Wrong Number

by ClaraHue

Summary

Waverly accidently texts the wrong number thinking it’s Rosita, after she keeps texting the wrong number by accident the two begin to converse.
The Boyfriend

Chapter Notes

So I was going to write a Imagine Me and You AU for these two, but I didn't like how it was turning out, and then I ended up writing this instead. It ended up being a lot longer then I imagined, hope you all like it.
Some notes: Waverly’s 20 and Nicole’s 22. They are both in university, Wynonna is elsewhere.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Champ’s a fucking jerk

Waverly’s text to Rosita was not a typical one, but today Waverly was pissed at her boyfriend. Their “date” had been worse than usual, with Champ making some off-handed sexist comments.

Waverly was up to her neck in school work and shifts at Shorty’s. Last night’s date with Champ was supposed to be fun, it was supposed to be her time to relax and forget about her stress. It was supposed to be her night, with the guy she was supposed to love. But Champ hadn’t so much as give a second glance all night, as he was too distracted with his video game. It wasn’t something that would normally piss Waverly off, as she had come to expect that much for Champ over the years they had been dating. But tonight she was exhausted, and he had managed to piss her off.

She texted Rosita, already picturing her response. Something along the lines of “tell me about it”, which Waverly would then go on to rant all night about her pathetic boyfriend. It would help, it always did.

Waverly plopped down into her bed above Shorty’s, surprised that Rosita hadn't texted back. She always texted back right away. Waverly waited a bit, but after a while of no response, she began to drift off into sleep.

-N-

Nicole woke up early to the sound of her roommate’s music blaring loudly from the shower. She groaned into her pillow noticing the time. Eight o’clock in the morning. Who wakes up to take a shower at eight a.m. on a Saturday in university?? Nicole hatred for her roommate was only strengthened. She grumbled some more, turning her phone on noticing one new message.
Unknown Number: Champ's a fucking jerk

Well, that was weird. Nicole over-analyzed the text, not sure what it meant. Pretty sure it wasn’t meant for her. She texted back figuring it was a wrong number.

Nicole: Hey, sorry, but I think you’ve got the wrong number

She figured it was a good enough response before burrowing herself back underneath her blankets.

-W-

Waverly’s phone buzzed way too early in the morning for the late-night she had last night. She opened her phone to find a too confusing text for this early in the morning.

Waverly: Is this some kind of joke Rosita?

Waverly: You’re seriously not going to take up the chance to rant about Champ?

She threw down her phone before drifting back into sleep.

-W-

Waverly woke up fully around twelve. She had been lucky that she had today off. After a shower and some breakfast, she read the new message on her phone.

Rosita: Um, sorry. I’m not Rosita. You must have the wrong number

Fuck, Waverly realized that she had been texting some random person about her boyfriend.

Waverly: OMG, I’m so sorry. I thought you were my friend, sorry to have bothered you

Not Rosita: It’s okay

Not Rosita: You should probably find out your fiend’s real number before accidentally text
Waverly: Don’t worry I’m on it. I won’t bother you ever again

Waverly was about to call Rosita when she realized that the number she had would still be the same as the random person she was texting. She would just have to wait until she saw her next to fix the number on her phone. She still didn’t know how the mishap had happened. She was pretty sure it was the number she used to call Rosita before. Had she switched numbers without Waverly knowing?

Waverly deleted the chat before she could make the mistake of texting the wrong person again.

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It was Monday when Waverly saw Rosita next.

“I sent out a message on Facebook with my new number. I dropped my phone in the toilet remember?” Rosita told her

“Oh, that was you?”

“God Waverly, aren’t you supposed to be smart?” Rosita laughed.

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The week dragged on and Waverly couldn’t wait for the weekend. Rosita had come up with the idea of going clubbing after Waverly’s shift at Shorty’s that Friday night. Waverly had agreed, needing a day to put her stress behind and cut loose. When Friday came the two girls were slightly tipsy, laughing and dancing out on the dance floor. Waverly went to get another drink when she spotted Champ. He was getting all up and personal with another girl. Waverly in her tipsy state didn’t think before she ran out of the bar crying. When she reached her apartment she suddenly realized that she had ditched Rosita without so much of a word.

Waverly: I’m so sorry I ran off on you. I’m at home, I got back safely. I’m really sorry.

Waverly: I saw Champ with another girl

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Late-night projects were not something Nicole had ever enjoyed. She chugged her black coffee in hopes of finishing her project before sleep consumed her when her phone suddenly buzzed.
Nicole almost laughed out loud when she realized that whoever had accidentally messaged her last week must have done the same thing again. *Didn’t the person delete the number*, Nicole had.

**Nicole: wrong number again.**

**Nicole: Glad that you got home safe though**

Nicole added the last part on a whim, she thought about adding something about this Champ (was that a guy’s name?) but decided against it.

-W-

“Where are you?” Rosita yelled over the phone at Waverly.

“I’m at home, I sent you a text,” Waverly told her

“You didn’t send me a text.”

“What? Fuck. I must have messaged the wrong number again. Sorry Rosie. I’m fine, don’t worry. I’m sorry for running off on you.”

“It's fine, I can handle myself. Are you okay though?”

“Yeah. I saw Champ with some girl.”

“The fucking jerk. Do you want me to punch some sense into him?”

“No.”

“Alright, alright. You’re okay though?”

“Yeah.”

“All right. Get some sleep Waverly. I love you.”


Waverly ended the call before going into her messages to see that she had done exactly what she thought she had done.

**Waverly: Fuck, sorry. I thought I deleted this number. Must have forgotten to delete the contact or something. I’m so sorry for having bothered you again. I’ll make sure to delete the number properly this time.**

**Not Rosita: No problem! ;)**
Waverly laughed at the cute texting of the random person. They seemed nice for someone who was receiving texts from a total stranger. Waverly wasn’t sure she would react in the same way if the situation had happened to her. But she was glad the person she was texting wasn’t supper pissed off, for she did feel pretty horrible.

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As the week continued Waverly had totally forgotten to delete the number with work getting crazier. Champ had come into Shorty’s during one of Waverly’s shifts.

“Hey babe. When do you get off?” He asked.

“I told you Champ, I’m working close today.” Waverly reminded him.

“Oh yeah.” Champ’s expression went into a pout. “Well, I’ll just have a beer. You know what kind I like.”

Waverly sighed. She had liked it when Champ first came over when she was working, but the past few times he had caused trouble and only embarrassed her. Tonight didn’t seem much different as Champ’s friends appeared and the boys started ordering drinks upon drinks.

Rosita showed up flashing Waverly a grin. “Hey.”

“What are you doing on my side of town?” Waverly asked.

Rosita motioned her head towards a nicely dressed guy a few steps behind her.

Waverly raised an eyebrow and Rosita just glared at her. Champ and his friends cheered loudly at something causing everyone in the bar to look their way.

“Boyfriend’s causing a raucous per usual I see.”

Waverly just groaned.

“Well, I should go find a seat because you know.”

“Good luck on your date.” Waverly teased

Rosita glared at her as she walked away.

Champ called Waverly over, ordering some more beers.

“Okay, this is the last one,” Waverly informed the boys.

The guys grumbled slightly as Waverly put the beers down.

“Thanks babe,” Champ said, slapping Waverly on her butt.


“Oh come on.” Champ wrapped his arms around his girlfriend. “You’re always working.”
“Champ your drunk.” Waverly pushed her boyfriend away, walking off. Champ and his pals only continued to laugh as she walked away.

Waverly contained herself as she made her way to the counter. No one was around so she pulled out her phone, perhaps Rosita needed an escape from her own date.

**Waverly: I swear to god, if Champ does one more thing**

She slipped her phone back into her pocket, before starting to clean the counters.

-N-

**Nicole: Wrong number, again**

Whoever was texting Nicole didn’t seem like the smartest person. She read over her text, before deciding to have a little fun with the whole situation. She typed a few things, deleting them all and typing new messages, before settling on something she liked.

-W-

The next morning Waverly woke up late for class. She had just barely made the bus, falling into her seat with a thud. On her ride she followed in suit with everyone else and pulled out her phone.

**Not Rosita: Who’s Champ?**

Waverly buried her head into her hands. *How could she be so stupid?* She had texted the wrong number again. She hadn’t even deleted the number. She was a complete idiot.

**Waverly: My boyfriend. And it seems as though I’ve texted the wrong number again**

**Not Rosita: Interesting name**

**Waverly: It’s a nickname from like grade school and it kind of stuck**

*Why was Waverly texting this random person?* She didn’t even know anything about them. They could be some creepy old guy or a psychopath killer for all she knew.
Not Rosita: Sounds like he’s kind of a jerk

Waverly: Umm, I’m sorry but I don’t even know you. Probably shouldn’t be telling you all about my life.

Not Rosita: Fair

Not Rosita: But you keep messaging me about him. Don’t blame me for being curious

Waverly rolled her eyes noticing that her stop was next. She pocked her phone, getting ready to jump off the bus.

-N-

Nicole hesitated over the contact information. The random sequence of numbers staring back at her. *What was she doing?* She probably was going to get killed. But people did this all the time. It was basically the same thing as any online interaction right? Except on social media, she could click on a profile button to learn more about the person. Nicole clicked on the number and typed in a new contact name, “Random Girl”. She was pretty sure the person she was texting was a girl at least. Maybe the person was in high school. That wasn’t far from the realm of possibility. She decided to not delete the contact but didn’t type anything new.

It was late at night when Nicole was working away at her project in the quiet of her room when she decided to text back. Maybe she was delirious from the lack of sleep or something, for it was a stupid decision, but she did it anyway.

Nicole: You should dump him

-W-

Waverly woke up with a jolt as her phone buzzed loudly against her desk. Of course, she had forgotten to turn it off again. She wondered who would be texting her at the late hour, only to see a text from “Not Rosita”. Waverly thought it was strange that the person had messaged her again. She read the message and couldn’t help but message back.

Waverly: What are you doing up so late?

Not Rosita: I have a huge project, that’s due in a week. I’ve been up till crazy hours trying to get it done.

Waverly’s finger hovered over her phone not sure how to respond.

Not Rosita: I’m sorry, it’s late and I’m being rude. You’re right I know nothing about your life and I’m definitely not the type of person to give dating advice. I probably shouldn’t even be talking to you

Waverly: It’s okay. I should probably dump him, he’s probably cheating on me. Plus things haven’t been working between us for a while

Waverly: God, why am I telling you this? Please promise me you’re not a killer

Not Rosita: Not a killer, promise. You?

Waverly: A killer… of hearts!

Waverly: God that was terrible, sorry

Not Rosita: Cute

Not Rosita: Wish you were a killer, cause then you could just kill me now, so I don’t have to do this project

Waverly: Sorry. Just keep working hard, soon you’ll be home free

Not Rosita: If I don’t die from exhaustion first

Waverly: Hey, get some sleep. It’s healthy and good

Not Rosita: Will do. Speaking of sleep, I should probably let you do that

Not Rosita: Um bye I guess. I’m sorry for being creepy and texting you

Waverly: It’s totally okay. Make sure you get sleep! Bye!

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Waverly was on a date with Champ that Friday. They went to go see a movie and after headed back to Champ’s place for the night. Waverly happened to notice a shirt in Champ’s laundry. She fished it out not having recognized it. It was too girly to be Champ’s.

Waverly left with the excuse that she wasn’t feeling too well. Champ just grumbled to himself before giving her a sloppy kiss goodbye.

A few tears fell from Waverly’s eyes as she made her way to her apartment. She wondered if she should tell Rosita about this. Maybe Wynonna. But Wynonna hadn’t exactly been in contact with her since running off to Greece. She pulled out her phone, wiping her eyes.
Waverly: Have you ever broken up with someone?

Not Rosita: No, but I have gotten broken up with

Waverly: Was it horrible?

Not Rosita: Pretty much

Waverly groaned into her pillow.

Not Rosita: Things with Champ not going well?

Waverly: I found evidence that he’s cheating on me

Not Rosita: Ouch, sorry

Waverly: What do I do?

Not Rosita: Only answer I have is dump him. Unfortunately I can’t help you with the dumping part

Not Rosita: I only sort of broke up with one person once

Waverly: Sort of?

Not Rosita: It was mutual

Waverly: If he’s cheating on me, that must mean he doesn’t like me anymore. Maybe he’ll just break up with me eventually

Not Rosita: Do you really want to stay with him any longer?

Waverly: I’m not sure I can break his heart

Not Rosita: He deserves it. And like you said (hope I’m not being mean) he’s probably not interested in you anymore.

Waverly thought over the texts for a few moments, surprised at herself for ranting to a total stranger.

Waverly: I’m sorry for laying this down on you. It was nice to rant to someone about all of this. Thanks

Not Rosita: No problem. If you want to talk again I don’t mind. I promise I’m not a creeper

Waverly: I hope not, otherwise I’m in big trouble. Thanks again. I should probably get some
Nicole was imaging that it was some high school girl messaging her. She felt bad for the poor girl, with her boyfriend cheating on her and everything. Breakups were hard, Nicole had avoided breaking up with her last girlfriend waiting for her to do it, even though they both knew that their relationship was just not working. Nicole had been a wimp and she looked back on the situation with regret. She figured maybe she should tell the random girl about it, as she didn’t want her to be filled with the same regret she had.

Nicole: Hey, so since you opened up to me last night I figured it was my turn. So I just want to give you some of my own insight. Hope it helps

Nicole chose her words carefully. She realized that she didn’t know this person at all and they may not be totally accepting of her dating life.

Nicole: So basically my last break up was a little overdue. We both knew things weren’t working but we kept dating, neither of us wanting to call it off. Basically I waited for them to break it off because I was too scared. But anyway, I wanted to let you know this because it’s something I seriously regret. I should have just acted more mature and broken things off, but I didn’t

Nicole: Anyways, I hope that helps

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Nicole was in class when she felt the buzz of her phone

Random girl: I’m a wimp

Nicole smiled to herself, feeling sorry for the poor girl.

Random Girl: I don’t know if I could break up with him. What would I even say? Thanks for the advice though

Nicole: No problem. Hope everything works out for you
A week had passed before someone told Waverly what she pretty much already suspected. She was working at Shorty’s when Chrissy came in with her friends. The two had remained mutual friends since grade school and would hang out every once and awhile.

Waverly felt a pang of sadness at the sight of Chrissy hanging out with the other girls. The girls were from her high school and she had been friends with them since they were kids. Over the years though the girls began looking at Waverly like she was some kind of freak. Waverly had gotten used to such looks, but she still hated it. They smiled and waved at Waverly as they walked past, asking her meaningless questions like “how’s school?”

Waverly felt like she was back in high school, pushed to the outskirts of her own friend group. As she watched them all laugh and gossip like best of friends. She wondered why they hadn’t invited her. She wondered if Chrissy liked them more than her. She wondered they had ever truly been her friends. She shook her head remembering that she was in University now, and those girls were no longer her friends, they had never been anyways. She had new friends, like Rosita, who loved and cared for her. She could care less about those fake girls, with their fake pathetic lives. All that mattered was her own self and her own life.

Chrissy came up latter after all the girls had left, slightly tipsy.

“Can’t let my dad see me like this.” She giggled.

“You can sleep it off in my room upstairs. If you like.”

“Thanks Waverly. You’re the best. You deserve better.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Waverly asked, confused.

Chrissy ducked her head as though realizing that she had said something she shouldn’t have.

“Chrissy?”

“Rachel was talking. And you know Rachel, she tends to blow everything up.”

“Chrissy, what did she say?”

“It’s just there are rumors going around… about Champ… and another girl.”

Waverly felt her smile drop.

“I’m sure it’s nothing.” Chrissy hiccupped.

“Yeah,” Waverly replied. “I’m sure.”
Waverly sat on the edge of her bed. Chrissy was sprawled out lying face down, breathing heavily.

So Champ was cheating on her, not that it was much of a surprise. The worst thing was that now the whole town knew. *This was just great.* Maybe it was her fault, she hadn’t exactly been spending much time with Champ recently. *Who was she kidding,* she didn’t even like Champ that much. *Was Champ really the kind of guy she wanted to spend the rest of her life with?* She thought about what “Not Rosita” had texted her the other day. About being brave and being the person to break things off. It was the mature thing to do.

**Waverly:** What was your break up like?

**Waverly:** When the person broke up with you

**Not Rosita:** Horrible

**Waverly:** What happened?

**Not Rosita:** Long story, basically it was my first time dating and they thought I was too immature, etc. It was pretty bad. But they did have some valid points. They were just kind of a jerk about it. It broke my heart.

**Waverly:** I’m sorry

**Not Rosita:** It’s okay, I’m over it

**Not Rosita:** Sort of…

**Not Rosita:** Kind of…

**Not Rosita:** Okay maybe I’m not over it

**Not Rosita:** It doesn’t matter anyway

**Not Rosita:** Things with boyfriend still bad?

**Waverly:** Apparently my whole town knows he’s cheating on me (small town)

**Not Rosita:** Ouch

**Waverly:** I don’t know if I have it in me to break up with him

**Not Rosita:** It doesn’t just have to be because of him cheating. You said things hadn’t been working for awhile

**Waverly:** Yeah, but we’ve been dating since forever. I don’t even know what I’d do with myself if I broke up with him

**Not Rosita:** I can understand that. But maybe it would be better to break things off. You can take some time for yourself. Figure out your life, who you are, extra. All those good things
Not Rosita: I mean, if your whole life has been revolving around him, you haven’t really had a chance to find yourself

Not Rosita: Am I even making any sense? I’m kind of being cheesy

Waverly: No, no. I get what you’re saying. You have a fair point. Champ hasn’t really allowed me to try some of the things I want to do

Not Rosita: See!

Waverly: Thanks for the advice, and listening (or well reading)

Not Rosita: No problem, anytime

The next few days at Shorty’s were slow. Waverly enjoyed the slow days, taking time to focus on her school work. On Thursday she received an email from Wynonna with pictures from Greece, Wynonna smiling at her with a big hat on top of her head and a giant smile on her slightly tanned face. Waverly emailed her back about Champ and her new confidant (leaving out the part that her new friend was someone she knew nothing about). Wynonna emailed back telling her that she deserved better than Champ, she had always deserved better. She told her to take the persons advice and dump him, and take some time to find herself. “Maybe you could join me in Greece,” Wynonna added. “Don’t worry Baby girl, maybe someday all of the pieces of the puzzle will finally fall into place for us.”

Waverly was invited to a party from someone at school. She and Champ went together as a date or something. Waverly watched from the side of the room as Champ enjoyed himself.

“What’s the matter babe?” Champ asked, having noticed that Waverly wasn’t beside him for the whole night.

Waverly shrugged.

“Do you want to go home?’ Champ asked. Though his tone clearly showed that he did not want to go home.

“I think I might.”

Champ looked a little distraught.

“You can stay though. Um, I’ll see Saturday morning?”

“We have a date on Saturday?”
Waverly nodded. “Yeah, your place?”

“Sure. See you then Babe.” Champ kissed Waverly on the cheek before heading back to the party.

That Saturday Waverly waited till Champ’s family was out of the house to talk to him. The words began falling out of Waverly’s mouth without her really registering what she was even saying.

“Babe, come on, I’m sure we can work things out.” Champ moaned.

“No.” Waverly shook her head. “We’re done Champ, we are done for real.”

“Waverly!” Champ called out as Waverly walked out of Champ’s house.

She could care less about what he had to say. She didn’t feel bad at all, in fact, it felt like a burden had been lifted off of her shoulders.

I dumped him!

Chapter End Notes

I kept playing around with the formatting of this story, still not sure if I like it. Let me know if the bolding of the text messages is annoying. Please leave a comment and/or like, Thanks!
“What are you smiling at?” Shannon, Nicole’s roommate asked her. Spying Nicole smiling down at her phone.

“Why do you care?” Nicole grumbled. Turning off her phone and digging into the macaroni she had made for supper.

“I’m just trying to start a conversation,” Shannon said defensively.

Nicole picked up her bowl macaroni heading into the privacy of her own room, slamming the door behind her. Nicole wasn’t the type of person to get mad at nothing, but she was kind of done with her roommate. She was being all up in Nicole’s personal space and it was beginning to be a bit too much. She was like a needy child.

Nicole groaned as she realized she left one of her textbooks in the living room. She marched back out of her room noticing Shannon taking out a container of macaroni from the microwave. Shannon was already beginning to eat as she sat down.

“That’s my macaroni.” Nicole pointed at the container as if accusing her roommate of some far worse crime.

“Oh, I’m sorry. You didn’t label it. I just assumed you made extra and I didn’t think it would be a problem if I had the leftover. It’s not a problem is it?” Shannon asked, a fork full of macaroni halfway to her mouth.

“No.” Nicole practically hissed out before marching back to her room, slamming the door behind her once again.

Nicole: Since I helped you, can you help me with murdering my roommate?

Random Girl: Sorry, I have a bad enough reputation as it is. I don’t think I want to add murder to my resume

Nicole was about to write, “Oh, so you’re a bad girl, are you?” But quickly deleted the message feeling that it was all too wrong.
Nicole: You’ve gotten into your fair of trouble have you?

Random Girl: My family kind of has a bad rep (long story). But no, I’m the most innocent person in town. Everyone says I’m the nicest person they’ve ever met

Nicole: Interesting

Random Girl: Why do you want to kill your roommate?

Nicole: Do you want a list?

Random Girl: That bad?

Nicole: You can’t even imagine

Random Girl: You know I’ve always wanted to have a roommate, it always seemed so fun when I was little

Nicole: Most people hate their roommates

Random Girl: That’s what I’m gathering now days

Random Girl: But come on, it’s like a sleepover every day! Every child’s dream (minus the bunk bed)

Nicole: Sure, if you room with a good friend. And you’re still friends after the fact. I’ve heard way too many of people not being friends after rooming with each other.

Random Girl: I could see that. Like what if your friend brings over their dates every night or something. That would be kind of weird/annoying

Nicole: Even I wouldn’t practically enjoy that

Nicole had spent all night studying for her midterm, not going to bed till two in the morning. She was fast asleep when a piercing alarm forced her awake. Nicole could barely open her eyes, hoping that the alarm would just turn off. She couldn’t even comprehend what the alarm would be for.

“Nicole!” Shannon yelled knocking on Nicole’s door.

Nicole just grumbled, throwing her pillow over her head.

“Nicole I’m coming in.” Shannon came in and began to gently shake Nicole’s arm “Nicole, wake up. It’s the fire alarm.”

“I don’t care,” Nicole muttered.

“There could be a fire Nicole. We have to get out. Do you want to die?”

“Yes.”
“Nicole!”

“Aaarrrrggg.” Nicole threw her blankets off sitting up straight.

Shannon took a step back as though worried that Nicole might attack her or something.

“Fine! I’m up.”

“Come on.” Shannon urged, already making her way to the door.

Nicole grabbed her phone following Shannon, she didn’t bother to change, brush her hair, or even look in the mirror. Shannon, on the other hand, looked like she had been awake for hours. Nicole glance at the clock, 6:00 am. Nicole swore to herself as they marched out of the building to find a swarm of people in their pajamas standing awkwardly outside. Nicole plopped down on the grass and Shannon sat beside her.

“Do you think there’s really a fire?” Shannon asked.

Nicole fell back into the grass. “Doubt it, probably a prank. A fucking stupid one!” Nicole shouted.

“Nicole.” Shannon hissed at her, scolding her for her langue.

“What are you, my mother?”

“Hey Nicole.”

Nicole sat up to see Chloe, a girl she had been flirting for weeks with, standing in front of her. Chloe just stood there like some sort of punk-rock goddess, wearing lingerie and her short-cropped hair pushed off to one side. Nicole forgot how to speak as her mouth went dry.

“You look good,” Chloe said, glancing her up and down with an expression that said otherwise.

Nicole looked down at her baggy pajama bottoms with little bunnies printed on them.

“Yeah well, you know. Late night.” Nicole said awkwardly, combing her fingers through her hair.

Chloe nodded before walking away.

“God, did you see what she was wearing?” Shannon whispered. “Do you know her?”

“She’s basically in all of my classes.”

“Really?” Shannon shuffled closer to Nicole. Getting a bit too close for Nicole’s comfort. “I heard that she’s a lesbian.” Shannon leaned back as if she had just dropped a bomb or something. “Isn’t that disgusting?”

A jolt ran through Nicole’s body and she jumped up. “You know what Shannon, you can be a real jerk sometimes. What people do with their lives is their own decision, who are you to judge?”

Shannon just sat there in shock as Nicole walked off, her body shaking. She made it to the edge of the crowd, away from everyone else before she broke down into tears, she was shaking terribly. *Fuck Shannon and whatever she thought/said. Fuck whatever junior had decided to pull the fire alarm at six in the morning. Fuck everyone, fuck the world.*

Nicole breathed in a slow breath, calming herself down. God, she really needed sleep, and maybe a new roommate. She pulled out her phone.
Nicole: I need a new roommate

Nicole fell back into the grass, glimpsing her reflection from the glass screen of her phone. She looked like a complete mess. Her two sizes too big hockey shirt had stains and holes all over it. She had bags under her eyes and her hair was a greasy mess. She couldn’t believe her crush had seen her like this. She was a complete mess, how was she supposed to land a girlfriend like this?

Random Girl: Why are you awake at six o’clock in the morning!?

Nicole: Fire alarm woke me up. I am currently trying to get some sleep on the grass outside

Random Girl: Sounds horrible

Nicole: Add to that the fact that I didn’t go to bed till 2 last night.

Random Girl: Why!! That is not healthy!

Nicole: Midterm

Nicole: Sorry for waking you

Random Girl: I was actually already up

Nicole: Really, what for?

Random Girl: Work

Nicole: Ouch

Random Girl: Not as bad as you’re situation though

Nicole: Got any help with roommate issue?

Random Girl: I can be your roommate!

Nicole started laughing at the pure craziness of that statement. They didn’t even know anything about each other. They could be living in different counties for all they knew. Although the girl clearly knew English.

Random Girl: God I just realized that I don’t even know if you’re a boy or a girl, this is awkward

Nicole: I’m a girl, and I’m guessing you’re a girl as well

Random Girl: Yep!
Random Girl: I can’t believe that this has never come up before. Maybe we should tell more about ourselves. I mean if we’re going to keep messaging each other about random stuff.

Nicole: I have thought about it. We can stick to simple things, like for safety concerns, if that’s more comfortable

Random Girl: Sure!

Random Girl: Hey, sorry, I have to get back to work. My boss is glaring at me. Talk to you soon. Get some sleep!

Nicole: Sure thing! Bye!

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Random Girl: Hey you there? I’m bored, tell me about yourself

Nicole: Hey! Alright here it goes! Ready?

Random Girl: Ready!

Nicole: First question, how old are you?

Random girl: 20

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief that she wasn’t talking to a random kid.

Nicole: Okay, so um my name is Nicole. I’m 22, currently in my 4th year of university in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Um, I want to be a cop. Your turn

Random Girl: Hi Nicole (I’m currently changing the name on my phone) It’s nice to meet you! A cop, really, that’s so cool! What kind of classes do you need to take, are you like in a special cop school (there’s a special cop school right?) I have so many questions, lol (don’t mind me). Um as for myself, I’m in my third year (I’m 20 due to a late birthday), I’m majoring in history (with a serious interest in Mythology) and taking a double minor in English and biology. I’m don’t really know what I want to do so I’m kind of taking a wide range of courses. I’m leaning towards some sort of research job. I live in Canada too, what a coincidence! I live in Alberta, in the country (like I said, very small town). And I work as a bartender. Plus I’m currently single, but you already knew that. Oh, are you dating? (I’m going to guess from our conversations that you’re not)

Nicole: Haha, the questions are totally okay. There is a special cop school, I will be going there next year (there I will do fieldwork, I’ll learn how to use a gun!) My major is criminal justice and minor is in criminal psychology, you probably imagine the type of courses I take. Wow, that sounds like a busy workload, does it get pretty crazy? Pretty cool/weird that you live in
Canada too! And no I’m not dating, currently single as well. Oh, you forgot to tell me your name.

Random Girl: Wow, that’s an awkward thing to forget. My name’s Waverly. And it is a pretty big course load, it can get pretty crazy sometimes, especially with work on top of it. Do you have a job? (As a girl from the country I can say that guns are pretty cool)

Nicole: Waverly, that’s a really pretty name, not very common. I have a summer job. I work at my cousin's landscaping business. I am trying to get a job for the school year, but so far no luck

Random girl: Yeah, my parents had a thing for names starting with W (also a long story). I can understand how hard it is to find a job, hopefully you find one though

Nicole: I'm kind of interested in these long stories

Random Girl: Maybe another day

Random Girl: Hey, sorry but I’ve got to go. My sister wants to chat and I haven’t spoken with her in a while, TTYL :D

Nicole: That’s fine, Bye!

Nicole clicked on the contact information and began to change the name. Waverly, it was a really nice name. It sounded beautiful. Nicole wondered what she looked like and made a note on her phone to ask her later, hoping that it wouldn’t be too creepy.

-W-

“Waverly! Waverly!” Rosita called out running after Waverly to catch up to her.

“Hey,” Waverly said, stopping in her tracks so that Rosita could catch up.

Rosita breathed heavily, bending over to rest her hands on her knees like a runner after a run. “Has anyone told you that you walk really fast?”

“Aren’t you supposed to be fit?”

“Shut up.”

Waverly just laughed lightly “What is it?”

“Can you help me out on Saturday? I’m supposed to be serving for some friend’s cousin’s buck-and-doe. But I don’t want to do it alone. I don’t even know the people.”

“Is this going to be like last time?”

“No.”

“Do I have to know fancy drinks? Because all I know how to do is beer, beer, and beer.”
“You do know there are different beers right?”

“Yes, I work at a pub Rosita.”

“You’ll do fine.”

“I almost got killed last time.”

“This won’t be like last time.”

Waverly glared at her.

“Okay, maybe I owe you one for last time, but please. There will be cute guys!”

“Fine. And I’m not doing this for the cute guys.”

“Thank you. I owe you big time. I’ll text you the details, I have to go to class. Love you.” Rosita blew Waverly a kiss before running off.

Waverly just rolled her eyes at her crazy friend. She seriously wished Wynonna would meet her, the two would get along well.

-

“How would you characterize me?” Waverly asked Rosita as they served drinks.

“Um, perky. Sexy as hell.”

Waverly blushed slightly.

“And smart as hell. If you were making an online dating account it would say something like, the girl of everyone’s dreams. Are you making an online dating account?!”

“God no.”

Rosita just gave her a sideways glance. “You know I’m proud of you.”

“What for.”

“I don’t know, finally dumping the boy-man. Figuring things out on your own. It’s good.”

Waverly hummed. “What about you?”

“My dating life is none of your concern.”

A man came up the counter ending Waverly and Rosita’s conversation. Waverly smiled at him asking him what he wanted.

The guests kept coming and Waverly smiled all the time, more than happy to serve them. A woman approached the bar and Waverly perched her elbows on the table listening to her talk about the party and other things. Waverly talked with her for a bit and gathered her name was Marie. She found the woman funny and laughed at all of her jokes. The woman came to hide by the bar, saying that she basically hated her family, and really preferred to be anywhere else.
“Don’t worry.” Waverly winked at her. “You can hide out here.”

Eventually, people began to leave the party and Rosita began to pack up. Marie came by, giving Waverly a wave.

“It was nice meeting you Waverly.” She smiled at her.

“You too. Have a safe drive home.”

“Will do. This is for you.” She smiled, tapping something onto the counter. She gave her a wink before heading out.

Waverly picked up the card off of the counter noticing a number beside the woman’s name. Waverly blinked in confusion, not sure what just happened. She laughed lightly looking at the number on the card. That was weird, a woman just gave her her number.

“Waverly!” Rosita called.

Waverly pocked the card before going to help Rosita.

---

Nicole: I got a job!

Waverly: What! Really?

Nicole: Yeah. I got a job at our university’s local coffee shop. It’s a family-owned place

Waverly: That’s really cool!

Nicole: I’m kind of scared because I’ve never worked retail before

Waverly: It’s not too hard, all you do is smile and listen very attentively

Nicole: Yeah, I’m still working on that

Waverly: I’m sure you’ll do great

Waverly: A warning though, customers can get on your nerves sometimes

Nicole: That’s what I’m worried about

Waverly: I’m sure you’ll do fine. Tell me how your first day goes

-N-

“Not much space really.” Jeremy sneezed out.

“It will do fine. Anything is better than Shannon.”
Jeremy sniffled, rubbing his nose with the back of his hand. “It’s all yours if you have the money.”

“Don’t worry. I have the money Jeremy. I’ll give it to you on Monday.”

“Perfect.” Jeremy stuck out his hand for Nicole to shake.

“I’m not shaking your hand sickie.”

“Fair.” Jeremy let his hand fall awkwardly.

“Thanks Jeremy.”

“No problem.”

Nicole took one look at the room which would be hers within a week. She couldn’t wait. She wasn’t sure about rooming with Jeremy. They had just met, and he kind of seemed like a bit weird. Nicole needed a change though. She needed a space where she could be herself. And with Jeremy being out and gay as well, she was hopeful that this was the space for her.

-

Work started the same week Nicole moved out of her apartment with Shannon and into the tiny apartment with Jeremy. They gave her an itchy uniform with tight-fitting pants and a scratchy shirt with a collar. She also had to wear her hair up, so when she went to work her hair was done up into a French braid.

Things were actually going pretty well. Nicole made up some lame excuse to Shannon about why she was moving out. She may have said that she and Jeremy were dating. She managed to move in with ease, and work was going pretty well. Of course, Nicole didn’t know how to make any of the drinks but everyone reassured her that it would come to her in time.

Nicole smiled at the customers and talked politely, writing their names on the cup in her nicest writing. Soon she was beginning to recognize some of the regulars and could guess what they were going to order.

“Chi-tea latte?” Nicole smiled when one of the regulars came in early one morning.

The women laughed. “Yes please.”

“Michelle right?”

“Yeah.”

Nicole wrote her name in fancy Calligraphy.

“Did I spell it right?” She asked handing over her drink.

“Yes.” The women smiled.

“Good, it’s always embarrassing when you don’t. I hope you have a good day.”

“You too.”
Michelle came in almost every day at the same time. Nicole found out pretty quickly that she was a TA for a history class. They talked briefly each morning, wishing each other a good day. It didn’t take long for Nicole to start crushing on her.

“There you go.” Nicole smiled as she handed the tea to Michelle.

“Thanks. Um, Nicole. I wanted to ask you something.”

“Sure.”

“Um, how long do you work?”

“Today?”

“Or in general.”

“Well, today I have class so I finish in like an hour. But days I don’t have class I work till two. And some days I work evenings so I don’t finish till ten at night.”

Michelle nodded. “Do you have class Thursday?”

“No.”

“So you would finish at two?”

“That is correct.”

“Good, cause I wanted to ask you out after your done work.”

Nicole froze. The exact thing she had been dreaming of these past few weeks had finally happened, and she didn’t know what to do.

Michelle smiled, laughing awkwardly. “I mean if you want to. I was thinking we could just hang out here.”

“I would love to.” Nicole blurted out. Hoping that it didn’t sound as desperate as it seemed.

“Great! So Thursday after you’re done work. I could meet you here?”

“Yeah, yeah. We can hang out here.”

“Alright, see you then.” Michelle smiled, waving at her as she walked out of the coffee shop.

Nicole just stood there in shock. She had a date. She was going to go on a date. It was a date right? God, what was she going to wear? Wait if Michelle was coming after she was finished work would she just wear her work uniform? She did not want to wear her uniform, especially if it was a date.
Thursday came and Nicole packed an extra bag of stuff. She managed to convince her manager to let her off half an hour early and ran to the washroom quickly throwing on something cute, and fixing her hair and makeup. Michelle was already waiting for her when she got out of the bathroom, she was wearing a cute dress and her hair was curled nicely. She looked gorgeous. Nicole wasn’t sure if she could last through the date.

“Hey, Michelle.” Nicole waved awkwardly.

“Nicole! Love the shirt.”

“Thanks.”

“I already ordered my drink. I can find a table if you want to get something.”

“Sure,” Nicole ordered a coffee and sat down across from Michelle at the table she had chosen.

“You look really nice in that dress by the way,” Nicole told her as she sat down.

“Thanks.” Michelle blushed. “So how’s school, and work?”

The two chatted back and forth, blushing and laughing all the while. Nicole decided that it was perfect.

“Nicole!”

Nicole turned her head to see Shannon standing right beside her. Nicole almost jumped at the sight of her old roommate, a shiver passing through her body.

“Shannon.” Nicole held back a moan.

“Oh my god, what a coincidence seeing you here. I haven’t talked to you in forever. How are you and Jeremy?” Shannon rambled on.

“I work here Shannon, it’s not a coincidence.”

“Really? I didn’t know.”

“Well, it wasn’t like I told you.”

“It’s such a pity that we don’t see each other anymore, we should hang out sometime.”

“Sure.”

“Who’s your friend?”

Nicole was about to answer when Michelle piped up.

“Actually I’m her date.” Michelle smiled.

Nicole’s eyes went wide with fear as the realization passed over Shannon.

“Oh my god, you’re gay!” Shannon practically yelled.

Michelle suddenly realized her mistake as Nicole sat completely still not sure what to say.
“I can’t believe you’re gay. You were my roommate. How could you be gay? I thought we were friends. I changed in front of you…and now you’re on a date with…You two…” Pure disgust was on Shannon's face as she continued to ramble.

Michelle ducked her head hoping that Shannon would just leave.

“That’s just disgusting. You’re going to hell.” Shannon said, not a care in the world.

Nicole jumped up, anger boiling up from her core.

“You’re going to apologize for that!” Nicole yelled at her.

“You’re disgusting and you’re going to hell.” Shannon spat out.

Nicole pushed Shannon and she hit the wall behind her with a hard thud.

“Nicole!” Michelle suddenly stood up.

Shannon made a shocked noise as she pushed herself back off of the wall. “I can’t believe you did that!”

Nicole could feel her fist tighten.

“Nicole, it’s not worth it,” Michelle said, putting her hand gently on Nicole’s arm.

“Well, I’m never coming back here again,” Shannon said marching out of the café.

“Hey you okay?” Michelle asked Nicole.

“Fine. You?”

Michelle nodded. “I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t know.”

The two were beginning to realize that every eye in the café was staring at them, including Nicole boss. Nicole swore quietly to herself as she made her way to her boss.

“I’m sorry about that.”

Her boss just stared at her, as though thinking of what to say. “I’m so sorry Nicole. I don’t know what to say. But we can’t have you working for us after… well, that.”

“Great, so I’m fired?”

“Nicole.”

“It’s fine,” Nicole muttered. “I understand.”

“This doesn’t have anything to do with you and…” Nicole’s boss glanced briefly at Michelle, Nicole got the message. “Getting into a fight with one of our customers isn’t a good image for our company.”

Nicole nodded. “I’ll get my uniform.”

“Do you want me..?” Michelle began, not even sure what Nicole might want.
“No, it’s fine. I had a nice date Michelle, thanks for that. You can go if you want to.”

“I’ll wait for you outside,” Michelle told her and Nicole nodded.

Nicole grabbed her stuff from her locker giving back her uniform.

“Nicole.” Her boss stopped her. “I really am sorry. You seem like a really good girl.”

“Thanks,” Nicole said.

Michelle and Nicole walked in mostly silence the rest of the way home. Nicole broke down in tears when she in her room, alone.

---

Nicole: I lost my job

Waverly: Already? Didn’t you just get the job?

Nicole: Yeah

Waverly: I’m so sorry. How did it happen?

Nicole: Long story, basically I got into a bit of a fight while at work (nothing serious, everyone is fine)

Waverly: What?

Nicole: Well I wasn’t working, but I was still at work. A lot of people saw. So they kind of had to fire me for how I acted

Waverly: Wow Nicole that sounds bad. I’m glad everyone’s okay. Did someone try and hurt you?

Nicole: No, I got mad and pushed a girl

Waverly: Wow, I don’t even know what to say. Do you want to talk more about it?

Nicole: Not sure it’s something I can talk to you about right now

Waverly: Alright. Well, if you want to talk about it with me, feel free to do so.

Nicole: Thanks

---

Nicole tossed off her headphones as the light knocking sound came from her room “Yeah.”
Jeremy popped his head in “Hey, so I’m going to go to this party with a few of my friends, you can come with if you want. We’re going to a gay bar.”

“Why didn’t you lead with that? Yeah, I’m coming!”

-W-

Waverly was watching late-night scary movies at Chrissy’s. The two girls were jumping at anything that moved.

“Oh god. Remind me why are we watching this?” Chrissy muttered

“They’re going in!” Waverly turned her head away from the screen.

“See this is when you need a boyfriend. You know, so you can hide behind him during all of the scary parts” Chrissy jumped as the screeching rang out on screen. “I don’t think I can handle this much longer.”

“Can we stop?” Waverly commented.

“Sure.” Chrissy turned it off. “I’m not getting any sleep tonight.”

Waverly’s phone buzzed.

“Who’s that?” Chrissy teased her.

Waverly turned on her phone to see that Nicole was calling her. That was weird, they defiantly weren’t at the stage where they would call each other. But she had told Nicole that she was there for her if she ever needed to talk. Although Waverly didn’t even know if she was comfortable talking to her over the phone. She didn’t even know her, not really.

“Who is it?” Chrissy asked again. Trying to catch a glimpse of Waverly’s phone.

“It’s no one.”

“Ohh!” Chrissy reached for Waverly’s phone managing to grab it from her.

Waverly tried to protest but Chrissy accidentally hit the answer button.

“Hello.” A female’s voice came from over the phone, it sounded a bit unsure.

“Chrissy!” Waverly hissed out.

“Who is that?” Chrissy whispered back.

“Just a friend.” Waverly made to grab her phone back, but Chrissy clung to it.

“Hello?” Nicole’s voice came from the other side.

“Answer.” Chrissy hissed at Waverly.

“Hi,” Waverly said awkwardly.

“Hey!” Nicole sounded excited.
“Nicole, hey. What are you calling me for?”

“I’m really glad you answered. I know we haven’t talked in a while”

“That’s fine, what do you want to talk about?” Waverly asked.

“I don’t know. I feel bad about how things ended last time.”

“That’s totally fine Nicole. I just don’t understand why you felt the urge to call me, instead of you know, text.”

“It’s just that I think you’re really pretty and I want to hang out with you again.”

Chrissy’s eyes went wide. Waverly was confused, she shrugged at Chrissy.

“Shit. I’m sorry Michelle, I think I might be a little too drunk. Was that too forward?”

“Michelle?” Chrissy mouthed, echoing Waverly’s own confusion.

“Michelle, you still there?” Nicole asked on the other end.

“Um?” Was all Waverly managed to get out.

“I just want to try our date again. I mean if you want to?”

“I think she dialed the wrong number,” Waverly whispered to Chrissy. “What do I do?”

Chrissy shrugged.

“Um, Nicole how drunk are you?” Waverly asked Nicole.

“I don’t know. I’ve never been good at holding my alcohol. It’s just that I’ve been feeling pretty down since, well you know. And Jeremy invited me along with all of his friends to this gay bar and I figured, what the hell. You know, like I deserve this. I am who I am, and I am proud. I like girls and I could care less about what others say or think. Right, right?”

“Right,” Waverly said. Her brain was trying to process all the information.

“I just really want to kiss a girl,” Nicole said her voice sounded like she was going to break down or something.

“Hey Nicole. Hang in there. I think you should go home. Why don’t you call a taxi and go home and get some rest? We’ll talk some more in the morning when you’re less drunk.”

“That’s probably smart. You’re so smart Michelle.”

“Alright. I’m going to hang up now. You promise to get home safely?”

“I promise.”

“Okay, goodbye Nicole.”

“Goodbye.”

Waverly grabbed her phone from Chrissy quickly hanging up.

“What was that?” Chrissy laughed. “Purgatory doesn’t have a gay bar. Wait did you make a friend
outside of Purgatory?!”

“Sort of,” Waverly said, still staring down at her phone.

“You made a lesbian friend?”

“I didn’t know she was gay. Not that there’s anything wrong with that.”

Chrissy held up her hands as though to say that she could care less about the matter. Waverly put her phone into her pocket.

“That’s good of you Waverly, finally sticking your toes out of Purgatory. I don’t care what those other girls say, dumping Champ was good for you.”

“Yeah well, I already knew that.” Waverly snapped.

“I’m not trying to be mean Waverly.”

“Sorry Chrissy. You’re one of the few people who actually care. Look it’s getting late, I should probably go.”

“Alright.”


Waverly: You get home safe?
Nicole: ?
Waverly: After last night
Nicole: Um yess????????
Waverly: So who’s Michelle?
Nicole: What?? How do you know? Waverly seriously, you’re creeping me out. You promised me you weren’t a killer
Waverly: Sorry, didn’t mean to freak you out. You kind of called me by accident last night. You seemed to think I was Michelle
Nicole: Shit
Nicole: Sorry I shouldn’t have called you
Waverly: It’s okay. You got home safe after last night though?
Nicole: Yeah, thanks for checking up on me
Waverly: No problem!
Waverly: So is Michelle the girl you like?
Nicole: Sort of
Waverly: Sort of?
Nicole: You cool with that?
Waverly: That you like girls?
Nicole: yeah
Waverly: Don’t worry, totally cool. So tell me all about her
Nicole: Well, it kind of relates to how I got fired
Waverly: When you punched someone?
Nicole: I just pushed someone
Nicole: I didn’t tell you the whole story earlier because I wasn’t sure if you would be fine with the fact that I’m well…
Waverly: You can say lesbian, it’s totally cool (or bisexual, or whatever)
Nicole: Lesbian, and thanks. That actually means a lot
Waverly: Wait did the situation have to do with the fact that you lesbian?
Nicole: yeah
Waverly: You want to talk about it?
Nicole: It’s a long story
Waverly: I’m willing to listen

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, Leave a like or a comment!
“Would it be creepy if I asked what she looked like?” Nicole asked Jeremy as they sat in their apartment.

“The girl you’ve been texting nonstop?”

Nicole nodded.

“Probably be a little creepy.”

Nicole hummed, trying to figure out what to text Waverly.

Nicole: Guess who can’t wait to be a cop!

“So, are you ever going to meet her?” Jeremy asked.

“She lives in Alberta Jeremy, that’s kind of far away.”

“I mean it’s not like she lives in China or something.”

“True.”

Waverly: You can do it!

“You have a crush on her already don’t you?” Jeremy said, spying Nicole smiling down at her phone.

“No, I don’t.”

“We are two of the same Haught. We fall way too easily.”

“I don’t even know what she looks like.”

“But you want to.”

“Shut up.”

Waverly: What do you like?
Nicole: What do you mean?

Waverly: I mean like what are some things you like?

Nicole: Girls

Waverly: Got that, other things. What do you like to do for fun?

Nicole: Girls

Waverly: TMI!

Nicole: JKJK (sort of)

Nicole: Um I don’t know, hanging out with like my one friend

Waverly: I can relate to that (the one friend thing)

Waverly: Anything else?


Waverly: I enjoy a good party every now and then. But staying at home and watching Netflix is a good option too. I’m not very good at sports.

Waverly: Other things you like?

Waverly: Either then girls?

-W-

Nicole: I got a new job!

Waverly: *confetti, cheering emoji*

Nicole: I’m dog sitting

Waverly: That’s so cute!

Nicole: It’s only for two weeks. Plus I have to house-sit as well, but like the house is huge so it’s pretty awesome. I’m not much of a dog person though. But Pearson is pretty cute

Waverly: Pearson, is that the dog’s name? What kind of dog?

Nicole: Yep, he’s a fully grown labradoodle

Waverly: I’m tempted to ask for pictures, but you don’t have to

Nicole: (Attached Image) He has the same hair colour as me

“Aww.”
“What’s so cute?” Rosita asked at their lunch table.

Waverly showed her the picture of the dog.

“What, whose dog is that?”

“Just a dog.” Waverly shrugged.

“Okay?” Rosita glared at her.

“What?”

“You’re being weird.”

“Am not.”

“Are too.”

“What are we five?”

Rosita snorted. “So whose dog is it?”

“Just a dog my friend is sitting for a week.”

“A friend?” Rosita asked, noticing Waverly being secretive.

“A friend. And it’s none of your business.”

“Whatever, I’ll find out eventually.”

---

Nicole: Pearson is my favourite not-person ever

Waverly: Already growing attached?

Nicole: God no, he’s so annoying. He peed on my leg the other day

Nicole: But the girls love him

Waverly: Ah, I see. I will have to say that I have a weakness for dogs as well

Nicole: I’ve met so many girls these past few days. Pearson is my new wingman

Waverly: Go Pearson!

Nicole: I gave him extra treats

Waverly: Did you get some numbers?

Nicole: You betcha!!
Waverly wasn’t sure why she was keeping Nicole a secret from everyone. Especially with Rosita so determined to figure out who she was texting. She had begun to text Nicole about everything though.

The school year was coming to a close and Waverly had begun to notice that everyone in town had decided that it had been enough time since Waverly had broken up with Champ. As people began asking her out on dates more and more. Waverly just smiled at all of the potential suitors saying that she wasn’t ready to get back into the world of dating quite yet.

At work sometimes her mind would wander, watching the people, imagining their lives. Two teenaged girls sat in the corner laughing, they were allowed in as long as they didn’t order any alcoholic drinks. Waverly watched them from afar. She thought of Nicole only a few providences away, probably on sitting across from a girl. Waverly wondered if Purgatory would be fine with someone like Nicole living here. Of course, it was the 21 century, and Purgatory wasn’t exactly religious. But some people were a little old fashioned.

Work ended and Waverly played around with her phone a bit as she wasn’t quite tired enough for bed yet.

**Waverly:** Any dates with cute girls recently?

**Red-head cop:** No, been too busy

**Waverly:** Oh yeah, you’re going to be graduating soon

**Red-head cop:** Don’t remind me

**Waverly:** Random question, and you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to

**Waverly:** I hope I’m not being rude

**Red-head cop:** Ask away

**Waverly:** How did you find out you liked girls?

**Red-head cop:** Oh that’s was a hard one. It took me quite a while. But I think I always knew, deep down inside. I always thought girls were really pretty. Like I admired their hair and I liked their dresses (although I never wanted to wear dresses). And I really liked hanging out with them. It didn’t really hit me till grade 11.

**Waverly:** What made you realize it fully?

**Red-head cop:** Um, I guess that was the first time I had a real crush on a girl (didn’t actually talk to her much). And then I kind of did some research and it was like something clicked. Like hey, that’s me. I think I like girls. And then I started remembering things from my past and it was like, shit I’m gay.
Waverly: Were you scared?

Red-head cop: Fucking terrified. I cried, a lot

Waverly: I’m sorry

Red-head cop: It’s okay.

Waverly: Are you out?

Red-head cop: yeah

Red-head cop: Hey is it okay we change the subject?

Waverly: Yeah that's fine

Waverly: In other news, every guy in town has decided that now is the perfect time to ask me out. Oh and they are all douchebags

Red-head cop: That sucks

Waverly: No, it’s absolutely wonderful (sarcasm)

Waverly: Who knows, maybe there is a good one hiding in the bunch

Red-head cop: Keep your options open

Options open, the words swirled around in Waverly’s head as she hovered awkwardly at a party Rosita invited her to.

Rosita appeared at her side. “Come on.”

She linked her arm into Waverly’s pulling her toward the group. Waverly listened to the conversation, laughing lightly. Her eyes began to wander form the people Rosita was chatting with to others around her at the party. A woman in a lacy dress stood talking to a man by the wall. Her dress had an open back, Waverly eyes scanned down her body to her legs, which were also bare.

Rosita glanced over at Waverly following her line of sight to the woman. She smiled to herself, realizing that Waverly was checking the woman out. Well, that was new. She thought to herself. Rosita could feel Waverly being distant the whole night like her mind was elsewhere. She kept looking at everyone like she trying to figure them out. Rosita decided to leave early, taking Waverly with her. She was slightly concerned for her, and whatever was going through her mind right now.

“You okay?” Rosita asked as she walked Waverly home.

“Yeah.”

“You seem like you’ve got a lot on your mind.”

“You know, school.”
Rosita nodded despite knowing that school was the last thing on Waverly’s mind right now. “We should go out and party more.”

“Definitely.” Waverly agreed.

-

Rosita invited Waverly out with some of her friends again the next week. They were going out of town and Rosita invited Waverly along knowing full well that the poor girl could use a break.

While Waverly was having fun dancing and laughing with the rest of the group, Rosita snuck away, spying a girl watching Waverly.

“Hey.” Rosita smiled at the woman.

“Hi.”

“I see you checking out my friend there.”

“You going to tell me to back off?” The woman asked.

“No. But just a warning, I don’t think she really knows what she wants.”

The woman stared at her confused.

“You should go for it. Good luck.”

Waverly didn’t really know what was happening when a girl started dancing in front of her. She just kind of went along with it. The woman asked her if she wanted a drink and Waverly said yes, following her to the bar.

“You’re really good.” The woman commented on her dancing.

“Thanks, you’re not too bad yourself.” Waverly grabbed her drink standing off to the side.

“So you got a boyfriend?” The woman asked.

“Pff, no.”

The woman laughed. “You’re cute.”

The woman smiled and began to lean in closer to Waverly. Waverly’s eyes widened in shock, taking a quick step back. It was clear what the woman’s intentions were. She had been about to kiss her.

“No, no. I didn’t mean like that.” Waverly stuttered out.

The woman held her hands up as if to apologize.

“I… I…” Waverly stuttered.

“I get it. It’s cool. See you around?”
“Um…”

The woman just smiled before leaving. Waverly stood there in shock, not sure what just had happened.

-N-

Waverly: HELP!

Nicole: What’s up?

Waverly: I don’t even know

Waverly: Is it weird if I call you?

Nicole: Um, I’m kind of in class right now

Nicole: But you can call me in half an hour, sound good?

Waverly: Yeah. Call me when you’re done. I think I’m having a breakdown.

Nicole got up, ignoring all of the weird looks from everyone in her class and ran outside sitting down on a couch in the empty hall. She was lucky that it was night time and only the people who had night class, like her, were at school right now.

Nicole’s finger hovered over the call button. Was she really going to do this, was she actually call Waverly? She didn’t even know anything about her. Who was she kidding, they had been texting for months. She knew more about her then people who were having sex knew about each other. Nicole plucked up the courage hitting the call button. She had to do this, Waverly was having a break down for Christ’s sake.

“Nicole?” Waverly’s voice came a bit unsure, quiet, but sweet over the phone.

“Hey Waverly,” Nicole responded.

“You said you had class.”

“You said you were having a breakdown.”

“I don’t think it’s a breakdown, not really.”

“You okay?”

Waverly sniffled on the phone and Nicole shifted in her seat suddenly feeling the urge to protect a girl she had never seen.

“I’m sorry.” Waverly gave a slow breath out, followed by a few more sniffles.

“Are you okay there Waverly?”
“I’m okay.”

“You want to talk about it? Did someone hurt you?”

“No, no. No one hurt me. Nothing serious happened.”

“Good, good.” Nicole breathed a sigh of relief. “So what happened, what’s the matter?”

“I… I… I don’t know. I was at this party and there was this girl… and, and…”

“What did she do?”

“I don’t know why I’m reacting this way. But I figured you could help me, since, since…” Waverly’s voice trembles across the phone.

“Hey, Waverly it’s okay. You’re okay. I’m here for you.”

“Thank you.” Waverly sniffled.

Waverly sniffled some more, mutter things quietly, as though trying to find the right words.

“What if I like girls?” Waverly blurted out, through a quiet sob.

Nicole sat back, realizing what was happening on the other side of the phone, oh.

“Waverly, Waverly. It’s okay. Why don’t we calm down? I want you to take some deep breaths in and out, okay.”

Waverly did as she was instructed.

“You okay?” Nicole asked.

“A little thirsty.”

Nicole assumed from the sounds that Waverly drank some water.

“Better now, thanks.”

“It’s okay if you like girls you know,” Nicole said.

“I don’t even know if I do though.” Waverly sniffled.

Nicole was slightly confused, Waverly’s break down seemed like a clear indication that she did in fact like girls. Nicole remembered her own experience of realizing she liked women and how she had denied it at first as well. Perhaps that was what Waverly was doing now.

“What happened?” Nicole asked.

“A woman tried to kiss me.”

Nicole tried to hold back her laughter at the weirdness of this whole situation.

“It kind of scared me. I wasn’t even doing anything and she tried to kiss me. And then this other time this girl gave me her number. And, and you know I’ve been noticing girls more. Like really noticing them. Like what if I do like girls?”

“There’s nothing wrong with that,” Nicole repeated.
“But how would I know?”

“Well, the fact that you’re checking out girls could be an indication.”

“But I’m only checking them out because I’m trying to figure out if I would date them.”

“Well, that’s good. It’s okay to think about it, or experiment a little.”

“Experiment?”

“You know go kiss a few girls to try it out.”

“Is that what you did?”

“No, but some people do. You know, the whole; you don’t know till you try.”

“I guess.”

“Look, I’m not saying you should go pick up some random chick and sleep with her to figure out if you like girls. I’m saying it’s an option. But there’s lots of information out there now days. That’s what I found helped me. Go to some meetings, you can meet other gay people, maybe make some new friends.”

“There aren’t any gay people in Purgatory.” Waverly sobbed out.

As Waverly had never told Nicole the name of her town, Nicole was confused by the comment. She thought that Waverly was trying to make some sort of analogy or something.

“Well um, we don’t know that for sure.”

“There are just stupid boys and fields for miles.” Waverly continued to ramble on. “And stupid ghosts from my past.”

“Hey. It’s going to be okay. I can send you some links to stuff if you want?”

“Yeah sure, that would be great.”

“Okay. You going to be fine?”

“I think so.” Waverly sniffled. “I’m sorry that I’m such a mess Nicole. Thanks for listening. You have a really nice voice.”

Nicole laughed, a smile working its way onto her face. “No problem. I’m here for you, whenever you need me, okay?”

“Okay.”

“You promise to keep me updated?”

Waverly hummed in agreement.

“This is kind of weird talking to you,” Nicole commented.

“You’ve done it before.”

“I was drunk.”
“True. I’m sorry if this was weird.”

“No, no. I understand some things you have to actually talk about, not just text.”

“Thanks Nicole.”

“I’m glad I can help.”

“It means a lot.”

“I know. You take care of yourself okay Waverly?”

“Will do. As long as you promise the same.”

“I don’t know, I tend to have a bit of a rebellious streak.”

Waverly laughed and the sound warmed Nicole to the core. “I should probably go.”

“Kay, it was nice talking to you Waverly.”

“Yeah. Thanks again.”

“No problem. Talk to you soon?”

“Yeah. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Nicole waited for Waverly to hang up, sitting on the couch taking in everything that had just occurred.

-W-

Nicole had been sending Waverly different links to a bunch of different things. Waverly read and watched every last one like they were some sort of assignment. Eventually, the links changed from more serious things, like videos about sexuality, to pictures containing a funny post about being gay. Waverly was enjoying it, Nicole acted so casually about it. Asking her all-the-while how life was going and if any new girls, or boys, had caught her eye. It was strange, the whole new experience, but Waverly kind of liked it. She liked talking to Nicole.

Waverly had been considering telling someone about everything that was going on in her mind the past few weeks, that someone being Rosita. But she didn’t know how to do it. She was a bit nervous about asking Nicole as last time she had gotten vibes from Nicole that her coming out had not gone well.

Waverly: I’m thinking about telling my friend

Red-head cop: That’s great! I believe in you!

Waverly: Thanks, I don’t even know what I would say

Red-head cop: It doesn’t have to be a big explanation thing
Waverly: I’m nervous

Red-head cop: Don’t feel pressured to do anything, especially if fell like you’re not ready yet. That’s totally fine. But trust me it feels great to tell someone.

Waverly: I tell her like everything. I know she’s totally cool with this sort of stuff, but I’m still nervous.

Red-head cop: That’s understandable

Waverly: I’m going to message her now

Waverly swapped over to her chat with Rosita.

Waverly: Hey can we hang out sometime this week?

Nicole kept texting her encouraging her on.

Rosie: Sure, I’m free on Friday. What do you want to do?

Waverly: We can hang out at my place, I just want to hang out, chat, extra

Rosie: Cool! After you’re done class?

Waverly: Works for me!

-N-

Nicole glanced down at her phone as she was brushing her teeth, getting ready for bed.

Probably bi: It’s all planned

Nicole: You can do it!

Nicole finished getting herself ready for the night heading to the kitchen to grab a drink. Jeremy gave her a quick wave as she sat beside him with her glass of water. Her phone buzzed again and Jeremy looked over curiously.
Nicole spat out her water, choking.

“Keep coughing,” Jeremy said, awkwardly patting her on the back.

Nicole was still coughing away as she shoved the phone in Jeremy’s face, panic written across her own.

Jeremy took the phone from her.

“Um..?” Jeremy was confused, as far as he knew Nicole was dating anyone.

“She said she loves me. I don’t even know her. What do I do Jeremy?” Nicole’s voice was panicked.

“Wait, texting girl?”

“Yeah!”

“She probably meant it in a causal way.”

“You don’t just text someone you don’t know that you love them, with a kissy emoji!” Nicole stared at the phone in shock. “I think I’m having a gay panic, and I haven’t even seen this girl yet.”

“Make a joke out of it.”

Nicole took in a deep breath calming herself down before coming up with a response.

“Why am I such a gay mess?” Nicole asked.

“You and me both.” Jeremy agreed.

-W-

Red-head cop: Where did that come from?

Waverly was confused by what Nicole was asking her about and had to read her last message. *Shit,* she had just told Nicole she loved her, she told a random girl that she loved her. Waverly groaned at her mistake realizing that the message had been meant for Rosita, as this was their usual way of saying goodbye.

Waverly: Shit sorry. That’s so embarrassing. That was meant for someone else.

Red-head cop: Something you have to tell me?

Waverly: Oh, no, nothing like that. It’s just my friend

Waverly: I feel very embarrassed now, I’m so sorry
Red-head cop: That’s okay

Red-head cop: I know I’m irresistible and everything. But it did shock me a bit, considering we don’t really know each other that well.

Waverly: LOL, really sorry.

Waverly: I’m going to hide for five years in embarrassment.

Red-head cop: You clearly do not know how to use a phone properly, no offense.

Waverly: Clearly.

-Probably bi: I told my friend!

Nicole: What! So proud of you! How did it go?

Probably bi: She was very ecstatic, lot of hugging, a few tears.

Nicole: That’s great!

Probably bi: She wants to take me to a gay bar but we have like none here.

Nicole: Come here!

Probably bi: Maybe one day.

Probably bi: Ever been to pride?

Nicole: Went last year for the first time with some friends.

Probably bi: When is Pride anyways?

Nicole: June.

Probably bi: We should go to one together! Then we could finally meet each other!

Nicole: I would love that!

Probably bi: We should talk more about it later.

Nicole: Definitely!

Probably bi: I can’t believe school’s almost over. I’ve been trying to ignore the fact that I’m graduating next year and should probably figure out my life.

Nicole: Feel you. I can’t believe I’m graduating in a few months. AAAAaahhhhh!!!!

Probably bi: You can do it!
Nicole: And then I have to get all fancy and sit around for like five hours. Can skip my graduation?

Probably bi: Honestly I don’t think anyone goes to those anymore, way too many people. But what’s wrong with getting fancy?

Nicole: It’s horrible

Probably bi: Its fun!

Nicole: ewww

Probably bi: You don’t like dressing up?

Nicole: Not my favourite thing.

Probably bi: I guess it's not everyone’s thing. But I’m sure you’d look great! ;)

Nicole: I always look great, I don’t know what you’re talking about

Probably bi: LOL

Probably bi: Is it weird that we’ve been talking for like 8 months and have no clue what each other looks like?

Nicole, of course, had been wondering what Waverly looked like for the past few months but hadn’t worked up the courage to ask her. Even now as Waverly had given her the opportunity to ask she was starting to freak out.

Nicole: I mean it’s not like we’re friends really

Probably bi: Who’s saying we're not friends. I'm telling you more about my life than the people I see every day. Plus people meet all the time online now

Nicole: True, it is the 21 century. Guess I’m still a bit unsure of the whole, meeting someone online thing. But I mean I guess you kind of are a friend

Probably bi: Aww thanks! I’m beginning to consider you to be a friend as well

Probably bi: Promise me you haven’t been lying to me this whole time

Nicole: I would never do that, promise

Probably bi: K, want to follow each other on social media?

Nicole: Yes!

Probably bi: K, please don’t kill me

Nicole: I won’t, promise
Probably bi: My last name’s Earp, so you can find me on Facebook under Waverly Earp

Probably bi: I also have Instagram and snapchat under waverly_angelbaby (mainly my sister’s influence)

Nicole: Cute.

Nicole: Last name Haught, yes it’s pronounced as hot. Instagram and snapchat as Haught_damn ;P

Probably bi: OMG, that’s so cute. Bet you love that last name!

Nicole: Sometimes it can be annoying, but yes

Probably bi: Now I’m going to stalk you for an hour

Nicole: Slightly worried, but honestly I’m going to do the same.

Nicole leaped right away to finding Waverly on social media. Waverly’s Instagram, like Nicole’s own, was private, so Nicole waited till Waverly accepted her friend request. It wasn’t too hard to find Waverly on Facebook as the name wasn’t too common. Nicole clicked on the profile picture. She almost dyed immediately, for Waverly looked absolutely amazing. Shit

Probably bi: Aww you’re so cute!!

Yep, Nicole was doomed.
The school year finally came to a close. Nicole graduated with little to no pomp-and-circumstance. She ditched on going to her graduation but Jeremy surprised her by buying a cake and even lighting some candles. It made Nicole laugh, and cry a little. It had been a long time since someone had showed her they cared, like really cared.

Summer started and Nicole and Jeremy were able to keep their apartment through the summer and the next year, as they would still be in school in the fall. Nicole was excited about going to the police academy the next year. She couldn’t actually believe she was going to do it. Her summer days were spent at the same job she had last summer, working at her cousin’s landscaping company. It was a hot summer and hard work, but Nicole enjoyed it as it gave her something to do, either then watching Netflix with Jeremy.

Nicole was also enjoying Waverly’s Instagram account. Waverly was the typical Instagram girl, but Nicole didn’t mind at all. From artsy photos of her redoing her loft apartment room (which Nicole had now learned was above where she worked), to pictures of her out at parties with her friend Rosita. Nicole’s favourites, of course, were the selfies. Especially when Waverly posted a picture of her in a bikini. That had been a good day.

Nicole, on the other hand, wasn’t one to post pictures. She mainly snapchatted with Waverly. Today was a picture with her sitting next to Jeremy on the couch sticking her tongue out with the caption, “just chilling.”

Jeremy just rolled his eyes at Nicole. “Are we going?”

Nicole was confused for a few seconds before realizing what Jeremy was talking about.

“I haven’t asked yet.” She mumbled.

“Still?”

“I’m working up the courage.”

“I thought you were supposed to be all tough and stuff.”

“Do you want me to beat you up?” Nicole punched Jeremy lightly on the shoulder.

“Oww. Hey, I have fragile arms.”

Nicole just laughed at the wimp he was. “No wonder you can’t get a man.”

“Ouch.”
Nicole stared down at her phone. “Do you think I should ask her?”

Jeremy nodded. “At least one of us should be courageous for once. And we both know that it’s not going to be me.”

“You’ve got a lot of courage Jeremy. Remember last week when you talked back to Phil when he was talking shit about me.”

“It was one of my finer moments, thank you very much.”

“That was pretty cool… Kay, I’m texting her.”

Jeremy cheered beside her.

Nicole: So do you want to go to Pride together?

Perfect: Oh, yes!! Do you think we actually could?

Nicole: Well there’s one here in Ottawa or one in Toronto. We could do some sight-seeing together.

Perfect: Oh, I’ve always wanted to go to Toronto. I’ve never been to the CN Tower before.

Perfect: It would be amazing if we could actually make this work. I’ll talk to my friend Rosita, text you later?

Nicole: Alright. I hope we get to meet!!

-W-

Waverly called Rosita later that night telling her about her and Nicole’s idea to meet up at Pride. Rosita was of course down for it and helped her figure out if they could make it work.

“You seem to be very excited to meet up with this girl.” Rosita teased.

“Nicole?”

“Yeah. You know you still haven’t told me much about her.”

“She’s just a friend Rosie.”

“Just a friend huh? A friend you’re meeting at Pride?”

“If you actually figure things out. Then yes, I will get to see her.”

“Alright, alright. Don’t worry, you’ll get to see your soulmate.”

“She’s not my soulmate.”

“Whatever you say Waverly.”
Waverly texted back and forth with Nicole figuring out details. They planned to meet up in Toronto and go to Pride there together. They were going to stay for the whole weekend. Nicole had offered to show Waverly around, as she had been there before and Waverly had not.

**Haught Damn: BTW I’m taking you to the CN Tower since you said you’ve never been**

Waverly: You don’t have to

**Haught Damn: I taking you. I know you want to go**

Waverly: I do

Waverly: Can’t wait to see you!

**Haught Damn: Me neither!**

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Waverly had never been anywhere either then Purgatory in her whole life. *Well okay, that wasn’t exactly true*, but that’s how it felt. She thought it was funny as Purgatory was a place between heaven and hell, a place where you simply wandered till you learned your mistakes, figured out the meaning of your life. That’s how Waverly felt like she was stuck in that god awful town till she had figured out who she was.

Rosita had chosen their route of travel to be a train, it had been cheaper. Waverly was enjoying it so far, not even minding their tiny sleeping quarters on their two-day train ride.

“You’re girlfriend better be worth this,” Rosita mumbled before drifting off to sleep.

Waverly had woken up before Rosita did and made her way to the dining cart to have some breakfast. She snapped some photos of the food and the view from outside of the windows, sending it to Nicole. *Okay so maybe Waverly was a little more than just nervous about finally meeting Nicole, but she was also really excited*. This was her first real adventure outside of her home town, it felt like there were endless possibilities.

Waverly received a snap from Nicole of her and her roommate, Jeremy, carrying all of their bags with the caption “all ready to go”. Waverly smiled, thinking about how in a few hours they would finally be face to face.
“This is cute,” Rosita said, throwing down her luggage onto their hotel bed, before falling down beside them with a huff.

Waverly was looking out the window at the crowded city below, admiring the view. Wondering about the lives of the people walking below.

“Did you bring you’re bathing suit?” Rosita asked.

“Yeah, you told me to remember?”

“Want to go swim in the pool?”

“Is there a hot tub?”

“You bet there is!”

- 

“So when are we meeting Nicole?” Rosita asked as they relaxed in the hot tub.

“Tomorrow morning at ten.” Waverly reminded her. “From there we will go to the parade and see the sites. She also offered to take us to the aquarium and the CN tower the next day.”

“There’s an aquarium?! How can we not pass up that opportunity?”

-N-

Tomorrow morning could not come fast enough. Suddenly Nicole’s alarm was going off and she bolted awake.

“Shit!” Nicole swore loudly, bolting into the bathroom.

Today was the day she would meet Waverly, for the first time, in person.

“Shit!”

She hopped into the shower and afterward took most of her time trying to look as attractive as possible. Nicole stumbled around to hotel room, suddenly realizing Jeremy was still sound asleep.

“Jeremy, get the fuck up!”

“What?” Jeremy groaned.

“How do I look?”

“Fine, I guess,” Jeremy said rubbing his eyes.

“Come on, get dressed we’re going to be late.”
Nicole kept yelling at Jeremy to hurry up and eventually the two made it out of their hotel room without killing each other. Nicole sent Waverly a text before they hopped on the bus to take them to the breakfast place they were meeting at.

“How’s it going?” Nicole texted Waverly.

“You look fine,” Jeremy said, sensing Nicole’s uneasiness.

“Thanks. What will I say, what if it’s really awkward? What if we hate each other in real life? What if her friend’s a real jerk? What if she’s a jerk?”

“Nicole, stop overthinking it. It will be fine.”

Perfect: We’re here

Nicole: Should be there shortly, still on the bus

Nicole: You can get a table

Nicole and Jeremy hopped off the bus walking to the breakfast place. Nicole politely told the server that they were looking for a Waverly and a Rosita and the server lead them to a table in front of a window, where two girls were laughing away.

Nicole’s heart beat loudly in her chest. Time moved slowly as she realized that the girl who looked identical to all the pictures of Waverly she had seen was, in fact, Waverly in real life. She was ten times more beautiful in real life, with the light seeping through the window making a halo around her body.

Waverly’s head began to move as she realized someone was coming over. A warm smile came across her face and the smile grew as she realized that this was the girl she had been waiting for.

“How’s it going?” Waverly jumped up wrapping her arms tight around Nicole’s body.

Nicole gave an awkward hug back, having not expected it.

Waverly pulled back, as though noticing Nicole’s awkwardness. Nicole suddenly missed the warmth of Waverly’s embrace.

“I can’t believe this is actually happening.” Waverly laughed lightly.

Nicole nodded, some manner of sounds coming out of her mouth. Nicole wasn’t even sure if she knew how to function properly finally in the presence of Waverly.

Waverly just stood there as if she was just as shocked as Nicole. Nicole managed to break free of her daze, realizing the fool she must look like.

“Um, this is my friend and roommate Jeremy.” She gestured to Jeremy beside her.

“Hey.” Jeremy waved.

“Nice to meet you.” Waverly shook his hand. “This is Rosita.”

Rosita waved.
“Why don’t you guys come sit down? We just ordered.”

“Of course.” Nicole laughed, as the three sat down.

The waiter returned making a comment about their friends having arrived. Nicole and Jeremy ordered drinks needing some time to figure out what to eat.

Nicole stared at her menu awkwardly, feeling like she should say something. But not knowing what to say. She couldn’t believe this was finally happening. She was sitting right next to Waverly.

“I got a crepe,” Waverly whispered to Nicole, breaking the awkward silence.

“Sounds tempting.” Nicole smiled back at Waverly.

“So Nicole, Waverly has told me nothing about you.” Rosita piped up.

“Rosita.” Waverly hissed out.

Nicole just laughed at the comment. “Um, what do you want to know?”

Rosita shrugged. “What do you do?”

“Currently working for my cousin’s landscaping business for the summer, and in the fall I will be going to the police academy.”

“Wow. You didn’t tell me she was a cop.” Rosita whispered the last part to Waverly.

“Well, she’s not a cop yet,” Waverly whispered back.

The waitress returned with drinks and another waiter with Waverly and Rosita’s orders. Jeremy and Nicole order their own food before the two waiters left.

“What about you?” Rosita asked Jeremy.

“Um biochemistry.”

“What, same!” Rosita high-fived him.

“How was your trip?” Nicole asked Waverly as Rosita and Jeremy chatted.

“It was nice. Yours?”

“Long, but not as long as yours.”

“You took the train too right?”

Nicole nodded.

“Hey what was this Waverly was saying about you taking us to an Aquarium?” Rosita asked Nicole.

“Oh yeah, I got package tickets for the aquarium and the CN tower. If we don’t go it’s okay I can just sell them to someone else, or Jeremy and I can go another time. It was just that Waverly told me she had never been to the CN Tower before.”

Waverly blushed at the mention of her name.

“Well, I definitely want to go to this aquarium,” Rosita said.
“Cool, I was thinking we could go tomorrow.”

- 

Breakfast pasted with light chatter between the four of them. They all seemed to get along really well. Like they were old friends who hadn’t seen each other in a long time. After breakfast they made their way down to the parade, changing into their more rainbow clothes. The sun beat down on them as they walked along the sidewalk enjoying the sights and other things going on. A few people would come up and talk to them, Nicole saw Waverly blush when a woman singled her out saying; “Hey there sexy.”

After walking for a while the group had fallen on the steps to a building, shielded from the sun beating down on them. They sipped their water, watching the extravagant people walk by.

“Glad you came?” Nicole asked Waverly.

“Definitely, this was really fun.” Waverly smiled.

“We have to go to one of the parties,” Rosita said.

“It will be crazy,” Nicole warned.

“Crazy fun.” Rosita laughed, clearly not concerned.

-

So they went out for supper and found a nearby party. They filed into the crowded place, getting a few drinks. They danced away, getting lost in the music and the movement of the people around them. Eventually it began to get late, and despite the fun they were having they decided to call it quits.

“See you tomorrow,” Nicole said to Waverly as they made their way out of the party.

“Two right?”

“Yep, I’ll try not to be late this time.”

-W-

“Waverly.” Rosita’s voice came softly into Waverly’s ear as she slowly began waking from her deep sleep.

Waverly moaned a bit, not quite ready to wake up.

“You don’t want to be late for your date.”
“My date?” Waverly asked in her sleepy voice.

“With Nicole. You know; super tall, sexy redhead. Going to be a cop.”

“What time is it?” Waverly asked, suddenly shooting up awake.

“Relax, we got lots of time.”

Waverly sighed a breath of relief. “It’s not a date.” Waverly slapped Rosita’s arm, making her way off to the bathroom to get ready for the day.

Waverly busied herself with getting ready. She was still sleepy from the late night last night. The songs still playing in her head, the closeness of Nicole playing in her mind. Rosita squished beside Waverly into the tiny hotel bathroom. Rosita hadn’t missed the way Waverly had looked at Nicole last night. She watched as Waverly fussed over her looks. Even though Waverly knocked it up to nothing less than simply wanting to look nice, Rosita saw right through that.

Rosita and Waverly made their way to the restaurant in which they were meeting Nicole and Jeremy for lunch. They all got there on time, Waverly initiating awkward hugs all around. They chatted a bit more through their meal before deciding to head off to the aquarium.

They waited in line, ready to give the people their tickets, and they began their walkthrough. Waverly was hardly a few feet away from Nicole.

As the group walked along Rosita put her arm out, stopping Jeremy in his tracks.

“Hey.” Jeremy moaned in annoyance.

“Shh.” Rosita hushed him, waiting till Nicole and Waverly had wandered a bit ahead. “So does your friend like my friend or what?”

“Nicole? Oh totally.” Jeremy quickly regretted saying that, realizing it was something Nicole probably didn’t want him sharing.

Rosita’s face lit up at the news. “We should let them have some time to themselves.”

“Ohh.” Jeremy nodded, catching on easily to Rosita’s plan.

“Which one is your favourite?” Nicole asked Waverly. The two stood side by side, mystified by the aquatic creatures.

“I think I like the stingrays. No the octopus, no the jellyfish!”

Nicole laughing lightly at Waverly not being able to choose. “I hope we get to see the sea turtle.”

They moved along, stepping on to a moving carpet which took them through a glass tunnel, fish all
around them. Waverly laughed and pointed at a shark just chilling above the glass tube they were inside. “So cool!”

Nicole looked behind them noticing Jeremy talking away to Rosita, the two seemed very chummy.

“Nicole!” Waverly bopped her arm to get her attention.

Nicole looked to what Waverly was pointing at. The one and only sea turtle, swimming straight for them.

“This is so cool,” Nicole said, taking out her phone to take pictures.

The crew continued on their way, going through the tunnel again and taking way too long staring at the jellyfish. They finally reached the end, where there was a spot to pet the stingrays.

“So what next?” Nicole asked, trying and failing at petting the stingrays. “Do we want to go to the CN tower?”

“Sure!” Waverly said, clearly down for more adventure. Waverly turned her head to Rosita.

“You and Nicole should go,” Rosita told her.

“You don’t want to go?”

“I kind of want to go to a party,” Rosita smiled innocently.

Waverly looked a little sad. This was their last night with Nicole and she didn’t want it to end. They went to a party last night, and she didn’t really want to go to one again.

“Jeremy can come with me. You two can still go,” Rosita suggested.

“I’m totally cool with hanging out with Rosie,” Jeremy confirmed.

Nicole glared at him, annoyed with his sudden new friendship with the girl, and catching his alternative motives.

Waverly thought about it for a few moments. She didn’t really catch the alternative motives behind the suggestion, but the idea of hanging out with Nicole all by herself made her rather nervous. It wasn’t like she wasn’t enjoying her company or anything. She just didn’t know what to expect.

“What do you think?” Waverly asked Nicole, finally piping up.

“What do you want to do?” Nicole asked, only wanting Waverly to be happy.

“I kind of want to go to the CN tower.”

“Then we will go to the CN tower and Rosita and Jeremy can party all night long. Everyone’s happy.”

Waverly smiled, trying to hide her nervousness.
The crew walked to the CN tower, all staring up at it.

“Have fun on your date,” Rosita whispered into Waverly’s ear.

“It’s not a date.” Waverly blurted out.

“Waverly I see how you to look at each other.” Rosita said in a more serious tone. “Have fun, alright. See you later.” She grabbed Waverly up into a tight hug, giving her a quick peck on the cheek.

Nicole watched the two as she wandered beside Jeremy.

“I may have reserved a table for the two of you at the restaurant,” Jeremy told her.

“What! The restaurant that…” Nicole spun her finger in a circle.

Jeremy nodded.

“Isn’t that super expensive?”

“You’re the one paying.”

“Jeremy!”

“Have fun.” He smiled as Rosita linked arms with him, pulling him away.

Rosita waved goodbye, leaving Nicole and Waverly all alone with the tower looming over their heads.

The two women stood awkwardly side by side, looking up at the tower.

“It’s really tall,” Waverly observed.

“And here I thought I was tall.”

Waverly snorted at Nicole’s joke and it made Nicole laugh.

“Want to go inside?” Nicole asked as neither of them had moved.

“Right, I guess that’s what you’re supposed to do.”

“I mean we could try climbing, but we might get in trouble.”

Waverly laughed again and Nicole decided it was the most beautiful sound in the world.

“Is there really a glass floor elevator?”

“I don’t know. I know there is a glass floor though.”

“Sounds awesome.”
The two went through security before taking their tour through the tower, taking their sweet time reading all of the history stuff. They continued on their way up, finally reaching the glass floor. Children covered it. Waverly watched as the kids jumped up and down, as though trying to break it. The glass floor loomed in front of her.

“We have to go, don’t we?” She asked.

“We have to,” Nicole confirmed.

Waverly didn’t even realize when she had reached out and grabbed Nicole’s hand. Nicole looked down, surprised by the gesture. *Was Waverly scared?*

“Come on.” She said, pulling Waverly along.

Nicole walked on to the glass floor, making room for the pair of them. She turned around to see Waverly on the edge of the glass floor, looking through it at the massive drop to the ground below.

“Come on.” Nicole coxed.

Waverly nodded, taking a small gulp and stepping onto the glass floor. She grabbed Nicole’s other hand as soon as she stood full onto the glass floor, gripping it tightly.

“It’s okay.” Nicole laughed lightly at Waverly’s nervousness.

“They’re so tiny,” Waverly said, still staring through the floor at the people miles below them.

“They’re like little ants.” Nicole looking down at the people with Waverly.

“And were the giants who can crush them.”

Nicole laughed.

Waverly suddenly realized that she was gripping Nicole’s hands. *God this was awkward,* but she didn’t want to let go. *Why was she so scared?* There was no reason to be, it was irrational.

Nicole followed her line of sight to their linked hands.

“Is this okay?” Waverly asked nervously, afraid that it might not be.

“It’s fine,” Nicole reassured her with a smile.

“Good, cause I don’t really want to let go.” Waverly laughed nervously. “It’s kind of funny, I’ve always wanted to do the things that scare me, but I think it might be harder then it seems.”

“What’s there to be scared of?”

Waverly looked up into Nicole’s comforting eyes. “Everything.” She whispered.

“There’s nothing to be scared of.” Nicole let go of one of Waverly’s hands even though she made of a noise of disapproval.

Nicole slowly untangled her other hand leaving Waverly standing there on her own.

“See nothing to be afraid of.” Nicole jumped up falling back down on the glass, proving that it was solid.
“Nicole!” Waverly’s eyes went wide.

“Sorry.” Nicole laughed, taking Waverly’s hands back into her own. Waverly gripped them tightly once again.

“I can’t believe you did that.”

“You want to try?” Nicole asked.

Waverly nodded, biting her lip shyly.

“One, two, three.” The two jumped at the same time. All of the kids’ heads turned as though suddenly very worried. When the two hit the floor they started giggling like they were one of the little kids.

“See, nothing to be afraid of.” Nicole smiled.

Waverly laughed feeling rather embarrassed. “Can we get off now?” She asked.

“Sure.”

- 

Nicole glanced at her watch checking the time. She was rather nervous about telling Waverly about the restaurant reservations, but it was getting close to the time Jeremy had made the reservation for.

“So um, Jeremy may have made reservations for us at the restaurant.”

“There’s a restaurant?” Waverly said looking over at her in excitement.

“Yeah, it spins in a circle.”

“What?! Wait like fast?”

“No, it’s slow. You won’t get sick or anything.”

“That’s so cool!”

“Yeah. Our reservation is soon, so we should probably get going.”

“Of course.”

They made their way to the restaurant in line. Waverly was beginning to think that Rosita was right, maybe this was a date.

“Am I dressed fancy enough?” Waverly wondered out loud.

“You look great.” Nicole smiled at her.

Waverly blushed at the compliment, suddenly feeling Nicole’s eyes on her.
“Reservation name?” The women at the front desk asked.

“Um, Nichole Haught.”

“Ah, right on time. Your server will be with you in a moment.”
As if on cue a woman appeared ready to take them to their table.

“Right by the window.” The woman commented, as though they had chosen the best spot.

“Thank you.” Nicole thanked the waitress before sitting down.

“This is really nice,” Waverly said sitting down across from Nicole.

The two sat awkwardly across from each other, both realizing that they were basically on a date. They read over their menu’s neither knowing what to say. The waitress returned taking their orders and leaving again.

“Imagine being the person who has to clean all of the windows,” Waverly said, staring out the window beside her.

Nicole laughed. “That would be some job.”

“Someone’s got to do it.” Waverly shrugged.

“I wonder what kind of degree you would have to have.”

Waverly laughed as their food appeared.

They dug into their meal, not talking much as they ate. Waverly stared over at the woman across from her, smiling at the realization that she had finally met Nicole. She was glad she had done this, she was especially glad that they had gotten along so well

“This was really nice Nicole, I had a lot of fun,” Waverly commented.

“Me too, I’m glad you like it.”

Waverly smiled. “Can I tell you something?”

“Anything.”

“I was kind of nervous about meeting you.”

“Me too, actually.”

“Really?”

Nicole nodded. “I was actually a bit worried you might be a jerk in real life. But you’re not.”

“I’m glad I’m not.”

“I’m really glad we finally got to meet. I’ve been looking forward to it.”

“Me too. This whole day has been quite an adventure for me.”

“It was fun. I can’t believe you never been to the CN tower before.”
Waverly shrugged. “I haven’t been too much of anywhere really. When was the last time you came here?”

Nicole gave out a huff as she tried to think when the last time she was here. “I think I was seven, came here with my family.”

Waverly could feel the distaste in Nicole’s tone. “My family never did anything fun. And if they did I was never invited.”

Nicole felt sad for the pair of them. She could see herself in Waverly. They were just two lonely girls, who didn’t feel like their parents truly loved them. Not sure if they could ever be loved by anyone.

Waverly laughed lightly as if to lighten the mood. “I think my favourite part of this weekend was the aquarium, you?”

“Same.”

“Any downs?”

“Hmm, maybe when the man at the hotel thought me and Jeremy were a couple.”

Waverly laughed.

“I mean you can’t blame him, we did get a room together. We just wanted separate beds that’s all. What about you?”

Waverly thought for a moment. She knew what her moment would be, but she was rather scared of admitting it to Nicole. “Mine hasn’t happened yet.”

Nicole looked at her slightly confused.

Waverly swung her legs nervously beneath the table. “I guess going home… saying goodbye to you.”

Nicole’s face lights up with a sad smile. Waverly looked up, noticing Nicole’s dimples, she really was beautiful.

“We can always hang out again. You could come to Ottawa maybe, there’s lots of cool stuff that I could show you.”

“I would like that.” Waverly picked at her food awkwardly. “Things aren’t going to be awkward between us now, right?” She asked.

“No, of course not.”

“You know you could always come and visit me!” Waverly suggested excitedly.

“Okay, you still haven’t told me where you live exactly.”

Waverly laughed, realizing that she hadn’t. “It’s a small town. Nobody even knows it exists really. It’s called Purgatory.”

“Wait, that’s the name of your town?”
Waverly nodded.

“No wonder you hate it so much.”

Waverly laughed.

“I would love to come and visit your little town of Purgatory sometime.”

“Good.”

They finished their food, exchanging brief conversation every once and awhile. As they finished their meal they debated over getting desert or not. Eventually, they decided to get a cake and share it between the two of them. Waverly couldn’t help but think it was rather intimate, sharing a cake. She took a fork full of the chocolate cake, but of course she had to go and make a fool of herself and fail at eating the cake properly. She somehow managed to get icing on her nose and face. Nicole laughed at Waverly’s fail.

“Stop laughing.” Waverly pouted, whipping off the chocolate from her face in embarrassment.

“Sorry.” Nicole laughed away. Bits of the icing still remained on Waverly’s nose “You’re cute.”

Nicole blinked in shock, swearing to herself for letting the thought slip out. Waverly was just as shocked as Nicole was, a bit thrown off by the comment.

“Thank you,” Waverly responded, a sudden act of courage working up inside of her. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

Nicole blushed, dimples showing on her cheeks.

Waverly watched her. Things had been going well all night, and she was really enjoying Nicole’s company. Waverly was beginning to really like Nicole, and with Nicole’s comment, she wondered if Nicole might want to be a bit more than just friends. Waverly wasn’t opposed to the idea, perhaps a little scared though.

“Okay, I don’t want to be weird or anything, but does it feel like our friends set us up or what?” Waverly asked Nicole, deciding to test the waters.

“Oh no, they clearly did,” Nicole confirmed.

Waverly nodded, taking another bite of her cake.

“Not that I’m complaining.”

Waverly tried not to choke on her cake at Nicole’s words. She laughed lightly, trying to play off her awkwardness but her face was beat-red. Did Nicole just confirm that this was a date and that she had enjoyed it?

Waverly took a drink of her water to clear her throat. “This was nice.” She told Nicole, not wanting to be rude, for she had enjoyed their night and Nicole’s company.

Their waitress returned asking how they wanted to pay.
“You two are such a cute couple.” The waitress said as she handed them their bills.

The two women laughed it off, not making any comments. Waverly was still beat red.

“Thank you,” Nicole told the waitress politely.

They tipped the waitress generously deciding to head back for the night.

They left the tower beginning their walk down the streets toward the bus station, the night time beginning to fall upon them.

Nicole looked over at Waverly walking beside her, she couldn’t believe Waverly was leaving tomorrow. Their night had been great and Waverly almost seemed like she wanted their dinner to have been a date. Nicole didn’t want Waverly to leave quite yet, she couldn’t let her leave without lest giving them a chance.

“We do kind of make a cute couple,” Nicole said out loud after finally finding the courage to speak.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Waverly asked, turning around to face her.

Nicole shrugged, losing all confidence due to Waverly’s beauty.

“Do you want to date me Nicole Haught?” Waverly laughed lightly as though it were a joke.

Nicole nodded timidly in response, suddenly lost for words.

Waverly stood there suddenly realizing that Nicole was being serious, she wanted to date her. Nicole wanted to date her.

“Really?”

Nicole nodded again.

“You want to date me?”

“God Waverly, yes! You’re absolutely amazing. Of course, I want to date you.”

“I’m not amazing,” Waverly said looking down at her shoes.

“Have you looked in the mirror recently?”

“Says you!” Waverly waved up and down at Nicole’s body.

“You think I’m beautiful?”

“Yeah!”

Nicole smiled. “I think you’re beautiful too.” She took Waverly’s hands into her own.

Waverly smiled back, clutching Nicole’s hands tightly. “So what now?”

“We date?”

“We live in two different providences.”
“Texting is a thing. A thing we’ve been doing for months. Plus face time.”

“I’ve never done long distance before. I’ve never dated a girl before. I mean I’ve only dated one guy for my whole entire life.” Waverly ranted out, the fear working its way back into her mind.

“That’s okay.”

“There are so many things you don’t know about me. There could be things you don’t like. And my past…”

“There are things you don’t know about me either. But we can figure those out along the way. What do you say?”

Waverly shuffled, nodding her head. Because of course, she wanted to. “Yes.”

Nicole smiled brightly, *Waverly wanted to date her*. “Can I kiss you?”

Waverly answered by kissing Nicole. The kiss was deep and passionate, with the two parting reluctantly. The two stood still holding each other close, foreheads pressed up against each other.

“I’m leaving tomorrow,” Waverly said sadly.

Nicole sighed sadly with the same realization.

“I’m leaving tomorrow and we only sort of went on a date.”

“I thought it was quite a nice date.”

“I’m not saying it wasn’t, it just wasn’t…”

“Well, I guess I have to take you on a good and proper date sometime soon.”

“You promise?” Waverly asked.

“Promise.”

Nicole went back to kissing Waverly again. Only breaking apart at the slight realization of how late it was and the fact that they were standing in the open downtown streets.

“Come on. We should get you back.” Nicole told Waverly.

After a few more kisses, words, and promises the two girls finally broke apart at the end of the night. It took a long time for the two girls to depart, saying too many soft goodbyes and goodnights.

Rosita and Waverly left early the next morning barely making their train ride back. Waverly looked out the window, hardly believing that she and Nicole had actually kissed, and were actually going to try dating. As the world flew past she couldn’t help but wonder if she and Nicole would really make it.

**One Year Later:**
Nicole: Remember that date I owe you?

Perfect girlfriend: Haven’t forgotten

Nicole: What’s the best restaurant in your town?

Perfect girlfriend: Why?

Nicole: I’m here, in Purgatory!

Perfect girlfriend: WHAT!!

Nicole: Surprise!

Perfect girlfriend: How could you not tell me?

Nicole: Are you at work?

Perfect girlfriend: I have today off, I’m at my apartment

Nicole: K, I’m trying to find Shorty’s right now. See you in a bit. *Kissy emoji*

Waverly ran down to the pub beneath her apartment, her heart beating wildly in her chest. Shorty gave her a confused look, watching her rock back and forth on her heels, staring out of the front window.

She and Nicole had been dating for a year now. Despite constant texting and face timing, they hadn’t been able to meet up in person over the year. Waverly couldn’t believe Nicole was here, why hadn’t she told her she was coming?

Nicole walked in. She hardly had a moment to take everything in before a blur of brown hair was jumping into her arms, kissing her passionately. Nicole somehow managed not to fall over, kissing her girlfriend deeply in return. Waverly pulled back blushing brightly, Nicole couldn’t believe her. God, she was amazing.

“Hey.” Nicole laughed, enjoying having Waverly in her arms. “It’s good to see you too.”

“I missed you,” Waverly said, falling into Nicole’s embrace. “Why didn’t you tell me you were coming!?” Waverly said sharply, suddenly unraveling herself from Nicole’s arms, slapping her on the arm.

“Sorry, it was a really last-minute thing. I was going to tell you, but I thought it might be a cute surprise?”

Waverly just glared at her, as though she didn’t want to give in to the fact that she was really happy to have Nicole there. “What are you doing here?” She asked, dragging Nicole off to a table on the side.

“I got a job.”

“What?!”
Nicole nodded.

“You’re going to work here in Purgatory?”

“Yeah, I was looking for places I could work and then I came across this town called Purgatory. And I was like, hey, I think I’ve heard of that place from someone before.”

Waverly laughed. “So you’re really here, like to stay?”

Nicole nodded. “I still have to find a place though.”

“I can’t believe it.”

“I just couldn’t stay another moment away from you.” Nicole smiled, taking Waverly’s hand. Getting lost in her eyes. “God that sounded cheesy.”

“It was sweet,” Waverly said, before pulling Nicole over the table for another passionate kiss.

-

Weeks had passed and Nicole was finally fully moved in. The two women were sitting all snuggled up together on Nicole’s couch in her new house. Nicole’s new cat, Calamity Jane, was sleeping curled up in their laps.

Nicole threaded her fingers through Waverly’s hand, she couldn’t believe how lucky they were, to have found each other.

“I’m really glad you texted the wrong number,” Nicole told Waverly.

“Me too,” Waverly said, resting her head against Nicole. “Me too.”

THE END

Chapter End Notes

That's the end folks!
Hope you all liked it (hope it wasn't too rushed)
I have appreciated all of you're comments, they have been great! Thanks so much for reading
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!