Bring the Walls Down: A Once Upon a Time fic

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A Once Upon a Time fic: Emma has just learned that her parents happen to be two of her favorite fairly characters, that left her alone for 28 years. She rejects one of them, and Snow is now forced into a spiral of self hate. Charming and Henry need to find a way to save both Emma and Snow from themselves. Set after 2x01 when Emma finds out about her parents, but with my own take on the story.

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Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Every day for twenty eight years Mary Margaret Blanchard followed the same routine. She would wake up at six AM sharp, shower, get dressed, eat a good healthy breakfast, go to school and teach, come home at four oâ clock and then proceed to follow her evening routine. That stayed the same for many years, until one day a blonde by the name of Emma Swan came to Storybrook. The mayorâ s son Henry had explained that this woman was in fact his birthmother. Little did Mary Margaret know that Emma wasnâ t just Henryâ s mother, but also her daughter. Her daughter that she had given up while she was still Snow White, so Emma could save them one day from the Evil Queenâ s curse. One event led to another and a few months later, Snow had found herself again after 28 years of being frozen in time. Not only did she find herself, but she was reunited with her true love, Prince Charming. After the extravagant moment in which they shared a brief but loving kiss, she had also found the one person she had the most desire to meet again. It all seemed fineâ ¦until Emma lashed out at her.

Snow sat on her couch in the small apartment clutching a tissue she had been holding for the past few minutes. She was certain her tears had finally dried up, after four days of crying. Every moment of the past four days she had been replaying the memory of her dreams dying again. The moment when she was supposed to be reunited with her daughter, and be able to tell her how much she loves her. But that was not the way it had gone.

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*Snow and Charming broke the kiss when they heard the unmistakable cough that belonged to Snowâ s best friend. Noâ ¦ it wasnâ t her best friend. It was her daughter. Emma stared at the two people in front of her, like they were aliens. She was so scared and worriedâ ¦and seemingly happy. Before Emma could process any of her emotions, Mary mar-*Snow *had wrapped her into a bone crushing hug. She could feel her â motherâ begin to shake, her sobs taking control of her whole body.*

â You found usâ ¦â Snow said almost inaudibly. Though Emma wasnâ t quite sure what to say to this, she did her best.

â Yeah, I-I guess I did.â Emma could feel her own tears threatening to spill over. They werenâ t the same tears as her motherâ s though. They were not the clichÃ© happy tears that reunite two people together. No, they were tears of mixed emotion. On one hand, she was happy she found her parents. But on the other, she utterly terrified and scared of what she would do next. Emma had spent her whole childhood building up walls to keep people out. Those walls had only been fortified when Neal Cassidy had destroyed her every will for living. The blonde wasnâ t accustom to letting people bring down her walls. It had been hard enough to accept the invitation to live with Mary Margaret, how would she accept being her ex-best friendâ s daughter?! Her thoughts were broken again as she felt her â fatherâ sâ arms around her. All Emma wanted to do was run and hide for awhile, like she did when she met Henry. She had to have been in that bathroom for at least ten minutes before being able to face her son. She couldnâ t do that now though, she had to face them.

â I wish this never happened to you Emma, Iâ m so sorry.â Snowâ s sobs continued as she proceeded, â I wish..I wish I had killed Regina all those years ago when I had the chance.â Emma went rigid. She stopped moving, her mother had the chance to kill that bitch? And she didnâ t?! Her whole life Emma always wished that she hadnâ t been alone, that her past was different so she didnâ t have to be alone her whole *life. It could have been different. She wouldnâ t have had to be the girl who was always left behind. It wasnâ t the queen who had taken away her childhoodâ ¦.it was her own mother.*

â Wh-what? Y-You could have killed her?!â Emma stuttered, letting go of her parents. The angry tears began to spill over onto her cheeks.

Snow was startled by the absence of her daughter in her arms. The warmth in her body was suddenly gone, along with Emma. Snow could barely see through her tears, only able to see her daughters face crumpling into a look of anguish. â E-Emma noâ ¦you donâ t understand I-â

â No! No, you had a choice, and you chose the wrong one! I could have grown up with parents and not have been shipped from foster home to foster home, never knowing if anyone actually cared about me!â Emma screamed, not caring to look if anyone was staring at her. Snow stared at her daughter in shock, trying to find the words to explain what happened all those years ago. Snow didnâ t even get a chance to explain though, because a young boy came into view calling out Emmaâ s name.

â Emma!â The blonde whipped around to see Henry running towards them. Shit. Emma did her best not to look at her parents as she wiped her tears away. Her eyes were still puffy, and cheeks tear stained but there wasnâ t anything she could do about it now. Once Henry reached them, his face had changed from an expression of utter confusion to an expression of sadness. â Whatâ s going on? I heard yelling!â Henry wasnâ t dumb, he could tell that Snow, David and Emma werenâ t crying out of happiness. But what they were crying about, he wasnâ t sure. Emma looked at Henry and tried to smile,

â Henry go wait in my car.â He told the young boy clearly.

â But I-â

â Now Henry, please.â Her sonâ s face fell even further as he gave a glancing look to his grandparents before turning to get into the yellow Volkswagen bug. Making sure that the boy was safely out of hearing distance, she turned back to her parents. Her father was gripping onto Snow, who was still shaking with sobs. She looked straight at her mother, â You need to stay away from me. Right now, the last thing I need is to be reminded of the one person who screwed up my life.â Emma turned away from the two and began to walk towards her car, doing her best to press back sobs of her own.

Snow had fallen to her knees, leaning against her prince not knowing how she would get up. She was numb; it felt like all the happiness in the world had disappeared, leaving her as an empty shell. Alone, and without her daughter.

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