### Love at Comic Con

**by CaptainSwanLuver**

**Summary**

Summary: Emma Swan and Killian Jones are the stars of the hit TV show “The Pirate and the Princess” and their incredible chemistry has helped make their fictional couple wildly popular. For the sake of the show, they’ve managed to bury their attraction and feelings for each other. But when they attend Comic Con together, those long suppressed feelings and attraction bubble to the surface.

**Notes**

Note: So it seems I can’t watch a TV show or movie anymore without imagining Emma and Killian as the characters in whatever situation they’re in. Comic Con is no different. As I watched all the coverage, I started imagining what it would be like if AU Emma and Killian participated in Comic Con events and so this story was born. Hope you enjoy it!

~Steph

...Love at Comic Con: Part 1/1...

"Killian! We love you!"

Killian Jones grinned at the crowd of fangirls lining the walkway into Comic Con. He offered
them a wave.

"Hello, ladies!" he said. "I love you, too!"

They let out a squeal and one girl turned to her friend and said, "He looked right at me!"

Emma Swan rolled her eyes at her co-star, as she tugged on his arm. "Come on, we're going to be late."

Killian turned his eyes away from his adoring fans and met Emma's gaze. "I think you're just jealous, love."

Emma’s eyes grew wide. "Jealous? Of what? The fact that a bunch of underage girls don’t scream my name? I have fans too, you know. They’re just way more subtle."

He shook his head, as he lifted his hand and flicked her hair off her shoulder. "No, I don't think you like to share me."

Emma snickered. "Oh, please. I have to put up with you all week. They can have you."

Killian cocked his head. “Me thinks thee doth protest too much.”

Emma didn’t say another word as they finally made their way inside.

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Emma and Killian were the stars of the TV show “The Pirate and the Princess”. The show was entering its fourth season. Their characters Beckett Drake and Ellie Winston had spent the first two seasons in a ‘will-they-or-won’t-they’ relationship. They finally became a couple during the third season, much to the joy of their rabid fans. The fictional couple even had a nickname: Becklie. They had waited two long seasons before they finally got what they wanted. Now going into season four, they were hoping for an engagement and a lavish wedding.

The fans were equally obsessed with their portrayers. Their fans had quickly noticed the undeniable chemistry between Killian and Emma. They were both single and it didn’t take long for many of their fans to wish for them to take their on-screen romance off-screen. It wasn’t surprising to Emma or Killian. Whenever two actors have the rare kind of chemistry they possess, the fans inevitably hope it turns into more. But the fans weren’t the only ones who wanted them together off-screen. They were constantly fielding questions from the press about their combustible chemistry and the nature of their relationship.

Yet they had always remained professional. They were good friends who liked to bicker like an old married couple. Emma loved to tease Killian about his womanizing ways. In turn, Killian loved to tease Emma about her safe, predictable life. What had never been acknowledged though was their instant attraction to each other and their feelings that grew beyond friendship. They buried those feelings deep down and acted as if they didn’t even exist. But everyone around them could see it, even their fans. Their co-stars, crew, friends, and family all knew what they didn’t: they belonged together.

Emma had made it clear to Killian from the outset that their relationship would never go beyond co-stars and friends. She had dated a co-star once early on in her career. She had been on a hit show and made the decision to take her on-screen romance off-screen. It was a disaster. The romance lasted less than six months and things got so bad between them that they could barely stand to be in the same room together. It got to the point where it was affecting their work and showing on-screen. The show’s writers decided they had no choice but to break-up their popular couple,
causing a fan revolt. In turn, the ratings tanked and the show didn’t even last another whole season. After that debacle, Emma swore she would never again mix work with pleasure. She prided herself on being professional and still felt ashamed that she had allowed herself to behave the way she had. Now, Emma dated occasionally. She worked long hours so she found it difficult to meet men. And when she did they were either interested in her for her fame and money or intimidated by her success.

Killian, on the other hand, seemingly dated a different woman every night. He didn’t care if they worked on the show or were a fan. He didn’t care if they wanted him for his good looks or his money or his fame. He was the very definition of a player. And it seemed to suit him just fine.

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Emma stood beside Killian off-stage, waiting for her name to be called for their panel. Killian’s eyes scanned her face, as she took deep breath after deep breath.

“You okay, love?” he asked.

“Yeah, you know I hate these things. I never know what to say.”

Killian put his arm around her shoulder. “I’ll help you through it, just like I always do.”

Emma offered him a warm smile. “Thank you.”

Her name was called a moment later. She took another breath and met his eyes once more. He gave her a reassuring nod of his head before she walked on-stage. His name was called next. Killian walked on-stage, a wide smile upon his lips, as he waved to the fans. The crowd cheered uncontrollably. He always got the loudest cheers. Emma smiled up at him as he took his seat beside her.

The panel consisted of their two producers and their four co-stars. David Nolan and Mary Margaret Blanchard played Emma’s parents, King James and Queen Victoria of Lockindale. A curse had made it so her parents were the same age as Ellie. Her parents disapproved of her relationship with the fearsome pirate Beckett and were a constant obstacle. Belle French played Ellie’s younger sister, Catherine. Robin Loxley portrayed Hunter Forrest, Beckett’s first mate and best friend.

The moderator began. “Welcome to ‘The Pirate and the Princess’ Comic Con panel. Let’s get started right away with some questions from Twitter. The first one is for Emma: What is it like working with Killian everyday?”

Emma turned to him and offered him a grin, which got the crowd cheering.

“Be nice, love,” Killian said, which garnered a laugh.

Emma chuckled. “It’s exhausting. I spend half my day trying to pull him away from the mirror!”

The crowd erupted into laughter, as did the panel.

David nodded. “It’s true!”

Killian shook his head with a lopsided grin. “I feel betrayed.”

Emma turned to look at him with a smile, as she put her arm around his shoulder. “No, in all seriousness, he is great to work with. He is always prepared and he is an incredible scene partner.
He is always willing to help me work through something if I’m having difficulty with a scene. He makes me a better actress.” She paused, her voice lowering as she met his eyes. “He’s amazing.”

Killian pulled his eyes away from Emma, as she removed her arm from his shoulder. He leaned toward the microphone.

“I can’t disagree with a word she said.”

The crowd laughed, as the moderator went on. “What about you Killian? What is it like to work with Emma?”

Killian met her eyes again. “Incredible. She is extremely dedicated. She cares deeply about her craft and her character. She is the most giving actor I’ve ever met. She won’t rest until she feels she has helped you reach your potential in any scene. She’s just brilliant.”

The crowd let out an ‘awww’ as Emma felt her cheeks redden.

The moderator asked the rest of the panel a few more questions before turning to the audience. A young woman in her early twenties stepped up to the microphone.

“This question is for Emma and Killian. Much has been made about your incredible chemistry. When did you first know that you had something special?”

Killian leaned forward. “During the screentest. Emma walked in and my first thought was how beautiful she was.” Emma felt the heat increase in her cheeks. “And then we started doing our scene and she was amazing. We just instantly clicked and I knew we had something rare.”

Emma found herself staring at Killian. It was her turn but she wasn’t speaking.

“What about you, Emma?” the moderator prompted.

Emma swallowed roughly. “The same. I saw him and, obviously, I thought he was handsome and I was a lucky girl.”

The women in the audience howled their agreement.

“And then we did our scene and it just felt so natural. It was like we had known each other forever. It just felt right. You can’t manufacture chemistry. You either have it or you don’t. And it was obvious from the beginning that we had it in spades.”

Emma’s voice trailed off as she met his gaze again. Killian licked at his lips and then lowered his eyes.

Following the panel, it was time for the interviews with the entertainment news outlets. The cast was ushered into a room and squeezed onto two black leather couches. Emma had to sit so close to Killian that her body was touching his.

TV Buzz was their first interview. The interviewer dove right in. “Emma, Killian, the fans want to know. So blame them, not me. You are both unattached and it’s no secret you have incredible chemistry. We know you’re good friends. Any chance you might take your on-screen romance off-screen in the future?”

Emma shifted in her seat uncomfortably. She hated these questions. She always thought they were
so unprofessional. Killian sensed her discomfort, so he decided to answer first.

“We are very close and we get along well, but we are professionals and our relationship shall remain that way.”

The interviewer gave them a little pouty lip. “I’m sure your fans will be very disappointed to hear that.”

Emma sighed heavily. “Well, I think they should focus on the excitement of next season. Beckett and Ellie are finally together and there are some exciting things in their future.”

Killian offered her a grateful smile for steering the conversation back to the show.

“What can fans expect?” the interviewer asked.

Killian tilted his head. “Romance, of course. Ellie’s parents are still not pleased about their relationship and the fact that they hid it for months. They are not going to make things easy for them. It will certainly not be smooth sailing.”

“Can fans expect a royal wedding in the near future?”

Killian and Emma exchanged a sly smile. Emma shrugged. “I guess they’ll just have to tune in to find out.”

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Roundtable press interviews were next. Emma and Killian were paired up for these. The online magazine Celebrity Frenzy was up first.

“Obviously, you play a pirate and a princess so your characters differ from you a great deal. But do you have anything in common with your characters?”

Killian shrugged. “Well, we’re both devilishly handsome,” he said.

Emma laughed and added, “And you both have huge egos!”

“I can’t argue with that. Well, I have a great sense of adventure like he does. I live in the moment and try to savor every second. Beckett was once a womanizer, so I suppose I can relate to his enjoying the company of ladies. I’ve made no secret of that,” he finished with a chuckle and a tilt of his head.

“But meeting Ellie made him want to change his ways,” the interviewer said. “What was it about her that made him finally change his ways?”

Killian felt Emma’s eyes on him. He swallowed roughly as he turned to look at her. “I think when you meet the right woman, then anything becomes possible. You see the world differently. You want to be better for them so you’re deserving of their love.”

The interviewer nodded. “So do you think one day you’ll find a woman to do that for you like Beckett did?”

Killian dropped his eyes. “I can only hope to be so fortunate.”

“What about you Emma? Anything in common with Ellie?”

Emma nodded slowly. “Ellie is very cautious and deliberate and practical. Beckett was someone
who seemed dangerous and exciting to her. He has sailed the seas and visited faraway places. Ellie has lived a sheltered life and has never traveled beyond her kingdom. So I think she saw someone in him who could broaden her horizons, make her take risks, and help her grow as a person. I’ve made no secret about growing up in foster care. That made me want a stable life as an adult. I can be cautious like Ellie, slow to trust, and maybe a little safe in my life, so I can relate to that part of her.”

“Do you hope to find a man like Beckett to broaden your horizons?”

Emma felt Killian’s gaze move to her. “I can only hope,” she replied softly.

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The cast ate lunch, then signed autographs. Up last was a photoshoot. Emma and Killian were paired up as the network wanted to promote their wildly popular couple.

The photographer waved her hand at them. “Every actor and actress is different. I want you to be comfortable. Feel free to get in character if you like.”

Killian and Emma exchanged a glance. They were used to working closely in character. It made it so they could share intimate moments without allowing those long buried feelings to bubble to the surface. But it was easy when they had lines to say, directions to follow. When they had their hair and make-up and costumes on to transform into their characters.

But now it was just them. Not Beckett and Ellie, but Killian and Emma. And as they looked into each other’s eyes they realized it would be nearly impossible for them to get into character.

The photographer gestured to them. “Beckett and Ellie often attend balls together, so could you pretend you are dancing?”

Emma moved close to Killian. She felt his hand slide to her waist and she slipped her hand in his, as their eyes met and their lips curled into smiles. They expected it to feel strange, striking a pose they would normally make while in character. But it didn’t feel strange. It felt right.

The photographer nodded. “Perfect. Just keep looking at each other like that.”

She snapped away and they had to struggle not to blink from the flash of the camera.

“My face is starting to hurt,” Emma mumbled without moving her lips.

“As is my arm,” Killian replied, managing to keep his mouth still.

“Great,” the photographer said. “Now, Killian, can you get down on one knee and, Emma, can you sit on his leg? Emma, put your arm around his neck.”

Killian dropped to his knee and Emma hesitated for a moment. Killian extended his hand and Emma slowly placed her hand in his. She settled down on his leg and put her arm around his neck.

“Excellent. Now gaze into each other’s eyes.”

Killian swallowed roughly as Emma looked down at him. He’d spent hours looking into her eyes as Beckett, but he’d never really done it as Killian. Emma felt her heart start to race as she looked into his sparkling blue eyes. It felt different from all the times Ellie looked at Beckett. It felt new, but somehow still so familiar. She thought it would feel uncomfortable, but it felt natural instead.
“Killian, put your arm on Emma’s waist.”

He slid his arm around her waist and Emma felt goosebumps appear on her skin. He’d touched her a hundred times while in character. They’d kissed dozens of times on set, so she didn’t know why the simple act of him putting his arm around her was causing such a reaction now.

“Okay, great. That’s it, thank you.”

They didn’t hear her at first as they continued to stare into each other’s eyes.

The photographer cleared her throat. “You’re all set.”

Emma shook her head and stood up. Killian did the same, but made a big production of struggling to stand, acting as if the weight of her had injured his leg. He rubbed at his thigh with his hand.

“I think it best if someone avoids grilled cheese and onion rings for a while,” he said.

Emma laughed and swatted his arm. “Shut up!”

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Emma, Belle, and Mary Margaret had gone back to their hotel rooms to change for the network’s after party. They were now riding down to the lobby in the elevator.

Belle turned to Emma. "So how was your photoshoot with Killian?

Emma dropped her eyes to the ground. "Um...it was...different."

"How so?" Mary Margaret asked.

"Well, now that Beckett and Ellie are a confirmed couple on the show, they really wanted to push their relationship. So we had to do romantic poses, like dancing, and he had to get down on one knee and I had to sit on his leg with our arms around each other. And it just felt-..."

"Strange?" Belle interjected.

Emma lifted her eyes to the women and shook her head. "No, that's the weird thing. It didn't. It didn't feel uncomfortable. It felt natural. It felt normal. Even though we weren't in character."

Belle and Mary Margaret exchanged a look that did not go unnoticed by Emma.

Her brow furrowed. "What was that look for?"

"Nothing," Mary Margaret said.

"What look?" Belle asked.

Emma shook her head. "No, there was definitely a look. What's going on?"

Mary Margaret sighed. "Emma, it's been three years. How can you not see it?"

Emma's eyes narrowed at her. "See what?"

Belle shrugged her shoulders. "That you're in love with Killian. And he's in love with you."

Emma's mouth dropped open and she shook her head. "What? No, that's ridiculous."
"Is it?" Mary Margaret said. "We've seen the way you look at him. Everyone has. You watch all of his scenes, even if you're not in them and not needed on set. You make up excuses to go to his dressing room."

"We're friends," she said weakly.

"You get jealous over all the women he dates." Belle paused and then added, "Everyone sees it but you two, Emma. You’re both in denial."

"Everyone really feels this way?" Emma asked.

The women nodded.

Emma sighed heavily. "But he drives me crazy half the time! With his oversize ego and his obsession with his looks," she said. "It would never work," she added softly.

Emma paused for a long moment, sucked in a breath, and shook her head. "It doesn't matter anyway. Even if that were true, he is hardly a one woman man. Plus, you know I don't date my co-stars. And for good reason."

Belle and Mary Margaret opened their mouths to speak when the doors slid open. Emma didn't wait for a response and walked right out, leaving them behind.

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"And then the fan asked me to sign her cleavage," Robin said to David and Killian as they sat at the hotel bar waiting for their female co-stars.

"Did you do it?" David asked.

"You know I hate to disappoint the fans," he replied with a grin.

The men laughed. David then turned to Killian. "How did the photoshoot go?"

Killian lowered his eyes to his drink. "It was fine."

Robin cocked an eyebrow. "Doesn't sound fine."

Killian sighed and lifted his eyes to them, as he scratched at the back of his head. "It just got a bit...intense."

"How so?" David asked.

"Well, we had to do these rather romantic poses and weren't in character so it felt-..."

"Uncomfortable?" Robin said.

Killian shook his head. "No, mate, that's the strange bit. It didn't. It felt entirely natural. I didn't expect it to since it was me and Emma, not Beckett and Ellie."

Robin and David exchanged a look.

"What?" Killian asked, cocking an eyebrow.

Robin slapped Killian on the back. "You've got it bad, mate. You have for three years."
Killian's brow wrinkled in confusion. "What the devil are you talking about?"

"You're in love with Emma, Killian. And she's in love with you," David clarified.

Killian's mouth hung open for a long moment before he shook his head. "You're both mad. That's bloody ridiculous."

"Is it really?" Robin asked. "Everyone sees it. The way you look at her, the way you bring her things on set, the way you visit her dressing room constantly."

"We're friends," he replied softly.

"We all have a pool going to see when you two will finally figure it out and get together," David said.

"Who had Comic Con?" Robin asked.

"Debbie, hair department," David replied.

Killian stared at them for a long moment. "You two are bloody daft. You all are." He paused and then added quietly, "And even if there was a shred of truth to this, it would matter not. Emma doesn't date her co-stars."

Robin and David opened their mouths to respond when Emma appeared in the doorway to the bar. Killian's eyes immediately gravitated towards her and their gazes locked.

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The limo drive to the party was awkward.Emma and Killian kept exchanging nervous glances at each other. Both could tell something had changed. Once inside, they tried to mingle and forget what their co-stars had said.

In love? With each other? It was ridiculous. Wasn't it?

Try as they might to avoid each other, they found themselves being pulled into each other's orbit all night long. Emma had enough of trying to avoid Killian and decided to go in one of the many little private lounges that lined the perimeter of the room. She walked inside and collapsed on the white leather couch. She placed her hands over her face and rubbed at her eyes.

"Apologies," she heard from the doorway. "I thought this one was vacant."

Emma's head shot up at the sound of his voice. Her eyes landed on his back.

"Don't go," she said.

Killian stopped in his tracks and turned around. "Are you sure, love? You looked as if you wished to be alone."

"I'm sure," she said.

Killian entered and sat down beside her on the couch. They sat in a uncomfortable silence, something that rarely occurred between them.

"Nice party," Emma finally said.

"Aye, the food is amazing," Killian replied.
They lapsed into another silence until Killian broke it. He scratched at his ear nervously.

"So David and Robin said the strangest thing to me right before we came here."

"What?" she asked.

Killian forced himself to meet her gaze, as he licked at his lips. "They said I'm in love with you. And that you're in love with me."

Emma felt her mouth fall open. No words came out.

He chuckled uncomfortably. "That's bloody ridiculous, right? They must be mad."

Emma swallowed against the lump in her throat. "Well, then Belle and Mary Margaret are insane too. They said the same thing to me after I told them about our photoshoot."

It was Killian's turn for his mouth to drop open. "They did?"

Emma nodded. "Yeah and apparently everyone thinks this. Everyone sees it but us."

"They're all mad, right?" Killian said softly. "It's bloody insane."

Emma met his eyes, her voice emerging just above a whisper. "Is it?"

Killian's tongue darted out to moisten his lips. Emma's eyes moved to his mouth.

If they were being truly honest with themselves, then they both knew there had been an attraction between them from the start and that deeper feelings had grown over time. But they had decided to push those feelings down so that they could continue their professional relationship and friendship without complicating things.

"You don't believe it is?" he asked.

Emma shrugged. "I don't know. Have you ever thought about it? About us?"

Killian blew out a breath. "Well, of course. We're constantly hounded by that question due to our on-screen chemistry. It would be rather strange not to have at least considered it. But you made it clear from the outset that you don't date your co-stars and I respect that."

Emma nodded. "And you really aren't a one woman guy."

There was a long pause as he looked right into her eyes. "Perhaps I could be," he said softly. "For the right woman," he added.

Emma swallowed around the lump in her throat. "I wouldn't want to risk our professional relationship or our friendship, Killian. I've been there before and it was not pretty when it all went to hell."

"Who says it has to?" Killian whispered. "Who says we won't work?"

Killian moved closer to her, his eyes now focused on her lips. His hand reached up to brush a piece of hair behind her ear. He then cupped her face with his hand.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, as his lips drew near hers.

"I know what it's like to kiss you as Beckett. Now I'd like to know what it's like to kiss you as
Emma's eyes widened for a moment as his lips met hers. They had kissed dozens of times as their characters, but it felt like the first time. Emma's hand went to his neck, her fingers digging into his hair at the nape. Killian's other hand slid down her bare back to her waist, pulling her closer until she met his chest. She felt his tongue slide into her mouth and she ran hers along it. The kiss was better than they had ever experienced as their characters.

When they finally pulled back, their eyes met and held.

"So?" Emma breathed with a tiny smile. "What did you think?"

Killian paused for a long moment and then shrugged. "Eh, it was alright."

Emma laughed and gently slapped his arm. Then she grabbed his collar and hauled him back to her lips. His hands immediately tangled in her hair, as her teeth nipped at his lower lip. Killian pulled away and moved his mouth to her neck as he felt her nails drag down his back.

Emma finally pulled back as she felt like things were getting too heated too quickly, especially in a public setting where they could be discovered at any moment. The last thing they needed was to be splashed all over the Internet in a compromising position.

Killian met her eyes. "Are we doing this, love?" he asked.

Emma chewed on her lower lip nervously. "What if it doesn't work out? It could ruin everything," she said.

Killian brought his fingers up and twirled a piece of her hair between them. "And what if it does? We could have something bloody amazing, Emma."

Emma smiled. "Do you really believe that?"

He nodded. "Aye. If we're being honest, there's always been something between us. Right from the start. We both know it. We’ve always known it. But we pushed it down, pushed it aside, for the sake of the show."

Emma shrugged. "It doesn't seem like we did a great job. Everyone else seemed to notice anyway."

Killian chuckled. "Right you are."

Emma cocked an eyebrow. "You sure you can give up your player ways?"

"For you, milady, I can do anything," he whispered, eyes focused on hers.

Emma smiled and kissed him again. When they parted, their foreheads remained touching.

"Debbie will be pleased," he said.

"Excuse me?" Emma asked. "Who's Debbie and why will she be pleased?"

"Debbie from the hair department. Apparently, the entire cast and crew had a bet going on when we'd finally realize our feelings for each other and get together."

"They had a bet?" Emma said.
"Aye, and Debbie had Comic Con."

Emma laughed. "I guess it's Debbie's lucky day then," she said.

Killian shook his head. "I'm afraid I have to disagree, love."

"Oh?"

"I believe it's our lucky day," he said.

He then kissed her again as she laughed into his lips.

Outside the lounge, stood David, Mary Margaret, Belle, and Robin, smiles upon their lips as they peered through the doorway of the lounge and watched their co-stars kiss.

"Text Debbie," David said to Robin. "Tell her coffee's on her on Monday. She'll know what it means."

...The End…

Thanks for reading! I’d appreciate any feedback you’d like to give. ~Steph

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