

The Spanish Lesson

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The Spanish Lesson

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Summary

Emma takes a sudden interest in learning Spanish.

Notes

Note - SwanQueen relationship set in Storybrooke. This story takes a few liberties, mainly that Regina and Emma are already in a monogamous relationship and that relationship is canon.

“YO hablo... Tu hablas... El or Ella... El or Ella..... UGH” Henry hit the table in frustration.

“What’s wrong, kid?” Emma asked, poking her head around the corner to the breakfast nook.

“I can’t get these verb conjugations. It’s impossible.” Henry said, exasperated.

“Oh... Well... I can help, if you want.” Emma offered, her eyebrows raised and lips slightly puckered. Henry chuckled at his mom’s comical expression.

“You don’t speak Spanish, mom.” Henry reminded her.

“Hey now... I speak a little. I had to run down my fair share of bad hombres back in Boston. Give me a second to get dinner in the oven and I’ll come see if I can help you out.” Emma said, disappearing back into the kitchen. Henry softly smiled. Regina had been working overtime at the Mayor’s office with the influx of Storybrooke citizens after the last portal had opened, and so Emma had been home more. The change of pace was nice, although Emma’s lasagna couldn’t hold a candle to Regina’s. Henry continued looking over the text book while he waited for Emma to finish.

“Alright, kid. Spanish tutor in the house.” Emma said, tossing her apron aside and spinning a chair around backwards. She settled easily on it, pulling Henry’s textbook towards her.

“Ok. So the point of conjugating a verb is so that we know who the action refers to. Huh. That’s interesting.” Emma said, her eyes scanning over the text. “Looks like there are a few different forms of verbs... The book says there’s ‘-ar’, ‘-or’, and ‘-ir/-er’ verbs.” Emma read the words aloud.

“I know that. The hard part is remembering what goes with what.” Henry said. He appreciated Emma’s help, but had a feeling this was a case of the blind leading the blind.

“Sooooooo.... Oh! Here! Here’s charts for the major verb conjugations... and then... a list of... irregular verbs? Wow.” Emma scrunched her face. “I may not be much help here, kid.” Emma sighed, hating to give up and not being able to help. “But, you know who may be useful is...” Emma was interrupted by the sound of the door opening. “Well. Speak of the devil...” Emma chuckled. She turned as Regina entered the room, and even after all these years, Emma felt her breath catch in her chest at the sight of the other woman. Impeccably put together, as always, Regina wore a perfectly pressed black suit with a pinstriped vest. Her crimson lips stood in stark contrast against the black and white attire, and Emma felt a soft smile cross her lips when Regina’s soft brown eyes met hers.

“Why were we speaking of the devil?” Regina asked, raising an eyebrow. She set her briefcase and coat down in the corner and crossed the room, placing a gloved hand on Emma’s shoulder and stealing a forehead kiss.

“Well I was just saying that you would probably be a much better Spanish tutor than I am.” Emma said, turning as she rose and kissing Regina with a smile. Regina smirked, an expression that had been added to her repertoire since she and Emma had found each other. She pulled off her gloves and placed them on the table, looking at Henry’s textbook as she sat in the seat vacated by Emma and crossed her legs.

“Ahhh... Verb conjugation. Very good.” Regina said. Emma smiled as she put her apron back on, returning to her domestic duties and listening to Regina assisting Henry with tips and tricks to memorize the major verb conjugations.

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“Muchas gracias, madre. El... lasagna... es delicioso.” Henry said in broken Spanish, leaning back in his seat. As usual, he had eaten too much, but Emma’s lasagna was getting better each time she made it.

“Very good, Henry. And the correct use of ‘es’ instead of ‘esta.’” Regina praised.

“Well, mom’s lasagna isn’t temporarily good, it’s *always* good, so it’s a description, not a temporary condition.” Henry said, smiling. Emma took his plate and couldn’t help but beam a

smile at Regina and Henry. She thought of all that the trio had been through over the years, and how her little family had been forged from all of their trials and tribulations. Regina caught Emma's nostalgic expression and softly winked, effortlessly reading Emma's thoughts. Henry, catching the interplay, stretched and yawned loudly.

"I'm gonna go upstairs and watch TV. Mom, do you need any help with dishes?" Henry asked.

"Thanks, kid. I'm good." Emma said, tousling Henry's hair as he went by. Regina smiled softly, brushing her hair behind her ear and clearing the rest of the plates. She looked at Emma and caught her bottom lip between her teeth, a wicked grin playing across her face. Emma could feel the tension growing in the room, and she had to remind herself that their son was upstairs and very much awake. Regina strode by and placed the dishes in the sink, brushing her hand over Emma's stomach as she passed. Emma felt a jolt in the contact that heightened her desire even further. She was aching to connect with Regina, and the Mayor felt the desire with every breath Emma took. A rustling noise and thudding down the stairs interrupted their silent seduction, and Emma dropped a knife as her focus snapped. Henry stood at the base of the stairs, his bookbag slung over his shoulders.

"Grandpa said he was free to help me with my history homework. I have a big project due in a few days. I'll just... stay the night over there." Henry said, his face soft but knowing.

"Alright. Be careful. See you... tomorrow..." Regina said as Henry all but darted from the house. "Well... I'm glad to see our son has taken such an interest in his studies." Regina said, turning her attention back to Emma. Emma smiled and wrapped her toned arms around Regina's waist, pulling the Queen close.

"I love when you say 'our son.'" Emma said, kissing Regina's neck.

"He always has been... It just took us both a while to realize it." Regina softly replied, nuzzling the tousled blonde locks.

"Good thing... I'm useless as a Spanish tutor." Emma chuckled, her lips whispering across Regina's soft skin.

“Bueno, corazon.. Si quieres, yo te puedo enseñar...” Regina purred into Emma’s ear. She felt Emma quake at the sexy silkiness of her Spanish, and smiled, continuing the seduction. “Porque.. Español no es difícil... Solo necesitas... relajarte... y... entonces... puedes remover un poquita de ropa...” Regina continued, exaggerating the accents and lilts of the language, and drawing out her rolled R’s until they were almost a growl. As she spoke, her fingers tugged the bottom of Emma’s tank top, and the contact made Emma’s stomach flip.

“I have no idea what you’re saying but don’t stop.” Emma whispered, breathless. She made short work of unbuttoning Regina’s pressed shirt. Emma’s lips eagerly covered the freshly exposed skin, and for a moment Regina couldn’t find words in any of the languages she had mastered.

“Y por supuesto... lo más importante... Es que usas tu boca y tu lengua como una maestra... Para besarme... Para... Para...” Regina lost her train of thought as Emma’s tongue flicked over her nipple, teasing her and driving a jolt of pleasure down to her center. Regina unzipped her black slacks and shimmied out of them, pulling Emma as close as she could.

“Emma... tócame... por favor.. Tócame...” Regina begged, grinding against Emma’s hips.

“I don’t know what that...” Emma was silenced as Regina quickly guided her hand to her center, her slick wetness coating Emma’s fingers.

“It means ‘touch me.’” Regina grinned, relishing the feel of her lover’s contact. Emma easily lifted Regina onto the counter, her fingers playing over her clitoris and bringing Regina’s sensations to new heights. Regina’s hands clawed at Emma’s jeans, her need to feel Emma completely taking over her thoughts. Just as Emma had, Regina found Emma’s wet folds and pushed inside of her, gasping as Emma did the same. Regina wrapped her legs around Emma’s hips, pulling the savior close and finding a pulsating rhythm. Emma braced herself against the cabinet as Regina almost pulled her off balance. Her lips found Regina’s, their tongues dancing over each other as each pushed deeper into the other. Emma felt Regina’s muscles shuddering, and knowing that she was about to climax brought Emma dangerously close to the edge. Regina ground harder against Emma’s hands, and Emma responded by sliding another finger inside her. The tension and sensation made Regina’s eyes roll back as she felt herself starting to lose control of her body. She wrapped her free hand around Emma, sinking her teeth into the twitching muscles of Emma’s bicep. Emma pushed in and out harder and faster, Regina’s fingers inside her were twitching and pulsing, and Emma had to work to pay attention to all of the stimulation.

“No pares! No pares!” Regina yelled as she ground harder against Emma’s hand.

“I.. I don’t...” Emma stammered, feeling herself quaking.

“Don’t fucking stop!” Regina gasped, digging her nails into Emma’s back as she pushed down one more time, her body releasing and waves of pleasure rocking her to her core. Feeling Regina come pushed Emma over the edge, and her body bucked and tensed in pleasure, her orgasm threatening to send her to her knees. Regina felt Emma collapsing, and in a smooth movement she slid off the counter and gently brought Emma to the floor on top of her. Emma’s eyes lolled softly, her body quivering and covered in a light dewy glisten. Regina bit her lip and softly pulsed against Emma’s hand, starting to build a rhythm again. Emma silently responded, picking up her hips and freeing Regina’s fingers as she curled her fingers inside the brunette. Regina coyly licked her fingers, tasting the Emma’s sweetness which covered them. Emma grinned, pushing Regina’s arm down to the floor and kissing her, enjoying her taste and Regina’s lips on her own. Regina was grinding against Emma’s hand, and Emma used her hips to push still deeper inside of her, her movements stronger and more aggressive than before. Regina was breathing hard, and Emma wanted to feel her come again. Regina was insatiable, and Emma could feel her wanting more. Emma hesitated for a moment before backing her four fingers out and making a point with her whole hand. She’d never used her whole hand, and was uncertain at how Regina would react, so she slowly slid back in. Time stood still as Regina realized what Emma was doing. Regina pulled back from kissing Emma, and in seemingly slow motion the pair locked eyes, Emma’s blue eyes conveying uncertainty and seeking feedback from Regina. Regina’s eyes, soft and brown, reflected nothing but trust, and time sped back up as she softly nodded, giving Emma the confidence she needed. Carefully, Emma slid her whole hand into Regina’s center, and Regina responded by immediately coming hard. Regina ground hard, the feelings of tension and fullness pushing her to lose any semblance of control over her actions. The intensity of the connection had Emma coming in waves, and she pushed in still deeper, her hand in a fist sliding over Regina’s taught walls. Regina pulled Emma down on top of her, the movement and angle change pushing Regina to yet another climax. Regina and Emma moved together, grinding against each other as they shared wave after wave of orgasms. With a final burst, Regina’s legs fell from Emma’s hips, her body completely spent. Emma collapsed on top of her, equally exhausted. Regina sharply inhaled as Emma pulled her hand out and rolled next to her, staring at the ceiling and trying to catch her breath. Her mind was blank, the intensity of the evening leaving her mentally and physically drained. Regina’s movements brought Emma back to the present, and Emma smiled softly as Regina wrapped an arm around Emma’s midsection, turning and snuggling against her savior. Eyes closed, Regina smiled as she listened to Emma’s rapid heartbeat slow and felt Emma’s muscles relaxing.

“Te amo, corazon.” Regina whispered, softly kissing Emma’s strong jawline.

“I love you, too.” Emma replied.

“Your Spanish is better already.” Regina grinned, snuggling closer and dozing off.

“You can teach me anytime, love.” Emma chuckled, holding the love of her life close and kissing her forehead. “Anytime.”

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