightening, so, so close to falling. “Fuck!” she swore, the orgasm washing through her. “Oh god.”

The rinse cycle started as he pulled back, his blue eyes black with want. He licked his own fingers clean, humming at the taste of her. Emma panted, body still trembling. They weren't done and they both knew it. She pulled him back in for another hungry kiss, shoving at his shorts. Liam helped her, loosening the drawstring enough for her to push them over his hips and releasing his cock. He groaned her name as she stroked him, loving the warm velvety feel of him. She brushed the weeping tip with her thumb; Liam hissed in pleasure.

“Emma.”

“God yes.” She guided him to her, keening as he pushed inside. It was a unique feeling, that first stretch of her body. She loved it all but she especially craved that first thrust, Liam's thick cock stretching her deliciously. “You feel so good,” she breathed, hitching her legs over his hips. “Jesus.”
“Can never get enough of you, love,” Liam murmured, pulling almost all the way out and thrusting in hard. “Need you.”

She nodded frantically, encouraging him to move faster. But Liam seemed intent on dragging it out, taking her with long slow strokes, mouth sucking hard where her neck met shoulder. She swiveled her hips, trying to get him to move, but then the spin cycle kicked in and she screamed. The vibrations were more than she anticipated and she had to hang on. Liam groaned, cursing, feeling the vibrations through her. He lifted her legs up under his arms, using that as leverage to take her harder and deeper. It was a wild ride, their keening cries filling the tiny room. Emma's second orgasm hit without warning; she screamed in surprise, nails digging into Liam's shoulders. Her fluttering walls and the spinning washer were too much for him and Liam followed, grunting hoarsely. They leaned on each other as the washer came to a stop, a thin sheen of sweat on their skin.

“Bloody hell,” Liam muttered, his forehead on her shoulder.


Liam kissed her collar. “Are you alright, love?”

Emma hummed. “I'm great.”

“Sometimes I just can't control myself.”

“Do you see me complaining?” She raised her head and looked into his eyes. “I'm tougher than I look, Liam. And you...maybe a little loss of control is good for you.”

“Love...”

“Hey, I love you just like this. But how do you know if you'll like something until you try it?”

“I definitely enjoyed this,” he said with a grin.

“See? Baby steps. And we're not even done yet.”

“You are amazing, you know that?”

“And you should get out of here. I've got work to do.”

“You've certainly got something to do.”

Emma shivered. She could imagine how Killian would be when he found her. “And you'll be right around the corner listening, won't you?”

“You know me too well.”

“No, I like it. If I didn't enjoy a little voyeurism I wouldn't be with you two, now would I?” She pushed on his chest. “Now shoo!”

Liam laughed and kissed her before stepping back and yanking his shorts back up. He didn't bother with his shirt, leaving it to be cleaned. Emma groaned as she watched him retreat, the muscles flexing in his back. How the hell had she gotten so lucky?

Quickly, she swapped out loads, intending to finish after their little role play was over. She crept through the hall, deciding where she would go next. Her heels were loud on the wood; she knew Killian could track her. She stepped into the study, thinking she would dust a bit and see if he turned up.
“Hello, love.”

Emma froze, the dark tone of his voice making her clit throb. Slowly she turned. “Hello, Mr. Jones.”

“Keeping busy, I trust?”

She swallowed. “I was going to start upstairs after I finished in here.”

“Figure out the washing machine alright? It can be tricky.”

“Liam helped.”

“That wasn’t all he helped you with, was it?” Killian stalked toward her, his eyes dark and predatory.

“I don’t know what you mean.”

Killian was in front of her, his hand skimming her collar. “He marked you.” He bent his head and kissed the mark on her neck, right where it met her shoulder. She hadn't even noticed. She inhaled sharply. “Did you let him fuck you?”

Christ, she could still feel the stickiness on her thighs. “Yes.”

“And I thought we were getting on so well.”

Emma leaned in, hoping to get him to touch her. “You left.”

“Did you like it? How did he have you?”

Emma licked her lips. “I loved it. We fucked on top of the washer.”

Killian's hand came up to skim her cheek. “And how many times did you come?”

“Twice, once on his fingers and once on his cock.”

“You sound a bit hoarse, lass. Did you scream for him?”

She swallowed. “Yes.”

“Would you scream for me, I wonder?” Finally, finally, he cupped her breast; Emma moaned softly. “Is that what you want? Both of us to fuck you?”

Emma nodded, looking directly into his eyes. “Please.”

“Such a wanton thing. On your knees, lass.”

Emma dropped to her knees, the heels of her shoes digging into the soft flesh of her ass. She watched as Killian untied the drawstring and pulled down his shorts enough for his cock to spring free. She licked her lips, waiting for his instructions. He pumped himself slowly a few times before offering it to her. “Let's see what that pretty mouth can do.”

Emma surged up eagerly, taking him into her mouth. She didn't want to waste time teasing him. She braced her hands on his thighs as she bobbed her head, swirling her tongue with every stroke. Killian groaned, one hand gripping her pony tail loosely. Tentatively, she reached up to fondle his balls, wondering how far he would allow her to go. He was in control here.

“You are a dirty girl,” he hissed. “Go on then.”
Emma smiled around him, slipping her hand between his legs. It was a tighter fit than usual—he was still wearing the shorts—but she found his sensitive spot just the same. He cursed loudly, pulling a little on her hair. “Fuck, that's good.” She felt him begin to tremble and he pulled away abruptly. Emma choked on air, surprised that he had her stop.

“Hands and knees, lass.”

Emma obeyed; she could hear him kicking off his shorts behind her. She caught a glimpse of him removing his shirt over her shoulder; she whimpered softly, needing to be skin to skin with him. He knelt down behind her, fingers skimming over her rounded cheeks, over her hips until he slipped them over her heated flesh.

“So wet for me,” he murmured. “Does that turn you on? Sucking my cock?”

“Yes.”

“Hmm.” She wriggled her hips, hoping he'd take pity and just have her already. She heard him chuckle darkly, rubbing the tip over her clit. Emma hissed, biting her lip.

“God, please.”

“Since you asked so nicely...” He pushed in but only a little. Emma whined in complaint, but she should have known he'd make her wait, after listening to her and Liam. He held back, taking her a little deeper with each rock of his hips; she almost sobbed with relief once he was in to the hilt. She squeezed her muscles around him and he cursed, his hand coming down on her ass. “Again,” he demanded.

She did it again on his next drive, both of them moaning in pleasure. “More, harder,” she pleaded, still squeezing him. “So good, Killian.”

Killian bent over her back, his large hands cupping her breasts. He rolled and pinched her nipples, hips rutting into her, just as she asked. “You're so hot,” he muttered in her ear. “Wandering around naked, practically begging to be fucked. You want us to fuck you together, don't you?”

Emma's insides went molten; she'd been hoping for just that. “I want it,” she cried. “Fuck, I want it so much.”

“After I'm done with you,” he promised. “You can be our dirty little fucktoy.”

Emma screamed, his words driving her over the edge. She was still spasming, her arms gave way and Killian kept driving into her, seeking his own release. She felt him stiffen and grunt, whispering her name as he pulsed inside her. They were both breathing hard as he lay on top of her. He rolled off and kissed her sweaty skin, muttering something she didn't catch. Her spot on the floor was comfortable; she even might have dozed for a few minutes. When she mustered the strength to open her eyes, Killian was facing her, carefully watching over her.

“Okay there?”

She smiled sleepily. “Mmmmm.” She stretched a bit, working out some kinks. “You?”

“I've got my girl naked on the floor, love. I'm fantastic.”

She laughed. “So easy, you two.”

“I wouldn't be casting stones, Emma. I wasn't kidding earlier.”
She didn’t have to ask what about. “Do you think it'll ever stop...this?” she asked, gesturing between them.

“Bloody hell, I hope not. But we'd still love you.” He ran his hand along her arm. “This just makes what we have extra special.”

His words warmed her heart, but she couldn't resist teasing him. “We wouldn't last a week. Too many pheromones in this place.”

“That month before you got here was awful.”

“Not going anywhere again. I promise.” She leaned in and kissed him, in no rush. She'd missed kissing him during their little playacting. Slowly, she pushed him on his back, covering his chest with her body.

“Keep that up and round three will come sooner than you think.”

“Maybe I want that.”

“Ah, ah, love. This is my fantasy. Which I believe involved a shower.”

“As long as you keep your promise...”

“Which one?”

She glared at him, a brow raised. “You know what I want.”

He grinned lecherously and squeezed her ass. “Indeed I do, my love.” He kissed her again, then pushed her off. “So you best get going. I expect to find you hard at work.”

She rolled her eyes at him and stood. Her legs wobbled a bit and Killian grinned smugly. He loved making her unsteady on her feet. She chose to blame the fuck me heels she was still wearing. She tossed her head and left, heading up the stairs. Liam was nowhere to be seen, but she knew he’d heard everything. She did know a way to speed things along though.

The bedroom was messier than usual; for her to clean, no doubt. But before she did that, she ducked under the bed for their toy box, selecting a medium size plug and a bottle of lube. Emma shut the bathroom door and got to work, thinking about how they would lose their minds when they saw what she’d done. With a dollop of lube on her finger, she bent over the sink to tease herself. She imagined it was them instead, eager for how it would feel when they were both inside her. It only took her a few minutes, then she was sliding the plug in, sighing softly.

Emma washed her hands and dried them, leaving the lube on the vanity. Then she went back into the bedroom and started to straighten up. The plug rubbed and jolted her, a constant reminder of what she had to look forward to.

Liam found her as she was hanging things in the closet. “Working hard, lass?”

Emma ducked her head out. “Almost finished. I just have the bathroom to go. If that’s alright with you?”

“More than alright,” he replied, swallowed heavily. Emma bent over the chair on purpose, so he could get a good look at her ass. “Been busy, I see.”

She shrugged. “For two bachelors, you two are really...messy.”
“Who’s messy?” Killian asked, entering the room.

“The lass believes we are,” Liam said, still staring at Emma's ass. “For a couple of bachelors.”

“Perhaps we need the right lass to settle down with.”

Emma finished her task, heading for the bathroom. “I'll be in here if you need me.” Her hips swayed as she walked, almost ensuring they would follow. She grabbed a scrub brush from under the sink and turned on the water of the shower. She kicked off her shoes and climbed in, pretending to scrub the tile, counting in her head.

She got to thirty when the glass door slid open. “Need a hand, love?” It was Killian.

“Maybe.” She turned as he doused himself under the spray, black hair soaked, water sluicing over his skin. “That's much better.”

Killian closed the tiny space, covering her right hand—the one with the brush—with his. Together they swirled it over the tile, his chest to her back, his free hand sliding over her trembling stomach. “God, you're really into this, aren't you?”

“I love everything we do together,” she whispered back, breaking character for only a moment. She leaned back into him, head on his shoulder. “Where's Liam?”

“Right here, lass.” The door opened again and he entered, touching her almost immediately. She moaned happily, thrilled they were all together. All pretense of scrubbing the shower was abandoned as Liam kissed her deeply. Killian pulled them all back under the spray and reached for the soap.

“I think it's time we wash you, lass,” he murmured, squeezing some into his hand. He gave some to Liam as well and they started to rub it into her skin, paying special attention to every spot that made her moan and writhe.

“Oh god,” she breathed, hand fumbling for the rail. Liam was on his knees again, soapy hands sliding over her legs as he nuzzled her mound.

“Fuck, you smell good,” he mumbled. He kissed her hooded clit, hands sliding higher.

Want rolled through her, settling low in her belly. Killian plucked at her straining nipples with soapy fingers while sucking another mark into her neck. She'd have matching ones when he was finished.

“Did you do this for us?” Killian asked, tapping the plug.

“Y-y-yes,” she breathed, jerking a little in his hold. Liam was getting bolder, playing with her clit. “I want you...to...fuck me. Together.”

“Do you think she's earned that, brother?” Killian asked. “Should we give her what she wants?”

“Soon. I want her to come first.”

“Oh shit,” Emma cursed. She wasn't going to be able to move when they were done with her.

“Shh, just lean on me, love,” Killian whispered. “I've got you.” He pulled down the shower head and rinsed her off. Liam continued to teased her entrance, rimming her before sliding in a single long digit. Killian adjusted the spray to steady pulsing, bringing it to her clit. Emma cried out, trying to jerk away but they held her firmly. Liam added a second finger, pumping in and out, water beating on her swollen nub.
“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Emma panted, hips rolling, shoulders pressed against Killian's chest. She could hardly breathe, the onslaught too much and not enough.

“Come on, Emma, come.” Killian's words growled in her ear made her lose it completely, shaking in his hold. He removed the water almost instantly; he didn't want her passing out. Emma sagged against him, whimpering. Killian kissed her shoulder, fumbling to turn off the water. Liam kissed her stomach, soothing her with his hands. She could feel Killian, hard and heavy, waiting for her.

“Still want us, lass?”

She nodded weakly. “Just...give me a minute. Been thinking about it all day.”

“Have you now?” They helped her out of the shower and dried off with some fluffy towels. Emma took each of their hands and moved them back to the bedroom. Liam moved for the bed but Emma shook her head.

“Um, can we do it standing?”

“I do love the way your mind works, love,” Liam growled, lightly smacking her ass. “Enjoyed that, did you?”

Their role play was over, but they weren't quite finished yet. “Definitely.” She pulled him back to her, kissing him. Killian pouted; she broke off and kissed him too, nibbling on his bottom lip. “Are you two going to ravish me or what?”

Near identical low growls rent the air and Emma bit her lip. She asked for this, wanted it, craved it. She laughed as they picked her up, supporting her weight between them, Killian in front, Liam in back. She was already wet again, their kisses intoxicating. Killian coaxed her legs over his hips as they lowered her onto him. She hung onto his neck, kissing and nuzzling along his jaw. He felt good, thrusting shallowly as Liam got her ready for him.

Liam pulled the plug out and she whimpered at the loss. But in moments his fingers were back, coating her with lube, then himself. “Ready, Emma?”

She nodded. “Yes.” A long loud moan tore from her throat as he pushed inside; she felt gloriously full, connected to them once more. They were still for a long beat so she could adjust then they held her between them and started to move. Fuck, she had missed this, the way they fit inside her, the way their cocks stroked her like this. She held tightly to Killian as they moved together, in, out, in, out, alternating, neither leaving her fully.

“She's so bloody tight like this,” Liam growled. “Feels...fuck, so good.”

“Faster,” Emma panted. “Oh god, faster. Please.” They were bottoming out on every drive, and it was driving her crazy. She didn't know how much longer she could last, with them hitting places only this position could give them.

“As you wish,” Killian whispered. He kissed her brow and rolled his hips faster as he and Liam resynched their rhythm. Emma was whimpering now, high pitched cries as her orgasm began to flutter. The boys cursed, moving with more purpose, urging her to fall. It blossomed slowly, pouring out of her, nearly drawing her under as she screamed. She fought to stay conscious, wanting to see them fall too.

They came at nearly the same moment; she could feel them pulse deep inside her. A few ruts and
they were spent, using their last of their strength to hold her up. Emma winced and moaned weakly as they set her down; her knees buckled almost immediately. Liam caught her and together they carried her to the bed.

“We got you dirty again, love,” Killian teased lightly, brushing hair back from her sweaty brow.

“'S okay.” she mumbled, trying to smile. Her body wasn't exactly obeying her at the moment. “You'll just clean me up.”

After that she did sleep, only stirring as they completed their post sex rituals. They were her first lovers to actually take care of her after; although, admittedly, she hadn't allowed anyone else the chance. Not since Neal fumbled his way past her virtue in the back of her Bug. Emma hadn't been into marathon sex before them either. She wasn't the one and done girl anymore.

She woke up a bit later to find them sleeping. They looked so peaceful, almost boyish in sleep. Still handsome though, the bastards. She fluttered kisses to their temples then carefully climbed out of bed. She got a shirt (one of theirs) and slipped it over her head. She managed to pad down to the kitchen for some water, juice and snacks. She was starving.

They found her about an hour later, still munching. “There you are,” Liam said in relief.

“I was hungry.” She accepted his sweet kiss, smiling up at him. “I didn't want to wake you guys up.”

Killian leaned down for a kiss as well. “Imagine waking up and finding this ponce next to me instead of you, Emma.”

She rolled her eyes. “You'll live.”

“And how are you, love?” Liam asked, stealing a grape.

“Pretty good.” In fact, she ached in all the right places, having enjoyed herself thoroughly.

“How about we take this down,” Killian said, reaching for her loose pony tail. He pulled out the elastic and combed her long tresses with his fingers.

“Hmm, this is how it started before,” Emma said softly.

“I love your hair, darling.”

“And I enjoy you playing with it.” She leaned back and let him play, still eating her snack.

“Should we order in or is this enough?” Liam asked. She had an entire spread out, cheese, crackers, fruit. She switched to some sweet wine after finishing her water and juice.

“Could you make me a grilled cheese?”

He grinned at her. “Of course.” She could make it herself, but they loved pampering her. And she thought she earned it after their game.

Killian pulled her hair into a loose braid, flicking it over her shoulder. “There you are, love,” he murmured, kissing her cheek.

“You're getting good at that,” she commented. At first, she thought it a bit odd that he wanted to brush her hair or braid it for her, but it kinda became their thing. She liked it best when she sat in front of her vanity watching him in the mirror; he was very gentle and she found it really soothing especially after a long day.
“You give me lots of time to practice,” he replied with a wink. She threw a grape at him and he caught it in his mouth. Emma rolled her eyes.

“Are we out of milk again?” Liam asked, cutting off Emma's retort.

“You don't need milk for grilled cheese.”

“No, but I was going to make French toast in the morning, until someone drank it all.” Liam turned to glare at Killian.

“Oi! Why am I always the one accused?”

“Because I always catch you drinking it out of the jug...which, yuck,” Emma said swiftly. “Would it kill you to get a glass?”

“I didn't know it bothered you that much.” He looked a bit ashamed.

“I'll bet I have a few quirks that drive you guys nuts.”

“You snore?”

“I do not!”

Liam grinned. “No, you don't. But I had you going for a minute!”

Emma huffed and gave him a shove. “Shouldn't you be cooking?”

“And miss a statement of your adorable faults? Never.”

“God, you are such a sap.” She thought that about herself at least twice a week nowadays.

Liam shrugged, reaching for the skillet. “Only when it comes to you, sweetheart.”

“So what does Liam do that annoys you, Emma?” Killian asked, popping a cheese cube in his mouth.

“Why am I suddenly the one on the spot?”

“Because we've lived together for years,” Liam replied, buttering bread for her sandwich. “We've grown immune to each other's habits.”

Emma sighed. Really, most of the time they were great to live with. They got along spectacularly well, all things considered. Her being the newcomer, she expected it to be worse. It was just tiny things, things easily overlooked given how much she loved them. Like drinking from the milk jug.

“Tapping.”

“I don't follow, love.”

“When you read,” she clarified. “You tap your finger over and over.”

“And that annoys you?”

“Only a little?”

“I forgot you do that,” Killian said thoughtfully. “I guess I just got used to it.”
"It's not a big deal," she added. "Really, it's not."

Liam merely laughed. "All the same, I shall try to curb it. I enjoy our reading time." He plopped her finished sandwich down in front of her and stole a kiss. "Speaking of, what should we read next?"

That kept them occupied for the rest of the evening. She slept deeply that night, snuggled between them. She planned an early start, as Mary Margaret wanted to have another girls' outing. Their yoga was a bust, as Jack complained the whole time. Emma was growing to really dislike the brunette but knew she'd have to suck it up for her friend's sake.

So what if she and Ruby kept trying to find a way to make her disappear?

"Where are you ladies off to today?" Killian asked over breakfast. Liam had to settle for waffles instead of French toast, but it was his mother's recipe, which Emma really loved.

"Something about a spa? Then, I think Mary Margaret wanted to go dress shopping."

"Maybe dress shopping should be before the spa," Liam chuckled. "Isn't that stressful for brides?"

"Mary Margaret's a planner; I'll bet she's got half the wedding planned already," Killian said.

"They only just decided which country to have it in, little brother," Liam said dryly. "Still curious how she managed to get around David."

Emma laughed. "Maybe the same way I deal with you two," she teased.

"And how's that?"

Emma hopped off her stool to go get some more orange juice. "With lots of sweaty sex."

Liam nearly choked on his coffee; Killian just nodded. "She's not wrong, Liam," he said, chuckling.

"Yeah, fortunately for you two, it works out very well for me. Sexually frustrated Emma isn't fun to be around."

"Didn't you say that's how you were the night we met, love?" Killian asked. "I quite enjoyed that."

"Yeah, and look where it's gotten us."

Liam added a waffle to her plate then got his own. "Blissfully happy and in love? I'd say that's a fair trade."

Emma rolled her eyes, but she smiled all the same. "I'm just glad I never have to fake an orgasm ever again."

This time it was Killian who choked. "You've done that?"

"Trust me, every girl learns how to fake it. I stopped doing it pretty early. It's not my fault if some idiot doesn't know where everything goes."

Liam was blushing. "I can't believe we're discussing this over breakfast."

"Isn't that the sign of a healthy relationship? Open communication?" She smiled at him, enjoying teasing him. She hopped off her stool again and went to draw him in for a kiss. "We should go out and do something soon. Just the three of us. Okay?"
“I'd like that.”

“I'll let you guys plan it, then we can go make other people uncomfortable with how happy we are.”

“Emma!”

“What? It's not like we haven't flagrantly flirted in public before. And other things.” About the only thing they hadn't done was have actual sex in a public place.

“You've unleashed a monster, brother,” Killian said, around a mouthful of waffle.

“I must be happy, I'm starting to sound like Mary Margaret.”

Killian swallowed. “Seeing as its our job to make you happy, I'll take that as a compliment, love.”

She grinned at him. “You really should.” She checked her watch. “Okay, I've gotta go. See you boys tonight?”

They nodded. “Have fun, Emma,” Liam said. She kissed him first, then Killian, tasting coffee and syrup on their lips.

“Love you!” she called as she headed for the door.

She took the Underground to Chiswick, thankful the weird closures seemed to be ending. On her way, she called Lily to check in on Milah's case. Now that Emma knew who the woman was, she was curious about her. She hurt Killian pretty badly and that alone made Emma want to give the older woman a piece of her mind. Fortunately, she was safely locked away, awaiting her hearing.

Mary Margaret texted her with a change of plans; they were definitely dress shopping first. Emma chuckled; Liam was right. It was kinda handy that they didn't have to worry with all the hoopla; they just quietly signed some papers then went home to celebrate.

After getting to Chiswick Park, Emma hopped a cab to the dress shop her friend mentioned. Mary Margaret was already there, waiting with a nervous smile on her face.

“Emma!”

Emma paid and hurried out of the cab, almost immediately caught in Mary Margaret's hug. “Hey, Mary Margaret,” Emma said, laughing nervously. Those hugs still threw her off guard. “You know we just saw each other a couple of days ago, right?”

“I'm just glad you got here first,” Mary Margaret replied breathlessly. “I was afraid it would be Jack.”

“Jack's coming?”

“I thought we'd look at bridesmaids dresses while we were all together. You think it's a bad idea?”

Emma held up her hands. “She's going to be your sister in law, not mine.”

“James doesn't strike me as the marrying type. But you didn't either when I first met you, Emma.”

“But I'm not married.”

Mary Margaret rolled her eyes. “Please. You're married in all but name. Those boys adore you. Don't tell Ruby I said this, but I'm a tiny bit jealous.”
“What? Why? David's a great guy.”

Mary Margaret blushed. “I know he is. And I love him dearly. But you guys...just seem to flow. It's really amazing.”

“It's not always a picnic,” Emma argued. She didn't get to finish her thought as Ruby showed up. The three of them said their hellos and headed into the shop. Jack could catch up later, after being fashionably late.

Emma was a bit overwhelmed; there was a lot of white. It reminded her a bit of a car dealer showroom, which in a way it was, only for wedding dresses. Mary Margaret looked both overwhelmed and excited, her green eyes flitting from one dress to the next.

An eager saleswoman can up to them; she looked very chic in a navy blue pantsuit with an offwhite top. “So which one of you is the lucky bride?”

Mary Margaret raised her hand and Emma smothered a snicker. She shared a look with Ruby, who was also grinning. Mary Margaret showed off her ring and introduced her bridesmaids. “I'm not sure where Jack is,” she said worriedly. “She should have been here by now.”

“She'll find us,” Ruby said firmly. “If not, her loss.”

“If you ladies would like to step back here, we can take your measurements. Then you can browse while we find something that may suit you,” the woman, Irene, said briskly. She came off as nice but efficient, clearly used to dealing with waffling emotional brides.

Fortunately, Mary Margaret was neither of those things. She and David had been together for a long time; the only thing she wanted with the same intensity was a gold medal at the Olympics. Mary Margaret could be frighteningly single minded when she wanted something, Emma was discovering.

They headed for the changing area, where a catch of clerks and seamstresses waited. Emma felt a bit like a sow at auction as she stood on a stool and let an older woman with gray hair measure her waist, bust and hips.

“Do not tell the boys those measurements,” she hissed to Ruby, as they finished. “They'll just use it as an excuse to buy me things.”

“Yeah, because gifts from your dashing naval officers is such an affront to feminism,” Ruby said with a grin.

Emma rolled her eyes. “They pamper me far too much already.”

“I think it's just who they are, Emma,” Mary Margaret said. They wandered out to the main floor, examining some of the dresses. There were traditional dresses, long and flowing, some offbeat dresses that Emma herself wouldn't be caught dead in. She suspected Mary Margaret would go the more traditional route.

“I know,” Emma said. “And I'm not complaining. God knows it's nice to come home after a long day and have free massage.” She looked at the price tag on one of the dresses. And her eyes bugged out of her head. “Holy shit!”

“What?” Mary Margaret and Ruby came running, curious about Emma outburst.

Emma stepped away from the dress hastily. “That dress is ten thousand dollars.” It was worth more than her Bug.
“It's also a bit ugly,” Ruby said, appraising the dress.

“Did you miss the ten thousand dollar part?” Emma cried. “Who cares what it looks like!”

“How much did you think wedding dresses cost, Emma?” Ruby asked.

Well, she wasn't a complete idiot. She knew they were expensive. She never expected to wear one herself, so she didn't go around pricing them! But she could still acutely remember needing to steal to eat her next meal. She remembered being hungry and homeless; it made her a frugal person once she did have her own income and got on her feet.

“Nevermind,” she mumbled, trying to move on to another dress. “Doesn't matter.”

They let her go for a few minutes, until Mary Margaret appeared at her elbow. “Emma? You okay?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.”

“My parents are paying for the wedding,” her friend said quietly. “We were very well off; my dad's the CEO of our family company. It's how I can afford to train. But I was never very comfortable with it.”

Emma examined the lace sleeve of a gorgeous gown. “I was an orphan,” she admitted. “A runaway. I've always had to be careful.” Especially after she got out of jail, but she didn't want to tell Mary Margaret that. Not yet. “It just took me by surprise, that's all.”

“If it helps, I didn't like that one anyway.”

Emma's lips quirked up in a little grin. “It is kind of hideous.”

She looped her arm through Emma's. “Come on, let see what else they've got.”

Irene brought out three racks of dresses, two filled with bridal gowns for Mary Margaret and one with bridesmaids dresses, in a variety of colors and styles. They looked at dress after dress, laughing and goofing off.

“Aren't you supposed to just know?” Ruby said, looking at Mary Margaret in the mirror. The shorter woman was trying on an off the shoulder monstrosity that looked terrible, not that Emma would say so. “Isn't that how this works?”

“Know what?”

Emma's head swiveled; Jack was stalking over to them. Her brown hair was up in a knot, her blue eyes curious, displaying zero guilt for being late.

“The right dress,” Ruby said dully.

“What about this one?” Emma said briskly. She wasn't overly fond of Jack either, but this was about Mary Margaret.

“Oh!” Mary Margaret stepped off the stool and looked at the dress Emma was holding. “I like this one.” She smiled gratefully at Emma and took it into the changing room.

“Have we made any progress?” Jack asked, sitting in the plush chair next to Emma. “How are Killian and Liam? And Victor, of course.”

“They're fine,” Emma said. “I think they mentioned something about rock wall climbing.” They'd
said no such thing; she just made it up for Jack's benefit. But it might not be a bad idea for an outing.
Her boys in those form fitting workout clothes...

“Victor's at the hospital,” Ruby said. “But he's good.”


Jack frowned. “He and David don't see eye to eye on a lot of things, but he's working on it.”

“Just make sure he doesn't get David a stripper at his bachelor party,” Ruby said darkly. “Mary
Margaret'll lose it.”

“What's wrong with that?”

“Because the only person who should be stripping for him is me,” Mary Margaret said firmly,
stepping out of the dressing room. Emma's agreement died on her lips as she got a good look at her
friend. The strapless gown highlighted Mary Margaret's pixie hair cut, the pale flawless skin of her
neck and shoulders. The bodice was covered with an intricate lace pattern, which was reflected at the
hem of the belled pleated skirt. Mary Margaret was always pretty, but she looked like a princess.

“Wow,” Emma whispered. Ruby let out a low whistle.

“Do you like it?” the bride asked nervously.

“It's really great,” Emma said. She'd grabbed it at random, but it really did look amazing.

“David won't know what hit him,” Ruby agreed.

“It's pretty if you like a train,” Jack said. She didn't sound very enthusiastic. But it wasn't her
wedding, so who cared?

“Have we found something?” Irene asked hopefully.

Mary Margaret was beaming. “I think so.”

“Excellent! Let us take you back so we can decide if any alterations are needed.” The two women
left the others alone. Jack headed for the bridesmaids rack, wrinkling her nose at some of the dresses.

“Possessive, isn't she?” Jack said, examining a lilac dress.

“So?” Emma ad Ruby shot back at the same time.

“I was just thinking about how different she and David are from me and James,” Jack replied with a
shrug. Emma remembered Killian's comment about James staring down her shirt the one time Emma
met him. “What about you, Emma? Would you have a problem with a stripper?”

“Those boys don't need a stripper, they have Emma,” Ruby said stoutly. “And besides, they're
already married for all intents and purposes.”

Emma shot a look at her friend; it wasn't exactly a secret, but Jack was really the last person Emma
wanted having details about her love life.

“Oooh, what does that mean?” Jack asked, looking truly interested for the first time since arriving.

Emma decided to tell the truth. She didn't have anything to hide. “It means that we've made our
relationship as legal as possible. It's complicated.”
“But you don't have rings.”

Emma looked down at her hand. “Well, no. We can't have a ceremony so why bother?” But part of her was starting to wonder if it was a good idea to get rings. They knew how they felt, how committed they were to one another. But it might be nice to have that symbol.

“I can't quite figure how your...relationship works, Emma, but you seem happy,” Jack said carefully.

“Yeah, we are.” The subject was dropped for the moment as Irene brought out more bridesmaids dresses. Now that Mary Margaret's was chosen, it was their turn.

They wound up leaving empty handed; Mary Margaret couldn't decide on a color she liked. Or a style everyone could live with. Jack was particularly hard to please; Emma got the impression she was being difficult for the sake of it. To make matters worse, Jack left them as soon as they exited the shop, saying she had somewhere else to be. Ruby made a very rude noise as soon as the woman was out of earshot.

“No, let her go,” Mary Margaret said heavily. “It's fine.”

“It's not,” Ruby said emphatically. “Why are we putting up with her again?”

“Because she's family, or almost family,” Mary Margaret said. It sounded like she'd rather be force fed poison. “And we can't choose our family.”

“I don't believe that,” Emma said abruptly. They were waiting for a cab to taken them to the spa, which would be much more fun now that it was back to just the three of them.

“Believe what?”

“That you can't choose your family. I did.” She took a deep breath and looked up. “I didn't have anyone. I didn't think I needed anyone. But Killian and Liam...they're my family now. All because we keep choosing each other, every day.”

“That's really beautiful, Emma,” Mary Margaret said with a smile. “See what I mean? You guys are great together.”

Emma laughed. “Yeah, even when Killian's drinking out of the milk jug or Liam's being stubborn. Or one of our exes comes back unexpectedly.”

“What?!” Ruby and Mary Margaret said together.

The cab arrived, thankfully, so she didn't have to explain. “It's a long story, don't ask.” They ducked into it and gave the driver the address for the spa. Ruby was telling them about Victor's brother Gerhardt when Emma felt her phone vibrate.

It was a text from Killian. *Having a good time?*

She grinned. *Yeah. We were just talking about you guys.*

A reply came back a minute later. *Good things, I hope?*

Emma rolled her eyes. *Like how you drink out of the milk jug?*

*I apologized for that!*

Emma chuckled. *I'm just teasing you, sheesh. You boys behaving?*
The reply took longer than she thought it would and arrived in the form of a picture. It was Killian and Liam looking sweaty but pleased with themselves. Liam had on boxing gloves.

_Where are you?_ Emma asked.

_Navy club_ was the answer. She vaguely remembered that as a place they liked to go to work out, but she'd never been there.

_Just don't beat each other up too badly, okay?_

_We're just sparring, love. No harm done._

_I'll see you when I get home. Say hi to Liam. Love you guys._

They sent her another picture back, grinning, Liam's hands now free of the gloves. Under it was a bunch of beating heart emojis that actually made her blush. Stupid romantic men.

“Checking in?” Ruby asked with a sly grin.

“They were checking in,” Emma corrected. “I'll give them the blow by blow later.”

“Oh, I think we're here!” Mary Margaret said excitedly. “I've been needing this.”

They piled out of the cab and headed for the entrance to the spa. Emma had never actually been to one before, deeming it a luxury she could do without. She didn't really need it now anyway, since Liam and Killian were so diligent about looking after her. Still, it would be nice to relax with her friends.

Mary Margaret confirmed their appointment and the receptionist—a chiseled dark skinned specimen of a man—pointed them in the direction of the locker room so they could change.

“Damn,” Ruby said softly as they walked away. “Does everyone look like that here?”

“He was okay,” Emma said. “Maybe a little too defined?”

“Do I even want to know?” Ruby said.

“Even if you did, I wouldn't tell you,” Emma said loftily. “Those boys are taken.”

“Guys, we're relaxing, right? No boy talk.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Emma said to Mary Margaret, laughing. They changed into the soft robes, leaving only their bras and panties. They headed for the sauna first, relaxing in the steam.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Ruby said suddenly. “I sold a painting.”

“You did?!” Mary Margaret cried. “Why didn't you tell us?”

“We were dress shopping for your wedding,” Ruby replied as if it were obvious. “My news could wait.”

“Tell us now,” Emma said. And so Ruby launched into it, describing her sale in detail. Apparently, if the galley that bought the piece could sell it at a good price then they were planning on taking more of Ruby's art.

They chatted amicably about that and work and Mary Margaret's training as they moved on to have
massages, manicures, pedicures, facials and heat wraps. Emma's masseuse wondered at her lack of serious tension and she shared a grin with her friends. It was difficult for her to stay stressed out and tense when she had Liam and Killian in her life.

Emma had a warm towel wrapped around her face when a skinny twenty year old boy stuck his head in the room. “Um, is Emma Swan in here?”

Emma sat up. “Yeah, why?”

“Miss, uh, Swan, there's a call for you. They say it's urgent.”

“Who is it?”

“Liam?”

Emma was up before he even got the word out, unwinding the towel from her face. The assistant helped her wipe most of the gunk off her face, allowing her to hurry to the phone. Emma briefly wondered why Liam hadn’t called her cell, then Emma remembered it was back in her locker.

The boy led her to a hall phone which she picked up pressing the right button. “Liam? What's wrong?”

“Finally,” Liam said testily. “We've been calling every spa in bloody London.”

“Sorry. What's up?”

“Reynolds called, love.” There was a shuffling sound; then Emma heard Killian's voice. “I've got her here, brother,” Liam said to Killian. “Emma, I'm going to put you on speaker.”

“Okay, what did Reynolds want?”

“They found him,” Killian said quickly. “Gisbourne. Masters is bringing him in as we speak.”

“Where?” Liam told her everything they knew; Emma gestured for a pen and paper. The nervous boy fetched her some and she took notes. “Okay, I'm going there now. I want to see the bastard confess.”

“Emma...”

“Don't try and talk me out it. This is my case still.” Technically, it wasn't but it felt like hers. She knew Anastasia fairly well by now and wanted to see the man who had threatened her.

“I was going to ask if you wanted us to meet you there,” Liam said calmly.

“That's sweet, but no. I've got this. I'll call you when I'm on my way home, okay? Hopefully, we'll be celebrating.”

“Go be brilliant, love,” Killian said. “We'll be here.” They said goodbye and Emma went back to where Mary Margaret and Ruby were waiting.

“I'm really sorry, guys,” she said. “It's a work thing, I've gotta go.”

“It's okay, Emma,” Mary Margaret said. “Let us know how it turns out?”

“Definitely.” She headed back for the locker room and changed back into her clothes. It took her a few minutes to call a cab—getting her own car was at the top of her list of priorities as of right now
—washed the rest of the green goop off her face. She felt a bit ridiculous dressed in her standard blouse, jeans, boots combo with a fresh manicure but she could deal with it.

The cab picked her up about five minutes later and took her to the Navy building. She waited impatiently as she was issued a visitor's badge, calling Reynolds' office to let him know she was coming up. The commander had called her cell twice while she was at the spa, but all she was getting was voice mail.

Reynolds's assistant directed her to the basement, where the interrogation rooms were. Feeling like she was going in circles, Emma took the elevator back down and followed the hall to the left, as instructed. There were rooms lining the hall; it took her a minute to find the right one. She didn't burst into the actual interrogation room; she was a civilian and didn't have any authority. Instead, she knocked on the door to the room directly adjacent, on the other side of the one-way mirror.

"Enter." She opened the door. Reynolds looked surprised to her. "Miss Swan. I see you got my messages. I didn't expect you to come all the way here."

"It was on my way," she lied. "Where do we stand?"

"He's been denying everything. But Masters will get him to confess. We just have to wait."

Emma looked through the glass; it was a bit unnerving, even though she knew he couldn't see her. Gisbourne looked terrible. His hair was closely cropped, but sloppy, like he'd done it himself. It was uneven and rough. His beard was unkempt and there were dark circles under his eyes. He looked like he'd been up for days. He wore no uniform; instead, he had on a rumpled old t-shirt and sweats.

"Where'd you find him?"

"On a boat in Southampton," Reynolds said. "Trying to flee the country. The Captain of the vessel grew suspicious when he paid the fairly exorbitant passage in cash."

"Why'd you have to sew the button back on?" Masters was saying. "You can tell us."

"People lose buttons all the time," Gisbourne snapped. His voice was rough and cracked, like wood that had been left outdoors too long untreated.

"But that's not all we have," Masters said seriously. One by one, he produced the other evidence they had collected; Emma's photos, her financial research, statements from witnesses in Sydney and the Sherwood served up a pretty damning case.

"If you help us, we can make this easier for you," Masters argued, dangling the carrot. "Dishonorable discharge. No brig time. That'd be pretty tempting to me."

Emma watched Gisbourne's face. "Tell Masters he's wasting his time," she said quietly. "He'll never give Nottingham up." It infuriated her but Gisbourne alone was enough to prove her and Anastasia right.

"How do you know?" Reynolds asked.

A image of her much younger self, sitting in the same position as Gisbourne gave her the answer. "They're family," she replied. "Nottingham may be a shitty human being, but I'll bet Gisbourne thinks he hung the moon."

Reynolds demurred, but in the end, Emma was right. They got Gisbourne to cave on stalking Ana and her family, even on arranging the misfired weapon. But no matter what Masters tried, Gisbourne
wouldn't give his cousin up. And the shell companies made it impossible to track the money with any certainty.

Still, Robin could be cleared of all charges now.

Emma headed home, calling to let the boys know she was on her way. It was her turn to celebrate.
“Come on, love!” Killian hollered up the stairs. “We're gonna be late!”

“Coming!” Emma slipped into a pair of her favorite heels before rechecking her reflection in the mirror. She smoothed down her short golden dress and fluffed her hair one last time. They were going to a party to celebrate Robin's acquittal by the board. Gisbourne's confession collapsed the prosecution’s case and Emma couldn't say she was sad about that. After the way Dorsey treated her on the stand, she was thrilled to have Robin get the justice he deserved. It was a bit imperfect—Nottingham was still free to cause mischief—but he could resume his career without a stain on his record.

Emma grabbed her purse and headed downstairs; the boys were waiting for her. It was a much more casual affair, no uniforms. Her boys still looked rather handsome in their suits (although she suspected the jackets and ties would be gone fairly early in the evening); she smiled warmly at them.

“Sorry, I took so long.”

“Nonsense, sweetheart,” Liam said, drinking her in. “You look wonderful.”

“Thanks. We need to get going though. I've got a bottle of rum to accept!”

They all laughed and headed for the waiting cab. She was looking for a vehicle of her own when she wasn't working; she'd only been at it a couple of days. She missed her Bug keenly, but she knew it would be impractical to have something like it in the London weather. When and if she applied for permanent residency she'd have to get all of her things transferred as well. She'd already begun some of it; she had an appointment with her new doctor the following week. Each day that she remained with them gave her a feeling of permanence that she'd never really experienced before.

Until a year ago, nothing in her life was permanent.

Killian toyed with the back of her knee in the cab, brushing the sensitive area teasingly. “Having fun over there?” Emma asked, suppressing a shiver. She did want to enjoy the party before they returned home and indulged themselves in their favorite pastime.

“Mmhmm,” he hummed with a smirk.

“Are you gonna behave yourself?”

“Do you want me too, lass? Truly?”

“Killian, these are your peers,” she pointed out. “They'll think you're some sex crazed maniac.”

“They'll simply be jealous that we get to take you home,” Liam said, lacing his fingers with hers.

“You really don't care?”
“Anyone who disrespects you or our relationship isn’t someone we want to know,” Liam said firmly.

Emma couldn’t think of anything to say to that so she kissed him. Then she kissed Killian. “I love you guys. Have I mentioned that lately?”

“Still nice to hear, love,” Killian replied, his lips brushing the corner of her mouth.

When they arrived at the Club, Liam paid their driver and climbed out, offering his hand to Emma. She took it and got out, shaking out her skirt. “Are you sure this is okay?” She’d never been to their Navy Club; she didn’t want to make a bad impression or break any rules.

“You're stunning, Emma,” Liam assured her. “Always.”

Emma rolled her eyes but flushed anyway. Both of them knew how to appeal to her pride without coming off as insincere. They truly did find her utterly beautiful. They joined Killian, who was waiting at the curb for them. He offered his hand and Emma took it, twining their fingers. Ever since the ball several months ago, it seemed fruitless to pretend that they weren't what they were.

Emma let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding after the doorman let them inside. It was a curious mixture of old and older, at least to her eyes. Killian had told her that the building had been refurbished in the 1950s, but not much had been done since, at least not cosmetically. Fortunately it did have air conditioning, which was good since it had finally begun to get really warm.

Emma hoped the weather would hold for their trip to France.

Liam and Killian waved greetings to a few people they knew before heading to the bar. “Your usual, love?” Killian asked.

“Sure.” He ordered her a rum and coke and a beer for himself and Liam. Emma looked around, taking in the décor. Nearly every wall had at least one portrait of some famous officer; a few of them were noble, she noted.

“Liam!” someone yelled. A man of medium height hurried over to them, a drink in his meaty fist. Emma cataloged the red hair and blue eyes automatically. An old friend, perhaps?

“Sanders!” Liam cried, a surprised grin on his face. “I didn't expect to see you here, old chap!”

“I've only recently been transferred,” Sanders replied, clapping Liam on the back. “Counter Intelligence. Still in Tyler's office?”

“Aye, but not for much longer. Promotion’s coming in the fall.” Liam puffed his chest out ever so slightly; Emma had to stifle a laugh. Killian caught her eye and grinned. They took a sip of their drinks to hide their amusement. Emma was very proud of her boys, but Liam especially, tended to be just a tiny bit pompous. She sometimes wondered what he'd do without the validation the Navy gave him.

“Your own ship? How extraordinary!” Sanders enthused. “I do believe you might be the first of us!”

“Aye, well, much has changed since the Academy, Owen.”

Killian cleared his throat loudly, catching Sanders' attention. “Killian? Is that you?”

Killian cringed ever so slightly; Emma felt bad for him. She knew there wasn't anything they could do about outsiders seeing him as Liam's “little brother;” all he wanted was the respect due him as a good officer. “Aye.”
“Still riding Liam's coattails, eh?”

“What is your problem?” Emma snapped. “Killian's a good officer, all on his own.”

Sanders looked taken aback, until then he hadn't truly registered her presence. “And who might you be, my dear?”

Emma thrust her chin out. “Emma Swan.”

“Now where have I heard that name?” Sanders pondered. He stroked his chin.

“Our dear Emma was the lead investigator on Hood's case,” Liam said proudly. “Gave them the clues they needed bring Gisbourne in.”

Sanders' blue eyes widened. “That was you, lass?”

“Yeah. That's why we're here, to celebrate with Robin.”

“In that case, I shall not detain you any longer,” Sanders said, offering his hand to Emma to shake. “The Captain and his officers are in the private lounge. Now I understand why.” Emma shook his proffered hand briefly; his skin was sweaty and clammy. It took all of her willpower not to wipe her hand on her dress. “She's a beauty, Liam.”

Emma had to fight to roll her eyes. She pointedly took Killian's hand and looped her right through Liam's left. It was a bit awkward while holding her drink but she made it work. Sanders' eyes widened as they passed; Liam calling a farewell.

“Are all your friends that much of an ass?” Emma asked as they walked away.

“Sorry about that,” Liam said. “I wouldn't say we were friends exactly. I knew him at the Academy. He was a ponce then as well.”

“Did you see his face?” Emma said with a chuckle. “You'd think he'd swallowed a mouse.”

“Serve him right,” Killian groused.

Emma squeezed his hand. “He had no right to say that to you. You guys simply enjoy serving together, which is more than fine with me. I get to have you both home with me.”

“Pay him no mind, little brother. You're a good officer; we'll show everyone that very soon.”

“Not too soon,” Emma said quietly.

“We'll make every day count between now and then, love,” Liam said solemnly. “I swear.”

She put on a brave smile. “I know.” Killian squeezed her hand in sympathy. He was the only one who knew how scared she was of them being deployed. But they had time.

They made it to the lounge where Robin, Will and other officers of the Sherwood were waiting. Will saw them first, raising his glass as they entered. “We thought you'd gotten lost!”

“Got waylaid by one of Liam's bloody friends,” Killian said. He let go of Emma long enough to hug his friend. “How is everyone?”

“Waiting for you lot mostly.”
“Please tell me I'm not the only woman at this thing?” Emma said, hugging Will as well.

“Off in the head,” Will assured her. “Back in a jiff.”

“Emma!” Robin cried. He joined them, giving each Jones brother a hearty handshake, while Emma received a hug. She hadn't been expecting it, but didn't mind it all that much. That kind of affection was getting easier to deal with all the time. And Robin was becoming her friend. “I've got your recompense, never fear.”

“I hope you got the good stuff, Captain,” Emma replied with a wink. Robin laughed and moved so he could introduce her and the Jones brothers to the others. Wives and girlfriends returned and Emma got dragged off into a flurry of activity. It was difficult to keep everyone's name straight; they kept asking her questions before she could ever get a complete sentence out.

Liam offered to fetch her another drink; Killian was deep in conversation with Robin and Will. It was definitely one of the strangest parties Emma had ever been to. “Is it true?” one of the ladies asked. “That you're with both of them?”

Emma inhaled deeply; she knew this would come up sooner or later. “Yeah. We're together.”

“How does that even work?”

Wouldn't you like to know? Emma thought. “Very carefully,” she quipped.

An older man came in, looking around. He was balding, a bit stooped. Emma recognized him from the main desk. When he saw her, he approached. “Excuse me, miss. Be you, Emma Swan?”

“I am.”

He frowned. “I'm afraid I need to ask you to leave.”

“Leave? Why?”

The old man looked distinctly uncomfortable now. “There's been a complaint, miss. It's the rules. I am sorry.”

“Complaint? About what?” She was getting really annoyed now. What rule could they have possibly broken?

“What's going on?” Killian asked, coming over. He wrapped an arm around Emma. “Amos? What's wrong?”

“There's been a complaint about Miss Swan, Lieutenant,” Amos said, still looking stooped. “She needs to leave.”

“You can't be serious. Members significant others are permitted!”

“Please, I'd rather not discuss the complaint in front of the ladies, Lieutenant.”

“What the bloody hell is this?” Will said, joining them. They were gathering a crowd.

“Amos says that Emma has to leave,” Killian said through gritted teeth.

“Killian,” Emma said, trying to calm him. She could see the redness at the tips of his ears. He was incredibly angry. “It's okay.” It wasn't, but she didn't want to cause more trouble.
“It's bloody well not okay, love.”

“Killian? Emma? What's all this?” Liam finally came back with Emma's drink.

“Amos here has a problem with Emma,” Will informed him.

“What? Now see here, man, she is with us. I specifically checked to make sure...”

“It's not my doing, sirs!” Amos said plaintively. “Lt. Commander Sanders made the complaint.”

“That sodding git!” Killian snarled. He started to move but Emma held him back.

“Killian, it's not worth it.” She took his hands and pulled him around to face her. His pretty blues eyes were flashing with anger, refusing to look at her at first. “Hey, look at me.” With a sigh he did. “We can go somewhere else; it's okay.”

“Love, are you sure?”

She reached up and cupped his cheek. “I'd go anywhere with you guys. You know that.” Then she leaned in and kissed him; she felt the worst of his irritation drain out of him under the gentle pressure of her lips.

When she pulled back, Killian addressed the room. “We're moving this little party to the pub down the street, everyone! Anyone who wishes to join us, be there in fifteen minutes!”

“You heard the man, lads and lasses!” Will yelled. “On with ya!”

Robin looked at them and nodded. “Amos, tell Sanders that I will be personally dealing with him later.”

“Aye, sir!” Amos left, still stooped.

Emma looked around. “Um, where's Liam?”

“He was right here...” Killian began, then they all heard a crash. “Fucking hell.” He took off, Emma right behind him. Will and Robin followed. They found Liam back in the main lounge, standing over Sanders, his lip and hand bloody.

“Liam!” Emma cried.

“How dare you insult her!” Liam yelled. “You're a fucking disgrace!” He swing his arm back to swing but Killian and Will lunged for him. “Get off!”

“Liam, no,” Emma said urgently, stepping amidst the men. She gave Sanders a kick in the ribs and he scrambled away, his eye already turning black and blue. Good riddance, Emma thought. “Hey, hey,” she said, turning her attention back to Liam. “Come back to me, okay?”

Liam closed his eyes, breathing deeply. Emma took a look at his hand; it didn't look too bad, just needed to be cleaned. When he opened his eyes, he looked contrite. “Emma, I...”

“It's okay.” she said softly. “We're all okay.” She pulled him into a hug. Liam buried his head in her neck, still trying to whisper apologies. Emma hushed him, both annoyed and touched that he actually tried to beat the guy up. “We're moving the party; come with us?”

“Of course.” He kissed her lightly, ignoring his bruised and bloody lip. Then Liam cleared his throat. “Thanks,” he said to Will and Killian.
Will was surprised, but nodded. “Anytime, mate.”

Emma rolled her eyes and chuckled at them. It was never a dull moment with her boys, but it was nice to see old resentments get laid in the past. Maybe Will and Liam could be friends now too.

The crowd watched them all leave; there were a few whispers but Emma ignored them. Once they got outside, she plucked her phone from her purse. “I'm gonna call Mary Margaret and Ruby, see if they want to join us. Is that okay?” she said to Robin.

“Invite anyone you wish, lass. It was always a bit stuffy in there for me anyway.”

They arrived at the pub en masse; Emma thought the barkeep might have a stroke. Robin ordered a round for everyone; Emma urged Liam toward the bathroom. “Let's get you cleaned up.” He followed her obediently; Emma wasn't surprised when Killian followed as well.

They stepped into the ladies room and Emma made Liam lean against the sink. “You wanna tell us what happened back there?”

“I'm sorry,” Liam said immediately. Emma got some paper towels and wet them before putting Liam's hand under the running warm water. He hissed as it came into contact with his broken skin. “If it helps, I didn't intend to hit him.”

“Usually, I'm the one with the temper, brother,” Killian chided. “What'd the wanker say?”

“I'd rather not repeat it.”

“He called me something, didn't he?” Emma said sadly. She got some soap and washed Liam's hand as gently as she could.

“I went to ask him what he meant, complaining about you, Emma,” Liam said. “He said that the club didn't exist to be our private house of immorality and...” He swallowed. “And that you were whoring yourself out to us to get ahead in your career.”

Emma stopped their joined hands under the water. In moments it got too hot and she had to yank them away with an annoyed snarl. “Where did he come up with that idiocy?”

“I didn't ask, I merely punched him in the face, lass.”

“Was that all?”

“He might have had a few other choice names about you and Killian; I wasn't paying much attention by then.”

“Well, you have been practicing your right cross, Liam,” Killian reminded him.

Liam winced as Emma rinsed his hand. “Don't remind me.”

Emma dried his hand, then started on his busted lip. “Does this hurt?”

“Only a little. I'll live, love.”

“Not unless I kill you first.”

“Someone's in trouble,” Killian chuckled.

“Hey, don't get cocky over there. I had to talk you down too.”
“Apologies, lass.” Then he smirked. “I thought you liked us cocky.?”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Time and place mean nothing to you, do they?”

“Well...we are all alone,” Killian pointed out. “And we went through a terrible ordeal...”

“That wasn't an ordeal; it was some idiot running his mouth off.”

“You deserve better than some wanker judging you for being with us, Emma,” Liam said seriously.

“And I get that. With you guys.”

“But it's worse for you,” Killian pointed out. He wrapped his arms around her waist from behind. “People see you with the two of us, you're a whore or a slut. Whereas we get congratulated for bedding you. It's disgusting.”

“We can't change the world overnight,” Emma said sadly. “I appreciate this, really.”

“Emma, he wanted you to leave,” Liam said. “Not us. I don't want to be a part of something that won't welcome you. I won't do it.”

“Oh.” She leaned back into Killian's embrace while reaching for Liam and pulling him close. They held each other for a long time, drawing strength from each other. She loved them enough to deal with anything; she knew that. Against the outside world, they were united.

“We should get back,” Emma said quietly.

“Aye,” the boys said together. Emma smiled and kissed them both, wondering again what she'd done to deserve their love.

They left the bathroom and found Mary Margaret, David, Ruby and Victor already there. The trio introduced them to everyone (with Robin's help) and the group essentially took over the pub. They drank and laughed, played games. Ruby figured out how the sound system worked and started pumping in some dance worthy songs. David asked if they could clear some of the tables out of the way, but he and Will started before the bartender even opened his mouth. Emma and Mary Margaret giggled, both a little tipsy by then.

“Before things get completely out of hand,” Robin said loudly, “I'd like to present Emma with a token of my appreciation for her hard work on my case. I'm not sure I'd be standing among you right now if not for her.” Emma got a little push from Liam, who was grinning at her. She walked over to Robin. “As agreed, one bottle of rum!”

Emma laughed along with the rest, accepting the bottle gratefully. “This was my first case after moving here,” she said. “I'm just glad it had a good outcome.”

“A toast!” Killian called. “To Emma!”

Everyone raised their glasses and toasted, while she blushed furiously. She only really enjoyed being the center of attention in the bedroom. She shook a bunch of hands before she could make it back to Killian and Liam. “I hate you guys.”

“What'd we do now?”

“The toast,” she grumbled.

“You deserve it,” Liam said. “You worked very hard.”
“You'll just have to make it up to me then.”

“What?”

“Making me the center of attention like that!” she hissed.

Killian waggled his eyebrows. “I'm sure that could be arranged, love.”

“You're awful.”

“If by awful you mean madly in love with you, then yes.”

Emma's eyelids fluttered and she laughed. “Well, come on then, loverboy, and show me what you got!” She grabbed them both by the loose ties and dragged them out to the makeshift dance floor. This was so familiar, just a hint of alcohol fueling her actions (and theirs), dancing to the thumping beat. They weren't the only ones; Ruby and Victor were dancing as were a couple of the other more daring officers and their ladies. But Emma only had eyes for Killian and Liam as they moved around her, hands on her waist or her ass, or sliding up her ribs.

She hummed as Liam ran his hands up her bare arms; she pulled him in for a kiss. They knew everyone there; she didn't have to be shy about being with them. Killian made a strangled pouting noise as he ground his hardening cock against her ass and Emma laughed. She turned her head and kissed him too, a moan slipping out.


“I told you, to show me what you've got,” she reminded him. “You're not quitting now, are you?”

“Vixen.”

“You love it, sailor.” She smiled coyly and slipped from between them, heading in the general direction of the bathroom. She had no idea of they would actually follow her, but she hoped. After the club she was feeling a little reckless, a wee bit tipsy. Her blood hummed pleasantly and she wanted to see what they would do.

She didn't exactly make it to the bathroom. Instead, they caught up with her and tugged her into what appeared to be a storeroom. Liam's mouth was on hers before she could breathe, as if he were trying to devour her. She thought it must hurt a little; she could feel the broken flesh against her lips. If it did, then Liam didn't care as he shoved his tongue deeply into her mouth. Emma clutched at his forearms, trying to remain upright.

Killian flipped the lock on the door and started working the zipper of her dress. She had to release Liam long enough to shimmy it off; the air was cooler than she expected and goosbumps rose on her skin. “Here?” she panted when Liam moved down to her throat.

Killian ground his erection into her ass. “Here,” he growled into her skin. He was rubbing and stroking the soft skin of her back, teasing her. “You in that bloody dress...moving like that...fuck, love.”

Emma reached behind her blindly, finding his crotch and rubbing him through the fabric. Killian moaned, rocking into her hand. Liam pulled the cups of her bra down and sucked eagerly on her nipples, until they were painfully hard. The abrupt change from teasing to actually on the verge of fucking in a closet was making her impossibly wet; her panties soaked. Killian coaxed her chin around so he could kiss her, his hand sliding into her panties.
“Oh shit,” Emma swore. She gasped as Killian mercilessly rubbed and pinched her aching nub.

“God, she's soaked through, brother,” Killian said lowly. “Can't wait to bury myself in that greedy cunt.”

“Oh god, hurry,” she breathed. “They'll miss us.”

“So?” Liam growled. He bit down on her right nipple and she keened. “This is our time, Emma.”

“We're in a...fuck...closet!”

“Don't care.”

Killian slid two fingers inside her heat; Emma trembled. “Come for us, then we'll fuck you,” he murmured.

She was so fucking turned on that it only took a minute or so for Killian's long fingers and Liam's wet mouth to drag her over the edge. She stood there between them, still trembling, as they yanked off their ties and opened their pants. Emma managed to shimmy out of her panties and toss them on top of her dress. She left her bra on, even though it was slightly stretched out now.

They passed her from one to the other pressing passionate kisses to her lips, as she fumbled with their shirt buttons. Their suit jackets got used as blankets on the hard floor, as Killian stretched out on his back. “Come here, darling.”

Emma clambored on top of him, wasting no time sliding her slick flesh over his thick cock. “God, that feels good,” she muttered, dragging her clit along the ridge of his shaft.

“You are so fucking hot, Emma,” Liam panted, stroking his own cock. “Jesus.”

Emma looked up at him, crooking her finger. “Get over here.” Liam did as she asked, and she pulled him close enough that she could wrap her lips around the tip of his cock. She kept rocking over Killian's, teasing him before taking him inside her. Both men moaned as she took Liam deeper into her mouth, tongue swirling around.

“Emma, please,” Killian bit out, thrusting his hips up. “Need you, love.”

She released Liam with a soft pop. “You have your phone?”

“Aye...do you...here?”

“What's wrong with here?”

“Fucking hell, Emma.” Killian dug in the pocket of his bunched pants and produced the phone. He flipped it to the video setting, first pointing it up at her face, where she was still teasing Liam with her mouth and hand. Then she grinned wickedly and lifted her hips. Killian nodded furiously as she took him in hand and slowly lowered herself down, all as he recorded her. Emma moaned softly, biting her lip, relishing that first deep slide.

“Fuck,” Killian swore, his hips rising a bit as she moved slowly. “Don't ever stop.”

Emma circled her hips, one hand pressed to Killian's chest, the other still wrapped around Liam's cock.

“Emma,” Liam said in a strangled voice. “God.”
She picked up her pace a little, then took Lima back into her mouth. It was a trick, finding a rhythm they all enjoyed, but she knew she hit it when both men jerked and moaned. Killian kept recording, capturing her every move as she fucked them. She found her clit and rubbed it in slow circles, making her shiver. She really shouldn't be dragging this out; it should just be a quickie in the closet. But then they were together like this, the rest of the world fell away and it was only them and their pleasure.

Liam had his hand in her hair, more to steady himself than to guide her. She knew what he liked, how fast to go, where to swirl her tongue...when to lick the sensitive spot just below the head. He grunted hoarsely, thrusting deeper into her mouth. “Close,” he panted. “So close, love.”

Emma hummed around him, encouraging him as best she could. Her knees were starting to ache a bit on the hard floor as she moved. Liam started to fuck her mouth in earnest, pulling her hair back. He exploded down her throat with a strangled moan of her name; she swallowed every single drop. When he was spent, she released him, turning her full attention to Killian.

“You feel so good inside me,” she breathed. “Give me your hand.”

Killian switched the phone to his left hand and extended the right toward her. She took it in hers and guided it to her swollen clit. “Oh god, right there, Killian. Yes.”

“Lean back, love. Take your pleasure. Let us watch you.”

“Shit.” She did so, resting her hands on Killian's strong thighs as she rode him faster, took him deeper. She rolled her hips, so he hit every spot that made her hiss and moan in pleasure. She was probably making too much noise, but it felt too good to stop.

“So beautiful,” Liam murmured. He knelt and replaced Killian's fingers with his own, his deft touch combined with Killian's cock had her trembling in moments. “Come on, Emma.”

She whimpered, hips moving faster, coming with a soft cry. Killian followed her moments later, hips rising off the floor and driving into her as he fell. They all rode out her orgasm, until she was whimpering from the aftershocks. Liam eased her off Killian's lap, letting her stretch out on the suit jackets next to his brother. She struggled to catch her breath; the reality of what they'd just done settling in her chest.

“I...can't believe...we just did that,” she panted.

“It was only a matter of time,” Killian murmured, gathering her in his arms. “You were bloody magnificent, lass.”

“We need to get out of here, before someone comes looking for us.”

“With any luck, Ruby and Victor are providing some scandalous entertainment without us.”

Emma smacked his chest. “They're our friends.”

“And I guarantee you Ruby knows exactly what we snuck off to do,” Killian chuckled. He kissed the crown of her head. “Think you can get up now?”

“No, but I'll do it anyway.” She had that boneless sated feeling that she got after a really good orgasm; it was beyond annoying not to be in their bed right now. She took Liam's proffered hand; he was already mostly redressed. His pants and shirt were buttoned, his tie hung loosely around his neck.
“We'll leave first, then you can duck into the bathroom and clean up,” he said, kissing the back of her hand.

“Oh god, I bet I look like I just had sex in closet.”

“I think it’s a storage room, lass.”

“Whatever, same thing.” She fixed her bra and found her panties, sliding them back on. Liam helped her with her dress while Killian fixed his clothes. They each kissed her sweetly before Killian opened the door. He and Liam slipped out and Emma counted to fifty before following them. She ducked into the bathroom, slipping in the stall to clean up.

When she came out, she jumped about a mile in the air. Mary Margaret and Ruby were waiting for her. “I told you they were having sex,” Ruby said to Mary Margaret. “Twenty pounds, pay up.”

Emma went beat red. “Oh my god.”

Ruby just grinned like the fucking Cheshire Cat. “Don't worry, everyone's used to it with me and Victor. You guys are fine.”

Emma did not agree. “This is so not fine,” she grumbled, heading to the sink to wash her hands. She was still hoping the floor would open up and swallow her whole.

“Emma,” Mary Margaret began.

“Don't say fine,” Emma snapped.

“I wasn't. I was merely going to point out that we've all done it. It's one of the perks of the honeymoon phase.”

Both Ruby and Emma stared at her. “Y-y-you and David?”

“Just because we're a little more...conservative than you guys doesn't mean we're robots!” Mary Margaret huffed.

“Damn,” Emma said. “I don't think I'd have ever guessed that.” But it did get her thinking. “Wait, how did you get him to agree to have the wedding here?”

Mary Margaret blushed. “Let's just say our trip to that shop wasn't wasted.”

Both Emma and Ruby giggled. “I don't need to know details but...good for you, Mary Margaret,” Emma said sincerely. Her friend looked a little embarrassed but pleased. Emma was happy for her.

“So Emma, what did happen tonight? I mean before, when you called us,” Mary Margaret said seriously, thankfully changing the subject. “You sounded a bit...off.”

“It's not a big deal.” But then she reconsidered. These were her friends. She trusted them, not quite as much and Liam and Killian, but they accepted her and her relationship. She could tell them and trust them not to judge her. “You see Liam's busted lip?” They nodded. “Well, he decked some friend of his for getting us kicked out of their club.”

“No!” Mary Margaret and Ruby said together.

Emma proceeded to tell the story, leaving out the worst of the insults hurled at the trio. “So Killian declared that we were heading here and I called you guys to join us. I kinda needed some friendly faces,” she admitted.
Mary Margaret smiled in sympathy and she abruptly gave Emma a hug. She was a bit surprised, but accepted it in the spirit it was given. “I'm glad you called us.” Ruby agreed.

“Thanks, guys.”

“Come on, we should get out of here before the guys drink the place dry,” Ruby quipped. Emma and Mary Margaret laughed and they left the bathroom. Emma hadn’t realized how much she needed her friends until they got some alone time together. Having the boys and her friends around made everything easier to deal with; it was quite a change from the old Emma. Emma liked this version of herself much better.

They rejoined the others; Will and then Robin stole her away for a dance. Both men were slightly drunk, but fortunately they were happy, friendly drunks. She found Liam talking to David when she was finished, and he handed her another drink.

“Having fun, love?”

“Yeah. Much better party than the one we left.”

He smirked at her. “I'll say.”

Emma smacked his arm; his suit jacket and Killian's were hanging off chairs now. They were both a little dirty and Emma tried not to flush. Killian found her and they went to dance for a bit. Emma was a bit surprised that they could just continue to enjoy the party like nothing happened and told Killian so.

“Well, this is your night, Emma,” he pointed out. “We want you to enjoy it. In all its aspects.”

“Technically, it's Robin's night.”

“Except for the fact that he'd still be in the brig if not for you.”

“Except Nottingham is still out there.”

Killian pulled her a little closer. “There's nothing you can do about that. Karma'll catch up with him, sooner or later.”

“You believe that?”

“Liam and I found you, didn't we? After wretched romances. I don't think you understand just how profoundly you've changed our lives, love.”

“Mine too,” she said. She shuddered to think how empty her life would be in she hadn't met them in that club.

“You too, what?” Liam murmured, sliding up behind her. The song was slow; they were swaying together, not really moving.

“We were just talking about much things have changed for us, brother.”

“Ah.” Liam pressed a kiss to Emma's neck. “He's right, you know.”

Killian laughed incredulously. “You sure you didn't take one to the head, Liam? I could have sworn you said I was right.”

Liam scowled over Emma's shoulder. “Sod off.”
“Only if Emma helps.”

Emma rolled her eyes at the pair of them. “It’s lucky I love you both,” she said. “How would you cope?”

“Mmm, too right, lass,” Liam murmured. “Ready to go home?”

“Not enjoying the party?”

“The party’s fine; I would just like to have you naked in our bed more.”

“Again?”

“Love, I don’t think we will ever tire of you.”

Emma chuckled. “Mary Margaret called this the honeymoon phase.”

“Well, if it is,” Killian said, pulling her hips so they were flush. “Then it’s going to last for a very long time.”

“You should be careful what you wish for,” she said, her hands dropping to his ass and squeezing. “The Mistress might come out to play.”

Killian’s eyes lit up. “Truly?”

“If you want. Liam?”

“I do enjoy you giving orders, lass.”

Emma shivered. “Then we should definitely get home.”

It didn’t take them long to say goodnight to their friends; Ruby winked at Emma as they left and she blushed. There were some things she was still getting used to sharing.

They tried not to fool around in the cab back home, but the drive from Pall Mall back to Paddington took so long and Emma didn’t want to wait. It was dark so their driver couldn’t see the hands sliding up her skirt or Emma’s palming their hardening cocks as they nibbled on her skin. They were all a little buzzed from the alcohol and that just heightened the experience.

When they finally go home, Emma pinned Liam to the front door, winding his loose tie around her finger and dragging his lips down for a passionate kiss. “Do you want to play with us?” she asked, licking his throat. She always wanted to give him the option, so he didn’t feel left out.

“Does watching count?”

She nodded. She wouldn’t push him where he wasn’t quite ready to go. “Or you could listen.” She got up by his ear. “Would you let me blindfold you?”

Liam shivered in her arms. He loved his control, but she wanted him to feel like he could let go. “Aye, I think I could do that.”

Emma grinned happily and kissed him again, deeply. “I love you.”

“I know.”

Emma took his hand, then Killian’s, and led them to their bedroom sanctuary. Then she looked at
Killian, her Mistress role settling on her shoulders. “Strip.” He did so and she kicked off her shoes and went back to Liam. They tumbled into the bed, kissing and touching, slowly removing each other’s clothing. Emma glided her hand over his stiff cock, relishing his moan of pleasure. She knew Killian was watching them, so she continued her exploration, driving Liam insane as she kissed and licked and stroked him.

“Hand me one of the silk scarves,” she ordered. They knew exactly who she was talking to, but she felt Liam shudder all the same. Killian scrambled to obey her, putting the cloth into her hand. “Ready?” Liam nodded, licking his lips. “You need a safe word.”

He cocked his head and thought for a moment. “Draught?”

“Perfect.” She kissed him one last time then carefully slid the silk over his blue eyes. She knotted it behind his head. “That okay?”

“Aye.”

“Good boy.” She moved away from his warmth, her body humming with expectation. She wanted this to be fulfilling for all of them. Killian left the box at the edge of the bed and Emma dug inside it for the furry handcuffs. She walked directly up to Killian and clipped them around his wrists. “Arms up.” He looked curious, but obeyed her. She dragged the stool over and climbed on top to secure his wrists to the hook that hung from the ceiling. This, of course, put her breasts at Killian’s mouth level and he took advantage, slipping one nipple between his lips.

Emma inhaled sharply, surprised by his boldness. Or he wanted to be punished. She suspected the latter, even though his mouth felt amazing. She let him go on for a bit, feeling the heat pool in her belly. “Well, since you seem so interested on using that mouth,” she said, grabbing him by the chin, “you might as well do it properly.” Lust flared in his eyes as he nodded, turned on by her demanding tone. She gave him her other breast, keening softly as he sucked eagerly on her flesh. Eventually, she pulled away with a pop, his smacking lips not doing anything to harness her need.

But this was for him and his pleasure.

Emma stepped off the stool and shoved it away with her foot. “Did I give you permission to suck my nipples?” she demanded.

“No, Mistress.”

“Then why did you?”

Killian swallowed. “Because I hoped you would punish me.”

“You like being naughty? You like making me punish you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Emma walked up to him and gave his straining cock a cruel twist and he yelped. “I shouldn’t give it to you,” she whispered in a deadly voice. “But I will. You’re not allowed to make a sound unless I ask you a direct question. Do you understand?” A shudder rolled through him as he nodded. “Say it.”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“Good.” She went back under the bed and found her bag from the sex shop. This was the perfect opportunity to break in her new paddle. Killian’s eyes went wide when he saw, but he didn’t speak.
Emma toyed with it, circling him, sliding the edge of the smooth wood over his flushed skin. Sometimes she gave his cock a stroke or two, just to watch him writhe. Moving eased the ache inside her just a bit; she caught glimpses of Liam, his hand wrapped tightly around the bedpost, his cock red and throbbing against his stomach.

_Smack_.

The wooden paddle came down hard on Killian's ass; he couldn't stop the tiny hiss and moan that escaped. “You get an extra one for every sound,” Emma warned. “You've still got ten now.” Since this was their first time with the paddle, she decided to go easy on him. If he enjoyed it, then they could up the ante next time. Killian nodded his understanding, his arms bulging and straining from holding himself up. Emma swatted his ass again, just a hair harder, watching his skin pink nicely.

She stroked the warm flesh, soothing him a bit before striking again. And again. And again. Her clit throbbed painfully as she spanked him, seeing him bite his lip against making any sound. Her nipples were hard and puckerer, her core clenching. She essentially had both men at her mercy and it turned her on. A lot.

When she finished, Killian let out a harsh breath, his chest heaving. But his pupils were so dilated, nearly his entire iris was gone. Emma put her hands on his chest and stood up on her toes to kiss him, a small reward for being such a good boy. “Now...should I play with you or myself?” she asked wickedly.

She heard Liam groan loudly. Emma curled her fingers around Killian's length, moving down to press open mouthed kisses to his chest and stomach. “I asked you a question, Killian,” she snapped. “Both?” he said hesitantly.

“Hmm, I like that plan.” She kissed right over his heart then went to get her supplies. Emma knelt on the floor behind him, laying her things aside until she needed them. Then she cupped his cheeks, kissing the still pink skin. Killian shivered as she slowly spread him, just like the first time she ever did this for him. She brushed his puckered hole with her thumbs then began to lick and massage the tight ring with her tongue.

He slowly relaxed in her arms, rocking on the balls of his feet. She could hear the strangled whimpers and moans but didn't chide him. She loved those sounds. She reached down to her own sopping flesh and wet two fingers before she started to work him open. Killian couldn't stop his groan of pleasure as first one finger then a second worked their way inside him.

“This is so hot, Killian,” Emma murmured, kissing the dimples in his lower back. “Do you like when I touch you like this?”

“God yes,” he whimpered, rocking back toward her. Emma twisted her fingers and found his spot, which made him curse.

Emma licked her lips, using her other hand to fumble for the toy. She took the dildo with the suction cup and positioned it on the wooden floor, as close to her dripping cunt as she could get. Once it was secure, she lowered herself onto it, riding it like she would them.

“Oh god,” she gasped, letting the toy fill her. “That feels...yes.”

“What are you doing?” Liam asked, his voice a throaty whisper.

“Riding a dildo while finger fucking Killian,” she replied. “I'm so wet, Liam.”
“Fucking Christ,” Liam swore.

“Touch yourself,” Emma said. “But I want you to come inside me.”

He nodded furiously, taking himself in hand and sighing as he barely eased the ache. Killian whimpered and Emma lightly swatted his ass. “And what do you want, Killian? Do you want to be fucked too?”

Killian shuddered, letting out a shaky breath. “Please, Mistress. I want it so much.”

“You want me to fuck you?” She wanted to make absolutely certain he wanted this.

“Yes, Mistress. Please.”

Emma had to bite back a moan as she rode the dildo faster. She’d only imagined that he’d let her do something like that, and now he was begging for it. Emma rubbed her clit in quick strokes, letting out a cry as she came. “Fuck,” she cursed, riding it out. The moment she was steady, she slipped her fingers from Killian and stood. She stalked around him, kissing him hungrily. “When I let you down, go to the chair and kneel in it. Do not move.”

“Aye, Mistress.”

Emma let him down and he went. Once she was sure he obeyed, she went back to her bag and got out the strap on. She’d bought on a whim in Brighton; now she was glad she did. It took her a couple of minutes to figure where all the straps went, but she got it on. It was an odd sensation, but she had a feeling they would all enjoy it. It had little silicone fingers that rubbed and massaged her clit as she walked to where Killian was waiting.

Emma grabbed a fist full of his hair and yanked. “Are you sure?”

Killian squirmed. “Aye, Mistress.”

“Don’t come until I say.”

Killian groaned but agreed. She hoped she could make him come just from this, but she knew nothing was certain since it was their first time. Emma put some lube on her fingers and went back to massaging him, opening him up. The dildo wasn't that big—not nearly as big as they were—but she didn't want to hurt him unnecessarily. Killian moaned and whimpered, clearly enjoying the attention. Once she was satisfied, she spread a liberal amount of lube on the dildo. She teased him with the tip, just like they liked to do to her, before beginning to slowly, slowly, push inside.

“Oh, oh, oh fuck,” Killian whimpered, clinging to the top of the chair. “God, Emma.”

Emma yanked a bit on his hair. “What was that?”

“Mistress, mistress!” he cried. “Please don't stop.”

It was a slightly different movement of her hips, but she soon got the hang of it, still going slowly, shallowly, letting him adjust. She held on to his hips, watching the dildo disappear inside him, a little deeper each time. “Tell me,” she said. “Tell me how this feels.”

Killian bit back a moan, his fingers digging into the leather of the chair. “G-g-good,” he stuttered, rocking his hips back. “Especially...god, right there, Mistress.” He trembled in her hold, panting harshly. Emma repeated her motion, hitting the same spot again. “I just...feel...everywhere. And full...fuck, that's good.”
Emma reached around and lightly stroked his cock, making him moan louder. “That's how I feel,” she said quietly. “When your cocks are inside me, fucking me. I just want to keep you there, all the time.” On each drive of her hips, the little fingers rubbed her clit and it felt amazing. But she still lacked something. She wanted to be filled too. She rocked her hips harder into him, making him jerk and moan.

“Oh yes, more,” Killian pleaded.

“Liam,” Emma panted. “Liam, I need you. Now.” She looked over her shoulder and watched him tear the blindfold off; he looked wrecked, wrecked and needy and fuck, she needed him, just like that. When he got to them, he kissed down her back as he slid three fingers inside her drenched heat. Emma keened; it wasn't enough but it felt so good.

“Liam, just fuck me. Please.”

Killian cursed, his cock hardening even more. Liam growled softly and lined himself up, pushing into her as she pushed into Killian. She cried out in pleasure, one of her dirtiest fantasies coming true. It took a few fits and starts but they found a rhythm, their mutual moans filling the room. She could feel Liam inside, his breath hitching as he found just the right angle. The dual stimulation nearly drove her mad with ecstasy, but she managed to focus on Killian, building his orgasm until he was shivering with the need to come.

“I need...fuck, I need...” he bit out. “Emma, please.”

“Hurry,” Liam echoed. “Oh god.”

Emma jerked Killian's cock hard, giving him permission to come at last. She drove into him hard one last time as he exploded, thick spurts of his release striking the leather chair, sliding over her fingers. He screamed, the orgasm rocking him to the core. Liam drove into Emma relentlessly as she lay across Killian's damp back; they came together, wordless cries tumbling from their lips. Emma's whole body seized, feeling the intense pleasure to the very tips of her toes.

Liam kissed between her shoulder blades, his breathing rough. Killian was still shivering, but Emma knew they needed to move. She forced herself up, whimpering as Liam slipped from her. He collapsed into the other chair, while Emma started to take care of Killian. She, too, kissed his back right between the shoulder blades, murmuring a thank you to him. Then she unhooked the strap and laid it aside to be cleaned. She found the key to the cuffs and uncuffed Killian, checking his wrists carefully. Her own heart was gradually slowing, even as her skin continued to tingle; she could only imagine how he felt.

“You okay?” she asked, gently raising his head.

He smiled weakly. “Aye.”

“I didn't hurt you?”

“You were brilliant. Thank you, love.”

She smiled. “There you go with that backwards thing again.” She lovingly kissed his brow, then headed for the bathroom. Her legs were a little wobbly, but she'd be okay. She cleaned herself up, then brought out a couple clean wet cloths for her boys. She handed one to Liam, who accepted it gratefully. She carefully, cleaned Killian, then helped him into the bed. After wiping down the dirty chair, she threw the dirty clothes in the hamper.

“Liam, could you go get our water?” she asked, gathering up the toys. “I want to finish cleaning up.”
“Of course, sweetheart.” He dropped a kiss to her lips as he passed. She marched to the bathroom and quickly cleaned and dried everything thoroughly. Then she went back to check on Killian. “Still okay?”

He turned to look at her. “I’d be better snuggling with my girl.” Emma smiled and got into the bed with him. He hugged her close, kissing her sweetly. “I love you, Emma.”

“I love you too, Killian.” They stayed close until Liam returned with their water. Emma handed one to Killian and accepted another for herself, downing most of it in one go. She was parched.

“Hell of a night, huh?” Liam said, sipping more sedately at his water.

“How’s your hand?” Emma asked, glancing down at his wound.

“Nothing’s broken, I’ll be fine, love.”

“I never liked that guy,” Killian muttered. “Who made him the club police?”

“I don’t know,” Liam said, his voice suddenly hard. “But we’re not taking this lying down. I’m going to have a few words with the president, if I have to.”

“Is that a good idea?” Emma asked, worrying her lip between her teeth.

“Emma, you have just as much right to be there as anyone else’s wife or girlfriend.”

Killian laid aside his empty glass and wrapped his arms around her. “I don’t like when people insult you, Emma.”

“Well, I don’t either, but we should know it comes with the territory by now.”

“We’ll get this sorted,” Liam said, also leaning in to hold her. “I promise you.”

If she ever go so low that she wondered if this was worth it, all it took was their soothing, loving touch and she was alright again. It may not be conventional, but it was theirs and she loved them.

They slept in late the next day. Emma woke up when she smelled coffee, frowning a bit when she saw Killian’s side of the bed empty. She took a quick shower and dressed, moving in the direction of the smell.

“Hey, you okay?”

He was cutting up a banana for his bowl of cereal. “Did I wake you, love?”

“I smelled the coffee. Don’t avoid the question.”

He grinned. “I’m perfectly alright. I just wanted to make breakfast for a change.”

Emma softened. She couldn’t resist him when he looked so earnest and happy. She stepped up to him and greeted him with a kiss. “Then there’s your thank you, sailor.”

“Ugh, you taste like that wretched toothpaste!” he teased, making a face.

Emma pretended to scowl and swatted his clothed ass. “Watch it, buddy.”

“In trouble already, Killian? It’s not even noon.” Liam came into the kitchen, padding on stocking
feet. “Morning, lass.”

Emma leaned up to give him a kiss. “Morning yourself.”

They went through the kitchen, fetching coffee and bowls and such, enjoying a simple late breakfast. They decided to stay in today and watch movies, enjoying each other's company. It was Sunday so Liam's talk with the club president had to wait until Monday.

“What should we watch first?”

“What about that new Bond film?” Liam asked, flicking through the Netflix.

“What is it with men and those damn Bond films?” Emma muttered.

“They're classics!” Liam exclaimed.

“You only like them because they have scantily clad women in them!”

“I do not!”

“I bet if I named a film, you could tell me the Bond girl.” Liam opened his mouth to protest, then shut it. “See?” Emma teased with a knowing grin. She took the remote from him. “It's okay. I'm not jealous.”

“You're not?”

“Should I be?”

“No, no, of course not.”

Emma looked at the screen. “Oh Goonies!” she cried. “I didn't think you had this here!”

“I don't think I've ever seen this,” Liam said, looking skeptical.

“This is a classic!” She pressed play and tossed the remote aside so they could snuggle up on the couch together. Killian, as it turned out, had seen the movie before, but somehow Liam hadn't. They enjoyed seeing him discover it for the first time, laughing and really getting into the story. And since it featured a pirate ship, Emma thought it was appropriate.

After that movie was over, Emma handed over the remote to let Liam choose next. She went to the kitchen to grab some juice and a snack. The doorbell rang. Emma frowned. Who would be bothering them on a Sunday? “I'll get it!” she called, but Killian beat her to it. She couldn't see from the kitchen, but whoever it was got invited in. “Miss Swan, I presume?”

Emma was suddenly very aware of her t-shirt and leggings. And that she wasn't wearing anything underneath them. “Um, yeah. Hello.” Way to be eloquent, Emma.

“What's going on?” Liam asked, poking his head around. He snapped to attention the moment he laid eyes on their visitor. Emma would have laughed if she wasn't mentally freaking out. “Sir!”

“As you were, Commander,” the man said pleasantly. “This is more of an informal visit.”

“Aye sir.” Liam relaxed but was not entirely as ease.
“Can we get you something, Admiral?” Killian asked. “Anything?”

“Perhaps some tea?”

“I’ll get it,” Emma said. She doubled back to the kitchen and put the kettle on. The boys told her that she made quite fine tea; it seemed she’d find out if they were being honest with her or not. What was an admiral doing in their house? It wasn’t Admiral Tyler; Emma had never seen this man before. But it seemed the boys knew him.

She put the cups and pot on the tray and took it into the living room. Liam hopped up the moment she entered and took it from her, allowing her to sit as he poured the tea.

“Emma, this is Admiral Quentin Cozzens. He’s the president of the club,” Killian said, taking her hand firmly in his as she sat next to him. His thumb stroking the back of her hand eased her anxiety somewhat.

“Hello, Admiral,” she said, glad that her voice didn’t shake.

“My apologies for arriving unannounced and at such an unusual time, but given the events of last night I wanted to speak to you as quickly as possible.” He accepted the cup and saucer from Liam, blowing on it and taking a sip. “Ah, excellent.” Both boys grinned at Emma. She let out a breath.

“What about last night, Admiral?” Liam asked. The cracked skin of his knuckles could still be plainly seen.

“Well, word spreads quickly,” Cozzens said delicately. “A member attacked in front of witnesses.”

“Admiral...”

“There will be no disciplinary action, Commander. Most of the members I spoke to were quite appalled at Sanders' actions and have demanded his immediate dismissal.”

“Most?” Killian said.

“There's no such thing as universal popularity, Lieutenant.”

“So why are you here then, if not to kick them out?” Emma demanded.

“Direct and to the point, Miss Swan,” the Admiral said with a smile. Emma couldn’t decide if she liked him or not. “My primary purpose in coming was to reaffirm your status as it pertains to our rules.”

“And?”

“You are welcome at the Navy Club, Miss Swan. Anytime you wish, as long as the Commander and the Lieutenant are in good standing. Sanders had no right to ask you to leave. I wanted to formally apologize to all of you on behalf of the club and assure you that such a thing will be dealt with swiftly in the future, should the occasion arise. Which I sincerely hope it won't.”

“Thank you, Admiral,” Liam said. “That means a lot to us.”

Cozzens took another long pull on his tea, then smiled. “I've intruded on your Sunday long enough. I hope to see you all at our next club event, lady, gentlemen. Good day to you.” He stood, the boys swiftly following. Liam walked the Admiral to the door as Emma sat there a little dumbfounded. That was surprisingly...easy.
“Emma?” Killian asked, looking concerned. “You alright?”

She mentally shook herself. “I can't help wondering what the catch is.”

“Catch?”

Liam returned and sat next to her. “We didn't do any thing wrong, Emma. I thought it was rather bold for the Admiral to come all the way here.”

“But that's my point!” Emma said. “Doesn't it seem fishy to you?”

“A club following its own rules surely isn't dodgy,” Killian said.

“We had to get some people on our side eventually,” Liam pointed out. “Not everyone is close minded, lass.”

Emma sat back in the soft couch. “I know. I'm just...not used to having people on my side. I mean, I've got you guys. And our friends. I'm not used to catching breaks in the world.”

Killian hugged her, sweetly brushing a kiss to her temple. “Here's to hoping we catch a few more of those breaks in the future.”

She smiled. “Yeah.” She was simply being paranoid. This was a win for them; she'd take it. They talked about it for a little while then went back to their laid back indoor movie date.

Monday Emma went into her office feeling pretty content. She still needed a car and they still needed to get her things from New York (she planned on suggesting they tack it on to their French trip, just make a circle from London to Paris to New York, then back), but aside from that things were good. She was slowly building a client base and a reputation as an investigator in her new home. She was going to be a bridesmaid in her friend's wedding. She had two men who adored her. Life was definitely good for Emma. Probably for the first time ever.

She answered some email, started a couple of background checks on potential clients. She fielded a few calls from some others. She met Lily for a working lunch; the woman was still a bit prickly, but they got along fine. Emma had to admit it was a relief that her police contact was a woman instead of a man. It gave them something to bond over instead of the way Graham spent his time trying to get into her pants. Remembering that actually made her smile since it was the moment that reunited her with her British naval officers.

“Is something funny?” Lily asked.

“Just thinking about an old contact in New York.”

“Man?”

“Yeah. He had a very high opinion of himself.”

“Did he try and sleep with you?”

Emma shook her head. “No, it never got that far. He was a good cop, don't get me wrong, but he definitely thought he was God's gift. Not every attractive, but most men don't know that, do they?”

“You'd be surprised what most men think is attractive. And the women who fall for it.” Wow, that sounded bitter.
“Hey, my first boyfriend abandoned me and sent me to prison for his crime. It was not a fun time.”

“But you moved on?” Lily asked, looking at Emma curiously. She couldn't figure out what the other woman was thinking.

“It took a long time, but yeah. My relationship is pretty great. I moved all the way to London for it, so I must be all in, right?” She didn't know Lily well enough to confide her exact circumstances. Not yet.

Lily shrugged. “If you say so.”

After lunch, Emma went back to her office. She switched her phone to silent and spent her time focusing on the files Lily had given her. There were a few interesting cases there. She picked out a couple that seemed sufficiently challenging and got to work.

On her way home, she texted Liam and Killian, asking what they wanted for dinner. She didn't get an answer right away, but that didn't worry her. They were probably in a meeting. She turned on the TV and decided to wait for them to get back to her before looking at the menus. She didn't feel like cooking.

“To recap, there's been an explosion,” the BBC anchor said when she stopped on the news. “We are getting reports of multiple explosions, but so far they are unconfirmed. An explosion has rocked the Whitehall area and emergency crews are working feverishly to rescue any survivors.”

Emma swore she stopped breathing when she saw the footage. The building looked vaguely familiar, but with all the damage she couldn't place it. But she knew she'd been in that part of London before. Whitehall was near Big Ben, which wasn't far from where they took their river excursion weeks before. It was chaos. It reminded her of the scene in New York when the Twin Towers were hit. Dirt and debris everywhere, broken and bloody people. She was a teenager then, watching in horror with everyone else.

“The explosion occurred roughly an hour and twenty minutes ago, for those of you now joining our coverage,” the anchor continued. “The Ministry of Defense and several other government buildings have been damaged. The Prime Minister is not currently in residence at Downing Street, but he has been informed and is hurrying back to London. Her Majesty the Queen has also been informed and there are rumors that Prince Harry has been spotted as her representative. The authorities have no leads on who or what has caused this horrific scene.”

Emma stopped listening after “Ministry of Defense.” That was where Killian and Liam were, in the Navy Building. With shaking hands she grabbed her phone and dialed. And dialed again. And again. Most of them didn't go through; all she got was static or a recording declaring an outage. One call to Liam did get through and Emma screamed in surprise, but all she got was voice mail. When she wasn't trying to call out, people were trying to call her but she ignored anything that didn't show Killian or Liam's smiling faces. She needed to keep the line clear, just in case.

She had to force herself not to panic. But it kept clawing at her throat, threatening to overwhelm her. They were fine. They had to be fine. She couldn't lose them, not now. She started to pace, TV blaring, phone at her ear as she kept trying to call.

She jumped about three feet when the doorbell rang.

Emma hurried to the door, flinging it open. It was Will Scarlet.

“Emma...”
But he couldn't get another word out because Emma started pummeling his chest with both fists. Tears that she'd held back poured down her cheeks, huge hiccuping sobs tore at her throat. She wasn't making sense, raw panic and terror getting the better of her.

Will didn't make much of an effort to stop her. He let her get it out, catching her before she could fall. They sank awkwardly to the stone stoop, Will holding her tightly. “Killian's missin',” Will murmured softly. “Best as I can tell, Liam's already at hospital, but everythin's a jumble. But they're still lookin', still findin' survivors. He'll be fine, lass. They'll find 'im.”

*Please let him be alive*, Emma prayed to a God she wasn't sure she believed in. *I need them both so much.*

All she could do now was wait.
A couple of notes: No smut in this chapter. Given the cliffhanger, I don't think anyone should be surprised. The plot twist may surprise you however. I've been planning it from the beginning, so bear with me. A little patience and trust! Consequences and ripple effects will abound!

She felt numb.

Emma and Will sat in the back of a cab; it was taking them to the hospital when Liam was. Or where Will had been told he'd been sent. No one official had told Emma anything. She tried not to think about that; the entire situation was chaos, surely there were other family members who were just as in the dark as she. Emma only knew because they had good friends in the Navy.

“Sorry,” Emma said quietly. “For hitting you.”

Will gave her a rueful smile. “I’m tougher than I look, lass. No harm done.”

Emma bit her lip; she could not start crying again. “I just…”

“It’s okay, Emma. Truly.”

They were silent for the rest of the trip. There was so much traffic near the hospital the cab had to drop them off a block away. Emma threw some money at the driver and marched from the vehicle, Will on her heels. Most of the foot traffic was hospital personnel; it didn’t look like too many civilians had found the place yet. Will had mentioned something about keeping the victims’ location a secret in case of another attack, but Emma had barely been listening. The doors to the hospital opened automatically and she walked up to the nearest desk.

“Can you tell me which room Liam Jones is in, please?” she asked the receptionist.

“Are you family?”

“Yes.”

“Wife?”

“Well, no, but…”

“Family members only.”

Emma ground her teeth. “But I am his family. I’ve got that power of attorney, medical proxy thing.”

“Do you have these documents with you?”

Emma’s face fell. They were at home. In her safe. She’d completely forgotten in her haste to get to Liam. “I left them at home.”

The receptionist looked at her kindly. “If you bring them, I should be able to let you upstairs. I’m
very sorry, Miss...?"

“Swan, Emma Swan.” She was about to step away, but she turned back. “Has Killian Jones been brought in yet?” Please let him be here.

The receptionist looked at her computer. “No one by that name is in our system.”

Damn. “Okay, thanks.” Feeling awful, she turned away. “They need my paperwork,” she told Will. “I have to go get it, sorry.”

“I'm coming with you.”

“No, you should stay, in case Killian gets brought in.”

Will shook his head emphatically. “Those boys would flay me alive if I left you alone. We'll be back in a jiff, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Stay calm, Emma. They'll be fine. You'll see them soon. Holding on to that truth was the only thing that was keeping her sane at the moment. Will got them another cab as Emma watched the stream of ambulances come into the emergency room. Could one of them have Killian? Was he okay? He and Liam were rarely far from each other at work; why weren't they both found yet? The not knowing was making her crazy. She didn't even get an update in Liam's condition, so concerned was she about seeing him! She was the worst girlfriend ever.

“Emma!” Will hollered, getting her attention. “Cab's 'ere.”

“Right.” Her phone was still vibrating constantly; probably Mary Margaret or Ruby trying to get a hold of her but she couldn't talk to them right now. She couldn't talk to anyone until she knew her boys were okay.

The cab took them back to Paddington; Emma demanded the driver keep the engine running while she went inside to fetch the papers. She got all the documents, just in case. Emma sprinted out and threw herself back in the cab, ordering it to take them right back to the hospital.

The situation had changed drastically in the hour or so they were gone. The city had tried to shut down all non essential traffic, but without more police they didn't stand a chance. It was still only about five hours since the explosion; every hospital in central London was swamped. As they walked past, Emma heard one of the ambulances get turned away, ordered to go to one further away.

Emma noticed two things when she stepped back into the reception area. The first thing was the number of civilians, people like her trying to see loved ones. The second thing was the soldiers carrying guns. A lot of them.

She got in the line, papers clutched in her fist. She had a bad feeling as people in front of her got turned away. She had an even worse feeling when she got there and there was a different receptionist from the one she spoke to earlier. This one was a man dressed in camouflage, army by the look of him.

“Emma Swan to see Commander Liam Jones,” she said.

“Family?”

“I've got our paperwork right here. This gives me medical proxy and declares me next of kin.”

The officer...a colonel perhaps? She wasn't a good with the army ranks, examined her papers.
“These are in order, Miss Swan, but we can't let you into the hospital. This is a secure zone.”

“What does that mean?!” she asked shrilly.

“It means no one gets in until we find out who or what caused the explosion. Orders, ma'am. I am sorry.”

She opened her mouth to argue but Will cut her off. “Now see here, Major! This woman's whole life in this hospital and I demand you let her see him!”

The Major's eyes drifted to Will, acknowledging his rank. “My orders are from the Ministry, Commander. There is nothing I can do! It's a matter of national security.”

“You've got to be kidding me!” Emma screamed. The panic was starting to settle in again; she fought against it. “Can you at least tell me if he's okay? And if Lieutenant Killian Jones has been brought in?”

The Major—Emma finally saw his name, Watson—shook his head. “No information is being released at this time, miss. You are, of course, free to wait.” He looked like he'd given the same speech over a dozen times, to irate family members.

Emma snatched back her documents and headed for a seat. Will went with her, muttering savagely. They still didn't know anything. It was maddening.

“Coffee, lass?” Will asked after a while.

“No thanks.” It would only make her even jumpier and she didn't need that right now. “You can get some though. I'll be okay.” Will still looked concerned, but did step away.

“They say tea is better for an upset,” a kindly feminine voice said. Emma didn't look up.

“I'm not upset,” Emma snapped. She couldn't give into the swirling emotions; she had to be strong for them.

“Is it your husband?” the woman persisted. “My Fred's not been found yet; this is the closest hospital, so I came here.”

“Yes, no...sort of,” Emma mumbled.

“You don't know if you're married?”

Emma scowled. “It's complicated, okay?” She couldn't explain, not to a complete stranger.

Will returned. “I know ya didna ask for it but I brought ya some tea, lass. Drink it, okay?”

“Is that an order?”

“They'll relax all this soon,” he assured her. “It's just a precaution.”

“If I just knew if Liam was okay...” She accepted the tea, even though she didn't drink it. “I can't think about Killian right now,” she admitted. “What if they don't find him?”

“They will,” Will repeated. “Arse probably tried to be a hero or something. They'll find him, lass. I promise you.”

Emma wasn't sure if he was trying to convince her or himself, but she let it pass. She had to cling to
that hope or she would lose it entirely.

The tea was cold by the time Emma decided to drink it, but she forced it down. She was too worried to eat, to even think about food. Will was a trooper, staying with her as the minutes clicked by. They didn't talk.

“Emma?”

Her head shot up, hearing Mary Margaret's voice. “How did you know I was here?” she asked, standing. She hugged her friend tightly, smiling grimly at Ruby from over her shoulder.

“Will called Victor,” Ruby said. “Asked us to come sit with you. Have they told you anything yet?”

“No,” Emma said miserably.

“They can't do that,” Ruby huffed. “They need to tell you something!”

Will slid over and fetched another chair for the newcomers. Emma's “friend” had already moved on. “I've been trying, love,” Will said. “Bastard over there won't budge.”

“Well, Victor's heading inside,” Ruby said. “I'd like to see them stop him.”

“What?” Emma cried.

“He's a doctor, right? He was getting ready to report anyway; he just asked if he could be sent here.”

Emma's lip trembled, eyes filling with tears. “Thank you, Ruby. But won't he get in trouble?”

“Liam's his friend too. It's worth it, Emma.” Ruby smiled kindly. “He'll call soon, I know it.”

Mary Margaret was holding Emma's hand. “David will be here soon too; he was having some trouble getting back into the city.”

“Sorry I didn't return your calls,” Emma mumbled. “I was just...”

“It's okay, Emma. We're here now.” Mary Margaret looked around. “Haven't they told anyone anything?”

“Nope. What's happening out there? I haven't been paying attention since we got here.” Emma saw Ruby and Mary Margaret exchange a look. “What?”

“One of the walls collapsed, Emma,” Mary Margaret said softly.

“But it doesn't mean...” Ruby began hastily. “I mean, I'm sure they got almost everyone out before...”

Emma wrenched her hand away from Mary Margaret and buried her face in them. It was difficult to breathe all of a sudden. If something happened to Killian...if Liam was in the hospital fighting for his life...god, she'd never recover from this. She felt someone's hand on her back, trying to soothe her, but it was too much. She needed to be alone.

“I'm going to the bathroom,” she snapped and left.

Once she was locked in the stall, Emma broke down, crying harder than she had since she was all alone in her jail cell so many years ago.
Gradually, her sobs subsided but she didn't come out. She knew her friends wanted to help but the only thing she wanted now was to hear Liam's voice. And Killian's. She wanted them home with her engaging their usual banter, maybe going out on a date, making love until they were exhausted. She should not be here in a hospital wondering if she would ever see either of them again.

“Emma?” It was Ruby.

She wiped at her mostly dry face. “I, uh, need a minute!”

“It's Victor, Emma. He's on the phone. He's got news!”

Suddenly, Emma didn't give a shit what she looked like; she flung open the door to the stall and practically snatched the phone from Ruby's hand. “Victor?”

“Hey, Emma,” Victor replied. The signal wasn't great; the lines were still wonky, but she could hear him. “I've just come from Liam's room. He's alive.”

“How is he?” Was he asking for her?

“Better than I expected, honestly,” Victor said heavily. “He's got a couple of bruised ribs. Took a nasty hit to the head, but they sutured him up. They want to make sure he hasn't got a concussion or any other internal trauma. But from what I can see, he's going to make a full recovery.”

Emma let out a relieved breath. “Thank god. Is he awake?”

“No, they've got him sedated right now. I'll keep checking in on him though. I imagine he'd like to talk to you when he does wake up.”

“Thanks a lot, Victor. Is Killian there too?”

“Not yet, Emma. I'm sorry. I'll let you know the minute I hear anything. He might even be at another hospital.”

This wasn't exactly the reassurance she was looking for, but she'd take it. She said goodbye and handed the phone back to Ruby. “Liam's alive, Victor says he's gonna be okay.”

“That's great!” Ruby hugged her. “I'm sure Killian's at another hospital. We'll find him.”

They headed back out to the reception area; to Emma's surprise there were people being allowed inside. Instead of returning to her seat, she marched up to see Major Watson. “Can I get in to see Commander Jones now?”

“Excuse me, you are?”

Emma forced herself not to roll her eyes. “Emma Swan, his next of kin?”

“You're American?”

Emma snarled. “What has that got to do with anything? I'm his family, damn it!”

“Only UK citizens are being allowed,” the major said, as if Emma were very slow. “As I said, national security.”

“This is horseshit,” she screamed in frustration. “Let me in right now!”

“Do I need to have you escorted out?”
Emma noted the men with the guns inch closer. She certainly didn't want that kind of trouble, not with Liam still inside. “I'm reporting this,” she said in a deadly whisper. “I'll get a fucking court order if I have to, Major.” Then she turned on her heel and left.

Will, Ruby and Mary Margaret were so surprised, they didn't follow her at first. Now that she knew Liam was okay and that Victor was there to watch him, she was ready to unleash hell to get what she wanted.

“Emma, Emma, wait!” Mary Margaret cried.

But she was already on the phone to Clifton, their lawyer. She was going to get the sorted out quickly.

“Clifton and Stone, how may I direct your call?”

“Emma Swan for Mr. Clifton, please. This is urgent.”

“I'm afraid Mr. Clifton is out of the country at the moment,” the cool female voice replied. Of course he is.

“Well, who's handling his clients?” Emma snapped.

“One of our junior partners, Ms. Beake. Shall I put you through?”

“Quickly,” Emma said through gritted teeth.

There were some beeps and then another female voice answered. “Dawn Beake, how may I help you?”

“This is Emma Swan. A few weeks ago Mr. Clifton drafted some power of attorney and medical proxy papers for me and now I'm trying to use them and this hospital won't let me in.”

“Swan, Swan...” Ms. Beake said slowly. Emma heard typing. “Ah, yes, here is it. You and a Liam Jones...and a Killian Jones? Is that right?”

“Yes,” Emma said shortly.

“Everything seems to be in order, Miss Swan. Yes, the documents were filed properly. Did the hospital give you a reason as to why they aren't honoring the documents?”

“They were in a the explosion, the one in Whitehall? The major just gave me some run around about only allowing UK citizens inside? Something about national security.”

“And you would like us to do what?”

“Make them let me in!” she shrieked. Wasn't that obvious?

The woman seemed nervous now. Just how junior was she? “I...will see what can be done, Miss Swan, and get back to you as quickly as possible.”

“You do that.” She hung up, rounding on her friends. “Will, can you go find out if anyone's found Killian yet? Victor says he might be in another hospital. We need to find him. Ruby, Mary Margaret...can you guys come with me?”

“Where are you going?”
“Home,” Emma said grimly. “I think I might know someone who can speed this up since they’ve got Little Miss Muffet working my case at that lawyer's office.” She looked back up at the hospital. “I don't want to leave him, but...”

“We'll stay with you,” Mary Margaret said stoutly. “I'm disgusted that they won't let you in! Just let me let David know where we are,”

“I'll be back soon, lass,” Will said. “I'll find him for ya.”

“Thanks, Will.” She hugged him; she would have never gotten through the last few hours without him. “Be safe, okay?”

He grinned at her and hailed a cab. The ladies caught the next one, Emma staring out the window the entire way back to the townhouse. She hoped she still had the woman's card. Granted, Emma didn't know Regina Mills very well, but she knew her a lot better than that Beake woman.

When she got home, Emma headed for the desk in the study, rifling through the drawers. She found the small card, holding it up triumphantly. Her momentary giddiness faded when she realized how late it was. Dark had fallen hours ago; Emma hardly noticed. Still, she had to try. With Mary Margaret giving her an encouraging nod, Emma dialed.

“Regina Mills.”

“Um, hi,” Emma said warily. “I don't know if you remember me, but my name is Emma Swan. I was looking for Anastasia Tremaine a few months ago?”

“Yes! Miss Swan, I do remember you. What can I do for you?”

Briefly, Emma explained the situation. Regina listened, taking notes as Emma spoke. She asked a few hard questions; Emma already felt better. This woman seemed much more competent than Little Miss Muffet.

“Now are they not letting you in on the basis of your nationality or your relationship status?” Regina asked.

Emma started. “The major said it's because I'm American. Do you think it's something else?”

“Possibly. Am I to understand that your relationship is common knowledge?”

“Well, we haven't pinned signs on our backs, but yeah. A lot of people know.”

“Have you made any enemies?”

Emma thought for a moment and her stomach dropped. Clara wouldn't stoop that low, would she? And did she even have that kind of clout? All Liam would say was that she came from an old naval family. But so did Nottingham and Emma had made his life difficult as well. Anyone using this to keep her from her boys was...well, the worst of the worst, as far as Emma was concerned.

“Maybe. But why do all this to thwart one person?”

“It is unlikely; I was merely fielding the possibilities, Miss Swan.”

“Emma, please.”

“Emma. I need to have a look at your documents then we can decide how to proceed. But going through the courts may take more time than you are willing to give.”
“How soon can you be here?”

“A few hours, if I leave now.”

Emma sighed in relief. “Thank you, Regina.”

“Thank me when we've won.” They hung up and Emma moved back to the living room, sagging back into the couch. Mary Margaret and Ruby were waiting with tea.

“This is much nicer than I expected,” Ruby observed, looking around. Emma could tell she trying to change the subject, to keep her distracted. Emma was grateful.

“Yeah, they have pretty good taste. I love it here,” she agreed.

“Didn't you say you guys were thinking about buying this place?”

“Yeah, eventually,” Emma said.

“Well, if ever want to redecorate or just want something to hang up, let me know, okay?” Ruby said.

Emma smiled. “Will do, Ruby.”

The ladies chatted, still trying to distract her. Emma didn't mind all that much. There wasn't anything she could do until someone called. She hated this feeling of helplessness. She should be in Liam's room with him. When they found Killian (she had to believe that they would), she would make sure the brothers were put in the same place, the same room if it were possible. She wanted to stay with them and she'd fight anyone who tried to force her to leave.

Emma couldn't turn on the TV; she didn't want to see the pictures of the site. Not until she knew both of her boys were safe. What was taking Will so long?

Emma jumped when her phone rang. The caller ID said it was Will. “Did you find him?” she said instead of hello. Her heart was in her throat and it was very hard to breathe again.

Will sounded out of breath. “Aye. He's alive, Emma! They won't tell me how bad it is, but he is alive, the arse.”

Emma couldn't help it; tears coursed down her cheeks. Killian was alive. “Where is he? Can I see him?”

“He's at St. Bart's, lass. Pretty much the same situation as at Ormond. Lotsa Army blokes. Wankers. One of 'em tried ta get cheeky with me, but I set him straight. Have ya considered petitioning the brass yet?”

“Not yet. My lawyer is on her way; we're supposed to talk options.”

“I dunno,” Will said. “It's odd, for sure.”

“Regina thinks it could be an enemy,” she informed him.

“Who, like Clara?”

“Do you think she could do something like this?”

“I doubt it. Take advantage? Absolutely. But this smells of the brass to me, lass. You've been making quite a name fer yerself lately.”
“But why?” Emma asked, frustrated. “Why do we offend them so much? We're not hurting anyone!”

“Old fashioned is what it is,” Will said, annoyed as well. “I'd be willing ta bet the three of ya are more healthy than the lot of them combined, but since yer different, they've got ta make an example. We'll find a way, Emma.”

“Can you hang out there?” she asked. “In case there's more news?”

“Sure thing.”

“You're a good friend, Will Scarlet.”

“Don't let it get around, love.”

Emma laughed for the first time in what felt like days. She was exhausted, but she didn't want to sleep. What if something happened?

“Killian's alive,” she informed her friends. “He's at St. Bart's.”

“Emma, that's wonderful!” Mary Margaret cried. She hugged Emma but jumped back when the doorbell rang. “I'll get it, you stay here.” She was only gone for a minute. The visitor was David.

“I got here as soon as I could,” he said, sitting the armchair Liam liked to use for reading. “Any news?”

Mary Margaret and Ruby filled him in. Emma leaned back in the couch and closed her eyes, just for a minute. She didn't even notice sinking into sweet oblivion.

“Emma, Emma, wake up,” Mary Margaret said, shaking her shoulder.

“What..?” Then she remembered everything that had happened over the last few hours and bolted upright. “What is it?”

Mary Margaret grinned. “Liam's on the phone for you,” she said, holding Ruby's phone in her hand.

Emma sighed in relief, accepting the phone. She hurried upstairs, needing some privacy. “Liam?” she asked, her voice shaking.

“Emma?” He sounded a bit groggy, but it was her Liam. “God, it's good to hear your voice, love.”

Emma laughed, a tear sliding down her cheek. “You too. Are you okay? What happened?”

“My ribs are killing me and I've got a headache but the doctor says that's normal,” Liam said heavily. “I wish you were here though.”

“Soon,” Emma said firmly. “We're working on it.” She didn't want to upset him with the grim truth; he needed to rest. “Want me to bring you some clothes to get out of that hospital gown?”

Liam's laugh was pained. “If it's not too much trouble, lass.” He paused. “Emma, where is Killian? These wankers won't tell me.”

She heard the worry and concern in his voice. “He's alive,” she said, her own voice unsteady. “Will says he's at St. Bart's, but I don't know how bad it is.”
There was a long pause. “This is my fault.”

“It’s the fault of whoever set off that explosion, not you!” Emma said hotly. “I’m going to get both of you back, do you hear me?”

“Emma...”

“No, you listen to me, Liam Jones. It doesn’t matter what happened. We’re going to get through this the way we always do, okay? Together. As soon as I can manage it, I’m gonna get you transferred, then we’ll all be together, okay?”

“I’m scared, Emma.”

His words were like a knife in her gut. She hated not being there when he needed her. When they needed each other. She could hear the tears he was trying so hard not to shed. Her brave, stubborn Liam. “I know. I am too.”

“If anything happens to him...”

“Hey, Killian’s gonna be fine.”

“I lost track of him,” Liam said, sounding utterly ashamed of himself. “After the thing, whatever it was, went off, I lost him. The floor went out from under us and I still had him, but I turned away for one minute and I lost him. My own brother, Emma.”

She couldn’t even imagine how guilty Liam felt. But it still wasn’t his fault. “Killian’s an adult, Liam. Maybe he was trying to help someone else?”

“Perhaps. It was so dusty, so loud, in there, lass. People screaming, steel buckling, rocks falling on us. I looked and looked, then there was another explosion...”

“Another one?”

“Aye.”

“They said on the news there might have been multiple explosions, but no one knew for sure.”

“Well, it blew me back into something, a pillar I think. I don’t remember anything after that.”

“I really wish I could hold you right now,” Emma said, more tears scalding down her cheeks. It was so good to hear his voice, but she wanted to be with him. She needed to hold him and confirm for herself that he was alright.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?”

Emma laughed through her tears. “Worried sick and angry at the Navy but otherwise I’m fine.”

“At the Navy? Is that why you can’t see us? I thought we took care of that.”

“We did. But they are trying to pull some national security nonsense to keep me from seeing you.”

“They...can’t do that!”

“Well, they’re trying. But I’m gonna take on the whole Navy single handed if I have to.”

“I have no doubt you would win, Emma. I have complete faith in you.”
Emma bit her lip. “It might get ugly, Liam.” She knew how important the Navy was to him.

“Our family is more important,” he said, as if reading her thoughts. “You do whatever you feel is best and we’ll deal with it, okay?”

That made her feel better. “Okay. I love you, Liam.”

“I love you too, Emma. More than I can say.”

She smiled. “We’ll be together soon, I promise. Killian too. Do me a favor and rest, okay?” She didn't want to hang up, but Liam did need to rest. She needed him; they needed each other.

“That an order, lass?”

“Yes!”

“Aye aye, captain.” He sounded tired, so Emma reluctantly let him go. It took her some time to pull herself together; talking to Liam had taken a lot out of her. Hearing his voice helped ease her anxiety, but Killian was at St. Bart’s all alone.

There was a soft knock on the door. “Emma?”

“Come in,” she said. It was Mary Margaret.

“Is Liam okay?”

Emma sighed. “As well as he can be, I guess. His ribs are sore and he's got a headache. I told him to rest.”

“You should too, you know.”

“I can’t.”

“You're not going to do either of them any good if you don't take care of yourself,” her friend chided.

“But that's just it, I can't,” Emma said plaintively. “I can't sleep in this bed. Not without them.”

“You have your own room, right?”

“Yeah.” She didn't see how that would help. She couldn't sleep well there either.

“I'll stay with you,” Mary Margaret said firmly. “David can sleep on the couch.”

“He can take Killian's room. We hardly use it.” She was secretly grateful Mary Margaret had suggested it.

“Let me give Ruby her phone back and she can stay downstairs, if that's okay.”

“I don't need all of you to stay...” Emma said quickly.

“We want to, Emma. We're your friends.”

“What about Regina?” She was due to be there any minute.

“Already in the study, examining the papers.”
“Oh wow. You guys are on top things.”

“So you can rest,” Mary Margaret said gently.

“Okay,” Emma said, admitting defeat. There wasn't much more she could do in the middle of the night, as much as she hated to admit it. She gave Mary Margaret Ruby's phone and went to change. She found a pair of Liam's boxer shorts and one of Killian's shirts, slipping them on. The clothing smelled strongly of them; it helped. She didn't bother with any of her other nightly rituals; she was too tired. When she got to her bedroom, Mary Margaret was already there, turning down the sheets.

They climbed into the bed; it was a bit narrow for two people but they made it work. It wasn't the same, but Emma was surprised how much it did help. Mary Margaret hummed a tune Emma didn't recognize, over and over, until she fell asleep.

Emma woke up by nearly falling out of the bed. She went to roll over, and the panic of almost falling jolted her awake. “Oh shit,” she mumbled, scooting back into the bed and scrubbing her hand over her face. Why was she in this bed anyway? It slowly came back to her, like a bad dream. Explosions, Will, hospitals, Liam on the phone.

She squinted in the faint light (her bedroom only had one window); her watch read a little after eight. She looked to her left; Mary Margaret was still asleep. Emma was grateful, but she needed to get up. She was determined to find a way to see her boys today; she wasn't taking no for an answer.

Emma padded downstairs, careful not to wake anyone. She vaguely remembered Mary Margaret telling her that Regina had arrived; Emma wondered if she found anything. She found Regina curled up in the plush armchair in the study, a file in her hand. “Regina?”

The other woman's eyes blinked open. “What? Oh, it's you.” Regina sat up hurriedly. “I hope you don't mind.”

Emma shook her head. “Not at all. I'm just grateful for your help.”

“Don't you want to know what I found?”

“Of course. I was going to ask if you wanted coffee first.”

“Lead on.” They headed for the kitchen; Emma told her to pull up a stool while she started the coffee. She didn't want to burn anything, so she got some cereal and fruit too. Her stomach was finally demanding food. It wasn't until after the coffee was poured that Emma asked what Regina had found.

“As far as I can tell, they have no legal standing to keep you away. Your paperwork is quite clear. The only possible explanation is that they think you're a terrorist.”

“What?!”

“I'll take your indignation as a 'no' on the desire to blow things up,” Regina replied, sipping her coffee.

“Why would I want to blow up the place where my boyfriends work?”

“I've already gotten us an appointment with the idiots in charge of the investigation to answer that question for us. The only thing I need from you is guidance on what to do if, as I suspect, that avenue fails.”
“Why would it fail? Can't we just get a court order or something?”

Regina took a bite of sliced apple. “As I said last night, the courts are in as much chaos as the rest of London. So unless you are prepared to wait, we may have to take drastic measures.”

“Such as?”

Regina looked very serious. “How far are you willing to go?”

“As far as it takes. They're the only family I have.”

“I was contemplating calling a press conference. Putting your case before the public, gain their sympathy.”

“What, like go on TV?”

“That's generally where press conferences take place, Miss Swan.”

“How would that help?”

“You're young, beautiful. You obviously care about the brothers very much. The, ah, sensational nature of your case is sure to get us excellent coverage, coverage that the government will not want, with all the rumors flying around about the explosions.”

“So basically you want me to go on TV and shame the Navy into letting me see them?”

“Essentially, yes.”

Emma sipped at her coffee, thinking. She didn't want to go on TV. She didn't want to put a microscope on her private life. Once that genie was uncorked, you couldn't put him back. And the British tabloids could be vicious.

“As your attorney, I would do most of the talking. All you would have to do is stand there and look like the worried spouse.”

“I don't know, Regina. I'll have to think about it. That's a huge step. We never wanted to be public like that.”

“It's an unfriendly world, Miss Swan,” Regina replied. “You may not have a choice.”

Emma really didn't like the sound of that.

After breakfast, she showered and dressed, professional but practical. She filled a bag with a few changes of clothes for the boys and herself, just in case. Somehow she was getting into see them today. Mary Margaret, bless her, offered to come with them, but Emma insisted they go home. If they decided to actually do the press conference, she didn't want to drag her friends into it.

That left Emma and Regina.

The two women took a cab to Scotland Yard; that was where the investigation was being run from, since the Whitehall area was still closed. Emma kept checking her phone, hoping Will would call with an update on Killian. She hadn't heard anything and it worried her.

“Regina Mills, with an appointment with Admiral Steele,” Regina said crisply to the portly man at the desk.
“Ain't no admirals here,” the man grumbled.

“You and I know perfectly well there is, you ridiculous man. Now do your job,” Regina snapped.

Emma, in spite of the serious nature of their visit, had to stifle a laugh. The woman certainly had a sharp tongue. The man called back to confirm their appointment, opening the gate to let them through. A junior officer met them inside and led them to what Emma presumed to be the Admiral's temporary headquarters.

The bastard made them wait over an hour, Emma getting more and more angry. She tried calling Will, but he wasn't answering. Where was he? Probably asleep in an uncomfortable plastic chair.

“The admiral will see you now.”

“Remember, let me do the talking, Emma,” Regina whispered as they entered the room.

“Ms. Mills, is it?” the Admiral said. He was older, white hair and beard. He looked a bit frazzled, which seemed understandable given that the Navy's headquarter had just been bombed less then twenty four hours ago.

Regina shook the proffered hand. “Yes, Admiral. I am here on behalf of my client, Miss Emma Swan.”

“Please sit.” They did so, Emma crossing her legs. “How may I be of assistance?”

“Well, you see, Admiral, Miss Swan would like to see her family, who has been injured in the explosion yesterday. She spent most of last evening at the Ormond and and was turned away, despite her legal and binding power of attorney and medical proxy for Commander Liam Jones.”

The admiral's eyes lit up in recognition. Emma didn't know if that was good or not. Had he been at the ball, months ago? Or was he a family friend of Clara's? She was going to make her head hurt just thinking about it.

“It's a very delicate situation, Ms. Mills. As I'm sure you can appreciate.”

“Other family members are being allowed to see their loved ones, Admiral. We are simply asking that Miss Swan be accorded her legal rights.”

“Are you a British citizen, Miss Swan?”

“No.”

“Have you applied for permanent residency?”

“I don't see why that matters?” Regina said.

“It matters, Ms. Mills, because someone bombed the headquarters of our national defense agencies. I'm sure you can appreciate the level of caution required on such sensitive matters?”

“I've lived here for nearly nine months, Admiral,” Emma said, trying to keep her temper. “And helped the Navy. Why would I want to bomb it?” The Admiral didn't seem to have an answer. “I just want to see my family. I need to know they're alright. Surely you can appreciate that?”

“Miss Swan's immigration status has no legal bearing on this, Admiral. We will go to the press if you refuse.”
“You're bluffing.”

“Am I?” Regina stood. “You have my contact information if you decide to change your mind.”

Emma hurried to follow, surprised that it was over already. “Are we not going to fight some more?”

“He never had any intention of granting our request,” Regina said grimly. “He was just trying to stonewall us.”

“Wouldn't it just be easier to let me in?” Emma cried, frustrated. “They could avoid all this if they just let me in.”

“Easier, yes,” Regina said, as they stepped outside. “But then they'd also have to admit they are wrong and people in authority, particularly people who hate change, don't like admitting they are wrong. They think it's some sick game of dominoes. That if they give in to you, then their entire worldview comes crashing down.”

“So you think it is because of my relationship,” Emma said slowly.

“There's no other reason. They might hide behind 'national security,' feeding on the fear and uncertainty of the attack, but they have no concrete evidence that you've done anything wrong. The law is on your side, Emma.”

Emma was about to reply when her phone rang. “Will?” she said hopefully.

“Victor managed to sneak into Bart's,” Will replied. It sounded like he was outside.

“Killian?”

“Aye. The doc says that he lost a lot of blood, got his leg broken. Compound fracture, I think he said. Broke the skin. But they got 'im stable, lass. Hasn't woken up yet though.”

“Tell Victor that I owe him, big time,” Emma said, letting out a breath. Killian was alive; he was going to be fine. But she still needed to see him. What if something went wrong? “You should go home. Thanks a lot, Will. This means a lot to me.”

“How's it coming on your end?”

“Another dead end. I'm considering something drastic.”

“I think these wankers could use a little drastic, Emma. You know the boys would do the same for you.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know.” She hated making this choice without them, but what other option did she have? A court order could take a long time.

“Emma?” Regina asked.

Emma took a deep breath. “Do it. Call the damn press conference.”

It happened surprisingly quickly. Regina had some contacts in the press; some old friends of hers from when she first moved to England. They decided to do it in front of Ormond hospital for maximum effect; people would be able to see other family members granted the privilege they were trying to deny Emma. Emma let her friends know what was about to happen; it was likely that they could get drawn into this too. All of them were supportive; Admiral Cozzens offered to come to the
press conference, which Regina thought was an excellent idea.

Mary Margaret, David, Victor and Ruby all showed up as well, even though Emma asked them not to come. “I don't want this to bite you guys in the ass,” Emma argued, even as Mary Margaret hugged her.

“Don't be silly. We've got your back, Emma.”

“Remember, remain calm,” Regina intoned. “Just look like the distraught spouse.”

“That won't be hard, considering,” Emma groused. Then she schooled her face. “Alright, let's do this.”

At promptly 1:00 the little red light on the nearest TV camera went on. Regina stepped up to the podium and began her statement. “This has been a horrific event for us all,” she said carefully, looking appropriately solemn. “However, it has hit hardest on the loved ones of those caught in the blast.” Emma blinked rapidly under the harsh lights; she was sweating a bit now. “We all wish to confirm the health and well being of our loved ones. Hold them to reaffirm that they are with us, allow those who have lost loved ones the chance to grieve. It is a terrible thing when these rights are taken from us. My client, Miss Emma Swan, has been denied this right. She is a loving and devoted partner to two courageous officers in the Royal Navy and she is being denied access to them. All in spite of having valid legal documentation that grants her such access. We are here to today to demand that the British government honor their obligations and allow Miss Swan to see her loved ones.”

Once Regina finished her prepared statement, the small clutch of reporters started shouting questions. Regina waited imperiously until the tumult died down and only one question could be heard. “Are you saying that this woman is with two officers? At the same time?” a thin man wearing a skinny tie asked.

“I believe I just said that,” Regina intoned. “We believe it is the unique nature of their relationship that is causing the difficulty with the Navy.”

“What sort of relationship?” someone else asked.

“I believe the words you are looking for would be non-binary and non-traditional,” Regina said seriously. “I will not be releasing intimate details as they are not relevant to this matter. What is relevant is that Miss Swan has the legal right to see her loved ones and she is being barred through no fault of her own. What happens when we start disregarding our own laws merely out of fear and misunderstanding? The terrorists win, ladies and gentleman.”

More shouting. Regina was fighting hard but all anyone could come back to was the sensational nature of things, which Emma thought made sense. It's what made this news in the first place. She tapped Regina on the shoulder. The older woman raised an inquisitive brow, but Emma nodded. She took Regina's place at the podium.

“I met Liam and Killian Jones over a year ago in New York,” she said slowly. “In the time since, I have come to love both of them deeply and they feel the same about me. We have become each other's family. For someone who didn't have a family growing up, that's an incredible thing.” Her eyes welled with tears, but she didn't cry. “I'm not asking anyone to approve. I'm not asking for anything except to be allowed to see them. We made a commitment to honor each other and we took steps to make that legally binding. Killian and Liam love the Navy. I've made many friends since coming here, in the Navy and out of it; all of whom support me and my family. We are not a threat. We simply want to be allowed to live our lives in peace.” When she finished, a couple of tears did
fall; she turned away from the podium, not wanting anyone to see.

Admiral Cozzens replaced her at the podium. “The Navy Club, of which Commander Jones and Lieutenant Jones are outstanding members, supports Miss Swan’s request to be allowed to see them. I would humbly request that her ban be lifted immediately. It is a disgrace not only to the Royal Navy but to us as a country. Good day.”

Then it was Regina’s turn again. “We will be filing an injunction forthwith on this matter. Miss Swan has no desire to take this to the courts, ladies and gentleman. The Navy can fix this right here and right now. Liam Jones is inside this hospital. One phone call is all it takes, gentlemen. That is all.”

Just like that, it was over.

Emma wiped her eyes, regaining control. “So what happens now?”

“Now, Emma, we wait.” Regina looked over at the assembled journalists, several of whom were recording short pieces to accompany the press conference. “ITV was live, but it will take some time for the message to spread. If BBC picks it up, I suspect we’ll be hearing from the Navy not long after.”

“Why’s that?”

“Nearly everyone has BBC,” Regina explained. “When they see a distraught wife being bullied by the Navy, that won’t play well.”

“Ms. Mills is correct,” Admiral Cozzens confirmed. “Now I must get back. Let me know how it turns out?”

“I will,” Emma promised. “Thank you, Admiral.”

“You’re welcome, Miss Swan. Look after them.”

Emma sat with David and Mary Margaret on a hard bench outside the hospital. Ruby went to fetch them coffee while Victor stole inside once more to see if there was an update on Liam’s condition. A few of the newspeople hung around, probably hoping for some sort of scene. Emma wasn’t going to give them one. Regina paced back and forth, scrolling through her phone.

“That was really brave,” Mary Margaret said.

“It didn’t feel brave,” Emma replied softly. “I was scared out of my mind. Still am. What if they hate me now? We never wanted to be outed like this.”

“It was your best option,” David said firmly. “They’ll just be glad to see you; I know it.”

“The Navy brought this on themselves,” Ruby said, arriving with coffee. “All they had to do was let you in. Simple. You don’t owe them anything, Emma.”

Emma wasn’t sure how long they waited out there. Regina stopped pacing whenever another website posted the story, a triumphant look on her face. Emma noticed on the cameras turn on periodically, recording her sitting. She wished they would stop. She didn’t want to be on display like this.

You made a decision, Emma, now you’ve got to live with it.

She only hoped they could survive whatever fall out there was from all this.

“Yes!” Regina yelled. Emma and everyone else jumped, wondering what had happened. Regina
thrust her phone in Emma's face. Emma saw her own face looking back at her, alongside an anchor reciting the story. They showed some of the photos Emma had brought of her and the Jones brothers smiling and looking happy. Then they played snippets of the press conference, including Emma's plea in its entirety. At the end there was a number for people to call; Emma turned it off, not wanting to see.

“It's only a matter of time now,” Regina assured her.

Emma privately doubted that; there were plenty of people just like Admiral Steele who would delight in witnessing her worry and frustration. Still, all she could do was wait.

Victor came back, looking much more confident. “There's no concussion,” he said to Emma. “And no other internal injuries either. They want to keep him for observation though.”

“Is he awake?”

“Yeah. And asking for you. Raising quite a racket. He saw you on TV, Emma.”

Her breath caught in her throat. “Did he seem...I don't know, angry?”

“Not at you. He was giving the MP an earful when I left.”

Emma let out a hollow chuckle. “I can imagine.” Yes, Liam would be ordering people around to try and get what he wanted. Her train of thought was cut off by Regina's phone ringing. She answered it, speaking quickly to whoever it was. Emma checked her own phone, over fours hours had gone by since the press conference. It felt like a lifetime.

“Yes, Admiral. I will let her know right away, sir. Thank you for your change of heart.”

“Well?” Emma demanded as soon as Regina hung up.

“Officially, you've been cleared of any suspicion,” Regina said, smirking. It looked a bit evil to Emma. “Unofficially, you succeeded in bringing down what was left of the Navy's switchboard, as they got flooded with calls after the BBC report.”

“What?”

“They are releasing a statement apologizing for the confusion, reiterating that it is not the Navy's policy to discriminate.”

“That's crap!” Emma cried.

“They're trying to save face. It's easier for them to call this a clerical error or a miscommunication. But this is a huge win, Emma. You might have done a lot of good today.”

“I just want to see them,” she said firmly.

“Let me tell the idiots over there; they can record you going in.” Emma started to argue, but Regina cut her off. “I'll make a statement on your behalf. But people will want to see that the Navy kept its word. I'll make sure you're left alone for the time being.”

“I guess this officially makes you our lawyer,” Emma said dryly.

“I could use a change of scenery,” Regina said flippantly.

“I'm getting Liam transferred to Bart's as soon as possible. He'll want to be with Killian.”
“I can mention that in the statement,” Regina assured her. “Two minutes and you can head in.”

Emma started to pace, annoyed at the wait. She was finally going to get to see her boys, to see for herself that they were alright. Regina caught her eye and gave her the go ahead nod. Her friends walked into the waiting room with her as Emma marched up to the receptionist desk one last time. There was another army officer there; he eyed her coolly as she approached.

“Emma Swan to see Liam Jones,” she said clearly, handing the officer her documents. He looked them over, then nodded. “He's in room 305.”

“Thank you.” Emma said a brief thank you to her friends then headed through the double doors and into the hospital proper. She had to follow the signs, but it was fairly easy. Still, she was a bit shaky once she got to Liam's room. She took a deep breath to steady herself then opened the door.

“I told you, Clara, I don't want to...” Liam looked up, his blue eyes clashing with hers. “Emma!”

“Liam?” She wanted to ask about Clara, but all that mattered was he was here. She ran across the small room and through her arms around him. Liam winced only a little as he held her just as tightly, face buried in her hair.

“I missed you so much, lass,” he mumbled. He stroked her hair with his good arm, breathing her in. “Are you okay?”

Emma laughed, happy tears leaking out of her eyes. “Isn't that my line?”

“I was unconscious for most of it. I can't imagine what it was like for you.”

“Well, it wasn't a picnic.” Emma gave him one last squeeze then pulled back and sat on his bed. He scooted over a bit to make room for her. “But I'm here now.” They held hands, Emma mindful of his bruises.

“Any word on Killian?”

“Yeah, he's got a broken leg. He's still over at Bart's, Liam.”

“We need...”

Emma put a finger to his lips. “The minute I find a doctor we're getting you transferred out of here. I want us all together. And no offense, but I kinda hate this place.”

Liam cradled her cheek with his good hand. “I'm not fond of it myself, sweetheart.”

Emma had to blink back more tears, so happy to feel his touch. “Can I kiss you?”

“Just be mindful of the ribs, love,” he said with a cheeky grin. Emma tried to roll her eyes but got lost in his instead. They leaned in at the same time, a sweet brush of lips. Liam's were a bit dry and chapped but Emma didn't care. Her free hand came up and threaded through his limp curls, the kiss deepening of its own accord. Liam groaned softly and Emma started to pull away, afraid she was hurting him. But he growled and yanked her back, mouth more insistent on hers.

“There, I feel better already,” he said softly, forehead leaning against hers.

Emma huffed. “It was just a kiss.” One that left her breathless.

“Ah, but it's a kiss from you, my love. No better cure than that.”
Emma did roll her eyes then. “Which ribs are bruised?”

Liam leaned back in the bed, his face contorting in pain. “Here and here,” he said, pointing to two spots on his right side. “Should heal just fine, according to the doctor.”

“May I see?” Liam nodded and she pulled up his gown. There were dark purple bruises all over his torso; the worst were the ribs on the right side. Ever so gently, she skinned her lips over the spots then replaced his gown. “You were lucky.”

“Aye. I'm sorry, Emma.”

“For what? This isn't your fault.”

“We were going to go to France...”

“We can still go. After you both are well. Speaking of, are you up to moving? I really need to see Killian.”

“As do I. I'm worried about him.”

“Me too. Will you be okay while I find your doctor?” He nodded. She kissed his lips quickly. “I'll be right back.” She went to the nurses' station. “Excuse me, could you find me Liam Jones' doctor?”

The nurse looked at her quizzically but nodded. Then she went back to Liam's room, resuming her perch on his bed.

They waited not so patiently for the doctor to arrive. Emma took note of Liam's other scratches and bruises, the stitched laceration on his head. They were speaking softly to each other when the doctor arrived.

“You asked for me, Mrs. Jones?”

Emma groaned inwardly. “I'm Emma Swan, Liam's partner. We're not married.”

“She's got medical proxy, Dr. Pierce,” Liam said firmly. “I want her here.”

“Very well.” The doctor was young, probably around Emma's age. But he seemed competent. “As I'm sure the Commander has told you, Miss Swan, he suffered some bruised ribs and a nasty laceration to his head. Tests have confirmed there are no other internal injuries; we are merely keeping him for observation.”

“I want to transfer him to St. Bart's,” Emma said firmly.

“But why? We should be ready to release him in the morning.”

“My brother is at Bart's, Dr. Pierce,” Liam replied. “We're family; we need to make sure he's alright.”

If Pierce understood what Liam meant by family, he didn't let on. “Very well. I will fill out the paperwork and call Bart's to let them know we will be sending you. Miss Swan, I'm assuming you would like to ride with the Commander?”

“Yes, please.”

Once Pierce left, Emma turned back to Liam. “Why did you think I was Clara?” she asked. “Was she here?”
Liam ground his teeth. “Aye, she was here. Made a few snide remarks about you not showing up; I told her to get out. When she persisted, I flipped on the TV and showed her the report about you.”

“Oh.” Emma chewed on her lip, not sure how to take that.

“I'm very proud of you, Emma.”

“But I had to go on TV and talk about us,” Emma said slowly. “Who knows what's going to happen now!”

“We'll deal with it,” Liam reminded her. “I can't say becoming a poster boy was at the top of my to do list, but we're not ashamed of being with you, love. Not ever.” He opened his arms for her and Emma moved to the left side of the bed. She climbed in as Liam scooted over, stretching out beside him in the cramped space. He kissed her forehead and they held each other until it was time for them to go.

Liam got transferred to another gurney; Emma gathered his few belongings, including his ruined uniform. She added them to the bag she had filled with some of their clothes. She hoped Bart's would allow them to wear something more comfortable.

As they headed for the ambulance, Emma called Mary Margaret to let them know she was okay and that they were headed to Bart's. She would call later when there was some news on Killian's condition. She called Regina next to update her, which got rushed as she couldn't use her phone in the ambulance.

The drive to Bart's was fairly brief; the two hospitals not that far apart. Emma had to show them her documentation again upon arrival for both Liam and Killian. She signed the forms they put in front of her as they prepped a new room for the brothers to stay in.

“How is Killian?” Emma asked the doctor who was checking Liam over.

“He's out of surgery; they reset the leg. He's going to have a nasty scar. My only concern now is the head trauma.”

“Head trauma?”

“He was unconscious for a long time. He came out of it briefly before surgery, but I want to run some more tests just to make sure everything is the way it should be.”

“Is he going to be okay?”

“With the right care, I'm hopeful he'll make a full recovery. I think having his family with him will only help.”

“Thank you, doctor.”

The staff moved Liam's gurney up to the new room; drab hospital colors abounded but the only thing Emma was paying attention to was Killian lying unconscious in the bed. She dropped her bag and went to him, kissing his forehead and taking one of his hands in hers, careful of the tubes.

“Hey, Killian. I'm here. It's Emma,” she said, not knowing if he could hear her. “Liam's here too. He's okay, we're both okay. I'm so sorry it took us so long to find you.” She brought his hand to her lips; he was warm, but oddly lifeless and it tore at her heart. “When will he wake up?”

“Soon, hopefully. Each case is different, I'm afraid,” the doctor said. He stepped up to Killian's other
side and examined him carefully. “There may still be some antithetic in his system. The surgeon had to completely immobilize the leg. He was lucky.”

Emma nodded mutely as the doctor left. She was sure visiting hours were over but she'd have a serious confrontation with anyone who tried to send her away. She kissed Killian's brow again then went back to Liam, fussing over him, helping him change into some old pajamas of his.

“How do you feel?” she asked, holding his hand.

Liam sighed heavily. “I'll be better when Killian wakes up.”

“Me too. But we're all together now. That's something, right?”

Liam forced himself to smile, even though Emma knew he was still beating himself up. “Aye, it's something.”

Around midnight, one of the nurses took pity on Emma and got her a camp bed to sleep on. They set it up between the two beds, in case one of them needed her. It wasn't very comfortable, but Emma was more than willing to make due. She changed her clothes and kissed the boys goodnight before trying to sleep herself.

She tossed and turned but did drift off for a while. A low groan woke her up; it took her a moment to hear her own name. “Emma.”

She shot up and dashed for Killian's bed. “Killian?!” she whispered, heart in her throat.


“Yes, yes, it's me! Thank god you're awake!” She pressed kisses all over his face, ignoring his grunting protests. “Sorry, sorry! I was so worried about you.”

He chuckled dryly. “Well, if this is the greeting I get...”

“Don't you dare finish that sentence, Killian Jones,” Emma snapped. “Do you need anything? Water?”

“Water would be great,” he muttered.

Emma poured some from the nearby pitcher; it was a little warmer than she liked but it was wet. She helped Killian sit up a bit so he could drink. He still dribbled a little down his front however. “Better?”

“Much, thanks, love.”

“You scared me.”

“I know. I'm sorry.” He fumbled a bit for her hand. “Where's Liam?”

“Over there,” she replied softly. “We got here a few hours ago from Ormond hospital.”

“How is he?”

“He's okay. A few bruised ribs. Worried about you though.”

“Stubborn arse.” He looked back at Emma. She had turned on the low bedside lamp. “I am happy to see you, Emma.”
“Me too, Killian.” She skimmed her hand over his scruff; it was thicker than usual since he hadn’t shaved. Then she leaned down and kissed him sweetly on the lips. “I love you.”

“Love you too, lass.”

She could tell he was fading; he was exhausted. “It's okay, you can go back to sleep. We'll be here when you wake up.”

“Will you stay?”

“I don't think there's enough room for both of us,” she said sadly. Not with the huge metal contraption holding his leg still. “But I'll stay until you fall asleep. I've got a cot right over there, see? I'm not leaving you, not until we can all go home.”

“Hmm, home,” Killian muttered. She thought he was asleep until he said her name. “Emma?”

“Yeah?”

“We kept our promise.”

She smiled faintly. Their family had taken a hit, was a bit battered and broken, but they would heal. “Yeah, you did. Sleep now.”

They would deal with the rest later, including who had tried to keep her away. They were together and that was all that mattered.
Chapter 9

Emma woke up at dawn. She couldn't help it; the hospital curtains were flimsy and let far too much light in. She had an ache in her back from sleeping on the camp bed, but it was worth it to be able to check on her boys right when she woke up.

She kicked off the blanket and carefully folded the bed. After tucking it in the corner, she went to Killian's bedside. He was asleep, but he had more color than he had earlier. She took better stock of his injuries; his hands and forearms were littered with cuts and abrasions, there was a bruise along the left side of his jaw. It was hard to see due to the growth of beard but it was there. His broken leg was propped up, still encased in plaster and metal. She didn't know how bad it was; she'd ask his doctor the first chance she got.

She wanted to get them all home as quickly as possible.

Emma brushed a featherlight kiss to his forehead; he was a bit warm to her touch. She hoped he didn't have a fever or infection. She moved to Liam's bed; he was still asleep too, despite his proximity to the window. Emma was grateful for this; Dr. Pierce had told her that he needed to be sedated because he refused to sleep. He'd needed her and she had been unable to get to him. It still infuriated her. If she ever found out who was responsible, she had a few choice words for them. And a punch in the face.

Emma covered Liam's hand with hers, careful not to wake him. It was so unusual for her to be the one awake, but they needed their rest, far more than she did. She lightly kissed his temple before ducking into their little bathroom. It wasn't much, but she'd had worse. She stripped off her borrowed sleepwear and washed up as best she could in the sink. Then she pulled on a t-shirt and jeans, running the brush through her hair and tying it back. Her stomach growled; she realized with a start she hadn't eaten properly in nearly two days. Her exhaustion was etched into her features, but she felt a hell of a lot better, knowing they were safe.

Hoping they would sleep for a while yet, Emma stole out of the room. She figured word about her had gotten around because no one questioned her right to be there. She asked someone at the nurses' station for directions to the cafeteria; she thought she'd get some coffee, maybe a pastry. She didn't want to be gone long, just in case.

The cafeteria was pretty empty, given the early hour. A handful of doctors, a few more nurses and a half dozen men in army gear were scattered amidst the tables. Didn't the army have its own mess? And why were they still standing guard anyway? Did they really think there was that much danger? Emma wasn't sure how she felt about them, aside from lingering resentment. The rational part of her brain knew it wasn't their fault, but she wasn't prepared to forgive and forget just yet.

Emma got some coffee, then grabbed a tray to get some breakfast. She was shocked to find something that resembled a bear claw and snatched two. She also got some bacon and some mishmashed casserole that she didn't recognize. She found a table by herself and dug in. The quicker she ate the quicker she could return to their side.

There was a TV on, hanging in a corner near her seat. The news was on; they were still reporting on the attack. For the first time, Emma saw the pictures of what Whitehall looked like now. Nearly an entire side of the Ministry building was missing; the blast had penetrated over one hundred and fifty feet inside the building. Offices and conference rooms could be seen, just open to the air, furniture fallen every which way. The entire area was still covered with dust, although she could spot the tire tracks in it. An enormous crane was lifting away debris, as emergency workers continued to sift
through the wreckage. The anchor announced that about one hundred people were still unaccounted for, including several high ranking officers. Emma said a silent prayer that both of her boys were with her and safe.

They were rerunning the Prime Minister’s speech when Emma’s phone rang. It was nearly dead; she’d forgotten to charge it overnight. But she answered it because the caller was Regina.

“How are they?” the other woman asked.

“How are they?” Emma asked. “Sleeping, but fine.”

“Look, Emma, there’s no easy way to say this. I’ve got about fifty requests for interviews piled up in my voice mail. Apparently, your little speech drew some attention.”

“Interviews? Fifty?”

“My phone’s dying.”

“Hey Regina. Can we make this quick? My phone’s dying.”

“I’ve also got a Navy lawyer on my ass, hoping we don’t try to sue the Navy during this difficult time.”

“Why would I want to sue the Navy? What part of living our lives in peace didn’t they get?”

“I’m just telling you what I know, Emma. What do you want me to do?”

“Well, I doubt the Navy will want us giving interviews,” Emma said dryly. “Even if we wanted to. Christ, Killian doesn’t even know about all this yet.” She groaned. “For now, just stall them. I’ll talk to Liam and Killian later. But could you do me a favor?”

“What is it?”

“Could you try poking around and see if you can come up with some leads on why they tried to keep me out? I’d do it myself, but I don’t want to leave them.”

“I’ll see what I can find. Charge your phone.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Yes, Your Majesty.” They hung up; Emma wasn’t hungry anymore but she forced herself to finish eating. If she was going to take care of them, she would need her strength.

When she returned to their room, one of the nurses was just leaving. “How are they?” she asked the nurse.

“Still sleeping. But their vitals are good.” Emma exhaled. “Um, Miss Swan?”

“Yeah?”

“I saw you...on the telly.” She looked down at the floor. “At first...I didn’t know what to think. But seeing you here...I’m glad they’re okay. And I wish you the best.”

Emma didn’t know what to say. “Thanks,” she said at last. “Kathleen?” That was the name on her nametag.

“Most people call me Kat,” she replied with a smile. “I’ll send the doctor in soon.”

Emma nodded her thanks and pushed the door open. She found her phone charger and plugged it into the wall, as far away from the boys as she could. They weren’t hooked up to too many
machines, but she didn't want to take a chance. She dug a pad out of one of the nightstands and found a pen. If she was going to be here a while, she was going to need some more clothes. She started making a list, hoping to ask Mary Margaret or Ruby to swing by the townhouse and get them. Emma wasn't leaving until the boys did.

“Emma?”

Her head shot up; she'd fallen asleep in the chair. “Liam?” She blinked the sleep away and stood, hurrying to his side. “You okay? Anything hurt?”

He groaned softly. “Everything’s still a bit sore, lass.” He winced, clearing in more pain than he was letting on.

“Lie still,” Emma soothed, wiping his brow. “You've been asleep for a while.”

“Don't I know it,” he muttered, licking his lips. “How's Killian?”

“Still asleep. He woke up during the night though. I talked to him.”

“Thank god.” Liam closed his eyes for a moment, relief etched across his face. “Is he gonna be okay?”

Emma held his hand. “I'm not a doctor, but I think so. He asked about you, knew me and everything. I'm sure they'll do all the tests though, just to make sure.”

“And how long have you been awake, love?”

Emma smoothed his hand over his chest. “A while. I had some breakfast, came back here. I think I fell asleep again though.”

“You need your rest too, Emma. I can't imagine what this has been like for you.”

“I have my boys here with me, I'm fine,” she assured him with a sweet kiss to his lips. “But we should probably talk when Killian wakes up.”

“Aye. He'll be proud of you, Emma. Just like I am.”

“I just wish I felt that way,” she said sadly.

“Emma, this wasn't your fault. We're family. No one gets between this family.”

Emma half smiled. “Shouldn't I be the one comforting you?”

“You had an extraordinary burden on your shoulders. The least we can do is shoulder it with you. It's how we'll get through this.”

Emma wished he could hold her, but she didn't want him to hurt himself unnecessarily. “Remind me to call the gang later. They'll want to know you guys are okay.”

“Of course.” He inched over to the far side of the bed. “Now get up here, sweetheart.”

“Liam, you don't...”

“Hush now. I'll be fine. Let me hold you.”

Emma didn't argue; she scrambled up into the narrow bed and into Liam's arms. He kissed her lips,
her nose, her cheek, her chin. She relaxed in his arms, letting him share her burden. They derived great comfort from each other's touch and after the last thirty six hours, she wasn't letting them go any time soon.

The doctor came about the same time Killian woke up. Emma jumped and climbed from the bed guiltily, embarrassed that the doctor had caught them. She was sure cuddling with her boyfriends wasn't allowed.

“How are we feeling today?” The doctor made a point of not looking at Emma until she was standing and composed.

“Bit parched, to be honest,” Killian said dully. Emma got him some more water, helping him drink. Then she remained at his side. “That's better.”

The doctor, a thick middle aged man named Cavenaugh, perused his chart. “Any headaches, blurry vision?”

“Nope.”

“Well, you've got some cuts and abrasions. Those will heal, just keep them clean.” The doctor glanced at Emma. “Are you in charge of their care?”

She nodded. “Yeah. How soon can I take them home?”

“One thing at a time, Miss...”

“Swan. Emma Swan.”

“Very well. Miss Swan. I still want to run some tests. And Dr. Randall will want to have a look at that leg before the Lieutenant can be moved anywhere.”

“How bad is my leg?” Killian asked.

“You suffered a compound fracture of the tibia; you're lucky you didn't bleed to death. Dr. Randall was able to reset it and secure it with pins. You're young and otherwise healthy, so it should heal. A little physical therapy and you should be good as new.”

“Will I be able to go back on active duty?”

“I don't see why not. But not for several months. It will take up to eight weeks for the bone to heal completely.”

“Eight weeks?!”

Emma wasn't crazy about all this talk of going back on active duty, not when she'd almost lost them. “Killian, you got blown up. The Navy will still be there.”

He calmed under her soothing touch. “Just don't fancy being laid up for that long, lass. That's all.” He looked up at her, and she understood. He didn't care about the Navy. He wanted that time for them.

“We can fit you with some crutches; some physical activity will be fine,” Cavanaugh assured them. He moved over to check Liam's chart, then checked his ribs. “They will be sore for a while, Commander. But Dr. Pierce took good care of you. If you don't mind, I'd like to x-ray them again, just to be sure.”
“Whatever you feel is best, Doctor.” He winked at Emma from over Cavanaugh's shoulder. Emma had a feeling even if they cleared Liam to be discharged, they would be staying until Killian could go home too.

Finally, Cavenaugh left, leaving Nurse Kat to order the tests.

“Well, that was stimulating,” Liam deadpanned.

“It was something,” Killian grumbled. “I can't believe I have to lay about for eight weeks.”

Liam swung his legs over the side of his bed. “Liam, what are you doing?”

“Coming to talk to my brother and girlfriend, lass.”

She hurried over to help him, but he made it on his own, IV stand clutched in his hand. “Alright there, brother?”

Killian moved to sit up, wincing in pain. Emma pushed the button to ease him into a sitting position. “Better now. You?”

“I'll live.” Then before Emma could say a word, Liam leaned down and hugged Killian as tight as he dared. Tears welled in her eyes; they could drive her nuts, but they were hers. Now they were safe.

“Come here, love,” Killian said, still holding Liam by the shoulder.

“There's no room,” she said tearfully.

“We'll make room.” Liam stepped aside; Killian lowered the plastic side. Emma eased in slowly, mindful of his leg, and perched on the very edge of the bed, on Killian's good side. They leaned their heads together, arms around each other. A few tears fell, and not all of them were Emma's.

“I was so scared,” Emma said, sniffing. “I thought I would never see you guys again.”

“I think we know the feeling,” Liam said. “All I could think about was you two.”

“We're here now, Emma,” Killian said. “We're safe.”

Emma raised her head, wiping at her tears. She cradled Killian's cheek, kissing him. The kiss deepened quickly, both of them pouring their lingering pain and fear into it. Liam held Emma's other hand, saying a silent thank you that his family was back together. When Emma came up for air, she pulled Liam in too, kissing him breathless.

“It's okay, it's okay.”

Emma smiled wanly, holding tight to each of their hands. “I love you guys.”

“We love you too, Emma,” Killian said.

There was a soft knock on the door. They broke apart, turning to face the door. It opened and Nurse Kat returned along with another nurse. “A little breakfast?”

“Can they have that?” Emma asked. “I thought they were having tests.”

“In a little while,” Kat said. “But I imagine you're hungry?”

“Starving, lass,” Killian said. Emma rolled her eyes at him. He grinned back at her. She helped Liam
back into his bed while the nurses presented them with their trays.

“Will you two be okay while I go call Mary Margaret?” Emma asked. Her phone was half charged, that was enough for now. They nodded; Liam was already making a face at the terrible hospital food. Emma bit back a laugh. She grabbed her phone and stepped out to let her friends know they were all okay.

When she talked to Ruby, Emma also talked to Victor, running all the medical stuff by him. No offense to Dr. Cavenaugh, but she didn't know him. She trusted Victor's opinion. He assured her that everything was by the book, offering to come by if she wanted a second opinion.

“Thanks, Victor, but I think we're good. I just wanted to check.” When Emma left the stairwell, she saw several men in uniform entering what appeared to be the boys' room. Frowning, Emma hurried down the hall, coming up short by the MP barring her way.

“What's going on?”

“Interrogation, ma'am.”

“Why do you mean interrogation?” Emma snapped. “They were in a terrorist attack and you morons are interrogating them? Get out of my way!”

“Orders, ma'am.”

Emma snarled, reaching over the man and banging on the door. “You let me in right now, you limey bastards!”

“Ma'am...you can't...”

“The hell I can't!” She sucked in a breath, intending to keep shouting, when the door opened.

“Let her in, Corporal,” a feminine voice said.

The MP stepped aside; Emma hurried through the door, ignoring the woman in uniform who had let her in. “What the hell is going on?”

A group of five, all of them officers, stood between Liam and Killian's beds. Three men, two women, not counting the one holding the door. That one closed the door firmly and moved next to Emma. “Just some routine questions,” the woman said. Her red hair was up in a tight coil, brown eyes dark and serious. “We're investigating the explosion, Miss Swan.”

Emma didn't ask how they knew who she was. “And you have to do this now?”

“We were told by the doctor that they were fit and conscious, Miss,” one of the male officers piped up.

“I don't care if he said that pigs were flying over Big Ben,” Emma said carefully. “You are not questioning them without a lawyer present. Now get out.”

Everyone stared at her, stunned. Including Liam and Killian. “Miss Swan...”

“Do I need to repeat myself?”

“We're sorry for the intrusion,” one of them apologized after a long nervous beat. “We'll be in touch.”
Emma watched them go, shutting the door firmly behind them. She was still angry, stunned not only at the insensitivity but the gall. After everything she went through...it was her job to protect them now. She had too much experience with dodgy interrogations; not to mention that she wasn't feeling too kindly toward the Navy at the moment.

“Emma, not that I'm complaining, but what the bloody hell was that about?” Killian asked.

Emma sagged, her anger melting into exhaustion and nerves. “There's some things we should talk about before the interrogations start.”

“What happened?”

“They tried to stop Emma from seeing us,” Liam said evenly.

“They did what? How? Why?!”

Emma dragged one of the chairs over to Killian's bed. She intended to sit in herself, but Liam took that spot, hobbling out of his bed again. He encouraged her to sit on Killian's bed, while removing her shoes and laying her feet in his lap.

“It was a nightmare,” she said slowly. “I came home and saw the explosion on the news. I tried calling but obviously that wasn't happening.” She laughed hollowly. “Will came by told me what happened. Said that Liam was already in the hospital while you were...missing.” Killian reached for her hand; she accepted it gratefully. She explained going to the hospital and being turned away. The excuses and runaround. How her friends supported her, Victor sneaking in. And how with Clifton out of the country, she called Regina for help.

“She got us in with some admiral the next day, no idea how she managed it.”

“Surely he didn't turn you away?” Killian said incredulously.

“Oh he did,” Emma said. “I'm not a British citizen.”

“So?”

“Regina thinks someone was trying to keep us apart deliberately. My immigration status was just the excuse.”

“Well, obviously they relented because you're here,” Killian said slowly.

“Only because she forced their hand,” Liam said. He was lightly rubbing her calves, soothing her.

“How?”

“We, uh, held a press conference.”

“A press conference?”

Emma swallowed. “Yeah.” Figuring it would probably be easier to show him, she hopped down and got her phone. She only hesitated for a moment before finding the right link. She pulled up the video from the BBC report and handed Killian the phone. He watched it in silence, his eyes getting bigger...and angrier.

“I'm so sorry, guys,” she said when the video was done. “I know I did this without talking to you and we never wanted to be public like that and...I just didn't...”
Killian set the phone aside and took her hand. “You have nothing to be sorry for, love. You did what
you had to do.” He brought her hand to his lips, kissing the back of it. “I'm so proud of you, lass. I
know that couldn't have been easy.”

“I couldn't just leave you alone.”

“Is that why you threw them out?” Liam asked.

“Only a little. You guys do need to rest.”

“What we need is to get home, but I'll settle for a hug?” Killian asked with a grin.

Emma tried to resist, but he coaxed her into his arms. She didn't hug him too tightly, careful of his
injuries. He kissed her temple and stroked her hair. She was so relieved they didn't hate her for what
she'd done. But this was only the first hurdle. Her actions had the power to change their lives forever.

“There's something else you guys should know,” she said when she straightened up.

“What's that?”

“When I talked to Regina this morning, she said there were over fifty reporters requesting an
interview.”

“Why would anyone want to interview us?”

“An American girl dating brothers in the Royal Navy? Then she calls the Navy out, claiming
discrimination? That's a story, Liam.”

“She's right,” Killian agreed. “What'd you reckon? Should we do it?”

Liam scoffed. “You're not actually suggesting we give an interview?”

No one got to answer because Nurse Kat returned. It was time for Liam's x-rays. The nurse scolded
him for not staying in his bed, but Emma knew her Liam. He would continue to ignore the edict
whenever he saw fit. Emma kissed him before he left, only letting go of his hand when he was too
far away to reach.

“He'll be fine,” Killian said softly.

“Yeah. They wanted me to keep him at Ormond last night and have him discharged today, but I had
us transferred here instead.”

“You were the perfect thing to wake up to, love,” Killian replied. “So thank you.”

“We're family,” she said simply. “We belong together.” She ran her fingers through his hair, soothed
his furrowed brow. “As soon as they clear you, we'll take you home. I can take off work until you're
better.”

“What about our visitors?”

“The investigators?” He nodded. “Well, I think you'll have to talk to them eventually. Interviewing
survivors is part of the process, I guess. Do you...want to talk about it?” Killian stiffened a little;
Emma reached for his hand. She wished there was more she could do for him. “You don't have to...”

“No, it's okay. Well, it's not but I'd much rather talk to you than those investigating blokes.” Emma
kissed his brow, offering what support she could. He took a deep breath. “We were in a meeting,
routine. We had just gotten dismissed when I felt a rumbling underneath us. For a split second I thought it was an earthquake. Then there was a wave of sound as it...went off. Fire, heat, pieces of...stuff flying everywhere.” He shivered. “The floor fell out from under us; I saw Liam for just a second then he was gone.”

“He's beating himself up,” Emma said quietly. “Thinks he lost you.”

“Of course he is, the ponce. No one could see anything. It was too dark, too bloody dusty.” Killian scowled. “I crawled over some debris, looking for other survivors. I found one pinned under an over turned desk...I barely managed to free him before another bomb went off. That must have been when I broke my leg.”

“Do you remember anything after that?”

He shook his head. “Not really. Must have taken a good hit to the head, I guess.”

That worried her. “They said you woke up for a second before your surgery, do you remember that?”

Killian pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to remember. “Vaguely. Everything hurt.”

Emma laid her head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat. “I got here as soon as I could.”

“Shhh. I know you did. It's not your fault we wound up in separate hospitals, love.”

They were quiet after that, just soaking in each other's presence. She hated not being able to cuddle with him the way she had Liam, but his cast just wouldn't allow it. She'd make it up to him when they got home.

They remained that way until Liam returned from his x-rays. It was lunch time but Killian had to go for his round of tests. Emma kissed him and wished him luck, silently praying that he was okay. He seemed lucid enough, but head injuries were tricky. At least they seemed that way on TV. After the tests they would know and hopefully, she could start making the arrangements to take the boys home. It would be easier for her to care for them there.

“He's going to be fine,” Liam said, noting her worried expression.

“That obvious, huh?” Emma said.

Liam reached for her hand. “I have to believe that. Else I'll go mad.”

This was the price, Emma reminded herself. The price of allowing them into her heart. Worry. Fear. Anxiety. Not wanting to see them hurt. The all consuming love she had for them. She could be strong for them. She had to be.

A nurse brought in Liam's lunch; Emma stole down to the cafeteria and got some decent food out of the machine. She sneaked it back in her bag. They settled in to watch TV, waiting for Killian to returned from his battery of tests. Liam turned on the news; nearly every channel was covering the explosion. Emma was a bit concerned about his reaction, but Liam appeared fine. Other than the obvious anger and frustration that his country and his friends had been attacked in such a cowardly manner.

Emma's phone buzzed and she excused herself to answer it. It was Mary Margaret. “Hey.”

“I got your things. Any word on how long you'll be there?”
“No. Killian's having tests done now. They want to check his head.”

“Is he okay?”

Emma shrugged helplessly. “I think so? I mean, he seems fine when we talk. But he must have gotten knocked out at some point though.”

“How do you know?”

“He, uh, told me what happened. In the building.”

“Are you okay?”

Emma wet her lips. “I'm trying to be. I'm just scared.”

“You know we're here for you. If you need anything...”

“I know. Thanks, Mary Margaret.” It was comforting to know she had friends and they would stand by her. They were the only thing that got her through until she could finally see the boys for herself. “Listen, I'll let you know if I need that bag. I think they might relax some of the security soon. I know they would love to see all of you.”

“Say hello to them for us. And if you need help bringing them home...”

“I'll call. I promise.”

When she returned to the room, Killian was back. “Hey you,” she said, grinning. “How'd it go?”

“Alright I suppose. Zapped my noggin a fair few times though.”

“They want to make sure you're alright.” She leaned in and kissed his forehead. “Missed you.”

He grinned. “Missed you too, love.”

Emma took her chair between their beds. “The gang says hi, by the way. They'll come visit as soon as they can.”

“We owe Scarlet a bottle of something,” Liam said. Emma looked at him, surprised.

“Aye. Not such a troublemaker now, is he, brother?” Killian said, a bit wary.

Liam had the good grace to look chagrined. “I was wrong. He's a good lad. I'm sorry I was such an arse about him.”

Emma stood up and hugged him. “I'm very proud of you, Liam.” Nothing like a disaster to put some things into perspective. Speaking of which... “So I've been thinking...”

“What about, Emma?” Killian asked.

Emma turned the chair around so she could face them. “Immigrating here. Permanently.”

“Seriously?”

She nodded. “They tried to use my immigration status against us. I don't want that to happen again.”

Liam frowned. “They would be mad to try that again.”
“Would they?” Emma asked. “I'm only here on a work visa, Liam. They could have me deported at any time.”

“You haven't done anything wrong though.”

“Do you think that whoever tried to keep me away cares about that? If they could use that to keep me from you, they could make up something to get me deported.” This entire thing drove home to her just how fragile their life together was.

“You know we'd come with you,” Killian pointed out.

Emma smiled sadly. “I know you would. But you shouldn’t have to give up your entire lives for me.”

“Emma, you are our life. Nothing, not even the Navy, means as much to us as you.” Liam nodded fervently in agreement.

“I still want to do this,” she said firmly. “I should have done it a long time ago.”

Liam looked nervous. “Ah, please don’t bite my head off, lass, but you could just...marry one of us. Then you’d already be a citizen.”

Emma shook her head. “Unless I could marry you both...no dice. That's not fair. To any of us. It's not who we are.”

Liam nodded. “You’re right, I know that. It was just a suggestion.”

Emma looked down at her hand. She knew where the urge came from. They were married in all but name now anyway. Liam wanted a ceremony, committing themselves in front of family and friends. She could understand that. “It might take longer, but I want to start the process. But...how would you guys feel about getting rings? Maybe have a little private ceremony? Since we can't have the real thing?”

Both of their faces lit up. “I think that is a wonderful suggestion, lass,” Killian said, smiling.

“I do too,” Liam said, looking much happier.

“Maybe as soon as everyone is up and about again, we can make that happen,” Emma said, feeling a weight lift off her shoulders.

“Then a honeymoon of sorts to France?” Liam said with a grin.

“Yes. I think that's an excellent plan.” One thing Emma was sure of was that they would need a long vacation once everyone was better.

Emma spent her second night in a row in the camp bed. It wasn’t anymore comfortable, but she did sleep marginally better. Both of her boys were lucid and awake; she had hope that they would be going home soon. She talked to Dr Cavenaugh out of earshot of the boys just before bed. Liam's x-rays were clear, no breaks, no other bruising. Technically, he could have been discharged, but Emma persuaded the doctor to keep him until Killian was ready to go home as well. They were still waiting on his test results.

Emma also called Regina, updating her on the Navy's efforts to question them.

“You did the right thing, Emma,” Regina assured her. “I'll call them and sort it out.”
“Did I though?” Now that she had time to think about it, she was afraid that she'd overreacted.

“You are in the Navy's crosshairs. Have you been watching the coverage?”

“Off and on. I didn't think it was a good idea for the boys to be dwelling on it.”

“Well, this may come as a shock, but your little trio has become quite the topic of conversation.”

Emma groaned. This was not what she wanted. “Can't they just leave us alone?”

“I think you already know the answer to that, Miss Swan.”

“Yeah, okay. Thanks, Regina.”

“Is that still a no on the interviews?”

“That's a hell no. All I want to do is take them home.”

“Fair enough. I'll do what I can.”

“Listen, do you think you could find a way in here? I'd really like them to meet you, since you're our lawyer now.”

“That's reasonable. Tomorrow?”

“If the uniforms give you trouble, just call.”

She woke up early again, repeating her routine from the day before. She got more looks in the cafeteria this time, more people seeming to recognize her. Had they been on TV that much? Emma kept her head down and finished her meal as quickly as possible. The dynamics of her relationship were intensely private; she didn't even share those kinds of details with her closest friends.

When she returned to their room, both of them were awake. “Morning, guys. I went down for some breakfast.”

“We figured as much,” Liam drawled. “Have you seen this?”

“Seen what?”

Liam turned up the TV. “The authorities are not disclosing the location of Commander and Lieutenant Jones, citing security for all the victims of the attack,” the anchor said. “But the eloquence of their partner has captured the imagination of many people, a sign love and hope in these dark times. We pray that wherever they are, they are safe and recovering.”

Emma blinked. “Huh. That's...weird.”

“ Weird?”

Emma shuffled her feet. “Well, with so much going on, it seems weird to focus on just us, right?”

“Not all of the coverage is positive, love.”

“That's a shock.” They'd been dealing with things like that from the very beginning. “Is there anyone reporting the actual news?”

Killian chuckled. “Surprisingly yes.” Then he sobered. “They've declared it a recovery now, love.”
That hit her like a punch in the gut. Recovery meant they weren’t expecting any more survivors. There would be people like her who would never get to be reunited with their loved ones. “I’m so sorry, guys.”

“They haven’t put out a list yet,” Liam said. “Of the casualties. I expect it to be quite a few.”

Ugh, she wished they were closer so she could comfort them at the same time. “Have they figured out what caused it yet? What the explosive was?”

“Not as such. The Americans have offered some of their experts to help with the investigation.”

“Is that good?”

“Well, it means they are still our allies,” Killian said dryly. “I was starting to wonder after the incident with the Sherwood.”

The boys’ breakfast trays came in then, pushed by Nurse Kat. Emma helped her, then changed the channel on the TV. She didn't want to listen to anyone talk about them anymore. As they ate, Emma went around tidying the room. There wasn’t much for her to do, but she needed something to do with her hands.

Cavenaugh appeared shortly after breakfast. “Morning, gentleman, lady.”

“Hey, doc,” Killian said jovially. His mood had improved since Emma turned off the television.

“How are you feeling today?”

“Restless mostly. When can we go home?”

“I’ve looked over your scans carefully; there doesn't appear to be any swelling or bruising. You don’t appear to have a concussion.”

“That’s good, right?” Emma asked.

“Yes, that’s very good.” Cavenaugh stepped up to Killian’s bedside and got out his pen light. He checked his eyes, had him follow his finger, repeat a list of words. Emma assumed these were more brain tests. She stood by Liam’s bedside while the doctor worked. Finally, he seemed satisfied. “I want to keep you for one more night, just to be safe,” the doctor said. “And if Dr. Randall is satisfied with the leg, then you should be able to go home tomorrow. You'll need constant supervision, however.”

“I’ll be there,” Emma told the doctor. “What about the metal thing on Killian's leg?”

“Dr. Randall will go over all that with you. It will come off, but you shouldn't attempt walking—even with crutches—for a couple of weeks, at least.”

“What about using the head?” Killian asked.

“We can show you how to change and clean the catheter.”

“I am not bloody well pissing a bag for weeks,” Killian declared.

“Killian...” Emma began.

“I’m not an invalid,” he said sharply. Emma frowned. Did he really think she cared about this? She wanted him home and safe, that was all.
“I didn’t say you were,” Emma said in a small voice.

He immediately looked apologetic. “Isn’t there another solution, doctor?”

“A bed pan, but it’s messy.”

Killian frowned; Emma felt so bad for him. He was going to hate being cooped up, unable to do anything. “We’ll do it,” she said firmly. “I’ll stay with them, doctor.”

“It’ll be hard work.”

“How long until my ribs are healed?” Liam asked.

“A couple of weeks...” Cavenaugh began.

“Since I imagine we’ll be on leave for the foreseeable future, I’ll help. We just want to get home.”

Cavenaugh could see the stubbornness in their faces and capitulated. “Very well. I’ll have the nurse put together a list of the things you will need. And I’ll send Dr. Randall along to have a look at that leg.”

“Thank you, Dr. Cavenaugh,” Emma said. The moment the doctor left the room, she hurried to Killian’s side. “You want to fill me in on what that was about?”

He looked discomfited. “I’m being a terrible patient, aren’t I?”

Emma cupped his cheek. “I know you’re probably not crazy about being confined to bed, but it’s not the worst thing in the world.”

He half smiled. “Does this mean I get sponge baths?”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Only if you’re very good.” She kissed him. “I just need you both with me, okay? We’ll take the rest as it comes.”

“Aye, love. Sorry for my outburst.”

“For the record, I totally would have changed your catheter bags.”

“Good to know for when we’re old and gray, eh?”

Emma looked at Liam then back to Killian. This was forever for her. “Yeah. Yeah, it is.”

Regina showed up that evening around dinner time. Dr. Randall had left them not long before, giving her detailed instructions on how to care for them once they were home. He wasn’t thrilled about them wanting to leave so soon, but Emma and the boys were adamant. The hospital was slowly driving them all mad. They thrived on physical touch and comfort and they couldn’t get that in the impersonal hospital beds. Emma was just as concerned about their emotional well being as she was their physical recovery.

Emma greeted Regina at their door, ushering her inside. “Liam, Killian, this is Regina Mills. She’s the one who helped me get in here. Regina, Liam and Killian Jones.”

“Hello gentlemen,” Regina said formally. She was dressed in another pant suit, carrying her expensive briefcase.
“Evening, Miss Mills,” Liam said.

“Please call me Regina,” Regina said. “I know we don’t know each other well, but Emma's spoken most highly of you.”

“Thank you for helping her,” Killian said. “I'm still angry that it was necessary.”

“It was most regrettable, but I wish I could say I was surprised.”

“What kind of law do you practice?” Liam asked.

“Criminal law mostly, but I've been known to take some family law cases. The firm that drew up your documents was very thorough.”

“Then why was it so difficult for Emma to get in to see us?”

Regina and Emma sat in the empty chairs. “I've only got a theory, no hard facts. Your relationship has caused some waves, yes?”

“It's none of their business,” Liam said firmly. “We're not hurting anyone.”

“That may be true, but the Navy is a venerable institution that does not accept change well. As long as the senior staff is comprised of close minded people, it would not be difficult for someone with an ax to grind to convince them that such actions are in the Navy's best interests.”

“But it didn't work, did it?” Killian said smugly. “Emma's here.”

“Aye, but at what cost?” Liam said. “Emma said there are people wanting interviews?”

“I have managed to deflect most of those requests. You are both still recovering; it would be next to impossible at the present time. Nor would the Navy countenance such a thing until after both of you have been debriefed.”

“The Navy can sod off,” Killian grumbled.

“Killian,” Liam began.

“No, don't try and defend them,” Killian snapped. “It was cowardly, trying to keep Emma away, attempting to break up our family.”

“I don't disagree, brother,” Liam said. “But not everyone did. Look at Admiral Cozzens.”

“Fine. But if we ever find out who it was...”

“We'll deal with it,” Emma said. “Right now, let's just focus on getting you guys better, okay?” Killian nodded.

Regina slipped something out of her briefcase. “I've got a statement here that I can give to the press once you're returned home. I'll let you peruse it, see if there's anything you'd like me to add. I'm sure that once you're out of here, the Navy will want to debrief you again, but this time we'll be in control. Once you're settled in, I'll make those arrangements. Don't feel like you have to rush. I'm sure they've got their hands full as it is.”

Emma glanced over the statement; it seemed pretty standard, asking for privacy during this difficult time, thanking people for their prayers. Emma didn't ask about that; the idea kinda weirded her out. They weren't special. They just wanted to be left alone. She handed the statement to Liam for him to
“There’s a good chance that all this...interest will exhaust itself. If you stay quiet, people will eventually move on to something else,” Regina was saying. “If the Navy knows what's good for them, they'll leave you in peace from now on.”

“I’ll believe that when I see it,” Emma said quietly. Her life was never easy. Things were entirely too quiet for them prior to the explosion.

Once Killian finished looking over the statement, Emma handed it back to Regina. “Thanks for all this, Regina. Did you find a place to stay in the city?”

“Yes. Who knows, if things go well, I may move to London permanently.”

“Speaking of permanently...” Emma informed her about her decision to pursue permanent residency. They talked about it, the pros and cons. Regina, being American herself, was quite knowledgeable on the topic.

“My only real warning is if you want to ever work for the British government on some permanent basis then you would have to relinquish your US citizenship. But as long as you are a private contractor, it shouldn't be a problem.”

“Is that what you did?” Emma asked.

“There were more opportunities here than back home,” Regina said smoothly. But Emma thought she wasn't telling the complete truth. “I haven't regretted it.”

“Given the way we've been treated, I'm not sure I'd like Emma working for the government,” Liam said dryly.

“No arguments here,” Emma deadpanned. She quite liked having her own independent business. “Thanks for the advice. When I'm ready to start filling out the forms, I'll let you know.”

As Regina was packing up to leave, they got some unexpected visitors. Robin and Will came through the door. “How’re ya doin', mate?” Will asked.

“What are you guys doing here?” Emma asked, surprised. She got up and hugged Will, then shook Robin's hand. “I thought the building was still on lock down!”

“We persuaded them to make an exception,” Robin said, pointing at his Captain's insignia. “How is everyone?”

Emma, Liam and Killian all started talking at once, which made everyone laugh. She couldn't express how happy she was that some of their friends managed to visit.

“I'll just be going then,” Regina said, trying to sidle her way out.

“Right, sorry,” Emma said guiding her out.

“Were we interrupting?” Robin asked, concerned. “Our apologies, Miss...”

Regina tried to look unaffected, but Emma saw the ghost of something in her eyes. “Mills, Regina Mills.”

“She's our lawyer,” Emma said. “Helped me get in to see them.”
“So I saw,” Robin said with a kind smile. “A pleasure to meet you, Ms. Mills.” He held out his hand. Regina did not shake it.

“We’ll talk soon, Emma,” she said and left.

“A bit standoffish, is she?” Robin said with a forced laugh.

“She’s certainly...interesting,” Emma said. “Come on, you guys can tell us what’s going on!”

Their talk got interrupted again by dinner. Nurse Kat had held it off for as long as she could, but she finally had to bring the trays in. Will volunteered to smuggle in some real food...with Nurse Kat's collusion. Emma was glad; she didn't want to leave the boys alone. She perched on Liam's bed, sharing his tray while Robin and Will took the chairs. Except for the tubes and machines, they almost could have been at home or out sharing a meal with friends.

“What are they saying?” Liam asked. “How many casualties?”

Robin sobered. “Over two hundred dead so far. They still haven't recovered all the bodies, so they're expecting that number to go up.”

“How many people work in that building?” Emma asked.

“A couple of thousand, I think,” Will said. “Not nearly as many as your Pentagon, lass.”

“But nearly half the building collapsed,” Robin pointed out. “That device was well placed.”

“Devices,” Killian corrected. “There were at least two explosions, mate.”

“They aren't confirming that yet,” Will said. “Even though a quite a few survivors are reporting it.”

“I wonder why?”

“They don't want to tip the terrorists off, I expect, lass,” Will guessed.

“Do they think it was terrorists? Has anyone claimed responsibility?”

“There hasn't been a peep out of the usual suspects,” Robin said. “There's a lot of speculation though.”

Emma frowned. “Do they think it could be domestic?”

Will shuddered. “Can you imagine the fear and panic that would cause?”

“But why the Ministry?” Liam asked.

“Nerve center, mate. Or maybe they were going for Downing Street and missed.”

“That's your Prime Minister,” Robin said sternly.

“I didn't vote for 'im,” Will shot back. “Anyway, I'd like ta get a few licks in at whoever attacked my friends.”

“When do you go home?” Robin asked, changing the subject.

“Tomorrow,” Emma said. “I don't suppose you could be persuaded to help me get these two into the house?”
“Of course,” Will said. “Should we call Victor and David?”

“I'll do it. I need to ask Mary Margaret to get me a few things before we get there anyway. I'll call you when I know when we can get out of here.”

“I can walk under my own power, thank you very much,” Liam grumbled.

Emma covered his hand with hers. “I know you can. But we're going to listen to the doctor and not overtax ourselves, right?” Liam looked annoyed but nodded.

“Nerves of steel on that one,” Will said. “I'd listen to her, mate.”

“Keep that up and you won't be getting that bottle,” Liam shot back, but he was grinning.

Emma could see Killian fading; they were all going to need their rest for the arduous trip home. She shooed Robin and Will out as quickly as she could without seeming rude, then had the nurse come for their trays. Another round of vitals and she could settle the boys into sleep.

Emma woke up excited but wary on that final day. Only three days, but she was ready to go home. She hoped one final examination by the doctor would allow her that opportunity. She wouldn't breathe freely until back under her own roof. Taking care of them, especially Killian, was a somewhat daunting task but she knew what she had signed up for when she committed to this relationship. She wasn't going to back out when they needed her the most.

She ate breakfast alone again, taking the opportunity to call Mary Margaret. She expected to leave a voice mail, was surprised when her friend answered. “You're up early.”

“So are you.”

“Yeah, but I've been sleeping in a camp bed in a hospital. What's your excuse?”

“I've been volunteering at one of the relief centers. Honestly, I just got home.”

Emma frowned. “Really?” And she'd been asking her friend to do things for her. “Why didn't you say something? I wouldn't have bothered you.”

“Emma, you're my friend. One of my very best friends. Getting you some spare clothes and checking your mail is not an inconvenience.”

“What does David think?”

“He's been coming with me. Not all the time, but he understands. I am tired though.”

“You should sleep. I can call Ruby and Victor.”

“Emma...”

“No, seriously, sleep. I just need someone to get a list of medical stuff that I'll need when we get home. Victor'll know what everything is,” she reasoned. Mary Margaret could be stubborn when she wanted.

Mary Margaret sighed. “Okay. Call when you're ready to take them home; we'll be there to help you get them settled.”

“You don't have to...”
“Don't argue with a bride, okay?”

Emma laughed. She wanted to share the news of her applying for permanent residency and them getting rings, but it could wait until things settled down. “Fine. Go to sleep.” She resolved to call David later, hoping Mary Margaret would use the opportunity to sleep. She sounded exhausted.

When she finished her breakfast, Emma dialed Ruby and Victor, asking them to call when they got her message.

“Morning, love,” Killian said when she returned. Liam was still out like a light.

“Hey. How do you feel?”

“Bloody cast itches,” he complained. “And I'd like to get out of this room. Other than that I'm fine.” Emma kissed his whiskery cheek. “Hmm, you need a shave.”

“That an offer?” he said with a waggle of his eyebrows.

She shot him a look. “Did you break your arm too? Should I call the doctor back in here?”

He ran his hand down her arm, until he could lace their fingers together. “Just thought it would be fun. We could use some of that.”

She squeezed gently. “I know. While I'm kinda digging the angsty rocker look, I don't want to hurt you.”

He smirked. “You like the beard?”

She shrugged, hopping up on the bed, on his good side. “It's okay.” She leaned over his chest, dragging her blunt nails through the growth. Killian purred in response. “You like that?”

His arms around her torso. “I'm just pleased to be holding you, lass.”

The position was a little awkward, but it was the closest they'd been in days. She'd missed him so much. She scooted a tiny bit closer, enough to plant a kiss to his lips. He moaned softly and responded, cradling the back of her head and easing her into a gentle give and take of their lips. Emma felt her body start to respond and tried to repress it; they didn't have time nor was this the place for her libido to get out of hand. But aside from her crazy, painful periods this was the longest they'd ever gone without sex since she arrived in London. And her traitorous body knew it.

Emma broke the kiss, her breathing a bit ragged. “Sorry,” she said softly.

Killian combed his fingers through her long golden tresses. “Nothing to be sorry for. I've missed kissing you like that, feeling you come to life. You're extraordinary.”

“Killian, we're in a hospital.”

“If I didn't have this bloody catheter, I'd have you lock that door and have you right here.” Emma bit her lip. “Damn it, Killian. This is serious.”

“Being with you is serious too, lass. Why’d you think we're so eager to get home?”

“Maybe they should recheck your head.”
“His head's fine,” Liam said sleepily. “We just miss you.”

Emma hopped off the bed to greet Liam with a kiss, this one much more chaste. “I miss you guys too, but you're recovering from getting blown up.”

“Everything still works, love,” Killian pointed out with a grin.

She rolled her eyes. “You better be good or the doctor might not let you go home.”

He sighed dramatically. “Fine. But when we get home and we're alone, we're having a serious talk.”

“One that doesn't involve clothes,” Liam added pointedly.

Emma's retort got cut off when Nurse Kat arrived with their breakfast trays. Emma pointedly ignored them while she packed her two small bags. She got out a change of clothes for each of them; Killian's were a challenge since he had that large cast. They settled on his oversized boardshorts, which of course reminded her of their naked maid role play from a little while ago.

God, she really needed to stop.

Fortunately, Victor returned her call. She excused herself to talk to him, and go over some of her concerns, ones she didn't feel comfortable talking about with Dr. Cavenaugh. After giving him her list, he promised that he and Ruby would bring everything by when she gave them the all clear.

It was noon before Doctors Cavenaugh and Randall came in. “Still determined to be discharged?”

The boys shared a look. “Aye, doctor. We want to go home,” Liam said.

Both doctors have them thorough examinations. Emma could see they were a bit disappointed that they couldn't find a reason to keep them longer. “Everything appears normal,” Cavenaugh said. “No head aches? No upset stomachs?”

“Other than healing bones, I think we're fine,” Killian said, his face set.

Randall took off the metal contraption around his leg. “No weight on it for at least two weeks. I'd prefer three, but two should be adequate. I want you in for a check up about that time. We'll fit you for crutches then.”

“Whatever you say, doctor,” Emma said firmly, knowing Killian would argue. Cavenaugh handed her a few prescriptions to be filled, something else to add to her list. They put up a screen to give Killian some privacy while a nurse removed his catheter and fixed him up. Emma winced when he hissed in pain. The doctors gave her a few more instructions then left. Once they were alone, Emma helped Liam into his civilian clothes. He managed everything but the shirt, but Emma didn't mind buttoning it up for him. She kissed the exposed part of his chest. “Feel better?”

“Much,” he said fondly, running his fingers through her hair. He bent to capture her lips in a kiss, an arm sliding around her waist. “Now I'm even better.”

She rolled her eyes goodnaturedly. She'd be lying if she couldn't admit that being in his arms again, him towering over her, didn't feel good. “We'll be home soon.”

“Good. I miss sleeping in our bed.”

“Me too.” She had him sit back in the gurney, then turned to Killian. “Ready to get out of that gown?”
“More than you know.”

It took some hard work, dressing him. They had to put the cast through the hole first and pull it most of the way up before slipping his good leg through. Killian managed to support his weight on his hands long enough for her to yank the boxers and shorts on respectively. After slipping the black t-shirt over his head, she fussed with his hair, trying to keep it out of his eyes. That would need trimmed too at some point.

Just as Emma was getting ready to call their friends and the car to take them home, there was a knock on the door. She was surprised to see one of the officers who tried to question them on the other side. He doffed his hat. “Miss Swan.”

“What do you want?” Emma looked at his tag; it read Young.

“I've been sent to ensure the Lieutenant and Commander have adequate transportation home, Miss.”

Emma frowned but stepped back to let him in. He looked older than her; if she read his insignia correctly he was a Lieutenant Commander. Lt. Commander Young snapped to attention when he got inside. Liam saluted back, even though he wasn't on duty. “Lieutenant Commander...”

“Young, sir. Ephraim Young. We met the other day, briefly.”

“Your purpose?”

“Admiral Tyler sent me to escort you home. I've got transport downstairs, sir.”

“How is the Admiral?” Killian asked. Emma had totally forgotten about their boss.

“As well as can be expected. A few bumps and bruises. I believe he also suffered a broken arm. Lieutenant, I am to convey to you his appreciation for your efforts after...the, ah, explosion. The man you saved was his future son in law.”

Killian looked stunned. “I had no idea.”

“Lieutenant Ward worked with the legal office several floors below. Once you have been debriefed, the Admiral would like to nominate you for the Distinguished Service Cross.”

Killian looked flabbergasted, Liam proud. Emma was just glad they were alive. She was proud of Killian, but she was a little selfish too. She still didn't regret tossing Young and his colleagues out on their asses. Killian may be nominated for a medal, but they still had enemies.

“If there is anything you require, I can see to it while our transport is being brought around.”

“Could you take our bags down?” Emma asked. “I'd like a moment with them.”

“Of course, ma'am.” Young took her bags and left the room.

“Wow,” Killian said in an awed voice. “I never expected...”

“You did your duty,” Liam said, coming over and clapping his brother on the shoulder. “That's all that matters.”

Emma joined them, arm around Liam's waist, Killian's hand in hers. “I'm just glad I got you both back. I know exactly how the Admiral's daughter must feel. You did a great thing, Killian.”

Their quiet moment got broken up by the arrival of the wheelchairs. Liam grumbled, but rules were
rules. Emma volunteered to push him while Nurse Kat pushed Killian. The doctors signed their discharge papers, giving them permission to leave. Killian got put into the enormous SUV first since they had to carry him. He wasn't crazy about it, as two burly sailors picked him up and loaded him longway into the vehicle. Emma and Liam got in the seat in front of him, Liam wincing only a little. One of the sailors was the driver, the other remained behind. Young got into the passenger's seat, then they were off.

It was the first time Emma had been out of the hospital since she arrived. Mary Margaret had left her second bag down in the lobby the day before. She was surprised at how empty the roads were. She fired off texts to David, Ruby, Victor, Will and Robin, letting them know they were on their way. Killian wasn't going to be doing cartwheels about needing to be carried into their home. She thought having friends there would help.

They avoided the Whitehall area completely, skirting it to get to Paddington. They passed a few emergency vehicles, but there were no sirens. In fact, the entire city seemed to be eerily quiet.

Will, David and Mary Margaret were there when they arrived. Emma frowned a bit at her friend, but Mary Margaret looked awake and happy. Emma and Liam got out, hugging the trio in turn. She turned to see how Killian was faring. The sailor was supporting his right side, Will hurried in to get the left.

“Easy there, mate,” Will warned.

“I bloody well hate this.”

“It's not for long. You'll be up and about in no time. Stop grousing.”

Emma stifled a laugh. She led everyone inside, holding the door open. She thought about sending Killian right up to bed, but they could spend some time with their friends first. Ruby, Victor and Robin appeared not long after, making it a full house.

Emma thanked Lt. Commander Young and sent him on his way. She let the boys visit while she and Victor conversed on what came next.

It was good to be home.
Chapter 10

The debrief took place a few of days after their return home. Regina sat quietly in one corner, observing. Emma sat between the boys on their couch (Killian's leg propped up on pillows on the coffee table), lending her support. There was a bit of a disagreement, as the Navy investigators didn't want the women present, but neither man would agree to the interview without Emma. Wisely, the Navy chose not to press the issue. Emma sat there and listened to them relive every terrible moment. The screams of terror, the sickening buckling of steel, the falling rock. People crying out for help. And the damn investigators wouldn't let up; they were relentless, demanding every tiny detail they could recall, no matter how gruesome or disturbing. Killian, in particular, got grilled, as he was supposed to be nominated for a medal for his heroics. Emma held his hand tightly, their fingers laced together. She could feel him trembling, all those awful feelings rushing back. She couldn't even imagine what he was going through, all she could do was be there for him.

After everyone left, Emma and Liam got Killian back upstairs into bed. It was hard work and Killian grumbled the whole time, but Emma was determined for him to be as comfortable as possible. The first couple of nights they'd tried having Killian sleep in his room, since Emma was afraid of hitting his cast as she slept. But he wasn't sleeping, complaining loudly, and so they returned him to where he belonged. That first night back in their bed he slept like the dead, Emma cuddled as close to him as she dared. She was helped in this by Liam draped across her back, as they sought each other in sleep. After days for being forced apart, they wanted to be as close as possible.

But sleeping and cuddling was as close as Emma would allow. She was so conflicted, the urge to take care of them warring with her desire. Sex was normally how they dealt with stress but Emma refused to cause either of them more pain. Not to mention the guilt she felt for wanting them in the first place. It was selfish of her to indulge in her needs when they'd nearly died. So she coped; occasionally masturbating in the shower or stealing a dildo from their box of toys to take care of herself while the boys were napping. That didn't happen very often as she spent so much of her time doing chores. Throwing herself into work was the other less fun way Emma dealt with stress.

Like right now. Huddled in the kitchen...cooking. Liam had offered to help, but Emma shooed him away. Killian was asleep upstairs; he'd had another nightmare the night before. Ever since the debrief, both men developed nightmares, waking Emma, sometimes thrashing about. Killian's were the worse of the two; he'd wake up clammy and cold, his heart racing. Emma would bathe his forehead with a cool cloth and hold him until his breathing evened out once more.

She was trying her hand at some things in Catherine Jones' recipe box, wanting to surprise them. Steak and kidney pie, which she'd never eaten let alone made from scratch, was Liam's favorite. She was also working on an apple and blackberry crumble that the former Mrs. Jones marked in her box as Killian's favorite. She was sweating, hair pulled back, flour all over her clothing. But she was making some progress. All she had to do was remember to follow the instructions. How hard could it be?

Emma dug out her phone and turned on some music, humming as she worked. She was tired, so tired, but the boys were relying on her. She'd never pictured herself as the housewife or motherly type before, but seeing them injured brought it out of her. She was very protective; she even yelled at the delivery boy the other day for ringing the doorbell while they were sleeping.

“Making dinner, lass?” Liam asked, stepping into the kitchen.

Emma blew some hair out of her face. “Yeah. But it's a surprise.”
“Is that why you wanted me to 'shoo'?”

“Nothing gets past you, Commander,” she deadpanned, consulting the instructions again.

Liam came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. Against her better judgment, Emma leaned back against him. “You look tired, Emma.”

“Gee, thanks.”

“You're not getting a full night's sleep,” he pointed out.

“None of us are. Not since...”

“The debrief. I know.” He shivered, tightening his grip. “As much as I hate you hearing all that, I'm glad you were there, love.”

“You know I'll be there when you need me. Always.”

Liam buried his head in the crook of her neck, inhaling her scent. “We're going to be okay.” He slowly peppered her throat with kisses; Emma squirmed, the heat already pooling in her belly. Why was she so damn horny? Traitor, Emma swore silently.

“Liam...stop...dinner.”

He sighed heavily and let her go. She could see the desire and disappointment in his eyes. His ribs were healing, yes, but if Emma couldn't have both of them, then she was having neither. She wouldn't do that to them. They heard Killian calling; Liam offered to go at once and leave Emma to her cooking.

She felt terrible. She didn't know how to articulate what she wanted without hurting them. So she opted for silence. She finished the steak and kidney pie, placing it in the oven. Then she washed her hands and got started on the crumble. Liam didn't return, so whatever it was he hadn't needed her to help.

Or perhaps he was upset with her.

The change in atmosphere had been subtle but there. The relief at being back together wore off after a day or two, little frustrations taking its place. Emma insisted on following the doctor's orders to the letter, much to the boys' chagrin. Killian was especially mulish, complaining whenever Emma had to fetch his bed pan. Emma really couldn't blame him; it had to suck to be confined to bed. Killian was a vigorous, active man; this was one of his worst nightmares.

His temper got shorter and shorter until Emma finally capitulated and agreed to let him use the toilet. The only problem with this plan was that either Emma or Liam had to help Killian hobble to the bathroom, then wait outside until he was finished. He looked so ashamed and defeated whenever this happened; Emma's heart broke for him. He would be able to get around much better in a couple of days; the doctor had promised to fit him with crutches. He wouldn't be doing cartwheels anytime soon, but he could at least get to other parts of the house unaided.

Once the crumble too was in the oven, Emma headed upstairs. She was a bit wary since she hadn't heard a peep in over an hour. But she needed to wash up and change her clothes. She used the spare bathroom, washing and changing. Then she went to check on the boys.

The room was silent.
“Um, hey guys,” she said, looking from one to the other.

“How’s dinner coming?” Liam asked.

“Good, I think. I think I followed all the instructions.”

“You cooked?” Killian asked.

“Well, yeah,” Emma snarked. She wasn't crazy about his tone. “Food generally has to be cooked before eating it, sailor.”

“What’d you make?”

“Steak and kidney pie.”

“Liam’s favorite. Typical.”

Emma glared. “I made apple and blackberry crumble too. Should I take it out of the oven and throw it away?”

Killian looked apologetic. “’M sorry, lass.”

She sighed, not wanting to argue. “It's okay.”

“I'm sure it's fine, lass,” Liam said, peering over his book.

“Are you gonna be able to take your nose out of the book long enough to eat?” Killian demanded.

Emma ignored their sniping and started picking up scattered clothing. For injured people, they were making a mess. She tossed things into the hamper with a little more force than was strictly necessary; she was tired and annoyed and she kinda wanted a few moments to herself. But Killian asked her to get him a drink so she ran downstairs to fetch him something.

The doctor hadn’t been kidding when he said this would be hard work.

Emma brought up drinks for all of them. They generally ate in the bedroom on trays since Killian didn't like eating alone. Most nights it was cozy, but it seemed like they were all in a bad mood.

Liam helped her with the trays. “It smells...”

Emma’s heart sank. “Awful?”

“No, no! I was going to say interesting.”

“At least I didn't burn it,” she muttered.

“Love, Mum had years to perfect these recipes. No one expects you to get it right on the first try.”

“Killian might.”

Liam sighed. “Aye, he's a might tetchy these days.”

“Can you blame him? Stuck in bed? And not in the fun way.”

Liam gave her a sardonic grin but said nothing. He carried a tray up to his brother while Emma finished the other two. When Liam returned, she followed him upstairs with her own tray. She settled in one of the armchairs, waiting on pins and needles to see what they thought.
Killian put a forkful of steak and kidney pie in his mouth. He chewed. And swallowed...only looking a tiny bit pained. Emma looked away. “It's...different,” he said. “But not bad.”

“You mean it's not good,” Emma mumbled. She tried it herself, but that wasn't very helpful. She didn't know what it was supposed to taste like.

“Now I didn't say that, love,” Killian began.

“Don't bother,” she snapped. “I saw your face.”

Killian growled in frustration. “If I could get over there...”

“What Killian is trying to say, I think, is that he appreciates the effort, Emma. And that you did very well for a first try,” Liam said, eating a bit of his.

“Exactly,” Killian said, happy for a fleeting moment. “We really do appreciate it, Emma. I swear.”

That made her feel a little better. She never could resist those baby blues. “Hopefully, dessert is better.”

Dessert, as it turned out, was better. It was the happiest Emma had seen Killian since they got back from the hospital. He thanked her with a toe curling kiss, one that made her happy and sad at the same time. Sad because she knew the look on his face when she pulled away. She was just trying to do what was best for them.

Emma cleaned up alone; Liam went back to his book. Killian watched a movie on Emma's iPad. After cleaning the kitchen, Emma went for a shower. Her skin still buzzed from that kiss; she was horny again. She stood under the hot spray, trying to will the feeling away, but she was too wired for that. She soaped up her hands and began to fondle her breasts, pretending the boys were there with her, touching her. Her clit throbbed as she bit her lip. Slowly, slid her hand down between her legs and lightly teased her aching nub. She wished it were Killian's mouth instead, licking and sucking, his long fingers teasing her entrance. She and Liam would kiss, while Emma stroked his cock, muttering how much she wanted them inside her. Two fingers slipped in; she was slick and as hot as the water sluicing down her nude form. Emma mewled, hips rocking, trying to ride her hand like she would them. She'd let them have her, one after the other, her body wrapped around them, wet, naked, and perfect.

Emma moaned, gasping for air as her orgasm struck. Her head fell back against the tile; she felt sated but empty. She needed them.

But since she couldn't have them, she had to make due.

She finished washing and got out. She felt miserable and guilty and relieved all at once. She dried off and slipped on some comfy pajamas, nothing too revealing. Killian was already stretched flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling, when she came back. Liam stripped down to his boxers before joining them in the bed. Emma kissed each of her boys good night and lay between them, waiting for Liam to shut off the light. She was so exhausted it didn't take her long to fall asleep.

“Emma!”

She was awake in an instant, eyes open, looking around wildly, heart racing. Killian was asleep next to her, caught in the throes of another nightmare. Liam stirred next to her and while she tried to wake Killian up. He was still muttering her name in a panicked voice.
“Killian! Killian, wake up!” Emma said in a harsh whisper. She shook his shoulder hard. “Wake up! I'm right here.”

It took another second but he woke up with a gasp, sheets clenched in his fists. He slumped back into the bed, panting, eyes falling closed again. “Bloody hell.”

Emma smoothed down his hair. “Hey. You okay?”

He fumbled in the dark, but found her hand. “There you are.”

She squeezed. “Always am. What was it this time?”

Killian scrubbed his free hand over his face. “You...fell. Down a hole. It was...ragged around the edge like the floor was. I couldn't save you.”

Emma burrowed closer to him. “I have that dream too sometimes.”

“Falling down a hole?”

She shook her head. “No. Well, sort of. There's falling. Mine's usually about falling off a dragon though.”

That earned her a dry laugh. “A dragon?”

“Funny, huh?”

He smiled in the dark. She could make out his teeth. “Aye.” He was quiet for a long moment. “Sorry I keep waking you.”

“It's not your fault.” She kissed his cheek. “But...maybe we should consider making that appointment for you. With the counselor.” The Navy had mandated counseling for all the survivors. So far both men had been reluctant to acquiesce. With Killian getting his crutches soon, there was no reason to continue to put it off.

“Perhaps. Or not.” Emma decided not to argue the point. Not now. They were both tired. Liam sidled up behind her, muttering something she didn't catch before falling back to sleep again. Emma snuggled closer to Killian, arm thrown over his chest, humming softly until he fell back to sleep. It didn't take her long to follow.

Surly Killian greeted her when she woke up. Liam was already awake, but had apparently gone downstairs. Killian kept calling for Liam, but he woken her anyway.

“What now, Killian?”

He huffed. “The head, love.”

Emma sat up, surprised to see Killian half out of the bed. “You tried to go yourself?!” She threw the sheet off and scrambled up, irritated, annoyed and scared. What if he'd fallen? Where the hell was Liam anyway? Emma cursed under her breath and ducked to put his arm around her shoulder. She heaved him up, supporting his weight on the right side. It took them more than five minutes to go the eight feet to the bathroom. Killian cursed and snarled the whole way. Emma deposited him on the toilet and hurried out, closing the door behind her.

Liam chose that moment to come back, coffee in hand. “Where the hell were you?” Emma demanded.
“Getting coffee, love.”

“Don’t try to sweet talk me this morning, Liam Jones. Your brother just tried to go to the bathroom by himself!”

“What?”

“I can bloody well hear you!” Killian yelled. “Don’t talk about me like I’m not here!”

“Then you shouldn't do stupid things like try and get out of bed by yourself!” Emma screamed through the door.

“I'm grown man, Emma. I can do whatever I want!”

Emma yanked open the door, ignoring whether he was done or not. She'd had enough. “And how are you gonna do that with a cast covering half your leg?” she demanded. “There is nothing wrong with accepting a little help!”

Killian defiantly pushed himself up, swaying as he yanked up his boxers. Emma, angry as she was, didn't let him fall. She caught him and helped him back to bed, but they were both still seething.

“You know, love, you're one to talk about accepting help,” Killian pointed out angrily. “You just had to make that sodding pie by yourself, didn't you?”

“So you did hate it,” Emma snapped. “Well, at least I know now.”

“Emma...” Liam began.

“Oh, don't you start!” she screamed. “Wandering around here, brooding, nose stuck in a book.”

Liam looked stung but defiant. “You think this doesn't kill me, Emma?” he shouted. “Seeing you struggling to look after us by yourself, seeing my brother confined to his bed? I did this!”

“What the hell are you talking about? The fucking terrorists did this, Liam! They blew you up and I almost fucking lost you! Both of you! How do you think that makes me feel?”

“How are we supposed to know that, Emma?” Killian demanded. His ears were red, blue eyes angry and hard. “You only come near us to feed us or take me to the sodding toilet! Every time one of us gets close to you, you go scurrying in the other direction!”

“I do not! And I’m trying to take care of you! Clean the house, keep up with your meds, and, and...” she trailed off. “You know what? You want to look after yourselves? Fine.” She didn't care that she was in a camisole and pajama bottoms. She snatched her unused gym bag and stormed out. She needed a very long walk and possibly something to hit.

Shoes, phone, keys, wallet (the latter three shoved haphazardly in her bag) and she was out the door. She needed some air. She needed them to hold her. She needed some sleep. She needed a release from all this pent up anger and frustration. It didn't occur to her that maybe they needed that too. She walked for a while then flagged down a cab. She told the driver to take her to the Navy Club; they had a gym she could use.

She headed in the back entrance, flashing her ID at the desk clerk. He buzzed her through easily enough. Emma thought perhaps security would have been increased since the explosion, but it hadn't. She ducked into the tiny ladies changing room and yanked on her workout clothes. Her phone lit up, vibrating like mad, but she ignored it. She couldn't talk to them right now; she didn't want to say something she regretted. She started to walk away, but then she turned around and sent a
single text, letting them know where she was and that she was safe. She was angry, but not that angry. After almost losing them, she couldn't bring herself to put them through that particular hell.

Emma spent over two hours running, lifting, beating a punching bag. Her technique was probably all off but she didn't care. It just felt good to hit something. She imagined it was the person or persons who tried to keep her and the boys apart right after the explosion, or better, the assholes who'd set off the explosion in the first place. The authorities hadn't made much headway on who'd caused it, but they had eliminated few angles. It seemed that the Underground shutdowns over the previous weeks were directly connected, an elaborate diversion from the real target.

Will and Robin were shipped back to the Sherwood right after the boys had been debriefed; the government needed its best officers back on duty. Emma worried about them, suspecting that if Killian and Liam weren't injured they'd already be deployed. She couldn't take having them taken from her so quickly; she felt guilty for being so selfish. She didn't know what would happen once they were healed. It frightened her more than she wanted to admit.

After her workout, Emma took a shower. She felt bad for letting her temper get the better of her and storming out. Running from their problems wouldn't solve anything. They needed to talk things out. She got dressed and hailed another cab to take her home. Liam was waiting for her when she walked in.

“Emma?” he asked, relief drowning his eyes.

“Hi,” she said, feeling awkward. She dropped her bag. “How's Killian?”

“Pissed,” Liam said. “At himself mostly. Otherwise he's fine.”

Emma nodded and walked past him, heading for the stairs. She was still trying to sort out what she wanted to say. Liam followed her. Killian's eyes snapped to hers the moment she came through the door. He looked sad and contrite. “Emma, you have every right…”

“Shhh,” she said. “I'm not mad. Well, not exactly.” She made a point of settling in next to him on the bed. “How are you?”

“Better now that you're home."

Liam joined them too. There was a awkward silence, no one knowing how to bridge the gap that had cropped up between them. Emma had each of their hands in her lap; she toyed with their fingers. “I miss you guys,” she said softly. “I miss us.”

“We've been right here, sweetheart,” Liam replied.

“I know, but…”

“Emma, if you don't love us anymore…” Killian began.

Her head snapped up. “How can you even say that?”

“Well, what else are we supposed to think?” Killian said, trying very hard to keep his voice even. “It feels like you don't want us.”

“I want you too much!” she blurted out. “Which is so selfish, I'm so selfish!” Unbidden, an angry tear slipped down her cheek. “Part of me is glad you got hurt because it means you won't get deployed yet! But then I see how frustrated and angry you are about it...and I..don't know what to do.”
“You could start by not avoiding us,” Liam pointed out. “We need you, love. We need you, the way you need us. That hasn't changed.”

“And we'll start that counseling lark,” Killian added. “First thing.” He brought her hand to his lips, kissing it lightly. “I hate fighting with you, especially when this isn't your fault.”

“It's not your fault either,” Emma said in a small voice. “I just don't want to cause you—either of you—anymore pain.”

“But being apart from you hurts more than these damn ribs,” Liam said fervently.

“Or my bloody leg,” Killian added. “Let us make love to you, Emma.”

“And don't say you're fine because I know you're not,” Liam added. He reached under his pillow and pulled out the toy she'd been using. “You shouldn't be ashamed of wanting us, love.”

“I couldn't forgive myself if I hurt you.”

“You won't,” Killian said. “We need this. All of us. We'll just have to...get creative.” He wagged his eyebrows at her and she laughed in spite of herself. She missed them so much. She could feel her resolve crumbling under their loving blue gazes.

“Okay,” she said softly. “Okay.” She leaned over, brushing her lips over Killian's. He sighed, pulling her even closer and dragging her into his lap. Emma yelped, adjusting her seat so she could straddle his hips. “In a hurry?”

“Hell yes,” Kilian replied, kissing along her jaw. “Not letting you change your mind.”

Emma dragged his mouth back to hers, kissing him deeply, the way she'd been longing to. He responded in kind and Emma heard Liam digging through their box of goodies. Just what were they planning on doing to her?

Killian's hands slid under her camisole; Emma moaned. It felt a bit like he was touching her for the first time again, those strong hands molding perfectly to her body. He flicked her nipples under the smooth cloth, nibbling along her neck. “You're so soft, Emma,” he mumbled. “Missed you so much.”

Emma nodded, her head falling back. Every swipe of his thumbs send a jolt down her spine, right to where she ached so badly. Liam came back, settling in behind them, between Killian's legs. He deftly pulled the camisole over Emma's head, then started to nibble on the other side of her neck. “You're so soft, Emma,” he mumbled. “Missed you so much.”

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Emma keened as she felt Liam's hands slip past the waistband of her pajama pants.

“Just let us take care of you, Emma,” Liam murmured, cupping her mound.

“Is she hot, brother?” Killian asked.

“Burning up,” Liam replied. He lowered his head and took one of her nipples into his mouth, lashing it with his tongue. Killian followed suit with the other; in moments Emma was writhing in Killian's lap, hips rolling madly, desperate to come. Wetness soaked her panties; Liam pushed them aside and thrust three fingers inside her.

Fuck!” Emma screamed. “So...close...fuck.” It had been so long since she felt them; it didn't surprise her that they could get her on the edge of release with very little effort.

“You're gonna be screaming a lot, lass,” Killian said darkly, making her shiver. “It'll be a long time
before we're done with you.”

“Yes, yes!” she muttered. Now that she'd given in, she was wholly in their hands. It felt too amazing to stop.

“Come on,” Liam whispered in her ear. “Let go, love.”

Emma rode his fingers frantically, seeking her release. She fell hard, clutching at Killian's shoulders, panting for breath. Liam helped her ride it out, making her quiver with aftershocks. It felt so fucking amazing to be with them again and they were just getting started. Emma turned her head and found Liam's mouth, kissing him hard. “Don't stop,” she pleaded. “Don't stop touching me.”

“We won't,” he promised.

“My turn,” Killian growled. “Are you going to follow orders like a good little girl?”

Christ, he missed the demanding tone of his voice. She could just let go and feel. “Yes,” she said, a bit more eagerly than she normally would have done. She was too far gone for teasing.

“Then strip those lovely bottoms off,” Killian said. “And get on your hands and knees, arse facing me. Liam, fetch that bloody camera.”

Emma bit her lip; there was only one thing he could want that for. Quickly, she stood and yanked down her pants, underwear and all. She let the boys ogle her for a moment before doing as Killian asked. She moaned softly as he fondled her ass, kneading and squeezing the globes.

“She's practically begging for it, brother,” Liam replied. “Look how wet she is.”

Emma fisted the sheet, the anticipation getting to her. “Please.”

“Hand me the plug,” Killian said to his brother. “Then give her a treat.”

Emma groaned deeply, feeling Killian start to play with her ass. He licked her, massaging the tight ring of muscle. It had been a while for her; she was tight. She could feel herself getting wetter, Killian using some of the wetness to slowly work a finger inside. “God yes.”

“Over here, love,” Liam said, coaxing her head up. He was naked now, his bruises nearly gone. Only a couple of shadows remained. But Emma hardly noticed, her mouth watering at the sight of his long thick cock standing at attention.

“Take him into your mouth,” Killian demanded. “But don't make him come.”

Emma nodded, raising herself up. Her back arched as Killian continued to work her, cool lube on her skin. Emma opened and Liam's cock slipped past her lips. She hummed around him, making him groan. She felt his hand in her hair, guiding her slowly, her tongue swirling around the velvety hard flesh.

“She loves that,” Killian said, kissing one of her ass cheeks. “She's dripping, so fucking wet, Liam.”

Emma mewled, more heat flaring in her gut. She was so turned on, a physical ache deep within in her. “Fuck, Emma,” Liam muttered, shivering. “Missed your sweet mouth.”
Emma inhaled sharply through her nose; Killian slid the plug into her ass. The metal was cold but warmed quickly so all she felt was filled. She released Liam with a pop, cursing loudly. “Oh my god.”

“Did I say you could stop?” Killian snapped. He brought his hand down on her dripping cunt; the sting only made her burn hotter. “Suck.”

Emma hurried to obey, relishing Liam's satisfied groan. She felt Killian's mouth on her, tongue lapping at her hole. She moaned, pushing her hips back, needing more. Killian gave her what she needed, mouth and fingers fucking the damp flesh. Another orgasm coiled low in her belly; it unfurled slowly, her entire body buzzing. Liam had to pull away as he was too close to his own release.

Emma's chest and head fell to the mattress, panting again. Two orgasms already and she craved more.

“Turn around, Emma,” Killian said, a little more gently than he had so far. But she knew better than to disobey. She pushed herself up and turned around, mindful of his cast. Killian's eyes were lust filled and dark. She saw the frustration there too, frustration that he couldn't have her the way he wanted. She felt it too, but they would do their best. She knelt patiently in front of him, waiting for him to call the shots.

He picked up the camera and switched it on. “There we are,” he said, adjusting the screen so that it was facing him. He licked his lips as he ran it the length of her body, still pink and flushed from her orgasms. “So pretty and pink. Does this make you hot, love? Knowing we're recording this?”

Emma nodded. “Yes.” There was another flash of heat in her belly as Liam came up behind her once more, hands roving her skin.

“We'll make a lot of more these,” Liam said softly. “Would you like that?”

Their very own porn stash? Fuck, that turned her on way more than it should. She nodded. Liam started fondling her breasts for the camera, his cock rubbing against her ass. She needed them inside her. Soon.

“Don't be shy,” Killian said. “Let us hear you, lass.”

Emma arched her back and moaned, no need to exaggerate. Liam knew exactly how to touch her; Killian held the camera steady with one hand while the other grasped his cock. She didn't know when he'd shoved his boxers down but she was glad he did. She wanted to ride him, suck him into her mouth, whatever he wanted. Her body was theirs to use.

“Fuck, this is hot,” Killian muttered, pulling more vigorously on his shaft. “But I need you, lass.”

Emma's eyes fluttered open and she nodded. “Yes. Yes, please.”

“Liam's going to fuck you,” Killian bit out. “He's going to fuck you and you're gonna suck my cock, swallow me down with that pretty mouth. Fuck.”

Liam and Emma both groaned, Emma's core clenching. She was going to be so full with the plug inside her. Exactly what she wanted. She and Liam scooted down until Emma could bend over, once more on her hands and knees. She dove in quickly, licking a stripe along the underside of Killian's cock, making him hiss in pleasure.

“Fuck her any want you want, brother,” Killian growled. “Or both, just make sure she's full.”
Emma groaned, core clenching again. It had been so long since she’d been full; this wasn’t ideal, but it would do for the moment. Liam kissed down her back, cock nudging her entrance. Emma moaned and shoved her hips back, needing him to stop teasing her and just fuck her already.

“Is this what you want?” Liam growled, the tip of his cock pushing inside.

“Yes!”

He pushed in completely, her body welcoming the intrusion. God, it felt so fucking good to have him in her again. Liam took her slowly and Emma remembered she was supposed to be sucking Killian's cock. She licked along him, tongue swirling around the tip, doing everything he loved. She looked up for the benefit of the camera and was rewarded with a very sexy moan. Back and forth she rocked, Liam gripping her hips as he met her, bottoming out. Emma fondled Killian's balls, reaching inside his boxers. Killian jerked, cursing, encouraging her.

“More,” she gasped. “It's so good.”

Liam pulled out of her abruptly and she whined in complaint. Until she felt what he was doing. He eased the plug out and replaced it with his much larger cock. Emma let out a little scream, not of pain, but pleasure. The pleasure increased when she felt something else pushing into her abandoned cunt.

“Since you seemed to be so fond of this,” Liam snarled, pressing down on her back. Emma's ass inched higher into the air, giving him a better angle to fuck her with both his cock and the dildo.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Emma screamed, feeling like she was burning from the inside out.

“Jesus Christ,” Killian bit out. He was quivering with need; Emma hastily took him back into her mouth, head bobbing quickly. They found a rhythm, every hole filled to the brim. Emma was drowning in want, needing release but not wanting the sweet ache to end. When Killian brushed the back of her throat, Emma started swallowing around him, getting a bit dizzy from lack of air. It was worth it though. Feeling him explode in her mouth, hot spurts of seed down her throat as he roared out her name. Emma sucked him dry then let go, gulping down air as Liam continued to fuck her.

“Emma,” Liam pleaded, tugging a little on her hair. “So fucking close, love.”

With effort, Emma reached down and flicked her clit, the swollen nub ultra sensitive now. It only took a moment before she was coming, coming, coming, body痉着 as Liam emptied himself inside her. Her awareness was down to the sound of her heart thudding in her chest and the shallow pants of her lovers. Killian combed his fingers through her hair, a sweet soothing gesture as she came down from her incredible high. She shivered hard when Liam slipped from her and he pulled the dildo out as well. She felt thoroughly used and sated, better than she had in weeks.

Liam, as the healthiest and least exhausted, took the job of cleaning up. Emma laid her head on Killian's good leg as Liam gently washed her. “Can you move, darling?” Killian asked.

“Am I hurting you?”

“No, love. I just thought you'd want to sleep in a more comfortable place.”

Emma nuzzled his leg. “This is comfortable. And who says I'm sleepy?”

Killian laid the camera aside. “None of us have been sleeping well, lass. This might be the best time to take a well earned nap.”
“Have you had your meds? Are you hungry?”

Killian shook his head. “Liam took care of the meds and lunch while you were out. Why don't you rest and we'll talk some more when we wake up?”

Emma sighed. Despite her earlier protest, she was wiped out. “Okay.” She climbed over his cast and settled down, pulling the light sheet up. Liam joined them after taking care of the toys. Emma rolled over and kissed him, taking comfort in his hug.

“God, I've missed you, Emma.”

“Me too. I'm sorry. So sorry, Liam.”

“Hush, love. You were just doing what you thought was best.” He released her and she turned to Killian, who was flat on his back again. He looked sad.

“Hey,” Emma said, throwing herself across his chest. He held her tight, stroking her hair. “I'm sorry I made you feel like that. I didn't know.”

“Shh, I know you didn't. I'm sorry for not speaking up sooner and letting it all fester.”

“I'm always going to love you,” Emma said earnestly. “No matter what.”

He smiled at her. “I love you too. I'm sorry for shouting.”

“You allowed to be angry.” She looked at Liam, who was facing them. “You're both allowed to be angry. I'm angry. Someone tried to take you from me. But we can't bottle that up.” Emma brushed some hair off his forehead. “I'll call tomorrow and set up the counseling for when we go get your crutches. You'll be running around here in no time.”

Killian held her against his chest. “I hope so.”

“I know so. You guys are the best men I've known in my whole life. We can work through this, okay?”

Killian kissed the crown of her head. “Will you let us help? Not do everything yourself?”

Emma looked at Liam, feeling chagrined. “Yeah. We'll all take care of each other.”

“Good.” Emma settled between them again, curled against Killian's side with Liam against her back. His hand lay possessively on her hip as she drifted into a deep sleep.

It was the best sleep any of them had gotten since they arrived home. No nightmares, no bumping into Killian's cast. Emma's mind was blissfully blank. Even though it was the afternoon, they slept for a long time; it was well past dark by the time anyone woke up. Emma yawned and fumbled with the sheet, trying to see what time it was. Her stomach was growling.

No wonder, as it was nearly ten o'clock. Another solid eight hours of sleep and she'd be good as new again. But first she needed to eat.

“Emma?” It was Liam, sounding groggy.

“Emma?” She yawned and fumbled with the sheet. "It's dark.”
Yeah, we, uh, slept for a long time.”

“What time is it?”

“Nearly ten.”

“Damn. Guess we were more tired than I thought.”

“Did you sleep well? Any nightmares?”

“Not a one. Thankful for that.”

Emma rolled over, so she could face him. She could just make out his features in the moonlight. “You don't always have to be the stoic older brother, you know.”

He sighed, toying with her hair. “Old habits die hard, lass. But I'm trying.”

She kissed him sweetly. “I know. But we need you. Brooding's not going to help.”

“Was it that bad?”

She cupped his face. “A little. But I shouldn't have shut you out either, tried to do everything myself.”

“I hate seeing you hurting, sweetheart.”

“I'm not anymore. We're back now. All of us.”

Liam nodded, leaning in and kissing her. This time she didn't push him away. She deepened the kiss, rolling him onto his back, her body draped over his. Another hunger rose in her belly, one that had nothing to do with food. Now that the dam had been broken, she just wanted them.

“Emma...”

Rejection sliced through her. She stopped, pulling away. “Sorry.”

“No, no, I didn't mean...” He huffed. “I want you so bloody much, love. Can we try again?”

Emma couldn't stop the laugh that tumbled from her lips. “Definitely.” She smiled, going back to kissing him. His hands roamed her body, settling on her ass.

“You sure you can go again?” Liam asked, Emma giving him her nipple to suck.

She was a tiny bit sore from their last go round, but they'd been a bit out of control from going without for so long. She nodded. “Please.”

Beside them, Killian began to stir. “What...oh Christ.” He snarled in frustration when he remembered he couldn't move very much. “I fucking hate this.”


Killian nodded, stretching to turn on the bedside lamp. “At least lemme watch.”

“Yes,” Emma panted. She was straddled over Liam's lap, dragging her wet flesh over his shaft. She braced herself on his chest as she ground her clit over the ridge of his cock.
“Shit,” Liam swore, eyes glued to her movements. “Don’t stop.”

“But don’t you want...in me?” she shot back with a coy smile. She bent down and kissed her way up his chest, teeth scraping his earlobe. “It feel so good when you're inside me, Liam.”

His hands on her hips tightened; she suspected she'd have bruises before they wore themselves out entirely. She’d wear them proudly. She rolled her hips again, covering his mouth with hers, kissing him deeply. She knew Killian was watching them, soaking in her actions, her desire for them. She didn't want him doubting her ever again.

“Take me, Liam.”

He growled low in his throat; Emma could feel it against her chest. Liam rolled them over, hips firmly between her legs. He pinned her arms above her head and took her in one smooth stroke. Emma cried out, arching her back under him. Liam set a relentless pace, and Emma screamed from the pleasure of it, not caring who heard her. She hitched her legs up higher on his body, changing the angle until they were both shuddering and breathing hard. Skin slapped against skin, sharp and hard and Emma loved every second. She stole a glance at Killian, who looked torn between lust and anger, his hand stroking his thick cock.

She opened her mouth to speak, but a scream came out, her orgasm crashing into her without warning, vision going white. Liam thrust once, twice, three times before falling himself, grunting out her name in ecstasy.

Liam lay on top of her for some moments, each of them trying to catch their breath. Eventually he rolled off and Emma could breathe again.

“Lass,” Killian muttered, sounding both apologetic and needy. “Emma, please.”

Lazily, Emma rolled toward him, a slow grin on her face. She ran her hand over his sculpted chest, the defined muscles. He hated being in bed, being inactive. He may not be able to take her the way Liam had just now, but that didn't mean it couldn't be just as good. “Just let me do all the work, okay?”

He swallowed and nodded, eyes nearly black from want. Gingerly, Emma moved to straddle him, sticky wetness sliding down her thighs. She got a thrill from having them like this, one after the other, eager and needy. It made her feel wanton, almost a goddess. “I fantasized this,” she whispered in his ear. “In the shower. All of us, each of you fucking me. It was so fucking hot, Killian.”

He groaned, trying to grind his hips up into hers. “Don’t bloody tease me, love. Need to feel you.”

Emma nodded, not wanting him to hurt himself. She rose up and took him into her body, moaning loudly as the drag of him along her walls. God, she missed him. “Yes, oh yes,” she groaned, setting an easy pace.

“Bloody hell, just like that,” Killian moaned. “Let me see you, Emma.”

She rose and fell at a steady pace; Killian's eyes were glued to where they were joined, watching his cock disappear inside her. She rolled her hips occasionally, making him groan and hiss in pleasure. Her legs were starting to burn, her core ached for release.

“Killian...I...need...faster,” she pleaded, hands planted on his chest for leverage.

He nodded. “Go on, love. Let me see you fall.”
Emma bent down, mouth slanting over his as she picked up her pace, hips driving down against his in a punishing rhythm. They broke the kiss with a gasp, Killian's finger finding her clit and flicking it hard. Emma screamed and shuddered, hips driving down another handful of times before being overwhelmed by her high. Her fluttering walls triggered Killian's release; he shook under her, fighting to his body's natural reaction and keeping relatively still.

Emma rewarded him with a sloppy kiss before collapsing entirely.

She protested a little when Liam lifted her off, but she was too weak to fight him. He lay her down with a kiss to the forehead, once again taking over clean up duty.

“I took the liberty of ordering us some Chinese,” Liam told them, handing a washcloth to Killian. He cleaned Emma up, then helped her to the bathroom. Her legs were a bit wobbly; Killian looked smug, which made her happy. When she returned, she grabbed her pajamas and out them back on.

“Good, I'm starving,” she said. “And thirsty. Be right back.” She went downstairs and got them all something to drink; she gulped down an entire glass of water before returning. Liam was helping Killian sit up. “Everything okay?”

“Aye,” Killian said. “Just a twinge, love.”

Emma frowned, handing him some water. “Are you sure?”

“Yes,” he said emphatically. “Don't even think about trying to put the genie back in the bottle, love.”

“I don't want to hurt your recovery.”

“Tougher than I look, now hush.”

Their food arrived not long after and they all ate greedily. It was a very different home than it had been that morning. The unease was gone, they could tease and joke. Killian still got frustrated by his lack of mobility, but didn't snap at them quite as vociferously. Even then, he apologized quickly.

Intimacy, the kind they shared, was important, Emma realized. When they were together, they weren't just physically close, they were emotionally close. It had been that way from the beginning. The first night...they got to her, she couldn't get them out of her head. And in trying to deny them that intimacy, she'd inadvertently added to their stress level. It was a mistake she wouldn't make again. They needed each other. In every way.

It was after midnight before they crawled back into bed to sleep. “So I was thinking...”

“Yeah?”

“Maybe we could bring Killian downstairs tomorrow...later today, whatever. I thought we could start looking at things for the ceremony. You know, online.”

“Would be nice to get out of this room,” Killian sighed.

“We'll have to be careful,” Liam warned. “But aye, I think we can do that.”

“Then it's a date.”

Emma and Liam very carefully helped Killian down the stairs the following morning. Liam had woken up with a nightmare around four but Emma managed to soothe him back to sleep. Thus, it was very late morning by the time they undertook this project. Emma didn't mind; seeing Killian
happy to be moving around was enough. She and Liam started to make brunch, while Killian watched the news.

“Oi! Liam! Emma! Get in here!”

Emma dropped the pan of eggs and came running. She expected to find Killian fallen on the floor or something but he was sitting very sedately on the couch. “What's going on? What's the emergency?”

Killian pointed at the screen. Liam came skidding up behind her, as Emma finally focused on what the anchor was saying. “We've just gotten word that several suspects have been taken into custody regarding the attack on Whitehall two weeks ago,” the man said. “The government is not giving out much information at this time, but five suspects, four men and one woman, have been taken into custody by Scotland Yard and are being questioned as we speak. At least one of the suspects has ties to Afghanistan.”

“Is that all?” Emma demanded. “Is that all they're going to tell us?”

“Emma, if it was terrorism, there are protocols...” Liam began.

“Fuck the protocols!” Emma screeched. “They tried to kill you! Did kill a lot of other people!”

“I know they did,” Liam said calmly. “But this is what they want.”

“How can you be so calm about this?”

“Because I know that good people will do their jobs, find the real target and men like Will and Robin will take them out.”

“And women,” Emma added.

“Aye, and women.” He pulled her into a hug. “I want to nail these bastards too, Emma. But there's nothing we can do right now. Except be here for one another.”

Emma held him, then urged him to the couch so they could sit with Killian. Emma hugged him too, he was less calm than Liam. “When we're well again,” Killian began.

“We'll go wherever the Navy sends us,” Liam intoned. “But I hope that's not for a while because I'd like to have our little ceremony first.”

That got Killian's face to soften. “Aye, that will be nice.” He held Emma's hand tightly; she let him, offering whatever comfort she could.

Emma didn't really want to think about what could happen if they got deployed so she said nothing. Killian switched off the TV and they sat quietly on the couch. Liam stretched out, his head in Emma's lap while she leaned on Killian's good side. She ran her fingers through Liam's hair, the action soothing her as much as him.

“We're not burning anything, are we?” Emma asked after a while. She'd completely forgotten about brunch.

“No, I shut everything off,” Liam assured her. “But perhaps food isn't such a bad idea.”

“Aye, I'm starving,” Killian said quietly.

“Sandwiches?” Emma asked. “It's a bit late for brunch.”
“Sounds good to me.”

Emma pressed a sweet kiss to Killian's cheek, then she and Liam headed back to the kitchen. It didn't take them long to put together some sandwiches and crisps (she was definitely picking up the English lingo now) alongside tall glasses of juice. They ate on trays again, eating seconds of everything. After, Emma grabbed her laptop.

“So where do you want to start?” Emma asked, booting up the computer.

“Perhaps we should decide how big of a 'deal' you want this to be,” Liam said.

Emma shrugged. “I've never really thought about anything like this,” she said slowly. “I didn't think marriage would be for me. Not that this is exactly the same...”

“But isn't it?” Killian asked. “I know it can't be a traditional thing because the legal stuff, but it's us making a commitment to each other in front of all our friends. If that's not a wedding, then I'm not sure what is.”

“So you want me in a white dress?”

Killian shrugged. “I'm sure whatever dress you chose would be beautiful, regardless of the color.”

“And we'll be in our uniforms,” Liam added. “If we're going to do this, might as well do it right, yeah?”

Emma let out a slow breath. “So you have given this some thought.”

“I would like nothing better than to be married to you, love,” Liam said seriously.

“Aye,” Killian agreed. “And this is the next best thing. To us, we will be married.”

“Well, we already kind of are,” Emma pointed out.

“True, but that was rather impersonal,” Liam said. “Not that I'd change anything about us, but...”

“Symbols are important, I get it,” Emma finished for him. “Well, since you guys are taken care of, and I'm picking out my dress...maybe we should pick out some rings?”

“Excellent proposal.”

“Uh, brother, speaking of rings...” Killian interrupted.

“Oh right! Stay here,” Liam said hastily. He pounded up the stairs leaving Emma bewildered.

“Killian...what's going on?”

“You'll see,” he replied cryptically.

Liam returned a moment later. “We talked about it and...we want you to have this,” he said, handing Emma a small velvet box. Her breath caught in her throat as she opened it. Inside was a ring with a gold band and a single diamond. The diamond sat between two smaller sapphires. It was beautiful.

“It was our Mum's,” Killian said quietly. “She had the sapphires added after Dad left, one for each of us. I know she'd want you to have it, Emma.”

Emma sniffed. It was very hard to swallow around the lump in her throat. “It's...really beautiful,” she
“Are you...sure about this?”

“Aye,” Liam said, kneeling in front of her. “While you were gone yesterday, we had quite the chat.”

Liam glanced at Killian. “I know I've said this before, but we're a family again because of you, Emma. I know it's been hard these last few weeks, but we're survivors. All of us.”

She smiled to stop her lip from trembling. She plucked the ring from the box and slowly slipped it on to the ring finger of her left hand. It fit perfectly. She frowned. “Did you steal my ring size?” she asked.

Killian looked a little sheepish. “We might have done. What kind of husbands would we be if we didn't know our lady's ring size?”

Emma rolled her eyes. Ridiculous men. But she loved them. “So you were planning this.” It wasn't a question.

Liam took her hand in his. “Well, we had considered this before. But you were content, so we let the subject rest. We decided yesterday that this was the right time.”

Emma shoved playfully at his shoulder. “Yeah, yeah, fine. Get up here, sailor. It's your turn.”

Liam beamed and moved to resume his seat, but not before stealing a kiss. Emma leaned over and kissed Killian too, unable to get the grin off her face. She grabbed the laptop again and started with a simple Google search. They spent a long time looking at photos of wedding rings. There weren't many suited for their particular situation.

“Perhaps we could design one and have them made?” Killian suggested after over and hour of searching.

“Wouldn't that be expensive?” Emma asked. They all made decent money, but she didn't want or need anything extravagant. She was already worried about how much her dress would cost.

“Well, we do have some savings tucked away,” Liam said.

“I don't want anything big, like Mary Margaret's having. Just us and our friends. We don't need anything else...unless...”

“Unless what?”

Emma bit her lip. “Do you think...please don't take this the wrong way, but...should we try and find your dad?”

Killian scowled. “Why the bloody hell would we want that?”

Emma frowned. “Well, he's your dad,” she said lamely. “Aren't weddings a family thing?”

“He abandoned us, Emma,” Killian snapped. “I don't want him anywhere near you or this family. Ever.”

“We don't even know if he's still alive,” Liam pointed out. “There's been no contact.”

Emma nodded. “Right. Okay.” She felt stupid for even bringing it up. If her parents miraculously turned up, would she want them there? Probably not. She understood Killian's anger. “So if we keep the venue small, then that would free up some money for other things.”

“What about this one?” Liam asked, pointing at the screen. He'd taken the laptop from her and was
scrolling through the pictures. Emma and Killian leaned over to look. Liam was pointing at a ring made of three different types of gold, all woven together into a solid band. It was striking in its simplicity, yet emblematic of what they were as a trio.

“I like it,” Emma said softly. “Killian?”

“Aye, it would do.”

“I think we should see it person before deciding one way or the other,” Emma said, “but that could work. Nice job, Liam.” She kissed his cheek.

“You're welcome, love.” Emma scribbled down the information; they could add it to their list of errands when they took Killian to the doctor. If he wasn't too tired after. She headed into the kitchen and called the hospital to set up their counseling appointments. She didn't know if they wanted her to come with them or not; either way, David and Mary Margaret had offered to drive them. She confirmed those plans too, hoping that she and her friend would get some time to talk. She had a lot to tell her.

“What are we doing now?” Emma asked, returning to the living room.

“I thought we could read for a bit,” Killian said, holding up a book. “Join us?”

She grinned. “Sure.” Emma could tell he was still feeling contrite about their fight the day before, but Emma wasn't too concerned. Things were already much better. And the counseling would help. Now that they had a small wedding to plan, that would keep them occupied and their minds off recent events.

Killian was passing the book to Liam when the doorbell rang. Emma urged Liam off her lap so she could answer it. Who would be bothering them today?

It was Regina that stood on the other side of the door. “Regina! What's going on? Why didn't you call?”

“I tried. Several times. Did you turn off your phone?”

“No...wait, it's upstairs. What's the big emergency?” She'd used the house phone to call the hospital.

“Can I come in?”

“Of course.” Emma stepped back and let the other woman in.

“Did you know there are photographers outside?” Regina asked.

“Photographers? What? Why?”

“I thought not. Are they here as well?”

“Yeah, they're in the living room.” Emma led Regina into the room, still wondering what the hell was going on. “Guys, Regina's here.”

“Afternoon, Regina,” Liam said. Then he frowned, seeing the look on her face. “What's wrong?”

“Well, while you all were locked away here doing...whatever it is you do...someone decided it would be a fine time to take pot shots at you in the press. Who the hell is Milah and why is she snagging the headline of the Mail?” Regina threw a copy of that day's issue on the coffee table. There was a picture of Emma from the day before, looking furious, gym bag over her shoulder, as
she stormed out of the house. The headline read: TROUBLE IN PARADISE? EX-LOVER TELLS ALL. Down in one corner was a picture of Milah.

Killian blanched. “Milah did this?”

“Who is this woman? And why I she gunning for you?” Regina demanded.

Emma knelt down next to Killian, worried. “She's Killian's ex. From like a million years ago. She broke his heart.”

“Are you the father of her child?” Regina asked.

Killian looked up at her wide eyed. “No. Does this rubbish imply that I am?”

“Well, it doesn't imply that you aren't,” Regina said evenly. “What did you do to her?”

“I didn't do anything!” Killian yelled. “She seduced me. Then left me for someone else when I refused to continue playing her games. Just what the bloody hell is she saying about me?”

“Not just you,” Regina said. “She has a few choice words for Miss Swan as well.”

“What?” all three of them said together.

“Perhaps you should read it.”

Emma moved back to the couch, snatching up the trashy tabloid. She rifled through it until she found the piece. The three of them bent their heads together and began to read. The deeper into the article she got, the more furious Emma became. That woman was using her connection to them for money. That had to be why. She needed money to pay her back child support and get out of prison. The last time Emma spoke to Lily, her contact said that Milah as awaiting her hearing. If she could show up at that hearing and have the money owned, then she could go free. It didn't matter that what was in the article was either outright lies or half truths. She'd get her money and it was Emma and her boys who would suffer.

“We have to do something,” Emma said vehemently.

Liam looked livid. “I can think of a few things.”

“Before you round up the cavalry or whatever you Navy types call it, may I make a suggestion?” Regina said.

“What?”

Regina crossed her legs. “An interview. If you grant an exclusive interview, then we can expose this Milah and anyone else who has a grudge as a lying fraud.”

“There has to be another way,” Liam said.

“We can control it,” Regina pressed on. “Limit what they can ask, make sure the things you want to remain private do. But there's only so much damage control I can do.”

Liam stood, starting to pace. “Why do they even bloody care? Why can't they leave us alone?”

“You're heroes,” Regina said sadly. “And this world loves to tear down heroes.”

Emma exchanged a look with Killian. He didn't look any happier about this than she did, but he
nodded. She brushed a kiss to his lips, ignoring Regina. Then she got up and went to Liam, who was still pacing. “Hey, I don't like this either. Unless you've got a better idea...”

Liam huffed, stopping in front of her. “Our lives aren't their business.”

“I know. And I'm sorry. This is my fault.”

Liam's scowl melted. “No, love. What you did was very brave.” He pulled her into his arms; she hugged him. “Very well,” he said at last. “We'll do it. But you better be able to control it.”

“I will do my very best,” Regina said. “In the meantime, perhaps we should talk about any other skeletons in your collective closet.” All three of them looked reluctant. “I can't help you if I don't know what I'm up against. And I really do want to help.”

Emma and Liam returned to the couch. “Could you give us a minute, Regina?”

“Of course. I'll just go freshen up.”

As soon as she was gone, Emma opened her mouth. “This isn't going away, guys. Regina said there are photographers outside.”

“What?” Liam jumped up to look, peering through the window. He snapped it closed in almost the same instant. “Fucking hell.”

“I think we need to meet this head on,” Killian said. “It's the only way to get these people out of our lives for good.”

“This was not how I imagined us starting married life,” Liam muttered.

“Well, we haven't had the ceremony yet,” Emma pointed out, “but yeah. I agree with Killian. The sooner we do this, the sooner it'll be over.”

Liam and Killian nodded. “Very well, love. Let's get this over with.”

Regina came back and the interrogation began. One good thing could come from this, Emma mused. They'd find out once and for all who their friends really were.
Chapter 11

“The ribs are healing nicely, Commander,” Dr. Cavenaugh said, his hands moving deftly over Liam's chest. “Any pain or discomfort?”

Liam shook his head. “I feel fine,” he said. “Almost good as new, really.” He winked at Emma, who had to stifle a laugh. Yes, Liam certainly felt plenty fine that morning when he rolled Emma onto her side and slid into her from behind. That the trio had engaged in lazy satisfying morning sex wasn't something the doctor needed to know.

“I'd take it easy for a couple more days, then you should be fine.” Cavenaugh stepped back to make some notes in Liam's file. Emma helped Liam with his shirt, pinching his side for his cheek. Liam just grinned, unrepentant.

Emma rolled her eyes. “Your counseling appointment is in half an hour, sixth floor,” she reminded him. “I'll be up with Killian in a little while.”

Liam finished buttoning his shirt. “I remember, love. Don't be long.”

“We'll try.” She kissed him swiftly. “Good luck.”

Emma left the room and headed down the hall to where Killian waited for Dr. Randall. They'd been inseparable since Regina dropped the Mail bombshell on them a couple of days ago. It had taken all that night to tell Regina the relevant facts about their pasts: Emma's troubled childhood, Neal, jail, the miscarriage, Milah, Clara, their father's disappearing act. Regina was surprisingly sympathetic, sympathetic but thorough. There were a few tense moments, old memories, painful truths, but they got through it.

When Regina left, they spent hours talking; no one was able to sleep. Finally, Emma demanded they all get some sleep around four in the morning. She and Liam got Killian back upstairs and they collapsed into their bed, exhausted.

Things hadn't got much better since. Emma called Mary Margaret first thing the next day, to explain and to let them off the hook for driving the trio to the hospital. Mary Margaret wouldn't hear of it and she and David had arrived at the townhouse promptly at ten o'clock.

Flashbulbs went off the moment they stepped outside, Killian leaning heavily on Liam and David. Emma scowled but didn't speak as they all piled into David's SUV. They decided to ignore the presence as much as they could until Regina set up the interview. Emma's primary concern was still their recovery.

Emma knocked gently on the exam room door; Killian answered with a muffled, “come in.” Emma opened the door and stepped inside. Someone had removed Killian's clothes and put him in one of the hospital gowns.

“Was this really necessary?” she asked, coming over and tugging on the thin paper.

“Who bloody knows,” Killian sighed. “I think that nurse just wanted to get a good look at me.”

Emma stared at him, stunned. Then she saw the corner of his mouth twitch in amusement. He was teasing her. She poked him in the shoulder. “Watch it, buddy. I can still force feed you that Jell-O. Or...” She leaned in next to his ear. “No sex for a week.”
“A week?” Killian screeched, clearly horrified. “You wouldn't.”

“Well, I would still be having sex. You'd have to watch...and not touch yourself.” She was trying hard not to grin, because Killian was right. Withholding sex was an empty threat...mostly.

Killian swallowed. “That's cruel, darling.”

Emma cupped his cheek. “Come on, you know me better than that.” She kissed him sweetly. “I need you too much, Killian.”

“And I need you,” he murmured. He closed the gap and kissed her again, slowly, thoroughly. “Nothing will change that.”

She leaned her forehead against his, reaching for his hands. They stayed like that, quietly soaking each other in until the doctor arrived. Dr. Randall kindly pretended not to notice as they composed themselves.

“This shouldn't take long,” Randall said. “I'll examine you, as a couple of questions and the nurse will fit you with crutches.”

“About bloody time,” Killian groused.

“The break was too close to your knee,” Randall said evenly. “I didn't want to take any chances or endanger your full recovery.”

Killian looked chagrined. “I know, Doc. It's just...I'm not overly fond of laying about.”

“Hopefully, that won't be as much of an issue. The crutches will help you get around. It'll be important to stay somewhat active until the cast comes off. That should lessen you PT time.”

“He's going to need physical therapy?” Emma asked.

“The leg will be somewhat weaker after the cast comes off. Killian is reasonably fit, so it shouldn't take long for him to bounce back.”

“How long?”

Randall shrugged. “It varies. He can't be cleared for active duty until then.”

That wasn't why she wanted to know, but she'd take it. Killian's physical therapy meant they'd have to push back the ceremony for a little while. He'd want to be completely well before they stood before their friends and promised themselves to each other.

Killian answered the doctor's questions honestly. Well, most of them anyway. Dr. Randall skirted very near the sex topic; Emma busied herself with texting Mary Margaret, who was waiting for them. Perhaps Emma was imagining it, but it felt like that was what people secretly wanted to ask them about whenever they struck up a conversation these days. Had the good doctor seen the *Daily Mail* article?

After Randall left, he was replaced by a pretty nurse. Young with mouse brown hair and hazel eyes. Emma gritted her teeth as she helped Killian off the exam table; the nurse seemed a little affronted that Emma seemed to be doing her job for her. Emma didn't particularly care. She stood there, observing as the nurse tried a few different types of crutches, adjusting them to Killian's height. He hobbled around the room a couple of times, getting used to them. He grimaced but Emma nodded encouragingly. He flashed her a grin and chose the wooden crutches.
The nurse offered to help him change back into his clothes, but Emma waved her off. “I've got it.” The nurse hurried out without another word.

“You know, if I didn't know better, love,” Killian drawled, “I'd say you were jealous.”

Emma scoffed. “Of the teenybopper? Not a chance.”

Killian sidled up to her with his new crutches. “It's rather adorable, lass.”

Emma rolled her eyes and fetched his clothes. “I was not jealous.”

“Good because there's no reason to be.” He bit his lip and tugged her closer. “I think if the last few days have taught us anything, it's that we only want you, Emma.”

Emma laid his clothes aside and stepped into his arms. Crutches clattered to the floor as he held her. It was the first time he’d been able to hold her like this since the explosion. Emma laid her head on his shoulder. “I missed this.”

Killian chuckled. “As did I.” He smoothed his hand over her hair. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

After helping Killian dress and hobble to the sixth floor, Emma found Mary Margaret and David down in the cafeteria. Emma got a coffee and joined them. “Thanks a million, you guys. We really appreciate this.”

“Glad we could help,” David said. “How are they?”

“Okay. The Navy mandated counseling for all the survivors; today is their first day for that.”

“That's good!” Mary Margaret said. “That'll help, right? With coping and...everything?” Emma had confided some of their recent troubles to her friend, how alone she felt while she was taking care of them, how abandoned the boys felt. But things were already better, even before the counseling. Still, there was probably something from that that the boys couldn't get from her.

“I hope so. All this media stuff though...we didn't expect to be dodging paparazzi.”

“How did that happen anyway?” David asked. “I mean, we saw the article. What is wrong with that woman?”

Emma shrugged. “I'd like to know that too.” She explained with as few details as she could, about Milah being Killian's ex, Emma's capture of her and how she seemed to be using that connection for her own gain.

“That's despicable,” Mary Margaret said. “How could she violate your privacy like that?”

“Would you want to spend time in prison?” It came out more bitter than she intended. The difference between her and Milah, of course, was that Milah was guilty of abandoning her child and failing to pay child support.

“What are you going to do about it?” David asked, cutting through the sudden tension. “Sue?”

Emma shook her head. “We're doing an interview. Regina's fielding the offers as we speak.”

Mary Margaret sipped at her coffee. “Wow, that's...wow.”
“We're hoping to get the truth out there, diffuse this, and get on with our lives,” Emma said firmly. “We've got more important things to be getting on with.”

Her friend's eyes lit up. “Ooooh, such as?”

Emma stalled by taking a sip of her coffee. “Well...we're kinda having a wedding.”

“What? How?”

Emma sighed. “We know it can't be legal or anything. We just want to celebrate with our friends, exchange rings. Stuff like that.”

“Sounds like a wedding to me,” David quipped. “Want to go doubles?”

Mary Margaret swatted her fiance's arm. “David!”

“I was only joking, geez.”

“I think it sounds like a lovely idea. When do you want to do it? Do you need help planning?”

“Well, we want to do it as soon as the boys are well. They could get shipped out once they're cleared.”

“The Navy wouldn't do that, surely,” Mary Margaret protested.

“Will and Robin are already gone. Left shortly after Liam and Killian got discharged.” She sighed. “Anyway, we just want to do it as soon as possible. We have something picked out for rings—we just need to go look at them—maybe you could help me find a venue?”

Mary Margaret smiled softly. “I would love to, Emma.”

She nodded gratefully. They finished their coffee and Emma went back up to the sixth floor to see how the boys were doing. Liam was already finished; he was sitting in one of the chairs, looking a bit distant. Emma sat down beside him, gently taking his hand in hers. His fingers closed around hers; they stayed quiet. Liam leaned his head down on her shoulder; she wrapped her arm around him.

After a long silence, she said, “You okay?”

“I've been better. But aye, I'm okay, love.”

“How did it...?”

Liam sighed heavily. “It was ...tough. Tougher than I thought. But I think...I'm gonna keep at it.”

Emma stroked his hair. “I think...that's great.” She knew Liam didn't like talking about things like this; the fact that he wanted to continue could only be a good thing. Killian emerged a little while later; he too looked drained. Emma hurried to him and hugged him. “You okay?”

“I'll be fine, lass. Home?”

“Sure.” They could look at rings some other time.

David was kind enough to help them back into the townhouse, but Emma sent them home right after. She didn't want them to get dragged into this anymore than necessary. She made the boys sandwiches and cut fruit for lunch; they ate in the kitchen as a family for the first time in nearly three
weeks. Everyone was pretty quiet; Emma didn't want to pry into their private counseling sessions. If they wanted to tell her, she'd listen.

“I think I might nap for a bit,” Killian said as he finished his sandwich. “These bloody crutches are murder.”

“Okay,” Emma replied. “Give me a minute and I'll help you upstairs.”

“I'll clean up,” Liam volunteered. “Then I might join you.” He still looked a bit haunted from the counseling; Emma's heart broke for them. She wished there was more she could do.

Emma finished her apple and followed Killian to the stairs. Now that he could put some weight on the broken leg, it was a little easier getting him up the stairs. He took over at the top, crutching his way down the hall. Emma let him; it was important that he not feel helpless. Killian got himself to the toilet unaided while Emma turned the sheets down. He was back in a few moments, sinking down gratefully.

“Thanks, lass,” he said, as Emma took the crutches from him.

Emma merely smiled and pressed a kiss to his brow. “Do you want me to stay?”

“If it's not too much trouble?”

She wasn't really tired, but she didn't mind doing this for him. She laid the crutches against the nightstand within easy reach should Killian need them. Then she climbed in over him and snuggled beside him. “Is this okay?”

“Aye.” He kissed her, lips lingering on hers for a long beat. “This is perfect.”

Emma smiled and closed her eyes, listening to the sound of his breathing. In, out, in, out. Slow and steady until his arm around her shoulder relaxed just a bit. He was asleep. Emma didn't move; the longer she stayed with him, the drowsier she became. They had been under a lot of stress the last few days. She was nearly asleep when Liam joined them, curling up against Emma's back. She hummed softly, reaching back blindly and finding Liam's hand. She drew it over her waist, holding him to her as they all fell asleep.

When Emma woke up later, the room was much darker. Later afternoon perhaps? She was too relaxed to bother checking the time. They had spread out from where they'd fallen asleep; Liam was on his back facing away from her, Killian was twisted a bit oddly, hampered by his cast. They were both sound asleep still. They looked peaceful, which surprised her. They still had a long way to go, but she'd take these moments of peace anywhere she could.

Emma dug into her pocket for her phone, careful not to jostle the bed too much. There were a couple of texts from Regina and another from Mary Margaret. Regina had the interview offers narrowed down to two and wanted to come discuss their options before deciding which one to grant. Mary Margaret, ever efficient, already had a short list of venues for Emma to look at. She spent some time Googling; it was hard to see the scale properly from her phone. She texted her friend back, letting her know they would talk in person soon.

After that, Emma sat up, crossing her legs under her. She'd begun searching for a car of her own weeks ago; with the boys needing regular visits to the doctor, it was a good idea for her to finally choose something. She pulled up the site again and started looking at the options. She needed something larger than her Bug, so she started looking at the roomier sedans. She marked a couple for closer examination, first on her laptop, then in person. She could swing by when she went to talk to
Mary Margaret. The boys would be fine alone for a few hours.

The bed dipped behind her. “Emma?”

She jumped. “Oh. Hey Killian.”

“Didn't mean to frighten you, lass.”

“I was preoccupied, don't worry about it.” She laid aside her phone. “Sleep well?”

He scooted closer, rubbing his hand over her back. It felt nice. “Aye, thank you for staying.”

“You know there's nowhere else I'd rather be.” She twisted around to face him. “I'll stay as long as you need me.”

“Forever work for you, love?”

“I thought we already decided that, remember?” She held up her left hand, where his mother's ring sat. “You're stuck with me.”

“Hmm.” He covered her hand with his, bringing her knuckles to his lips. He didn't stop there, peppering her skin with sweet kisses. Emma's eyes fluttered closed, soaking in his easy affection. His tongue darted out and licked her palm, making her heart beat faster.

“Killian?”

“Hmm?”

“What are you doing?”

“Isn't it obvious? Seducing you, love.”

“Again?”

“That a problem?”

Emma opened her eyes. “Nope.” She leaned forward and kissed him, getting up on her knees for better balance. Killian groaned, hauling her deeper against his chest. Emma felt a flash of arousal shoot down her spine, his hands wandering over her body, slipping under her shirt.

“This needs to go,” Killian mumbled, flicking open her bra. He extracted it from under her shirt and tossed it aside. He palmed her breasts as she nibbled on his neck, eliciting a loud groan from him. Liam was beginning to stir next to them, groaning and wiping the sleep from his eyes.

“Can't keep your hands to yourself for an entire day, brother?” Liam drawled.

“Merely following my nurse's orders,” Killian quipped, pinching her nipples, drawing a gasp from her.

Liam chuckled. “She ordered you to ravish her?”

Emma raised her head. “He started it,” she said, voice breathy. “Join us?”

“Aye.” Liam sat up and crawled over to them, capturing Emma's lips in a fiery kiss. She mewled, snatching at his belt loop for something to hang on to. Killian had her shirt pushed up, his mouth suckling at her hard nipple. Wetness pooled between her thighs, soaking her panties.
Together, Killian and Liam divested her of her clothing, until she was stretched out on the bed naked. It was hard for Killian to maneuver, but he and Liam managed to switch sides so Killian could throw his bad leg over the edge of the bed. Liam kneaded her breasts, sucking a mark into her neck. Killian propped one of her legs over his shoulder and ran the flat of his tongue along her slit. Emma keened, arching her back.

“Oh! Oh fuck.”

Killian hummed against her skin. “Easy, love. We're just getting started.”

Emma mewled, heart racing in her chest. Being with them like this was always overwhelming; they used every one of their considerable talents to lavish her with attention and pleasure. She dragged Liam's mouth to hers, kissing him deeply, weaving her fingers into his thick curls. Killian nibbled and sucked on her lower lips, mimicking her kissing his brother. Emma broke off with a gasp as he slid a single finger inside, quickly followed by a second.

“Christ, you're hot,” he breathed. “Feel how bloody hot she is, Liam.”

Emma hardly had a chance to take a breath before Liam's large hand trailed down her trembling stomach, flicking her aching clit briefly before adding two of his fingers to her cunt. She stretched to accommodate them, crying out, hips rolling eagerly. Her head thrashed, the delicious stretch almost too much. “Oh god, oh god, oh god.”

“Slowly, lass,” Liam murmured, kissing her bare mound. “Don't hurt yourself.”

Emma groaned in frustration, fisting the sheet. “It's good,” she insisted. “So fucking good.”

Still moving slowly, they fingered her, taking turns licking her swollen clit. She thought she was going to burn up, the tension mounting higher and higher until she was pleading, begging for release. Killian sucked the nub into his mouth, flicking it vigorously with his tongue and Emma exploded in bliss, every nerve on fire as she spasmed around their fingers. Emma slumped into the mattress, spent for the moment. She made a tiny whine of protest when they slipped from her; her eyes fluttered. She caught a glimpse of them licking their fingers clean.

“Damn,” she breathed.

“Alright there, lass?”

She nodded weakly. “Better.” She beckoned them with a crook of her finger. Liam got to her first, kissing her deeply. She could taste herself on his tongue. Killian grunted and Emma laughed, turning her head to kiss him too. “Love you.”

“Emma...”

“I think this is the part where you guys ditch the clothes,” she said with a faint smirk.

They laughed. “Too right, love.”

Emma caught her breath and pushed herself up, helping Killian with his shorts and boxers. She wound up on the floor, kneeling in front of him. “That's a good place for you,” he observed.

“Oh really?” Emma asked with a raised brow.

Killian curled a hand around his heavy cock. “Kneeling in front of me, flushed and pink? Of course, darling.” Emma unconsciously licked her lips. She was very fond of watching them touch.
themselves. “See something you want?”

“Yes,” she said defiantly.

“What do you think, Liam? Should we get the camera out again?”

“Oh let’s. Emma?” She nodded.

“Still have those scarves, Emma?”

Emma cocked her head. “Yeah. Should I get them?”

“Please.”

Emma dived under the bed for the toy box, extracting one of her scarves. Liam was setting the camera up on its tripod so they could give her their full attention. Emma shivered in anticipation. Once he was finished, he returned. “Liam, I want you to tie Emma's hands behind her back. Is that okay, lass?”

Emma swallowed. She nodded. “Yeah.”

“Remember your safe word?”

“Cheetah.”

Killian grinned. “Very good.”

Liam knelt down beside her, extracting the scarf from her hands. He brushed kisses along her collar as he secured her hands, tugging to make sure the knot was secure. She was sure it was one of those sailor's knots that she'd never get out of on her own, but she appreciated that it was the silk scarf and not rope. This was their first time doing any kind of bondage since before the explosion.

When he was finished, Liam stood and went to sit beside Killian on the edge of the bed. Emma waited obediently for her next order. “Come here, love,” Killian said. Emma scooted closer so she was between his legs. She was a bit unsteady since her hands were tied. “You're gonna to use that pretty mouth on us. As deep as you can.”

Emma swallowed again, nodding. She didn't hesitate, taking him past her lips. Killian hissed in surprise, one hand flying to her hair. Her head bobbed; Killian eased the hair away from her face to watch her. “Ugh, that's it.” His hips rock into her mouth, forcing him deeper down her throat. She gagged for a moment, but relaxed, breathing deeply through her nose.

Killian pulled her away, and nudged her toward Liam. Emma edged over on her knees; he was looking at her with a mixture of love and lust in his blue eyes. She licked him from root to tip before taking him inside her mouth; Liam groaned loudly. Soon he was hitting the back of her throat too; again Emma relaxed her muscles allowing him passage.

“Fuck, that's fucking incredible,” Liam moaned. “So hot, love.”

She hummed around him, giving him a few more bobs before switching again. She went back and forth; Liam stood beside her to make the transition easier on her poor knees. They ached, but it was worth it to hear their groans of pleasure.

“God, I need to fuck you,” Killian hissed as she licked at his weeping slit. “Now, Emma.” Emma released him with a wet pop, rolling back on her haunches. There was molten fire between her legs,
arousal coating her inner thighs. She was more than ready for whatever he could give her. “Edge of
the bed, one foot on the floor.”

Liam had to back up for her to obey. She knelt as instructed, waiting for him. Liam came up to her
and kissed her hard, teasing her heavy aching breasts. “She's ready,” Liam told his brother. “She's
trembling, brother.”

“You can have her soon,” Killian said, his voice hoarse with need. “This ride is mine.”

Liam sat on the edge of the bed, his back against the post. Emma felt Killian behind her, his hand
smoothing down her spine. “Oh, you are trembling,” he whispered in her ear. “This turns you on,
doesn't it, love?”

When she was bound she didn't have to think, she could simply feel. And they always made it so
good. “God yes.”

“That's my girl.” He tugged on the knot binding her hands. “Bend over.”

Emma did so, her face against the mattress, facing the camera. Killian kicked her leg a little more to
the right, then lined himself up and took her. Emma mewled, the angle was amazing. Killian hung on
to her hands, using the knot as leverage to fuck her with long deep strokes. He pulled until her head
came off the bed; Liam watched them hungrily, lightly stroking his cock. Her shoulders started to
ache but she didn't complain; Killian's thrusts were becoming erratic, his orgasm so close.

Emma squeezed her muscles around him; Killian cursed. “Fuck!” He thrust harder, bottoming out
and Emma screamed. Killian found her clit with his free hand, dragging her over the edge with him.
He grunted her name, rutting until he was spent. Emma collapsed from her and untied the knot. Emma hummed in
appreciation, already feeling better.

Gently, Liam picked her up, settling her to straddle his lap. He made no move to take her yet, merely
rubbing her shoulders and littering her sweaty skin with kisses. “You are so beautiful,” he murmured.
“Love you so much.”

Emma wrapped her arms around his neck, smiling lazily down at him. She could feel him under her,
still hard and throbbing, but he was patient. “Love you too.” She kissed him, slowly, tenderly, his
hands strong against her back. “Fill me up. Please.”

Liam growled, peaking down between them. “Lift up, lass.” She did, feeling the tip of his cock
nudging her. She sank down slowly, a long low moan tearing from her throat. The only thing better
than this was when they were both in her at the same time. Her two previous orgasms made her slick
and sensitive; she shivered in his arms. They rocked together slowly, in no rush, enjoying being
joined. Liam fondled her ass, kneading and squeezing the globes as she rode him; she yelped when
he teasingly smacked her cheek.

“That's...not fair,” she hissed.

Liam did it again to the other. “Can't help it,” he muttered. “Your ass just begs for it, love.”

Emma groaned, picking up her pace, using his shoulders as leverage. Liam groaned in approval,
rocking his hips up into her, meeting her with a hard smack of skin on skin. Emma fused their lips
together, kissing him all she was worth, muffling her scream as her body convulsed a third time.
Liam grunted, bucking up once, twice, then spilling himself inside her, her name on his lips.

Emma sagged against him, exhausted. Liam idly stroked her back, letting them both catch their
breath. “Lemme get us cleaned up,” Liam murmured softly, kissing her hair. “Then we'll rub your back.”

Emma nodded mutely, allowing Liam to lay her out on the bed. Her eyes fell closed; she felt like she could doze as she was pleasantly sated, remnants of her high flickering under her skin. Liam shut off the camera and got everything cleaned up.

“Can you move, Killian?” Liam asked.

Killian groaned. “Aye. I'm moving.” He struggled to get into the bed and back on his side. He managed it, but Emma rolled out of his way just in time. “Sorry, lass.”

“It's okay.”

Liam settled on his side, putting Emma between them. “How do you feel, Emma?”

She hummed, hugging her pillow. “Good.”

“Any aches? Killian wasn't too rough?”

She shook her head. “He wasn't. But I'd like that back rub?”

“Very well.” Liam started at the base of her spine and worked up; it wasn't long before she was sleepy again. She heard the boys talking quietly but she felt so good, she missed most of it. If it was important, they'd get her attention. She was asleep before they could get her opinion on Chinese or Thai.

“Who's car is that?” Regina asked, stepping inside. Emma was tempted to flip off the photographers, but she restrained herself.

“Mine,” she said in answer to Regina's question. “Got it yesterday.”

“Is that a good idea?”

“It's better than taking cabs everywhere or asking our friends to chauffeur us,” Emma retorted. “Besides, I lived in New York. I'd like to see any of these people try and follow me.”

Regina blinked at her, but nodded. They moved into the living room, where the boys were watching a movie. They greeted Regina warmly; Emma wasn't sure if she and Regina would be bosom friends, but the woman was their lawyer and had done a very good job so far. And she knew things about them that Emma hadn't even told Mary Margaret or Ruby.

Regina took her seat beside the couch. “So I've narrowed the requests down to two. I thought we could discuss them then I can set it up for this week.”

“This week?” Liam asked, surprised. “So soon?”

“It's been almost two weeks since the original article,” Regina pointed out. “And that's not the only one.”

“It's not?” Emma had only been out to the hospital and to do the grocery shopping since the article first appeared. Aside from buying her car, that is. And she certainly didn't waste her time buying trash.

Regina pulled something out of her briefcase. She handed them an entire sheaf of newsprint and
printed internet articles. Emma mostly scanned the headlines; a lot of them seemed to be childhood friends of Liam and Killian, trying to get their fifteen minutes of fame no doubt. There were pictures of them, some of which Emma had never seen before.

“There's Clara,” Liam said bitterly, chucking the Mirror across the room.

“Here's Caleb and Peter, remember them, Liam?” Killian asked. “I always knew those two were trouble.’ Sod off, you bloody wanker.”

Emma stared at the Tuesday edition of the Mail. On the front was an old picture of her...her mugshot. Somehow she knew it would only be a matter of time before someone asshole posing as a journalist discovered her past. It was all there, foster care, running away, jail, Neal. All written to make her look as bad as possible. She felt like she was going to throw up. Would she never be free of her mistakes?

“Emma, what...” Liam said, then he saw the page. “Son of a bitch.” He snatched it from her, tossing it into the fireplace. He lit it on fire with a match, cursing under his breath. Killian had his arms around her, murmuring comforting words in her ear. She was barely listening. “I thought you were going to take care of this!”

Regina didn't back down. “I've been putting out fires all week. I am only one person. This is why we need to do that interview as quickly as possible. Present your side of the story.”

Liam looked like he might start shouting again, but Emma called him back. He sat beside her and pulled her into his side. “We'll fix this, sweetheart. We'll fix it.”

“And this is what we need the world to see. The three of you united and in love,” Regina said. “I think, for it to be most effective, that we need to go on TV again.”

Emma braced herself for the protests, but Liam and Killian nodded. “I think so too,” the elder Jones brother said. “If Emma did it, then so can we.”


Emma nodded, resigned. Her speech on TV had started all this; it only seemed right that's how they end it. Regina presented her options and they talked. Weighed the pros and cons, for over two hours. Much more went into the choice than Emma fully appreciated before. When Regina left, Emma felt drained. How had this gotten so out of control?

“Emma! Love, come look at this!” Liam yelled.

Emma shut the door firmly and came sprinting into the room. “What?”

“Someone tried to interview Mrs. Peakes.” Mrs. Peakes was their neighbor across the street, two doors down. She was in her eighties, widowed. Emma had helped her with her groceries a few times; she seemed nice. A little crotchety perhaps, but she was in her eighties. That long a life, she was entitled.

“What'd she say? What happened?”

“Someone tried to interview Mrs. Peakes.” Mrs. Peakes was their neighbor across the street, two doors down. She was in her eighties, widowed. Emma had helped her with her groceries a few times; she seemed nice. A little crotchety perhaps, but she was in her eighties. That long a life, she was entitled.

“What'd she say? What happened?”

“You have to see it to believe it,” Killian replied with a hearty laugh. “Those bastards didn't know what hit them!” He rewound the news report as Emma settled on the couch between them. Some hot shot young reporter knocked on Mrs. Peakes' door, waiting for her to answer. He seemed about to give up when the door opened. Everyone in the neighborhood knew to give the old woman five minutes to get to the door, after that you called inside to make sure she was okay.
“Yes?” Mrs. Peakes said. She was in one of her old flowered nightdresses; her hair was still in curlers. What time had it been?

“Hello,” the reporter said, putting on what he thought was a winning smile. “My name is Warren Gilbert, ITV News. How do you do, Mrs...?”

Mrs. Peakes frowned. “Eloise Peakes. What can I do for you, young man?”

“Well, Mrs. Peakes, we’re doing a story on your neighbors, Commander and Lieutenant Jones? And their...girlfriend?” He said the word with faint judgment; Emma rolled her eyes. “What can you tell me about them? Ever cause trouble? Are they a detriment to the neighborhood? Any parents complain?”

Mrs. Peakes' frown deepened. “Now why would you want to harass those nice boys,” she said, glaring to the reporter. “Good Navy men they are! My late husband was in the service; I know what I'm about!”

“But Mrs. Peakes, surely you think that their...lifestyle, shall we say, is undesirable for a neighborhood with young children?”

Emma caught sight of the old woman's large handbag at the bottom on the frame. “Now don't you go dragging Miss Emma into your shenanigans, young man! She's a lovely woman, helps me with my groceries, she does! She's kind and polite, looks after them! And they adore her. There are much worse things for children to see in this world than a family that loves each other! Now get out!” And abruptly, Mrs. Peakes took a swing at Gilbert with her bright yellow handbag. Stepping onto her stoop, handbag still swinging, Gilbert ducking its blows. All three of them burst out laughing. Emma laughed so hard she got a stitch in her side.

“Rewind it,” she panted. “I want to see the look on his face as she takes a swing at him!”

They watched it about five more times. And they weren't the only ones who caught the report. Most of their friends did too; their phones were blowing up with people trying to call and talk about it. Killian got out Emma's laptop, searching for the report online so he could send it to Will and Robin in the Indian Ocean. Emma resolved to visit Mrs. Peakes the first chance she got and hug the old woman.

“Did you guys know her husband had been in the Navy?” she asked when things quieted down.

Both men shook their heads. “No, lass. But given the way she runs her house, I can't say I'm surprised,” Liam said. “She baked us cookies when we first moved in, didn't she, Killian?”

“Aye, and apple tarts. Quite tasty, they were.”

“It is a wonder none of the neighbors has complained about us though,” Emma said thoughtfully. “We can be...loud.”

“These houses are pretty old,” Killian said. “Solid walls and such. Have we heard anyone else?”

“Well, no, but do you really think Mr. Ashton is giving his wife screaming orgasms every night?”

Killian scowled. “That is not a visual I needed, lass.”

Emma giggled. “Or, you could think of it as hitting the lottery.” She wrapped her arms around his shoulders from behind. “Just shows that we are perfect for each other. In every way.”
Killian leaned his head against hers. “Being with you is pretty incredible, love. Every time.”

Emma nuzzled his cheek. “I know exactly how you feel.” That passion was what had brought them together in the first place; it hadn't diminished in the time since. Now it had love to go with it, making it that much more potent. She kissed his lips briefly, then returned to Liam's side. “Doing okay?”

He tucked her into his side. “Aye. I'll be better once this interview is over.”

“I'm not saying it'll be a cakewalk, but we can handle this. We just have to tell our side.”

“They'll go after you,” Liam retorted.

“They'll try,” Emma corrected. “You guys already know everything and love me anyway. I don't care about anyone else.”

“I know it's easy to say that...”

“It's not easy,” Emma said quickly. “I spent so many years hiding, putting up walls to keep people away. I just wanted to forget my past, get on with my life. But I wasn't living, not really. I had no one. No friends. Nothing past a one night stand. I had convinced myself I didn't need those things, that I was fine. But I wasn't fine. I was miserable. Then I met two British naval officers in a club.”

Liam smiled. “You were a vision, I swore that dress was painted on.”

Emma giggled. “Felt that way. You managed pretty well though.”

“I still can't believe you let us both bed you. That it's turned into this. That we're happy together.”

“I...didn't expect to see you again,” she admitted. “Just another one and done. But I'm glad that we're together, family. I don't have any regrets, Liam.”

“I don't either. I'm glad your heart to big enough for both of us.”

Killian hobbled over and joined them, propping his leg up and laying his head in Emma's lap. “It doesn't feel like we're sharing you because we all love each other,” he said, kissing each of Emma's fingers.

“I never wanted to come between you,” Emma said. “I never had any siblings; I wasn't sure this could work. I didn't want to choose.”

“You won't ever have to, love. Soon we'll have symbols that show that.”

She smiled. “Surprisingly, I'm looking forward to that.” She looked at their mother's ring. “Do you think I should change my name?”

Killian frowned. “I hadn't really thought about it. It's your name, love. You can do whatever you wish.”

“Well, Swan only comes from the name of the family that I had until I was three,” she reminded them. “I guess I'm not that attached to it.”

Liam brushed his lips over her hair. “I can't imagine you as anything but Swan. I think it suits you.”

Emma chuckled dryly. “I've never felt very graceful.”

Killian cocked a brow at her. “You might have to start watching those videos we've made, lass. The
way you move...is very graceful.”

Emma laughed. “You want me to watch our porn?”

“It's why we made it, yeah? I've got lots more plans for that little camera.”

“Back to my name,” Emma said pointedly. “Maybe I could hyphenate? Swan-Jones?”

“Emma Swan-Jones,” Liam said slowly. “I like it.”

“I don't think I can do it until my immigration status is fixed, but I could legally change it to that.”

“Then we'll just use it amongst ourselves until then. Mrs. Jones.”

“Mrs. Swan-Jones,” Emma corrected, poking Killian in the ribs.

“Oi! What was that for?”

Emma shrugged. “Because I can.” She bent down and kissed him. “All better?”

“Maybe you should kiss me again, love. Not sure if it took.”

She rolled her eyes but kissed him anyway. It wasn't long before they found their way back to bed.

“No, no, no, no!”

Emma jolted awake, Killian thrashing beside her. He nearly got her in the face but she wrenched his hand back down. “Killian, wake up!”

He did so with a harsh cry, eyes wild and afraid. Emma bent over him, soothing his wrinkled brow with kisses. His nightmares were becoming fewer but the doctor confided to her during his last appointment that it may be a while before they disappear entirely. Emma thought she knew what triggered this one, however. Their interview was in a matter of hours. They spent a good part of the previous evening making love, trying to tire themselves out so they could sleep.

“Emma?” Killian panted softly. “’M sorry, lass.”

“Don't worry about it,” she whispered back. “Wanna tell me about it?”

“Not especially. I wish they would bloody stop.”

Emma stroked his scruffy cheek. “They will. But you've got to give it time, okay?”

“Aye. I just hate this for you.”

“I'm a big girl. I can handle a few nightmares, Killian.”

He brought her hand to his lips. “I am grateful, my love. Truly. I don't say it enough.”

“You don't have to. We're family, remember?”

“All the same. We're planning a spectacular honeymoon for you, Emma. You deserve it.” Other than going to France, they refused to tell her what they would be doing. It was a surprise.
“I don't need it.”

“I know. But we still want to give it to you. You should get to see the world, love.”

“I knew I loved you guys for a reason,” she quipped.

Killian chuckled softly. “Aye. I think we should try and sleep some more.”

“Yeah. Sweet dreams.” She kissed his lips, laying her head on his chest. She remained awake until she felt his breathing even out again.

They were up early, earlier than was strictly necessary. They had agreed to allow the interview to take place in their home; Regina believed it would help if people witnessed them being as normal as possible. Emma and Liam had been cleaning off and on for a few days; the downstairs was as close to spotless as they could get it. Liam showered while Emma gave Killian his sponge bath. He usually used that time to draw her back into bed with him, but it was a testament to how nervous they all were that he didn't today. They stood over the bathroom sink and washed his hair, Killian only grumbling a little. Emma left him with a kiss to the cheek before he could shave and went to start the coffee until she could take her own shower.

She stood under the hot water for a long time, but she couldn't shake the butterflies in her stomach. Her speech outside the Ormond had been partly desperation, but she didn't have that motivation this time. Merely a desire to set the record straight and go back to their peaceful life.

After, Emma met the boys downstairs; they were each sipping coffee. “Morning, love.”

“Got one of those for me?”

Liam handed her a steaming mug. “Of course. Can you eat anything?”

Emma laughed dryly. “Some toast maybe? I'm not very hungry.”

“You should try some of that jam Granny sent,” Killian said, swallowing a mouthful of toast. “It's delicious.”

Regina arrived during the second round of toast. “Morning all.”

“Coffee, Regina?”

“Sure. Black, two sugars.” Liam fetched it for her. “Miss Black's producer called to say they'd be about an hour early. Apparently they want to shoot some B roll of you going about your day.”

Emma scowled. “When were they going to tell us this? I was going to dress for the interview!”

“I warned you this could take all day, Emma.”

“Ugh, fine.”

Killian rubbed her shoulders. “It'll be okay, love. You'll see.”

She didn't necessarily agree; she was a pessimist by nature. But she'd try. This was important. Regina consulted her checklist; the woman was very organized. She would be staying just off camera, to make sure everything went well.

The camera crew was very punctual; Emma let them in, much to the annoyance to the surrounding paps. She recognized the reporter, Leah Black, on sight. She'd seen her doing human interest stories
for a while now for the BBC. Contrary to expectations, Miss Black's was a fair blonde with gray
eyes and high cheekbones. Emma caught a peak of darkness at the roots; she was probably due for a
color job soon. So much for realism in journalism.

Miss Black held out her hand. “Leah Black.”

Emma shook it. “Emma Swan.”

“Good to meet you, Emma. May I call you Emma?”

“Oh, sure.”

“And the Jones brothers...?”

“Back in the kitchen. We were just finishing breakfast.”

“I hope we're not inconveniencing you,” Leah sympathized.

“Well, people have seemed intent on inconveniencing us since all this started, so what's one more?”

“How has that been for you? Hard? Frustrating?”

“Miss Black, perhaps we should save the questions for the interview?” Regina cut in. Emma
breathed a sigh of relief.


Emma ignored that exchange and led the group into the kitchen. Liam and Killian were waiting with
more coffee. “Guys, this is Leah Black,” Emma said. “Miss Black, meet Liam and Killian Jones.”

Leah held out her hand, shaking theirs each in turn. “Leah, please. And it's very nice to meet you
both.”

“We simply want to get this over with,” Liam said firmly.

Leah looked a little discomfitted but quickly recovered. “Well, as I'm sure Ms. Mills has told you,
we'd like to shoot some B roll of you...going about your business. We'll edit it into the piece, give
people a sense of your life. Is that okay?”

Emma exchanged a look with Regina who nodded. They were in control here, at least in theory. For
the next hour and a half they worked on it. Emma felt like she was in some sort of dog and pony
show as they moved around the house, pretending to be casual while the camera crew filmed them.
When Leah was satisfied, she allowed them the time to go change for the interview itself.

They'd gone back and forth on the idea of the boys wearing their uniforms, but ultimately since they
couldn't get Killian into his due to his cast, the idea was abandoned. Emma helped him get into some
new khaki shorts along with a Navy blue patterned button down shirt and black vest. Liam wore
Emma's favorite teal shirt and dark slacks. Emma herself dressed in a knee length black and white
dress and arranged her hair in curls. When she emerged from the bathroom, Killian let out a low
whistle.

“You look beautiful, lass,” he said, drinking her in.

She spun around. “Think it'll look good on TV?”

“No one will doubt why we fell for you, sweetheart,” Liam said. He lightly kissed her brow.
“Ready?”

“Not really?”

Liam snorted sympathetically. “I know. We'll just have to grit our teeth and endure it.” He wrapped his arms around her, hugging her tight. Killian hobbled over and joined them; the three way hug bolstered her confidence.

“Okay, I'm ready.”

They meandered downstairs, going slowly for Killian's benefit. He was getting much faster with the crutches, but none of them were in any especial hurry. Their living room had been transformed, furniture moved about to give it the impression of being bigger than it actually was. A fire crackled in the fireplace, despite the pleasant temperatures outside. One of the armchairs—Liam's favorite—sat across from the moved couch, with cameras surrounding them. Emma counted four, one for each of the participants.

“There wasn't quite enough room,” Leah tittered. “So we moved some things around, I hope you don't mind.”

Liam waved her off. “Whatever you need is fine.”

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a trio of very aggressive makeup artists appeared, seemingly out of thin air, and started applying (or in Emma's case reapplying) makeup. Both men groused, even though Emma could tell it was merely to take the shine off their foreheads until the harsh lights. Emma was relatively fine until she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

“What the hell?” Everything was exaggerated; her soft features standing out with heavily rimmed eyes and dark red lips.

“It won't look like that in the final product,” Leah assured her. “I do it everyday.”

“You've made her look like some kind of trollop,” Killian cried indignantly.

“Here, let me show you,” Leah said soothingly. She had the camera record a bit then played it back for them. “See? You all look like the perfect family.”

Emma still thought she looked...not herself, but it wasn't that bad. She didn't look like her idea of a slag or whatever Clara had called her so long ago. It would have to do. “Okay, let's get this over with.”

Leah indicated they should sit on the couch. They sat automatically, Liam to her left, Killian to her right, but Leah insisted they switch. Emma rolled her eyes as the boys moved, slowly due to Killian's cast. Emma thought it was rather rude Leah demand they move when Killian was hampered by his cast. Someone got him a stool to prop his leg up on, complete with a pillow; Emma had no idea where it had come from. A couple other crew came through and clipped on their microphones; Emma caught one of the ladies looking down her dress. It wasn't even that revealing, just a hint of cleavage. She heard Liam growl faintly and the woman hurried off. Emma suppressed a laugh.

“Stand down, Commander,” she whispered. “I don't think she meant any harm.”

Liam blushed under the layer of powder on his face. “She was ogling you.”

“You ogle me,” she reminded him.
“Aye, but we're married, or nearly so,” he corrected.

“You've been ogling me since we met,” Emma shot back with a smirk. “Double standard, much?”

Liam sighed. He knew she was right. “Apologies, love. I trust you.”

She squeezed his knee. “You can ogle me plenty when this is over.”

“I'm gonna hold you to that.”

“I'd be disappointed if you didn't.”

Killian chuckled, listening to their little exchange. He'd seen the ogling as well; Emma was a gorgeous woman, he couldn't say he was surprised. They could play out a fun scenario later.

“Everyone ready?” Leah asked. They all nodded. “I'm going to ask you some trial questions, just to make sure everything is working properly. I'll let you know when we're rolling.”

Emma took a deep breath, instinctively reaching for their hands. They each took hers; Liam's shook slightly. Emma squeezed and smiled. He smiled back. Killian stroked the back of her hand with his thumb; he was calmer than either of them. Then again, he'd always been the most forthright and open about their relationship.

Leah asked her questions, simple things like their names, occupations, ages. Once she was sure everything was working properly, they settled in for the real thing. Emma was already hot under the harsh lights; she hoped they could get through it with anymore hold ups.

Leah nodded curtly as the recording light came on. “It's been over a month since the tragic attack on Whitehall. What should be a moment for national unity has seemingly been marred by one family's courageous stand against intolerance and discrimination. Their story came to light mere hours after the attack and has captured people's imaginations. That attention has taken an ugly turn and today I have them with me, to set the record straight.” Leah turned from the camera to the trio on the couch. “It's very kind of you to allow us into your home, Commander. I guess my first question is...how are you doing? It was reported that you and your brother were injured in the explosion.”

Liam cleared his throat. Emma tightened her grip on his hand. “Killian and I were on duty that day, on Admiral Tyler's staff,” he said slowly. “What happened to us was nothing compared to so many lives lost.”

Killian cut in. “Liam had some bruised ribs. I busted my leg in the second explosion.”

“They both got knocked out briefly,” Emma reminded them. “The doctors wanted to make sure there wasn't any head trauma. It was scary there for a while.”

“How did you find out about the attack, Miss Swan?” Leah asked. “I understand it wasn't through official channels.”

Emma shook her head. “Our friend Will Scarlet—he's in the Navy too—came by after I saw it on the news. I was calling and calling but there was no answer obviously. He took me to the hospital where Liam was.”

“But you couldn't get in?”

“No, but no one could at first.” Briefly, Emma described some of her frustration and delays and roadblocks. Leah looked sympathetic, but Emma could tell it was only professional courtesy. Leah
asked more questions, some of which the boys couldn't answer because they were classified. Emma admired their sense of duty to their commanding officer, if not for the institution that tried to keep them apart.

“Yours is a very...unusual relationship,” Leah said. “Can you describe how you met?”

Emma looked at each of them in turn. “It was a club in New York,” she said at last. “They were visiting...something for Admiral Tyler, right?”

Killian nodded. “Aye, we were there for some meetings. Decided to have a night on the town. Didn't expect the most gorgeous woman in the world to step through the door.”

Emma only barely remembered not to roll her eyes. Hyperbolic and sentimental, that was her Killian.

“Killian spotted her first,” Liam said. “I'm still a wee bit bitter about that.”

“Would it have changed anything?” Emma asked, forgetting they were supposed to be getting interviewed.

Liam cocked his head. “Perhaps not. We'll never know now.”

Leah seemed to jump on this. “Any resentment or jealousy?” she asked. “Wishing things were different?”

Killian glared at her. “I won't say there haven't been some tense moments, but every relationship has those, Miss Black. We both love Emma dearly and she loves us.”

“Tell me about that,” Leah said. “Realizing you were both in love with the same woman.”

Liam tensed beside her. “There wasn't really a moment like that,” he said. “We sort of fell into it. After we left New York, we knew we wanted to see her again. Growing up, Killian and I were close. We still are, thanks to Emma.”

“But how does that translate in your non-binary relationship?” Leah queried. Her gray eyes lit up, like she could smell blood in the water. “Like sex, for instance?”

Liam's face was red; Emma could almost see the steam coming out of his ears. “I don't really think that's anyone's business,” he growled softly.

“People are curious,” Leah reasoned. “There are very, very few people willing to go public with something like this.”

“We didn't have much choice,” Emma said, trying to keep her temper. “But that doesn't mean people should know every detail about our lives.”

“With all due respect, Miss Swan, you invited me here today.”

Liam stood up, visibly angry. “To set the record straight, nothing more. I won't stand by and see the people dearest to me in the world get dragged through the mud by a world that doesn't understand us. Close minded people, people I thought were friends...no one has stopped to consider how their lies affect us. How much it hurts Emma when people call her names or deride her character. Killian nearly wound up in the brig because of some ponce trying to use her huge giving heart against her. I'm not ashamed of what we are, how we live our lives. My conscience is clear. How about yours?”

With that, Liam stomped off, his microphone snapping back from his shirt. Emma snatched hers off
and went after him. Killian glared first at Leah, then Regina. “Deal with this,” he snarled at Regina before grabbing his crutches and going after them. Emma heard Regina's dangerously calm voice through the kitchen door. She could be very formidable when she wanted to be.

Emma found Liam in the den. His large hands were wrapped around the top rung of one of the old wooden chairs; his knuckles were white. Emma thought he was going to snap the chair into kindling. She rubbed the clenched fists. “Feel better?”

“Not exactly.”

Emma nodded. “I know.” This was their chance to tell their story and all anyone seemed to care about was what they did in the bedroom. “I'm sorry.”

“You're not the one who lost their temper, love.”

“No, but I'm the reason this is happening. No one would be going after you if not for me.”

“Don't even start that,” Killian said harshly, entering the room. “Don't try to validate their prejudice, Emma. We're not doing anything wrong.”

“But...”

He shook his head. “Do you love us?”

“Yes!”

“Then that's all that matters. Bugger everyone else.”

Emma beckoned him over and he hugged her into his side. Liam let go of the chair and hugged them too. It was reassuring, feeling that connection they shared. “I'm sorry,” Liam whispered. “Both of you. Sorry I lost my temper.”

“It's okay, brother. You should have seen her face. I think you gave her a lot to think about.”

“We never did get to Milah or any of that. What do we do now?” Emma asked.

There was a light rap on the door and Regina stepped through it. “Everyone okay?”

They only disentangled slightly. “Depends,” Killian said. “That woman still obsessed with our sex life?”

“We had a talk about that,” Regina said with a smirk. “She agreed to leave it out of the piece. But she'd like to use some of Liam's eloquent diatribe, if you agree.”

“Did you get that in writing?” Emma asked.

Regina held up a handwritten piece of paper. “What kind of lawyer do you think I am?”

Emma laughed. It was so ridiculous, but this seemed to be her life now. “What do you think, guys? Should we try again? Talk about the actual issues this time?”

Liam perused the makeshift contract Regina made. “I'm game if you are.”

Emma nodded, as did Killian. This was their chance to tell the truth.

It went better than Emma expected. Leah apologized for her unprofessional manners and got down
to business. They talked enough about their pasts to clear up some of the falsehoods floating around in the press. Killian flat out denied being the father of Milah's son and thoroughly impugned her honesty. Emma described some of their altercations with people outside of their home, the trouble they'd had to go through to get her the right to be able to take care of them if the need arose.

“Why do you think the Navy singled you out?” Leah asked toward the end of the interview.

Emma shrugged. “I'd like to hope that it's not the Navy as an institution,” she said slowly. She glanced at her boys. “We all love the Navy.” If it wasn't for the Royal Navy, she would never have met them.

“We don't want special treatment or anything of the sort,” Killian said seriously. “We just want Emma to have the same rights as any other family member. We're committed to making our relationship work, because of how we feel about each other. We're a family, just like everyone else.”

“Any chance of your family expanding?” Leah asked.

Emma glanced at the brothers, who looked at her. “We've talked about kids, Leah, but we're happy as we are for the moment. I've got my hands full with these two.”

“Well, I certainly wish you the best of luck. And a speedy recovery, Lieutenant,” Leah said, concluding the interview. She recorded a short postscript and the lights went off. She stood. “My apologies again for being out of line.” Leah held out her hand to Liam first, who paused for a moment before shaking it. Emma and Killian followed suit, without the hesitation. Perhaps they'd gotten through one person's misconceptions about a relationship like theirs.

If the interview accomplished that—even on the smallest scale—it was worth it. If it got the tabloids off their backs, even better. All they could do now was wait.
The next few weeks were roller coaster. The interview aired three days after it was filmed. David, Mary Margaret, Ruby and Victor came over for moral support as they gathered in front of the TV to watch it. Emma was pleasantly surprised; she had braced herself for their words to be taken out of context or edited badly or something. She’d come a long way from her naturally pessimistic view of life, but she always braced herself for the worst. However, Regina had done her job well, ensuring that their story was told faithfully.

“Looks like not everyone is out to get us,” Killian joked as the interview ended.

“I wonder what will happen now,” Emma said thoughtfully. It was out of their hands and she wasn't sure how she felt about that.

“I wonder what our superiors will think,” Liam added, squeezing her hand.

“I think that will depend on the ratings and the public's reaction,” Victor said wisely. “They won't come down too hard if they know you're popular.”

“We just want to be left alone,” Emma complained. “Why is that so difficult for them to get?”

“But if it helps other people like us,” Killian said slowly. “That's good, right?”

Emma saw his point. She hadn't really considered that before. There had to be other families like theirs. It was a big world, after all. And Emma knew better than anyone that the heart wants what it wants and fighting that just made you miserable. Hers wanted her sailors.

No sooner did she think this than the phone started ringing. Regina had said this would happen and prodded them none too gently about changing their number and getting it unlisted. Emma got up to answer it. “Swan Jones residence,” she said formally.

“Miss Swan? My name is Eliot Carlisle and I'm with...”

“I'm sorry, Mr. Carlisle, but any requests need to go through our lawyer, Regina Mills. Good bye.” She hung up with a satisfying click.

“Who was it?” Liam asked when she came back.

“I never let him actually say who he worked for, just referred him to Regina. We should probably get an answering machine, screen the calls.”

Killian scowled as the phone rang again. “First thing in the morning,” he affirmed.

“Ruby and I can help clean up,” Mary Margaret said brightly. The three ladies gathered the used plates and glasses and took them to the kitchen. Emma could tell Mary Margaret wanted to talk away from the menfolk.

The moment the plates were in the sink Mary Margaret pulled Emma into a hug. She was surprised but hugged back. “That was very brave,” her friend said quietly.

Emma shrugged. “It was our best option.”

“Still,” Ruby said, “that took guts.”
“It wasn't all smooth sailing.” Emma described Liam's outburst in more detail and Leah's reaction and apology.  

“At least she apologized,” Mary Margaret said, looking aghast. “How unprofessional!”

“I thought Liam was going to call the whole thing off,” Emma said honestly. “I wouldn't have blamed him.”

Ruby started rinsing things off in the sink. “What changed his mind?”

“Regina came through,” Emma said honestly. “Killian and I went to check on him and Regina ripped Leah a new one. Made her sign a contract and everything.”

“Wow,” Mary Margaret said. “Maybe we should hire her too.”

“She's definitely good at her job. And she's moving to London. Coventry's too far away to manage our case.” Emma laughed. “If you want her, I'd hurry because she's getting a lot of referrals.” Regina was doing their case...well, not pro bono, but for a lot less than she usually charged. Regina assured them she'd make it up in new clients and it seemed she was quite right.

Emma uncorked a fresh bottle of wine and poured them all a glass. “Thanks for coming tonight, guys.”

“We're your friends, of course we came,” Mary Margaret said.  

“But you had to run the gauntlet,” Emma pointed out. “That's not a fun time.” The paparazzi was still outside their house, although no one else had accosted their neighbors. The biggest drawback was the necessity of having their curtains drawn all the time. Emma missed the sunshine.  

“I distracted them,” Ruby said with a grin. “Men are so predictable.” She was wearing a very short skirt and a crop top, flashing ample amounts of skin.  

“Victor too, I'm assuming?”

Ruby laughed. “Let's put it this way: I drove us here.”

“Gotcha.” Emma sipped at her wine. As much as she liked having her friends here, she was looking forward to having the house to themselves soon.  

“We still on for next Friday?” Mary Margaret asked.

She nodded. “Yeah. I appreciate all your help, Mary Margaret.”

“Most of my wedding's planned already,” she replied, waving a hand dismissively. “Mom hired me a wedding planner to help. I think the bridesmaid's dresses and the venue are the only big things left.”

“And the date,” Ruby said. “What's the hold up?”

“David's swamped at work and I've got training,” Mary Margaret said. “We're having trouble clearing our schedules for a wedding and a honeymoon.”

“Emma's gonna beat you,” Ruby said gleefully.

“Sure looks that way,” Emma said with a grin. She was on her third glass of wine for the night; she could feel just a hint of a buzz. Now that the interview was over, she decided to let herself relax. Worrying wasn't going to help.
“Well, hers is a lot smaller,” Mary Margaret said defensively.

“Also not legal,” Emma pointed out.

“That doesn't mean it's not real.”

Emma frowned. “I know that, but we don't have jump through all the hoops you guys do. We just need to show up and exchange rings.”

“Speaking of rings,” Ruby said, “lemme see it again!”

Emma blushed and held out her left hand. Ruby took it and raised it to her eyes, squealing happily. “It's beautiful, Emma. What are the sapphires for?”

“It was their mother's,” Emma replied. “She had the sapphires added after their dad left.”

“It's lovely,” Mary Margaret agreed.

“How are you ladies doing?” David asked, bringing the now empty bowl of popcorn into the kitchen.

“Miss me?” Mary Margaret asked with a smile.

“Always,” he said, leaning down to kiss his fiance.

Emma and Ruby shared a knowing look and discreetly left the kitchen. They nearly ran right into Liam, making Emma gasp. “Jesus, Liam!”

“Sorry, love,” he apologized, steadying her. “I didn't mean to startle you.”

“I wouldn't go in there,” Ruby advised. “They're having a moment.”

Emma looked at Liam; they were both smiling knowingly. He laid his hand on the small of her back and led the ladies back into the living room. Emma resumed her seat between her boys, giving Killian a brief kiss on the cheek. He grinned at her, snaking his arm around her shoulders.

The news was still on, but none of them were really paying attention. Emma caught a glimpse of footage from Scotland Yard and a graphic indicating that the authorities were still interrogating the suspects, presumably for accomplices. Emma knew there were rumors going around of a new extremist group that they thought may have had some hand in the bombing. The fact that a group hadn't been pinned down fed into the fear and mistrust that seemed to be slowly poisoning the country. People had nowhere to turn their rage toward and that was bad.

“We should probably get going,” Victor said after a while. “I've got an early shift at the hospital.”

“I'll walk you out,” Liam said. Emma and Killian waved good night.

“Two down, two to go,” Killian whispered in her ear mischievously.

“Trying to get rid of our friends?” Emma whispered back.

Killian's hand fell to her waist, slipping under her shirt. She sighed as he deftly stroked her skin. “Unless you want an audience when I make you come,” he mumbled in her ear.

“We almost always have an audience,” she reminded him. “Liam's here.”
“Aye and we're going to make you scream for us, darling.”

Emma shivered. “Killian...”

“Problem, my love?”

“You're incorrigible.”

He looked down at her thin shirt; her nipples were already hard. “You love it though.”

“Shut up.”

“What'd he do now?” Liam asked, rejoining them on the couch. He caught sight of her chest. “Ah, I see.” He grinned. “Riling her up already, brother?”

“It's only been what...twelve hours since we last had her?”

“Greedy bastard,” Emma retorted. But she was biting back a moan as Liam leaned down to nuzzle her chest. Warmth started to pool low in her belly. “Liam...we're...not alone, remember?”

He chuckled, pulling away. “Shall I usher them out?”

“We can't do that just because we're horny!” she hissed.

Killian dragged her hand to his crotch. He was stiff under her touch. “They need to go. Now.”

Emma tried to protest, but damn if she didn't want them too. “Mary Margaret!” she yelled. “You guys okay in there!”

She faintly heard the scraping of stools on the tile. “We're fine!” her friend yelled back. She hurriedly stuck her head in the living room. “We should get going anyway. It's late. Bye!”

Making sure they left was probably the smart thing, but Emma was already palming Killian thought his shorts. Liam nodded at her, kissing her briefly, then went to lock the door behind their friends and pass along their good nights. As soon at the door closed, Emma started giggling, both stunned and relieved at the same time.

“Something funny, lass?” Killian groaned, rocking up into her hand.

“I was just wondering what they were getting up to in our kitchen,” she said, moving to straddle his hips. Killian yanked on the hem of her top, pulling it unceremoniously over her head. His lips were on her a moment later, sucking a mark into the swell of her breast.

“Perhaps they picked up on something,” Liam said, returning. He pulled off his own shirt and joined them on the couch. “We've had sex all over this house.”

Emma shuddered, wrinkling her nose at the same time. “I don't really want to think about them having sex,” she said.

“Nor do I,” Killian added, pulling the cup of her bra with his teeth. “The only sex I'm concerned with is ours.”

Emma threaded her fingers through his hair, while reaching for Liam. He leaned in and kissed her, sucking greedily on her tongue. Emma mewled, another rush of heat settling in her belly. “Think they'll hear us outside?”
“Don't care,” Liam muttered, reaching for her other bra strap. He tugged it down, hand reaching behind to flick it open. He threw the lace away somewhere, bending lower to suck on her other nipple. Emma keened, arching, grinding her hips down as they teased her with their mouths. She loved when they played with her like this, the sensations different for each of them. But their dark heads bent over her, toying with her flesh was an intensely erotic image. She started to touch herself through her pants, a moan tearing from her throat.

“Are you wet for us, love?” Killian asked, giving her nipple a long lick.

Emma nodded. “God yes.”

“Show me.”

Emma yanked her fly open and dipped her hand down her panties. She groaned as her fingers quickly became coated in her juices, circling her entrance. “Oh fuck.”

“Let us see,” Liam urged her, squeezing her breast.

She pulled her hand free and held it out for them. They groaned and Killian promptly began to lick her fingers clean. “Love your taste,” he breathed. “Can you make yourself come for us, darling?”

Emma bit her lip but nodded. She pushed her pants over her hips, exposing her mound to their greedy eyes. They kept touching her, kissing her, encouraging her. She brushed her fingers over her clit again, letting out a little mewl of need. She pressed harder, inching her legs as far as they could go with her jeans constricting her movement. Liam held her back, letting her balance better as she unashamedly rubbed her soaked aching flesh.

“Fuck, this is hot,” Liam murmured, moving to stand behind her, his lips on her neck. “Don't stop, love.”

Emma moaned, her hips rolling faster. Killian ran his hands over her trembling stomach, his eyes riveted to the movements of her hand. “Ride your fingers,” he said softly. “Lemme see you.”

She sucked in a breath, eagerly gliding two fingers inside her dripping cunt. She bounced on them, riding them like she would his cock, another loud moan tumbling from her lips. “Fuck, fuck...I'm so wet,” she panted. “God.”

Killian slipped his thumb down and pressed on her clit. “We've got you. Come.”

Emma nodded frantically, chasing her orgasm. She caught it a few moments later, her body trembling hard in their arms, trusting them to keep her steady. She squeezed her eyes shut and gave into it, a low cry on her lips. She leaned back against Liam's stomach, panting.

“Bloody hell, I love you,” Killian murmured, kissing right over her heart. “Isn't she gorgeous, Liam?”

“Aye,” Liam said. Emma could feel his voice rumbling against her. Her core picked up on it instantly. “Our beautiful love.”

“I hope...that's not all you've got,” Emma mumbled. She was still riding the high, but she was greedy for more.

Killian chuckled, pulling her up and nuzzling her cheek. “Does the lass want more?”

She smiled at him, brushing her lips over his. “Always.”
Liam pulled out the bearskin rug, spreading it out on the floor. Emma and Killian were still making out so he dashed upstairs, returning in moments. “I want a turn, brother,” he said, combing his fingers through Emma's hair. Emma gave Killian one last kiss and stood, stepping to Liam's arms. As he kissed her, she kicked away her remaining clothes, leaving her bare.

Killian hurriedly ditched his shirt and loosened his pants, sighing as his cock sprang free. He stroked himself as Emma kissed and touched his brother; he loved watching her. Emma unbuttoned Liam's pants and shucked them, kneeling down and taking him into her mouth. He growled low in his throat, murmuring how much he loved her as his eyes fell closed. Emma gave Killian a show, each little grunt and groan making her wetter. She played with Liam's balls; he hissed in pleasure. She experimented, sliding her hand between his legs like she did with Killian. He jerked, forcing himself deeper down her throat and she gagged a little.

“Bloody hell, lass,” Liam bit out.

“Feels good, doesn't it, brother? She can do wicked things with those hands.”

Liam sighed and rolled his hips; Emma didn't go nearly as far as she did with Killian. Liam was a bit more rigid in his ways, but she hoped she could coax him into joining them in their play someday. He liked watching well enough. He just needed to learn to let go of his control and just let her make him feel good.

“Stop!” Liam exclaimed. “Fuck, you need to stop.”

Emma released him with a pop, licking her lips. “Why?”

“Because I want to fuck you.”

“What about me?” Killian complained.

Emma crawled over to him, leaning her arms on his thighs. “Why don't we ditch these clothes and you join me on the floor, sailor?” She flashed him a grin and kissed the tip of his cock, smearing precum on her lips. “Yum.”

“Fuck, woman,” Killian muttered, eyes falling closed.

Emma teased his cock a bit more, tugging on his shorts and boxers. She got them free, sliding them down his legs, mindful of his cast. He slid to the edge of the couch and Emma helped ease him to the floor and onto the soft rug. Killian pulled her down, kissing her deeply. Emma scratched at his scruff, earning her another moan. “Do you want to taste how much I want you?” she asked, sucking on his bottom lip.

“Yes,” Killian breathed. Emma groaned and sat up. She maneuvered around until she was straddling his face. Killian wrapped his arms around her thighs and dragged her to his mouth, licking her from back to front. “Hmm, delicious.”

Emma jerked her hips, hands braced on his chest. “Don't stop.”

Liam knelt on the floor as well, molding his hands to her breasts, thumbing her nipples. “Let us fill you up, sweetheart.” Liam said, mouth slanting over hers. “Everywhere.”

She nodded eagerly. “Oh yes, please.”
Liam moved, kissing down her back. Killian worked her sopping flesh, lapping at her eagerly. He heard their little exchange, knew what was coming. It made his cock throb painfully. “Emma,” he said, his voice a bit muffled. “Please. Put your mouth on me.”

Emma rolled her hips, her movement fluid, every part of her drowning in lust. She loved the way they made her feel, like she was the only woman in the world, the only thing they needed. She'd been addicted to it from the very beginning and it only got headier with time. She bent down slowly, tossing her hair to the side and licked his throbbing tip clean. She went slowly, kissing and licking, wanting this to last.

Liam fondled her ass, his large hands spreading her. His cock ached, desperate to feel her sweet arse around him, but he couldn't have her until she was ready for him. His thumbs skimmed the puckered muscle; Emma groaned. He bent down, circling it with his tongue, massaging her as Killian sucked her clit between his teeth. Emma inhaled sharply, more lust shooting through her. “Oh yes,” she breathed, blowing cool air on Killian's engorged cock. “Yes.”

“Fuck!” Killian cried, his hips jerking.


Emma bent lower to take Killian's cock in her mouth, almost the same moment Liam squeezed a little lube on her ass. They'd worked her back to her previous level of comfort; it wouldn't take long to make her ready for him. Emma's head bobbed, tongue swirling around Killian's shaft, her body slowly being stretched and driven to greater heights. Killian was relentless, eating her, another orgasm coiling tighter and tighter in her belly.

“She's close,” Killian bit out, sliding a finger inside her. “Fuck, she's quivering, Liam.”

“Let her come,” Liam said; he too had a finger inside her. He eased in a second, massaging her gently. Her eyes fell shut; she could feel it, every brush of their fingers, filling her, driving her crazy. She was panting, head resting on Killian's hip, shaking with her need to come.

“Let go,” Killian whispered, licking her clit. “It's okay.”

Emma tumbled over the edge, body jerking violently. They held her as still as they could until she came down, sucking in lungfuls of air. “Oh my god.”

“Still okay, lass?” Liam asked, kissing the small of her back.

Her knees were beginning to ache but she was good for a while. “Y-yeah. Just let me catch my breath.”

Killian kissed her inner thigh. “Take all the time you need.”

She kissed his cock, making him groan. “But I have a treat,” she reminded him, giving him another long lick.

“Emma...bloody hell.”

She took several deep breaths, until her lungs stopped aching. “I'm good now.”

“Sure?”

“Mnhmm.” It demonstrate how ready she was, she took Killian back into her mouth. He yelped, hips driving up reflexively.
“I fucking love you,” Liam growled. He removed his fingers and squeezed more lube onto his cock. Emma thrust her hips back, eagerly awaiting him. He didn’t disappoint her, pushing into her slowly, groaning at the amazing feel of her. “Fuck yes.”

Emma hummed in response, the vibrations doing wicked things to Killian. He grunted out her name, pleasure coursing through his veins. He loved her, loved how open they could be, hoped it would always be like this, them loving each other into exhaustion.

“Killian,” Emma panted. “Need you...please.” She was wet again, turned on by the sounds they were making.

Killian ran a finger through her folds, teasing her entrance. “Fuck, this turns you on,” he muttered. “Both of us fucking you.”

“Yes, please!” She took him in again, sucking him down in earnest, Liam fucking her ass. She stretched again as Killian pushed three fingers into her cunt; a shudder raced down her spine. Liam groaned loudly, hips moving faster, taking her harder. She was so full, just the right side of too much. Her third orgasm was just out of reach, so tantalizingly close. She slipped her hand between Killian's legs and found his spot, rubbing it quickly. He came with a hoarse shout, spilling down her throat and she sucked him until he softened. She braced herself on her hands, a curses tumbling from her lips, relishing the fullness as they fucked her.

Liam grabbed her by the hips, pistoning into her. “Need to feel you come,” he panted. “Please, Emma.”

“Yes, yes, yes!” she sobbed, head thrown back, back arching as her orgasm ripped through her. Liam came almost the same instant, unable to resist her tight body any longer. He yelled her name, hips jerking as he spilled his seed inside her. Killian brought her down, riding out her aftershocks.

Liam slipped from her, kissing between her shoulder blades lovingly. Emma sagged, exhausted. Liam staggered to the kitchen for some towels, while Emma rolled onto the floor next to Killian.

“Think...you can budge up here?” Killian panted, licking his fingers clean.

Emma groaned. “I can try.” It took effort but she managed it. She laid her head on his chest.


She laughed weakly. “Missed you too.”

Liam returned, cleaning Emma up before she could stain the rug. It was a miracle they’d done as well as they did, with as many times as they’d had sex on this rug. She loved it; it was soft and comfortable. Liam dropped a kiss to her temple, then went back to the kitchen. “I’ve got water and juice when you feel up to it, lass,” he said, carrying a tray.

“Thanks, Liam.”

He settled down on Emma's other side, snuggling close. “Okay, Emma?”

“Yeah, that was...pretty great.”

Liam chuckled. “Well, you are pretty great. Love you.”

“Love you too.” She looked up at Killian. “And you.”
“Rest, my love.”

It was a long time before they mustered the energy to go to bed, but none of them minded. They drew strength from their closeness, strength they’d need in the days ahead.

Emma braved the gauntlet on Friday morning, after making sure the boys were fed. Killian was getting around much better; they’d set up a little exercise space for the two of them in the den, mostly so Killian could keep his strength up before he went in for PT. The doctor had said that would be important and Killian was determined to be completely fine for the wedding. And the honeymoon. Try as she might, Emma couldn't wheedle anything out of them. Once, she even tried seducing it out of them, but no dice. She had had some spine tingling orgasms though so the night hadn't been a total loss.

Flashbulbs and shouts assaulted her as soon as she stepped out of the door; she angled her umbrella to keep the worst of it at bay. Their plea to be left alone clearly wasn't working. Word had somehow gotten out that Killian had been nominated for a medal and that started the frenzy all over again. Emma had a feeling someone in the Navy leaked the information to the press, to try and make the Navy look better. How could they be oppressing the family if they were willing to give one of them a medal?

Liam had said something about being poster children and Emma found that's exactly what they were becoming. Ever since the interview, Regina fielded dozens upon dozens more requests from various groups and media outlets. Including some in America. Emma had been stunned when she heard that. She hadn't lived in the States for nearly a year and no one there had given a damn about her when she did. She genuinely loved her adopted country and felt no remorse about eventually making that permanent. In England, she'd found what she'd always been looking for: a home. And she had two amazing men to share it with her.

No one followed her when she left; today was her lucky day. None of them wanted to brave the misty rain on their motorbikes. Emma drove to the address Mary Margaret had given her, parking in a nearby garage. Her luck held again as no one recognized her on the walk to the dress shop. That had been another shock in the days following the interview. They went out and people recognized them. Mostly pointing and staring but a few brave souls had come to say hello. Despite her embarrassment, Emma preferred that to pointing and staring because she felt like those people were muttering nasty words behind her back. That just drove her crazy. Killian was the most at ease during these encounters; Liam hardly said two words. Emma was stuck in the middle, yearning for their privacy back, but touched by the support. They even had another family come up to them and tell them how they were inspired to “come out” so to speak to their loved ones.

That kinda made this entire nightmare worth it. Almost.

“Emma! You made it!” Mary Margaret cried. Her voice had a ring of false cheeriness to it, but Emma didn't call her out.

“The boys are safely at home; I asked them not to have a crisis until I've picked out a dress,” Emma quipped.

“How are they?”

“Better. Physically, Liam is completely healthy. He could go back to work but the Navy still has him on medical leave. Not that I'm complaining. I'd much rather have him home.” He was still having nightmares. Not as often as before, but it still worried her. The last time he was in for counseling had been hard on him; he refused to speak to them for over an hour after they got home. Emma coaxed
him around with some shepherd's pie, one of the dishes she was getting really good at cooking. He thanked her with kisses; she was just happy to see him smiling again. “Killian's still got about two weeks in the cast, then physical therapy. Thanks again for those weights and things. Killian's been using them every day.”

“He needs them more than me,” Mary Margaret shrugged. “I can work out anywhere.”

They were waiting for Ruby, who arrived about five minutes later. Together, they entered the shop.

“I don't want anything super formal,” Emma warned. “Or expensive. It doesn't even have to be white.”

Ruby looked aghast. “You're getting married! Why wouldn't you wear white?”

“Do I look like a virgin to you?” Emma hadn't been a virgin since she was sixteen. Not that it was a fond memory.

“Hardly anyone is these days,” Ruby countered. “But you'd look really pretty in white. Especially with those uniforms!”

Emma held up her hands. “Okay, okay, we'll look for white first. But if I can't find something I like, we'll expand the search, got it?”

“Fair enough.”

Mary Margaret, meanwhile, had already started looking. Emma thought she looked weirdly despondent like there was something bothering her. But whenever Emma caught her eye, she smiled brightly and held up a dress for Emma to examine. Unlike the more formal wedding shop they'd gone to for Mary Margaret, no one pestered them or brought out racks of dresses. It was much more relaxed and Emma appreciated that.

“Are you going to need bridesmaid's dresses?” Ruby asked.

Emma bit her lip. She hadn't thought about that. “I don't think so. I mean, you guys will be there, but it's not like a formal thing. You can wear whatever you want. We just want to celebrate with friends, you know?”

“Are any of the boys' naval friends coming? Aside from Victor?”

“I think so. Will and Robin are still at sea; we might be able to Skype them in. Will was really upset he was going to miss his best friend's wedding.”

“It'll be pretty small though.”

Emma nodded. “Yeah. We're only inviting people we know personally and are okay with our relationship.”

Mary Margaret sniffed and Emma frowned. “Is something wrong?”

“No, I'm fine.”

Her face was blotchy. “You are not fine,” Ruby said sternly. “What's going on?”

Their friend sat heavily on a bench. “It's my mother.”

“Is Eve okay?”
“She's fine, but...I am so sorry, Emma.” She worried her fingers together, looking more distressed by the second. “She saw your interview back home or whatever they aired of it. And she doesn't think it's appropriate for you three to be in my wedding.”

“What?”

“I told her she was being unreasonable. That you were my friend, one of my dearest friends and I absolutely would not take you or the Jones' out of my wedding.”

“I take it that didn't go over too well?”

“We got into a fight. Emma, I haven't shouted at my mother since I was ten years old.”

“What happened?”

“She's threatening to pull the plug on the wedding.”

Emma snarled. “It's not right for her to hold that over your head like that,” she said angrily. “It's your wedding!”

“What are you going to do?” Ruby asked.

“We'll quit,” Emma said, even though she hated it. But she didn't want to ruin her friend's day. She knew how much Mary Margaret wanted her fairy tale wedding.

“No!” Mary Margaret cried. “I could never let you guys do that, not after everything you've been through. That's terrible!”

Emma sat next to her friend, probably her best friend after Killian and Liam. “I don't want to come between you and your mother,” she said sadly. “Family's important, especially at a wedding.” She'd been looking forward to being a bridesmaid, having her boys standing up for their friends with her. These people had become very important to her over the last few months; she'd never forgive herself if she ruined Mary Margaret's dream.

Mary Margaret shook her head again. “It's not right. It's my wedding and I want all of you there. David does too. He thinks that we can scale things down, pay for it ourselves, if Mom cuts us off.”

“I can't let you do that,” Emma said stubbornly.

“Yes, you can,” Mary Margaret said. “I knew you'd react like this, that's why I didn't want to say anything. But you're right, family is important. And you guys...” She took Emma and Ruby's hands in hers. “Are like the sisters I never had. So no noble sacrifices, okay?”

Tears stung Emma's eyes; she blinked them away. She didn't want to cry. She just nodded and hugged Mary Margaret tightly. Then Ruby hugged them both, a watery smile on her lips.

“We'll try and bring her around,” Ruby said stoutly. “Maybe if your mom met them, she'd come around?”

“Maybe,” Mary Margaret said. “I hope so.” She shook her head. “Look at me, making this about me!” She wiped her tear stained cheeks. “We're supposed to be finding Emma a dress! Come on, ladies!”

Emma and Ruby shared a look, but knew better than gainsay her. They went back to the racks, even though Emma's enthusiasm had waned. It felt selfish to be looking for her own dress when her friend...
was hurting because of her. But Mary Margaret insisted, so she didn't argue. After another hour, they still hadn't found anything she liked; Emma sagged back into the nearest chair on the verge of calling it a day.

“What about this one?” Ruby asked, holding up a strapless gown.

Emma looked at it, prepared to dismiss it, but then looked again. It was simple, the fabric gathered at the bust, flowing down in an empire waist. It looked like it would only a very short train. There was a small studded brooch holding the whole thing together. She tried to imagine herself in it.

“Oh, try it on!” Mary Margaret cried.

“I don't know.”

“It's the longest you've looked at any dress in here, that has to mean something!”

Emma sighed. “Okay.” She took the dress from Ruby and went into the changing room. She stripped off her jeans and blouse, unhooked her bra. She unzipped the dress and stepped into it, careful not to ruin it, just in case. She refused to look at herself until she had the thing zipped up again. When she finally did get the courage to look in the mirror, her jaw dropped. She felt a tingle go up her back, a slow smile cross her face. She was wearing her Royal Navy anchor; it set off the tiny brooch very well. She turned a bit right and left, trying to find something wrong, but her smile only got bigger. She felt...well, a bit like a bride. Which in theory she was, but she'd never really let herself imagine it before, since so many hopes had been crushed in her life until recently.

Still, she needed a second opinion. She stepped out of the changing room, holding the skirt in her hands. “What do you think?” she asked as the skirt fell to give them the full effect.

“It's beautiful,” Mary Margaret said quietly, her eyes watery again. “Really.”

Ruby nodded enthusiastically. “Definitely a winner.”

“You think so?” They both nodded. Emma let out a slow breath. “So I have a dress?”

They laughed. “Don't sound so surprised,” Mary Margaret said. “You're going to be a beautiful bride.”

Emma smiled nervously. “Okay. Let me go take this off before I ruin it.” She hurried back into the tiny room, exchanging the dress for her clothes. It almost felt like she was walking on air, happiness filling her chest like a balloon. There was so much going on, so much stress and unpleasantness and worry, but in that moment none of it touched her.

She couldn't wait to tell the boys when she got home.

Emma had a bit of a mini heart attack when she paid for the dress; it wasn't nearly as expensive as Mary Margaret's gown, but still more than she felt comfortable spending. But Liam and Killian had insisted she buy the dress she wanted, regardless of cost. Emma did the budget for the wedding herself, taking careful stock of their savings. But she'd made quite a bit in her first few months as an investigator, so her recent time off didn't hurt them. The boys' medical leave was paid of course, as was their healthcare, so that was a relief.

Mary Margaret offered to take the dress to her apartment to ensure the boys didn't see it before the ceremony. Emma hugged her and Ruby; they agreed to meet again for lunch the following week. Their regular lunch dates had gotten disrupted by the attack, but life in London was...well, not entirely normal, but routines were reasserting themselves.
Emma drove home, bracing herself once more for the gauntlet of photographers. They'd have to lose interest soon, right? It was a terrible thought, but she almost wished something else would happen so that the world would leave them alone. Almost.

Emma got inside without mishap, but the boys were seemingly nowhere to be found. “Liam? Killian? You guys here?” she called.

“In the den, love!” Liam hollered back.

Emma wandered in there, picking her way through all the exercise equipment. “What's up?”

“Come look at this,” Killian said, pointing at her laptop.

Emma's brow knitted together as she bent down to look at the screen. It was a website...about them. “What the hell?”

“That was my reaction,” Liam said drolly. “Show her the rest, Killian.”

Killian clicked through the various pages; there was a photo archive (ninety five percent of which were pap photos), a news feed, a YouTube channel, social media links, a message board. It was called *Open Minds & Open Hearts*; the header at the top of every page was very pretty. Still, Emma was having trouble processing what she was seeing. Someone made a fansite about them? Why?

“This is a joke, right?”

Killian shook his head. “I got an email from Will; no idea how he found the bloody thing. Been looking at it for the last few hours, love.”

“Hours? Why?”

He shrugged. “Curiosity, I suppose. Is a bit flattering, yeah?”

Emma scoffed. “Yeah, feeling real flattered over here.”

“I'll admit it was...odd at first,” Liam said. “But it's quite...tasteful, I suppose? Look at the number of members.”

Emma looked as Killian clicked through to the message board. Over seven thousand people were already signed up. Not all of them were online at the moment, but still more than Emma expected. She pushed Killian's hand away for a moment, and clicked through to some of the posts. They didn't have a login so a good portion of the site was off limits, but it seemed like there were very strict rules before you could join. And all the posts Emma saw were positive, which surprised her.

“I don't know,” she said slowly. “Still, feels a bit...weird? I mean, we're not famous.”

“I believe those charming photographers outside our home would disagree, sweetheart,” Liam said, rubbing her back. “We seem to be quite famous at the moment.”

Emma considered that. “We should have Regina look into it. Just, you know, to be safe.”

“That sounds fair,” Killian said. “She can look into this JJ Courtney lass too, make sure she's not barmy.”

Emma just gave him a look. “Okay, seems like you've got this under control then.”

“How did it go?” Liam asked. Killian shut the laptop and they all moved to the leather couch.
“Well, I found a dress,” she said slowly.

“Emma, that's wonderful,” Liam said happily. “I'm sure it's gorgeous.”

“You'll have to wait to see it because Mary Margaret has it.”

“Aw, not even a hint?” Killian asked, a pout on his lips.

Emma fixed him with a stern stare. “Uh huh, the puppy dog look won't work today, buddy. You're gonna have to wait.”

“But Emma...”

“You want to ruin the moment?”

“Lass, we're going to be promising ourselves to you for all the world to see. I'm fairly certain nothing can ruin that.”

“Still, we should have a few of the traditions, right?”

“What about the night before? Is that a tradition we want to honor?” Liam asked.

It took her a moment to figure which one he meant. “Oh god...that...no, we can't do that, can we? None of us sleeps well alone anymore.”

“At some point, we may not have a choice,” Liam said softly.

Emma's heart sank. “I've been trying not to think about that.”

Killian kissed her temple. “Everything may change now,” he reminded her. “They may not need us at all.”

“You don't believe that,” Emma said. “You want to fight.”

“I want to bring those responsible for murdering our fellows to justice,” he corrected her. “But not at the expense of you.”

“I've told you that I don't want you giving up your dreams,” Emma said. “Liam's always wanted his own ship. You told me so during our first date.”

“First date?”

“Getting pizza in New York?”

“When you thought those lasses were staring at us and you got jealous?” Liam asked with a grin.

“They were staring. And I wasn't jealous.”

Killian stroked her cheek with the pad of his thumb. “A little jealousy isn't a bad thing, love. I like that you want us all to yourself.”

“You don't think I'm terribly greedy and selfish?”

“You could never be truly selfish, Emma. You have too much of a good heart for that.”

“I'm in love with two men,” she reminded him. “Some people would say that's selfish.”
“Those two men happen to be madly in love with you as well,” Liam said, holding her hand. “We have our share of spats but this is the life we've chosen. You're what we want.”

She needed to tell them about Mary Margaret's wedding, but she didn't want to burst the bubble they were creating. A bubble where all that mattered was the love they found with each other. A bubble filled with love and passion and peace.

“If we do get deployed,” Killian said slowly, “we'll correspond as much as we can. You can come visit us when we're on liberty. The ladies will keep you company. And when we return...” He glanced up at Liam. “We'll ask for a transfer that allows us to stay here. For good.”

Emma shook her head. “That's not fair.”

Liam looked determined. “We've told you. You are more important than the Navy. We'll do our duty, but we're coming home to you, Emma. This is where we belong.”

“And we'll buy that sailboat we're always talking about,” Killian added. “So Liam can still have his precious ship.”

Liam scowled at his brother. “Low blow.”

“Come on, Liam. I appreciate everything the Navy's given us, but Emma comes first.”

“Of course she does.”

“I'll be fine,” she cut in. “Besides, it might be fun to get some work done around here.” They both looked at her in shock, before realizing she was teasing. “I'll miss you both, but if you can help catch the bastards who tried to kill you, then you should do it.”

“Could be a while. A billet needs to open up and we need to get cleared,” Liam said seriously. “I don't see why we shouldn't keep living our lives until then. As long as we get to have our ceremony and can finally get to France...we'll deal with the rest as it comes.”

“So you're saying we should enjoy our time together?” Emma asked.

“I believe I am, yes.” He grinned at her. “Did you have something in mind?”

She shrugged. “Oh, I don't know.” She leaned over and kissed his whiskered cheek. “You guys might be too tired to play.”

Killian groaned. “God, I love this time of the month.”

Emma licked her lips, running her hand over his thigh. “And why's that, sailor?”

“Because you, my love, are friskier than normal.”

“She's pretty needy all the time, brother,” Liam said.

“Aye, but there's something about her now.”

Emma sucked in a breath, ghosting her lips over his. “Guess it's a good thing I've got two of you to keep me...satisfied.” She got up and dashed off to the bedroom, their whines of protest echoing in her ears. She relied on the time it would take them to get upstairs to give her a chance to grab any supplies they might need. They'd had to get creative with Killian's cast, but in a good way.

She had just thrown the box on the bed when Liam came up behind her and attacked her neck with
his mouth. He bit down on the junction of her shoulder and Emma keened. “Bloody vixen,” he mumbled, eagerly sucking a mark into her skin. Want shot through her; she dragged his hand up under her shirt.

Killian arrived a moment later, flopping down dramatically on the bed. He crawled over to where Liam held her, cupping her through her pants. Emma pushed her hips into his touch, craving their hands on her.

“What do you need, Emma?” Killian asked, leaning on his elbow to lick at the delicate skin of her navel.

“You,” she breathed. “I just need you both to touch me.”

“But we are,” he countered, the heel of his hand grinding against her clit.

“Perhaps she wants us to tie her up again,” Liam suggested, hand on her breast.

Emma groaned, her head falling back against Liam's chest. She wanted so many things at once; she couldn't articulate them.

Killian opened her fly and dragged the zipper down with his teeth. “God, love, your scent…” He nuzzled her, teeth scraping her mound through the fabric of her boy shorts.

“Ugh,” Emma whined, not entirely happy that all they seemed to want was to tease her. Liam pinched her nipple and she cried out, the pain shooting directly to her clit.

“I think I know what our girl needs,” he growled, thrusting his hardening cock against her ass. “A good and proper spanking.” Emma's eyes went wide, but she felt her clit throb. It had been a while since she'd been spanked; not that long ago she'd been doing the spanking. But she needed it as much as she loved giving it. “Would you like that, Emma?”

She felt herself slipping into the role effortlessly, knowing they'd take care of her. “Yes, please.”

“Bloody hell,” Killian breathed. He kissed her stomach; it was trembling with need. “We'll make that delectable arse good and pink, then I want it. We'll fill you up and make you scream.”

Emma nodded furiously, core clenching in anticipation. “Yes, yes, I need it. Please. Feels so good.”

She stood still as they stripped her, Liam her top and Killian her bottoms, their hands and mouths caressing her. They removed their shirts; Emma sighed as Liam's chest came into contact with her back. He squeezed her breasts together so Killian could lick and suck them, his tongue flitting between the hard nubs. Emma bit her lip, mewling, trying not to fidget.

“Love the sounds you make,” Liam whispered in her ear. “Let me hear it, lass.”

“Oh!” Emma cried, another flood of heat washing through her. “Liam, please.”

“Please what?”

“Spank me. Please.”

Liam growled and went to find the rope. Killian coaxed her down to him, kissing her hungrily. “Get these bloody things off,” he ordered, putting her hand on his shorts. Emma managed to get the shorts
open while still kissing him but she needed both her hands. She broke the kiss and tugged the offending material over his cast and down his legs. She repeated the process with his boxers, unconsciously licking her lips at his prominent erection. “See something you want, love?”

Emma bit her lip. She nodded.

“Sorry, love, what was that?” He grinned cheekily up at her; of course he’d demand she use the words.

She swallowed. “I want to suck your cock,” she said, voice barely a whisper.

“Should we give her a treat, brother?” Killian asked, laying flat on his back and stroking himself. “Before we spank her?”

Liam came up behind her, dragging her favorite anal plug down the valley between her breasts. Emma shivered. “And keep that pretty mouth occupied while I give her this? By all means, brother.” But first he tied her hands together, leaving enough slack so he could secure her to the bed later. “Go on, lass. You know how hot it makes you.”

Emma knelt awkwardly, but Killian slid over until his hips were level with her mouth. Emma planted her feet back on the floor and bent over, her tied hands resting on the mattress. Killian threaded his hand into her golden hair, guiding her to him. She licked the hard ridge from root to tip; Killian groaned. Liam ran his fingers through her hot damp flesh, gathering moisture to massage her opening. Emma took Killian into her mouth the same moment Liam skimmed the puckered flesh and she hummed in pleasure. Killian hissed, moaning her name.

“Fuck, such a hot mouth,” he breathed. “Suck me good, love.”

Emma bobbed faster, hollowing out her cheeks, giving him what he wanted. Liam worked her open, cool lube now coating his finger as it slid in and out of her. He inserted the plug and Emma groaned loudly. Killian bucked into her, forcing himself deeper down her throat. It took her a moment to relax, breathe through her nose, but she was getting better at taking them deeply like that. The deep sigh of pleasure was enough to make it worth it.

“Let him go,” Liam commanded. “It’s time for your spanking, lass.” He pressed his finger to the plug, moving it around a bit, stretching her. She would need it for what came next. Emma released Killian with a wet pop, his cock glistening in the light. She stood and held out her hands to Liam. He took the rope and tied her firmly to the bedpost, forcing her to bend over again. The plug shifted and she moaned. She felt their hands on her ass, gently gliding over her skin. She tried to brace herself for the blows, but she had no idea when they would come.

The first crack of skin on skin made her gasp, fingers tightening on the rope that held her. The sharp pain gave way to pleasure almost instantly, her moan echoing in the room. Another and another and another, different places, different force each time. She bit her lip, trying desperately not to squirm, still craving more.

“Is this what you need?” Liam demanded, brushing his hand over her warm stinging flesh before smacking it again.

“Yes!” Emma screamed. “Yes!” She was nearly sobbing from the pleasure; it was the perfect antidote to all the worry and frustration she’d been feeling lately.

Killian kissed her pink skin. “Such a sweet arse,” he praised. “More?”

“Just a few,” Liam warned. “we still want to fuck her.”
Killian had her count off five more blows before it was over. She sagged against her bonds, hot all over, her thighs coated with arousal. She was dripping on the carpet, almost painfully turned on. They soothed her sweetly, Liam rubbing her back. Emma could see the bulge in his pants; she wet her lips.

“Here,” Liam said to Killian, tossing him the bottle of lube. He caught it and eased his way back to the middle of the bed. He took himself in hand, taking the edge off his need as Liam untied Emma from the bed. Liam pressed a gentle kiss to her lips; she sighed. “Ready, darling?”

“Yes.” Her ass still stung a bit but they could rub her with lotion after their desire was sated.

Liam helped her onto the bed; Killian sat up to catch her. He held her in his lap as Liam finished stripping, but he made it a bit of a tease for her, lowering his pants so...fucking...slowly. Emma whined when she finally got to see how much he wanted her, the knowledge that they would soon be filling her to the brim making her core clench. Liam crawled in between Killian's spread legs, taking her from him. Liam held her up and Emma reached for his cock, stroking him with her bound hands as Killian eased the plug out of her.

“Hold her steady,” Killian said and Emma was extra thankful to Mary Margaret for those weights because her boys were still strong enough to hold her when she was helpless. Being strong herself was so exhausting; she liked that she could lean on them. It had been a struggle to truly open herself up to them, but it was so worth it. She cupped Liam's face and kissed him, pouring all the love she felt into it. He tightened his hold, kissing her back.

“Please,” she begged softly. “Please.”

Liam nodded and exchanged a look with his brother. Emma heard Killian's murmur of ascent and together they lowered her onto Killian, their moans filling the air as he slid inside. Liam carefully spread her legs on either side of Killian's and they fell slowly back to the bed. Killian kissed her hair, holding her close, thrusting experimentally.

“Fuck, that's good,” he muttered.

“God yes,” Emma breathed. She looked down at Liam, eyeing where they were joined. Emma slid her hand down and spread herself for him. “Taste?”

Both men groaned and Liam lunged forward, giving her a long lick. Emma keened, her muscles clenching. Killian hissed, going still, not wanting to come too soon. “Shit, hurry, you bloody wanker.”

Liam ignored him, sucking Emma's clit into his mouth. He worried it between his teeth and Emma yelled, hips rocking of their own accord. Liam held her down, moving to lap at her like a man starved. She was so close already, it didn't take long for her to reach her peak, body shaking in Killian's arms. He was cursing colorfully under her, feeling the echo of her orgasm. Liam kissed up her body, smearing arousal over her skin. “Hold on,” he whispered.

Emma watched as he loomed over her, guiding his cock to her swollen flesh. She moaned, long and loud, as he entered her, stretching her. Fuck, she loved being stretched like this, feeling whole with both of them in her. They went slow, finding a rhythm, in and out, alternating their thrusts, as she lay there spread and open. Killian rubbed her nipples, making her shiver. Liam thumbed her clit, slowly building another orgasm. Their mutual sighs and moans were music to her ears; she would never take this for granted, the things they did to please her.

“She feels so fucking good,” Liam breathed, rocking into her, a look of pure joy on his face.
“So sweet,” Killian murmured. “All ours.”

“Yes,” Emma gasped, reaching above her and finding the headboard with fumbling fingers. “Yours, always...god, I need...harder. Need to come...please.”

Liam thrust harder, the bed shaking. Emma gripped the headboard tightly, holding on as they took her with more force, their grunts and her cries filling the room. In moments, she was screaming, riding out the wild ecstasy of her high, her body gripping them tightly, dragging them with her. A few ragged thrusts and they stilled, their seed filling her. Emma let go of the headboard, spent, panting harshly. Liam gently lay his head on her chest, keeping most of his weight off them with his arms. Emma awkwardly stroked his sweat matted hair, as her hands were still tied. They stayed that way until she felt them soften and slip out, Liam finally mustering the energy to move. He helped Killian ease Emma onto the bed before going to fetch the things to clean up.

Emma hummed happily, blissfully sated, Killian's lips brushing the back of her hand. “I love you so much, Emma,” he said softly.

She turned her head to see him properly. “Love you too.”

Liam returned with the washcloth, cleaning her with it before he untied her. “Roll her on her stomach,” he said to his brother. “We'll put something on her bum.”

Killian did as he was told and Liam headed downstairs for the water. “We should consider putting a mini fridge in here,” Killian joked, rubbing her shoulders.

Emma sighed, contentment seeping under her skin. “Would probably be faster,” she replied sleepily.

“What would be faster?” Liam asked.

“A mini fridge,” Emma mumbled.

“Ah. That's not a bad idea, actually. No one comes in our bedroom but us anyway.” He laid the drinks aside. “Drinks first or lotion?”

“Drinks, please?”

Liam helped her down some water; she felt weak as a kitten, her body run to the limit. But it was a good ache. Once he was satisfied that she had enough, he found the lotion. Together, the brothers soothed her sore skin, massaging her with loving hands.

“If the Navy doesn't work out, you guys could be masseuses,” Emma muttered.

“Ah, but that would mean touching someone other than you,” Killian said.

“Right. Forget I said anything.”

Liam chuckled. “This is a privilege accorded to only one,” he assured her.

“That makes me the luckiest girl in the world.”

“Which dovetails nicely, as we are the luckiest blokes in the world.”

“But there's only one of me.”

Killian laughed. “I told you early on, love. There's more than enough of you to go around.”
When they finished, Liam had her drink some more, then joined them in the bed. “Better now, lass?”

“Yeah, thanks.” Her stomach rumbled. “Think we can order some food?”

“What would you like?”

“Doesn’t matter, you choose.” She looked from one to the other. “There’s something else we should talk about too.”

“What is it?”

“Order food first, then we can talk.”

The boys weighed their options and decided on Thai. Emma didn’t care as long as it was hot and filled her belly. Sex like that took a lot out of her, but she enjoyed it too much to stop. She had very hot boyfriends; it was practically criminal not to indulge themselves.

“Food should be here in a half hour.”

“You’re the best,” Emma said.

Liam reluctantly pulled on some sleep pants and a t-shirt. “Thanks to those bloody photographers, I can’t answer the door without a shirt anymore.”

“Such an inconvenience,” Emma countered, mustering the strength to sit up.

“You usually wind up stripping me again,” he pointed out, pulling her against his chest. Killian propped her legs in his lap. They were still naked.

Emma yawned. “I doubt that will happen today. I’m wiped.”

“Did we hurt you?” Killian asked, concerned.

“No,” she said firmly. “You know what I can take. It’s just...we haven’t gone that hard in a while.”

“You are glorious in the throes of passion, love,” Liam said, kissing the top of her head.

Emma rolled her eyes. “Just get me something to eat, another drink and I’ll be fine.”

“You should sleep too,” Killian said gently, rubbing her feet. They didn’t ache, but she appreciated the gesture.

“After food. I’m starving.”

“Did you ladies eat?” Liam asked.

Emma sighed. “No. We kinda got caught up. Mary Margaret’s dealing with something.”

“Judging by your tone, it’s not good?”

She shook her head. “Her mother is threatening to cut off the money for the wedding...because of us.”

“What?” Liam and Killian said together.

“Apparently, she saw the interview and doesn’t want their family associated with people like us.”
Emma took note of the twin jaw clenches; Killian's ears were red. “What, precisely, were her terms?” he bit out.

“Mary Margaret said her mother wants us out of the wedding. But she and David don't care. I tried to argue with her, but she insists. David thinks they can scale things back if they get cut off. But I hate that they're being forced to choose like that! It's her family.”

Liam looked angry but sympathetic. “I know that, lass, but it is their choice. They've been very good friends to us; if they want us to share that day with them, then I think we should.”

“Liam's right, Emma,” Killian said. “Perhaps there's chance her parents'll come around?”

“That's what Ruby thinks. That maybe meeting us in person will change her mind.”

“Then we shall hope for that,” Liam said. The doorbell rang. “Back in minute.” He kissed Emma's temple and went to get their meal.

“Emma...I know we didn't want to make a fuss or start a crusade or anything like that, but perhaps all this...attention is a good thing,” Killian said thoughtfully. “Show the world that love comes in many different forms.”

“Like our fansite?”

Killian chuckled. “It could always be worse; that seems fairly innocent to me.”

“Maybe,” she replied skeptically. It was going to take a lot for her to trust strangers with their lives. She was perfectly happy with her family and friends as they were.

“I want to see Milah,” Emma said one night over dinner.

Killian frowned. “Why?”

“Whether we like it or not, she started this with that article. Everyone was ready to forget about us, and she took advantage. I want to know why.”

“Because she's a terrible person?”

“You loved her once.”

“I was much more naïve then, lass. Got caught up in her games because I didn't know what love really was.”

“And you do now?”

“You know I do.”

“We all do,” Liam added, looking solemn. “The fact that we're still together, still working this out despite the extraordinary odds against us, is proof of that.”

“Because this is worth fighting for,” Killian reiterated. “I don't give a damn what Milah or anyone else thinks.”

“I think Emma's right though,” Liam added.

Killian dropped his fork. “Why the bloody hell would you want that?”
Liam pressed his lips together, thinking. “Does confronting her help us in the press? Probably not. But you need to confront her, Killian. We need to confront her. For our own well being, this family. She's violated our privacy, tried to drag us through the mud. We need that closure. Like I got with Clara.”

Killian frowned. “When did that happen?!”

Liam took a long pull from his beer. “Before Emma got in to see me at Ormond? Clara somehow got in and promised to take care of me, that Emma had abandoned us, assorted other garbage. I turned on the news which happened to have Emma's speech running.”

“Got her attention, did it?” Killian said with a scowl.

“It certainly got my point across. She can't hurt me anymore.”

Killian still looked skeptical. Emma's heart went out to him. She certainly never wanted to see Neal again. But this woman changed their lives and Emma still wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not. In the wake of the interview, public opinion seemed to be with them. Or at least, not openly hostile. But the paps were still there, still driving them crazy, trying to catch them in some deviant behavior.

Emma wondered what would happen when they decamped for France.

“If we do this, I'd like to do it as a family,” Emma said slowly. “But if you really don't want me too, Killian, I won't.”

“Let me think about it?”

“Of course.”

Regina called almost daily with updates on press requests and stupid things like endorsement deals. Emma rolled her eyes. At this rate she was never going to be able to go back to work; she'd be too recognizable. They'd gotten the answering machine, but that didn't stop people from calling in the middle of the night. Emma counted them lucky that no one had their cell numbers.

“I looked into that fansite,” Regina told her; Emma could hear movement in the background. The other woman was moving into her new office.

“And?”

“It's harmless. The owner is a single woman in her thirties. Works at a pharmacy, has aspirations to be writer. I can issue a cease and desist, if you want.”

“No, they've got a little community there,” Emma replied. She and Killian had kept up with the site (anonymously) since he found it; Regina was right. The members were zealous in their rules and seemed keen on promoting the cause that their family had unofficially become the poster children of. Obtrusive pap photos were banned and members policed themselves. She couldn't in good conscience take that outlet away from them. “Just check in with the owner? Let her know we know, but don't be the bully lawyer, okay?”

“I only bully people who deserve it.”

“Which is why you've got the Navy shaking in their boots.”

“Refreshing, isn't it?”
Emma rolled her eyes. “You are way too happy about that.”

“You have your fun, Emma, and I have mine.”

Emma laughed. “Thanks, Regina.” Killian was waiting for her when she hung up. “What's up?”

“I think we should talk to Milah.”

Emma stood up instantly, hugging him tight. He’d agonized for three days; she didn't know how to help him, aside from offering her unconditional support and affection. “We'll be there with you,” she whispered. “You won't be alone.”

“I know, love, I know.” He pulled back and kissed her. “Frankly, I'm more worried about you.”

“Me?”

“Milah's got a sharp tongue,” he said. “She's callous enough to abandon her child; do you think she'd spare a thought for you? Especially knowing I love you.”

“I can handle it. I'm tougher than I look.”

He smiled softly. “You've been so strong through all of this, Emma. I'm so sorry it's been this hard.”

Liam stood in the doorway of the kitchen, watching them. He smiled over Killian's shoulder. Emma beckoned him over. “Hey, I don't regret a single moment I've shared with you guys. Even when it's been hard, I know you're there to catch me.” Tears welled in her eyes. “I can't...” She sniffed. “I can't tell you what that means to me.”

The tears fell as they wrapped her arms around her. She hadn't meant to get all emotional, but they were so close to starting a new chapter in this crazy life they lived. It just hit her all of a sudden. “We're going to put all of this behind us,” Liam said, his lips brushing her ear. “And move forward.”

Emma smiled. “I know we will.”

They just had a few loose ends to tie up first.
Chapter 13

“I've got an appointment with Detective Inspector Wyvern,” Emma said to the desk sergeant.

The bored man stared at her for a second, then his eyes lit up with recognition. Great. “I'll call up and let her know you've arrived,” the man said swiftly. Emma didn't miss the way he looked her up and down, as if trying to figure out what made her...special? Famous? Different? Maybe he was simply surprised that she seemed so normal. “She's on the fifth floor, Miss Swan.”

“I remember. Thanks.” She'd only visited Lily's office once; the woman preferred for them to meet outside of the Yard. Emma wasn't quite sure why, but it didn't bother her. They usually met halfway between the Yard and Emma's office, which was convenient enough. But since Emma had been off work for so long, she hadn't spoken to her contact (Friend? It was difficult to tell; Lily reminded Emma strongly of herself when she first met the boys, alone and guarded.) for a while. But Lily was the best person to get them in to see Milah.

Emma took the elevator up to the fifth floor, turning left as soon as she stepped off. Lily's office was along the back wall; it didn't have a window. Emma wasn't claustrophobic, but it still gave her the creeps. She wrapped lightly on the door.

“Enter.”

She pushed open the door; Lily was sitting behind her desk, sipping coffee. “Hi, Lily. Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.”

“Sorry I haven't called,” Lily said, nodding toward the empty chair in the corner. “It's been hell around here.”

“I can imagine. The last few weeks haven't been a picnic on my end either.”

Lily took another thoughtful sip. “How are they? Your...boyfriends? Is that right?”

Emma pressed her lips together; she’d never gotten to explain her situation to Lily. They just didn't know each other well enough. Now Lily knew the same way the rest of the world knew, via the television. “Boyfriends works,” she said slowly. Emma fiddled with the ring on her finger; in truth, they were so much more than that to her, but she couldn't explain without sounding like a crazy person.

Lily noticed her ring; the woman's eyes went slightly round. “Nice ring.”

“Um, yeah. It was their mother's. It's...an engagement ring, I guess. For lack of a better term.”

“So this serious then? What they're saying on the telly?”

It seemed Lily was picking up on the euphemisms too. “You mean am I in a very serious relationship with two brothers? Yeah, it is.”

Lily frowned. “And you just dropped your life to come and be with them? Emma, no offense, but doesn't that seem a bit extreme to you?”

Emma scoffed. “To be honest, I wasn't living much a life before. And I love them.”

“But you didn't at first. It was just sex.”
Emma swallowed, wondering where the interrogation was coming from. “Technically, I guess. But even after that first night, I couldn't stop thinking about them. But they're good men, Lily. They love me.”

“Both of them? Are you sure this isn't just some sick game to them?”

Emma scowled. “You don't know me very well,” she spat. “But do you honestly think I'd go through all of this if I wasn't sure? If I didn't know in my heart that they love me and that I love them? We don't care if we're not normal. Normal's fucking overrated.”

Lily stared, taken aback. “I'm sorry,” she said at last. “It's just difficult for me to wrap my head around.” She bit her lip, thinking. “When I was a teenager, I had this boyfriend. I thought he loved me, but it turned out he was just using me. It was...bad. It wasn't until I was in college that I realized I liked girls.”

Emma blinked. Oh. “If it makes you feel better, I had a boyfriend like that too. Only he sent me to prison for his crime. I was barely sixteen.” She didn't turn on men though.

“Where is that scumbag?”

“No idea. And I don't really care.” She looked down at her ring again. “But speaking of exes, that's kind of why I'm here.”

“How so?” As briefly as she could, Emma explained about Milah and how she was the one responsible for their recent troubles with the press. When she was finished, Lily let out a low whistle. “Damn. Talk about coincidence.”

“Or just really bad luck,” Emma muttered. “Look, we want to talk to her. Do you think you could get us in to see her? Privately?”

Lily leaned back in her chair. “That's a very big favor to ask, Emma.”

“We don't want a fuss; we just want to know why she did this. We just want to put the past behind us and move on.”

Lily was silent for a few moments. “Let me make a few calls. Her hearing is next week, so if you want to see her, we've got to do it before then.”

“She got the money then?” Emma said, words dripping with disgust.

“Seems so. At least according to her attorney.”

“So she'll be free.”

“Yeah. We can't win them all, Emma.”

“No, but we can try.”

Lily promised to call her as soon as she had some news; Emma headed home. Killian had gotten his cast off the day before; he was due to start PT the day after tomorrow. He was getting on much better than Emma expected; it seemed that all that working out he'd done over the last month or so really helped. He still had a pretty pronounced limp though. Killian promised her he'd been in tip top shape for the ceremony. She'd argued with him, naturally. To Emma, all that mattered was that they were all together.
“Anybody home?” Emma asked, locking the door behind her.

“In the den!” Killian shouted. He sounded a bit winded; Emma came running.

“What are you doing?” Killian was flat on his back, feet braced on the wall. He was doing some sort of exercise Emma couldn't place. “You just got your cast off yesterday!”

Killian ignored her pushing off with his legs, his ass rising off the floor. He was shaking, the right leg especially. “I told you,” he huffed. “I want to dance with you at this bloody thing.” He lowered himself down, red in the face from the effort. “No time like the present.”

Emma knelt down beside him. “You don't need to prove anything to me,” she said, half exasperated and half tender. “I don't care about any of that.”

Killian pushed off again, muttering under his breath. When he fell back to the floor, he looked at her. “You deserve to have two whole men by your side, love.”

“And I do. You're alive, Killian. That's what matters.”

He reached over and took her hand. “I just don't like feeling like this,” he said quietly. “Like I'm useless.”

“You are not useless. You're here. It's the greatest thing anyone's ever done for me. You guys stayed with me.”

“I just want to love you the way you deserve, Emma.”

She stretched out beside him. The floor was hard, but she ignored it. “You already do. Do you know how lucky I feel, knowing that I have you guys here? Cheering me up when I've had a bad day? Or even caring about what kind of day I've had? Then I wonder how I could possibly be enough for you? I mean, there's only one of me.”

Killian sighed, rolling onto his side. He looked relieved to have managed that much. “Emma, you've got the biggest heart of anyone I've ever met. And I'm telling you, Liam and I are the ones who are lucky. Even after everything we've been through, you've stayed.”

“Oh course I stayed. We're family.”

“Exactly. And we're going to celebrate that with our friends, Mrs. Jones.”

“Swan-Jones,” she corrected him.

He cupped her cheek. “Just hush and let me kiss you, lass.”

“You don't have to ask permission,” she said, smiling. “Kissing is definitely encouraged.”

Killian flashed her a dimpled grin then his mouth was on hers, slow and sweet. It wasn't a kiss meant to arouse, but Emma felt the familiar hum anyway. She couldn't help it when they were close. Their bodies were so attuned to each other now. Still, she controlled it, while tugging him closer. Killian hummed in agreement, gently rolling her on her back. Emma relished his weight on her; it had been so long since they could indulge themselves like this.

“That can't be comfortable,” Liam observed, somehow not surprised to find his two favorite people locked in an embrace. He'd had plans himself when he arrived home, very similar plans to kiss Emma senseless. It was one of his favorite things.
Killian and Emma laughed through their kiss, not even in least bit embarrassed that Liam found them. It was fairly typical in their home. “Hey, Liam,” Emma said, smiling up at him. “It's not that bad.”

“Emma makes an excellent pillow, brother,” Killian agreed. Emma smacked him lightly on the shoulder.

“I remember. Would you like a hand?”

“Sure,” Killian rolled off and Liam helped Emma up. As soon as she was on her feet, he pounced, covering her already kiss swollen lips with his. Emma moaned happily, her fingers combing through his dark curls. His arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her close. “Hello.”

Liam grinned. “Hello to you too, sweetheart.”

Emma kissed him again, hugging him. “How was therapy?”

“Good, I think. Dr. Howard was very interested in our little ceremony.”

“Really?”

“Aye. Not sure why.”

Emma pressed her lips together. “Does he think it's a bad idea?”

“No, no, nothing like that.” Liam kissed her brow. “I think he was merely intrigued. That we'd go to all that trouble for something that's not legal.”

Emma let Liam go and together they helped Killian to his feet. “For a psychologist, he sure doesn't understand symbolism, does he?” Killian snarked. “We've already done the legal bit. This is for us.”

Liam nodded. “That's what I told him, Killian. I think he's still trying to find an excuse not to clear me for duty.”

Emma frowned. “He wouldn't do that. Are you that eager to go back?”

Liam looked chagrined. “No.” Emma glared at him. “Okay, perhaps a little. I just feel like I could be doing something, rather than sitting on my arse.”

“We need you here, Liam,” Killian said firmly. He was standing up to Liam more and more since the attack; Emma was proud of him. “Besides, you're not going anywhere without me. Someone needs to look after your arse.”

“I'm the oldest, remember?”

“Which makes you reckless and stubborn. I'm going with you, as soon as this bloody leg is healed.”

“Neither of you are going anywhere until the Navy says so,” Emma reminded them. “And we have a wedding to plan.”

“Then the honeymoon,” Liam added.

“Right, we can finally go to France and get away from the god damn photographers.”

“Bet they'll love that,” Killian said with a grimace.
“Who cares?” Emma countered. “But there's no point in going if you guys are going to be wishing you were somewhere else.”

Liam looked horrified. “I didn't mean anything of the sort, lass. I swear. I'm just...frustrated, I guess. Cabin fever.”

She smiled sympathetically. “I know. We're all suffering. Kinda feels like we're under siege, huh?”

“A little.”

Emma had an idea. “You wanna get out of here?”

“And go where? Won't they just follow us?”

“Well, we have a couple of venues we could look at. And maybe...a picnic in the park? It's been so long since we've been on a date.” They still looked skeptical. “Hey, I lived in New York. I'd like to see them try to follow us.”

“I like the way you think, lass,” Killian said. “Liam and I will put together the basket, yeah?”

She smiled. “Sounds good. Be ready in half an hour?” They nodded.

A half hour later, the three of them stepped out of the house and into the throng. The sheer number of paps had gone down a bit, but the ones who remained where as zealous as ever. Emma recognized most of them on sight now. She and Liam helped Killian into her car; he kept hold of their basket of goodies. Liam got in the passenger's seat while Emma slammed the driver's side door shut. Several of the paps who had their own motorbikes were climbing on; Emma smirked. “Everyone buckled in?” she asked.

“Aye,” the boys answered in unison.

Emma fired the engine and checked her mirrors before pulling into traffic. She'd gotten quite adept at driving on the opposite side of the road in the weeks since she'd acquired her own car. It certainly gave her a sense of freedom that she'd lacked before. She liked the public transportation, but she also liked being able to just drop everything and go somewhere on a whim. The difference now was that she wasn't doing it alone.

“There's at least five behind us,” Liam said, his voice a tad strained.

“I see them,” Emma said. She turned left at the next street, the opposite direction of where she wanted to take them. Another left, down four blocks, right, then right again...she'd lost three of them. Two were still doggedly behind them.

“Um, love?” Killian asked.

“Yeah?”

“Could we keep our eyes on the road?”

“I am.” She flashed him a grin in the rearview mirror. “Hang on, okay?” She wove in and out of some cars, turning at the next street. One of her favorite things about London was lack of coherency to the roads. Over the centuries, roads just sprang up every which way, unlike New York which was (mostly) a grid pattern. A couple more dizzying turns in apparent circles and Emma saw that their pursuers were a couple of blocks away, caught in some heavy traffic. She sped up and found a nice cozy alley for them to hide in. She watched as the motorbikes drove by, searching for them.
frantically. Another five minutes and Emma pulled back into the street, which was blessedly pap free.

“You did it!” Liam cried.

“We had every faith in you,” Killian said, grinning like a fool.

Emma shrugged. “I learned how to lose a tail a long time ago,” she said. “It's not that hard.”

It took another half hour to drive them to their real destination, the first of two venues Mary Margaret had suggested for the ceremony. The list had been longer, but Emma narrowed it down. She didn't want to decide on her own, so here they were.

They got out of the car and headed inside to tour the place. It was a Georgian townhouse, large and well appointed. It had seventeen bedrooms, several crystal chandeliers. The main reception room where the ceremony would be held was bright but a bit stuffy for Emma's taste. The house did have some very lovely gardens, that the tour guide assured them would be lovely for photos.

“Could you give us a minute?” Emma asked. The tour guide nodded and stepped back to her desk. “Thoughts?”

“It's a very nice home,” Liam allowed.

“Not sure it's really for us though,” Killian added.

“I was kinda thinking that too. But this is probably the cheaper of the two options.”

“Does that matter?”

“It is something we need to account for. I went way over budget on my dress.”

“We told you to get what you wanted,” Killian pointed out.

“I know. I'm just not used to spending money like this.”

Liam wrapped his arm around her waist. “I appreciate your efforts, love. But we're only going to get one of these. Shouldn't we make it as wonderful as it can be?”

“We could do this in a shack in the middle of the forest,” Emma said. “I don't care.”

“Is our other option a shack in the forest, darling?” Killian asked with a smirk.

“No!” She glared at him. “Ugh, you're terrible.” She looked around. “Come on, let's go check it out, then we can decide.” She drove them to Hampstead, to an old deconsecrated church. Emma liked it from the pictures, but she liked it even more up close. Liam seemed quite keen, given how quickly he got out of the car. Emma stayed behind and helped Killian.

“It's beautiful,” he said, looking around. He limped alongside her as they followed Liam.

“I thought so too. We could get pictures over by the tree.” She pointed. A very old tree with a thick trunk and low hanging branches (she couldn't identify it to save her life, she wasn't an outdoorsy person) sat in the old church courtyard.

Liam was in the old sanctuary when they found him. “Emma, this is...How did you find this?”

“I didn't. Mary Margaret did. I thought you'd like it.” Of the three of them, Liam seemed the most
keen on some sort of church setting. They couldn't have an actual church service but as a deconsecrated church, this was the next best thing. Light filtered through the stained glass; the pews were in neat rows behind them.

“What do you think, brother?” Liam asked.

“I like it. Didn't think we'd get to do this in a real church.”

“Technically, it's a deconsecrated church. They normally just do civil ceremonies. But they've agreed to let us rent it for an afternoon,” Emma informed them. “If you want to, that is.”

“Do you like it, Emma?” Liam asked.

“Yeah. I really do. I think it's perfect.”

“Me too.” He leaned down and kissed her lips. “Practice,” he said, smirking.

“Hmm, maybe we need some more,” Emma murmured, yanking him back by his shirt. She kissed him more firmly, just a hint of passion. Liam moaned low in approval, cupping her cheek. Emma released him and turned, kissing Killian the same way. He was even more enthusiastic, lifting her off her feet until his leg was shaking under him. “Killian!”

“We'll have to work on that,” he said, grinning unapologetically. “You're heavier than I remember.”

“I am not!” Emma cried. In fact, with all the worrying and stress, she'd lost some weight. She was going to need to start eating better and restart her yoga regimen. “You're so mean.”

Killian snatched her hand and brought it to his lips. “I'm only teasing, love. You are perfect.”

“Humph.” She turned to Liam. “So this is the place?”

“I believe so.”

“Great. I'll put the deposit down before we leave.” The boys headed back to the car while Emma took care of the arrangements. “Ready for a picnic?” she asked when she got back in the car.

“Sure.” It took over an hour but Emma drove them to Hyde Park. She'd always wanted to go there; they'd never had time once the weather improved. Today though, it was clear and sunny, the city slowly venturing out again in the aftermath of the attack. The park was less busy than average, but there were a fair few families and couples enjoying the weather. Emma and Liam laid out their blanket, then Emma held onto Killian's arm as he sat on the ground. This was the most exertion he'd had since getting his cast off; she didn't want him to overdo it.

“You okay?” she asked.

“Much better than sitting the bloody house all day, love. Or that sodding hospital.” He grinned. “Does this mean I'm forgiven?”

She rolled her eyes. “Yes, yes. Eat your sandwich.”

Liam laughed at them, grabbing his own sandwich. “It is nice to spend some time outdoors.”

“And not a have knot of people breathing down our necks,” Emma added. She took a sip of water, looking around. No one really seemed to take much notice of them, for which she was thankful.

They ate their little feast methodically, in no hurry to be anywhere. They talked and people watched;
Liam told Emma the history of the park. She leaned back on his solid chest, Killian's head in her lap. He was asleep.

"He's working too hard," Emma said softly, brushing Killian's fringe back off his forehead. He needed a haircut soon.

"I know," Liam replied just as softly. "He should let himself heal."

"He's frustrated," she said. "I can't really blame him for that. You're better already and he's so afraid he's not an equal partner in this."

"What?" Liam said, surprised.

"You didn't notice?" Emma whispered. "Liam, he loves you, but he's always going to be the younger brother. None of that matters to me. I love you both, you know that. But he just wants to be seen as equal in your eyes. It's all he's ever wanted."

Liam sighed. "Do you want to know a secret, lass?"

"Only if you want to tell me."

He kissed her neck. "Sometimes, when you and he are...playing...I get jealous. So jealous I can't bloody see straight."

Emma turned her head, a sharp pang in her heart. "You can join us anytime, Liam. Our bedroom...it's the one place we should always feel safe. Where it's just us. No one can judge us."

Liam licked his lips. "Logically, I know that. And part of me does want to, Emma. I see how much you enjoy it. Bloody hell, you're amazing then, love."

"You just don't know how?"

"Something like that. I've spent so many years looking after him. And now we've got you and we're so happy with you, Emma. You understand that, right? It doesn't make sense, but this with the three of us, it just works. I can't imagine us any other way."

Emma twisted, guiding his lips to hers. "I do get that. I love our family, Liam. I didn't think I could love anyone, that I was unlovable. But here we are."

"You could never be unlovable, Emma. Not when you have so much love to give."

"And you guys helped me see that. The things we do when we're together...we're learning all the time. What we like, what we want. I don't ever want to make you feel unwelcome in our bed."

"Dr. Howard says I've got control issues."

"I could have told him that a long time ago. It's one of the things I love about you actually. But it doesn't have to be everything you are."

"Will you help me?"

"Of course. We'll go slow. We'll have lots of time in France."

"France is the country for lovers," Liam said with a grin.

"And I've got two of the best."
Killian woke up a little while later, having slept a good chunk of the afternoon away. “What time is it?” he asked groggily.

“Little after five. Have a nice nap?”

Killian grinned slyly up at her. “I had my Emma pillow,” he said. “Slept like a baby.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “No nightmares?”

“Nope. Very peaceful.”

“Good.” She bent down and kissed his forehead. “Read to go home?”

“Already?”

“We've been here for hours,” Liam pointed out. “You just slept through most of it.”

“Well, I need to get feeling back in my leg first,” Emma quipped. “Someone's head weighs as much as a bowling ball.”

“Oi!” Killian cried, pushing himself up. Emma's thigh almost instantly started to tingle painfully. He winced. “Sorry, Emma.”

Emma shook her head. “It's fine. You needed to rest.”

Killian kissed her thigh then her lips. “I'm still sorry.”

Emma smiled, pressing another kiss to his lips. “I'm sure you'll find a way to make it up to me.”

“Is that a challenge?” he said, one brow shooting up.

She shrugged. “Maybe.” The boys massaged feeling back into her leg, which threatened to become so much more as their hands wandered. “I think...we should go home,” she muttered, sparks shooting across her skin.

The boys looked at her with heavy lidded eyes. “Aye.”

They gathered up their things and walked arm in arm from the park, which garnered them more than a few stares. Emma even saw one or two people finally recognize them in their casual clothes. They piled back into the car; Liam graciously allowing Killian to ride shotgun. Emma flashed him a knowing smile, suddenly very hopeful for the future. It would take time, but it would be time well spent. She hoped it would bring them even closer together as trio.

She drove them home; the paps were a bit disgruntled when they arrived. Emma merely smirked at them as they headed inside. “Did you see their faces?” she giggled.

“You are bloody magnificent,” Killian said, pressing her against the door. He kissed her deeply; Emma returned his kiss quite enthusiastically. She hitched her leg over his hip and he groaned. “In a hurry, lass?”

“I just like driving you crazy,” she murmured, grinding her hips into his. “Is it working?”

He thrust his hips forward, his bulge hitting her clit. “That answer your question?”

“Oooh.” She rubbed herself against him, arousal flashing low in her belly.
Killian pulled himself away and handed her to Liam. “We're going to have so much fun playing with you, darling.”

Emma giggled happily, throwing herself into Liam's arms. He picked her up, wrapping her around his torso, legs around his waist, kissing intermittently as they followed Killian upstairs, the remnants of their picnic forgotten. They had another hunger that needed satisfying.

Liam put her down, but kissed her hard on the mouth. “Tell us what you want, love.”

Killian was behind her, toying with the hem of her t-shirt. His fingers occasionally brushed her skin and she wet her lips. “I want...I want to come until I can't stand it. I want you to fuck me.”

“How?”

“Surprise me.” She smiled coyly up at him, hands slipping under his shirt. “I'm all yours.”

Killian groaned, his erection pressed against her ass. “Don't hold back,” he whispered, kissing the spot on her neck that made her knees weak. “Let us pleasure you, love.”

“Yes,” she said, eyes falling closed. She turned her head and felt blindly, finding Killian's mouth and kissing him. Liam knelt in front of her, tugging her shorts down. His mouth was hot on her skin, kissing and licking her. He nuzzled her covered mound, tonguing her through the fabric. Emma keened and Killian took the opportunity to yank her t-shirt over her head. He rained kisses over her neck and collar, massaging her breasts through the fabric of her bra. She was wearing a cute blue set today, which both men seemed to approve of.

“You look incredible in this color,” Killian mumbled, snapping the strap with his teeth. “God.”

Liam slid his hands over her thighs and hips. “If I knew you were wearing this, we've have never gone out,” he said. “Fuck.”

Emma leaned back against Killian's chest. She could stand there and let them simply touch her for hours. Their large warm hands felt that good on her skin. “But that...stuff was important,” she whispered.

“Not as important as making love to you.” Liam kissed her stomach, his breath hot on her skin. He traced her navel with his tongue; Emma's breathing hitched. She wet her lips, moaning as Killian eased the cups aside and plucked at her nipples.

“Hmm, you like that, darling,” he muttered into her ear. “A touch of pain to go with your pleasure. Makes you hot, doesn't it? Hot and soaking wet for us.”

Emma mewled, her hips thrusting toward Liam. Her panties were soaked, Killian's thick cock rocking against her ass. She turned her head and kissed him, needing him to shut up and just touch her. He groaned into her needy kiss, giving her nipples a hard pinch. Emma jerked, another wave of lust shooting to her aching nub. Liam finally pulled her panties down her legs, tossing them aside. He licked her clit, making Emma jerk again, biting on Killian's lip. “Oh fuck.”

Liam grinned wolfishly, nudging her legs farther apart. Then he dived in, licking her. His warm tongue on her was heaven, her skin tingling and sparking. She thrust one hand into Liam's hair, holding him close to her and with the other gripped Killian's ass, urging him to grind against her.

“Love how fucking needy you are,” Killian murmured with a groan. “Bloody insatiable.”

She couldn't describe the powerful pull they had on her; how much she needed them both. Emma
had always enjoyed sex (after her first admittedly disastrous foray into it); she learned what she liked and she went about satisfying her needs the best way she could. Then she met them and they opened up a whole new world for her. God help her, she couldn't get enough of the things they did to her, how powerful they made her feel. They were just as insatiable for her as she was for them.

“She'd so fucking wet,” Liam murmured, from between her legs. “You like the things we do to you, lass?”

“Yes,” she hissed, bucking her hips forward. “Need you.”

Liam chuckled and went back to her slit, licking and nibbling. He swirled his tongue around her clit as she cried out, back arching. He lapped at her, making her dizzy, knees unable to support her weight. Killian held her firmly, egging Liam on, whispering filthy things in Emma's ear. She was drowning, so high she couldn't breathe, until the knot between her legs burst, rippling outward, body shuddering from the powerful orgasm. They held her until she calmed, caressing her lovingly.

“So beautiful,” Liam murmured. Emma didn't respond as they lay her on the bed; she was nude now. They lay on either side, still fully clothed although she could feel their cocks pressed against her thighs. As she came back to her senses, she reached out, gently stroking.

“Oh,” Killian said.

“I still need you,” she said, turning her head to gently press her lips to his. “I always need you. Inside me. Now strip.”

Both men growled, stealing breathless kisses from her lips before moving to shed their clothing. She watched avidly, caressing her body, feeling it come to life once more. They were gorgeous, dark good looks, stormy blue eyes filled with her favorite mixture of love and lust, broad shoulders and strong arms. She was especially fond of the happy trail that disappeared into their pants. She unconsciously wet her lips as their pants slid over their hips leaving very tented boxers. She sat up and moved to the edge of the bed, reaching out, cupping them both in her hands.

“Ah,” Killian groaned, thrusting into her hand.

“Bloody hell,” Liam sighed. His eyes fell closed, letting the sensation wash over him.

Emma scooted forward, kissing their stomachs, lips sliding wetly over their skin. She stripped the last remaining barriers one by one, their cocks springing free. She grinned, stroking one with her hand while licking the other, switching back and forth as the mood took her. They let her play, knowing the pleasure she took from teasing them. She was soaking again, turned on by how much they wanted her.

“May I taste you?” Killian muttered, biting his lip. “God, I need to taste you.”

Emma released him with a pop. “Please.” She spread her legs invitingly, dragging a finger through her folds. Then she licked it, swirling her tongue around the digit. “Hmm.”

Killian's snarl was almost feral and he got on the floor and pushed her knees apart. Emma cried out as his tongue licked her from front to back. She'd hardly sucked in a breath before Liam was tackling her to bed and kissing her deeply. She moaned, a deep satisfaction welling in her gut, satisfaction that she could drive them this crazy for her and only her. They didn't have to share her but they did happily.

Emma stroked Liam's cock as they kissed; she broke off with a gasp as Killian plunged his tongue inside her hole. “Fuck!”
Liam moved to straddle her, even as she undulated under him. Killian's tongue kept fucking her, his thumb dragging moisture over her sensitive clit, making her shudder. Liam grinned down at her, his cock resting in the valley between her breasts. She eyed him hungrily as he pushed them together and rocked his hips. His thumbs brushed her aching nipples with every thrust of his hips and she moaned.

“Such a dirty girl, Emma,” Liam murmured. “But you love being our dirty girl, don't you?”

She chewed on her lip, another orgasm so, so close. “Oh...oh god yes,” she hissed, her strangled with need. “Close, shit.”

Liam pinched her nipples and Killian sucked on her clit—they were so in sync with what she needed it was nearly the exact same moment—and she screamed, climaxing a second time. Her body writhed, thighs clamping around Killian's head until she was spent.

Liam climbed off her so she could breathe, gulping down lungfuls of air. Killian leaned back, smiling smugly, her juices covering his lips and chin. He joined them in the bed, cursing his leg, stretching out beside her. “You are incredible,” he whispered in her ear.

“Hmm,” she hummed. As good as those orgasms were, she still felt empty. “Not quitting now, are you?”

“Patience, lass.” Liam rolled her onto her stomach, running his hands over her body. Killian joined in, kissing down her spine, fondling her ass. They were making good on their promise to pleasure her, to make her feel like the only woman in the world. Soon, she was squirming again, eager to be filled.

“Please,” she said, fisting the sheet. “Fuck, I need you in me. Now.”

Liam kissed the base of her spine. “Go on then.” He rolled onto his back, taking his cock in his hand. Emma scrambled up, trying to straddle him but he stopped her. “Other way, love.” She did as he asked, facing away from him. Then he rubbed the head of his cock through her folds, making her groan.

“Liam...god, hurry.” His tip grazed her entrance and she sank down, moaning loudly as he filled her. “Fuck yes.”

“Ride him,” Killian commanded softly. “Let me watch you fuck him, Emma.”

She looked over her shoulder and he was there, touching himself. His pupils were completely blown, hips rocking into his hand. “Don't come,” she pleaded, reaching for his chest. “I want you inside me when you come.”

“Yes,” he agreed, bringing her hand to his lips and kissing the palm. “So fucking hot, love.”

Emma rolled her hips, taking Liam deep inside her body, warm thick cock dragging deliciously along her walls. She braced her hands on his thighs for leverage, moving in slow even strokes. Liam couldn't get enough; she was so tight, so hot and wet. Killian moved to face Emma, giving her a show as she fucked his brother, watching him touch himself, hear his moans and sighs of pleasure.

Emma felt like she was burning up, veins scorched by her deep lust for them. She was soaking wet, the loud squelching sounds echoing in the room as she rode Liam's cock. She grabbed Killian's face and dragged his mouth to hers, kissing him hard, biting at his lips, her body picking up its pace. She bounced in Liam's lap, chasing another orgasm.
Liam groaned, feeling her beginning to flutter around him. “Touch her,” he said to Killian. “Want to feel her come.”

“Bloody fuck,” Killian cursed. Emma nodded vigorously, leaning back, hands on Liam’s chest. Her sensitive nub was swollen and hot, exposed as she fucked Liam hard. Killian bent down and licked it; Emma jerked, a tiny scream in her throat.

“More,” she pleaded. “Oh god.”

Killian swirled his tongue around her clit, sucking it into his mouth. Emma exploded, body jerking wildly, Liam holding her up as she fell. It was so intense...Emma didn't realize until later the desperate screams came from her lips. Liam bucked under her, his seed filling her with a deep grunt of pleasure. Killian released her, holding her until she was breathing normally again.

“Alright there, lass?” Killian asked.

She gently kissed his lips. “Yeah.” She giggled, still flying from her high. “There something I can help you with, tiger?”

Killian groaned as her hand grazed his cock. “We don't have to.”

Emma shook her head. “I said I wanted you. Slowly?”

“Fuck, I love you.” He kissed her hard, lifting her off Liam's lap and laying her out on the bed. Emma let him into the cradle of her thighs, but he didn't take her immediately. He merely kissed her, stroking her sweaty skin. Emma's back arched as he finally slid into her, her abused flesh welcoming him. He made love to her with exquisite care, slow and gentle passion; she almost wanted to cry. She loved them so much; it was overwhelming.

“Killian, I...think...ah!” He'd found her g spot at last, sweat covering his brow. His slow pace was for her, but it was costing him. “Yes! There! Oh yes!”

Killian found her hand and took it in his. Emma clutched at his back, a shudder running through her. She smacked his ass, letting him know it was okay to ride her, to use her body for his pleasure. Killian growled and she did it again. “Fuck, Emma.”

“Don't hold back,” she reminded him. “I can take it.”

Killian reared up, slipping from her long enough to twist her body. Shoulders flat on the mattress, hips turned, right leg over his shoulder. He plunged inside her again and she cried out; the angle hit her perfectly. He bent her leg toward her chest, hips rutting into hers hard. She squeezed her muscles around him; he groaned her name dangerously. Emma nipped at his lip, locking their hands together again. She found her clit with her free hand and pinched it, the dam bursting for the final time, finally dragging her under. She felt Killian pulse inside her, a strangled cry on his lips, as he bathed her walls in his release.

They collapsed, exhausted. Emma dozed in and out as they cleaned up. The last thing she was aware of was them kissing her lips lightly and whispering their love for her before she zonked out entirely. When she woke up the room was dim.

“Ugh,” she sighed, blinking in the semi darkness.

“There she is,” Killian murmured, gently touching her arm. “Sleeping Beauty awakes.”

She groaned again, her muscles protesting. “How long was I out?”
“A couple of hours,” Liam said, relief coloring his voice. “You were dead to the world, lass.”

“Well, she did have four orgasms in one go,” Killian pointed out. “How do you feel?”

Emma opened her eyes, letting them adjust to the dark. “Tired,” she said truthfully. “Maybe a little sore.”

“I'm sorry.”

“No, it's a good kind of sore. And you always take care of me.”

“It's the least we can do,” Liam assured her, lips skimming her temple. “The things you let us do to you...”

“I like it,” she said firmly. “If I didn't, I would tell you. Maybe I'm just a highly sexed person.”

“Is that a thing?”

Emma shrugged. “No idea. But I like having sex with you. A lot. And haven't we had this discussion?”

Liam looked chagrined. “I know, but when you're out like that...for hours at a time...I worry we're too hard on you.”

“We don't go this hard all the time. Give me a day or two and I'll be 100 percent again.”

“Still, you need to eat,” Killian said. “Perhaps a massage of sore muscles? And that's all,” he added, noticing Liam's glare. “Honestly, you'd think I was some sort of Neanderthal, Liam.”

“We're supposed to look after her, not sex her to death.”

“Hey, I'm right here. Stop fighting.” They looked at her, apologetic. “First, food good. Does that Italian place still deliver? Because I would kill for some chicken alfredo right now. Second, Liam, leave Killian alone. I trust you guys with my life for pete’s sake. He's just trying to be a good boyfriend, which is way more than most women get.”

“Sorry, Killian,” Liam said. “I just...”

“Worry, I know. But I would never hurt her.”

“I know. I do. Forgive me?”

“Of course, brother.” He clapped Liam on the shoulder. “You go order dinner. I'll look after our girl.”

Liam smiled. “Back in a few minutes.” He kissed Emma's lips and left.

“Stubborn arse,” Killian muttered.

Emma reached for his hand. “Cut him some slack. He's working on it.”

“He is right about one thing,” Killian said, moving to sit by her feet. He took one in his hands and sweetly massaged her muscles. She sighed.

“What?”
“It is a bit scary when you fall asleep like that.”

Emma looked down at him, touched by his concern. This was one of the many reasons she loved them; they genuinely cared about her and her well being. No one had ever done that before them, how could she not adore them for it? “I don't mean to be.”

Killian kissed the arch of her foot. “We just love you so bloody much, Emma. Hurting you...we'd never forgive ourselves.”

“You would never hurt me,” she reminded him. “I know you wouldn't.”

“You have a lot of faith in us, love.”

“Because you've earned it. All this time we've been together, everything we've been through...you haven't run, you haven't left. Everyone has left me. Except the two of you.”

Liam returned, perching down by her other foot. “Wild horses couldn't drag us away, Emma. We belong to you now.”

“Hmm, that feels amazing.” She smiled up at them. “I'm yours too, you know. Never really stood a chance, did I?”

They laughed. “I don't think any of us did.”

“So let's just enjoy this.” She groaned, their tender hands moving up her legs. It wasn't arousing, but immensely relaxing. She could get used to this for the rest of her life. “Movie marathon tomorrow?”

“That sounds good,” Killian said. They discussed options, the promise of food keeping Emma awake. Liam donned a shirt and his boxers to get the door; Killian got the trays. Emma slipped on Killian's oversized shirt; they could finish her massage later.

She was startled by a ringing phone; she recognized the ringtone as hers. She tore through the discarded clothing until she found it. The caller was Lily.

“What's going on?” Liam asked, tray full of food.

“That was Lily.” Killian came in extra trays in his hand. “She says we can see Milah tomorrow.”

Killian's eyes hardened. “Good.”

“Killian...”

“No, it's fine, Emma. I want to put her behind us. I'm marrying you.”

Still she went over to him and hugged him. “We're putting her behind us,” she corrected. “We're a
team, all of us.”

Killian squeezed, kissing her hair. “I know, darling. I know.”

They arrived at the prison at ten o’clock the next morning. Killian refused to lean on her as they
entered, even though he wasn’t supposed to overtax himself before building up his strength. He could
be every bit as stubborn as his brother when he wanted. His face had a hard set about it, but he let
her hold his hand.

They had to submit to being searched before being buzzed inside. Visitor log signed, they waited for
the guard to take them to one of the interrogation rooms. It was the only one big enough for all of
them. She felt so odd being there; she hadn’t set foot in a facility like this since she’d gotten out in
Phoenix. Once a mark was caught, they were no longer her problem. Now she was here on the other
side of the law. Emma shared a nervous look with Liam; she was starting to wonder if this was even
a good idea. Liam looked grim but determined; of course, he wanted to confront the woman who had
hurt his brother, tried to hurt their family. Emma merely wanted to look her in the eye and ask why.

“She's ready for you,” the guard said. “If you'll follow me.”

Emma tightened her grip on Killian’s hand, following Liam down the hall. The guard opened the
door, standing back to let them in. “Just buzz when you’re ready. I’ll be right outside.”

“Well, this is a surprise,” Milah said, eyeing them as they entered. “Quite a treat actually.” Liam
grunted and sat in one of the three chairs provided. It was hard and metal, obviously not made for
comfort. Emma sat next; Killian settling in to her right. “Hello, Killian.” Milah gave him a slow
smile. “You look good.”

Killian stiffened. “Milah.”

“What? That's all? You used to salivate at the sight of me.” She tsked. “But it seems you've acquired
a taste for blondes. Pity.”

Emma's nostrils flared. She glared at the woman opposite her. Jail didn't seem to affect her all that
much; even when Emma had caught her, she noticed the good looks of the older woman. Milah was
in her forties now, but with the right hair and makeup, she could pass for late thirties. She had dark
brown hair; today it was pulled back into a sloppy ponytail. When Emma brought her in, it had been
sleek and shining. But Milah's face seemed youthful enough, even without makeup.

“Have I put the shiny new model out of joint?” Milah asked. “Tell me, has he made you scream yet?
You're welcome, by the way, for showing him where everything goes. Took some practice but my
dear Killian got there in the end.”

“I'm not your anything,” Killian snapped.

“Mrs. McKinnon,” Liam began.

“Please, call me Milah. I deflowered your brother; we're practically family.”

“What in the sodding hell do you know about family?” Killian cried. “You built your life around
avoiding yours!”

Emma glared at the woman too. “We just want to know why you did this. Why you couldn't just
leave us alone. Why go to the press?”
“A smart woman like you can't figure that out?” Milah asked. “Or have they fucked all your brain
cells away? Killian, do you like having your brother's sloppy seconds? Does she moan for you the
way she moans for him?”

Killian slammed his hands on the table, but Emma covered one of his with hers. “She's just trying to
bait you,” Emma reminded him. Killian's ears were flaming, his breathing ragged. “Look at me,
Killian.” He did so. Emma cupped his cheek and guided his lips to hers, kissing him, not hesitating to
depth the kiss. Killian clung to her, pouring his hurt confused anguish into it. “Better?”

“Aye.”

“Love you.”

“And I, you.”

“Aaw, that's so sweet!” Milah cried.

“Shut up,” Liam snapped. “You've hurt my brother long enough.”

“You don't know what I know,” Milah said. “I was there, remember? I was his first. The one who
listened as he poured his heart out about not being good enough to please big brother. About
Mummy's death, daddy's abandonment. I cared for him, while you were off chasing command.”

“You didn't care for me,” Killian said. To Emma's surprise, he sounded much calmer. “You used me.
And when you were through, you moved on to someone else.”

“Did I break little Killian's heart?” Milah asked. “You think she won't? That she loves you? That a
mercenary like her can be happy with two of you? Please.”

Emma wanted to strangle this woman. “You don't know anything about me. You don't know us.”
And suddenly, it dawned on her. Why Milah was being so vicious. “You're jealous.”

“Excuse me?”

“You're jealous,” Emma said again. “You saw that Killian was happy, that you hadn't destroyed him.
That he actually found someone who cares about him. You think your endless string of men will
make you happy but it won't. I know, I tried it. Maybe you did care about him once. Scared the hell
out of you, didn't it? So you ran. You just can't stand to see that you lost. So you're using us to get
out of here, because it's the only option left to you. You're bitter and vindictive and I am so happy I
am not you.” She could have been. She'd been so scared when she figured out that she loved them;
she almost ran. But she stuck it out and now she was happier than she'd ever been.

“Keep the money,” Liam said. “But if you ever come near me and mine again, I will make sure you
wind up back in here and never get out. Are we clear?”

Milah looked like she'd been hit with something big and heavy. Emma couldn't blame her. Slowly,
the other woman nodded. She looked at Killian, who looked away. Emma tugged gently on his
hand. “I think we're done here.”

Liam got up and buzzed for the guard. Emma and Killian stood, moving to follow. “Killian.” He
turned. “I did care about you,” Milah said.

“I don't think you're capable of truly caring for anyone,” he said, following Emma and his brother
out of the room.
They were quiet as they exited the prison. Emma watched Killian carefully, but he just seemed drained. She couldn't tell what he was thinking. “I don't want to go home,” she said.

“It is a beautiful day,” Liam observed. “Another day outdoors?”

“I'm game if you are. Killian?” She knew they would have to be careful because of his leg.

“It's warm. Perhaps swimming?”

“We'd have to get our things,” she pointed out.

He turned those big blue eyes on her. “Please?”

And she melted. “Sure.” She kissed his cheek. “You okay?”

“I will be.”

She drove them home to get their swimming things. They hadn't had a chance to go swimming at all this summer; now August was almost over. Emma covered her most family friendly bikini with a t-shirt and wrap, grabbing their towels and lots of sunscreen. Liam packed them another lunch. Emma didn't try to lose the paparazzi this time as they headed for the pool Liam suggested. They were going to have to learn to tolerate their presence sooner or later.

They weren't the only ones taking a dip in the late summer sun. The swimming hole was filled with other families enjoying the water. They found a cozy spot away from the crowds under a shade tree, spreading out their blanket.

“Swim or eat?” Liam asked. Killian was still quiet.

“Swim,” Killian said.

“Wait, I'm not letting you get burned,” Emma said, watching as he pulled off his t-shirt. He had dark blue trunks with the Royal Navy emblem embroidered in the corner of the left leg. Liam had matching ones. She got out the sunscreen and rubbed it into Killian's skin, giving him a chaste kiss when she finished. “We'll be there in a minute.”

He smiled down at her. “Thank you, Emma.”

She smiled back. “Go!” She shooed him away, turning to Liam and repeating the process. He returned the favor, thoroughly enjoying rubbing her down with the lotion.

“Thanks for this, Emma.”

“I'm not letting my two favorite boys get burned.”

“I wasn't talking about that.”

“Oh.”

“You're exactly what we'd been missing.”

“And you guys are what I'd been missing.” She kissed his cheek. “Come on, let's go swim.”

They found Killian in the pool, swimming happily. He was much more at ease than he had been since they left the prison. And the water wouldn't be such a strain on his leg. Emma tied her hair up before jumping in; Killian caught her, laughing as she splashed him. The water was cool compared
to the heat, but not freezing. The boys were excellent swimmers (being in the Navy and all); it was all she could do to keep up. But they had fun, playing games, chasing each other. They boys were like two big kids, challenging one another to dumb contests, trying to impress their girlfriend. Emma laughed and let them; they all needed to blow off some steam.

Finally, Emma climbed out, her stomach growling. The boys followed her a few minutes later, shaking off the water that clung to their toned bodies. “Hey!”

“Problem, love?” Killian asked, grinning.

“You're getting everything wet,” she complained.

Killian plopped down next to her. “We're at a pool, lass.”

“I know, but do you want to eat soggy sandwiches?”

“Good point.” He pressed a kiss to her mouth. “Sorry?”

“Of course you're forgiven. Come here.” She wrapped her hand around his neck and gave him a longer deeper kiss. “Doing okay?”

“Aye. I have my beautiful love with me. I'm very well.”

Liam cleared his throat. “I think I've had enough of exes for a while.”

Emma nodded. “Yeah. All we need is three in this relationship.” She rummaged in their basket for lunch, passing out sandwiches and crisps. They ate in amiable silence, watching some of the other swimmers. There was a young family just getting into the pool, parents and two little ones with their water wings. They were cute.

“What are you thinking?” Killian asked.

Emma shrugged. “Nothing much. There's no clock ticking, if that's what you're asking,” she said, nodding at the family.

Killian looked over at them. “Sure?”

“Yeah,” Emma said, surprisingly confident. “I mean, maybe some day. I'm not ruling it out. But I like our little family as it is.”

“I still think you'd be an amazing mother,” Liam said, kissing her hand.

“Maybe, but we've got time.”

They were quiet for a while; Emma even dozed for a few minutes. “I'm glad we went,” Killian said quietly. “I didn't know how I would feel...seeing her again. I was so angry. Now all I feel is pity.”

Emma combed her fingers through his dark wet hair. “That's very magnanimous of you.” She doubted she would feel the same if Neal suddenly turned up.

“Do you really believe she was jealous?”

She nodded. “Yeah, I do. Despite all the odds, we're happy. It was the same with Clara.”

“Emma's right,” Liam said. “Jealousy is a nasty emotion.” Emma cupped his cheek, kissing him sweetly. They'd work through her boys' insecurities...together.
“Ready for round 2?” Killian asked.

Emma smiled mischievously. “Last one to the pool cooks dinner!” Laughing, they all scrambled up and dashed for the pool.

“Emma, have you seen my hat?” Liam asked, poking his head out of the closet.

“Down on top of the dryer,” she called. “Grab Killian's too, will ya?”

She was in the bathroom with Killian, trying to fix her hair. She'd never been to a service like this; she wasn't sure what was appropriate. She settled on a long plait, which Killian insisted on doing for her. “I've missed this,” he said, kissing the side of her neck. “Love your hair. It's like sunshine.”

Emma smiled at him in the mirror. “Me too. And you're so good at it.”

“I am to please, lass.”

“And you have a hair fetish.”

“Perhaps. Perhaps not.” He kissed the crown of her head. “All done.”

“Thanks. Now go get dressed or we'll be late!” Killian chuckled, heading back out into the bedroom. His uniform was laid out on the bed, all he had to do was put it on. He'd been in physical therapy for a couple of weeks now; his limp was much better. It got worse if he stood too long, but he never complained. He was determined to rebuild the strength he'd lost. Emma was proud of him.

She put the finishing touches on her makeup and went to find her shoes. The black pumps were in the back of the closet. She was going to have to clean it again. All of their clothes were a hopeless tangle again. She hurried downstairs, where Liam was already waiting. He looked very dashing in his uniform; Emma had almost forgotten how scrumptious they were all dressed up.

“Ready, love?” he asked.

“I am. Killian's still getting dressed.”

“You look beautiful.”

“Thanks. Are you sure this is okay? Me going?”

“Love, this memorial service is for club members and their loved ones. You most certainly qualify.”

“Okay.” Killian joined them a moment later, accepting his hat from his brother. “Are my two dashing sailors ready to whisk me off?”

“Always, lass.”

They took a cab to the club; Emma didn't think any of them wanted to drive. The few remaining paps followed them, but the attention was definitely dying down. Emma liked to joke that they were too boring. Regina still kept a close watch on things; there was still the Navy to deal with. But it was much more manageable than it had been since Milah's article.

They got to the club about ten minutes early, joining the wave of arrivals. She looped her left arm through Killian's and held Liam's hand. This memorial was to honor those lost in the blast; she'd come close to her boys being among them. She held on tight, thankful they were still there with her. Admiral Cozzens greeted them warmly, pleased to see Killian up and about. They greeted a few
other friends, getting caught up on the news. Killian and Liam weren’t the only ones not cleared for duty; that made Emma feel better. Until the government had a better idea of what they were dealing with, they let their wounded heal.

Liam got them some wine; Emma drifted off to look at the pictures up on the platform. Twenty three of the club’s members had been killed; many more wounded. She found Liam and Killian’s names on the wounded list; Killian’s had an asterisk. She had no idea what that was about.

She jumped a mile when a hand touched her arm. “Oh, it's you,” Emma said, looking up at Killian. “I didn’t mean to startle you. They're getting ready to start.”

“She did.” She moved back into the crowd with him, finding Liam’s tall frame easily in the throng. They stood together as Admiral Cozzens called them to order.

“Ladies and gentlemen, fellow officers, we’ve gathered here tonight to honor our fallen brothers and sisters, lost in the attack on Whitehall nearly three months ago.” The admiral paused. “They were our friends, respected officers. Merely going about their duties, as we all do every day. As I am not the Prime Minister, I will not get into the politics of this event. But I do believe that almost everyone in this room will be called to serve in some capacity to catch the people who did this. Until then, let us toast those who were lost too soon.”

Another officer read the names of the fallen; Emma got a little choked up. So much senseless death. Once the names were read, Admiral Cozzens raised his glass and they toasted. Emma sipped her wine, but barely tasted it. After, people were invited to come up and offer some words for their friends. This lightened the mood a little, as many people told funny stories. The gathering was beginning to wind down and splinter off into groups when the admiral called them to order again.

“Several of our number exhibited extraordinary bravery and composure on that fateful day. I would expect nothing less from those calling themselves members of this illustrious club. You do your forebears proud.” There was a round of applause. “And as such, I have been given the authority to officially grant commendations and promotions. If the following members would step forward.”

Emma pushed her way to the front; both of them were staring down at her in awe. The admiral worked his way down the line; Killian and Liam were in the middle. Emma was just close enough to make out what was happening. She watched, a huge grin on her face, as Killian's lieutenant's insignia was swapped out for a Lieutenant Commander's. Liam became a Captain before her eyes. They each shook the admiral's hand, thanking him. They smiled down at her; her eyes swam with tears. She was so incredibly proud.

Emma thought that once that was over she'd get them back, but the admiral had one more announcement. “For conspicuous bravery, Lt. Commander Killian Jones has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Would you like to do the honors, Miss Swan?”

“Me?” But she was already moving, Liam offering her a hand up. She looked from the admiral to Killian, accepting the medal with shaking fingers. She carefully pinned it to his chest, somehow managing not to stick him or herself. “Done.” She moved to stand between them, more applause ringing in her ears.

When they got off the platform, Emma let out a little shriek as Killian picked her up and spun her around. She held on as he wobbled a tiny bit, his leg not used to the extra exertion. Liam laughed, taking her from him and dropping a kiss to her lips.
“So how does it feel, Captain?” she asked, smiling up at him.

Liam blushed. “Good. I had no idea it would happen tonight.”

“Nor did I,” Killian said, looking a bit awestruck still. Emma knew they'd expected this in the fall but with the attack, things must have gotten bumped up. Not that she was complaining. They worked hard for those promotions.

Emma reached out and fingered his medal. “Still with us, Commander?”

Killian grinned, leaning down to kiss her. “That's going to take some getting used to.”

“We'll have plenty of time,” Liam said. He smiled at Killian and they hugged. Emma was still grinning, so, so happy for them.

“Up to celebrating tonight, love?” Killian asked with a wink.

Emma linked her arm with his and held Liam's hand. “Bring. It. On.”
He kept his hat pulled down, the umbrella further obscuring his features. It was unlikely that anyone would recognize him, but he'd learned long ago not to take chances. He was on a scouting mission, nothing more.

The other actual paparazzi ignored him; most of them cleaning their cameras or checking their phones. They were staked out in front of the modest Paddington townhouse, waiting for its owners to return. Well not owners yet, Ioan recalled. The brothers and their paramour didn't own the place; they merely rented it. He'd looked into that angle, his contact doing a thorough background check on all three of them.

When he'd seen their faces on the news that day, he'd been stunned. He was at a mark's office, doing his spiel when his meeting got interrupted by the news. The carnage in Whitehall had been astonishing; he wasn't so devoid of feeling that he wasn't horrified by what he saw. But it wasn't until the next day that he felt like he'd gotten punched in the gut. His Catherine's blue eyes shown out of their faces like blue beacons and it took him a moment to regain his control.

What surprised him though was the fetching blonde who spoke so passionately on the telly. Claiming to be in love with them, flaunting their hedonistic relations for the world to see.

It left him wondering...what in the hell had happened in the last twenty five years?

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**Grahame Park, 1990**

He waited until he was certain she was asleep. Catherine was heavy sleeper; he liked to joke that a circus could come through their flat and she wouldn't even notice it. It had been hell when the boys were small; he sometimes had a hell of a time waking her up to feed them. He would have done it, but she insisted on breastfeeding. Lord knew he didn't want to argue with a tired and cranky wife. So he went about his business, playing with his sons when he could. Liam had inherited his mother's stubbornness, Killian was the imp. The boys wouldn't understand what was happening; they were too young. But occasionally, he caught Liam staring at him, as if reading his thoughts. It was unnerving and made him even more determined to make this clean break.

They would all be better off without this hanging over their heads. He'd gotten into this mess; it was up to him to get out of it.

Slowly, carefully, he got up and eased out of the bed he shared with his wife. Catherine was a good woman, beautiful, vivacious, kind. She would be okay. He had ironclad assurances that his family would be left alone. He couldn't bear the thought of her being disappointed in him. No doubt she'd want to join him where he was going, but it was no place for a mother with two small children.

He dragged his suitcase out from under the bed, pausing as Catherine stirred. But she settled a
moment later. He doubted she would even know he was gone until well after dinner; they weren’t one of those overly touchy couples, sleeping entwined or some other rubbish. They were suitably affectionate, had sex once, sometimes twice, a week. She never claimed to need more than that, so he didn’t push. They had two sons; who was he to say his wife didn’t satisfy his needs?

He set aside the suitcase and came to her side of the bed, bending to place a featherlight kiss to her forehead. “Sleep well, my Cat. Forgive me.” The ring he’d given her glinted in the moonlight but he ignored it. He spun on his heel and snatched up the suitcase, striding from the room.

He was halfway to the door when he set the suitcase aside. Surely a peak couldn’t hurt. He didn't know when, or even if, he'd get to see his sons again. He walked stealthily down the hall to the bedroom they shared; the door was cracked open because Killian was afraid of the dark. He pushed it open, looking in on the sleeping children.

Liam had his curly hair, the same crooked grin. Aside from the eyes, he was his father in miniature; he only hoped his boy would walk a better path than he had. He stepped into the room, kneeling down to kiss Killian’s brow, brushing back the dark fringe. His heart twisted, his youngest boy so much like Catherine. He would be handsome, his little Killian. He already had the little girls chasing him around the estate.

“Papa?”

He winced, Liam's groggy voice seeming to echo in the room. “Yes, son. Go back to sleep. It's okay.”

“Were you checking for the mean clown again?” When the family had visited his relatives earlier in the summer, the children had attended the circus. Liam didn't like the clowns. He'd had nightmares for weeks after.

“Aye, Liam. No clown tonight.” He turned to face his oldest, already so smart. “I need you to do something for me, son.”

“What, Papa?” He sounded more alert, which was the last thing wanted. He went over the bed, tucking the boy back in.

“When I'm not around, take care of your mother and brother. They need you. Can you be strong for them?”

“But where are you going?”

“You know I work, son. Just when I'm not here. Can you do that?”

Liam sobered, his blue eyes trusting. “Yes, Papa. I'll take care of them. I promise.”

“There's a good lad.” He leaned down and kissed the dark curls. He started to hum a lullaby, one taught to him by his mother. After a few minutes, Liam was asleep once more. He stood up and left the room, remembering to leave the door cracked. Cursing under his breath, he hurried back to the living room, picked up his suitcase and left.

Two blocks down, he managed to hail a cab, not once looking back.

Ioan stepped deeper into the shadows as the car pulled up. He watched dispassionately as the trio climbed out, in a much more jovial mood than earlier. He caught a flash of glinting medal but it was gone before he could see what it was. The elder brother paid the driver as the woman and younger
brother climbed the steps. They were holding hands and...giggling? She whispered something in his ear and he grinned at her. The elder brother joined them on the stoop, placing a chaste kiss to the woman's lips.

And that was when he saw it. The ring. The streetlamp was just bright enough to reveal the diamond on her finger. It looked nearly identical to how it had been thirty five years earlier when he bought it in the shop. How had she managed to get that out of them? It wasn't enough that they splashed their lifestyle all over the tabloids? She dared to wear Catherine's ring as well?

Ioan breathed deeply, mastering his emotions. It had taken him nearly two months to work up the courage to come here, to see for himself the life his long lost sons were living. His bosses were much more insistent; this was an opportunity not to be missed and didn't understand his hesitation. They had no idea that the man they knew as Ioan Lyons was really Ioan Jones. No trace of Ioan Jones existed. He'd made sure of that years ago. The only connection were the two men who lived in that townhouse.

The question now was: What was he prepared to do about it?

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