**Bowties ARE Cool**

by BlackWidowNat

**Summary**

This story was written for my Analyzing Pride & Prejudice class. We had to write a modern version of P&P and I threw Emma and Killian in there because why not? Sorry about the sucky summary, but you guys should know the story of P&P by now, seriously.

**Notes**

I chose this particular title because I love Doctor Who as well and I think Killian might enjoy it...a modern au Killian anyways.

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Killian Jones sat in Granny’s Diner, sipping on his coffee and looking at his favorite morning paper section. He was working on the crossword, trying to ignore the argument on the merits of Wayne Rooney vs. David Beckham as footballers going on between his cousins Robin and Will Loxley-Jones and his brother Liam (a major Leo Messi supporter).

Killian loved his family, there was no doubt to that, but he was so different from them. He enjoyed sitting by the water with his classical music, nose stuck in a book or drawing until all hours.
because he hoped to be an illustrator one day, but in the meantime he worked as a mechanic for
the boats his brother helped build. Growing up, his mother told him he should be more outgoing
or people would mistake him for being haughty. Killian tried, but it never worked. Luckily, his
family moved from Ireland to the U.S. right before he started college (that was five years ago).
Liam, six years older than him, had met a girl and was going to get married. Two years later, the
Loxley-Jones brothers (Robin, 22 and Will, who was Killian’s age) moved to live with the Jones’
and they’d all been inseparable ever since.

The argument broke up when the diner’s door swung open to reveal a beautiful icy blonde,
Liam’s wife Elsa, in all her seven months pregnant glory. She kissed her husband and then her
brother-in-law on the temple and sat down next to Liam with a huge smile on her face. All the
men were quiet until Will broke the silence.

“What’s got ya all smiles Elsa?”

“I ran into the Mary Margaret Nolan at the market just now.”

“How does her name seem familiar?” asked Robin.

“Her husband, David, is the owner of that big club in Midtown that’s been all over the news,
*Storybrooke* and they also own that chain of fairytale themed restaurants, *Once Upon a Time.*”

“Really? I’ve tried getting into *Storybrooke* so many times…never been able to”, said Will.

“Of course you haven’t been able to, that club’s for prestigious people only little brother.” Will
rolled his eyes at Robin’s statement, but before he could correct him, the others spoke.

“Younger brother!” they all said.

“Hmph.” Elsa sighed. “May I finish?”

“Go on sister.” Killian patted her hand.

“As I was saying, I met Mary Margaret today and we got to talking about how this was my first
child and how her daughter was grown, just graduated from Harvard Business and back in town
and they were throwing a big party at *Storybrooke* and wouldn’t I like to come to the party
tonight?”

“Elsa, you didn’t.” Will’s eyes were wide as saucers and he had a big smile on his face.

“Elsa, I did. Mary Margaret had some extra passes in her car and long story short, we’ve got
special passes to get in tonight!” Elsa pulled five VIP badges from her purse and passed them out.

“I may not be the overly social type, but thank you Elsa, I think this will be pretty fun”, said
Killian. A round of thank-you’s came from the Loxley-Jones’s and kiss from Liam.

Killian stared at his VIP badge; he’d heard of Mary Margaret and David Nolan’s daughter, the
ever prideful Emma Nolan, and seen pictures of her in magazines. The woman was beautiful, but
he’d heard how snobby she could be. While it’d be nice to get to know her, why should he bother
with someone who would most surely treat him the way the boys at his boarding school had?
What’d be the point?
Killian adjusted his bow-tie as he looked at himself in the mirror in the entryway of the house he shared with Liam and Elsa. He sighed when he couldn’t get the tie to look like it should and sighed in frustration.

“Need some help?” Killian turned to see his sister-in-law smiling at him from the stairs.

“You look beautiful”, he replied. Elsa wore an ice blue empire waist gown that enhanced her six months pregnant figure. “And yes, please. I’ve not been able to get this thing to look properly.”

Elsa took the bowtie from him and proceeded to tie it.

“I don’t understand why you insist on wearing them if you can’t tie them”, said Liam as he walked up to them.

“Because bow ties are cool”, replied Killian.

“Could you be any more British?” Liam rolled his eyes. Killian smacked him on the shoulder, “Oi, we’re Irish! And there’s nothing wrong with liking the good Doctor.”

“You take it to a new height though.” All three of them looked down at Killian’s feet, where he donned a pair of black Converse high-tops.

“I think he looks handsome.”

“I prefer dashing rapscallion. Although, as the good Doctor said: Black tie…whenever I wear this, something bad always happens.” Liam rolled his eyes again.

“Nothing bad is going to happen you ponce.” Liam made to walk out to the car, then turned back around. “Well, it just might if you keep quoting Doctor Who the entire time.” Killian just laughed and grabbed Elsa’s hand, and turned to look back at his brother.

“Run you clever boy!” He pulled Elsa after him. Liam just dropped his chin to his chest, calling after his brother.

“Just hurry up and get in the car. And hope that they don’t mind about your attire.”

It turned out that Mary Margaret Nolan was a big fan of Doctor Who, the 10th Doctor in particular, because who doesn’t love David Tennant? She and Killian were chatting about their favorite 10 moments when the crowd went quiet and turned to look at the entrance of the club: their host’s daughter stood in deep red ball gown with long sleeves, and her hair pulled up in a bun with a jeweled headband. She was accompanied by two other women. As they descended the stairs, Liam sidled up next to Killian, Will, and Robin, since David and Mary Margaret had gone to receive their daughter.

“That’s Emma Nolan. She just graduated from Harvard Business last year, top five in her class. The two women with her are Belle and Marian French. Belle is a librarian who’s in charge of all
the libraries in Bangor and Marian is a botanist who just got back from a long study in South America.”

“Cousin, mate, please tell me this Belle is single. I think I’m in love.” Will hadn’t taken his eyes off the librarian since she’d appeared and Robin kept staring at Marian.

“From what I heard, they all are.” Killian rolled his eyes and looked back up at the women, focusing on Emma who seemed to look down over everyone, like they had no business being there.

“For some reason, dear Elsa, I’m being reminded of a line from that movie you like. That one with Keira What’s-Her-Name.”

“Knightley. What line would that be Killian?”

“ ‘He looks miserable, poor soul.’ She does look pretty miserable, does she not?”

Killian was speaking in a group with Marian, Robin, Will, and Belle when David walked up with Emma on his arm.

“Killian, Robin, Will…I’d like to introduce my daughter, Emma. Emma, this is Killian Jones and his cousins Will and Robin Loxley-Jones.” Emma gave a small smile and extended her hand.

“Nice to meet you.” Robin and Will shook her hand and then she turned to Killian. He took her hand in his and kissed her knuckles. Killian and Liam’s mother had raised both her sons to be gentlemen, and even if he wanted nothing to do with someone as stuck up as Emma Nolan seemed to be, he wouldn’t compromise his upbringing for it. However, he couldn’t help but admit to himself that Emma Nolan was beautiful.

“Milady. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“I’m sure.” Marian, Robin, Will, and Belle excused themselves and headed to the dance floor.

“Emma, why don’t you Killian go and have a dance?” said David.

“I’m good thanks.” Emma smiled at her father. “If you will excuse me.” She picked up her skirts and walked off fast enough to make Killian think she couldn’t stand being around him.

“Sorry about that.”

“It’s okay Mr. Nolan.”

“I’m going to go see if she’s okay.”

He watched as David went off in pursuit of Emma. He knew it shouldn’t bother him that someone he didn’t even know, but that was actually the point. She didn’t know him, where did she get off looking down on him like she did. Whatever. Just don’t worry about her mate. There’s less snobby fish in the sea.

Killian picked up his champagne glass and took a sip, wandering off and finding a seat on a bench
under the stairs. He was joined a little while later by Will.

“How’s your evenin’ comin’ along cousin? You ‘avin’ fun? Has the fair Emma won your heart?” Killian scoffed and drank the rest of his champagne. “What’s that mean?”

He was about to reply when they heard footsteps on the stairs and then Belle’s voice.

“Smile Emma, it’s a party.”

“Uh huh.” There was quiet for a minute then she spoke again, “How are you liking Will? He seems like a nice guy.”

“He’s perfect Ems! He’s so nice and handsome and funny…” Killian looked over at Will and he saw his cousin smiling and gave him a sarcastic thumbs up. “But that cousin of his, Killian, he seems pretty nice. And incredibly handsome.”

“I guess.” There was quiet and then a scoff, “Don’t look at me that way Belle. Fine, he’s really good looking, and the fact that he’s Irish doesn’t help. I mean, I’m only human. And yeah, he could be a nice guy, but I’m not wasting my time on someone who’s most likely looking to score with a rich girl, just like all the rest. So while he might be good looking enough to tempt me, I’m not biting. Just forget about me and go find Will, I’m sure he’s looking for you and you’re wasting all your time with me.”

“One day Emma, someone is going to put you in your place.”

“We’ll see.”

The two men were quiet until they were sure the women’s footsteps had retreated far enough away. Killian remained quiet while Will gave him an apprehensive look and stood.

“She seems like a right piece mate. Think on it like this: if she liked you, you’d have to talk to her!” Killian gave his cousin a self-deprecating smile.

“Exactly. I’ll just finish my drink and go find another, enjoy the party. I don’t need to worry about what some snobby socialite thinks of me. I’ll not spare her another thought.”

Killian didn’t really think of Emma over the next few weeks. It wasn’t until Elsa received an invitation from Mary Margaret to join her for a ‘Girl’s Weekend’ along with Emma, Marian, and Belle. Liam was apprehensive about the whole thing, seeing as Elsa was almost seven months pregnant.

“I’ll be fine Liam”, Elsa assured her husband as she packed her bag for the weekend.

“I’m sure you will.” Liam took a seat on the bed next to her suitcase. “It’s just that I won’t be here should something happen. Maybe I should cancel this business trip.”

“You can’t. This building consultation is important. If you can get Robert Gold to get your company to build his new yacht, it’ll put the company up there with the big leagues. We’re having a baby Liam, we need this.” Elsa ran her hand through her husband’s dark curls. “Besides, Killian
Liam left for his consultation and Elsa went on her trip. A few days later, Killian was sitting in the backyard sketching Elsa (something for his niece’s nursery) as somewhat of a Disney character in the gown she’d worn to the party last month. He was coloring in the gown when he heard the 8-bit version of the *Doctor Who* theme go off in his pocket. The number on the screen was unknown to him.

“’lo?”

“Killian?”

“The one and only. Who is this?”

“Mary Margaret Nolan, we met last month?”

“Yes! Hello, Mrs. Nolan. How might I be of service?”

“It’s your sister, Elsa.” Killian jumped from his seat, sending the colored pencils in his tin flying in a mess of rainbow sticks.

“The baby…is she…are they both-”

“The baby’s fine, first thing they checked. Elsa just slipped and hurt her ankle. We’re already out of the hospital and back at our vacation home. Like I said, Elsa is totally fine, but she says she’d really like you here…”

“I can get on a train and be there in a couple hours. I’ll grab a bag.”

“Don’t worry about it Killian. I’ve arranged for transportation. I’m sending you the address for the Downtown Manhattan Heliport. Be there in one hour, the pilot’s name is Graham. When you get to Montauk, we’ll pick you up.”

Killian tried to stutter out a refusal.

“No, I couldn’t. Mrs. Nolan, I can’t-no…I can make my own way.”

“Nonsense. You’re going to get here by helicopter and that’s that. Remember: ONE HOUR.”

The phone clicked and almost immediately, Killian received a text with the address for the heliport. He picked up his supplies and ran inside the house. He became a tornado, running this way and that, tossing things in his bag, and grabbing a small one for Elsa. Before he ran out of the house, he grabbed his art supplies and shoved them in his bag too.

When he finally made it to the Nolan’s beach home, he was told Elsa was asleep. After checking on her anyways, he went out to the back patio and set up his sketching supplies. He was at work on his drawing of Elsa when a shadow fell over him.
“Nice cartoons Jones.” Emma took the seat across from him and he sent her a small glare. “Didn’t know you liked to draw princesses.”

“They’re going in my niece’s nursery and Liam and Elsa asked me to do them, not that it’s any of your business.” Killian went back to coloring in the gown.

“Uh huh. Whatever then…” They were both quiet for a few minutes, until Emma spoke again. “How’s your sister?” Killian sighed and started putting away his supplies.

“Sleeping. I heard you weren’t here when it happened, not that it matters.” He shoved his tin pencil case and sketchbook in a small bag and stood. “Excuse me, Miss Nolan, I have to go call my brother and give him a report on how his wife is doing.” He turned on his heel and went back into the house.

Liam, Robin, and Will arrived the next morning, much to Belle and Marian’s happiness and Emma’s despair.

Killian had hoped that the incident in Montauk would be the last time he was forced to be in Emma’s presence, but alas it was not. A month later, after becoming very good friends, Mary Margaret decided to throw a big baby shower for Elsa. It’s held at the Nolan family home and Killian is once again in his bowtie and Converse, arguing with Liam that it makes him feel comfortable.

“Just please don’t argue with Emma, or let her push her buttons. I know how you two don’t get along.”

“I promise you brother, I will remain utterly civil and ever the gentleman.”

He was minding his own business later in the night, sipping rum and watching Will dance with Belle (the two seemed very much absorbed with one another), when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to see who wanted his attention and found Emma standing there. You’re making it very hard to despise you he thought to himself: Emma was wearing a blue (Tardis blue he noticed) knee-length cocktail dress with a black lace overlay and sky high heels. Very difficult indeed. Come on Jones, don’t let a pretty face mess with your head. It’s hard not to! Look at her! I am. Killian mentally shook himself and plastered a smile on his face.

“Good evening Miss Nolan, how might I assist you?”

“I was uh, wondering if um…what I’m asking is…” Killian rolled his eyes.

“Just spit it out love.”

“One- not your love…and two- d’you want to dance the next one?” Killian almost choked on his rum.

“Are you asking me to dance?” She nodded. Don’t say yes! You promised yourself you were going to hate her forever remember?! Of course! ‘No’ it will be! “Okay.” He offered his arm to her and led her to the dancing area. The music started and it was a waltz, something Killian knew how to do very well. When he pulled her into the right stance, Emma looked surprised.
“You know how to do whatever this is?” she asked him and Killian scoffed.

“It’s called a waltz. There’s only one rule: pick a partner who knows what he’s doing.” It was strange, twirling and sashaying around with Emma Nolan in his arms. The room became quiet and it was as if there wasn’t anyone else there, it was just the two of them dancing and to his dismay, and it felt good. Afterwards, he gave her an awkward smile and practically ran away from her.

*She’s definitely making it hard for me to hate her.*

Killian didn’t see Emma for two months after the baby shower. Elsa gave birth to a beautiful baby girl she and Liam named Anna. A month after her birth, Killian was babysitting when Will came over for a visit. He looked completely distraught when he sat on the floor next to Killian where he played with Anna.

“What’s eating you mate?”

“Belle, she’s left me.”

“What?” Killian picked up Anna and put her in her bassinet. “Did she say why?”

“Said I didn’t seem to have any ambition to do better than working in Robin’s archery school for the rest of my life. Said she needed someone who had more drive.”

“I thought you said she never cared about that. That she was happy you were happy working with your brother.”

“That’s the thing! She didn’t care! All of a sudden, out of nowhere, she says she needs more! I was going to ask her to marry me! I know it’s only been like, four bleedin’ months, but sometimes you know!”

Killian comforted his cousin and watched over his niece the rest of the afternoon, wondering what in the world had gotten into Belle.

A week after the incident, he was helping Liam out at his business when he saw her again. Emma came in with David because her father was looking to buy his first boat. With his brother busy, Killian offered to take the two Nolans out on his and Liam’s personal boat, *The Jolly Roger*. He was at the helm while David watched as the boat cut through the water from the bow. Emma wandered over to Killian.

“You’re good at this”, she said with a genuine smile. “You seem happy and at home.”

“Aye, love. It’s one of my favorite things to do.”

“Still not your love Jones.”

“Sorry…Emma.”

“I should be the one saying *that*. All my life I’ve been surrounded by fake people. Ones that were nice to me just because of who my parents are and because of our money.” Emma looked Killian
in the eye, “It’s hard for me to talk with people I don’t know. I’m very shy.”

“You’re not the only one lo-Emma.” She smiled at him again.

“You and I? I think we understand each other now Jones.” Emma went to join her father at the bow while Killian received a radio call from Liam telling him that a storm was coming and that he should come back. As he steered the Jolly back to the docks, David joined him at the helm.

“In case you couldn’t tell, I’m sold Killian. Liam does great work.”

“Thank you Mr. Nolan, I’ll be sure to let him know.”

“Call me David, please.”

“Sure.”

“I’m happy to see you and Emma getting along better than when you met. I’m sorry how she was that first night. My daughter had a tumultuous year last year.”

“No problem David. She’s like me, shy and I understand.”

“I’m glad because she really is a nice person. She was telling me how she helped a friend of hers get out of a disadvantageous relationship. Apparently the guy had no ambition.” The realization hit Killian in the chest like a force. How dare she? How dare she speak to him in such a nice way knowing what she’d done to his cousin?

“That’s nice.” Killian remained quiet during the rest of the sail back. A mile from shore, the rain began. It was coming down pretty hard when they docked and Killian assured David he could tie up the Jolly well enough on his own. He was tying off a rope when Emma appeared.

“I need to talk to you.”

“What could you possibly have to say to me?”

“Killian, what’s wrong? What’s made you angry?”

“How can-- how can you just stand there and speak to me knowing what you did?” He ran his hands through his wet hair, making it stick up everywhere.

“What are y--”

“You separated Will and Belle! Do you deny it?”

“No. No, I don’t.”

“Why Emma? They were happy.”

“Because he didn’t care about her the way she did him! He has no ambition!”

“Will barely shows his feelings to his own brother! And who are you to say he doesn’t have ambition? Besides us, Robin is all Will has left! He wants to help his brother expand the archery school and make a name for themselves! How is that not ambition love?”

“I’ve told you Jones, I’m not your love.”

“What do you want Emma?”
“I’m here to ask you out. Will you go to dinner with me?”

“Are you bloody serious right now?”

“I’m not laughing.”

“After what you’ve done, what makes you think I’d want to have anything to do with you? I thought you hated me.”

“I never hated you. I told you, I’m shy! You’re just a mechanic and I’ve been used by people like you before and I’ll be damned before I let it happen again.” Killian scoffed again.

“People like me?”

“Wait—I didn’t mean it.” Killian just glared at her, the rain dripping down his face and getting under his raincoat. “Can we just start over? I really, really like you Killian. Go to dinner with me.”

“Let me say this once princess: from the moment I met you, I knew you were the last person I’d ever want to go out with. You ruined my cousin’s life and took away his love. You say you really like me, but you don’t hesitate in basically calling me poor and inferior. Sure, Liam and Elsa and I might not be as rich as your family, but we worked hard to get where we are. Not to say your parents didn’t work hard, they’re good people and I wouldn’t do them the disservice by saying they aren’t hard workers. I love working with Liam and I will continue to do so until I get my drawings into children’s books and become an illustrator, just in case you were wondering if I had any ambition…love.”

They just stared at each other, ignoring the rain pounding the docks around them. Killian was about to walk away when he saw Emma’s eyes dart to his lips then back to his eyes. Before he knew what was happening, she reached out and grabbed the lapels of his raincoat and pulled him to her, kissing him without abandon. He was still for a second before he gave in. Killian had kissed plenty of women in his adult life, but kissing Emma Nolan was something else entirely. It made the cold because of the rain leave his body and warmed him from the tips of his hair to the tips of his toes. He found himself thinking that he would not mind spending his time kissing Emma in the slightest.

When air became a necessity for both, he pulled away and leaned his forehead to hers, momentarily forgetting the argument they’d been having.

“That was, uh…” he said. Killian felt Emma release his jacket and saw her step back. He caught his breath. “Why would you do something like that?” He saw her ‘mask’ slip back on.

“I apologize if my actions disgusted you. You don’t have to worry about them anymore, you’ve made your choice clear. I’ll not be worrying you again. Good bye Mr. Jones.” Emma pulled the hood of her coat over her head and ran for the office where Killian saw her join her father and they left.

All he could do was touch his lips, still feeling the tingle of her kiss.

Killian smiled as little Anna lay in her baby bouncy chair and ignored the colorful toys hanging
above her in lieu of something more interesting: her feet…and specifically the soft apparatuses that
covered them (socks). He laughed when Anna began gumming at her little toes and she turned
towards the sound, her little green eyes staring at him. He was reminded of another pair of green
eyes and remembered that he hadn’t seen them in almost four months. In that time something had
occurred to him: he loved her.

“Killian!” Liam broke him out of the daydream with a yell.

“What?”

“Why aren’t you dressed yet?”

“Why should I be dressing?”

“Dinner? At the Nolan’s? I told you last week about Mary Margaret’s invitation.” That meant he’d
had to see her again.

“I think it’s best I stay home.”

“She’s not going to be there, or so I’m told. So you’re going. Go get dressed and do not wear
anything that is blue or has man in a bowtie on it.”

“Yes sir.”

Killian was rolling the sleeves of his white button up shirt up to his elbows when his phone rang
and it was Will.

“Killian! You won’t believe the news!”

“What happened?”

“She said yes! She came back to me and said yes!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Belle! She and Emma came to Robin’s a few days ago. Emma blamed herself for what
happened. The bird apologized for misinterpreting me and said she was set straight. She even got
some of her dad’s friends who do adverts to help Robin get the name of his archery school out
there and we’ve been getting tons of calls.”

“I’m happy for you cousin.”

“Thanks mate. I think we were wrong about Emma, Killian. She’s just like you: very shy and I
think we just assumed she was stuck up. By the way, she asked me to pass something on to you.
Said she’d meant to send it earlier, but realized she didn’t have your info and didn’t think that you
would be okay with Elsa giving it out.”

“What is it?”

“I’ve just emailed it to you. Although…I wasn’t supposed to tell you she was here, just that I had
something from her for you. So don’t tell her I told you because I don’t want Belle to get mad at
me when we’re in such a good place.”

“Thanks and don’t worry, I won’t say anything. Congratulations again Will.” He hung up the call
and heard the ping of a new email. He finished with his sleeves and slipped on his black vest,
doing up the three buttons. He’d matched his shirt and vest with black jeans and his usual black
Converse. He stuffed his phone in his back pocket and went downstairs. Liam handed him Anna while he and Elsa finished getting ready, so Killian took the opportunity to read the email Will had sent him. It had no message from him and went straight into Emma’s message:

Killian-

I’m sorry for what I said. I tend to spit out things I never meant to say when I get nervous…and I have to admit, I get nervous around you. I feel like I should explain something to you. A few years ago, when I’d just started my MBA, I met a guy. His name was Neal Cassidy and he was everything. He didn’t care who I was or anything like that…and I found myself falling for him.

We were together for three years and he proposed last year. I was so happy. Then it all blew up in my face. He demanded a pre-nup from me, and even went so far as to give me one his lawyer friend drew up. I won’t bore you with the details but it was basically said he was allowed to have affairs with no problem and if I so much as spoke to another man that wasn’t him or I was related to, he could divorce me and take me for a very big amount. He also told me that he’d been cheating on me the entire time we’d been together.

So that’s my messed up life in a nutshell. It doesn’t excuse my behavior, a better person would’ve put all that mess behind them. I am sorry. I hope that one day you can forgive me and that maybe we can finally get that dinner.

Yours,

Emma xx.

He didn’t say a word, just watched Anna. In the car, he didn’t say anything either. He didn’t speak until he said his greetings to the Nolan’s. He was quiet at dinner unless spoken to. After the main course, he excused himself for a walk in their ample backyard.

He should’ve known she would be there, despite whatever Liam told him. He found her laying on a blanket and staring up at the stars.

“Hello love.” Emma sat up like a shot and he noticed that she tried not to smile when she saw him. He also picked up on how she didn’t chastise him for calling her love.

“Killian! Hi! What are you doing here?” Killian gestured to an empty spot next to her, asking silently if he could join her and she nodded.

“Your lovely mother invited us. She and Elsa get along famously. And of course so she could dote on Anna. I swear that girl has everyone she meets twisted around her little finger.” They were quiet for a few minutes.

“So do you know about the stars? Since you sail and all…can you navigate by them?”

“Aye, Liam taught me years ago. Would you like me to tell you about them?”

“I would yes. I never really had Astronomy classes. It was math and business stuff.” They both lay back on the blanket and stared up at the sky.

“We’re lucky this house is far enough from the city so that we can see at least some of the constellations.” Killian told her all about the most famous and the stories behind them and told her
how the North Star was used to help navigate the seas.

“Do you have a favorite?”

“Aye.” He stared up and found it. “You see that cross in the sky there?” He pointed directly above them.

“I don’t see it.” Killian sat them up and took her hand in his, pointing in the correct direction. “Oh! Now I do!”

“That is Cygnus, or The Swan. The star at the top, Deneb is the brightest of the constellation because it’s a big blue supergiant.”

“It’s beautiful”, said Emma as she watched it. He looked turned to look at her.

“Yes, it is.” She looked at him, and he saw in her face when she realized how close they were and she scooted away a little. Killian tried not to let the hurt show.

“I hear congratulations are in order.” Killian quirked an eyebrow as if to say huh?. “Will and Belle. He proposed and she said yes.”

“Right, yeah. Thank you for doing that for him. I know Will wasn’t supposed to say anything, but he’s got a big mouth—”

“I didn’t do it for him.”

“What?”

“I know he sent you the email I asked him to send. I would think that after reading that, you’d realize I didn’t do what I did for him.”

“Then—”

“I did it for you.” Killian was speechless yet again. “If you still feel the way you did in April, just…tell me now and you’ll never hear from me again. I’ll be civil when our families get together. But, as I’m really beginning to suspect, your feelings changed then I just have to say that despite how I acted, I started falling for you the minute we met and that’s what scared me. That so soon after Neal, my heart found someone else to fill the hole he left. If you care about me, I have to tell you that I love you Killian. I love you and I don’t ever want to be apart from you. These last four months were torture.”

“Well…”

“That’s it? That’s all you’re going to say? ‘Well’?” Killian could tell that she was about to go on a tirade so he smiled and pulled her to him, silencing her with a kiss.

“I love you too”, he mumbled as he kissed her and felt her smile on his lips.

“So our plan worked huh?” Mary Margaret looked over at Elsa, who stood next to her with Anna in her hands, watching Killian and Emma from the window in the library.
“Perfectly”, said Elsa. “I knew it when they met. It was a tough few months, but it worked. She is everything he needed.”

“And he is everything she needed.” Mary Margaret smiled at her friend and they went to join their husbands for dessert.

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