The Morning After

by Narcissa_Mottershead

Summary

Regina has been out with the Queens of Darkness trying to prove herself and Emma finds her a little worse for where and looks after her. Just a little fluff. I hope you enjoy!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Regina?” Emma pounded hard on the older woman’s front door, peering through the window to the living room when she received no answer. All she could see was a mess of bottles and glasses, all of which were empty. Emma shuddered to think what those Queens of Darkness were putting Regina through as ‘re-initiation’, but she was not in the least bit surprised that it seemed to involve copious amounts of alcohol. The blonde pounded hard on the front door again, calling Regina’s name when her phone buzzed. She raised an eyebrow seeing the brunette’s photo on her screen and opened the text.

‘Door is open Emma and please, for the love of god, could you stop yelling.’ Emma’s brow furrowed and she turned the door nob, letting herself in. It wasn’t like Regina to leave her front door unlocked, especially at night.

“Regina?” she called, closing the door with a loud bang behind her. She wandered through the lower level, heels clicking sharply against Regina’s hard wood floors, echoing through the silent house.

“Regi… oh, hey,” she said, spotting the other woman curled up on her couch in the den, her shoes lying next to her where they had clearly been roughly kicked off at god knows what time that morning. The faint smell of tequila wafted from an open bottle on the coffee table and Emma grimaced. Regina definitely looked a little, well, a lot worse for where. She was still in her
cloths from the night before, her make-up smudged and her hair out of sorts.

“I would thank you to please keep the volume down Emma,” Regina said hoarsely, her eyes closed against the glare of the early morning sun. “Or did I not make myself clear in my text?” Emma chuckled softly and knelt down in front of the clearly extremely hung over, and possibly still a little drunk, Regina.

“Rough night?” she asked. Regina peeked at Emma through one half open eye.

“They drink like college students at a frat party,” she groaned.

“I can see you never got to bed,” Emma smirked. “What time did you curl up here?”

“Feels like five minutes ago, but I think I passed out at about five,” Regina grumbled. “What time is it now?” Emma winced.

“It’s seven thirty. I came straight from dropping Henry at the bus.” Regina groaned loudly and pressed her face into the cool leather of the sofa. The cold surface was vaguely soothing against her violently throbbing head and she couldn’t help but let out a little moan.

“I’ll be right back,” Emma smiled, and Regina closed her eyes, listening to the sound of Emma’s boots click noisily out of the room.

The next thing Regina knew she could feel someone gently brushing her hair out of her face, the fingertips ghosting the side of her face, sending a pleasant tingling across her skin. Regina opened her eyes to find the blonde squatting back in front of her, her green eyes twinkling in the dulled light of the den.

“That was quick,” Regina mumbled, a little smile tugging at the Saviour’s pink lips.

“Actually you dozed off,” Emma chuckled. Now that it was quieter and not striking her eardrums like a war drum, adding to her pounding headache, Regina actually found the sound of the saviour’s chuckle quite pleasing. “Here,” the blonde said, holding out her hand, two little round pills lying on her palm. “Take these. You look like you need it.” Regina was fairly sure that last part was a slur but she didn’t really have the energy or presence of mind to say anything about it.

“Thanks,” she muttered, going to push her self up. As she did so however her stomach rolled, sending a violent wave of nausea crashing through her. Emma watched as the colour drained from the Queen’s face and her hand flew to her mouth.

“Emma,” Regina grunted through gritted teeth. “I think…” Before she could finish her sentence Emma had leapt up besides her onto the couch, dropped the aspirin on the coffee table and had produced a plastic bowl from thin air just in time, as the alcohol from the previous night made it’s escape from Regina’s stomach and she heaved. Once Regina had emptied the tequila, wine, cider and god only knows what else from her system Emma cleared the bowl with a wave of her hand as Regina doubled over, heaving deep breaths of clean air into her lungs. She passed the woman the glass of water that she had brought with her from the kitchen and rubbed large soothing circles on her back as she sipped at the water.

“Better?” she asked, as the brunette set the glass back down. Regina nodded, and then immediately regretted the action as she felt her brains rattle noisily around her head. She moaned softly and her head flopped against Emma’s shoulder. She was vaguely aware that this was probably not appropriate, but right now she really did not care.
“Think you can manage those aspirin?” Emma asked softly, and Regina nodded again, much more slowly this time. Emma reached over to the coffee table and Regina found that she immediately missed the contact, the rubbing of her back, the warmth of her body. She wanted it back. She took the aspirin and swallowed them with an eager gulp of water, then drained the rest of the glass. She leaned back against the sofa, head flopping back and she closed her eyes against the light once again.

“We should get you to bed,” Emma said softly. “Think you can make it up stairs without barfing on me?” Regina forced her head up and her eyes open and was met once again with soft green eyes, dappled with light concern despite the little smile on her face.

“No,” she grumbled. “But I’ll try.” Emma chuckled and put an arm around her waist, gently helping her up. Regina swayed as her head swam, thick fog filling her head, nausea sloshing in her stomach and she grabbed hold of Emma’s arm. She leaned into the blonde’s warm body, closing her eyes against the fog and felt Emma’s grip on her tighten.

“Okay?” Emma asked. Regina gave a tiny nod, lifting up her head and forcing her eyes open.

“Fine,” she murmured. “Just, go slow okay?”

“Of course,” Emma smiled.

Emma slowly guided Regina up the stairs towards the master bedroom. By the time Regina was sat on the bed she looked almost green. Emma conjured another bowl and placed it at the side of the bed and Regina smirked.


“Getting there,” she said. “Could you close the curtains please?” Emma smiled.

“No problem.” Emma padded over to close the curtains and Regina changed herself into a pair of silk pyjamas with a flick of her wrist. She eased her self under the covers and when she looked up Emma was placing a glass of water on her nightstand.

“Anything else you need?” the blonde asked. Regina looked up at her, an expression Emma had never seen casting a sad shadow over her face. She looked almost shy. “You okay?” she sat beside her on the bed and Regina nodded, her eyes closing. She felt Emma’s hand on her shoulder, and let out a happy little hum as she felt it rub up and down her arm.

“I’ll be okay,” she mumbled and Emma chuckled. She frowned as she felt Emma’s hand stop, and heard that same musical chuckle. She listened curiously as she heard something hitting the floor and then felt the bed dip and the covers lift.

“You’ll have to move over,” Emma smiled. Regina did as she was told, wanting only to feel Emma’s hand on her back again. She reached out and found Emma’s warm body next to her and nuzzled closer, feeling the woman shift as she felt a surprisingly strong set of arms wrap themselves around her. The sound of a soft heart beat filled hear ears, slowly replacing the throbbing in her head and she let out another little hum as she felt the gentle rubbing of her back resume, wearing out the last remaining traces of nausea. The last thing she registered was the whispering touch of a soft kiss on her forehead before she slipped into a sound slumber.
End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, please let me know what you think :)

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