The Morning After (My Gift To You).

by AreYouSittingComfortably

Summary

It’s Saturday 15th February, a couple of months after the Wicked Witch has been defeated and everything is returning to normal in Storybrooke (or, as normal as Storybrooke gets) and Emma Swan is waking up with no memory of anything that happened the night before and some very angry text messages to deal with...

What kind of Valentine’s Day would it be without a Damsel in Distress, Hyperactive Children, Hallucinogenic Chocolates, A Shirtless Pirate, A Mutinous Crew, Axe-Wielding Fathers, and Regina trying to kill them? (Who needs A Happy Ending when there's YouTube?!)

It’s 10am on Saturday 15th February, a couple of months after the Wicked Witch has been defeated and everything is returning to normal in Storybrooke (or, as normal as Storybrooke gets, anyway), and Emma Swan has stumbled through the wreckage of her apartment into the kitchen. She’s yawning and rubbing the sleep from her eyes, pouring herself a coffee, when her phone beeps.

Snow » Emma: So, how was ur Valentine’s date with Hook?!

Emma » Snow: Huh? I didn’t have a date with Hook
Snow » Emma: ? I thought he asked u out last week?

Emma » Snow: He did. Several times. I said no.

Snow » Emma: Why?

Emma » Snow: … *stalling*

Snow » Emma: So what DID u do last night?

Emma » Snow: Henry had Grace over, and Regina asked if I could look after Roland

Snow » Emma: So you spent Valentine’s Day baby-sitting?!

Emma » Snow: Yeah

Snow » Emma: …

Emma » Snow: It was actually kinda fun. I think. Judging by the state of my living room we had quite the party. Ava, Nicholas and August came too.

Snow » Emma: still weird (August).

Emma » Snow: no kidding. What did u guys do?

Snow » Emma: u don’t want to know ;-)

Emma » Snow: still trying to make that baby, huh? Actually, don’t answer that. Hang on, gotta another message coming.

Hook » Emma: morning love! Did I leave my shirt at your place last night?

Emma » Hook: what? *looks around confused, spies Hook’s shirt* er, yeah?!

Hook » Emma: I don’t remember much about last night. Did we have fun?

Emma » Hook: I don’t even remember u being here.

Hook » Emma: what do you mean you don’t remember? I’m offended, lass!

Emma » Hook: hang on, I’ve got another message coming

Regina » Emma: Miss Swan, what’s this Roland’s been telling me about a half-naked pirate in your living room last night?

Emma » Regina: huh? *stalling*

Regina » Emma: Well? I’m waiting?

Emma » Regina: look, I honestly don’t remember. The kids were playing games, Hook came over. Wait, hang on.

Emma » Hook: why did you come over last night? I thought we agreed not to see each other on Valentine’s?

Hook » Emma: you called and begged me to come over. What kind of gentleman ignores a damsel in distress?
Emma » Hook: distress?

Hook » Emma: you said something about losing control of the children and needing help, then you screamed and we got cut off, so I rushed over.

Emma » Hook: ?

Hook » Emma: you really don’t remember?

Emma » Hook: ?

Ruby » Emma: so, missy, want to explain what a half-naked pirate was doing leaving your apartment in the early hours of this morning?!!!!!

Emma » Ruby: ?

Ruby » Emma: get your ass over here girl! I want D.E.T.A.I.L.S!!!

Emma » Ruby: I don’t know what u r talking about. We were babysitting!

Jefferson » Emma: thanks for having Grace over last night. She said she had a great time.

Emma » Jefferson: sure, anytime. Er, did she say anything else?

Jefferson » Emma: like what?


Regina » Emma: Ms Swan, I’m waiting….

Emma » Hook: *frantic* what the hell happened last night?!

Hook » Emma: I’ve no clue, lass. I came over to rescue you from the little rascals. After that…

Emma » Hook: what does “…” mean?!

Hook » Emma: what would you like it to mean?

Emma » Hook: NOW IS NOT THE TIME!

Hook » Emma: that’s not what you said last night!

Emma » Hook: WHAT THE?

Hook » Emma: sorry, you walked right into that one! Where did you find my shirt?

Emma » Hook: tied to a broom.

Hook » Emma: ?

Regina » Emma: Still waiting.

Emma » Hook: ok, so you came over, the kids were here, and somehow ur shirt ended up tied to a broom

Hook » Emma: apparently so.
David » Hook: HOOK! Where R U, U no good son of a &@**@^?!

Hook » David: charmed, I’m sure. A little hostile this morning aren’t we, mate?

David » Hook: what were u doing leaving my daughter’s apartment half-naked this morning?

Snow » Hook: now would be a good time to RUN!

Hook » David: I can explain…

Hook » David: actually, no. I can’t.

Hook » Emma: wait there, I’m coming over!

Snow » Emma: u might want to keep Hook away from David for a few days. I think the bromance is over.

Emma » Snow: WHAT IS GOING ON?

Snow » Emma: that’s what I’d like to know. Why is Ruby asking me what I know about Hook leaving your apartment HALF-NAKED this morning?!

Emma » Snow: ?!

Snow » Emma: I thought you said you were babysitting last night?!

Emma » Snow: I was, we were, I...

Snow » Emma: WE? So, Hook WAS with you?

Emma » Snow: Yes! No! Argh! I don’t remember! What the hell is going on?

David » Hook: U can run, but U can’t hide! I WILL find you. I will ALWAYS find you!

Regina » Emma: I’m still waiting…

Hook » Emma: *frantically hammering on Emma’s door* open the door, love! Quick!

Hook bursts through Emma’s door, breathless, wild-eyed and still shirtless under his leather coat. He’s clearly run all the way from the docks. He bolts the door behind him, before collapsing to the floor, breathing heavily.

“What the hell happened?” they demand of each other.

Emma shakes her head. “I don’t remember anything! The kids were here, apparently you were here, and then this…” she gestures round the living room. The couches and the tables are upside down, there are cushions and blankets strewn all over the place, and in the middle of it all, is Hook’s shirt, tied to a broom shoved down the back of a chair.

“Bloody hell, lass. Did we do this?” Hook’s expression is somewhere between shocked and impressed.

“No! I don’t know. Maybe?” Emma shrugs hopelessly.

“I’m wounded, lass,” Hook sighs, placing his hand over his heart. “I would hope you’d remember having so much fun with me.”
“Well, YOU don’t!” Emma huffs indignantly.

“Fair point, love.” Hook really hopes nothing happened, because he would want to remember if it did.

Emma’s phone beeps again and she checks her messages. There’s a picture message from an unknown number. With a sinking feeling she opens it. It’s of her and Hook (shirtless), her head is on his chest and his arm is wrapped around her. They appear to be asleep.

Emma groans and shows Hook the picture. To her annoyance, he just smirks. “You look good on me.” She elbows him in the ribs “What? I knew you couldn’t resist me forever!”


“Who’s it from?” he asks.

“Not a clue.”

They’re interrupted by loud hammering on the door. David yells “I know you’re in there, Hook! Emma, open the door!”

“Yeah, I don’t think so. Not until you calm down.” She calls back. “Hook, put your shirt back on!” she hisses.

“EMMA!” yells David.

“Miss Swan!” Regina’s voice is added to David’s. “Let me in.”

“What are we doing to do?” Emma mouths at Hook desperately.

“I’m more interested in finding out what we did.” He waggles his eyebrows at her. Emma throws a cushion at him.

David continues hammering at the door. “LET ME IN so I can kill him that lousy, stinking pirate!”

“Oi! Let’s not forget I saved your bloody life in Neverland, mate!” Hook cries out indignantly.

Above the sound of David’s hammering, Emma hears her phone beep again.

Regina » Emma: Is this what you call appropriate entertainment for our children?! *picture of Emma and Hook attached*

Shit. “Look, Regina, I can explain…”

“I wish you would.” Regina replies coldly.

“OUT OF MY WAY!” roars a new voice, which Emma recognises, with a sinking feeling, as Michael Tillman.

Suddenly there’s a loud, splintering crack.

Hook grabs Emma, pushing her behind him, his shirt still only half on.


Another crack and the point of an axe is visible through the door. Hook and Emma look at each
other wildly. This can’t be happening. Their eyes both alight on the window at the same time.

“Fire escape?” suggests Emma.

Hook nods, sprinting to the window and opening it wide, “After you”.

They slither down the fire escape, Emma in her pyjamas, Hook still half out of his shirt, just as the door of her apartment flies open. Three angry heads peer out of the window at them, and for one crazy moment Emma thinks Michael is going to hurl his axe down on them. They’re so busy worrying about the threat above, they fail to see the threat below.

As they reach the bottom of the ladder and prepare to sprint away, they find their path blocked by Marco, Archie, and Granny wielding her crossbow. Again, Hook pushes Emma behind him, and Granny takes aim at his chest.

“What the hell?” cry Emma and Hook, in unison.

“What did you think you were doing in front of my innocent child?” demands Marco, furiously.

Archie steps forward between them all with his arms raised, “Now let’s just talk about this calmly, like adults.” he suggests nervously.

“It was behaving like adults that got them into this mess in the first place!” Marco responds angrily.

Emma and Hook look at each startled. It was? They didn’t … did they?!

Henry suddenly comes running up in his pyjamas, placing himself between his birth mother and the others, Regina hot on his heels. “What are you doing?!” he yells at Granny and Marco “Leave them alone!” Then he turns on Regina, glaring at her in fury. “You! You did this! I thought you were a better person. I believed you when you said you’d changed, but you haven’t! Why can’t you leave her alone?!”

Regina looks stunned, “Henry, what are you saying? I haven’t done anything! Miss Swan, on the other hand… has a lot to answer for!” she turns to face Emma accusingly “See? See what you’ve done? Turned our son against me! Did you think you’d just sail off into the sunset with our son and this pirate?” she virtually spits the word, “Well, not on my watch! I’m sorry Henry, but this is for your own good.” And she raises her hand, conjuring a fireball.

Snow comes sprinting round the corner, sliding to a halt beside Emma, her bow drawn and an arrow pointing at Regina’s heart, “NOT MY DAUGHTER, YOU BITCH!” she screams.

“SOMEONE HAS TO PAY FOR THIS!” Regina roars back, eyes flashing with anger, “If not her, then him!” She shifts her hand to aim the fireball at Hook.

“No!” screams Emma, pushing Hook behind her.

“Why not?” comes a sickly sweet voice as Mr Gold steps up beside Regina. “He never could keep it in his pants. I say let him have it, dearie!”

“Rumple, no! You promised! You have to let this go!” pleads Belle, pulling at Gold’s arm.

“Get back in line, Gold! The pirate’s mine!” yells David from the window.

“What are you talking about?!” cries Emma desperately, “Have you all gone mad?"

“You called?” asks Jefferson cheerfully, strolling up beside them, holding his daughter’s hand.

“Hi Captain!” smiles Grace, “Can I have your autograph now you’re famous?” She holds up her phone and snaps a picture of them.

“What the…?!” Emma and Hook look at each other in complete and utter confusion.

There’s a moment of silence before Snow giggles, clapping her hand over her mouth quickly, “Oops.”

Regina glares at her but lowers her hand, extinguishing the fireball. “‘Bitch’, seriously?”

“Sorry?” giggles Snow “I’ve always wanted to go Mrs Weasley on your ass!”

“Well, you have always been jealous of my ass.” Regina smirks, sashaying a little as she walks to towards Henry and gives his hair an affectionate ruffle.

“The chocolates worked a treat, Mom!” he grins.

“CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?” yells Emma, frantically.

“Here,” says Grace calmly, thrusting her phone into Emma’s hand, opening up a video “watch this”. Hook and Emma watch in amazement as the events of last night beging to unfold before their eyes.

“I may have added a few extra ingredients to the pastries I sent over with Roland…” explains Regina, as the hyperactive children start transforming Emma’s living room into a pirate fleet. “And possibly something slightly hallucinogenic to the chocolates Henry gave you…”

“Oh my God!” whispers Emma in horror, as she watches herself becoming increasingly paranoid as the children get into their game. “You’re EVIL!” Regina gives her a wicked grin.

“Oh look!” says Henry, “Here’s where you called Hook!”

“You were in on this?!” she asks her son incredulously.

Emma cringes as she watches herself literally begging Hook to come over and rescue her, apparently convinced she’s about to be abducted by a ruthless band of dwarf pirates.

**Beside her, Hook is grinning. “Told you!” he laughs. “This is NOT funny.” she scowls back.**

By the time Hook bursts through her door, she’s half-buried under a pile of cushions with August and Roland trying to tie her to a fake mast (the broomstick). Taking stock of the situation, Hook helps himself to a chocolate from the side table before swooping in to rescue her with a grin.

**Hook groans, “So that’s why I can’t remember anything else!”**

Within minutes, he’s obviously hallucinating as much as Emma, trying desperately to fight off Hansel and Gretel who are attempting to shove him into the oven. He finally breaks free of them, grabs Emma’s hand, and drags her up the stairs, only to find Henry and Grace blocking their way and forcing them back down the stairs with imaginary swords. “Never again shall we take such orders!” Hook roars, suddenly throwing off his vest and his shirt, and preparing to fight back, “We’ll take what we please!” “Aye! That we will!” Emma cries, grabbing Hook by the hair and
kissing him hungrily.

 Hooks visibly swells beside her as Emma hides her face in her hands, groaning. She doesn’t have to look at him to know that he’s smirking from ear to ear.

 The children sense their opportunity to take control of the situation, and attempt to tie the adults to the bannister. Back to back, Emma and Hook try to fight the young pirates off. The battle continues for some time, during which the children manage to commandeer Hook’s abandoned shirt and tie it the mast like a flag before finally capturing them and forcing them to walk the invisible plank. Hook is lying flat on the floor on his back, slightly stunned, when Emma trips and sprawls on top of him, winded. They lie there for a few moments, trying to get their breath back, before Hook’s arms reach around Emma, pulling her closer, murmuring “About bloody time, lass”… then they both pass out, a half smile still on Hook’s lips.

 The video cuts out.

 “That’s where you fell asleep.” explains Henry.


 “You drugged us!” accuses Emma, outraged. “And you were in on it?!” she turns to her mother, who’s laughing helplessly. She nods.

 “And you?” she turns to Jefferson.

 He grins madly. “How do you think Grace got her hands on a smart phone and learned how to upload a video to YouTube?”

 “You too?!” she turns to Archie and Marco in disbelief.

 “Who do you think stormed the pirate ship, rescued the kids, and made sure they all got home safely?!”

 “And how about you, mate?” Hook calls up to David.

 “Didn’t count on those chocolates, did you? Serves you right for not asking permission to date my daughter!” laughs David.

 “Do you know how ridiculous that sounds?!?” demands Emma, “I’m nearly 30! We don’t need to ask …” something suddenly dawns on her, and she turns to Hook suspiciously. “Wait, how come you left my house in the middle of the night without your shirt on?”

 Hook feigns surprise “What?” he asks innocently.

 Emma’s eyes widen “You were in my house, I was lying in your arms, and I’m supposed to believe you just woke up and walked out?”

 “I told you I’m always a gentleman, Swan.” he shrugs (but with a thoroughly ungentlemanly wink).

 “And…” she frowns, ”if you really thought I was in trouble, how come you turned up at my house without your cutlass?!”

 Hook tries, unsuccessfully, to fight the smile threatening to curl the corner of his mouth.
“Oh. My. God. You were in on it too.”

Hook grins. “I did promise you some fun, love! I just didn’t count on you being as stubborn as your father!” David throws him an evil glare which he ignores, instead conceding “He’s right though, I didn’t count on the chocolates either. Nice touch.” he adds, throwing an appraising glance at Regina.

“You’re evil!” Emma punches him in the arm.

“Hey!” he protests.

“You’re ALL evil!” she accuses, glaring at all the people standing around laughing at her. “I thought you were going to kill us! … WHY?! Why did you do this?!”

Snow and Regina exchange amused glances.

“Seriously?!” asks Hook quietly, one eyebrow nearly arching off his face.

Regina eyes Emma sadly, as though talking to a particularly obstinate child “Next time he asks you out, Miss Swan,” she says, “just say …”

“YES!” yells everyone together, erupting into fresh gales of laughter.

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Later that evening, her living room mostly ship-shape again, Emma and Hook are sprawled on her couch, nursing well-deserved hot chocolates laced with rum and marshmallows. Henry is at Regina’s.

“Admit it, you had fun with me last night.” Hook teases.

“Maybe.”

“I’m going to need more than ‘maybe’ if you want me to get Jefferson to take the video off YouTube.” he growls.

“Oh, alright, you insufferable pirate! I had a good time.”

“With me. On Valentine’s Day.” he smirks.

“Shut up.”

They sit for a moment in comfortable silence. “Actually, there’s one thing I don’t understand… how did a one-handed pirate get so good at texting?”

“Henry. He showed me how the enchantment works.”

“The what?”

“The enchantment on the phone, lass, that makes it respond to my voice.”

Emma looks at him blankly, so he reaches for his phone and demonstrates. “Text Emma” he commands, and the phone opens up Messaging “Why is there a pirate in your living room? And
why does he still have his clothes on? Send.” A beep from Emma’s phone tells her she has a message.

“You’ve got to be kidding me?” Emma is outraged. “How come yours does that but when I try, mine just writes complete nonsense??!”

“Maybe Regina enchanted yours when she was in a bad mood?” he laughs. Emma glares at him but he just grins back at her. “I wonder if she can enchant you to respond to my commands…”

“You really don’t want to go there, pirate.”

“Don’t I?” he waggles his eyebrows suggestively. “And I prefer Captain” he growls.

So not fair, thinks Emma, as his voice flicks deliciously between syrup and sandpaper, sending shivers down her spine. She tries to pull herself together. “Please. You couldn’t handle it, Captain.”

The smile that plays across his face is positively wicked. “Are you going to kiss me now?” he asks, hopefully.

“Is that a request, or a command?” she responds, playfully.

“Let me tell you how it works on my ship…” he begins, but Emma cuts him off impatiently.

“We’re not on your ship, we’re on my couch, and I give the orders here! So, shut up and kiss me, Captain!”

“As you wish!”

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